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**Oi Forever**

by [IWillGoDownWithMyShips](http://archiveofourown.org/users/IWillGoDownWithMyShips), [ladyroxanne21](http://archiveofourown.org/users/ladyroxanne21)

**Summary**

It's 2016 and Harry and Draco are still married and as in love as ever.

**Notes**

This is more like a chapter and a half, but I really like having Harry's email first, so, I ended with a Draco email :-)
Friday March 18th 1996
My other half,

Oi! Can you believe that our River is turning TWENTY in just three days?! How has time flown by so fast??!! It seems like just yesterday when you brought me to the hospital to meet the son you rescued, his tiny hand in ours as we brought him home...

And now 20?!

But to be fair, even though it feels like no time at all, I can vividly remember all the harrowing details - such as how many girls (and boys) he's snogged. How he's been downright broody for years and seems to be rebelling, but I have no idea against what. It's a bit like the time I walked in to find him fresh from losing his virginity. He was 17, so that was at least a bit of a relief in that he'd waited until he legally could consent, but he had been SO adamant for YEARS that he was going to wait for the right person, and then he just apparently said fuck that and got drunk and pulled a random stranger.

THANK MERLIN AND SALAZAR that they remembered to use protection!!!

But still, I stood there reeling in shock for probably a good ten minutes before I was able to gather my wits and shut the door to his hotel room so that I could go tell you what had happened and we could come up with a plan to deal with the situation. Meanwhile, he and his one off were passed out and had no idea that I was considering hexing them both!

Side note: I'm still rather surprised that with how very much River likes girls (and does his best to kiss every single one in the world, oi), he pulled a bloke. I wonder if he was simply going for a sure thing, or if he was actively trying to rebel in every way possible. Sigh...

WHY am I dwelling on this yet again?? I am *trying* to talk about how proud of River I am. How much I admire that he chose to learn his career from an early age and has been running his own successful business since he turned 17. And the fact that he personally goes to that safe haven park I created and volunteers his time to help kids with their homework or whatever else they might need.

He really is a diamond covered in gold and wrapped in a layer of angsty rebellion. And now he's going to be 20! I feel like I must be a hundred years old, sigh...

And despite the fact that he's been a challenge, at least we've got to 'keep' him. I still have no idea how we managed to make it through sending Viona, Eris, Orion, Hazel, Siri, AND Zwei to Hogwarts. Yeah sure, that still leaves Zaire, Jaz, Persephone, Lily, and Caelum at home with us, but it really feels like a huge part of my heart is missing having so many of them leave each September 1st.

Oh! I suppose I'm overjoyed we get to keep Shtara too. I'll never forget the day we first met her. We were in New York as you were having yet another book signing. She came into the book store looking and smelling like she's never bathed in her life, but her grin was SO brilliant as she rather engagingly told us all about how much she loves going to the library and reading your books. How
she loves to imagine herself as part of our crazy life.

I'm dead certain you fell in love with her at first sight, but it took me probably five whole minutes to fall in love with her too. At first, we were just like: "Aww, she's precious, despite clearly having inattentive parents." But then her conversation turned to how she has had to temporarily steal a couple of your books from the library so that she could read them to her sick mum.

After a few strategic questions designed to NOT scare her off, we determined that she had no home (and thus no address to obtain a library card with), and that her mother has some form of cancer that is slowly killing her. Concerned, we naturally asked Shtara to stay in the bookstore and eat a sandwich and some biscuits while chatting with our Divas - as this was the last stop before they were going to be heading off to Hogwarts. Unsurprisingly, our Divas got along swimmingly with Shtara, despite the fact that they were 11 and she was only 9 at the time.

It was clear to all of us that our Shtara had a dynamic personality and that she would fit in like she was born to our family. I strongly feel like she was born to our family, she simply needed to take a bit of a detour before arriving.

As our Divas chatted with her and stuffed her full of food, they subtly cast cleaning charms on her to improve her smell and also repaired her tattered clothes. After a while, they asked if they could 'play with' her wildly curly black hair. I love her hair, and I know you hate when I go on and on about other people's hair, but her hair is just such a lovely riot that I think a person would have to be made out of stone to not like it.

By the time we were able to follow Shtara back to her hovel and meet her mother, Shtara looked like a shining angel. Everyone we passed on the streets clearly loved her, most saying hi, and quite a few expressing concern that she was being followed by two white men and a mob of children. I'm sure that the fact that some of the children didn't look like us made people wonder if we had nefarious intentions. Our support staff didn't seem to ease any concerns, strangely enough.

But of course we didn't have nefarious intentions.

We talked with Shtara's mother for a long time, learning that her illness made it hard for her to keep a job, and despite trying to utilize government programs, eventually, they'd been evicted and had nowhere to go. They'd tried to stay at women and children centers for a while, but those places are so crowded that it was too much for her to 'fight their way in' each day, and so they'd found a small patch of space under a bridge and made a bit of a nest.

You were definitely crying while listening to her, and I was damn close to crying as well. We told her who we were, proving it by showing her your picture on the back of your books, plus our IDs and a photo album of photos of us in Unity Houses around the world. We then asked if we could help them.

Shtara's mother looked so relieved to finally have a safe place and good people interested in helping them, that she... nearly died on the spot. We had to rush her to a hospital. But it was already far too late. The doctors said she was holding on by a very thin thread. She - more than likely through the power of sheer will - held on just long enough for us to have legal paperwork drawn up.

The moment the adoption papers were signed, poor Liz died. We gave her a lovely funeral, that was attended by a surprisingly large amount of people, and even though it *could* be claimed that it was all homeless people come to claim a free meal, it honestly was that they loved her and Shtara so much.
The only truly strange part of the whole thing was that a few people grumbled that if we were so rich that we could just adopt any old girl off the street, then why didn't we adopt or look after them ALL? I had to remind you that you've done more than your fair share of taking care of the less fortunate kids in the world.

That said, I immediately began work on plans to create a safe place for those kids - similar to the park I created in London.

Shortly after that, we brought our newest daughter home and put her in therapy.

Which was for the best, really, as she's now 13 and one of the happiest and most brilliant girls on the planet. She's muggle, so she stays home with us while the others are at Hogwarts, but that doesn't deter her in the slightest as she would much rather sing and dance at Elena's school.

Ugh! I'm clearly feeling nostalgic and overemotional because I've just blubbered on about our kids for over two hours. I think I need to sign off now and come find you so that we can snuggle up. Better yet, I should probably spank you.

River deep, mountain high,
Draco

Saturday March 19th
My Man,

You're surprised that an email that was going to be about how excited you are about our son turning twenty ended up being two hours of you blubbering on about our children? Have you met yourself? If anything, I'm surprised that you only went on for two hours. Did you have a pressing case you were working on or something? How did you manage to limit yourself? Inquiring minds want to know!

Alright, I will stop giving you a hard time. Merlin knows if I allow myself to wax poetic about any of our family members, I will either babble on endlessly for hours, or I will write nothing because my eyes will be too full of tears to be able to type. I actually had to stop partway through reading your own message to dry my eyes and calm myself. Thinking about where our sweet River was when we first found him, remembering the joys and drama of his teen years, and then his current victories? Oh my sweet little buddy can't be turning twenty! I won't allow it. Nope.

He has become such a wonderful man. His business is flourishing, he loves what he does and it shows. 'His' children at the Safe Haven are doing wonderfully. He has a wonderful relationship with his brothers and sisters. I want him to be less angsty for himself, because I think he'd be happier, but for myself there is nothing about him I am anything less than one hundred percent proud of. Being his Dad is one of the highlights of my life. Knowing I could have easily been nothing more than that guy who's married to his father makes every time he calls me "Dad" that much more meaningful.

When you talked about meeting him that first time at St. Mungo's and then went on to say you remember "all the harrowing details" I assumed you meant the details of his rescue and recovery. But no, you mean the harrowing details of his teenaged years. You, my love, are still most definitely the baby guy. Now that we have no babies, you're definitely the "little kid guy" and the "adult children guy" but you will never be the "teenager guy."

Honestly, your son who we spent his entire teen years chasing around to keep his mouth off every
non-related teenager he could find, lost his virginity at seventeen years old. Which is older than you were I might add. And you still couldn't handle the knowledge. Stick to your lane sweetheart, leave the angsty teenagers to me.

I miss our angsty teenagers! I'm so glad our whole crew's coming home for River's birthday this weekend! We've got Elena, River, and Miles living on their own and six of our children off at Hogwarts, leaving most of our day to day life with only six kids at home. With Shtara, Zaire, and Jaz off at their day schools during the day, we end up with pretty much just the three littles at home. Our crazy crew of thirteen children has dwindled down to a trio of five-year-olds.

I suppose it's probably a good thing that these little almost triplets of ours are the feistiest of the family. I always knew our Persephone was going to be high maintenance. She's still the tiniest little thing, most people we meet assume she's about three years old, but her personality packs a punch. She was the first of the trio to walk, first to talk, and first to learn to wrap her Daddies around her fingers. She might be tiny but she will not get lost in the crowd.

Lily, on the other hand, was trickier. She spent her entire first year of life content to be held and fed, cooing and smiling at everyone, barely a fuss to be made. I thought we had another silently strong child like our Orion. No. Our Lissa was just learning all of our weaknesses to exploit them later. I'm making it sound like she's a monster. She's absolutely not. Her heart is enormous, but after the second time she emptied the Divas' closets in an attempt to donate all their clothes "to the poor children with no clothes, Daddies," I realized we probably needed to rein her in a bit.

Just as I knew Seph was going to be a handful, you were the first to realize that Caelum was going to keep us on our toes. He still keeps the oddest hours. When I go to check on him in the mornings, I never know which of his siblings beds he's going to be in. I'm glad we have the property warded to the teeth, because I've found him sleeping in the gardens three times in the last year.

The Troublesome Trio makes The Mischief Twins look like angels in comparison. It's probably a good thing we had these three last or we may not have had any more after them. Or perhaps they somehow knew they needed to be the spoiled babies of a large family and some higher power planned their births accordingly!

Although we did gain our Shtara after they were born, so they couldn't be all THAT much trouble! Or she's just that wonderful. You're absolutely right, it was love at first sight. It's funny because she's our only non-magical child, but when I try to think of words to describe her the first one that comes to mind is magic. Perhaps it's better for everyone that she doesn't have magic the way the rest of us do. All that charm and charisma, all that talent, the sheer joy that shines from her face … add magic to that and it would just be unfair to the rest of the world. She needs a little something to keep her a little humble!

To heck with it, screw humble, she's amazing! Humble is an overrated virtue in my opinion. As long as you're not being a braggart or a sore winner, take your worth and own it!

See? Set me free with a computer and thoughts about my wonderful family, and I can prattle on at length too!

You set my soul aflame,
Harry

Sunday March 20th 2016
My dearest,
I love how you always call it working on cases whenever I go into the office, even when all I am doing is going over ALL the paperwork filed regarding the raid I led on Wednesday to make certain there are no discrepancies. I get paid for the work, not the time it takes to do it, so I had no qualms about taking a two hour lunch break and then wasting it reminiscing about our children.

Today, however, is the big family dinner. All the kids came back from Hogwarts Friday night for the weekend - Including Viper's kids - and spent all of yesterday running around the Manor dueling each other. If this is how they act at school, I'm honestly surprised that we don't get more letters from McGonagall!

"Dear Misters Malfoy, your hooligans are at it again, kindly come to school and embarrass them atrociously, sincerely, Minerva McGonagall, Headmistress."

Anyway, Miles, Colm, Sammy, and Charlotte arrived last night for a sleepover, and all day today, members of our circle have been arriving. Including Mike and Jackie all the way from Australia. I look forward to having a nice long chat with them, mostly checking up on Unity Australia, which they've been working at for the past couple of years since retirement apparently didn't suit them.

I feel like I'm forgetting people, but you're literally here somewhere, and so, you'd know who I was forgetting - OH! There goes Sebastian, brooding over to the table to glare at everyone as he's almost certainly wondering why he's required to attend this large family function. Don't get me wrong, Sebastian and River have always gotten along, but Sebastian still feels like he should never have to leave his lab longer than it takes to go to the loo, haha.

The only person I can think of that HASN'T arrived yet is Mahafsoun. I'm excited to finally see her. When she originally moved to America, your ward but in the care of Portia, I thought that the most likely scenario was that she'd work on that vampire show of hers for a couple of months, and then it would end and she'd be back in no time. But then her show did brilliantly and she was asked to stay in America permanently.

She and Portia had been living together for about six months at that point, and Portia decided that it just made the most sense to adopt Mahafsoun. Thus, she's been living continuously in California for the last several years and we haven't seen her at all because we've just been too busy with tours, our regular traveling, staying on our Island whenever we've needed a break, and my occasional Auror work.

River has complained at length that we've never made time to go visit her, but since they talk via Magi-Skype every single night, he must still feel as if they are good friends. Maybe now that her show has ended - they felt that the vampire trying to fit in at human high school storyline had reached its natural conclusion - she might be ready to move back permanently. That said, Portia hinted to me via Insta-owl that the Producers have been trying hard to get approval for a spinoff in which Mahafsoun will play her vampire character as she lived throughout the countless centuries of her life.

Knowing Mahafsoun, all she'll have to do is bat her pretty eyes at any person necessary, and they'll fall all over themselves to approve the new show for her.

OOO! She's here!

- 

Well... that was... unexpected...

Mahafsoun told us that her mother had magic but that she didn't, and so far, that has been true.
She's apparently tried a lot to use Portia's wand because she feels like it's part of her, but nothing ever worked, no matter how hard she tried. She was a bona fide squib - not that there's anything wrong with that.

But then she arrived in the Manor today and since I was the first to notice her arrival, I was the first to greet her. She is looking as lovely as ever. Actually, better than ever because she's a grown woman now and her inherent sensuality looks right, whereas before, it was weird to see on a child. Sort of mesmerizing, but still weird.

Here's the thing, and I suppose that it might explain why I fell for her at first sight...

So, after I'd greeted her hello with a nice squeezy hug and a kiss to the cheek, Eris spotted her and called out her name joyously (she always had gotten along rather well with our Divas), and THAT caught the attention of Orion and both Rivers. Orion looked very interested, but glanced nervously at his brother, because it's pretty well known that River has acted a bit territorial toward her in the past. OTHER River is very out and proud about being gay, so he was interested in her arrival solely because he's probably heard a LOT about her from our River.

In any case, I hadn't even had a chance to let Mahafsoun go yet when River ran over and tore her from my arms. "MAHAFSOUN!!" He shouted in a tone that really sounded like he'd just found his long lost best friend or... lover... Considering that he (as expected) gave her an entirely WAY too passionate kiss of greeting, which she responded to rather possessively and with an animalistic growl, I'm going to assume that he considers her most definitely his lover.

The fact that she promptly sprouted wings and flew off with him means that there was a reason I always thought of her as very like Blaise. I *was* reacting to an unawakened Veela, I just didn't think it was truly possible considering the fact that she had no magic. I've never met a Veela that wasn't magical. More importantly, unlike with Blaise, I wasn't immune to her because I wasn't a possible soulmate candidate. So all those times when I confused everyone - even myself - by being creepily possessive of her, it really was my desire to be like a father to her coming in direct conflict with her *inherent* powers influencing me.

Speaking of Veelas and Blaise, he burst out in a roar of laughter and said: "Well, it looks like we won't be seeing the birthday boy anytime soon!"

And that's when the rather obvious actually hit me. Mahafsoun had transformed because she found (been reunited with, whatever) her soulmate and awakened. Hence, River is her soulmate. Oi, why is it always OUR family that has the weird shit happen to them???

So... I guess this has turned from a family birthday dinner to a circle dinner with the birthday part postponed until the lovebirds emerge from their nest, and AH!!! I just realized that it's probably either HIS room in the Manor, or hers!

Oi, my love, the very beat of my heart, the flame in my soul, since the kids are here until next Sunday for the Easter Hols, what say we abscond tonight? Right after dinner. Take off as a family to our Island in the Maldives to lay out and bask in the sun for the foreseeable future? River can Insta-owl us when it's safe to return. What do you think?

Sigh... I have to sign off now and go attempt to stop Elena from laughing her arse off at me. Apparently the look on my face was 'priceless' - which I don't appreciate at all.

Even if we can't find Heaven, I'll walk through hell with you, love you're not alone, 'cuz I'm gonna stand by you,

Draco
Chapter End Notes

So now y'all know why Mahafsoun was such a different and difficult to treat person. She isn't magical in the traditional way of a witch, but she is a magical creature. Thus, the potions weren't right for her biology and ended up making her sick.

Lastly, THAT is the reason Draco was torn between wanting to be a dad to her and wanting to flirt outrageously with her. Her unawakened Veela allure was affecting him and making it hard for him to be completely paternal and nothing else.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

They're on Holiday at their private Island.

Chapter Notes

Warning, there's a very quick reference to previous traumatic events concerning the boy in the box, but I don't think it should trigger anyone.

Tuesday March 22, 2016

My Oblivious Love,

Greetings from sunny beautiful Maldives! Or from Malfoy Island as our brood has taken to calling it over the years. Coming out here was absolutely the right choice after the birthday party that ceased to be a birthday party.

Hindsight is twenty-twenty. Everyone's a Monday morning quarterback. Yadda yadda yadda. But in all seriousness, was this really an unexpected development? How did we not see this one coming? We both checked years ago to see if there was any latent Veela heritage in Rosalie's family background. We saw the way River flocked to Maha, the way she clung to "her River" and the completely creepy and inappropriate way you reacted to her. How did we all miss this?

Well, I suppose we see what we want to see. I have a feeling Mahafsoun will not be taking the spinoff telly deal now. I can see River being willing to move to California for her, but while I know I haven't seen her in person in years, Maha constantly went on about not wanting a flashy life. She wanted a quiet home, a husband who loves her, and a couple of children. Now that she has her River, and to be fair she's had him for years, I have a feeling there will be wedding bells and a couple of grandkids for us before we know it.

Maybe we should ask Greg to start drawing up some tentative plans for a home for them. We can have it be our wedding gift to them.

It's really a gift for everyone. If my memories of Blaise and Kisa's initial union can be trusted, then I think it's best that they have their own building. I know he has his little flat above his Spa, but that was definitely just a bachelor pad for him to sleep in, not a home.

I do think you're wrong when you say Maha doesn't have magic. True, she does not have a wizarding magical core and can't perform our traditional wand magic. But if she is a Veela, which is a magical creature, gives off the Veela allure, and sprouted wings? She has magic, it's just not what you're used to. You silly purebloods, always forgetting about magic that doesn't look like the kind you grew up on.

Anyway, I've had a blast so far today. I'm so glad Hogwarts', Traditions', and Durmstrang's spring
hols synced up, it's been so nice having all of our kids, both of Pansy's, and the Quartet's together on his holiday. Minus our River of course. Even Elena has scheduled her school to have time off at the same time, so we have Lainie and Shtara with us as well. Not that we wouldn't have just pulled Shtara for the week anyway, but with classes off we get our Lainie-Girl as well.

You managed to get all of your paperwork done on Friday before the guests started showing up to the Manor. So all we have to focus on is enjoying the beach and keeping the children from destroying the island. Minnie's managed to keep them from destroying Hogwarts, so it shouldn't be too hard! I do think she breathed a sigh of relief when she found out the Russian portion of our circle was going to be sending theirs to Durmstrang instead of Hogwarts though. The genetic mixtures of you three Slytherins and us three Gryffindors all being at Hogwarts at the same time was probably a terrifying prospect.

I was initially a bit disappointed that my kids wouldn't be going to school with Ron and 'Mione's kids, but we see them often enough that I suppose a bit of absence probably makes their hearts a bit fonder. Our own children love each other desperately, but you can always tell they like each other a bit more at the start of hols than they do at the end!

Eri and Haz, as well as Siri and Zwei are probably the exception to the rule. Eri and Haz may as well be conjoined twins for all that they would be fine never leaving each other's sides. And I think Siri needs a bit more separate time but not much, so him being in the second-year dorm at Gryffindor compared to Zwei's first-year dorm and their separate classes is probably just enough time for his introverted self to regroup.

My sweet Zaire though, he misses his big brothers something fierce. I am pretty sure he's already counting down the days before he can join them at Hogwarts and convince the sorting hat to send him to Gryffindor with them. His best friend Jaz is probably the only thing keeping him from stowing away in their luggage every time they head back to the castle. That and the fact that you tell my Hogwarts Stowaway story so often that he's afraid he'll have to stand up in front of the entire student body and answer embarrassing questions if he ever did something like that.

I imagine when he does head off to Hogwarts that he will then start counting down for when Jaz will join them.

I could lounge around in the sun on the beach all day, I may just ….

Oh heck no you little monsters! I just got attacked by some devious little witches and wizards. This means war!

Love you Babe,
Harry

Wednesday March 23rd
My everything,

Speaking of Zaire, since we're relatively on the same side of the world, I've promised him a side trip to Africa, just him and me. Or well, I suppose him, me, and anyone else who wants to come. But the important part is that he wants to go visit some of the Zulu tribes and learn more about his heritage. We've had Leah learn everything she can about the Zulu people so that she could teach him about them, but he feels that an immersive environment is the best way to really learn things.

He's not wrong.
Considering that River sent us both an Insta-owl, I'm going to assume you already know this, but he apologizes profusely for flaking out on his own birthday celebration, and feels super embarrassed that every single person there knows exactly what he's been doing the past couple of days.

What you might not know is that I'd Insta-owed Portia to let her know what happened, and she says she feels a bit like a moron now. All these years, she's been doing her best to help Mahafsoun, but doing so through the rather narrow filter of the assumption that Mahafsoun must be damaged and acting out considering her past, BUT in the context of an unawakened Veela, her behavior is actually fairly normal.

Congratulations on winning the epic mini battle yesterday. Our kids may outnumber us enormously, but they're still only half trained and up against a war hero. They didn't stand a chance, hahaha! They don't need to know that I may or may not have been covertly helping you while pretending to take a nap in the sun.

The only other thing I wanted to mention before signing off is that while I was out shopping on one of the main islands last night with our Divas, two things happened. First, my friends the police spotted me, and apparently since I make quite the impression, they remembered me from five years ago, and came over to chat with me. It seems that they DID eventually solve the case of the boy in the box by finding the woman who more or less murdered him. She's now in prison and her daughter has been placed in a safe home. So... Justice served.

The second thing that happened was that Hazel mentioned that we were awfully close to Thailand - which just so happens to be THE place to go for gender reassignment surgery, and 'casually' mentioned that maybe it might be time to actually *have* said surgery. I know her hormone potions have been doing a beautiful job of helping her grow up more feminine than she otherwise would, but I'm not certain if it's even LEGAL for her to have the surgery at just 15. I, er... I basically deflected by saying that I would talk to you about it.

But here's my concern, even if she legally can have the surgery, what sort of consequences might there be for ALL of us if we let her have it before she's reached the age of majority? I know we're still very close with Unity House and the Department of Children and Families, so it's probably unlikely, but what if some ignorant malcontent reported us as terrible parents for letting our daughter 'mutilate' her body while she's still underage and under our jurisdiction. Even if we don't get in trouble with the DC&F, couldn't there still be some sort of legal repercussion if that theoretical malcontent protests hard enough?

Sigh... Parenting is hard enough without our children being wonderful people that inadvertently make it all that much harder. I look forward to snuggling with you tonight as we discuss this, before I take Zaire and anyone else who wants to come to Africa tomorrow.

I got you babe,
Draco
Thursday March 24th

Sweetheart,

I will certainly miss you and Zaire when you head off to do his cultural heritage immersion, but I think it sounds so perfect and amazing. I hope the two of you have a ridiculously wonderful time together. And I think it's best if just the two of you go. It's nice that you'd think to invite anyone in the family that's willing, but this isn't a vacation, it's a cultural quest. It's a journey to Zaire learning about where he comes from. Not a vacation destination for our world travelers.

I have to admit though, and I trust you will understand and not judge my feelings on this matter, I'm a bit jealous that you're taking "my" Zaire. I love all of my children equally. I do not have favorites. There have been times during each of their lives where I have felt closer to one or the other, but I truly do not have favorites, not loving or even liking them more or less than each other. But for some reason, and it's possibly because of the trauma they had getting to our family, River and Zaire have always been a bit more "mine" for some reason. Just like Viona, the tiny light of my life, has always been much more "yours."

Maybe that's why Z wants you for this trip. I'm a bit protective of him. Sometimes treating him younger than he truly is. You are much more likely to treat him like the brilliant and mature nine, almost ten, year old he is. Will you at least promise me you will take a million pictures?

Can you wait to take off until I bring the older kids home to get back to Hogwarts? I certainly wouldn't stop you even if you guys wanted to leave today, and I think Zaire would go along with whenever you wanted to leave. But until summer hols he's not going to get a whole lot more time with his siblings and I want them to have every moment together that they can. What do you say if Sunday you guys head off to Africa when the rest of us head back home? I've got our support staff, the Quartet, and Pansy and Ivan to help me wrangle the rest of our crew so don't worry that you're leaving me with too many!

I am so excited for him to be able to immerse himself in the culture. Immersion is almost always the best way to learn about anything. As long as you're not placing your desire to learn over the needs of the culture you're immersing yourself in obviously. It will be so much fun to hear Z tell me all about your trip! He's so cute when he's all worked up and excited about something. Don't tell him I said that though, he doesn't like it when I call him cute or adorable. Maybe he should stop being so damn cute and adorable then huh?
You know who else is adorable? River. Seriously little boy, you're embarrassed that your entire family knows you spent the last how many days shagging? What family did you grow up in ya little weirdo? Which of his family is going to think it odd that a healthy twenty-year-old man who hadn't seen his soul mate in five years was going to spend days in bed for the reunion? His polyamorous set of Aunts and Uncles? His kinky grandparents Lucius and Narcissa? His grandparents Molly and Arthur who popped out seven babies? Our sweet little prude.

I do love that we can still get him embarrassed! Embarrassing our children is one of the highlights of my life and most of ours are pretty immune to it at this point.

While you were doing yoga on the beach this afternoon, I did some fairly extensive research on Hazel's request for gender reassignment surgery. I've tried to keep up on current laws and standards over the years, having a transgendered child kind of makes it a necessity in my mind. So, we won't need to go to Thailand to get her the surgery she desperately wants. We can bring her to trusted healers that she's known throughout her childhood and still get her surgery before she's eighteen.

For the most part, no country is going to actively allow surgical changes on a minor. But "Age of Majority" is an arbitrary number that can vary from country to country. Holland's is only sixteen. Wizarding Britain is seventeen. However, in the United States, in California where we still own a home and still have Muggle paperwork with United States dual citizenship, stage three transitioning (surgery) is allowable on minors if a certain set of parameters are met.

If she has a legitimate diagnosis of Gender Dysphoria (often requiring two separate health professionals' opinions) … check!
If she has lived as her chosen gender for at least twelve consecutive months … check!
If she has done hormone therapy for at least twelve consecutive months … check!
If her parents agree to the procedure … check!

By the time we really sit down to have this discussion, research surgeons, and speak with the doctors and healers that cared for her when we lived in the U.S., she will have turned sixteen as her birthday is less than two months away in May. One year from the actual Age of Majority in wizarding Britain, and well within legal parameters in California. So, if she's truly ready, and you and I are both on the same page. I see no reason why we couldn't plan a trip to California for shortly after she gets out on summer hols from Hogwarts.

It's scary, any medical choices are inherently pretty scary. But if she's bringing up going to Thailand so she can feel right in her own skin? It sounds like it's time to me.

I can do anything with your hand in mine,
Your Harry

Wednesday March 30th
Othandekayo,

Part of me wishes you were here with us, and part of me is fervently glad that you aren't.

So, following your advice, I postponed Zaire's and my journey until Sunday when we could say goodbye to the Hogwarts crew and part ways in a more natural fashion than me just jumping right into it. I can't help it, all these years later and Zaire's (yes adorable) pleading eyes get me every time. All he did was look at me and say: "I wonder what it would be like to be trained as a Zulu warrior for REAL," and suddenly I was promising to bring him anywhere in the world that he needed.
I have no regrets!

That said, I do have a tiny concern - stop panicking, my fluffy little mutt. See, Sunday afternoon and Monday were taken up with trying to locate the actual tribe Zaire descends from - with Pippa's long distance help. As it turns out, Pippa and Leah (who we've asked to keep abreast of Zulu culture for Zaire) have already done most of the legwork, and so, when I told her I needed specifics, it only took her a couple of hours to trace down Zaire's father's lineage to a tribe in KwaZulu-Natal.

Monday night, using a combination of train rides and broom flying, we arrived at the Wizarding Zulu community. It's interesting to note that they have chosen a fairly remote location, but that they have modernized the village a bit more than the surrounding traditional/modern hybrid Zulu villages. The reason for this is that apparently the Wizarding community finds no sense in forgoing luxuries such as cooling charms and stasis boxes.

Anyway, Monday night was peaceful enough. The village elders greeted us warmly. They were delighted to find that we both speak isiZulu - admittedly, Zaire more so than me, but I knew enough to understand the gist of almost everything. After explaining our situation and why we were there, they had a bit of a discussion, and then decided to perform a ceremony officially welcoming Zaire into the tribe.

Here's where things get a bit tricky.

After the welcoming ceremony, we both snuggled up and had disturbed sleep. Zaire said he had vague nightmares about his father, and I'm not surprised as I woke up to find his ghost staring at me. Apparently the ghost had been wandering the land for a while after he was 'murdered' (justifiably killed), and the welcoming ceremony for Zaire 'called him' to us.

"YOU STOLE MY SON!!"

I basically rolled my eyes and did not interact with him at all. Zaire was staring at him with wide eyes, and looked apprehensive as we joined those in the village who wanted to have a communal breakfast with us. He followed us.

"You are a murderer and a child stealer!"

I saw that the village was curious about this turn of events, and decided that I should probably refute the accusation, if only to set their minds at ease.

"You were a monster who sexually abused his THREE YEAR OLD son, and you were killed while trying to steal him back from us after he was justifiably removed from your care. NOW, you are a ghost and cannot harm us, so do us all a favor and kindly go back to the hell you must reside in."

I was a tiny bit spooked when it seemed like the entire village flinched at that, but I assumed that they were simply horrified by the fact that this so-called man had once abused his son.

"Is that so?" He asked with a mild tone that could be interpreted as amusement, or it could be interpreted as a soft but evil threat. "I am Nomzamo, descended from the Zulu Wizard tribe, and THIS MAN stole my son while he and his husband murdered me!"

As he said: THIS MAN - he first pointed at me, and then stuck his ghostly hand into my chest. I was unimpressed, thinking that the most he could do was give me a chill. To my surprise, my heart started to hurt so badly that it really felt like a hand was squeezing it. I gasped out in surprise and pain, and may well have died if one of the elders - who clearly knows more about ghosts in Africa
than I do - cast a spell to fling him back and - in essence - eject him from my body.

"Stupid foreigners," the elder muttered with an amused shake of his head. "You know nothing of our culture, and yet confidently insult spirits seeking vengeance?" He then sighed heavily. "If Nomzamo were still alive, he would be within his right to challenge you to a duel in which the two of you would fight with staves until one of you bled. NOT that we support child abusers, but all we know at the moment is that he claims you murdered him and stole his son, and you claim he abused his son and you rescued him. If that is true, we admire you."

Then he pointed at Nomzamo. "That said, the fact that his spirit is able to enter our wards means that he is legitimately descended from our tribe - despite the fact that he was not born and raised here."

I held up my hands respectfully. "I understand that I am a stranger to you and I have arrived with what appears to be a child stolen from your tribe, but I had anticipated having to prove the truth to you in order for you to accept Zaire as a legitimate descendant of your tribe. So, I have all the documentation with me. Zaire's original birth certificate, the file created when he was removed from his biological father's care, and Nomzamo's death certificate and the case file that states the police cleared us of murder as he clearly attacked us in our own home and forced us to defend ourselves and our family. I also have the Healer's report from the emergency magi-surgery that Zaire had to have because Nomzamo had damaged him so badly."

"LIES!!!" Nomzamo roared in outrage. "I was a loving father, and you RIPPED my son from my arms!"

I snorted derisively. "Oh sure you were, you loved him altogether TOO much."

Meanwhile, Zaire was doing his best to seem unaffected by the ghost, but was betraying his emotional state by standing in front of me, facing me rather than look at the ghost, and allowing me to wrap my arms around him and stroke his hair.

The elders collectively looked through the paperwork I'd brought and very shortly came to the decision that I was telling the truth, and that in his vengeful state, Nomzamo was misremembering things. Specifically, he was forgetting his own bad actions and focusing almost completely on what he perceived to be the wrong done to him.

Mlungisi - a sort of shaman? It's weird actually in that this is a Wizarding community full of magic, and in non-magical communities, a shaman is a person with spiritual power bordering on magic. Here, I suppose what I interpret as shaman doesn't denote a magical person so much as their spiritual leader. They of course have a completely different word for him, but it escapes me at the moment.

Anyway, Mlungisi stepped forward to explain things to me.

"As our honored elder - Londisizwe - already said, if Nomzamo were still alive - and his grievance were far less severe - he would be entitled to challenge you to a duel. As it is, he is a vengeful spirit clearly in the wrong, and now that he KNOWS where his son is, he will never stop haunting him and trying to exact his revenge."

I swallowed as this sounded rather serious now that I knew that Nomzamo could - in fact - hurt me.

"But not all hope is lost," Mlungisi continued. "There is something fairly simple we can try. See, in Zulu, we *always* give our people a proper burial. Once this is performed, a spirit can rest, and if it is not, he might wander until he is laid to rest. I will make it MY responsibility to track down
whatever may remain of his body and of his most important possessions, and I will bring them back here to give them a proper burial. This MIGHT (with some strong encouragement) help him to be at rest."

"While he is gone, I will teach you those spells and other measures you will need to know to protect yourself from Nomzamo until he is put to rest," Londisizwe added, only mildly setting my mind at ease.

"And... what if he's not... put to rest?" I asked, glancing a bit hesitantly at Nomzamo, who looked ready to burst into flames and slam into me with the force of his rage.

"Then we have other - far less easy and definitely not as pleasant - measures we can try," Mlungisi informed me with a grin that really didn't reassure me either. I was most definitely tempted to take Zaire and Apparate all the way back home, but not only am I not powerful enough to do that in just one jump (or even a series), BUT they had already told me that this arsehole ghost would be able to follow Zaire. So... I guess we're staying here as planned, only now, we have to try to protect ourselves from malevolence while learning about Zulu culture AND exorcise (?) a ghost once everything is ready.

Erm... wish me luck?

With every beat of my heart,
Draco
Thursday March 31st
My Insane Husband,

Stop panicking? Seriously, you want me to stop panicking? Are you completely out of your mind? Some malevolent ghost that already caused extreme trauma to my family when he was alive is now targeting my son and my husband, I'm not going to be able to stop panicking. This creature has the spiritual balls to act as if we somehow stole his son from him.

First of all, Zaire is his own person in separate from others. He belongs to no one but himself. He owes nothing to anyone. It really shouldn't surprise me that this monster considers Zaire a belonging that he can own and then have stolen from him. Zaire might be sweet and kind but he also is magically powerful, probably his warrior heritage coming out, if he hadn't wanted us there is no way anyone could have forced him to stay with us.

This village wants to give him a proper burial? I am all for honoring cultural traditions but this piece of garbage doesn't deserve a proper burial. The only thing keeping me from apparating to you two and stopping this sham is the fact that it could keep you both safe from his power.

Speaking of power, if he is powerful enough to damage you while in spirit form then it would stand to reason that he can be damaged as well wouldn't you think? There has to be enough substance to his form that he can physically hurt a living being so that substance should theoretically be damageable right? If that's the case maybe I do need to get out there so I can exorcise this piece of garbage. I've spent years wishing I'd made his end worse, maybe this is my chance. Monster got off lightly the first time, we shouldn't throw away this opportunity.

Alright fine, I don't want to alienate this village that has seemingly accepted our Zaire and is willing to teach him about his history. I suppose I will let them try their way first. But if this Nomzamo doesn't go away after they try it their way then nothing is going to stop me from coming there and trying it my way!

He loved his son? Ha! He destroyed his son. That's not love, that's a psychopathic narcissist seeing people as belongings he can use for his own twisted desires. When I remember the pain our sweet boy was in when he came home to us I see red.

Okay, I have to get my mind off of this before I really do end up apparating out there, splinching myself, and then ending up infuriating the people we are hoping will teach Zaire about his
heritage.

Things are going well here at home. Everyone's back to school. Leah and Jaz have been working all day at training Jaz's muscles and vocal chords to attempt speech. Her first few years of life it was easy enough to just have everyone around her learn BSL. It just made sense to make sure everyone could speak the same language. And our clever girl taught herself to read lips so when she goes out in public, as long as people look at her when they speak to her she can understand almost everyone. But up until now, if she wanted to be heard she either had to hope people were able to speak BSL, have an interpreter with her at all times (easy enough while she's seven but at some point she will want to go out alone), or write out everything she wants to say.

Leah is hopeful that she will be able to, but I'm a bit worried. It's not like Jaz is incapable of making noises, but even as an infant she almost never screamed or cried. I worry that she is as incapable of speech as she is of hearing and it will affect her self confidence. Ugh, I have to stop thinking that way. This is the baby that figured out apparition before a year old, she can do anything she sets her mind to.

Anyway, I had better run, I'm off to Dinner. River and Maha have mentioned they'll be joining us so I look forward to embarrassing and interrogating them! What are dads for?

Your Panicky Husband,
Harry

Monday April 4th
My much missed panicky husband,

Wow! Wizards in Africa apparently know how to get things done! Mlungisi left here on Thursday with a copy of all the paperwork I brought. He apparated straight to Cape Town, perhaps breaking it into smaller trips, and discussed with the police there how he was looking for a tribesman who hadn't had a proper burial.

The lovely thing about South Africa is that they respect a wide variety of traditions. So, once they were able to ascertain exactly which person Mlungisi was referring to, they told him exactly what had happened. Apparently, whenever a person is either unknown or unclaimed, they have a choice between a plain grave in the police area of a particular cemetery, or they can have the body cremated and store it in their evidence warehouse. Nomzamo was the latter.

Thus, they were able to fairly easily go into their warehouse and locate his box of ashes. All Mlungisi had to do at that point was prove that he was the shaman of their tribe - and that Nomzamo was a descendent of their tribe - and the ashes were released into his care.

That took fairly little time. What took longer was that Mlungisi then had to track down where Nomzamo lived and who might have some of his belongings. It took him a couple of days to track down Nomzamo's brother, but then the hard part wasn't finding belongings, it was building enough of a rapport with his brother to be given the ones that might appease his spirit when he's buried.

Here's what Mlungisi learned. Nomzamo had more than one child. That said, Zaire no longer has any biological siblings. Bheka had always thought that Nomzamo's children died of regular illnesses. It seems that when Nomzamo had them buried, he always listed something like Ebola as the cause of death, and apparently, this was plausible enough that the authorities didn't question it too hard. When Mlungisi showed Bheka the medical report on Zaire, Bheka reportedly cried in anguish that such things had happened practically under his nose and he never even suspected.
So, he not only gave Mlungisi the things that Nomzamo considered his most precious belongings, but ALSO decided to come back to the tribe to meet with and apologize to Zaire. That happened yesterday.

At first, Zaire was a bit freaked out to see a person that looks so much like his biological father - who he was very familiar with at this point since the bastard had been haunting us relentlessly those days Mlungisi was gone. That said, Bheka is much older than Nomzamo was when he died, and so, once it was explained who he was, inadvertently confirmed by Nomzamo - who accused Bheka of being a traitor by siding with us against him - Zaire was able to relax and chat a bit with Bheka.

So, those days that Mlungisi was gone, Londisizwe had upheld his promise to teach us to protect ourselves from Nomzamo. He taught us a variety of spells to repel spirits and actually harm them if they get too feisty. Plus things like shields - small specific ones to prevent a spirit from entering any part of our bodies.

All in all, I'm feeling rather confident that if I ever come up against any other malevolent ghost, I'll be able to kick its arse until someone has a chance to exorcise it.

Speaking of exorcise, tonight is the night that Mlungisi has prepared the burial ritual for. It's actually rather nice, there's going to be a feast featuring goat. Zaire is actually very excited to see and eat the traditional feast food here. Plus beer. But don't worry, it's a simple and not very alcoholic beer.

But before I sign off and join in - Zaire is currently being taught warrior dances - I just wanted to say that you've reminded me of something. Remember a long time ago when I was trying to work on contacts that Jaz could wear to translate talking for her if needed? Well I'd basically never had the time to *focus* on them until they worked, BUT that I DID work on them from time to time when I had nothing else to do, and so now, I do actually have a few prototypes that work. Better yet, it also occurred to me that she might need something to speak for her at times, and so, I also made a program for the magi-tablets so that all she has to do is type something and the program will say it for her.

But don't tell her that yet. Let her try to learn this skill without assuming that if she fails, she can just rely on a program. Also, I should probably apologize when I do give it to her since after finishing it, she had already learned to sign so well that she could communicate with ease, but she wasn't very good at writing yet, so I didn't feel like it would have been very helpful to her at that point. That said, I basically forgot about it and therefore didn't give it to her when she actually did know how to type.

Oops?

I'm just saying that maybe it's for the best as she will have a proper incentive to learn this new skill on her own.

You are my strength when I am weak, you give me faith 'cause you believe (in me),
Draco
P.S. Because I know you're probably still worrying and constantly reminding yourself that we're fine and you need to stay with our other kids (and nearly failing to do so anyway), let me just take a moment to reassure you. Aside from Nomzamo trying his best to get in Zaire's mind (which all of Zaire's therapy over the years has helped him to have a rather strong and impenetrable mind), Zaire is having a blast. He's been led through basic sparring skills and the like. And the thing that seems to really give him confidence - not to mention rather impresses the Zulu Warrior Wizards - is that I have been by his side every step of the way, learning all the skills with him so that he has someone
of a similar skill level to practice with.

P.P.S. Note: Staff sparring is not too different than Krav Maga, so Zaire's actually better than they expected him to be.

P.P.P.S. The best part is all the Warrior dances! I look rather spiffy in these scanty warrior costumes, if I do say so myself. And Zaire is looking stronger and more confident than ever. He misses you and Jaz (and all the others) like crazy, but he's really flourishing here.

P.P.P.P.S. He and his uncle are getting along rather well. Bheka suggested an extended visit - or maybe a regular summer visit (summer for us, it would technically be 'winter' here). I said we'd think about it. You'll be happy to know that when Bheka also suggested that Zaire might do better in his care (being biological family able to raise him in their culture), Zaire said: "Oh hell no! There's no way in bloody hell that I'm giving up my dads, my sister Jaz, and all my other brothers and sisters! I'll visit, but I'm bloody well staying in Malfoy Manor!" To which I raised an eyebrow over his language, but basically didn't say anything because I was so very proud of him that a hug seemed far more appropriate than a scolding.
Chapter 5

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Draco helps exorcise a ghost and Harry comes to help.

Chapter Notes

Warning: More references to child abuse, but they're brief and mostly in passing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday April 4, 2016

My Heart,

I am really hoping everything goes well tonight. I thought we were well done with that thing years ago and I am ready to know he's officially gone in every capacity. Please let me know the outcome as soon as you have the chance. I know I won't be sleeping tonight, wishing I were with my boys, but I'd rather be awake because I'm too wound up and happy about its success than up worrying about its potential failure.

I'm glad finding his ashes was easily accomplished. And it's quite lucky that some of his possessions were still around so the burial could go off as needed. And the fact that it had the happy coincidence of connecting Zaire with someone in his family (that isn't a monster) is great. Although I will admit when I read that he asked for a visit my first thought was, "Not without me!" because I wasn't going to chance someone taking my Z away from me. And then to find out he thought he would be a better option to continue raising my son? Yeah, I saw red again and as there was no one in the room with me I can't exactly ask anyone but I'm pretty sure I had one of my rage halos.

My sweet boy telling him in no uncertain terms that he is happy and content with his life the way it is has calmed me down quite a bit. I am going to try giving Bheka the benefit of the doubt. Maybe he was asking that as a test and gauging Zaire's happiness levels to make sure he's happy in his life with us. Kind of like when I immediately was thrilled at the prospect of leaving the Dursley's to live with someone I didn't know who'd spent the last twelve years in Azkaban should have been a red flag as to my real home life. Yeah, I think I am going to pretend that was his plan all along. But I'm still not letting Zaire visit out of my sight.

It's not like we don't love the excuse to travel anyway!

Once I got over the rage at the idea of our son being taken from us, and my worry about tonight's burial going well, I can't get over how sad I am for the poor children who weren't saved like our Zaire was. To think that he would have had even more siblings, more children we could have saved, more beautiful little souls that had a terrible ending to a too-short life, it just kills me inside...
Draco.

It's taken me a few years to really become comfortable with your work with the Aurors and with your cases you consult on with Hannah, but I really can see why you do what you do. Knowing that you have the potential to save children like those babies, and bring closure to parents and family worried about what happened to their loved ones? I would still throw a bit of a party if you decided to retire, but I'm also just full of pride for you and everything you do.

I'm also full of lust thinking about you in that barely there Warrior regalia. All that skin, and those tattoos of yours that make me drool. Your lithe muscles bunching and flexing, a sheen of sweat while you contort your body to create art with dance. I could be watching you dance, maybe around a fire while the light plays with the shadows from the muscle definition. And then you'd saunter over to me and …. Whoa! I've got plans with our babies tonight, I don't have time to fall down the rabbit hole of fantasizing about you. Stop it Harry, control yourself!

I, Shtara, Jaz, and the Troublesome Trio decided to fill our time with fun plans instead of sitting around missing you two. So tonight we're going to have a camp-out in the gardens. It's still a bit chilly but with warming charms and a bonfire we'll be just fine. We're going to have s'mores and tell spooky stories. I'm actually a bit terrified, you know what a performer our Shtara is and she says she's crafted a doozy of a story to tell tonight. Wish me luck!

I can't believe I forgot all about the tech you made for Jaz years ago! I suppose you're the one who made it and you managed to forget as well so I don't feel too terrible. I do think even if we had remembered the tech, this would be a good skill to see if Jaz is capable of anyway. You never know when a piece of tech is going to go down for some reason or what if she lost it or had it stolen. If she's just not physically capable of speech then we make do and life goes on, but if she can gain a new skill it's worth the try. Leah seems to be quite happy with her progress so far. She thinks it will work, Jaz has already made a handful of purposeful sounds. But it could take months before she's making understandable speech patterns even if it does work.

Well since starting this email I've now fielded six different inquiries about when I will be ready to start the camping. I'd better be off before one of the Trio decides to take matters into their own hands and accidentally lights my garden on fire. Narcissa would have my bollocks for that!

Give Zaire my love, I miss you both so much!

Yours,
Harry

P.S. Are you planning to be home by Saturday to celebrate Eri and Ori's birthdays? Or should I postpone the family celebration for when you both get back?

Tuesday April 5th
The fire in my soul,

You are THE MOST perfect man in the world. For me that is. I'm dead certain anyone else on the planet would have gotten upset with you, but I was just so damn happy to see you.

But let me start at the beginning.

The Zulu have very specific rituals for funerals. First of all, they believe that a body should be
buried, and after a period of waiting, the person's spirit should respectfully be invited back into the family home. Obviously, none of that is going to apply here, and everyone understood that.

To that end, Mlungisi decided to change things a bit. We were still going to follow most of the traditions, such as sacrificing a goat and offering the meat to the ancestors for a bit before preparing it for feasting. Mlungisi also made a point to invite a lot of notable ancestors of the tribe, plus as many of Nomzamo's ancestors as necessary until they had one that was known to actually be a resident of this tribe. It seems Nomzamo's grandmother married an outsider and left the tribe before having Nomzamo's father. She was also the one who ensured they knew their magic before she died.

Alright, once everyone was invited, we danced and chanted until the feast was ready. In Zulu culture, unmarried women and men wear basically the exact same thing. Our Divas would probably call it a mini skirt, but it's two separate pieces. The back is made from animal hide, and the front can be made out of grass or animal hide. There's furry covering for the shins and arms, and each person *can* add other decorations as they like, but that's basically it.

The older a MAN gets, the longer the back part of his iBeshu gets, so mine is to my knees (whereas Zaire is wearing the shortest version) as I am still an active man and could participate in fights and battles if I wanted. Also, as a married man, I wear a headband. My father, being past the warrior phase in life, would wear an iBeshu down to his ankles.

The older a woman gets, the more likely she is to be engaged or married. Once she's engaged, a woman begins to wear a breast covering - which in this modern age usually means a plain or beaded bra. But it could also be an animal skin. Once she is married, a woman wears fully covering clothing to announce for the world to see that she is taken.

I suppose this only SOUNDS strange to me because in our culture, it would probably be the other way around. Young girls would be expected to keep everything covered and married women would be allowed to take things off - should our culture actually embrace nudity, that is. But you know how I feel about nudity, so I don't particularly care who is naked and who isn't.

Side note, that actually surprised our Zulu Wizard friends here. The first day, after we explained who we were and why we were there, they grinned at us and told us that we needed to strip off and don their attire for the welcoming ceremony (and it was obvious that they expected us to try to respectfully decline, being from Britain and all), but the two of us were already stripping before they even finished speaking, hahaha.

Then as Zaire is learning the traditional dances, he's just in a group of kids for the most part, and he really does look like he was born here (which he was, just not HERE here). He dances next to the girls like he's been living with naked girls all his life, and so one of the elders - who has traveled abroad and knows that most cultures feel nudity is sinful, especially in mixed company - asked us why Zaire didn't seem shy or embarrassed.

Zaire laughed, shook his head, and said: "I have EIGHT sisters! We often bath together as a family, and my dad (he jabbed his thumb at me) would never wear a stitch of clothes in his life if he didn't have to."

"That much is true," I confirmed with a grin. I then went on to explain how you and I had created a Unity House in South Africa, and surprise surprise, the MOMENT I mentioned my husband Harry in conjunction with Unity House, SUDDENLY they knew exactly who we were and had a lot of questions to ask about you, hahaha.

Interestingly, where more modern parts of Africa have adopted anti gay hate (remember how
careful we had to be when we moved to South Africa and why?), the rural tribes that try to remain true to their culture remember that being gay has been a valid (even if not huge) part of their culture for ages. It seems that the Zulu people actually had a practice where younger men could be considered wives to older men until they reached an age where they might like to dissolve the marriage and take on boy-wives of their own.

Which means that while they may or may not have true acceptance, they at least respected the fact that I am married to a man. I suppose after that, it probably didn't seem so odd that we'd adopted an army of children. Oh alright, we only adopted half the army. We physically gave birth to the other half, hahaha!

But back to the funeral. Regular traditional clothing is typically shades of brown, green, and white from the animals and dried grasses. For funerals, they have special clothes that are more or less the same, but died black with bits of red for contrast.

We wore these special clothes and participated in the dancing and chanting until it was time to feast. During the feast, Bheka - being the only one there that actually knew Nomzamo - talked about him. He spoke of their childhood together. How Nomzamo was the younger son, and how their parents - despite being poor and struggling to provide for their family, had desperately wanted a daughter. Traditionally, children are named even before they are born, and children can actually have several names that talk about their parents' and family's hopes and expectations for them. Seeing as how their parents wanted a girl and were struggling in general in life, the chose a girl's name that meant struggle.

Now this might seem like an insult to you and me, but it's not meant to be so. It was meant to symbolize rising above the struggle and persevering. But then Bheka went on to say that things never seemed to get better for their family and Nomzamo himself eventually came to believe that he was a curse on his family. He vowed to do better for his own children when the time came.

Bheka never had children because he just didn't want the responsibility of providing for them in hard times, but he said he was always there to help Nomzamo. He felt close to all his nieces and nephews (there'd been three girls and two boys), and struggled to cope with their deaths when they died. They never talked about it directly, but Bheka strongly believed that his curse on the family had gotten stronger, resulting in the deaths of all his children.

When Zaire was born, he was given a name that meant River as it was their hope that he would be as strong as the Nile and able to overcome anything - even Nomzamo's curse.

It was at this point in the narrative that Nomzamo himself burst out angrily, denying that he was ever a curse on his family. Proclaiming that even though his life was a struggle, he had managed to overcome all odds and provide well for his family. Things like that.

A look crossed Bheka's face that suggested that he could now clearly see that his brother was not sane, and that he probably hadn't been entirely sane while still alive. This was a bit heartbreaking as I cannot imagine how I would feel if Sebastian or Gavin suddenly acted in a way that forced me to see how mentally imbalanced they were. Well... Gavin more so than Sebastian. As much as I love that prickly bastard, he DEFINITELY comes across as a bit, erm... eccentric at the very least.

Anyway, there was a lull in which we were all eating and the next part of the ritual had to wait until we were done. It was at this point that Londisizwe asked if I was the husband or the wife. I could tell by the sparkle in his eyes that he was joking. Others laughed and called out their guesses of: "Injonga!" (Masculine gay men, aka the husband), or: "Skesana!" (Effeminate man, aka the wife.)
One of the girls seemed to be asking Zaire which it was before guessing (by whispering in his ear), and he responded by shaking his head. "Neither."

This seemed to confuse Londisizwe. I chuckled, winked at him, and said: "Both!" Which actually seemed to make sense to almost everyone as they simply nodded in understanding.

At this point, if Nomzamo hadn't been pacing angrily around the 'bubble' we'd trapped his spirit in, I'd have called this a rather good time.

Eventually, the feast was done, the ancestors were honored, the grave was dug, and it was time to get on with the burial. The box of ashes and all of Nomzamo's possessions - things like his blanket, his favorite shirt, and his personal fork (apparently they like to keep things hygienic by giving each person their own set of utensils to eat with), plus his prized cow tail (it's a Zulu thing as far as I can tell) - were set in the grave.

Everything seemed to be going well until Mlungisi began chanting spells to seal the spirit into the grave. That's when Nomzamo started to fight, and all of the strength he was saving came out in full force now. He possessed Bheka before the man had a chance to cast a shield. Once inside Bheka, Nomzamo tried his best to get to Zaire and - I dunno. Take him??? Not sure he had a plan to be honest.

This is where things devolved into very NOT traditional territory at all. I'm not sure which culture it is, actually - Chinese maybe? - but there's a culture that believes that if a malevolent being kills someone, their spirit is trapped in that being's service until freed. It's NOT a Zulu belief, but I suppose that's not the thing that matters here.

What matters is that it seems that Nomzamo had a couple of women and his other children (their spirits anyway), bound to his. I learned this later, but apparently the mothers of his children always died 'in childbirth.' I don't know if you ever mentioned what happened to Zaire's mother, but if you did, that's probably what you said. Seeing the rest of them and the way they angrily fought under Nomzamo's command, I'm inclined to believe he murdered them somehow just after giving birth to his children, and then claimed it to be during the event.

I am sorely tempted to have a chat with the Authorities he dealt with to see if he had somehow bribed them to look the other way. Threatened maybe? I simply CANNOT believe they wouldn't noticed all these deaths of 'natural' causes happened to his wives and children. Sigh...

Anyway, as I was saying, suddenly there was a small army of ghosts - powerful and angry spirits possessing equally as powerful witches and wizards in an attempt to destroy me and keep Zaire at their side. I'm going to go ahead and interpret that as keeping his spirit in service to Nomzamo like the others - meaning murder him too.

But of course I was NOT about to let that happen!

And here is where that Auror training I had came in handy. I am used to commanding raids. I am used to assessing tactical situations and coming up with plans to deal with them. Thus, I had no problem at all defending myself and Zaire - and probably impressing the tribesmen, not that that's the important part. It took a bit of doing because I didn't want to hurt any of the bodies being possessed as they are actually innocent people. But basically, without any real communication, I decided to play the bait while Mlungisi and Londisizwe gathered up what they needed to perform a much less pleasant ritual that basically exorcises a malevolent spirit. It involves trance work and blood magic, and so, even if I was paying full attention to what they were doing enough TO describe it in exact detail, probably best if I don't.
It took a few hours and was well past midnight by the time that we defeated Nomzamo and forced his spirit to forever rest in his grave. The beautiful part was that we freed the women and children in the process and were able to give their spirits a lovely sendoff to the afterlife. So... that's that. Sorted!

Which naturally was when my perfect and most definitely panicky husband decided that it had been far too long with no word. You'd promised to stay up and wait for me to give the all clear, but considering that KwaZulu-Natal is 2 hours ahead of Britain, you must have assumed as it neared midnight that something must have gone wrong, and in your panic and worry, you burst forth a glorious rage halo and Apparated an insane distance to be by my side.

Still panting from a fairly rough spiritual battle, the tribe was in fight mode and considered you a threat. They cast spells at you that seemed to evaporate when they hit your halo. Fortunately, you didn't retaliate, instead looking around for me and Zaire. Zaire was extraordinarily happy to see you, basically abandoning the strong warrior mask he had been cultivating since we arrived so that he could run over and hug you.

"DAD!!!" He shouted giddily, even galloping (or so it looked) as he ran. He hugged you so hard I bet you wouldn't have been able to breathe.

"Harry!" I cried out in delight, not having to run to you since you had used me as a focus, and thus, Apparated to my side. I had not reacted to the first sight of you because I had to get my brain to shift from commanding a battle mode to: everything's fine and I have to calm my adorably furious husband mode.

As Zaire hugged the bloody hell out of you, I pulled you both into my arms and gave you a joyous kiss, ending by resting my forehead against yours. "I missed the fuck out of you!"

It had taken a moment, but the fact that we were hugging and kissing you turned off your rage halo and you gasped out in relief. "You're safe! I was so worried!"

"I know," I murmured in sympathy, stroking your hair.

Before you could say another word, the fact that you'd just expended a MASSIVE amount of magic caught up with you and you swayed a bit before fainting into my waiting arms. I kissed you again and carried you to the hut, erm… lovely house - that we're staying in. Luckily, the elders were smart enough to realize that you were you and not a threat, and so, let me carry you off without protest.

But I'll tell you this, you're still sleeping (it's coming up on noon here, so 10 am back home), and the tribewizards are having a lot of fun taking the mickey out of you for showing up clearly ready for a hard battle, just AFTER it had finished, haha.

But I don't care. I levitated your sleeping body out into the sunshine so that I can have your head in my lap as we eat our midday meal. I'm carding my hand through your hair and quite looking forward to giving you a kiss the moment you wake up. And don't worry, I'm shading you from the sun.

All my love, forever and always,
Draco
P.S. The Zulu have a large bet going on as to how long it'll take me to burn as red as a lobster, but I've already thwarted them by remembering to cast my basic skin healing spell every couple of hours so that I tan a nice golden color rather than burn. I'm looking rather gorgeous, if I do say so myself :-D
P.P.S. Zaire - the little stinker - decided to wind his uncle up by casually mentioning that his dad Harry does not take kindly to people not noticing child abuse going on under their noses. I don't think Zaire was trying to be an arsehole, just, erm, making it clear that he doesn't fully trust a man that couldn't figure out what feels (in retrospect) like it should have been rather blatant. So now, Bheka is a bit apprehensive of what you might do once you wake up. I'm secretly betting you'll be too preoccupied with my amorous attention to care that the rest of the world exists, heh heh heh!

Chapter End Notes

Note: While I'm not going to 100 percent say that Zulu culture is perfect - being a few things I do take issue with - there is actually a lot about the culture that I do admire and respect. For example, they really do believe that nudity is normal. That a girl's naked breast has no sexual connotation until she's engaged to be married. One of the things that just blows me away is how their entire society is accepting of this. They show it ON THEIR NEWS!!! Seriously, if you are interested to see how a society handles nudity on their news in a mature manner, go onto youtube and look up the Zulu Reed Dance/Ceremony and traditional Zulu weddings. Both will have plenty of videos in which nudity is just accepted. The Reed Dance in particular has practically every Zulu maiden in the country wearing nothing but a colorful miniskirt and some decorative beads, marching and dancing to the Zulu King's palace - thousands of topless girls shown right on their news. I was seriously impressed, and now I'm sure I sound like a weirdo going on and on about it, lol ^_^
Tuesday April 5

Draco,

If I never leave this building again I can avoid all the embarrassment I put myself into right? I just cannot believe I allowed myself to act like a ridiculous, over-emotional, temperamental teenager. I know it's certainly not the first time I've allowed myself to let my power and my temper take over. But there's usually some sort of justification. I was obviously distressed and worried for the two of you, but I was supposed to be home caring for our children and instead I just apparated across the planet to put myself in the thick of things.

I'm so glad that you and Zaire were both happy to see me but I don't understand how you possibly could be. I treated Zaire like the baby he insists I still think of him as. He must be so embarrassed to have had his father storm in and embarrass him in front of this tribe of people he's trying to learn from. You even said so yourself, you love me through my nonsense but anyone else on the planet would have been upset with me.

And after all of that I didn't even show up in time to help. And since I fainted as soon as I let go of the rage, even if I had gotten there in time I probably would have been useless! I would have been a liability, someone else you had to shield instead of worrying about your own safety. Will I ever be a mature, responsible adult? I'm thirty-five years old for Merlin's sake. When the emotional fifteen-year-old blows up Dumbledore's office after his Godfather (kind of) dies, you give him a bit of leeway and don't judge him too harshly. The middle-aged man not giving you so much as a four hour window before charging in like a bull in a china shop? Ridiculous.

What's even worse? I think you all expected it. You were happy enough to see me but didn't seem all that surprised. Zaire ran himself over to me and greeted me like he'd missed me, but he certainly didn't ask me "what are you doing here?" And in case you were thinking to yourself "Wow, Harry just left the five kids alone during their campout" that's not the case. Because your mum showed up shortly before I took off and told me she'd finish out the campout for me! She knew I wouldn't be able to keep myself from leaving!

So it's just like all those times when the Aurors have "allowed" me to help out with something, I ended up charging in and refusing to follow their orders, and then I find out they assumed I'd do exactly what I did!
As embarrassed as I am I suppose I should relax and enjoy the rest of our time here before I drag you boys home! Your message and the complete lack of malevolent spirits tell me the burial was a success. It would have been great if the only thing accomplished was sending that creature on his way to his earned afterlife, but to know that the souls of his children's mothers and the children themselves were able to be separated from him and find their own peace? That is such a relief to hear. I'm so thankful that Zaire's brothers and sisters, likely his own mum, and his siblings' mums can go to their own earned afterlife.

I should probably have a bit of a conversation with Bheka as well. It sounds like he truly wants to have a good relationship with his nephew. You know how I feel about extended family and the families we choose. Unless he turned out to be as dangerous as his brother or Zaire wanted nothing to do with him, I would never keep them from each other. As much as I would like to blame him for not seeing the abuse (and my subconscious still does, I don't have power over that!) he certainly wouldn't be the first well-intentioned person to miss something like that. I know more than anyone possibly that it's hard to see people we love for their flaws. It's almost as though we're hard wired to only see the best in them.

It took me a long time to come to terms with the fact that I could love my Father and Godfather, think they're good people, and still be angry with them for their bullying behavior. To allow myself to feel love for the Dumbledore that I truly was close to, while hating him for using him as a pawn in his war. It's easy to love someone when you ignore their flaws or when their flaws are easy to ignore. But it's human nature to put blinders on so you can't see your loved one causing damage. Dudley had to come to terms with these feelings as well. I know he hates what his parents put me through. What they taught him to put me through. I know he would have been willing to completely walk away from them if his own children had ended up with magic and his parents hadn't been able to handle it. But he still loved them. I would never tell him this, and I will call you a liar if you ever tell him this, but I'm so glad those two died before we found out all three Dursley kids had magic. He'll never have to find out if his parents would have loved him or them enough to live through having magical grandchildren.

Hell, your mum and Andi had to deal with their own feelings about loving a monster. If they found out Bellatrix had somehow survived, they would be the first people to put her down, but they still love her. Somewhere in their hearts holds all the love they ever felt for their sister. That kind of love doesn't go away.

I mean, I'd be willing to bet Lucius will still love you even though you insinuated that he's an elder, well past his warrior years, who wouldn't be able to do battle and may as well wear the long iBeshu down to his ankles. You do like to have all the knowledge you can though, so I should probably tell him you said that just to make sure he would still love you through that information. Yep. For science.

I am obviously kidding, before I left, when he and Narcissa came out to the tent, Lucius even told me to send you both his love. Right before he started complaining about how camping in a muggle tent should really be beneath him, and the things he does for his grandchildren.

Wait.

Lucius AND Narcissa came to cover for me while camping. They knew I'd come after you, but they also knew I had promised the kids to camp. So they must have wanted me to go just as much as I wanted to. And you know what else? When Kingsley or Bletchley or Robards have pulled me into things and I end up charging in, they say they expected it right? Then they wouldn't have pulled me in at all if they didn't want that. Do they WANT me to charge in but they only make it
seem like they don't because it's against their Auror protocol?

Whoa.

And if that's the case, then you telling me all about the burial and the potential danger even though you know it would probably trigger my temper could have been on purpose. You even gave me a time it "should" have been over and I surpassed that by a few hours. Were you expecting and WANTING me to show up? Have you been secretly hoping to get me worked up enough to join you guys? Even poking me about Bheka's wanting to take Zaire into his own custody?

All of you people have purposefully been manipulating my temper to get what you want haven't you? And I'm such a naïve Gryffindor that I've never noticed you Slytherins playing me like a damn fiddle!

Although you probably knew I'd eventually figure this out and then you know I'd also realize it means you love me just as I am temper and all. Then I'd be pleased because it meant I hadn't embarrassed you or made you upset, but that you'd just be happy that your cunning plan worked out exactly like you hoped it would. Sneaky Snake.

Well, just for tricking me I am going to sign off, call you back into this room, and have you carry me out again. I might even pretend I'm injured for however much longer we stay just so I can force my hot Warrior to carry me around bridal style!

Your Tempestuous Gryffindor,  
Harry

P.S. You should hurry up because I have a few arguments with the tribe I want to have. Which of us is the husband and which is the wife indeed. There's no wife, that's the whole point of our marriage. It would be like asking which chopstick is the fork!

Friday April 8th  
The beat of my heart,

You and Zaire are taking ages to say goodbye to everyone before we return home, so I'm going to use the time to email you.

First of all, you are as popular here as everywhere. The Zulu Wizarding community actually swelled a bit while you were here these last few days so that others that don't normally stay in the village could meet you too. They all had so many questions, and not necessarily all about the War. Some - actually most - wanted to know what parts of your books were true. You even had a bit of a signing session here, hahaha.

Meanwhile, Zaire - who is already tall for his age and so strong and proud of his heritage (a far cry from the tiny little thing we adopted) - looked a bit like a peacock as he strutted around bragging that his dad was THE HARRY POTTER. But somehow, he managed to be humble about it too.

While you were signing and chatting away, Zaire and I were busy learning more dances, or just generally sparring. To my profound relief, our son is still too young to care about girls in the sense that they are a separate gender with interesting differences, thus, he was completely oblivious as a good half dozen girls his age did their best to flirt with him and capture his interest. They were actually doing this even before you arrived, so it wasn't something like him being extra special because he has a famous dad.
He's just bloody gorgeous, according to them.

Side note, before you arrived, a couple of fathers of daughters interested in Zaire asked me if our family would be interested in coming back to the village when he is older. I was a little confused at first, but apparently girls here are allowed to decide *when* they are ready to get married, anytime after age 16. There are elaborate ceremonies girls can go through if they can wait until they are 21 and still virgins before marriage. Also, a Zulu man can marry more than one woman, and since Zaire would have quite a bit of status in their village (being the son of a famous man and more than likely having quite a bit of wealth of his own when he comes of age), he would be able to marry as many women as he wants.

BEFORE either of us protest what sounds to be a very unfair system. The point they were getting at is that their daughters have already expressed interest in marrying him someday, and thus, our son is quite popular. NOT that he needs to be thinking about marriage for at least 10 more years.

But getting back to the original topic.

Zaire learned quite a bit about his cultural heritage in the not quite two weeks that we've been here. He seems to really like and respect his culture, and I won't be surprised if he refuses to wear anything other than the traditional Zulu clothing - at least at home and wherever he can get away with it.

So... remember once upon a time ago when you suggested that Elena would murder someone to have me teach alternative dances at her school? Well, I've decided that it might actually be a good idea. I would have to get permission from the students' parents, but I think a once a week class taught by me and Zaire in which we pass on traditional Zulu dancing, well... I think it would be interesting, no?

I know Elena would agree almost instantly because she's always loved the traditional African dances and never shied away from a bit of nudity. But I can also see the majority of parents not understanding the underlying point of the class, which is to pass on respect for a proud culture.

Of course, I would naturally come back to learn more about the culture and their dances throughout the years. I can actually see Shtara being excited to take the class. I think she comes from - well I KNOW she comes from New York, but I mean that I think she thinks her heritage is from a different part of Africa, and if she's ever interested, we'll try to track it down for her to learn about. But more importantly, I know she's interested in all cultures and would love this class.

In related news, I really think she will be the perfect one to take over the Potter Wizarding Cultural Center when she's older. Every time we go there, she's always so excited, looking fairly close to rapturous. I'm willing to bet she secretly has a ton of plans for what she could add if she had her druthers, hahaha!

Hmm... I keep rambling on about different things. No matter, it seems that you are finally ready to go. You look so good in traditional Zulu garb. I'm thinking we might have to make the most of our flight back home, heh heh. Probably a good thing for Zaire that Mr. Lott brought the rest of our non-Hogwarts kids and support staff with him on his way to pick us up. Thus, Zaire will have plenty of time to tell them all about his cultural education, and well have plenty of time to work each other up completely.

Oh! You just looked over and noticed me smirking at you. That seems to have given you proper incentive to say a final last goodbye and rush us away to the airport. Best sign off then!

Love, lust, and all the other emotions,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Draco denies purposely leading Harry into showing up with a rage halo, but also will not deny that he planted a seed so that IF things had gone badly and Draco needed him, Harry could have waltzed in and saved the day. All in all, Draco's just glad everything turned out and Harry's with him.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Draco gives Hazel some spectacular...ly bad advice.

Saturday April 9, 2016

My Best Friend,

Whew, we made it back in time for me to make Eri and Ori their birthday breakfasts. I was really worried it wouldn't happen. When that storm over Northern Africa came seemingly out of nowhere and we had to stop over in Morocco I thought this might be their first birthday I wouldn't be able to see them.

Even when they've been at Hogwarts I've been able to go visit the morning of their birthdays. When they were First Years their birthday landed on a Monday and we just kept them home for a three-day weekend. Then Second, Third, and Fourth Years you and I went and had breakfast with them in the Great Hall. You, of course, sat with Eris at the Slytherin table and I sat with Orion at the Ravenclaw table. We probably would have switched it up a bit, but once we sat that way their Second Year they seemed to think it was the tradition to do it that way.

I know Minnie wouldn't turn down any parent that wanted to join their child for meals, but I never would have thought to even ask if we weren't close with the Headmistress. I think my favorite part of us being in and out of Hogwarts so often with so many of our kids going to school there, meeting their friends when they bring them for visits while on hols, and attending all of the rituals again, is we're not celebrities there. When Viona was a First Year and Minnie embarrassed me in front of the entire student body, they treated me like a celebrity or an oddity. Now I'm just the dorky dad who volunteers at the school too much.

I honestly just love that when we go there I'm ___'s Dad. It just depends on the kid saying it for whose Dad they think I am. Most of the Gryffindors call me Sirius or Draco's Dad (it is so weird to hear people call him by his actual name and not Zwei!), the Ravenclaws all call me Orion's Dad, while most of the Hufflepuffs and Slytherins call me either Hazel's or Eris' Dad. I get the occasional Viona's Dad from Vivi's friends but I think the fact that Eris and Hazel might as well be my clones make it easiest for them to think of me as belonging to one of them.

I'm pretty sure that with at least half the student body owning at least one piece of Hazeris fashion they tend to be the Malfoy kids their non-friends remember. The fact that they're both outgoing little mouthy things helps as well.

All I could think about when we were sitting in Morocco was them arriving at home after Friday classes to an empty Manor (well, as empty as the Manor ever gets), Eri and Ori both going to bed at night not knowing if I'd be there to wake them up with their birthday breakfasts.

Thankfully we only had to wait out the storm for about an hour and a half and managed to get ourselves home around two in the morning. We dragged a sleepy Shtara, Zaire, and Jaz to their rooms and let the house elves levitate the sleeping trio to theirs. It was certainly no surprise that I was the first and only one up this morning to get breakfast ready. I was a bit surprised to see both
Eris and Orion had brought friends home for the weekend. I know we gave them permission, but they hadn't told me they were.

Also, I was running on less than four hours of sleep so I was probably a little brain fogged. Orion and his friend Evan woke up happy enough, we chatted a bit about what they'd done the night before. I guess they spent most of the evening playing board games, and if Evan's smirking was to be believed, Orion spent much of his evening losing badly at the games because his eyes kept wandering to Eri's friend Natalie.

Eris and Natalie (And Haz obviously since she was in the same room) were less pleasant to wake up. I guess they stayed up quite late watching movies, snacking, and talking crushes. Apparently Natalie is a much better friend than Eri or Haz because she refused to give up any information on crushes our girls may have mentioned but Haz blurted out that Natalie might want to take her crush hunting. Not subtle ladies, perhaps don't reference your friend's crush's name-meaning when one of the people who named him is standing right there and is very aware of what his son's name means.

Ah, young love. It's adorable. I'm not going to say a word. I'm just going to sit back and watch the two shy little weirdos stare at each other longingly when they think the other isn't looking! I already have my hands full thinking about what's going on with River and Mahafsoun. Normally I wouldn't push or assume a relationship is headed in any direction. I learned my lesson the first time Elena brought home a boyfriend and I started picturing what our future grandchildren would look like only to have them break up the next week and then Lainie telling me in no uncertain terms that she is nowhere near ready to settle down with anyone.

But with the Veela thing, the Soulmate thing, and the fact that they've essentially been waiting years to be together, River and Maha likely won't be doing the slow-build relationship. And at the risk of pushing them into things they may not be ready for .... they WILL be making us the prettiest grandchildren!

Eventually. No rush.

No rush indeed, weirdo fathers already putting in offers for Zaire to marry their daughters in the future. He may be tall, but my little boy won't even be ten until next month. He's got at least a decade before he should start worrying about marriage. I hope you shut them down in no uncertain terms. Although, at least those girls have good taste. He IS gorgeous! He was gorgeous even when he was a malnourished, undersized tiny child. But seeing how he's been able to healthily grow into his best self is breathtaking. But there's a chance I may be a bit biased!

I like the idea of you and Z teaching a class at Lainie's school. And while I know you love the entire costuming and pageantry and any excuse to wear as few clothes as possible, even if the parents or Lainie herself don't give permission for the barely-there traditional dress, you can still teach them the dances in full clothing. Especially when it's in a performance school where most of their clothes are specifically designed to not inhibit movement.

And I am sure Shtara would love to take the class as well. Is there really any form of performance she wouldn't want to learn? Maybe Mime? Yeah, a type of performance where she wouldn't be able to use her amazing voice in any way is probably the only thing I can think of.

I should sign off though, everyone is finally awake, dressed, and starving. Let's head out to Café Exquis for a birthday meal with the whole crew!

Yours,
Harry
Sunday April 10th
My co-parent of the horde,

You think with how well known it must be that I am NOT the one comfortable with teenagers, they'd stop coming to me for advice. I will admit that having most of them in Hogwarts HAS helped me get through the teenage years with less angst on my part, but it's still not the easiest. That said, I must give fantastic advice or something because they still come to me when they want to know things I'd really prefer they never learned.

So earlier today, while Orion, Evan, Eris, and Natalie were playing a game of hide and hex out in the garden, Hazel came up to me and wanted a nice chat. And by chat, I mean advice on relationships. So, apparently she's REALLY interested in Natalie, but there's the problem of Natalie being interested in Orion, and Orion being interested in her in return. Hazel doesn't want to basically ruin everything for them and push them both away, but she also doesn't think that she should just give up before at least trying.

So, I sighed, ran a hand through my hair, and decided to be honest.

"You should really ask your dad this. HE'S a bloody Gryffindor and could tell you some fluffy shite about supporting them. Me, I'm a Slytherin, as are you, so all I can tell you is what a Slytherin would do. Here's what a Slytherin would do: First, arrange things so that they get together. Remember to be subtle, you want them to think this was ALL their idea, and since they are interested in each other, that part won't be hard. Once they are together, let them enjoy some time together, wait patiently until the initial glow of the relationship starts to fade. Eventually they'll start to bicker about little things, and that's when you make logical comments about how those little things aren't so little. Gently point out ALL their relationship flaws. DON'T be the wedge that drives them apart, but rather be the supportive friend/sister that makes sure that wedge is as big as it can get. Then when they break up, do your absolute best to comfort and console Natalie. That way, when she's ready for a relationship again, she'll already have you in mind."

I then smirked at Hazel and gave her a kiss on the cheek. "Of course, that's assuming that she has even the slightest interest in girls."

Hazel looked down to her hands in her lap. She's so beautiful that whenever I look at her, I can't help but see exactly how you would look if you were a girl - all delicate and petite and perfect. But don't take that the wrong way, you're perfect no matter what, I'm just saying you'd look good as either gender.

"See, that's the thing..." Hazel murmured, and since she's usually so confident and clear spoken, I was a little taken aback by her demeanor. "Somehow, word got around the school that I'm trans. So absolutely NO ONE is interested in me. I myself don't really like boys, but if I did, none of them would date me because I'm that pretty bird with a prick, and while girls are usually happy enough to chat with me about fashion and the like, if I start hinting I might like them, they never fail to tell me one of two things, and very often both. First, that they don't like girls like that. I personally NEVER said anything to imply that I'm anything less than a girl, but like I said, they all seem to know, so the second thing they'll tell me is that even though I am a boy who likes to dress up as a girl, I'm too girly and weird for them. I think they really just mean weird, because even girls who've been caught snogging other girls tell me exactly that."

Oh, my poor baby girl! My heart was just about breaking for her. I pulled her into my arms and rubbed her back, trying my best not to be happy that her love life was going to be postponed until she was old enough to find a mature person who can accept her for her.
"Oh love, it's not the end of the world. I know it SEEMS like the worst thing ever that no one is interested in having a relationship with you, but that just means that you will know when you find the right person that it was meant to be. I imagine it'll be when you least expect it, you'll realize that someone is interested in you, and it'll shock you but you'll be happy."

"Maybe..." She sounded unconvinced. "But... won't it just be easier once I'm fully transitioned. That way, if people try to claim I'm not a real girl - or some shite like that - I can just prove that I am and shut them up."

"As much as I find the idea of you flashing the entire Great Hall at breakfast one morning so very amusing, I really must point out that's the worst thing you could do. Doing so isn't going to stop people from believing what they want, and it'll probably just make them tease you. Or worse. Kids are arseholes! Wait until you're old enough that those you're interested in have grown up and matured."

She gave me a shrewd look. "You're just saying that because you don't like thinking any of us are old enough to be interested in relationships."

"I can't deny that, but I'm not telling you to wait for that reason. I really do think it's your best option."

"I should ask River for advice," she grumbled.

"Salazar no!!" I protested in alarm. "The only thing he'd be able to tell you is how to chat a girl up and snog the bloody hell out of her!"

Hazel gave me a look that announced clear as day: That's exactly what I want.

I sighed heavily and rubbed my hand over my face. "Look... I'm not certain, but if Pansy is to be believed, then girls will sometimes ask other girls to practice kissing with them - so they know they aren't bad at it when they are with someone they like. If that's true, then perhaps Natalie will ask you or Eris to do so with her. If she does, take advantage of it. Who knows, maybe if you two practice enough, she'll really like it. And then, when you're comforting her later on, she'll remember and want to do it some more."

This seemed to make Hazel smile genuinely. "That's brilliant!"

I actually had to disagree. It's SLYTHERIN, which as a father, doesn't feel quite right. Yeah, sure, if this was Eris or Viona dominating their Yarmates and getting exactly what they want from them, I'd probably just shrug and walk away, but this is my baby who always seemed more like a Hufflepuff than a Slytherin to me.

"I'm serious, go talk to your dad about this. I'm willing to bet he has even better advice to give, and there's nothing wrong with more advice. It's always best to gather all your options and weigh them carefully," I advised her. Cheerfully, she seemed to bounce off in your direction.

I'm not certain I want to know the results of your chat with her. That said, upon reflection, I will say that despite feeling that I gave her accurate Slytherin advice, I actually feel it was terrible advice for her. She really needs to chat with someone who is trans too. Someone who has been through all of this already and knows exactly what to do. Or at least try. Looks like we might be going out to a couple of Drag Shows soon so that we can ask about anyone who's transitioned fully so we can ask her questions, sigh.

But I don't want to think about that anymore at the moment. I want to shift gears to our son. Last
night during dinner at Café Exquis, it came as no surprise to anyone that River and Mahafsoun were acting like they had some big secret they just couldn't wait to share. We tried to be patient and let them spill it on their own, but I swear, had they not finally gotten around to it during the second course, I'd have shouted at them to get on with it!

Thankfully for everyone, River took Mahafsoun's hand in his and gave it a kiss. "Everyone... we have an announcement to make."

We ALL gave each other a look that said: Oh really, you don't say.

After taking a deep breath and giving Mahafsoun a smile of pure adoration, River continued. "We're getting married on Saturday May 14th."

My first reaction was to be alarmed that it was so soon, but then I remembered that we only waited a bloody week. Surely if we could pull of such a fabulous ceremony in so short a time, they can definitely work with two whole months. As I was busy going over all the logistics in my mind, Mahafsoun leaned over and gave River a kiss.

"There's more," she added. I raised a brow because there's NO WAY they could know if she was pregnant already. I mean...it's only been three weeks since they got together, so I suppose they actually could...

"I've decided that I really like the woman I've become. That I like being an actress with a job that's literally made for me. I don't want to give it up completely, so I'm going to accept the new show that's been offered to me. Filming is set to begin in June and that means River will be moving to California with me, but not to worry, we're both committed to ensuring that River continues to do what he loves - that BOTH of us do what we love and yet still do whatever it takes to make our relationship work."

"For example, Maha wants our house to be this 'little' cabin in the woods about a two hour commute from her set. Anyone else would probably think that a crazy idea, but with floo and her wings, it's really not such a bad idea," River explained, looking nervous since we hadn't had a chance to react at all yet to anything.

I looked at you and you looked ready to burst out with a flood of happy tears. I took your hand in mine and kissed it, mostly to remind our son where he'd learned the gesture. "Well... congratulations. It seems we have a lot to celebrate."

Which of course triggered the happy wailing as you threw your arms around him and sobbed into his neck. Mahafsoun seemed surprised that you pulled her into a group hug. She really looked like she half expected you to hex her or something. Everyone else gave them hugs and kisses until it was finally my turn. She snuggled into my arms and hummed happily, probably once again remembering that none of this would have been possible without me. I held her tight and felt an enormous sense of pride fill me that I'd not only saved her from a terrible life, but that I'd indirectly helped her grow into the amazing woman she is today.

Apparently our hug went on a little too long as both you and River started growling. You yanked me and River yanked her, and this actually caused a rather unexpected reaction. Both Mahafsoun and I started laughing.

I pulled you close and gave you a possessive kiss. "There's nothing to be jealous of. Now that I KNOW that she's a Veela, I can put up some mental defenses to minimize my reaction to her."

Meanwhile, she was busy reassuring River. "Remember, married or not, we have a soulmate bond."
I couldn't do anything with anyone else even if I wanted to, which I assure you, I don't. I've had enough of that over the years.”

When the two of you were reassured and at ease again, dinner continued in a rather excited manner. The only person who was less than thrilled to hear about River’s upcoming wedding was Hazel, whose birthday is on the 13th of May, and has loudly protested that her event will be upstaged by his. She's not entirely wrong. Perhaps we can persuade them to wait until July - in which there are no birthdays until the end. Probably not, but worth a try, no?

Love you to the moon and back,
Draco
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Harry fixes things with Hazel and Draco wants to quit parenting.

Monday April 11, 2016

My Life

I love you so much, and I love the mixture of Slytherin and Gryffindor (with the occasional Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff) tendencies our children have gotten from us. But maybe don't tell your daughter to attempt to get someone together with HER OWN BROTHER to put herself in a position to snatch up his ex-girlfriend during the fallout. What on Earth am I going to do with you? For someone so brilliant at playing the long game when it comes to businesses or how to take a potion from an idea to a fully formed life-changing potion, you certainly didn't look at all the potential ramifications of the conversation you had with Haz.

What, may I ask, will you tell Orion when he comes to you asking for advice on dealing with the heartbreak of breaking up with Natalie? Tell him to set out a cunning plan to win her back from … HIS SISTER? Don't get me wrong, I am secretly a terrible person and if this situation screwed over someone that wasn't my kid, I would probably shake my finger and act like I was affronted while secretly being okay with it. But you are telling Haz to plan something that will hurt Ori.

Anyway, the dinner was lovely and I am just so very excited for River and Maha. I have said from day one that once she grew into herself and not who she'd been trained to be that I would respect her choices in life. And I also said that if River wanted her for the rest of his life, like he said he did when he was only fourteen, that I wanted that for him as well. So how in Merlin's name would I be anything less than ecstatic that they are coming together? They're adults. Maha is confident in who she is and what she wants. River might be moving to accommodate her life but it's been planned out so that he can continue to do his own things that fulfill him. I really think it's a good compromise and I wish them the best.

Although I am a bit hysterical at the thought of my baby living on the other side of the world. With the exception of his few visits to his Grandparents in Australia that we didn't have time to join him on, I've never been away from him for more than a handful of days at a time. I can't imagine not being able to swing over and meet him for lunch or have coffee with him before he opens for the day.

And what if they have children soon? Then my grandchildren would live on the other side of the world? How could I handle that? To know that every day they were growing and changing and I was missing everything because I didn't live close enough to visit all the time (within reason, I don't need to be THAT guy!). Oh Hell, this is what we did to your parents and Molly and Arthur when we lived all over the planet. I can't believe we did this to them! How did they ever forgive us? Oh my poor mums and dads! Hold up, I need to finish up my hysterics and then call Neville and have him send the mums some flowers from me.
Okay, I'm all cried out. I may have been slightly overreacting to the idea of River moving my grandchildren to the States when 1-They are his kids and it's his life to lead and 2-They don't actually exist.

And we'll have almost this entire summer to spend with him anyway. Once Hogwarts lets out for summer hols, we already have Hazel's surgery prep, surgery, and post-op all scheduled. Even with magical healing, recovery can take a bit so we'll obviously be spending most of the summer out there. The other kids can pop back and forth as they like, between most of them being old enough for port-keys and the ever-wonderful presence of Mr. Lott, I'm sure they'll have no problems enjoying their vacation and seeing their friends.

And there's always the fact that we're going to one of their very favorite vacation spots anyway. Can you just imagine Vivi complaining about having to be close enough to the ocean to be able to surf every day if she wanted? Yeah, me neither. If we can talk Maha into letting the kids visit, maybe one or two at a time, she'll at the very least have Shtara eating out of the palm of her hand. Can you imagine her sweet face lighting up when she finds out she might be able to go to an actual Hollywood set?

So, this morning, before I floo'ed the kids back to Hogwarts, I had a conversation with our Haz. When it comes to the crush on Natalie conversation, I pretty much just told her that playing the Slytherin manipulation game with one of her best friends who happens to be her crush *and* her brother's was probably just a recipe for disaster. She must have been running the whole idea in her head all night because she quickly agreed and said she definitely didn't want to hurt her family.

Then we got into a whole long talk about how she feels about kids being unwilling to date her because of her trans status.

"Baby come here," I held my arms out and she cuddled herself up into my chest and tucked her head under my chin. I stroked her beautiful hair for a moment to get my thoughts together before I spoke, "You are so wonderful, special and sweet. Brilliant and caring. Strong and confident. But at your age, so many kids just want to blend in. They want to feel normal. Plain. Easily overlooked. There are just so many parts of your personality that make blending in impossible. You're the child of Draco and Harry Malfoy, you own your own business, you're drop dead gorgeous, and yes you are also trans."

"But Daddy, I want to be normal too!" she cried into my neck.

"No sweetheart, you really don't. And someday you will be so thankful to be exactly who you are. If it weren't for the dating stuff, you'd probably already be there. And someday much sooner than Dad or I would like, there will be all sorts of people who want to date you. Not, are willing to look past your physical differences, but who will love all the aspects of you."

"Ugh, that's all I need, someone who has a trans fetish!" she spat out.

"No. You definitely don't want that Darling. You have to find the line between someone 'willing to put up with' your differences and fetishizing your differences. I can't say I know how you feel, because that would be a lie. But you know how much people wanted to date me because of my fame, and people who weren't willing to date me because of the drama my fame would bring. But I found someone who was fine being in the spotlight when needed, strong enough to stand up to people telling him he or I had chosen poorly, and wasn't with me because I was Harry Potter. He's with me because I'm his Harry. You'll be someone's Hazel someday. But for right now, you need to be YOUR Hazel."

I made her look at me and went on, "Right now, your differences feel like a weight around your
neck, but I like to think of my own differences like a shield. They're a built-in arsehole detector. If someone was willing to date you until they found out you were trans, then you automatically know they're too narrow-minded for you."

She sniffled a bit as her fury tears tapered off, "Well, I know Natalie isn't like that. She's always known I'm trans and has never treated me any differently than she treats Eris. She's not an arsehole."

"This I can handle, tell me all about your crush sweetheart!"

And she did!

I like this Natalie girl, I approve of her for whichever of my children she's crushing on.

Loving You Always,
Harry

Monday April 11th
The sensible one,

See? I TOLD you that I was only good at giving Slytherin advice and that it didn't feel right for her. That said, you wondered what I'd have done once Orion came to me with a broken heart. I'm sorry, but in this instance, I find myself siding with Hazel over Orion.

Thus, I'd tell him that Natalie clearly wasn't the right person for him, and that he's a smart and gorgeous Ravenclaw. Not to mention mostly likely to be made Quidditch Captain next year. He's going to have his pick of girls in the future. There's no need to settle for the first one he likes.

Also, he complains about that girl named Farrah in every letter he sends home, so I sort of assumed that he'd eventually come to a different realization altogether. You know...

Anyway!

Just be thankful I stopped her from going to River for advice. She REALLY doesn't need to know the finer points of pleasing a girl just yet.

Remind me again why you wouldn't let me freeze them all at age 11?

At least my Jaz is still too young for boys. It's not too late, I could always give the potion to her, Zaire, Lily, Caelum, and Persephone. Hell! I can even give it to Shtara! She's only thirteen and not quite ready for boys (or girls) yet either!

Oh hold on, I'm getting a Magi-Skype call from Viona.

-I quit! I no longer want to be a parent! Our Darling Viona has just informed me that she has decided (inspired by River and Mahafsoun) to marry her favorite minion NEXT summer - so we have over a year to plan the wedding - but she expects it to be utterly fabulous and befiting a princess. I was at a loss for words and trying my best to be supportive, so I asked her his name. She paused for a long moment, and then said she didn't know and would have to ask him when she informed him of the happy news.
Sigh...

Come find me in the playroom and submit to a spanking.

I put a spell on you 'cuz you're mine,
Draco
Chapter Summary

Harry finds Draco ridiculous and Draco panics for a moment.

Thursday April 14, 2016

The Man in Denial,

You, my love, are ridiculous. You said that in THIS instance you find yourself siding with Hazel over Orion? In EVERY instance you side with Hazel over Orion. Now, before you get mad, I am not saying you play favorites or that you love one child over another. But you have always had a bit of blinders on when it comes to our Haz.

And honestly, with good reason. We wouldn't even have our Haz if it wasn't for you. You're the one who made me realize I could never give her up. You made me look into her eyes and think about giving her to someone else, knowing me well enough that it would mean coming home with a baby when we already had our arms so full of needy little ones. You see her as the one you always thought would be a Hufflepuff. Sure, she's sweet and little and the daintiest of princesses. But her cunning little mind has always been more Slytherin to me. And obviously the Hat agreed!

Because of her history as this polyjuiced orphan baby who looks exactly like the husband you're in love with, you tend to look in those big green eyes and are willing to go to extreme lengths so she never wants for anything. I get it, it's not like I'm immune to any of our children's charms. And I'm just lucky that Zaire really doesn't have a devious bone in his body or he would be playing me like a fiddle every day.

Anyway, I forgot to tell you, but after she spilled about the crush issue, Hazel and I talked a bit about her disappointment in River and Mahafsoun choosing the day after her birthday to have their wedding. I got her mostly calmed down about it, reminding her that with as large of a family as we have, it's hard to find any day that isn't someone's birthday or anniversary already. And as they're not scheduling it for the actual day, I'm not going to attempt to talk them out of it. Especially when I reminded her that they wanted to have a wedding before she had to be on set in June.

Which, by the way, not sure how you're doing your math or if you've failed to look at a calendar recently but their wedding is ONE month away, not two.

I mean, it's definitely birthday season right now. Teddy's birthday is tomorrow. A week from today Persephone turns six. Less than two weeks after hers, Zaire is turning ten. Less than two weeks after his is Hazel's. And six days after that Lily and Caelum turn six. Then comes our own wedding anniversary ten days later. And then it's June (which has additional birthdays like the love of my life turning thirty-six) and puts Mahafsoun smack dab into needing to leave for her show.

And then Maha actually knocked on the door and saved the day a bit. Haz had gotten to the point where she was a little disappointed still, and she has every right to be, but was resigned to be understanding and enjoy the hell out of her brother's big day. When Haz told her she could come in, Maha took a deep breath and asked Haz if she would do her a huge favor. She asked Hazel if she'd be willing to create her wedding dress!
After Haz stopped crying, she ran to her desk to grab her design notebook and started bombarding Maha with a million questions about style, color, cut, etcetera. I'm sure Eris will end up having some opinions as well, but it's pretty well known that Eris leans more towards designing the pieces for everyday wear and Hazel is more likely to design the specialty items. You know, like wedding dresses!

I ended up leaving them to it, I wanted them to have their moment and you know I have way too many opinions on wedding planning. I wouldn't have been able to keep my mouth shut!

What the hell?!? Speaking of wedding planning. Our Vivi wants to get married next year? I can't exactly say anything about her being too young for marriage without being an enormous hypocrite. But maybe she should know his name at least? And she's going to inform him?!? I suppose I shouldn't be all that surprised that a proposal for a Viona marriage includes her informing the groom. If he likes her enough to be her minion, he's probably well aware of what he'll be getting himself into.

I do absolutely refuse to start any Princess Wedding Planning before she learns his name though. I will put my foot down! I will tell her in no uncertain terms that ….. yeah, I'll end up doing whatever she wants. Why am I such a sucker? Oh bloody Hell, am *I* one of her minions? I should at least be her favorite minion, right?

I'm off to the playroom, come find me! My reddened arse has faded to a pale pink and I need a second coat!

Yours,

Harry

Friday April 15th
EEEK!!!

You're right! There's only a month! NOT EVEN a month! How in the bloody hell did we manage to do this in a week?!?!

Wait, calm down...

Okay, the Cheering Charm is working. I don't have to panic because I'm not the one in charge of planning. Portia - being brilliant - has come to stay in the Manor until the wedding, and she, Mahafsoun, and (best of all) Pippa have made up a list of everything that needs to be done and assigned things as necessary.

For example, Hazel is making the dress. Pippa and Portia are handling the flowers and decorating the yard - with help from my mother, who naturally loves any excuse to decorate the yard. The only thing I really have to worry about is taking River shopping for his outfit.

Also, as I understand it, you were assigned the task of contacting Julia for photography duty, and Café Exquis for catering - not that either task would be particularly hard because both are very eager to help out.

Oh... Hazel and Eris must be besides themselves with designing the entire wedding party worth of dresses. I mean I know they *could* do River's outfit too, but I think they are happy enough to have one less thing to make. But so far, the tiny peeks I've taken prove that they are DEFINITELY doing a fabulous job. Have you seen the Bride's dress? That thing with the back is sheer brilliance!
The only problem I can see is that Mahafsoun is going to need a very intricate, erm... style... In order to not cover the gorgeous details. Funnily enough, she came to me for an objective opinion on the various styles she wants to try, and the current decision is to try them all and take pictures to decide which one looks the best.

On a different topic, erm, do you have any idea what's upsetting Elena? Is she mad at River or something? She came to the Manor today to chat with Mahafsoun a bit, but the entire time she was here, she looked pale and withdrawn. I hope she's not coming down with something. Do you think I should bring her a Pepper-Up?

Oh! Before I forget, Viona called me back, looking even more, erm... cheerful, yeah I'm going to go with cheerful. Anyway, she introduced me to her minion via Magi-Skype. It seems that she *does* know his last name as she always calls him that. It's just when I asked his name, she realized that if they got married, she couldn't very well call him by his last name which would then be hers as well, and that's why she paused before saying that she'd have to ask.

So, his name is Alric Avery, and now that he knows that his fate is to marry our daughter, he looks a bit thunderstruck, like he just won the cosmic lottery or something and can't believe his luck. He was babbling something along the lines of being honored and promising to take good care of Viona. I think he was shocked to be given an opportunity to speak, to be honest, and was trying to impress me, but in actuality, rambling on almost incoherently.

Viona eventually rolled her eyes and told him to shut up before he made an even bigger idiot of himself, to which he immediately replied: "Yes Ma'am!"

So... I rather assume that if anything has happened between them, it was *exactly* as Viona wanted, which sort of puts my mind at ease, despite not really wanting to think about it too closely.

As for the wedding, she hasn't settled yet on which day in July, but she knows she wants to have it in Hogsmeade rather than at the Manor so that she can have a long procession. Apparently she's in love with Hogsmeade and is thinking about maybe moving there permanently once she's married. With a high end flat in London for her sure to be frequent business trips.

Thus, she has put me (and Pippa) in charge of everything for now because she's dead certain everything will book up quick. I suppose the date will be determined once we know what's available. Wedding of the century...

I'm not sure I'm going to make it through this...

Definitely going to go find you in the playroom!

Your sex takes me to paradise,
Draco
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Elena is a bit feisty at the moment.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Saturday April 16, 2016

Danger! Danger!

Whatever you do, do NOT offer Elena a pepper-up. Also on the list of things to not offer her; a cheering charm, a Dad-hug, or a biscuit. Whatever is going on with her, she is not ready to talk about it. Maybe she just feels sick, but a homemade biscuit can usually help calm her down. That was definitely not the case when I asked her if she wanted me to make her a batch of her favorites. I was even already in the kitchen baking cupcakes for Teddy! It would have been very little effort to do the little polvorones she's so fond of and they were turned down! Well fine then, be that way. I will just bake them anyway and eat them all by myself!

Our oldest ladies are certainly a bit feisty right now aren't they? Did Viona really tell her … fiancé … oh that hurts my heart to say that in relation to my baby girl. So did she actually tell her fiancé to shut up and stop being an idiot? I know she's blunt and willing to say what needs to be said even when the truth isn't pretty, but should we be worried that she's already abusing her little minion? I mean, I'm all for a solid relationship where the female seems to be the dominant partner, but that made me feel all sorts of sick to my stomach.

Or maybe that was you doing your summary thing where I take you at face value but you essentially narrate her facial expressions as harsher than they came out. I worry for poor … Alric?

Wait. Alric? Alric Avery? As in MY little Alric? Our Princess is going to marry another Unity Royal? This is so exciting! Wedding of the Century indeed!

The nice part about River's wedding being in less than a month is that while it will be a stressful couple of weeks, it will at least be over in those same amount of weeks. I have a feeling our Vivi is going to be quite the demanding bride-to-be and now has fifteen months to drag it out.

Of course Alric should be acting as though he won the cosmic lottery by being with Viona, he did! She's brilliant and gorgeous, knows her mind, with her business savvy they will never want for money, and even without all of that, she's just fun to be around. And he'll get to be around her all the time. Lottery winner for certain!

But enough about the far off wedding, back to the imminent one. I have already checked with Julia, she did already have an event booked that day, but her client didn't specifically ask for her, so she's going to have one of her junior associates handle that. I asked her if she was sure and she told me in no uncertain terms that unless it was Arietty's own wedding, there's nothing she wouldn't cancel to be able to photograph one of our children's weddings. So I of course told her to keep an eye on
what she schedules for next July since we'll be needing her services again.

I also called Café Exquis and they immediately scheduled us for catering. All they need is a rough guest list and then the week before the wedding they want a final head count. Not that they won't have enough food or anything if our numbers are a bit off, but you know how it is with businesses, they want to make sure they have enough so no one goes without and without wasting any more than they absolutely have to.

Ughhhhhhhhh, yes I've seen the Bride's dress. Hazel has outdone herself. I am in awe of that dress. Hell, *I* want that dress! Well, I don't know if I really have the shoulders to pull it off.

I finally have the hair though! I finally gave in last year and started growing out my hair for you again. I liked the short hair a lot, but I have to admit that having you brush it and braid it, just that quiet time in the evening and the mornings where it's only the two of us has been lovely. I don't think I'm going to let it get as long as it was years ago, but for the time being I will at least be leaving it long enough for a short braid or just pulled back the way you make me wear it when I go out on my bike.

Oh that's right, I should probably head out. I told Zaire I'd take him to Fatcat Motoparc for their Saturday Open Practice time. I think I'm going to take the trio as well. They've ridden around here enough and Fatcat has a "kiddie" track so I think they're ready for their first attempt at Fatcat.

Get your motor runnin'
Harry

Sunday April 17th
Beloved,

Thank you for the warning! I was actually planning to avoid Elena, not wanting to stick my foot in it by offering her a Pepper-Up when she clearly didn't want one. But then I walked into one of the galleries to find the portraits all watching avidly as Elena and River held a shouting match.

"What the hell's your bloody problem, Lainie?!!"

"MY problem?!?! For YEARS you've been the broody arsehole and we were all supposed to just ignore your behavior," Elena roared emphatically. "But suddenly now that you're all sunshine and rainbows, I'M not even allowed to be grumpy!!!"

"I was not a broody arsehole!" River protested indignantly. I tactfully did NOT say that he sort of had been.

Elena looked like things were about to get violent, so I decided to step in.

"River? Mahafsoun is looking for you," I lied.

"Right, I'd better go see what she wants," River practically jumped on the excuse to take off.

Elena glared at me, probably understanding that I'd just given River an out.

Trying to be sympathetic, I tilted my head to indicate the other room. "Looks like you need to spar, or maybe blow up some Crystal. Come, let's go do that."

Seething, Elena gave this some thought before nodding. Once in the crystal room, I cast a spell to
make all the Crystal fly around randomly and occasionally try to attack us. You know, that spell I learnt during Auror training that I just love.

For a good half an hour, we each just did our own thing, protecting ourselves and each other, but then Elena seemed a bit calmer. It was then that I risked invoking her wrath.

"So... Who are you mad at?"

"Myself!" She burst out angrily.

"Alright... why?" I wondered.

"I did something incredibly stupid!" She wailed dramatically.

"Such as," I drawled in amusement and concern.

She screamed irately for a long moment, and this was when I truly felt a sense of foreboding. I've seen her mad, angry, and even righteously furious, but I've never seen her quite like this before. I knew better than to try to hug or comfort someone in that state, so I simply pretended to ignore her and focus on the crystal trying to attack us.

Eventually, she was ready to speak again, only it came out as a sob. "I had a bloody one off - which I have done before, so I wasn't expecting anything, you know? Just a brilliant shag."

I raised a brow in confused. "And... you fell in love?"

"Worse!" She exclaimed as more tears burst forth. "I STUPIDLY forgot the Merlin-damned protection charms and got bloody up the duff!"

I was speechless for a long moment, and then as the shock wore off, I couldn't help but feel relieved. The way she was acting, I'd been dreading her accidentally murdering someone or something. Smiling, I pulled her into my arms and gave her a kiss.

"Oh love, this isn't the end of the world at all. You're 25 and it's NOT like we're having this conversation when you were still 15. If there's anything this family is good at, it's babies."

That made her chuckle just a tiny bit even as she was stiffly trying to resist my hug. Then she exhaled a long-suffering sigh and melted into my embrace.

"That is true," she admitted. "I just... I always pictured myself waiting until I was in my 30s, settled down, possibly married, DEFINITELY in a meaningful relationship. NOT a stupid mistake during a one off!"

"Maybe your plans have gone awry, but you are your own boss. It's not like you can't just hire an assistant and arrange your schedule to be perfect for your needs. In fact, it might do you some good to be forced to slow down a little."

She rolled her eyes at me. "Dad, can anyone in this family REALLY be accused of slowing down?! Hell! Even River - who's practically lazy compared to the rest of us - has his own business in which he works a good 60 hours a week!"

"Surely that's a bit hard on the body," I murmured in concern, not realizing he worked quite that much.

Elena chuckled. "Well, only about 30 of those hours are actual massages. The other half are things
like office work, managing his spa, scheduling, talking on the phone to customers, and building maintenance."

I nudged her in the rib with my elbow. "You only think that's practically lazy because you run an entire school on top of teaching individual classes and probably work *80* hours a week."

She sighed morosely and nodded.

I gave her a long hug, and then kissed her again. "Listen, it's not fair to be mad at River for finally being happy, just because you're currently mad at yourself."

She sighed in a tiny bit of aggravation. "I know... It's just that the timing of the two events coincided almost perfectly and I couldn't stop myself from transferring my anger to him."

"So... care to tell me about this bloke that got you pregnant?" I wondered, naturally curious.

Elena pushed me away, her anger returning in full force. "NO! He's just a stupid bloody one-off, and I was an idiot for forgetting the protection charms, and there's no need to ever think about him EVER AGAIN!!"

I was baffled as I watched her stomp away. She's a Ravenclaw, so I can't be certain, but if she was Slytherin, I could have translated that to mean: "I bloody care about him and hate that I do, and I'm afraid to talk to him about this in case he wants nothing to do with me."

Now that you know the problem, maybe you can do the fluffy understanding dad thing and get more information out of her?

In the meantime, I'm off to Hogsmeade to see what sort of logistics are involved in having a long wedding procession through the entire town. Wish me luck!

'Cuz I love the way you call me baby, and you take me the way I am, Draco

P.S. It's actually a bit weird when you call me babe or baby, but even though half of me wants to protest, the other half melts. It's baffling!

Chapter End Notes

So, as mentioned by Harry, Alric Avery is the toddler that had his own house elf who could back up the toilets for him so that he didn't have to potty train. Once he was adopted by his forever family, he really only saw Harry every once in a great while for Unity events that his parents brought him to - also keep in mind that our entire family moved around the world for about a decade - and so, Alric and Viona hadn't seen each other since they were really small, and had quite forgotten about each other by the time both went to Hogwarts. Alric is a year older than Viona, and so, will be graduating this year while she has another to go to. Hence why her wedding is not until next year ^_^
Monday April 18th
Babe,
I kid! I kid!

Alright, I am trying so very very hard to remain a perfect mix of fluffy dad combined with not pushing my own emotions and expectations onto Lainie. I'll tell you all about the talk I had with her in a moment, but first there is something I absolutely have to get off my chest …

Our baby is having a baby! We're going to be Grandpas again! A teeny little one that we can spoil endlessly, take an obnoxious amount of photos of, give them too many sweets and then send them home to Mummy. My little girl is going to be a Mum! And she might be freaking out right now but won't she be bloody brilliant at it? I can picture her continuing to teach her classes with a cute little baby belly. And then when baby is born, she'll just wrap them up in a sling and keep on dancing!

Ooh, actually you know what would probably be cool? I'm not sure if I should mention this to Lainie because you and I both know she often works too hard and should relax a bit, but maybe she could teach some prenatal dance and/or yoga classes. I know the idea of getting her to stop working so hard is completely out of the realm of possibilities, but if she spent less time hunched over her desk and more time dancing, I think this pregnancy will be so much easier on her.

I know how you are and you want to fix everything, so I am sure it is taking every ounce of your self control to keep from using your Legilimens abilities to figure out who this one off bloke is and then finding him and making him do whatever Elena wants him to do. So, what if we talk her into letting you help out in a different way? You were responsible for finding Tabitha for Unity House and Pippa for us so I bet it wouldn't take much to talk Elena into letting you find a good assistant to run the less fun aspects of the school.

Hell, I think she should have hired an assistant ages ago. The fact that she truly loves her job and it seems to fulfill her in so many ways is the only thing that's kept me from trying to get her to slow down. I panicked a bit when I read your email that she was in the crystal room with you using magic like crazy. Then I remembered that female pregnancies, since they're sustained with their actual biology, are not as magically restrictive as our pregnancies were.

Just so you know, I was just as ineffective as you were in getting any information out of Lainie as
per the other half of the one-off. But I got the same vibe as you did. If it was just a one-off that meant nothing, she would either act like he completely didn't matter to her, or she'd be frustrated at raising a child with a stranger if he was going to be in the baby's life. She's really upset and that doesn't come from nothing. I'm honestly thinking about contacting Kisa and seeing if I can bribe her to divulge the details.

Although, not TOO many details. I'm not a prude by any stretch, but there are certain details I just don't need in my head.

The good news that came of my talk with Elena is that she must have blown up enough crystal to mellow out because she happily munched on the polvorones I made for her throughout our conversation. She sniffled a bit and climbed into my lap. "Dad told you huh?"

"Yeah he did, you didn't think he would be able to keep that in did you?" Has she met you?

"No, are you mad I didn't tell you myself?" My confident girl looked so worried, break my heart why don't you?

"Oh Lainie-Girl you know I'm not mad. I'm not mad you're pregnant, I'm not mad you didn't tell me, there's nothing about this that I'm mad about unless I find out the other half of the equation hurt you in some way." The 'because I'll kill him' went unsaid.

That's when she broke into full sobs, "Daddy, I'm so stupid, and now I'm pregnant but there's no way this is going to end happily. I don't know what to do!"

"I could kill him for you?" What?!? You know I had to ask!

That got me a sobbing giggle-snort at least. "No, don't kill him. Not that you could since I'm never going to tell you guys EVER!" And that answered that question. For now, we say nothing. Got it Draco? We wait for her to tell us. Because even though she says she's never telling us, her answer means we must know him, otherwise she would have said 'his name is Mike and you've never met him.' And if we know him, that means something is going on. And if something is going on, it is going to come out eventually. So, instead of breaking her trust and sleuthing, we are going to patiently wait for the shite to hit the wind charm.

I did have to ask her, "You know I'm waiting to hear how I'm allowed to respond to this news, right?"

Our brilliant Ravenclaw daughter looked at me with such confusion, "What do you mean allowed to respond? You already told me you're not angry. Were you lying? Are you actually upset with me?" Ugh, those huge eyes glistening with unshed tears.

"Of course not! I may occasionally evade the truth, but I have never and I will never lie to you." She seemed to settle a bit with my response. "I need to know if I should be excited about being a Grandpa again, if I should be figuring out how to help you through something you don't want to go through, or if I," and I took a deep breath to steel my resolve, "if I need to get you in to Healer Rowe before you hit the cutoff point."

"The cut off point? What cutoff … " her eyes got huge and she hugged her abdomen, "Oh Merlin Daddy, NO!"

I was so relieved, you know just how strongly pro-choice I am. You know how adamant I am about a woman's right to body autonomy. But I can't help but feel the way I feel about my own family.
"I'm still trying to wrap my head around not following my life plan to the letter, but this is happening. You are going to have another grandchild. I'm going to be this baby's mum. Maybe don't go shouting it from the rooftops or talk to anyone but Dad about it until I start telling people, but you can be as excited as you want." She smiled at me and shook her head like even after all these years of being my daughter, she still can't believe how ridiculous I am.

So I picked her up and swung her around while crying and giggling. Just as quickly as I picked her up I stopped and panicked, "Oh no! You aren't nauseous are you? With all of my own morning sickness, I didn't even think that through!"

Luckily she hasn't felt any nausea so far. Fingers crossed it stays that way and she gets through pregnancy more like you did without much in the way of sickness.

I love it when you call me big poppa,

Harry

P.S. I do not actually want you to call me that. I was kidding. Please don't ever call me big poppa!

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Monday April 18th

MERLIN AND SALAZAR!!!

PLEASE TELL ME THAT YOU'RE NOT ASKING ME TO HAVE ANOTHER BABY!!!

Harry, I don't know if I can handle another baby right now, I mean the baby part is not so bad and I'd love to give you more if you wanted, I suppose, but those babies turn into TEENAGERS!!! Don't we have enough of those already?!!?!

"I love it when you call me big poppa
If you got a gun up in your waist please don't shoot up the place (why?)
'Cause I see some ladies tonight that should be havin' my baby, baby"

OH GODS REALLY???

*pants into a bag*

I'm... I'm going to be in the crystal room wrapping my head around this, come find me with that potion when you're ready...

Terrified,

Draco
Monday April 18th
Whoa whoa whoa! Calm yourself Iago!

I’m not asking you to have another baby. You said that thing about feeling weird when I call you babe or baby, so I opened my last email calling you babe.

Since I did that I thought Big Poppa would be a fun song lyric to end the email on. You know, like if you’re my baby then I’m your daddy. Who’s your daddy and all that.

Which by the way, is not my jam. I like when you’re my sir or my master. But uh, the daddy thing isn’t my thing. If you ever tried pulling off an “oh yeah, that’s right, who’s your daddy?” while we were shagging, I think my initial reaction would be to think about the three men I’ve considered my fathers; my actual father James, my adoptive father Arthur, and my extra father Lucius. None of those thoughts are particularly conducive to sexy times.

Yes, we have plenty of babies and so many teenagers. Not to mention our family is already growing by a new baby! I told you years ago that I was done, and while we did add Shtara, I think I’ve felt pretty content with no more pregnancies.

Wait. I just reread your email. I giggled and skimmed through yours initially because you were hysterical. I started to respond so I could alleviate your fears. But looking closer, you told me to show up with the potion? The potion?!? Were you actually on board with the idea?

I didn’t charge in and shout “Malfoy, it’s baby time” and throw you over my shoulder! Sneaky song coded sign off is not really my style!

Uhhhh, so now I have to ask since you agreed so readily; is that something you want? I thought we were on the same page with being done but your agreement has me questioning everything.

Confusedly yours,
Harry

Monday April 18th
*Dictated while Draco paces the Crystal Room*

Oh fuck Harry! You can't just spring that on me like that! You *know* I'm committed to giving you whatever you want and whatever will make you happy, but I can think of SO many reasons why this is a *bad* idea. We FINALLY have our bed all to ourselves. I have a career that - while not too time demanding - can be potentially dangerous, and so me carrying the baby is probably
going to make your worry go into overdrive again. Plus we're both getting on in years and I'm not
certain I want to go all the way back to the baby stage. This is a lot to ask! I mean I really will do
anything for you, but can we PLEASE think this over a hell of a lot more before - oh, I just got an
email from you...

Oh Thank Fucking God! That really scared me! I'm on FIRE with the jitters now, so you're getting
a spanking until I calm the fuck down again.

Incoming!
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Yeah sorry, our boys are done having babies ^_^
Chapter 13

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Harry is glad they are both on the same page and loves his freshly spanked arse, and Draco is called in to lead a raid on a potions lab.

Tuesday April 19th
My Dearest and Most Beloved Sir,

Being committed to doing anything or everything that makes me happy does not extend to having a child you don't want to have. I agree with all of those reasons your anxiety-ridden mind came up with as to why having a baby would not be the best idea.

I love having our bed to ourselves. We've had a few windows here or there over the years where our bed was childless, but for the most part it was almost fifteen consecutive years of bedsharing with at least one child, usually more. I adore our children, but individually they are a handful and we have at least fourteen of them. And yeah, there's no way I'd be comfortable with you continuing your Auror work while pregnant, so if we actually decided to have more, I'd only be alright with it if I carried or you took a sabbatical from your work.

I most certainly agree that I'd rather not start from scratch with the baby stage again. It's so nice to not have to deal with nappy changes and night feedings, teething and colic, not to mention morning sickness and mood swings.

But this is all a moot point because based on your panic and my feelings, we're not having a baby anyway. Promise me that whether or not we ever have more children, you will never have a child you don't want just because you think it would make me happy. Can you do that for me?

Although maybe I should actually make you think I want another one if it gets me the attention I got last night. My bum hurts so much this morning that just pulling up my pants hurt. And I even wore the silk ones hoping it wouldn't chafe as badly. I've actually been pacing while writing this because I'm not quite ready to attempt sitting. Gods I needed this. I feel so blissful this morning. Like I haven't quite come down from flying last night.

It's been a while since you've used the spanking bench. I assumed we wouldn't use it last night either. Especially since we started off with me across your lap. All the different ways you spank me are wonderful in their own way, and across your lap is one of my very favorites. From that angle you can't quite get the momentum to really give me the deep smacks, but it's just so intimate. My naked self pulled across your clothed body, the wool of your trousers rubbing against my skin, my cock trapped between your thighs. Mmmm.

But then once I was sufficiently warmed up you strapped me up to my bench and went all out. I have no idea how long you spanked me for. I was flying in no time. In my head, one moment I was taking it like a champ and the next I was waking up in our bed wrapped in your arms.

Yeah, our bed, alone. Because all of our children finally sleep in their own rooms! Which works
out really well since I'm about to come either wake you up or take advantage of your sleeping body. Depending on how soundly you're sleeping of course!

Love you,
Harry

Tuesday April 19th
The one who knows me best,

My wake up this morning (nearly afternoon, whatever), was perfect. I absolutely loved drifting awake to your hot mouth on my shaft, your fingers in my arse casting the quick prep spells, and then you pushing into me before I'd even had a chance to open my eyes. I gasped out because I was already so bloody turned on and I wasn't even awake enough to wrap my arms around you and hold you tight.

Then you rode me roughly until I had the ability to grab onto you and kiss you. I was making all those noises that still manage to embarrass me when I think about them but that indicate that I'm very thoroughly enjoying myself. I gasped, panted, and then wailed as a powerful orgasm hit me and practically knocked me right back out. I could hear you groaning and feel you fill me up and a sense of sheer bliss filled me.

This is my absolute favorite way to wake up!

But then, not entirely unexpectedly, I heard a throat clear.

"So sorry to interrupt, but you have to get up now so that you aren't running late."

"Yes Pippa, I remember," I murmured with a mildly disappointed sigh.

"Would you like Muffy to bring your breakfast before or after your shower?" Pippa asked.

"Now is good," I replied. "That'll give me some time to talk to Harry before I have to leave."

"Try not to talk too long, your routine takes forever as it is!" Pippa admonished before leaving the room, presumably to call Muffy, who popped into the room while we were doing our best to sit up and snuggle without melting into a puddle of goo.

You brushed my hair out of my face and kissed me, whispering: "Still my favorite sight."

I raised a brow because I imagine that I looked atrocious, all flushed and sweaty and probably rather rough. That made you laugh and kiss me again. I love when you wake me up and we have even just a few moments together to laugh and just hold each other.

The moment Muffy had my breakfast arranged to her liking on a tray over my lap, she left the room. I dug into my scrambled eggs, accepting more kisses from you as I chewed.

"Important plans today?" You asked curiously.

"Yes, I didn't get a chance to tell you yesterday before I started panicking and ran off to the Crystal Room, but I got an owl from Robards requesting that I come in today and work on the pre-preparations for a raid tomorrow. That means that I'll be in the office all day today coordinating schedules and making sure that everyone who will be involved is notified, not to mention studying the raid site and coming up with a plan of attack. You know, the usual," I ended with a wry smirk.
"Sounds like your idea of fun," you remarked with a soft smile that told me you thought I was barmy for enjoying this so much.

"Quite. But it also means that I'll be in the office all of tonight, more than likely taking a mild sleep potion and taking a nap on my sofa so that I can be up and getting ready to go at oh... Probably 3 or 4 am. The raid team will be coming in and gearing up around 4 am so that I can brief them all on the final strategy and we can head over to the raid site to set up wards and the like by 5 am."

"Do raids really work better when conducted at the crack of dawn?" You wondered, smirking because it never fails to amuse you when I willingly get up before noon.

I shrugged. "Perhaps not the raid itself, but definitely setting up the wards. It reduces the risk of being spotted before the raid begins, and then also, depending on what it is we're raiding, we're usually able to sweep in and apprehend the lowest of the grunts without too much fuss before focusing on the higher ups who come in as the day progresses."

"Well... good luck..."

I kissed you tenderly. "I'll be in the command tent for the most part - using all the Magi-Tech I've created over the years to ensure that everything runs as smoothly as possible."

"I promise not to come barging in and shatter all the wards," you said with a small amused smile.

I kissed you again. "And I promise to send you updates when I can to let you know that everything is fine, my adorable little worrywart."

We got caught up in kissing for a few more minutes before Pippa popped back into the room, very overtly checking her watch. "You only have five minutes left to eat before you have to start on your morning routine, unless you plan to skip it."

"Yeah alright, I'll stop kissing my husband for now and finish eating," I stated and ran one hand through your hair as you rested your head on my shoulder, eating with the other.

I don't really need to describe word for word what I ate or how I went about my morning routine, getting showered and all dolled up to go to work. Nor do I need to describe every tedious detail of what I did once in the office, which was exactly as I'd already explained. The important thing is that I called and talked with you for a bit whenever I took a meal break, and also just before taking that mild sleeping potion.

- Wednesday April 20th

When I woke back up - about half three in the morning - I had a few moments of it just being Pippa and me. She's not officially on the Ministry payroll and probably technically shouldn't be on any of the raids with me, but she's my silent shadow and I don't think I could get through even an ordinary day without her. Besides, she simply stays in the command tent with me and watches everything so that she can document it all and help me write my reports - not to mention notify me instantly if I miss or overlook anything.

Anyway, since we had a few minutes before the others started arriving, we had time to have a chat as she brewed a variety of teas and coffees.

"I put that advert in the Prophet you asked for," Pippa informed me. "It actually ran yesterday and will continue until Friday."
"Excellent!" I praised. "That means I'll have all of tomorrow and Friday to finish up and go over my paperwork, then I can review the initial applications on Saturday and Sunday, and start on interviews on Monday."

"I've already booked your usual room at the Leaky," Pippa added.

"Thank you," I said, giving her a hug.

"Am I interrupting anything?" Robards asked in amusement.

"Just my usual morning staff meeting," I answered, waving my hand dismissively.

"Right, and you always hug your personal assistant?" Robards asked with a hint of challenge.

I smirked at him. "Often enough. I even kiss her too!" I promptly demonstrated by kissing her on the cheek.

Pippa rolled her eyes and shook her head. "He does, and there's no scandal involved, so kindly get back to the task at hand.

"Right," Robards stated with a nod.

Gearing up, briefing everyone on their positions and duties, and even setting up the wards at the raid site were all routine enough. Honestly, the entire raid was a bit like a well-oiled machine. Everyone was doing their jobs capably and well. All the grunts were being rounded up and none of the higher ups had stumbled into our trap yet.

So of course, that's when things went a little pear-shaped.

"Hey Chief, did any of the intel mention child labor or anything like that?" A senior Auror asked me.

"This is a potions ring, not child trafficking, right?" His younger partner added.

"What?!" I asked in alarm, checking the interactive map. The room that they'd just entered had been extra warded against spying spells, but appeared to be a simple storage room, so I hadn't anticipated it containing anything more than a well-guarded stock of potions, thus, there were only two teams of two securing the room.

Shaking off my momentary surprise, I asked the appropriate question. "Are the children hurt or in danger?"

"No Chief. They all appear to be safe and sound," the Senior Auror informed me.

"Although a couple are crying and a few seem to be suffering from a nasty cold."

The senior member of the other team chimed in just then. "There aren't any adults in here keeping an eye on them, but there are a few older children that seem to be looking after the younger ones."

"How many children are there?" I asked.

"Erm... 18, ranging from a baby on up to about 12 years old."

"Alright, erm..." I paused and sighed in frustration as I quickly thought over all my options. "Team 7, since you're the closest to area 11, once you finish securing the room you're about to enter, head on over to area 11 to provide back up if necessary. Pippa, take over in the command center for a
few minutes while I go assess the children. Also, contact Tabitha and let her know she'll probably have a few guests at some point today."

"Yes sir!" Team 7 chirped before Pippa said: "Of course. Be careful."

"I will," I assured her before popping over to area 11. You know that the reason I went personally is because we have so many kids and I'm still used to helping out at Unity House when needed. I felt that I was the best person to keep the kids calm.

To my relief, none of them seemed harmed in the slightest. Yes, a few did seem to be suffering a cold, but I couldn't see bruising or other signs of abuse, nor did they look malnourished or neglected. I squatted so that I was just slightly below eye level of the girl who seemed to be in charge - judging by the way all the others either glanced at her or overtly tried to hide behind her.

"Hello, I'm Draco Malfoy. You may have heard of my husband Harry - used to be Harry Potter. Heard of him?"

They mostly all nodded, looking a cross between wary of me and excited to hear about you.

"Then you must have heard that Harry created a nice place for kids to go when they need a safe place to stay," I added.

"But we ARE in a safe place!" The leader protested fiercely.

I smiled at her reassuringly, even holding up my hands in a gesture of surrender. "Perhaps it's normally safe, but today, Ministry Officials are arresting everyone in the building."

This made all the kids old enough to understand me gasp in dismay.

"But why?!"

"Dad/mum's just working!"

"What's going on?!"

I made a soothing noise and lowered my hands a couple of times to silently signal them to calm down.

"Chances are, your parents didn't do anything worse than take a bad job. Unfortunately, because this is a bad job, they're being arrested until we can determine who actually is in charge, and who is actively doing bad things," I explained.

The leader jutted her chin out defiantly. "This is NOT a bad job! It's a normal job! My dad wouldn't take a bad job! He's a single dad just trying to do what's best for my sister and me!"

"Then what are you doing here, all alone in a room with a bunch of other kids and no adults to look after you?" I questioned gently.

"This is the daycare room. We look after the young ones," she gestured to herself and the two others that looked about 11 or 12. "And when it's lunch time, our parents come in and bring us food and eat with us!"

I took a good look around the room and noticed that there were a lot of toys and books and things to keep all of the children entertained. There was even a wireless playing soft and soothing music in the corner. Between the cushions, chairs, and prams, it really did look like their comfort and safety
was a priority - if you overlooked the fact that they were using older kids to babysit the younger ones.

"Alright, I understand. You do feel safe here, but what I said is the truth. All of your parents are going to be arrested today, and during the raid, some of the higher ups might get a bit dangerous. All I want right now is to take you to Unity House so that you can have all the biscuits you want and play on their excellent playground and BE SAFE until this mess is sorted out," I explained.

Suddenly, a toddler groaned, sneezed, rubbed his eyes, coughed, and then vomited on the floor.

"Oh luv," I crooned soothingly, taking him into my arms. I brushed his hair out of his face and rocked him as I felt his forehead. "This one has a fever. He needs a Pepper-up Potion at the very least, and perhaps a visit from a Healer. Can you agree that staying HERE would be a bad idea for him?"

The leader faltered as I stared her down intently, waiting for her to make a decision like a true leader. Don't get me wrong, we were GOING to evacuate them if we had to immobilize them all in order to do so, but if I could gain their trust, it would be easier all around.

Slowly, she nodded. "Brian's been feeling bad for days, but we assumed that he was just teething. He seems worse today and probably should see a Healer."

"And I'm certain that you all want to stick together, right?" I inquired leadingly.

Once more, she nodded slowly. "Yeah... I'd feel sick if I wasn't able to keep an eye on everyone."

"Exactly!" I stated in agreement, giving her a brilliant smile. "So, you're going to promise to follow me and lead your friends nice and quietly, yeah?"

She nodded again.

"I promise that your safety is my highest priority," I informed her.

She smiled at me wanly.

"Pippa, I'm going to escort the kids out of the building and I need a clear route."

"Sure thing! Looks like teams 6 and 10 have just finished securing the last of area 9 - which means that you have a straight shot all the way to the exit."

"Good! Come on luvs, let's get out of here before trouble starts, yeah?"

The older kids nodded and took hold of the hands of or picked up and carried the younger ones. Steadily, not too quickly but certainly not dawdling, I got them to the exit, where Tabitha had a team of caregivers ready to take the kids to Unity House. I passed little Brian directly into her arms and gave her a kiss on the cheek before returning to the command tent.

The rest of the raid proceeded as normal, and now, I'm back in my office sorting through reports. I might be late getting home tonight, but since you were probably called in to help out at Unity, you more than likely won't be home until I am anyway. I guess I'll see you when I see you. All my love!

You love me and I love you, when you love, it's natural to, digga digga doo digga doo doo, digga digga doo digga doo,

Draco
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco are both exhausted.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Wednesday April 20, 2016

My husband who would forget his head if it weren't screwed on,

Sweetheart, you will most definitely NOT be spending tomorrow going through your paperwork from the raid. If it's slipped your mind, your daughter turns six years old tomorrow. We have plans to spend the entire day with Persephone. All she asked for her birthday was to have a day out with her Daddies. As of right now, I believe she wants to spend some time at the water park and she thinks she wants to go see a musical but can't decide between Wicked or Into the Woods.

I just can't believe she's six. And every year around her birthday I get a little maudlin. What if she hadn't survived? What if I hadn't been able to keep her in long enough? And then when she was born and physically alright but I always worried she’d be behind developmentally due to her preemie status. I worried she'd never quite catch up. At her first birthday it seemed so obvious to me that Lily and Caelum, who were only eleven months, looked much more like one-year-olds than she did. She was so small, but fierce. The other two were toddling around furniture (Caelum) or taking actual steps on their own (Lily), but Persephone was running around like crazy.

On her second birthday, the differences were still there but the size difference seemed even more obvious. She was walking and talking. But by her second birthday not much of it was particularly comprehensible. Whereas Cael was practically speaking in full sentences and Lissa wasn't too far behind him. But our Seph had stopped saying much at all. Luckily, she grew up in a signing family and could at least communicate with us. And shortly after that second birthday, we found out she needed a procedure, similar to muggle ear tubes, because she wasn't hearing properly.

And now, at six, besides her diminutive size, she's just like any other six year old. Mischievous and running all over the place. Doing well academically. In physical seemingly perfect health. I am just so thankful that there's nothing left holding her back. I worried a bit that her size was a side effect of her preemie status, but Rowe just laughed and patted me on the head. She's just a peanut.

Anyway, that's tomorrow off your paperwork schedule. And Saturday won't be spent reviewing resumes either. That's the big April birthday celebration! Our April birthday list isn't quite as extensive as March (Holy Hell does our family like to get busy in June!) but we'll be celebrating six birthdays. Misha, Eri, Ori, Teddy, and Seph. And don't forget Kisa. Despite the fact that we mostly hold this party for the 'kid' birthdays, Kisa has told us in no uncertain terms that when it comes to celebrating her, she is Peter Pan-ing it with eternal youth.

Not that that bothers me any. I sometimes have a hard time seeing her as a grown woman. I think she will be forever that sassy nine-year-old I first met who panned me on our walk through the Valley of Geysers! And she's a grown woman with two children and a third on the way. When did
we get so old Draco? I feel as though it's barely been a year since I married you out on the lawns and now our son is getting married and we're about to be grandparents three times over.

It sounds as though your raid went well. No injuries or casualties. We had a hectic day here at Unity. As you can probably tell since it's almost midnight and I'm not home yet. All of these children showing up was actually a bit harder than one of our usual huge influxes. Because we're running under the assumption that most of these children will be sent home within the next few days when it's found out their parents were just employed at the wrong place at the wrong time, we're not moving them into the permanent rooms with the other Kids. If we end up with any of these children on a permanent or long-term basis, we'll move them at that time.

But you certainly didn't lie to them, we filled them up with biscuits and spent hours at the Park. I brought Shtara, Zaire, Jaz, and the troublesome trio with to play. I possibly would have anyway just to have them nearby and they always love Unity visiting, but currently at Unity, they have quite a few toddlers and a few teenagers, but very few Kids in the age ranges to play with the new 'daycare' crew. I figured the five to ten-year-olds would like to have some kids their own age to play with.

The mouthy little leader you talked about, Angelica, refused to play. She seems to take her job as leader very seriously. She sat on one of the benches watching 'her' Kids like a hawk. Especially her little sister Elizabeth. Well, she watched all of them except for that little Brian. Most of the children were in good enough health, the colds were exactly what we thought, just colds. But poor Brian, his had turned into Pneumonia. So he didn't get to play at the Park, he spent the evening in St. Mungo's. He'll be just fine and most likely headed back to Unity sometime tomorrow morning.

Oh, what was up with Robards? Is he usually this weird with you? You've known him for how long and he thinks it's weird that you're physically affectionate with your friends? Does he have an issue with you? With Pippa? With PDA? Maybe he doesn't like hugs. Or joy. Hell, he probably kicks puppies. Okay, I think I might be getting a bit loony with exhaustion!

Anyway, I finished up getting the children to sleep, helping fill out their temporary intake paperwork, and now I'm headed home. I assume you'll be asleep when I get there since you had a very long two days. So I can't wait to climb into our cozy bed and snuggle up next to you.

All of my love,
Harry

Thursday April 21st
Mi Amor,

Lucky for me, Pippa consulted my schedule at some point yesterday and reminded me of our birthday date with Persephone. So she helped me to get everything done I could before coming home last night. She also made it be known that I wouldn't be coming into the office on Friday either, and so Robards would just have to wait for his neat and tidy paperwork until Monday.

After that, she heckled me, letting me know that if I had consulted with her to begin with, I wouldn't have forgotten Persephone's birthday. You know, she likes to think she's more on top of things than I am, but I've got her number. She needs that little Magi-Diary of mine to keep everything straight, otherwise she'd forget everything too. For example, she hadn't remembered the party until she was looking through my Diary and realized I planned to review resumes on a day that's already booked.
But enough about that. Persephone didn't seem to realize that we were quite serious about doing anything she wanted until you were discussing options with her as we flew around on the magic carpet. We were headed in the direction of the Water Park, which is in London where almost everything else she might want to do is. Suddenly, she sort of gasped in hope and asked:

"Does that mean we can go rock climbing?"

You gave me this look that clearly said: "But she's my tiny little baby!" I returned your look with one that said: "You DID say anything."

Sighing in defeat, you assured her that yes, we'd go rock climbing. So we went to an indoor place that had a lot of different options available. Persephone seemed happy enough at first, but she was also quiet and withdrawn, so finally you asked her if she had changed her mind and wanted to do something else.

She shook her head. "No, I want to climb rocks, I was just sort of hoping for real ones."

You looked a bit panicky again but nodded in agreement, knowing that we had all sorts of safety charms we could cast on her if necessary. We then spent the next four hours climbing a medium level cliff. It wasn't so difficult nor tall as to be impossible to climb, but it also wasn't a hill only babies would find hard. Once at the top of the cliff, we cast warming charms on ourselves and then dove into the chilly pond below.

She may be tiny, but our baby is certainly fearless. It's probably because she's grown up riding things like flying carpets and brooms. She's dead certain that we have enough magic to save her from anything, and so she doesn't give any thought to: What if there were rocks at the bottom of this cliff? Lucky for her, that was one of the first things you checked for - in case she fell during the climb.

We swam until we were all just too hungry to keep going, and it was just about perfect. We had just about enough time to grab a nice sit down dinner at a upscale muggle place. We ran short on time and had to skip dessert, leave enough cash to more than pay for our meal on the table, and then Apparate directly to the theater, but once there, we had enough time to find our seats and get settled.

Into the Woods was funny and dark all at the same time. I liked it, and I can certainly see why our mix of Slytherin and Gryffindor (I actually think Persephone's more Gryffindor than Slytherin) would just love this sort of show. Plus, you know, the singing ALWAYS makes me happy.

I think our darling daughter was hoping to make the most of her day by insisting that we do something after the show. Shopping or ice cream perhaps, but she was already so knackered from her day that she fell asleep at the very end when the cast was bowing and playing it up for the audience. I lifted her into my arms and let you Apparate us home so that we could tuck her into her bed and give her a thousand little kisses that made her adorable nose wrinkle in annoyance as she slept.

Feeling high on love and rather amorous, I invited you to dance with me in the ballroom until one of us was so overcome by lust that we attacked the other. To my delight, we got through three whole handsy dances - kissing almost constantly - before you pulled me atop you as you lay on your back and INSISTED that I have you that second.

And now I'm writing this from our bed as I watch you sleep. I'm quite possibly too exhausted to sleep - considering my long day of raiding and paperwork yesterday. But I'm going to curl around you and try my best to drift off, and if that fails, I can always fulfill my somnophilia kink with your
unconscious body until I pass out. We'll see how it goes.

Now if we're talking bodies, you got a perfect one, so put it on me,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Note: Since it's not addressed, the answer to Harry's question about Robards is that
he's a bit more mainstream and disapproves of Draco showing what looked like rather
intimate affection to someone other than his spouse. He might know that Draco is a
flirt, but that doesn't mean he is accepting of it, lol.
Saturday April 23, 2016

My Own,

I'm up early as usual. I am just too excited for the birthday party today. It's weird, because we've seen the whole circle recently for River's big party, not to mention the subsequent beach trip afterwards, but things were so hectic with the whole Maha sprouting wings thing that I feel like we didn't really get enough time to catch up.

That's why I'm looking forward to the party. I want to hear all about how Blaise was able to talk Kisa into "just ONE more my love and then I promise we'll be done." I want to sit close enough to Elena and Kisa where I may be able to overhear Lainie spill some information to her best friend that she isn't spilling to her dads. I want to hear all about Mac's recent trip back to Machu Picchu to learn from the Shaman we met years ago on that mystical tour.

I'm sure Seph will spend most of the party regaling everyone of her rock climbing adventures interspersed with doing numbers from Into the Woods. She practiced all day yesterday. I can't wait to see people respond to her singing No One Is Alone. She's so tiny, and her voice is so sweet, and combining that with the haunting quality of that song is intense.

I still can't believe the two of you talked me into taking her rock climbing. I'm a bit helpless when the two of you turn those big eyes on me individually, but teaming up with each other meant I was pretty helpless to resist. Not that I'm ever particularly good at resisting. And she just rocked it didn't she? I mean, she's six years old and she was traversing that cliff like a seasoned climber. But she was practically raised on the ever increasing rock climbing wall at the Park at Unity, so I suppose I understand why she was initially disappointed when we went to an indoor climbing wall.

When we head to California we can take her out again. I've already looked some climbing areas up, I want to bring her to both Malibu Creek as well as Joshua Tree. Joshua Tree is just such an iconic location that it's thrilling just to go there and hike through the area. I imagine climbing while there will be awesome.

I'm kind of focused on all the fun things we'll be able to visit and see and do while in California because otherwise I'll have to focus on how nervous I am for Hazel's surgery. I realize she's wanted this for so long. We're so lucky that we have the option to have it done in such a safe environment and not have to wait an additional two years. But still, my baby is going to have surgery and it terrifies me. Probably more than I was terrified of Seph diving off of that cliffside! So when I keep pretending that this is going to be a holiday instead of a medical trip, I can trick my mind for a few moments to stop worrying.
Well, to worry less. It's me after all.

Oh speaking of me being a worrier, I talked to Seph a bit yesterday morning, asking her how she felt about her special day. Just one of our Seph and Daddy morning talks. I brought up how she isn't afraid of anything. And do you know what that sassy little thing told me? "Well I don't have to be afraid of anything, you worry enough for both of us Daddy!" That little stinker. She's not wrong, but she could at least play along and pretend I'm not ridiculous.

So, uh, before people start getting here I wanted to ask you something. After the party, when most of the younger kids head over to Grandma Molly's for their sleepover, should we invite some of the adults to spend the night here? For … fun times? Let me know what you think, I won't start the invites until I know you're interested in it.

Yours,
Harry

Saturday April 23rd
The beat of my heart,

You know, it's probably about time we had an all out orgy. We took quite a long time getting back to a place where we were mentally healthy and secure enough to play again. It was about two years of only playing with our other selves before one of us (it was probably me) got the urge to play with Luna. She's just so wonderful to play with that she's a bit like a gateway drug, hahaha.

From the morning after, when we had a chance to snuggle up and talk about how we felt, we decided to slowly work back into playing, having individual playdates with our various friends. The closest we've come to just inviting everyone over and having a play party was about a year ago when 3/4ths of the Quartet ran amok in our playroom to our pleasurable delight.

But tonight... Pretty much everyone we know will be here and so there's the potential to have a full orgy. I'm actually looking forward to it, but I'm also just a little bit nervous. I know it makes NO sense, but it's been so long since I've just been naked in front of everyone we know, and then there's the fact that at a play party - unlike with individual playing - there's the likelihood that a couple of people will just be standing back watching while waiting for their turns, and so now I'm wondering if I remembered to check my arse recently for signs of unwanted hair growth.

Erm... I'm going to be in the bathroom if you need me. My routine for today is going to be EXTRA thorough...

You're the breath that I breathe,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

WARNING: Orgy filled sexy times in the next chapter. If you are against non-monogamy or various kinks, please skip Draco's half of the next chapter. Oh and by orgy, I actually mean a lot of individual playing in the same room, lol.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Harry feels violated and Draco is a devoted host. It's Party time!

Saturday April 23rd

Master,

I just got back from making sure the kids are all settled in with Grandma Molly, and as usual you don't want me in the playroom while you set everything up for tonight. So I may as well use my time wisely and talk about our Birthday Party/Circle Dinner we just had. I have a feeling with how long it's taking you to set up the playroom that my brain will have become mush by tomorrow so I may as well get my thoughts out now.

The only regular part of our Party that wasn't there was Mac. He was originally supposed to be home by now from his trip to Machu Picchu and then had planned on going back next month for Beltane and stay for an entire month but he refuses to miss River's wedding. So he decided to stay through Beltane and then come home in time for the wedding. I missed talking with him, but I'm sure he and I can have a nice one on one lunch date when he gets home. Then I'll have oodles of time to hear all about the trip since I won't have to spread my time across a party's worth of guests.

It seemed as though when we first started having children, everyone else in our lives were having children at the same time. Our children never wanted for playmates and cousins. But when everyone else seemed to be tapering off I worried a bit that our youngest children would end up the babies who followed the big kids around. I obviously couldn't have been more wrong. There was practically a gang of five-ish year olds running wild through the Manor. Persephone, Tristan, and Misha being the 'very big' six-year-olds, Lily, Caelum, Charlotte, and Diego representing for the five-year-olds, then Viper's Scorpius and Hyperion refusing to be left behind just because they're 'only four.'

We've known those boys for all of their four and a half years, even going to Tiger's Universe to attend their births, but it still shocks me to see how, as far as looks go, they may as well be part of our brood. Those identical little monsters are just Orion in miniature form. Minus the bookishness and adding a complete unwillingness to sit still. This must be what identical twins feel when their twin has a child. "But, but, but, that's MY face!"

It's been so nice these last few years growing even closer with Dudley and Donna. When we first got back on speaking terms, I immediately was drawn to Donna since she's wonderful, and seeing how much Dudley had changed was great. But the few family events we went to that Vernon and Petunia were attending as well made things a bit awkward. I'm not even sorry for what I'm going to say next: our relationship got so much better after their car accident. But these last five years since finding out that not only do they have A magical child, but all three? It's probably the closest I've felt to anyone besides our immediate family and my friendship with Ron and 'Mione. I wish I'd had THIS Dudley my whole life.

With how busy Durmstrang is this time of year with tests and end of term coming up, I was a bit surprised that the entire quartet came for the monthly birthday party. And Blaise has been so busy trying to expand your magi-tech business further into the Russian market. I suppose the fact that
not only was one of their children one of the birthday kids, but that Kisa was a birthday kid too made for a really weak argument for staying back for this one. And Kisa being pregnant couldn't have helped matters.

You know, Ron and Blaise have always been as doting as possible when one of their girls has been pregnant; foot rubs, waiting on them hand and foot, puttin up with every mood swing - really, they've been great. And when Kisa and Hermione were pregnant with Tristan and Misha at the same time, the boys were run ragged catering to them. But it wasn't until Kisa was pregnant with Tatyana that I realized how in love with Kisa *Hermione* was.

I've called them a Quartet practically since they all got together. But in my head I had really separated things. Almost like a polygamous sister-wives situation where Hermione and Ron were a couple, Blaise was their third, Kisa and Blaise being a couple, but very little interaction between Kisa and Ron or 'Mione. But the four of them really seem to be together and in love individually as well as all together. I know Hermione loves me, I know she loves her children, but I've never seen her so soft as when Kisa was carrying Tatyana. She looked at the little blond mobster like she'd hung the moon.

And that sassy little Tatyana, I still can't get over how pale she is. She's Kisa's little clone. And if her attitude is anything to go by, I wonder if - despite being second-born - if she's not going to be Kisa's heir to the 'family business.' She's only three and I am quite terrified of her. Good thing for me she loves her Uncle Harry, and I am not ashamed to say I bribe her in near constant biscuits to keep things that way.

It probably works out perfectly that she's closest in age to Charlie and Neville's Alice. With Tatya's bossy disposition, she's a perfect match for Alice's sweet, mellow, go-with-the-flow attitude. Frankie is definitely a bit more like his fearless dragon-wrangling dad, while Alice is Neville from nose to toes. And I say nose to toes and not head to toe since she does at least have Charlie's trademark red hair.

Unfortunately, I wasn't able to hear Lainie spill any details to Kisa. Although Kisa must have noticed me listening in because she managed to freak me out enough that I fled to the other side of the party. The rest of the Quartet must have told her they were staying for Playtime, because she was mentioning to Lainie that she had the whole night free to spend with her since her loves were going to be shagging the night away. Then, she turns to me and says, "it's too bad Draco's my nephew and you never play apart because I'd love to be invited. I'd take a bite out of this for sure." And then she PINCHED MY BUM! Kisa pinched my arse and threatened to bite it! My bum!!

I feel violated.

Ooh! Speaking of violated, I think I heard you coming out of the playroom. Yay! It's showtime!

Your Boy,
Harry

Sunday April 24th
My own,

I didn't realize how much I missed having these parties until we had one. It's not the playing. It's NOT simply spending time with all our friends. It's being part of something that takes a lot of trust and at the same time is so much fun.
I take my duties as host seriously, so I started the night dressed to kill. Well... Perhaps not literally as I imagine that would involve something a lot more form fitting and able to blend into the shadows. Perhaps with your invisibility cloak as added insurance one won't be spotted in the act.

But as I was saying, I started the night wearing a fuckload of clothes to act as a visual and tactile cue to remain in charge. I wanted to ensure that all of our guests were having a good time before I let my hair down (so to speak) and joined in. To that end, I had no pants on, but I did have tight, form-fitting black leather trousers covering my legs. These were accented by sharp and thick, calf-high leather boots. On my chest, I had a crisp black button up shirt. Over that was my favorite gold waist coat, and over THAT was - in essence - a floor length waist coat that completely covered the gold one and made me look rather broody, in my opinion. BUT I was going for very dominant, and it certainly accomplished that.
You probably were able to accurately gauge just how into the playing I was at any given point in time by looking over and seeing how many of my clothes had come off, haha.

In addition to my clothes, I'd spent several hours in the bathroom grooming every part of my body, and so, even once naked, I was still dressed to kill - so to speak. My favorite part to begin with was the sheer attention I'd paid to my hair. Every single strand was styled to perfection. I may love your hair being long, but I think I'm definitely made to have hair that stays about ear length - which is enough to style, but not so much that it ends up everywhere.

Once I was ready - changing my clothes and restyling my hair after our circle/birthday party - I naturally went into our playroom to set things up. I wanted every single thing at the ready, but not just thrown about and cluttering things up. So all the play furniture was arranged so that it was accessible but still spaced far enough apart that nothing should get 'crowded.' The toys were taken out of the drawers and set up on racks, grouped near things they might be useful for. So the whips and other impact toys were near the spanking bench and X, while the various vibrators and ropes were next to each other - in case someone wanted to be tied up and 'raped' with a toy.

And by raped, I of course mean consenting to it but pretending to not want it.

Once the room was set up and everything seemed to be in the perfect place, I opened it up to let you in, and then cast a signal spell to let the others - who'd been changing in guest suites and more than likely casting spells to completely empty bladders/bowels and make certain everything was clean and ready to play.

It's no surprise to me that our friends started crowding into the room before you'd even had a
chance to finish looking around. Once you did, you turned to grin at me in anticipation, not to mention practically drool over what I was wearing.

I won't list every single person who attended our orgy - as you were there and don't need me to remind you - but for posterity, I'll list everyone who comes to mind in the next 10 or so seconds.

Luna and her poly lovers, The Triad portion of The Quartet, Neville and Charlie, Viper and Tiger (who shook his head at what I was wearing as if I was being silly or something), the Patil Twins, Greg and Millie, Pansy, her husband Ivan and his brother Dimitri, Theo and Daphne, Derek and Yesenia, Tabitha, Astoria, Pippa, Leah, Padfoot, Hannah and her husband, Bletchley, Ernie, Susan, Cho Chang, and Hannah Abbott. I know there were more, but I just can't think of them off hand, or I've forgotten their names. For example, there's an Auror that's always on raids and Bletchley invited him and his wife to the orgy and they came, but I can never remember his bloody name - despite the fact that he seems to think we're good mates. I always call him Senior Auror number 9 (or some such rot) when I'm commanding a raid, hahaha!

Anyway, people were looking around and making plans for things to try, and also sizing up who looked interesting. Most of our guests are only very occasional players. For example, I'm surprised that Neville and Charlie came, as they only ever play with us and I think they have the rare one off with a random couple. But other than when they come to Glastofest with us, they just prefer to be exclusive - and there's certainly nothing wrong with that. Apparently, Neville was curious about something, and that's whether or not he's still *bi* - as he always insists he is - or if he really is just an old gay man mentally stuck in an old-fashioned train of thought.

To no surprise, Luna - who has five or six official lovers (I lost track at some point), including her husband Rolf - immediately took over the Whipping Wall. I stood by and watched as she secured you as her first victim of the night, clamping your hands in the cushioned but sturdy clamps provided. She was wearing a soft purple corset and black knickers, while you were wearing a bondage harness and satiny pink knickers with the most adorable red bow on them.

Wishing I could give you my full attention for the entire night, I forced myself to leave your side and watch as Rolf had one of his Poly Lovers secure him to the spanking bench. The moment I was certain they were doing it correctly, I walked over to find Astoria asking Hermione questions about the Sybian Saddle. Satisfied that our Ms. Know-It-All would be able to answer anything Astoria wanted to know, I moved on, circling the room and taking in everything. Answering questions when need be, and handing out various potions - such as the 4 hour stamina potion (as I really felt 12 hours might be a bit much for this party, heh heh).

The night was young and the guests were mostly watching those that were comfortable (such as Luna) start things off. Daphne was delighted to try one of our more powerful vibrators - the Hitachi Magic Wand. Parvati seemed keen to try the non-vibrator, clit stimulator called Womanizer (a terrible name, I know, but I didn't name it). I was actually interested to watch her as I'd never had occasion to use it, nor seen it in action. I'd only bought it because I was thinking about giving it to Pansy, only I found out she already had one and seriously LOVED the thing.

Sadly, before I got a chance to see the toy in action, I was called away by an owl Patronus. "Dad, can you come here a minute, please?"

It seems that Orion, Eris, and Hazel had come back to the Manor to grab a few things the kids had forgotten (a veritable suitcase of things they'd forgotten, oi), and had stumbled across Venus eating Persephone's beloved pygmy puff, Honey. They wanted to know what they should do, but got completely distracted with what I was wearing.

"Are you having a costume party without telling us?" Orion asked, eyeing me with an expression
that let me know he found it disturbing how attractive I was - or so I assume. It was either that or he found it disgusting that I was dressed a bit like an angsty teenager - a hot angsty teenager about to slay vampires and werewolves (so long as they aren't part of our circle).

"Is that brocade?" Eris asked, feeling up the fabric of my long waistcoat.

"Ooo! That was HAND EMBROIDERED!" Hazel drooled, also inspecting the waistcoat very closely.

"I'm certain my tailor used an embroidery spell," I said with a very light sneer. "But back to the matter of the pygmy puff -"

"No wait," Orion interrupted me, bending over and inspecting my trousers. "Are those LEATHER???

"Yes, as I was saying, I think you should simply -"

"What's the theme of the costume party," Orion interrupted once again, clearly not able to wrap his head around this particular costume. I personally don't even think this is the strangest thing he's ever seen me wear, but maybe I look like I'm intending to shag 'til I drop and he's not quite sure what the look in my eye is. He fiddled with the gold dagger-through-the-heart earrings I was wearing and murmured: "Pirate?"

I snorted in amusement as Eris rolled her eyes and back-handed him across the chest. "You CLEARLY weren't paying attention earlier. Dad mentioned when he dropped us off at Grandma Molly's that he and dad were going to have a play party tonight."

"Why do you THINK they wanted all us kids out of the Manor?" Hazel added with an amused smirk.

"EW!" Orion blurted out in revulsion. "Aren't you two too old to do stuff like that yet?!

I laughed a tiny bit malevolently as I pulled him close for a hug and kissed his temple, delighted to
inadvertently embarrass him. "I'm afraid to spoil your entire night, but your dad and I aren't going
to be too old for stuff like this for YEARS!" After he shuddered and I'd chuckled a bit more, I
finally managed to finish my sentence. "I think you should simply not mention to Persephone that
you noticed anything wrong. Let her play tonight blissfully unaware of the tragedy, and then
tomorrow, when you're all home, take her aside before she has a chance to find out on her own and
tell her what happened. If you're lucky, your dad might even be awake already - but don't count on
that as I'm determined to make him pass out until at least noon - if he is, he can help you have the
unpleasant conversation.

"Yeah, alright," Eris murmured in agreement.

I gave them all hugs and kisses and sent them off via the floo to the Burrow. Then I returned to the
party, sought you out, and kissed you even as Luna continued the flogging.

"You're such a good boy," I praised, stroking your hair. "My good little mutt, taking it so well for
me."

You purred and practically wagged your non-existent tail. Luna growled softly at me and told me
to either take over completely or back off and let her finish having her fun. With a smile, I walked
over and kissed her in apology. Then I gestured for her to continue, only watching enough to know
that both of you were definitely having fun.

I made the rounds again, and this time, almost everyone was doing something. Only Millie seemed
to be doing nothing. Well actually, since she was watching her husband, I suppose that she was
doing something after all. It seems that Greg still thinks blow jobs are the best thing ever and
doesn't care who is giving them. Thus, he was reclining in a comfortable chair as Neville hoovered
him like a champ.

I'll admit that that pairing hadn't ever occurred to me before, but it was disturbingly hot to watch.

Parvati came over to give me a thorough kiss to reward me for having the foresight to buy the
Womanizer, as it is now her favorite toy and she plans to buy a couple for herself. She had my
attention so completely that I didn't even notice her slipping her hands under my full length
waistcoat until it was off and she quirked a brow.

"ANOTHER waistcoat???

I smirked at her. "I'm NOT getting naked until I'm ready to shag, and that's not going to be until
after I've tortured at least three people."

She ran her hands over my trousers, squeezing my arse a couple of times for good measure.
"Shame. I might have to volunteer to be tortured then."

I grinned at her becomingly. "Ever been Sounded?"

"Er... can't say that I have," she murmured in confusion.

"I'm not saying that it offers the same benefits for a woman as it does for a man, but it's possible to
do and I've actually never tried it on a woman. I figure it qualifies as torture - but don't worry, I
know what I'm doing and won't hurt you."

"Alright... I'll at least take a look at what it is you want me to do and see if it's worth giving a go."

Elated, I led her over to that exam table we bought about 7 years ago - the one that reclines and has
stirrups that feet can be restrained in. After showing her the entire set of Sounds and explaining
what I was going to do, she gulped apprehensively, but then nodded in permission. I got her on the table and strapped her feet simply because I didn't want to risk her squirming too much and inadvertently hurting herself. I got a good look at her urethra and chose the appropriate size Sound, lubed it up, and gently pushed it into her, patiently letting it do most of the work.

"HOLY FUCK!" Someone squealed, grabbing my attention. I looked over to find Susan Bones trying to ride Blaise and - unsurprisingly - finding him rather a lot to take.

I looked around and noticed that Hannah Abbot, Cho Chang, and Leah were arguing over who got to try the Womanizer next, even as Hermione seemed to be forcing Ron to demonstrate the Sybian Saddle for anyone who was curious about it.

Over in the corner, my Auror friend and his wife were in a sandwich with Derek where she was in the middle, looking rather amazed. Yes, things were moving along nicely now.

Returning my attention to Parvati, I was happy to find that the Sound had penetrated her fully. A female urethra is much shorter than a male one, so it's a much smaller gesture to 'wank' it. I did so carefully, using my tongue on her clit to give her something else to focus on if it didn't feel good at first. She'd already had one orgasm earlier, so it didn't take too long for her to reach another. She looked amazed when it happened.

"That was WEIRD!" She panted out, trying to catch her breath. "The... The wanking me with the Sound... I'm not certain I liked it, but it was a different sensation than I'm used to, and it provided a little something extra with you tonguing me like that. I... I... don't know what to think about it!"

I shrugged, gave her a kiss, and then set about cleaning and sanitizing the Sound as her sister freed her feet from the stirrups. Padma held up my Violet Wand. Oh... I LOVE that thing!

"Care to give me a nice shock?" Padma asked.

"Definitely!" I agreed with an eager grin. "Just give me a moment to walk around and check on things. And actually, for that, you're probably going to want to be on the massage table."

She nodded in understanding and wandered over to said table as I made sure no one was disrespecting boundaries. We have brilliant friends, and so, no one was doing anything non-consensual, but since there was a little alcohol being drunk, I had to be certain no one had lost their reason. As I walked, I slowly pulled off my golden waistcoat, leaving me in just my shirt, trousers, and boots. Well, also those earrings and the matching necklace.

To my delight, you were now hanging upside down in a supportive Shibari tie that resembled frog pose - with your hands behind your back. Luna must have REALLY wanted to put you through your paces as she was still in charge, 'forcing' you to suck on her husband in your predicament. I trusted that she had taken all precautions and cast all safety spells, but I paused the scene so that I could ask:

"You cast the spell to make sure that the blood doesn't rush to his head and stay there, right?"

"Of course," she assured me with a kiss, groping me and clearly wondering if I'd be willing to submit to her at some point tonight too. "I also cast a spell so that he can breathe even if he's literally choking on a thick cock."

"Good. Sounds like he's probably having loads of fun," I murmured, caressing your back and pressing kisses to your thighs and arse before smacking it lightly. I know that despite the fact that you literally couldn't see me with Rolf in your face like that, you'd know it was me touching you,
even if I hadn't spoken. "I love you. Keep up the good work! Make me so proud of you!"

You purred through the face-fucking, letting me know that you heard me and promised to do exactly that. With a few last kisses wherever I could fit them, I left you to it and finished my circuit. Pippa had Bletchley on his knees and worshiping her femininity *exactly* the way she liked it. Padfoot was all over Charlie, murmuring something about being attracted to gingers and never realizing it before.

Arriving at the massage table, I selected the attachment to the Violet Wand that is basically a cord that I can tape to my skin somewhere (I chose my abdomen, so I could have it under my shirt), which allows ME to become the instrument that shocks and tortures Padma. Each little tap of my pointer finger sent a zap into her. Running my hand just a few hairs above her skin had her shivering from the zings. Pressing kisses to any part of her body that looked sensitive made her squeak and squirm. All in all, I had so much fun and dragged it out for a long time because I kept stopping - with my hand hovering over her just so - in order to look around and make sure no one needed me for anything.

Eventually, she was begging for deliverance, her entire body so sensitive that she felt like one big nerve being teased to the point of orgasm, but not quite reaching it. I was not ready to shag yet, so I stood back and asked her if she had any objections to Neville taking over. It seems he'd reached the wanting to shag a woman portion of the night, and she was VERY wet and ready by this point. Since he has a fairly massive shaft, he needs all the lubrication he can get to ensure that the experience is good for everyone involved. Padma nodded and blurted out that she didn't care who bloody shagged her so long as it was good and hard.

With that settled, I made another round. You were now rimming Ron - also seemingly at Luna's command. Since this wasn't potentially dangerous in the slightest, I decided not to interrupt this time, aside from a gentle caress to your arse as I passed by.

Dimitri caught me as I wandered around and asked if I would be interested in shagging him. I thought this over as he kissed me. To be honest, I wasn't sure how I felt about the idea. I think that the problem was that I just wasn't ready to shag ANYONE yet - still very much wanting to torture at least one more person. So I stood there in indecision as he licked my neck and unbuttoned my shirt.

Once I was topless, I kissed him for a few long minutes, groping him even as he groped me. Then I pulled back and shook my head. "Sorry, but I'm actually in the mood to shag a woman. It doesn't happen all that often and that's what I plan to do first. Perhaps if I have any energy left after..."

He pouted in disappointment, but then nodded in understanding. Still, he had to try. "Are you certain? You seem to be teasing the women and not actually shagging any of them."

I grinned at him. "Foreplay. I want to be so worked up by the time I decide who to shag, that it could be a little old lady and I wouldn't even care."

He grinned at me. "Then perhaps I have a chance after all!"

I laughed and kissed him again before smacking him on the arse and pushing him away. "We'll see."

I looked myself over and noticed that I was perfectly attired to whip someone. So, I walked over to the Whipping Wall and selected a nice long whip that would crack and sting. I knew I wouldn't have to wait long for someone to run over and throw themselves against the wall as if they were being arrested. Sure enough, Hannah Abbot volunteered to be my victim before I even finished
giving the whip a few good test swings. She was already completely naked and looked beautifully submissive.

"I'll do whatever you tell me too, under one condition," she murmured calmly, looking to the floor as if she was a servant addressing a master. "Please remember that I am a lesbian and am not interested in you shoving your prick in me once I start flying."

I nodded. "Of course. I assure you, I can dominate and whip you without expecting to shag you as my reward."

"Good," she sighed in relief. I could see why she was nervous, aside from Luna, the only women here who might normally be dominant like this, were currently occupied doing other things.

Rolling my shoulders and sort of hopping for a moment, I got into the right frame of mind and ordered her to brace herself against the wall. I expected her to respond to each stroke of the whip with a color to let me know how she was feeling. If she was good and ready for more, green. If she was not sure or needed a moment to take a breath, yellow. If she definitely needed me to stop, red. Once that was agreed to, I began the whipping.

Wow! She can take a lot! I mean I'm used to going a bit harder on you than I might like, but I think I made an unfair assumption about her based on her gender that she wouldn't be able to handle that same level of pain as you. I was sure wrong! She probably even took more simply because I got curious to find her limit and went a bit harder than I am normally comfortable going. Especially once the Viper came over, took a good look at us, and said:

"You're going easy on her."

"I'm not trying to," I replied. "I suppose that I am unconsciously holding back though. I'll stop doing that now."

The moan she let out after the next strike let me know that she appreciated it. "Green."

I continued on until she was flying, and then - to my surprise (although I suppose that it's really not that surprising) my doppelgänger volunteered to take over and see to her after care. He assured me that he didn't intend to molest her, but that he'd actually already had two rounds of shagging and needed a break anyway. So I left her in his care and walked around again.

Blaise was now giving out oral to anyone who wanted it. My Auror friend's wife was riding the Sybian. You were being plowed rather eagerly by Charlie, spouting a long string of broken curses. This time, I HAD to get involved, smacking Charlie's arse to encourage him to fuck you good and proper before walking around to give you kisses. I cast a charm to wet your mouth - which had gone dry from panting - kissed you some more, cast a modified Aguamenti so that your mouth would continually stay wet (but not enough water to choke on), and then slowly opened my long zipper so that my extremely hard shaft could burst free. I could see the moment you realized what I was doing; your eyes got an eager gleam to them and your mouth automatically opened.

I let you suck on me until I got pretty close to going off, then I stopped you because I was now definitely in the mood to shag someone and still wanted a woman. So, I kissed you, whispered my love in your ear, and then bade you to have fun as I wandered around looking for options.

To my surprise, Cho came over and dropped to her knees before me. She was naked and giving me smoky bedroom eyes. Her knees spread apart enough so that she could get a hand between her legs.

"Everything about me is petite - even my hole. I bet I'll feel so tight on you..."
"Mmm..." I moaned in lust. "Let's see, shall we?" I held out my hand until she put hers in mine, then I helped her up and walked her over to the large bed. It was already occupied, but not so full that we wouldn't fit. I gestured for her to sit on the edge in a place where there was enough room for her to lay on her back with her legs dangling over the side. Then I took the time to make sure she was nice and prepared for me.

Eventually she was whimpering in need and softly begging me to shag her already, and since I was more than ready to comply, I wasted no more time before sliding into her. Fuck! She was right! She IS tight!

Which was the beginning of my long and exhausting night. The best part was - of course - that moment when I was ready to pass out, and I found that you were already passed out in a pile, so I crawled my way into the pile, pulled you into my arms, gave you a tender kiss, and went to sleep.

MERLIN AND SALAZAR! I can't believe how much I needed a night of mindless shagging! But waking up to you kissing me? Better than all the shagging in the world.

You are my real Prince Charmin', like the heat from the fire, you were always burnin', and each time you're around, my body keeps callin' for your touch, your kisses and your sweet Romancin' Draco
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Harry makes poor after party choices, and Draco comforts Persephone after all.

Sunday April 24, 2016

My Smarter Half,

I make terrible choices. I mean, not all of my choices are terrible, but today's decision was a bad one. When I woke up, late for me but early for you, I went off to Molly and Arthur's to pick up our portion of the sleepover. That wasn't where I made the bad choices, that happened when I got everyone home.

I let the kids pick the day's activities since I felt badly about forcing them out of their home so we could have group sexy times with our friends. I really shouldn't have felt badly, since our choice of activities had no bearing on whether or not it was appropriate to send our children to a 'babysitter' especially a beloved set of grandparents. Also, they had a blast and probably would have chosen to have the sleepover even if we hadn't suggested it.

Fine! I let the children manipulate me into whatever activity they wanted to do! Eri, Ori, and Haz have my number and know I'm a pushover! Not to mention, under normal circumstances, the activity they chose is one of my favorite things to do. Except dirt biking for hours isn't the best activity for someone who spent the entire night before having their arse thrashed and being buggered until he cried.

I probably could have just healed everything but damnit, I earned that soreness! You know how much I hate doing the healing charms unless absolutely necessary. I probably should have considered them necessary. But since I already got through today, will you rub some of the mild healing potion into my skin? Maybe into my arse? Definitely into my arse. And then take me? Because last night was amazing, and falling asleep in your arms was wonderful, and waking up to kisses with you was perfection, but I didn't get to have you deep inside last night. Only complaint of the night! Although I did get that mouthful while I had an arse full of Charlie. Thank you for checking in with me so often. I felt so loved and owned. I never had a chance to feel as though every aspect of last night wasn't for you. I took Luna's torture for you, because I'm your good mutt. I did good work when I was tied up and choking on Rolf's cock. And even when you had a room full of sexy times happening around you, you made sure I was safe and secure.

I love that we're back to a point where a night of playing with others only makes us more secure in each other. Everything I did last night was for you, I was good for you, and you were proud of me. And I got to see you walking around the playroom in those sinful pants. I need you to wear them again for me and soon, I want to worship every inch of you while you wear nothing but those leather trousers and those arse kicking boots.

I assume you want the rest of my thoughts on last night's proceedings? You always want me to recap in case you missed anything and to make sure it was good for me. All these years later, you are still the best Master a mutt could ever have. I love you.
So apparently, according to you, we won't be too old for playing like this for years. Uh, I plan on having a ridiculous and extensive sex life well into our old age. Right now we have fun sex aids like plugs and floggers, but I plan on having intense sex past the point of needing aids like actual canes and sex swings with lumbar support.

Speaking of things that are hard to do or need support, I still can't help but laugh at all these weaklings who can't take Blaise. Amateurs! I was too out of it to realize what was happening or my competitive nature probably would have demanded that I show off to the entire party how I can take Blaise better than anyone. I can DP with one of the cocks being Blaise-sized. Who's that? Is that Harry? Is that the Boy Who Lived? No! It's Super Bottom!!!

I didn't get a chance to talk with Neville afterwards, did you? I'm curious whether he was able to answer his own question about his sexuality. I DO know that I managed to see him swallowing Greg all the way down and it was just as hot as you seemed to think it was. Look, I love watching a good buggering or rim job as much as the next 'Old Gay Man' (and don't think we're not going to talk about you using that moniker on someone exactly my age) but there's something about a blowjob that just speaks to me. And Neville, bi or gay or whatever way he identifies, sucks cock like a pro.

He looked as though he was enjoying shagging with Padma well enough, although I don't think he looked like he enjoyed it quite as much as he liked giving head. But I do realize much of that is probably my own bias as to which one I think is hotter to watch.

And watching Sirius and Charlie? Holy fuck was that hot. I even took a break from being tortured just to watch. And I have to argue with you when you think Millie wasn't actually doing anything when she was watching Greg and Nev. Voyeurism is certainly an activity in and of itself. It took a lot of effort to not throw myself in between Pads and Charlie, to keep myself to voyeur status and not active participant. Dear Merlin, all that pale skin on display. Mmmm.

Alright I should probably stop discussing the fun from last night and go deal with explaining to Seph what happened to her Honey. I am not looking forward to this conversation. Actually, I am the teenager guy and you are the little kid guy so maybe you should handle it? Please? You're just so amazing with Persephone, I think she would fare better emotionally having to hear this from you.

Damn it, there's no way out of this is there? Well, off to break my baby girl's heart.

Wish me luck,
Harry

Sunday April 24th
My perfect little mutt,

After seeing our Hogwarts set through the floo back to their dorms, hugging and kissing them goodbye, we put all the others to bed. Then it was time for just the two of us.

I started by rubbing a little bit of that minor healing potion you asked for into your arse, and actually, you had a few welts, meaning that there was definitely a reason you had a hard time biking with the kids. After those were faded - leaving as much of the general soreness as I could - I moved onto actually healing your warm and waiting passage, but I did so in a unique way. I cast the healing spell on your tail plug and put it inside you to work its magic for a while.
Not the whippy white tail, the fluffy brown one. Meanwhile, I decided that since you were wearing the tail, you might as well wear the matching magic dog ears, the floppy brown ones that look adorable on you. With those in place, I removed my robe to reveal that I was wearing only those black leather trousers and arse kicking boots - as you requested.

I'm not certain you were in full puppy mode, but you were definitely happy to have a chance to lick every part of me you could as I lay on the bed for you. As you licked, you kissed and nipped me - I think you were planning to mark me and reassert your territory, but you didn't get far, just a lovely little spot on my chest above my left nipple.

"Hey dads - Oh my GODS!!! What are you DOING?!?!?!!" Shtara squealed in mortification.

I laughed. "Haven't you learnt not to come in our room without knocking yet?"

"Yeah but, normally all I might accidentally see is you two shagging - NOT that I try to or want to see that. I just get so into what I'm doing that I forget to knock. But! But! That's just weird!" She was pointing at your dog tail, which was definitely drooping from disappointment.

"Nevermind that, love," I advised. "What is it you came in here for?"

"Huh? Oh! Seph can't sleep. She's too upset about Honey, so she's crying in her bed and Caelum came to get me because he says he knows better than to come in here when you two make goo goo eyes at each other when you tuck them in."

I snorted in amusement. "Well, that should have been a clue that you might want to knock!" I then kissed you before slipping out of bed. "Stay here mutt. I'll go dance our girl to sleep, and if you're still awake when I get back, we can finish what we started."

You whined softly in disappointment that we were being interrupted, but were also probably very grateful that you didn't have to pull on a robe to hide the tail while pacing back and forth with a distraught child.

So after a last stroke to your head, I followed Shtara to Persephone's room. Along the way, she was giving me some serious side eye.

"What?" I asked as if I had no idea what she was thinking.

"Why are you wearing those pants and boots, but no shirt?"

"I'm certain you don't actually want to know. Ask any of the older kids and you'll learn that your dad and I do LOTS of weird sh!te like this. One time, Elena caught me licking jam off Harry's back."

"Why???

I smirked at her. "I really wanted jam. Hmm... I actually really want jam now too, come to think of it. Muffy, bring a jar of strawberry jam to my bedroom and set it on the bedside table next to Harry."

"Yes master," Muffy replied from nowhere.

Once in Persephone's room, I found that she really was crying, but also seemed to be half asleep, poor little lamb. So I did exactly as I said by scooping her into my arms and carrying her to the ballroom so I could sing and dance her back to sleep. She eventually calmed down but started crying again when I tried to lay her down. So I'm currently dictating this as I dance her around the
ballroom. I have no idea when she'll feel ready to go back to bed, but I have a feeling it won't be anytime soon.

I'll be sure to kiss your sleeping head when I curl up around you, and who knows, maybe I'll get my fill of jam and fulfill my somnophilia kink while I'm at it. Love you!

*sings to both Persephone and the dictation device*
Sometimes I'm happy, sometimes I'm blue, my disposition, depends on you, I never mind the rain from the skies, if I can find the sun in your eyes, sometimes I love you, sometimes I hate you, but when I hate you, it's 'cuz I love you, that's how I am, so what can I do? I'm happy when I'm with you,
Draco
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Harry feels like he hasn't seen Draco all day, and Draco is rushing around trying to get things done.

Monday April 25, 2016

My Adorable Love,

I haven't seen you all day! This is a travesty. Technically I have seen you twice now today, but not once while you were awake. So while I certainly enjoyed the view, it's not the same as getting to spend time with you.

Seph must have kept you up so late last night. You poor babies. I'm torn, I don't want to teach her that pets are replaceable or that everything can be fixed by a trip to the store, but I also want to go buy her five or ten more puffs to make it up to her. The reason I know she kept you up late is because I can tell you did not give in to your somnophilia kink. How do I know that? When I woke up, I still had my tail in, I was not covered in anything, and you were sound asleep next to me. Still wearing your trousers and boots, clutching a jar of jam. If I hadn't felt so badly for the both of you, that sight would have been almost as hilarious as when you fall asleep and your laptop hits me in the head.

I was going to see if you wanted to spend the day with me, I wasn't sure of your schedule of meetings or wedding prep, but while I was sitting down to breakfast, I got a message from Tabitha saying my presence would be helpful at Unity this morning. It seems all but three of the children were going home today. Fifteen children being returned to parents and three children changing from temporary to 'permanent' status can be quite the transition. Tabitha was clear that it wasn't any sort of emergency, but if I was available my being there would be helpful.

When I asked if I could bring the trio, Tabitha actually insisted they would be helpful playing with the younger kids as a bit of a distraction from the boring process of paperwork and the anxiety-ridden process of waiting for their parents to come and get them.

For the record, Angelica was right when she said her dad wasn't in on anything, he's just a single dad struggling to raise his kids and keep a job. Unfortunately for him, the promise of being able to bring his girls with to an in-house daycare was too good to resist. We put him and the other parents that were cleared of wrongdoing in touch with the Diagon Daycare center. They're going to bump them up the waiting list for immediate need. So as soon as any of them are able to procure another job, their children will have a spot waiting for them at an affordable care facility.

Two of the Kids staying, Eugene and Willa, belonged to the heads of the potion ring. So, they are on 'permanent' status. You know that permanent doesn't necessarily mean adoptable or truly permanent, but definitely not temporary. In theory, if another close family member without ties to the ring comes forward they can go home with them. Or their parents could request they not have their rights severed and then they will just stay at Unity until their parents are released from Azkaban. Not sure what their sentence was so I have no idea which of these is going to happen. So for now, they're permanent.
The other permanent Kid is little Brian. His parents were NOT part of the ring. They were let go on the charges the raid was designed to uncover. However, because Brian had gotten so sick without being brought in for care, the Department of Families and Children looked into his home life. It was not good. So he is an official Unity Kid.

On top of that, they found two other children there, the 'parents' (and I use that term loosely) had decided that even with free child care from their potions job, the five and seven-year-olds were plenty old enough to stay home alone all day every day and care for the house.

That all means today included fifteen children going home, three Kids status' changing from temporary to permanent and two additional Kids coming to Unity.

It was definitely a long day but seeing all those children being safe and sound was definitely worth it. I felt satisfied and exhausted, I couldn't wait to come home to you. After dinner was all cleaned up and the Kids were settling in for the evening, I was getting myself, Lily, Seph, and Cael ready to head home when River showed up unexpectedly.

"Dad! I'm so glad I found you. I need your help!" he started shrieking at me, looking like a mixture of relieved and panicked. Not sure how those can coexist in one look but he made it happen.

"Of course, maybe we should go to the sitting room to talk where there aren't so many young eyes watching you freak out?" I smirked at him.

He just nodded and we headed over to the sitting room. Where he verbally vomited a stream of panic, "I don't know what to do! Maha had to leave this morning to spend a few days in California, something about auditioning roles and wanting to see them act against her character? I don't know for sure. All I do know is the wedding is in nineteen days, Maha is going to be gone for at least six days, and we have so many things to plan for. What if I pick the wrong flowers? Or the wrong centerpieces? What if I forget to choose centerpieces and our wedding ends up centerpiece-less and Maha will hate me forever. Or she won't hate me, she'll just silently hold in her disappointment until it all bubbles over and she realizes she never really loved me, she really wants a man who can take care of business and I'm obviously not that man because I forgot the centerpieces!"

Oh. So am I right in assuming this is the nonsense you all have to deal with when we're less than twenty-four hours away from a gala with my name on it? I apologize. I can't promise I won't do it again, and I don't think you'd believe that promise anyway, but I am sorry.

That's around the time Muffy brought Lissa, Cael, and Seph home to you. Hopefully you were already done with all the paperwork you left for today and them showing up didn't mess up your schedule.

I spent the evening going down the checklist with River, helping him decide things that he could make the final call on, giving him the advice of messaging her about decisions I think she would definitely want some input on, and reminding him that you and I got married with a week of planning and things won't go all to hell if some decisions wait until she gets back.

Calming down a hysterical boy is not the easiest thing to do. You are a saint to put up with my hyperactive nonsense.

I just wish you'd still been awake when I came home. You must have still been exhausted from the lack of sleep the night before. So I snuggled up next to you and wrote about my day while taking short breaks to stare at your beautiful sleeping face.

Hopefully I get to see you tomorrow!
All of my love,
Harry

P.S. I can’t believe I was walked in on by my child while I was wearing a tail. This won’t scar her for life, right? Right?!?

Tuesday April 26th
My love,

This is going to be a quick note to let you know that I am going to be busy all day. Yes, I finished up all my paperwork for Robards yesterday, but Pippa had run an advert in the Prophet for me and I'm doing interviews all day. When I'm done, Elena will have a bright and shiny new assistant - which I will then have to introduce to her and do my best to survive what is certain to be a fierce storm until she calms down and warms up to the idea.

At the same time, Elena wants to go over what I might like to do with Zaire for an African tribal dance class. She's excited to be able to offer such a class, but wants to make sure that we put the proper level of attention to detail into it. I'd swear she must have forgotten what level of detail I tend to bring to things, but whatever, she'll see.

Lastly, I, erm… Well I have a different sort of opportunity altogether. It seems that the lead hand-to-hand combat trainer recently retired, leaving the Auror department short. Robards remembers how well I did during my training - and that I independently practice Krav Maga with our kids - and offered me first chance at the position. I'm... going to head into the Ministry at some point today and look around the facilities I'd be in charge of and see if they speak to me. If so, I might just take the job.

That's all for now, gotta run, love you!
Draco
Wednesday April 27, 2016

My Love,

How did things go yesterday with Tropical Storm Elena? I was a bit worried when you hadn't gotten home yet by the time I crashed into bed last night, but the fact that you were in bed and breathing when I woke up this morning seemed like good news.

Did you, Zaire, and Lainie get anything accomplished about the dance lessons? Or did you and Lainie just argue a lot while Zaire laughed at both of your antics? I think it's really cool that you're going to be doing these lessons, but do you think you'll branch out to other tribes or areas of Africa or just stick with the Zulu dances you were taught recently? I don't know a lot about it but I can't imagine the Amhara people of Ethiopia have the same dances as the Anlo-Ewe people of Ghana. They may be on the same continent but the countries are separated by 4,000 miles.

Ah! I just want to wake you up and talk with you! I didn't see you Monday, I didn't see you yesterday, and now your pretty face is just sitting there looking all flushed and pretty! I miss you!

Did you get a chance to stop in at the Ministry and look over the hand to hand combat training facilities? Is this something you're seriously contemplating? I have to admit it seems to have come out of nowhere. Years ago when you were deciding what direction to take your career, I had mentioned teaching and specifically training Aurors and you didn't seem all that interested. Preferring to take the training yourself and then hand pick the raids that interested you.

If you do this will it mean you'll back off to being 'just' a trainer? Quitting raids completely? Or going on less raids? Slowing your raid schedule at all? Fuck, this is not going to take you out on any less raids and just going to give you another job to do isn't it? Damnit Draco, I miss your face! How many times do I have to say it?

Screw it, I am going to wake you up and have my way with you while you're still here. Maybe I'll tie you up before I wake you so you can't get away!

Bwahahaha,

Harry

Wednesday April 27th
My beautiful husband,

I absolutely love that you tied me up before waking me this morning. It was a sensual and tactile delight to be helpless and struggling against my bonds as you teased the fuck out of me. First by finishing that licking and marking you started the other night - the jam was definitely involved - and then by having your glorious way with me.
You took me until we were both oh-so-close, and then stopped and teased me a bit more by kissing my tattoo of one of your love bites on my hip. Once you presumably calmed down a bit, you shifted until you could ride me. I feel as if I touched heaven at least twice before you were finally ready to shoot your load all over my chest. Some got on my face and you looked positively triumphant to have marked me.

You collapsed onto me and we lay panting for a long while. Then you untied me and we kissed for so long (you cleaning me up) that our kids got worried that they couldn't find you and came looking. Thankfully, all they saw was us kissing while naked, and so, don't have to wonder why daddy had daddy tied up. Caelum told us to stop being disgusting and then begged you to make him pancakes for lunch - since you were probably going to be making some for me to eat.

Actually, I've been eating ham and sausage diced and added to scrambled eggs lately, which Muffy had all ready to go, but you still gave in and promised to make them pancakes topped with plenty of fresh fruit, which damnit! Sounded REALLY good the moment you left the room!

In any case, I had time to read your email while I was eating and write this reply. Too bad you got called away before we had a chance to remember that talking was just as important as kissing.

In non-chronological order; Zaire and I did come up with a good course outline for the African Tribal dance class. Yes, we're going to branch out to other cultures since it could potentially get a little monotonous doing just the same few dances after a while. Elena loves the entire thing and is planning to personally speak to the parents of any student interested in taking the class to explain the cultural differences the students will be learning and why they are important to learn.

For what it's worth, the nudity thing isn't even the most important difference, in her opinion. The fact that a lot of the dances either are or resemble fighting, and that the students will probably learn a tiny bit of combat in the class as well, THAT'S what she thinks will actually make most parents balk. That said, once there are enough students with permission to take the class, it'll be a 2 hour class on Monday afternoons.

As for the Auror combat training, actually, despite it coming out of nowhere, I'm rather looking forward to it. See, back when I was taking Auror classes, I didn't want to do any sort of teaching, even though I do have skills they would quite like me to teach, because I wanted to focus on my own studies. But now that I'm settled into my role as the Chief of Raids, knowing that there's a need for combat training, and also, knowing that it's ultimately in my own best interest to insure that all people attending a raid be competent at defending themselves, well... I decided to take the job.

And before you groan that I will be out of the house even more, keep in mind that I usually only have to go on a raid once every month or two, so having a twice a week class (Monday and Wednesday nights for about two hours) means that I'll really not be too much more busy than I already am. Also, I made sure that any week that I do actually lead (or simply participate in, although that's really rare) a raid, Wednesday night class will be canceled. Remember that the Ministry likes to conduct most of their raids at the crack of dawn on Wednesday mornings so that Tuesdays can be preplanning, Wednesday the actual raid, and Thursdays for debriefing and paperwork. And Friday if there happens to be a LOT of paperwork.

Thus, a class on Monday wouldn't interfere with that anyway, and if Wednesdays are canceled any day I raid, then I don't have to worry about trying to do one more thing when I'm already exhausted. All in all, I think it'll work out nicely.

Alright, so I saved the worst for last, so to speak. What took the majority of the day yesterday was interviewing people for the role of Elena's assistant. I had a surprising number of applicants, but
Perhaps word has gotten around over the years that we're a good family to work for. In any case, it took longer than I liked just to weed through them and narrow them down to the best applicants. They ALL seemed qualified in one way or another. At that point, it was basically my job to determine which person would get along best with Elena.

In that aspect, I felt a bit like I was arranging a marriage, hahaha. I wasn't, of course, but when I was deciding, I took things like Elena's favorite food into account. Oh sure, Elena wouldn't hold it against someone if they loved a food she hated, but I could see that if I had two perfect applicants to choose from, then choosing the one with similar favorite foods would be beneficial.

So, after a very vigorous process in which I FINALLY had just one applicant left, I brought him to meet Elena. Before I tell you how she took the news, let me briefly tell you about Rodrigo. He's... about 5'11" with black hair and eyes, and a swarthy complexion. Before you raise a brow and think this man sounds plain, let me assure you that he is not. If I hadn't come to the realization that he would be perfect for Elena, I seriously would have ejected him from the building for being too bloody handsome for his own good. No need to make Elena's life even MORE complicated from temptation!

But despite looking a little like a younger version of that Actor from Zorro - Antonio something? - he really was the most qualified and perfect for the job. Especially since the assistant would need an extensive background in the performing arts, and he definitely had that. He went to Beaubatons before going to a muggle school much like Elena's that's located in Spain. I have a feeling that they'll eventually get along like a house on fire.

But as for now, Elena is currently not speaking to me and claims that the only reason she is tolerating Rodrigo's presence in her school and office is that she's A: too busy to stop and toss his arse out, and B: knows that I'm paying Rodrigo as my employee until he either passes his initial trial or runs screaming for the hills. Her money is on the later. That said, it's literally costing her nothing to give him a try, and so, after I pointed out that she's going to need an assistant to help out when she gives birth anyway, she might as well start training said person in now and feel confident that things are in the right hands when the time comes.

Strangely, when I was leaving, having been dismissed from our beloved dictator's presence, I paused to look back at her and saw her rubbing her temples and grumbling under her breath something along the lines of: "First Ethan and now dad; what's next?"

So... yeah, I have no idea what's on her mind, but she's definitely stressed about something. That CAN'T be good for the baby. I think maybe we can solve River AND Elena's problems - at least temporarily - by telling River that Elena REALLY needs a nice relaxing massage - being pregnant and all - and then telling Elena that River REALLY needs her help as a dummy to test out a new technique on. She won't need to know until she's already on his table that that's a lie.

But as for River, I know that he's under a bit of stress himself, and so, I plan to help him out either today or tomorrow - we'll see how things go - by solving his staff problems too. Currently, he owns his own spa and since he doesn't want to sell it outright, he needs a person who can take over as a manager at the very least, and potentially someone else to fill his position as a Massage Therapist. The other therapists and estheticians will continue on the same as they are, but River wants to be certain that all of his clients are taken care of before he leaves. To that end, I think I'll start by interviewing everyone on his staff to see if any of them are capable of taking on the role of manager, and if not, find someone who is.

Call it part of my wedding present.

So... How's Persephone doing? Did you buy her a new puff or ten yet?
Love you beyond all reason,
Draco
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Harry feels they have a certified menagerie, and Draco decides it's time for a Spa day with Elena and River.

Thursday April 28th
My Heart,

Why do you have to end your message asking a question you already know the answer to? Yes, I got Seph a new puff. I also got her a new kitten. Because I'm a sucker and you know it. I was really confused why she would want a cat when it was a cat that carried out the initial puff assassination. Well, our little lady has decided that if she got a kitten and was able to train it from babyhood into being a protector of all things pygmy puff, that it would guard her new pet from Venus' future threats.

So now our house has three dogs, two cats, a cheetah, and a pygmy puff. Also a boatload of owls and peacocks. Plus the ferret and the snakes when the Hogwarts kids come home from school. We may as well get our home classified as an official zoo.

Congratulations my love on your newest job. I think you will be wonderful at it! You may be a bit snarky, but I think you're really a natural teacher. You turned me from that terrible mess of a dancer from the Yule Ball into a fully functioning dancer with the appropriate left and right feet.

I think I need to find myself something to keep me busy on Monday and Wednesdays while you're teaching. Well, really just Mondays. I know we don't go all the time, but Wednesday nights are still movie nights at Unity and I can start getting into a routine of attending all of them. Especially with the recent influx of Kids their age, Jaz and the Trio in particular have been wanting to spend more time there anyway.

And uh, speaking of our menagerie, I have another idea to keep the kids and I busy when you're teaching hand to hand combat and dances that look like hand to hand combat. I think we should get some horses. No, hear me out, we have those stables in the western part of the Manor grounds that no one has used since you and I have been together. I'm sure they were originally built for Unicorn or Thestral breeding as a business enterprise, but I think we should have some horses for the kids to ride and care for.

On a completely unrelated note, there are two rescue horses that Hagrid somehow found wandering through the Forbidden Forest. He has no idea how their un-magical selves got in, but he's thinking magic somehow found a way to let them in because they were probably escaping from something awful. They were malnourished, more than an animal would be just from wandering an unknown forest, and they had some marks on them that make him pretty sure they hadn't been treated properly.

So, they're not doing great near Hagrid's hut because the magic that would normally keep nonmagical creatures away seems to be bothering them, and he can't find anyone who wants to take on TWO skittish horses and he definitely doesn't want to separate them. And isn't it so lucky that while we have magic and we have intense warding, we don't have anything on our grounds
that would keep away non-magical creatures. AND we have a stable! AND we have children who love animals and are super responsible when caring for animals!

Please?

And uh, maybe when I was researching how to care for rescued horses I may have come across a couple of horses in the muggle world needing help as well. Basically they are all in safe places, but not anywhere permanent and not anywhere that has been trained to deal with rescues. It's certainly better than nothing, but there is another (very full) set of stables that has been trained in caring for these poor animals and they are willing to help train me and the kids (and anyone else who wants the skills) so that their load for caring for these animals can be lightened a bit.

I'd only want to start with the two that are in immediate danger while we are learning, but eventually what do you think about me running a bit of a horse rescue from the empty stables? I think it would be immensely satisfying. Plus, any money spent on their care and rehabilitation could potentially be made back when they are strong enough to sell. Obviously with a thorough background check and some follow-up visits just in case. It's a business that won't make us money, nor should it, but I think eventually it could become a business whose sales can cover the cost of the upkeep and it will be financially even. And then there's the emotional bonuses that will come from doing something so worthwhile!

So this Rodrigo sounds 'terrible.' You say he looks like Antonio Banderas? You think the description you gave makes me think he'll be plain? Yeah, no, he sounds gorgeous. I hope Lainie warms up to him quickly, because even if he looked like a troll, he sounds like his qualifications mean he'd be perfect for the job.

But what in Merlin's name did she mean "first Ethan and now Dad"? Does she mean Unity's old music teacher Ethan? Or someone else? What did Ethan do? Did she hire him at the school or something? Did HE hire her a fit assistant as well? It's actually been a while since I've heard from him. Have you seen him recently? Maybe I should call him up and see how he's doing.

Yeah, I think I'll do that.

I want my name on your lips,
Harry

Friday April 29th
Harry my love, my heart, my soul,

I have safe playgrounds wherever I can fit them and they don't earn me any money. WHY would I insist that you make money off of helping horses? I actually think it's brilliant, it's sort of the same thing as creating Unity Houses all over creation, but better because these animals will be coming here. The only thing I insist on is that you have Dibly at the very least and possibly Muffy and a couple of the other elves - maybe even hire on a few new ones specifically - help you care for the horses. This will ensure that they are fully trained and able to take care of the horses if you ever can't - such as us going on a last minute vacation to our island for a week.

Actually, I love animals and so I look forward to seeing them. I'll leave the work to you as I sense this is a calling for you, but I'll come in and make sure they are familiar with my scent and my touch so that I don't scare them if I ever do need to help out for any reason.

While you're off with Hagrid today figuring out how to transport two needy animals to our stables,
I'll be at River's spa. The purpose is twofold. One, I'm bringing Elena in if I have to petrify her so that she holds still long enough, and we're going to have a daddy daughter spa day. And two, after we're all nice and pampered, I'm going to do as I said I would and start interviewing River's employees for managerial capability.

How did your chat with Ethan go? You know, I should probably go ask him if he has any interesting new instruments. It's also about that time of year when I should really make sure that his parents are ordering a few extra instruments every shipment and putting them aside for me so that I can give them out to needy children for Christmas.

Lastly, unlike at Elena's school - in which I have to wait for enough students with permission to take the class - My Combat Class for the Aurors will be starting this Monday night. Thus, I only have two days to figure out what to wear. I might need to go shopping! Lucky for me, River has finally found time in his busy schedule to have me take him shopping for his wedding attire. He's leaning toward muggle tuxes so that their pictures won't look weird if muggles come over to their house and look at them. Plus, Mahafsoun is more than likely going to want to show at least a couple of pictures off to her co-workers. In any case, I have a feeling it'll be one of those shopping trips in which River likes everything and can't decide on the perfect thing for him, and thus, I'll be necessary to tell him things like how his arse looks and no, that cut looks terrible on him.

Business as usual.

Damn, I like me better when I'm with you, I like me better when I'm with you, I knew from the first time, I'd stay for a long time 'cuz, I like me better when, I like me better when I'm with you, Draco
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Harry tells Draco about his weird visit with Ethan, and Draco tells Harry about his day with Elena at River's spa.

Friday April 29, 2016

My Love,

I have just a few minutes here so this will be quick. Hagrid is actually swapping out Hogwarts' Express' usual train cars for a car that can transport the horses. I was checking my emails to kill time while he does that and your email reminded me that I did not tell you how weird my chat with Ethan went.

So I show up, and while it's been a while since I've seen him, I've known the boy for what, fifteen years now? You wouldn't think he'd react in any other way to my showing up except a "Wow, hi Harry, it's been a while." Right?

No. I knock on the door, he opens it and I greet him with a big smile. I've heard it's a fairly good smile. It's won Witch Weekly's Most Charming Smile Award multiple times! And again, I've known the kid since he was a pimply teenager. And then do you know what the arse says to me? Do you? "God damn it! Did Elena send you?"

I tried to play it cool, chuckled lightly to myself and said, "Of course not, you know she doesn't need anyone to do her dirty work."

Fine! I'm a terrible liar! I giggled really awkwardly and rambled nonsensically, mostly saying "What? Huh? Why would Lainie send me here?" Which of course made him clam up, apparently aware that he put his foot in his mouth a bit, and refuse to say anything else on the subject.

And to make matters worse, he tried to pull a complete one eighty and act like he hadn't said anything weird and acted like this was any other visit between the two of us. Offered me a cuppa, asked about the family, and avoided any conversation having to do with Lainie.

But the good news is he had already started setting aside instruments for your usual annual order.

Hope you're enjoying your daddy daughter spa day! I'm going to go fall in love with some horses.

Confusedly Yours,
Harry

Saturday April 30th

My sunshine,

Since you were already passed out by the time I got home last night, and it wasn't even that late, so you must have worked hard AND emotionally exhausted yourself working with those horses - that
I took a quick peek at and they're gorgeous - I didn't get a chance to tell you what happened.

I'm currently at a pub with River. He's so wound up that we've had absolutely no success shopping, so I'm planning to get him just drunk enough to relax. Thus, I have some time to write an email before we go to the next shop.

So, yesterday when I arrived at River's spa with Elena, who was grumbling mutinously but there under her own volition, River had arranged it so that we really did have practically the whole spa to ourselves so that we could help him train in some new hires. He has two new Massage Therapists and two new Estheticians. They started by massaging us under River's supervision. River - being brilliant - got his hands on the parts of us he knew needed the most work, while his trainees worked on the rest.

After the massage, we had a little bit of a soak in the hot tub, followed by facials. This part had River on a chair next to us as his lead Esthetician took over the supervision of the trainees. After facials, we all had manicures and pedicures - which explains why my nails are all painted a shiny metallic blue, if you'd noticed.

All of that was more or less normal, as was the fact that we sipped on smoothies as the day progressed. Eventually, Elena relaxed enough that she no longer seemed like a bow ready to shoot an arrow. THAT'S when River started in on her.

"Dad told me you're pregnant, Lainie. How the fuck did that happen? You're usually so bloody careful!"

"Fuck off, Riv!"

"Were you drunk?"

"Fuck off!"

"High?"

"Fuck off!!!"

"So bloody turned on that you WANTED to have his baby?"

"GOD DAMN IT!!! There's no bloody reason you need to know that I was invited to shag Ethan and his wife and I wanted it so badly that I MORONICALLY FORGOT the MERLIN-CURSED protection spells!!!"

"WHAT?????" Both River and I blurted out in shock.

"FUCK!!!" She burst out angrily as she realized that she'd just told us exactly what had happened.

Since we were currently getting pedicures, I had no qualms about reaching over and taking hold of her hand. "Oh love... If you were invited, then why are you so upset?"

That's when she burst out wailing a bit. "Daddy, don't you see?! I've had a crush on him for SO LONG! I jumped at the chance, even though I knew it was stupid, because I wanted to do it and get it done and stop wanting him somewhere in the back of my heart!"

"Yikes," River murmured in sympathy, holding her other hand.

Sniffing and trying to stop crying, Elena continued the explanation. "Ethan was honest, you know?
He explained to me that he and his wife were having troubles ever since their second was born, and they thought that maybe adding some spice to their sex life would help. I KNEW that it was going to be a one time thing, and I thought that would be perfect to get him out of my system, but for me at least, it just made everything worse!"

"Does Ethan know?" I wondered since you'd mentioned Ethan being a bit arseholey as well.

"No. I didn't want to tell him until I was certain it wouldn't cause trouble for him and his wife, but then he stopped by my school the other day to tell me that him and his wife have decided to go to therapy, and that - NOT that I expected there to be - but there was definitely not going to be a repeat. I was in an irrational mood to begin with and hearing that just made me start screeching like a banshee. I shouted at him to get out and bloody well leave me alone. I may have even said that I never fucking want to see him again!"

Ah, so that explains why Ethan thought Elena might have sent you to talk to him on her behalf.

The good news is that by the time our spa day was over, Elena was a whole lot calmer and more at peace with life in general. Both River and I took turns giving her long hugs before we said goodbye to her, and she promised not to return to work, instead, spending the rest of the day just moping about her flat, eating ice cream and watching bad telly.

Then I terrorized River's employees - who are used to dealing with a Hufflepuff (because let's be honest, he would have been) - by interrogating, I mean interviewing them. Yeah, so, our little Hufflepuff has managed to hire a whole shop full of Hufflepuffs, which is wonderful when it comes to caring for clients, but TERRIBLE when it comes to managing a business full of employees. River does a good enough job of it because he's learned things from me, Pippa, and Viona over the years. He's not a manager by nature but knows enough about what he's doing to get by capably.

Therefore, if his business has any chance of surviving without him, he most definitely needs a person like Pippa running things while he's gone. So, Monday (before my Auror class), I'm going to be going back over all those applicants I just interviewed for Elena, and weeding through them with River in mind. It shouldn't take as long because I already asked a lot of questions and will be able to actually narrow down the selection before even calling any of them back for a second interview.

But as for now, River seems a lot more cheerful and less like you before a gala, so I think it's time to finish our shopping. Wish me luck!

Constantly, boy you played through my mind like a symphony, There's no way to describe what you do to me, You just do to me, what you do, And it feels like I've been rescued, I've been set free, I am hypnotized by your destiny, You are magical, lyrical, beautiful, You are, and I want you to know baby, I, I love you like a love song, baby, Draco
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Harry wants to curse a man, and Draco has his first class.

Sunday, May 1, 2016


He said nothing to me. He acted like nothing was wrong and like he hadn't taken advantage of my baby girl and her feelings and a decade of her crushing on him! He has the bollocks to invite me in for a cuppa, likely in the same house he got my baby pregnant in an attempt to what … save his marriage? What in the actual fuck.

And you and I both know that spicing up a sex life with outside influences is never going to be something that saves a marriage. It only works when your relationship is loving and stable and everyone is on board. It's not something you just throw out there because you think shagging a young beautiful woman will make you more in love with your wife!

I'm going to kill him. Maybe not kill him. Maybe I'll just go all Princess Bride 'to the pain' on his sorry arse. And he goes to her work, sees my baby girl is emotional and thinks telling her it's never going to happen again is the right choice? Hey, nice school you've built with your blood sweat and tears, sorry about whatever seems to be bothering you, but I just need to let you know I'm never going to shag you again. Ta! Thanks for the shag!

Maybe I don't kill him. Maybe I figure out one of those STD curses. You know what really brings an ailing marriage together Ethan? Makes you feel real close to your spouse? Chlamydia.

Breathe Harry, breathe. She was a fully consenting adult. You shouldn't kill him. She made her choices. He made his choices.

Alright, I will neither kill him nor curse him with some permanent affliction.

What about just a case of crabs? That's totally curable and not going to really hurt him in any way.

Fine. Be an adult about it. See what I care.

Anyway, our horses are doing well settling in I think. They both seem to be responding well to the constant petting and brushing and affection the children are giving them. As well as not being assaulted with warding magic. Plus a clean space to live, plenty of space to run, and as much healthy food as they need.

The not so great thing that happened though, I let the children name the horses. Obviously we don't know what their former owners named them, and Hagrid names animals terrible names. Seriously, a dragon named Norbert. Honestly man. But letting five-year-olds choose the names isn't all that much better. The gold colored mare is Cheesecake and the dark brown is Fondue. Yeah, our horses are named Cheesecake and Fondue. Not only should you never have small children name horses, but you definitely shouldn't have them do it while hungry.
How did drowning River's sorrows go last night? How can it possibly be this hard to find him a tux for his wedding? He's handsome, his frame is practically built for formal wear, and money is no object. Has he thought about asking Eris and Hazel to design one for him? They did such an amazing job with Maha's dress that I'm certain they could pull off something spectacular for him.

Grooms are crazy I tell ya! It's a good thing you and I were both so calm cool and collected on our wedding day!

Your Groom For Always,
Harry James Malfoy

Monday May 2nd

Why no, Elena, I have no idea why Ethan suddenly has Crabs.

See? I can sound utterly believable, and if you don't, I just might do it myself.

So today has been beautiful so far. You woke Zaire up to his traditional birthday breakfast, and apparently, he forced himself to stay in bed and pretend he was still sleeping this year. Then he helped you make breakfast for the rest of the kids.

We had a lovely family lunch in which he opened his presents. No surprise, but he got a lot of trains. I gave him a lovely red engine. You gave him another of those beautiful Disney train cars. My parents gave him an even bigger train track and set than last year. One might think that he'd be sick of them by now, but he never fails to be so amazed and grateful for each and every one he gets that I think it's mostly a competition to get him a bigger and better one than the year before.

Think we'll stop before he has his own full-sized, functional Hogwarts' Express?

After lunch, Zaire begged you to take him, Jaz, and Shtara to Unity Park. I was more than happy to not be included in those plans, and my parents were happy to watch the trouble-trio. Thus, after you left, I was able to finish up hiring a manager for River.

I got so into what I was doing that while I was introducing him to River (he's another gorgeous one, named Felix of all things, but I suppose we don't have to worry about River being attracted to him, and who knows, maybe his clients will LOVE having something nice to look at), I lost all track of time and nearly forgot about my first class.

Thankfully, Pippa reminded me when she noticed I wasn't already at the Ministry when I would have liked to be in order to prepare things for my class. After receiving her Insta-owl, I exclaimed: "Ah!" and kissed River on the cheek so I could rush off before remembering that I was wearing soft white cotton spa gloves to help protect my hands while some of that luxurious new hand potion of River's soaked in.

Anyway, lucky for me that I had on a very strange outfit. I was wearing what would be called yoga pants in America (male ones, over my heavenly silk pants) in black. I'm really not sure what we call them here as I don't recall ever seeing them in any of the local shops. I suppose yoga bottoms. Not important.

Since my bottoms were black, they worked well enough as suit trousers, so it wasn't immediately obvious that my suit jacket and waistcoat were paired with the wrong trousers completely. Under my waistcoat, I had a dark blue singlet. I completely forgot that I'd also had my hair ever so lightly frosted shades of blue at the tips Friday during my spa day, so I could have easily picked a green
Anyway, my hair was pulled back in a tight and orderly man bun to begin with, as I had wanted to make a good impression with the interviewees and orderly was the only thing my hair felt like doing this morning.

Thus, the first impression that my students had of me as I walked into the room a full two minutes late, was of a posh bloke in a bespoke business suit. Not a bad first impression, if I'm honest.

About half of the class was current Aurors who have worked with me before, who obviously need to maintain or refresh their hand to hand combat skills. The rest were students in training who still have no real idea what it means to be an Auror. They clearly think that it's a glamorous job, leading to glory as they bring in criminal after criminal. Their sheer naivety makes me want to terrorize them mercilessly so that they leave my class MUCH better prepared for reality.

Bletchley was on hand to introduce me to the class as he teaches Intro to Auror Techniques, and so, they've all been in his class or worked with him. "Listen up lads!" He called out even though there were three or four women out of the class of about 20. "This is Draco Malfoy and he'll be your combat instructor from now on."

"Thanks mate," I said with a friendly smile.

He looked me up and down in confusion. "You're planning to teach hand to hand combat in a suit? Very Kingsmen of you."

I grinned at him. "Good point. I'll have to do that eventually, not to mention have them wear FULL Auror uniforms as class progresses. But for now, no. I simply had other things to do today that required a bit more class." I explained as I pulled my spa gloves off (they looked like regular gloves, so that wasn't weird combined with my suit jacket). Then I pulled off my jacket and waistcoat in one go and slipped out of my shiny black business shoes, leaving me wearing only my bottoms and singlet (and pants, of course. No need to be even sexier than I have to be, heh heh). Well, naturally, I was wearing my wedding band and all my nails were still a nice, shiny, metallic blue.

I tried to act as if I was deaf, but I heard one of the women gasp: "DAMN!" A glance in her direction showed that she was very appreciative of the way I looked. You know, I'm not actually used to the people that I'm teaching or sparring with being attracted to me as they're mostly our kids, my aunt, and Unity Kids that need a bit of anger management.

She then glanced at a bloke who I hadn't had a chance to actually meet yet, but who was very overtly gay. He also looked like he was ready to eat me up. Clearing my throat, I pointed to the large mats all over the floor.

"These are as cushiony as I could make them, but don't get too used to them. They will be getting less cushioned until they disappear altogether. By the end of this course, you will be quite used to getting thrown up against a wall or a hard floor. You will be bruised in each class. You MIGHT break something and need a quick healing spell or a trip to a Healer. You WON'T leave here wondering why this class is necessary as I'll be sure to tell you all about various situations in which each skill has come in handy in the past."

As Bletchley was still on hand, presumably to answer questions should I need a second authority on hand, I decided to gesture to him and trap him into being my practice dummy. "You are all familiar with Bletchley, right? Well he's decently competent in combat, so I feel confident having him help me demonstrate a few things."
Bletchley immediately spotted his mistake and paled a bit, but nodded and gamely agreed to help out. "Erm.. right."

I then swept his feet out from under him. "First lesson, ALWAYS be on guard. You're going to be Aurors going into situations in which an unseen assailant could be lurking behind anything. THIS is what can happen if you aren't alert." I helped Bletchley up. "Or worse." I tossed Bletchley over my shoulder and immediately straddled his back with my pointer finger in his spine. "He'd already be dead if he was this inattentive on a mission."

"Oi!" Bletchley protested indignantly. "If you'd just give me a chance to prepare myself, I'd do much better!"

I leaned over and spoke softly, deadly, in his ear. "Are the criminals going to give you a moment to prepare?"

"Erm, no. I suppose not," he admitted in defeat. I stood up and helped him up again, only this time, I didn't attack him.

"These are only a couple of examples of the things you will be attempting to learn in this class." I looked a small and rather mouse-like young man in the eyes as he squirmed and clearly wished he could vanish on the spot. "But even if you never manage to master throwing a man over your shoulder, don't be discouraged. Learning how to BE THROWN is just as valuable as - if it happens - you'll know how to recover and roll so that you land safely. Your opponent will expect you to be dazed and disoriented, but you won't be."

I stopped looking him in the eye and returned to the center of the group. "So that's exactly what we're going to be starting with. I'm going to go around and toss each of you over my shoulder. You can try to defend yourself if you like, it won't work. As I do, I'll point out how to roll with the toss. Hopefully, by the time I'm ready to move onto showing you other things, you'll have accepted this part of it - as you will be doing a LOT of landing on your arse during sparring - and you won't be afraid of it happening. You'll be ready for it."

Then I smirked rather evilly. "Who wants to go first?"

Bletchley suddenly checked his watch and exclaimed: "Blimey! Is that the time?! I'm late for dinner and my wife's going to MURDER me!"

Since he's not one of my students, I let him go.

So... the good news is that all of my students survived their first class. The bad news is that none of them are the slightest bit competent in combat and would have died out in the field had this been a real battle. I took them out for a round of drinks after class, so if you wonder why I smell a bit ripe when you wake up, that's why. Unfortunately, I'm just tired and achy enough that I'm going to finish up this email, and then wrap myself around you before probably passing out.

Wake me up to your hot mouth shortly before noon, yeah?

'Cuz it makes me that much stronger, Makes me work a little bit harder, It makes me that much wiser, So thanks for making me a fighter,
Draco

P.S. By that, I mean you make me keep fighting for our best future together ^_^

P.P.S. River now has a gorgeous tuxedo that looks brilliant on him, so, he's a bit, erm... LESS panicky than he was. Honestly, all he really has to do is let Portia and Pippa do everything. And
Mahafsoun once she gets back. Sheesh...
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Harry is curious about names and Draco has plans for Amala.

Tuesday May 3rd
MY Husband,

You know, with the new babies about to join our family, and then with these horses coming to our home and the subsequent naming of them, I'm just so curious about names lately. You know I've always been interested in names. For instance, what is the name of the Auror or Auror in training who looked at your body and declared "DAMN!"? Or what is the name of the obviously gay guy who looked at you like he wanted to eat you all up? You know, for curiosity.

I'm just so interested in names, 'the damn lady', 'the ogler', Ethan … all names I like having at my disposal.

Speaking of my baby who's having a baby, I was really surprised to find out you'd told River about Elena being pregnant. I thought we weren't supposed to tell anyone but each other. Or did you have to tell him since he and his team were massaging her? Are there certain techniques that are better for or can't be done on pregnant women? I'm sure as a man who's been pregnant multiple times in the past I should probably know this, but I lay down on that table and my brain just shuts off. I become nothing but a lump of muscles.

She probably knew why he'd been told then since she didn't start shrieking at you, or calling me if she thought he meant me, about how dare we give away her secret. She's a smart woman, this shouldn't surprise me.

What does surprise me, as it seems to still surprise you, is how in love with trains Zaire continues to be. I know a lot of small children like trains but usually they eventually outgrow the obsession. Our Z never did. I think they're pretty damn cool myself so I certainly don't blame the kid. I think it's funny that you ask if we won't stop until he has a fully functioning Hogwarts Express. You think we'd stop there if it goes that far? My boy can have a train that puts the Express to shame if that's what he wants!

Zaire Malfoy's Bullet Train they'll call it!

His day at Unity Park seemed a little more on brand for a ten-year-old boy. We ate way too many sweets, rode every ride at least once, giggled so hard we almost retched up the sweets we'd gorged ourselves on, and took about a billion pictures. I still can't get over our tiny little boy, who came to us so small and angry, malnourished and flinching, is now this tall embodiment of health and joy. He's so rarely without a smile. I did get caught up in the fun of the day, but every so often it would just hit me how amazing it was that this young man is here with us, safe and sound and HAPPY.

It's almost time for your wake-up call, and I've been up for hours. I got in a solid run this morning, stopping partway to check on Cheesecake and Fondue, came home and had breakfast, showered, made a few calls about some potential rescues that we may be getting this upcoming week, and wrote most of this email. I'm feeling pretty darn productive so far, and it's not even noon!
Oh, actually one of the calls I made was to my publishing house. We're roughly six months out from the 'final' book in my series coming out, Harry Potter and the Camping Trip from the Underworld. Which means right around the time we get back from California and start prepping for the kids to head back from Hogwarts I'll be headed out on what will likely be my final book tour. My first tour was long and extensive, my second a bit shorter and mostly local, the rest have been a mixture of the two. But this last one is going to be a doozy. I'm excited but nervous. Good thing I have months to really work myself up about it …

Alright, time to fulfill your request for a warm, wet alarm!

Love you,
Harry

Tuesday May 3rd
Silly puppy,

Why would I know the names of my students? It's not necessary unless they impress me or fuck up so badly that I have to write them up.

As for Elena, yes it's important for the therapist working on her to know that she's pregnant as they might need to avoid certain areas or use cushions or more comfortable positions. You never noticed because Aya always magicked her table to adjust to the bump automatically, I figured that River would be the one working on Elena and told him for that reason, and she deduced the reason the moment he brought it up. So she doesn't feel like I betrayed a confidence in this situation.

That said, she is resigned to the fact that River will probably chat about it with Viona, Eri, Ori, and Hazel, in which case, the whole family will know very soon, if they don't already. I'm not sorry as I feel that having Viona to talk to at the very least will be beneficial for Elena. Sisters and all that.

Ooo! So we're getting new horses already? I can't wait. The peeks I've taken have shown two beauties that need a lot of love. I witnessed Caelum hugging and kissing Fondue like he'd just found his best friend, so I rather think we might be keeping these horses at the very least.

But speaking of the horses, apparently the light scent I picked up while peeking at them was offensive enough to Amala that she pinned me down and growled as she rubbed her scent all over me, so I had to spend a few hours petting and massaging her and reminding her that she is still my pretty kitty. But... If I reek of Cheetah when you see me next, that's why.

Also speaking of Amala, I've decided that the first half of my Wednesday class, I'm going to bring them all here so I can make them run on your track as they all CLEARLY need to get in much better shape. And the moment they start complaining that I'm going too hard on them, I'm going to have Amala chase them to give them proper incentive.

But I'm fully awake and ready to start my day now - thank you so much for the wonderful wake up - so I'm going to hunt you down and see what you're doing. Who knows, maybe you'll be free and we can go dancing in the ballroom.

You're an obsession, you're my obsession,
Draco
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Draco's class is in for a lovely surprise.

Wednesday May 4, 2016

Darling,

At this point I don't think either of us can say a single word about the other smelling of wild animal. I have spent so much time in the stables since the horses got here, and even before they came just to prepare the space, that I am sure I smell of hay and leather at all times.

Yes, we are getting two more horses within the next day or so. I didn't expect to get more than these two magical rescues for a while but they were a bit desperate. Apparently one of the places the official rescue has relied on in the past to foster when they're full had a barn fire. So not only is the rescue almost dangerously full right now, but their usual overflow had to find placements for those animals. Normally they wouldn't risk rescue animals on an unknown brand new stable, but their desperation pushed them to make the call.

The fact that the owner of the rescue is friends with my connection at Muggle Children's Protective Services and Jenna was willing to vouch for me was the tipping point to trust me. I guess a decade and a half dealing with orphaned children made them think I might be able to be trusted with horses.

The two that are showing up soon are very likely to be temporary placements. Just until the burnt stables can be rebuilt or until forever homes can be found for them. I might be trustworthy, but I'm still a newbie so they are sending their two most rehabilitated horses this way. None that need a lot of extra attention. However, I am about ninety-nine percent sure that Cheesecake and Fondue will be here for the duration of their lives. Unless Caelum moves out someday and takes his horse with him. If you wake up in the middle of the night and find Cael is missing you'll probably want to add the stables to your list of places to check.

Are you actually planning on bringing your class here to run this evening? Do you want us to clear out and make sure to head to Movie Night at Unity? Or would you like me to hang back and run circles around your students? Maybe watching an old man like me leave them in the dust will motivate them to work a bit harder. And if that doesn't work, we sic Amala on them.

Maybe we don't sic her on all of them, perhaps just one or two. Possibly we decide based on who looks at you too long.

Wow, I don't normally get quite this possessive. I might have to take you and mark you up a bit before your class so they know exactly who you belong to. I am feeling quite territorial. Would you like that Love? Want me to mark up all that pretty skin so everyone knows you're mine? Leave your skin hyper sensitive so the slightest breeze can remind you of how it felt when I sunk my teeth into you? Hmm?

Or maybe I ask you so sweetly to wear some silky knickers under your joggers tonight. Every time
you stretch to take on a combatant you can feel the silk slide across your pretty cock.

Or I can come find you and ride you until I come all over your chest. Then I can rub it into your skin until my claim on you is practically a part of your body.

Fuck, I've got myself good and worked up. Hope you have time for some or all of that before your class.

You are MINE,
Harry

Wednesday May 4th
My heart,

Whatever God I have to thank for you being very possessive and horny lately, remind me to sacrifice a 100 kilogram box of chocolates to. I LOVE the fact that you wanted to mark and own me. We spent a good three hours in bed this afternoon just being together and doing all those things you suggested.

You started by sucking a lovely bruise onto my neck, so even if I had a fully covering shirt on, it would still be seen. Then you rode me quite leisurely for a long time, making my toes curl and my back arch, but denying me my orgasm (not with a spell, just by simply slowing down) until you were ready to pump your load all over me. At that point, you sped up so that I could get there at the same time as you.

Then, just as you promised, you massaged your spunk into my chest so that I smelled very strongly of you. We lay curled around each other, simply kissing, until it was time for me to get ready for my class. At that point, you led me into the closet and picked out a nice pair of satin and lace knickers for me to wear under my track suit.

It was right about then that Pippa popped into the room to let me know that she had indeed seen to it so that my class had a floo connected directly to the Manor track. Also, she'd made sure to put up a large and very noticeable sign that told my students to take a pinch of floo powder, toss it in the waiting fire, and call out Malfoy Track as they stepped in.

Side note, we had a fire pit added just off to the side of the start of the track so that they can step out of the pit and be exactly where I need them to be.

Once I had my track suit on - which was fashionably done in shades of blue - you helped me pull my hair into a messy pony tail. I know, my hair is only just barely long enough for a pony or a man bun, but having it just fly however it likes when I'm running annoys me, so pony it is.

Once ready, it was about 10 minutes to 5 - which is the start of my class - so I had just enough time to grab a quick and small bite to eat, and actually, opted for a smoothie. You had already dropped the kids off at Unity House to play before we started our bed exercises, so you had nothing urgent to do until closer to 6 - which was when the movie starts.

So, you slipped your hand in mine and walked with me to the running track. Actually, you Apparated us to right next to the track and then we walked the last few feet from there.

"Eeek! Harry Potter!" The timid young man squeaked when he spotted you, clearly not expecting someone so famous to just casually walk up to a group he was part of.
"Just Harry is fine, or if that's too informal for you, he actually prefers Mr. Malfoy," I explained.

"Damn straight!" You exclaimed. "Actually not straight as I am very very gay."

I rolled my eyes and shook my head. "Still with that joke?"

"Always," you promised with a flirty smile at me.

"Harry, this is my class. Class, this is my husband Harry, yes used to be Potter. Any other time and he'd probably be delighted to shake hands and sign autographs, but right now, class is due to start in just two minutes and he's rather eager to get to running." I gestured to indicate your gorgeous track suit in shades of green, in case they somehow missed the obvious.

Then I realized that I actually hadn't explained that part yet. "So, as you've probably guessed by now, I've decided that none of you will be any sort of competent in learning hand to hand combat until you've improved your physical condition at least a little. I'm not expecting professional athlete here, simply fit enough to defend yourself from attackers who'd quite like to murder you. Depending on how well you do here, that may very well be me."

Then I paused so that I could kiss your hand. "Harry was delighted for the opportunity to help out. He LOVES to run and will remind me if I forget the important things like proper stretches. So, without belaboring the point, lets get right to it, shall we?"

Without waiting for an answer, I directed my students to form lines and maintain enough space to stretch without banging into each other. Once you nodded that they were sufficiently warmed up, having beautifully helped demonstrate the stretches when I described them, I stood in front of them and addressed them again.

"Harry here is going to lead the way. I'm purposely going to go slow enough to be the last runner so that I can observe you and let the stragglers know what they're doing wrong. The best advice for running is to pace yourself and remember to breathe. We are lucky in that there're actually a few handy charms to keep us hydrated and breathing steadily - as opposed to too fast. I'll cast those on you as needed. IF you think you are a decent runner already, feel free to try to keep up with my husband. IF you complain for any reason, I have a special treat in store for you. You'll love it, I promise," I vowed with a charming grin.

And with that, you took off and encouraged them all to follow you. As I'd 'lectured,' I'd noticed most of the students eyeing me and my love bite as if wondering how professional it was to show up to class looking like a stupid bloody teenager, but after glancing at you and seeing the gorgeously smug expression on your face, probably shook it off as me losing a bet or something. As the majority of the students took off right after you, it was only the two that previously had liked what they saw that ended up blushing with embarrassment as they realized that they were still standing there staring at me rather lustily while the other students were already chasing after you.

Probably more embarrassing for them was that I was giving them a rather pointed and not very friendly look, even crossing my arms and tilting my head until they got the point that I couldn't start running until after they were. Extremely red in the face, they took off like a rocket after you, clearly not following any advice on how to run without hurting themselves.

Oh well, I suppose that if they can't move tomorrow, they'll pay more attention the next time and get it right. Happily, the majority of the Aurors and trainees are actually required to use the Ministry fitness facilities on a regular basis, and while that certainly doesn't guarantee fitness, it
does at least mean that most of them knew how not to overexert themselves in the first five minutes.

Twenty minutes later, almost everyone but you (and that one bloke that actually is a decent runner) had slowed down and was sort of half walking half running. More or less PRETENDING to run while really trying to half arse it. I was calling out encouragement.

"You call this running?! MY KIDS can run better than this!!! I bet my kids could kick your arses in hand to hand combat too! What ARE you DOING??! Impersonating a duck??!!"

At around 25 minutes, the thing I was waiting for happened. The man who coincidentally happened to be the least in shape gasped out: "This is insane! He's going to kill us!"

Laughing maniacally, I cried out: "Accio Amala!" This naturally had Amala at my side in about 10 seconds. I pointed at the complainer and commanded: "Get 'im girl!" To which she complied and he shrieked like a little girl and put far more effort into his running than he had all evening. As did a few others.

Lucky for him, five minutes later, I called Amala off and insisted that everyone walk sedately for five minutes before leading them through more stretches. Then I called for Muffy to bring out refreshments so that each person got exactly one of your freshly baked biscuits and a cup of tea - along with a big glass of water. As I ate my biscuit, I purred in enjoyment.

"Lemon Ginger, among my very favorite," I murmured, giving you a kiss.

You smiled and informed me that: "I was trying a new recipe that is supposed to bring out the ginger a little more, using maple syrup as a sweetener so that it's not TOO sweet, and yet, has a nice addition to the flavor."

"Delicious, as always," I praised, which made you happy. Then you sighed a tiny bit morosely.

"I should probably get to Unity while they're still making popcorn and snag a bowl and my favorite seat. I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you too," I assured you, letting you kiss me as much as you wanted before Apparating away.

Then I turned back to my class. "Right, so now that the easy portion of the evening is over, we'll return to the classroom and start on the hard stuff, yeah?"

Nearly all of my students groaned, and the one Amala chased looked like he might legitimately die if he had to get up off the ground anytime soon. As for my beautiful girl, she was purring and looking rather amused as she watched him. She sat on my feet and started chewing on my hand.

"Oh no, you're not coming, love. I don't need Kingsley hexing my arse because I let a wild animal loose in his Ministry," I informed her and she looked rather put out with me, even biting my hand hard enough to puncture me with one of her incisors. "Stop, now I'm going to have to heal that. Muffy, bring Amala to her enclosure."

Muffy popped up to do exactly that, but before she could, Amala decided to jump up and put her paws on my shoulders so that she could glare at me. I know she hates to be in her enclosure, but until I can trust that she's not going to bother your horses, I'm not willing to let her run free without supervision. I stared her down until she sighed and sat back on my feet. Then Muffy took her away.

After that, to my students' great dismay, I proved that I was serious about the rest of class. We
returned to the training room, and then I paired them all up so that they could learn the maneuver to sweep a person's feet out from under them. It may seem like a strange thing to teach them in their second class, but remember, Krav Maga specializes in self defense in the most physically economical way possible, and so, relatively easy moves that can incapacitate an opponent are good to learn first. After all, what good does it to know how to punch a person if you can't get through their defenses?

You don't need to know every tedious detail, but I will just say that you were right about every movement in those knickers!

Hornily devoted to you,
Draco
Friday May 6, 2016

My Heart,

We are exactly eight days away from the wedding, heading into the last weekend before the big day. Mahafsoun is finally back in town, and tempers and anxieties are flaring all over the place. You won't judge me if I hide in our rooms for a while right? I love wedding planning, but all the different conflicting personalities are putting me on edge.

Maybe I can ask Tabitha to pretend there's some emergency at Unity that I'm needed for?

Oh! Never mind! I have something I can legitimately do that will keep me out of the line of fire. I need to give the horses some extra TLC. Normally myself and the elves take care of a lot of the actual chores and the kids are responsible for the loving stuff; talking with them, petting and spoiling them with apples, brushing them until they glisten. But this weekend they've got fittings for their wedding clothes and Maha has set them up with some fun project. I think they're decorating the runner or the arch? Which means those horses NEED me to go hide in the stables with them.

Don't judge me man! These people are insane!

I had to laugh when you said you wanted to sacrifice chocolate to whichever God or Goddess put me in this perpetual horny and possessive state. That led me to think about which deity would be considered the God of Horniness or Possessiveness. Uhhh .... all of them? They shagged and fought over their possessions all over the globe if the stories are all to be believed.

It has not abated at all. I want you constantly. I'd worry that maybe something is wrong with me, but I think you and I are both enjoying the side effects so let's just take it as the blessing it is alright? It's not too much different from usual, you and I shag A LOT. It's really just the possession that's different. And again, not so much different as more intense. I've always had a jealous streak when it comes you to.

You love it.

Your class on Wednesday was a bit eye opening. I am afraid for our world if those are the people defending it. Complaining after a mere twenty-five minutes of running? I wouldn't judge a civilian for being winded or tired after that short of a timespan, everyone has different limits and it's unlikely they will ever NEED to have the kind of stamina distance running requires. But what are these punks going to do if they're ever in a situation where they need to chase a perp? What if they end up in a lengthy duel? What if there are anti-apparition wards and they have to book it out of an unsafe situation?

While I enjoyed shaming them a bit, it's probably unfair of you to use "my kids can run faster than
you and could beat you in hand to hand combat." Our kids have been running with me since they were toddlers and been training in Krav Maga from roughly the same age. It's not like getting their arses handed to them by any five or six-year-old, ours are an extreme example.

Although it would be hilarious to see any of them taken out by Seph. Can you imagine those grown adults being taken down by a pixie of a girl of 104 cm (41 inches) and only 17 kg (35 pounds)? How much do you want to bet they'd cry?

Probably as much as I wanted to cry when you told them that I'd normally love to shake hands and sign autographs. Not cool Draco, why would you say that? I'm going to end up running into some of them on Diagon and have to explain to them that you were being an arse and I don't actually ever sign autographs. To be fair, by the time that happens I am sure they will be well aware you're an arse!

We definitely missed you for Movie Night, but don't worry you didn't miss anything new. Next week we're doing Moana and I think you'll be upset to have missed that one. I hear the music is insane. But this past week we went old school. Movie Night happened to land on Star Wars Day! How could we not watch Star Wars? And since The Force Awakens just came out that's the one we chose. It was SOOOOOO good!

Alright, if I am going to hide in the stables I should probably head out there before someone finds me in here and puts me to work.

Yours,
Harry

Saturday May 7th
My brilliant husband,

I really must commend you for having horses who desperately need you at all times. It's sheer brilliance and astonishing foresight to have them come in exactly when you need THEM to keep you busy. I must say that I'd never really seen a glimpse of Slytherin in you like you say the Hat insisted, until now.

As for me, I'm spending the day with the happy couple and Portia. We're going cake tasting. Also, Mahafsoun has a dozen or so pictures of the various styles she likes that her personal stylist has tested out on her, and she'd quite like me and Portia to look them over and vote for our favorites.

So, I'm going to have the arduous task of sipping on tea, eating cake, and giving my opinion. I may not survive! Especially with River back in panicky mode.

I'll let you know if I'm in need of a rescue.

Love you like never before,
Draco
P.S. Before I forget again, I actually HAVE accomplished a lot over the past week without even realizing it. I've actually managed to book the entire town of Hogsmeade next year for Viona's wedding, and so, the date is now set: Sunday July 9th 2017

P.P.S. While I will admit to being an arse, you, my love, have made it part of your career to sign things and shake peoples hands - and sometimes even give them hugs. I didn't think I was being particularly arseholey by mentioning that, and besides, I DID tell them you didn't want to do it just
then, hrmph.
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

First it's Hazel's birthday, and then it's the Hen Party (and Stag Do).

Friday May 13, 2016

My Strength,

Remind me again why I didn't try to talk River and Maha out of holding their wedding the day after Hazel's birthday? I was only thinking about them not needing to change it since they were technically different days. But I didn't take into account that it would be stressful for ME!

Fine, fine, fine, apparently I have been very selfish since I purposefully scheduled an intake of rescue horses just so I wouldn't have to help with wedding planning. Next you'll probably say I was the one who started the barn fire which caused the issues in the first place! You know I did not plan this specifically to get out of dealing with panicky River duty. It just so happened to coincide and I took advantage of the situation. I might be part Slytherin, but there's definitely Gryffindor in me! I won't cause an issue to get my way, I'll only twist it around until it suits my own purposes.

Today was lovely with Hazel, I went to Hogwarts early in the morning to pick her up for birthday festivities and then grabbed the rest of our Hogwarts crew so they could be home in plenty of time for rehearsing tonight and then last minute wedding prep tomorrow. We got home where I had breakfast waiting, a bit of a change in our birthday routine but Haz assured me that she'd rather have my breakfast a bit late than sit in the Great Hall no matter how delicious the elves make the food.

You were there so I don't exactly need to go into vivid detail, but wasn't the design studio amazing? Obviously Hazel and Eris have been designing their own fashions for years, but this technology where you can essentially design and then create your own fabrics is so cool. This way they don't have to rely on pre-designed fabric to make their clothes. And the designers of the printing program seemed quite interested in Hazel's critiques.

I certainly didn't understand what they were talking about, but it seemed while she loved their tech there were some places she could see improvement that they hadn't necessarily thought about. She did apologize at one point, "This tech is amazing, I don't want you to think I'm anything less than completely impressed!"

They assured her that as long as someone's being respectful, constructive criticism can only benefit them. Basically letting her know that that's why they were so excited for her to visit them, they know her (and Eri's) work and were hopeful they'd get some ideas from a designers' perspective and not just their technological perspective.

I'm just waiting for dinner to come out of the ovens and I'll meet up with you and the rest of our group. I'm sure we'll talk about the wedding, but I'm just excited to have our whole family sitting down together and catching up. We have the best kids and I love seeing them all together.

Loving You,
Harry

P.S. You must not be paying attention very well when I sign things out in public. I ONLY sign things for children. With the exception of when I have signed a thing or two to auction off for a charity, I always politely refuse adult requests for my signature.

Saturday May 14th
Witch Weekly's Most Charming Smile Award Recipient,

What's that? You mean you DON'T sign anything that holds still long enough??? Weird.....

It's currently earlier than I like to be awake. Yesterday was interesting in that after our big family rehearsal dinner, it was time for Mahafsoun's hen party and River's stag do. They decided that it was time to split up so that they didn't see each other again until the wedding. So I went with Portia, Elena (and Kisa, who's in town to commiserate with Elena now that the whole story has come out. Remind me to check on Ethan's health and safety tomorrow), a few of Mahafsoun's friends from her telly show, and Viona, who is not technically old enough in the muggle world, but HAS reached the age of majority in the wizarding world. Plus Eliza, Della, Delphini, Leah, and Pippa.

Meanwhile, you were at River's party with Gavin, Philip, Mac, Tommy, Miles and Colm, Teddy, Finn, and most of River's spa employees. Apparently, even a few of his best clients came as well. I can only assume shenanigans were involved. Perhaps Sebastian even deigned to show up for five minutes to pass out potions as party favors, hahaha.

But as for the hen party, Holy Salazar! I'm not certain I've drank that much alcohol in YEARS!!! We were singing Karaoke (badly) and just generally having a lark, until Elena's surprise (not that much of a surprise, to be honest) of a half dozen male strippers showed up. That activated Mahafsoun's Veela allure, which even though SHE couldn't do anything, still affected everyone else. But before you panic that I participated in debauchery with TWO of our daughters - not to mention my sisters - let me assure you that things did not get any more out of hand than being really touchy feely and a bit of snogging.

I'm fairly certain Elena brought one of the strippers home with her and Kisa, but she IS 25, and I had to accept a long time ago that I couldn't think about things like that too closely.

The highlight of the night was when I was dancing with Mahafsoun and we were both rather pissed by that point. She started sobbing, which shocked everyone into silence - even the music was cut off. Wailing and highly emotional, Mahafsoun blubbered on and on about how she owes her entire life to me and how she could never thank me enough. She was hugging me so tightly that I could barely breathe and was feeling rather woozy. I rubbed her back and tried to soothe her like any other of my daughters.

Then she started demanding something that took me a few moments to understand because she wasn't exactly coherent.

"Will you?? Say you will!!! Merlin damnit, you HAVE to!!!!"

She was shaking me emphatically at this point and I had to break her grip on me and control the urge to vomit.

"Will I what??" I asked in bafflement.
"Will you walk me down the aisle?!!"

I was extremely manly and composed as I calmly agreed. Alright fine! So I was drunk and NOT in control of my emotions as I bawled and wailed, hugging her and stroking her, erm... back. I am pretty sure the word yes came out at some point, because she started sobbing and hugging me all over again. I'm dead certain one of our daughters - probably the pregnant (and thus sober) one, took plenty of pictures of the highly undignified moment, so you'll be able to see it for yourself.

After that, things are a bit blurry, but I'm pretty sure we devolved into drunken heathens and ended up in a barfight. Kisa almost certainly punched someone. Mahafsoun bit a neck. I think Viona may have broken a chair over someone's back. I recall possibly holding part of a shattered bottle against someone's chest... We were definitely tossed out on our arses (after winning the fight), and I'm reasonably certain Pippa paid them all off so that none of us woke up in jail on such an important day.

Speaking of waking up, I had SUCH a bloody hangover! It was so bad that I inadvertently drank COFFEE before the hangover potion kicked in! Blech!

I'm currently in with the bridal party (which unsurprisingly looks rather rough and hungover still) as everyone is having their makeup done, their hair styled, and any last minute alterations to dresses performed. I'm naturally in a gorgeous set of dress robes in soft green outlined in dark green and contrasted with gold. I had to have the style witches change my light frosting from blue to green and gold (done impeccably so that I don't look like I have moss or slime in my hair), and my nails were also changed from metallic blue to emerald green.

Hazeris have really outdone themselves with this wedding! I am seriously impressed, and that's after YEARS of seeing how amazing our girls are! But OH! It sounds like the music is starting, which must mean that it's time for me to stop writing and prepare to go escort my honorary and soon to be actual daughter down the aisle.

Love you more than I can imagine, so much that it still takes my breath away when I think about it, Draco
Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

It's River's wedding and Draco has an odd phenomenon on his face.

Saturday May 14, 2016 – just before midnight

Good Morning Husband Mine,
(Since you're sound asleep and won't read this 'til morning)

Today was beautiful. The first of our children to get married. I don't think I’ll sleep a wink tonight. I just keep thinking to myself, "my son is married" Married. How did your parents handle this when we got married? You were even younger than River, it was a week shy of your nineteenth birthday. River is twenty and I still think he's just so young. And since in my head he is perpetually five years old, it seems even younger.

Even without the Veela soulmate bond I would know she was the one for our River, so it's not that I think he'll change his mind. He's waited for her for five years, he knows his mind. And it's not as though this is going to keep him from seeing the world or realizing his dreams. There's nothing about this entire situation that is sad. So why is the idea of my tiny little buddy getting married, the boy who once clung so tightly to my hand, so heartbreaking for me?

I suppose I never thought the idea of you and I leaving our childhoods behind as something sad because our childhoods were cut much too short by horrific circumstances. So River entering adulthood is just something so new for me. But as bitter-sweet as this whole moment is, I can't help but think about his life so far and the immense pride in him that is so big inside of me that I can barely contain it.

He's truly become one of the best men I know. He's solid and loyal. He gives of himself to everyone. His heart lives on his sleeve. Is it wrong that I'm so scared Mahafsoun won't hold it as gently as she should? I have come to love her as well, but he's my baby you know?

Anyway, I have to get out of this spiral, today was full of happiness, the smile on my son's face fills me with joy. I am so happy that River and Mahafsoun had so many loved ones with them to celebrate the beginning of their journey.

I may as well pick up where you left off. With you in the bridal tent with a gaggle of hungover women. I had a very responsible member of MY group bring you and all of your ladies his very own hangover remedy. He certainly did bring his potion party favors to the stag-do and isn't it lucky for you all that he had some set to the side for your hen-party? Didn't our Sebastian look dashing today? For once he was out of his potion robes, looking quite handsome in a dark brown tux, hair tied back with a velvet ribbon, he looks just as I imagine Severus would have looked if he'd been allowed to grow into himself without his two manipulative masters.

He even let loose last night! We had a good time and probably would have been in the same hungover boat as your party if it hadn't been for Sebastian, but we certainly didn't have a bar-brawling good-time!
We did Muggle bar crawling instead. Just went from bar to bar with a scavenger hunt. It was a blast. Some of the things we had to "find" (DO) were quite easy and some others were a bit tricky. The easiest was "Get a Free Drink for the Groom." Well that was accomplished at every bar we went to. While you guys were getting chucked out, we were being offered free drinks for being adorable. River would walk into a bar, announce "I'm getting married to the love of my life tomorrow!" and then immediately blush to the tips of his ears. This would cause the bartender to chuckle and offer him the first one on the house.

Some of the things on our hunt were a bit trickier. We had to find a girl willing to serenade the Groom. He had to challenge someone to an arm wrestling contest. He even beat the bloke he challenged! It was quite funny, he's so slim he looks like he's not all that strong but between growing up training in krav maga and being a masseur, boy's packing some GUNS!

Being in the groom's tent before the ceremony today was an eye opening experience. For as panicked as River has been for the last two weeks, he was positively tranquil leading up to his vows. Like everything was just coming together and he was as settled as anyone could possibly be.

When the ceremony was finally about to begin, I walked River up to the front where he would wait for his bride, and then sat down in the front row. Next to the empty chair waiting for you to fill it after you walked Mahafsoun to River. But first the entire wedding party would need to proceed down the aisle. I think it's very sweet that they decided to have all of River's siblings in the wedding party. It would have been so easy to just pick a few and have Mahafsoun have a few girlfriends. But they both wanted to make it clear that she was officially joining our family. The entire family.

The first to come down the aisle were our sweet Lily and Persephone. Looking absolutely adorable in their lacy-topped flower girl dresses, scattering blush colored rose petals everywhere, and wearing the cutest little arse-kicking cowgirl boots!

And then our Caelum bringing the rings. Looking so handsome in his pale blue seersucker suit with the little bow tie! I could have just chewed on his sweet little face!
After that, the older kids seemed to come one after the other. The boys, Orion, Siri, Zwei, and Zaire looking dashing in light brown or cream colored tuxes, and the girls in varying muted tones of the same dress. Lacy on top, peekaboo back, and then a stream of chiffon falling to the floor. There was a mint green, a pale pale blue, a pink so pale it was better described as blush. Each girl wearing the tone that worked best on them. The mint green (and you knew those two would want to match) looked insanely beautiful on our Haz and Eris, really bringing out the green in their eyes. The blush looking gorgeous with Jaz and Shtara's skin tones. The baby blue bringing out the rosy tones in Lainie and Viona's beautiful faces.

Damn we have a beautiful family.

I was looking so hard at River, standing at the front of the crowd, waiting for his soon to be wife, that I didn't notice Mahafsoun coming in until other people were gasping. I was looking at our handsome son, looking breathtaking in his light brown tux, and then before I could even hear the gasping I saw his eyes light up. For all that yours are silver and his are brown, you have the same eyes. And apparently the same look when your love enters a room. Because I might as well have been transported in time to seeing your face light up when you saw me on our wedding day.
And when I was able to tear my eyes away from River I could see why he lit up and why everyone gasped. She was an absolute vision. Her dress was deeply off the shoulder, very low cut, and seemingly made up of layers of sheer blush colored material. Strategic heavy embroidery or flowers in places kept everything covered while giving hints of the gorgeous golden skin underneath. She had her miles of dark hair twisted and curled into a waterfall of beauty. Coming across her right shoulder to hang like some sort of corsage above her chest. With what looked like jeweled babies breath woven into the curls.

I hope they wait until they are settled and ready and if they never choose to have children that's okay too. But DAMN are they going to make us some beautiful grandchildren!

The ceremony was lovely. Their vows to each other made me cry (shocker!) And their sweet tributes to their mothers who died so early and couldn't be here on their special day was so sweet. When they lit candles and asked their mothers to watch over them? Well I am certain there wasn't a dry eye there.

Besides seeing our son so happy, do you know what my favorite moment of the day was? When you asked the band to play "At Last" for me. Dancing in your arms, listening to you sing those words, OUR song, MY song. What did I do to deserve this life? I don't think I deserve it, but I am thankful every day that I got it anyway.
I will love you for a thousand years, I'll love you for a thousand more,
Harry

Sunday May 15th
My most beloved husband,

You won't object if I murder one of our children, right? I'm not entirely certain which one yet, but I noticed a picture in with all the wedding photos that I had to quickly hide and will probably toss into the fire when I get a chance. I thought I was relatively safe, being in the front row next to you, and so, not easy for anyone behind us to see, so when I felt strange and highly localized rain on my cheeks, I decided to just let it go.

But NO! One of our kids must have looked over, spotted the unusual phenomenon, and snuck a picture of it. Thus, the need to murder them.

As we were sitting and holding hands, watching our son get married to the love of his life, my heart was so full of pride and love and just... I don't even know what all else. You were naturally sobbing like the Aira Force, but so was Portia.

The manor was looking possibly more gorgeous than ever, and the guests all had fun romping around the grounds playing games that resembled hide and hex while drinking. There was a glorious photoshoot - that I'd taken a moment to freshen up my face before participating in - and Julia really outdid herself! It was nice to see Arietty again.

The banquet was fabulous. Café Exquis had gourmet food from all around the world. Not only most of River's favorites, but also a lot of Egyptian food and the weird American things that Mahafsoun has fallen in love with while living and working there.

I know that - technically - the gifts were supposed to be simply put on the gift table and left for the couple to open when they had time and someplace to put them all, but since our gift wasn't a little thing that could be put on the table, I pulled you and them off to the side after you'd danced with her and I'd danced with him. Then, with a smile at you, I said:

"River, Mahafsoun, your dad and I debated a lot on what to get you. We could have simply given you another vault full of gold, but that seemed a bit impersonal. Besides, the both of you make enough money that you shouldn't have to worry about that. So, instead, your dad had suggested way back at your birthday - just after you'd disappeared and we'd realized we wouldn't be seeing you for quite some time - that we give you a home of your own. The idea rather stuck, and so we decided that that 'little' cottage in the woods you plan to buy would be the perfect present. I went ahead and had Pippa handle all the details so that it is already purchased and in your names. You can move in whenever you're ready."

This had them both a bit teary eyed as they each hugged us. I did my best to remain stoic.

"There's more, if - once you get there - you discover that you need ANY remodeling or repairs done, we've already arranged it so that Greg and Millie will be able to fly over and get started on it right away. They have fond memories of California and are actually looking forward to visiting it again, so don't feel like you'd be inconveniencing them."

There were more hugs and thanks and kisses on the cheek. Then Saoirse and Rhys came over to congratulate the happy couple. I haven't seen them since Zwei went to Hogwarts and both Jaz and Zaire decided to go to school - Traditions for Zaire and a special school for Jaz. With Shtara at
Elena's school, there just weren't enough kids needing full time schooling to keep their interest, so they moved back to their own place to help school their many grandchildren. They're looking as well as ever, and so, more time with their own extended brood must agree with them.

We hugged and kissed them before letting them monopolize the bride and groom for a bit. We headed off to the dance floor again, where it was time for the band to play our song. I held you close, singing in your ear oh so softly, and the entire time, I couldn't help but think how lucky I am to have you, and that we're somehow managing to survive this parenting thing together.

Oh sure, we've had plenty of help - such as Saoirse and Rhys, not to mention Leah (who still works heavily with Jaz each day when she comes home from her special school) - but the sheer number of kids we have still makes our job rather hard. I'm simply amazed that we've not only survived, but have also done a rather good job. If we weren't us and were watching us from a distance, I'd be super impressed!

The bride and groom had done a remarkable job of resisting their magical bond long enough to have the ceremony and about two hours of dancing, but inevitably, Mahafsoun's Veela took over, sprouting wings and carrying her mate off to, erm… consummate their marriage, almost certainly. This left the guests to party on their own, and since most of them were tipsy at the very least, no one objected to dancing even more.

The only tiny hiccup was that I needed to minorly modify a few muggle memories since Mahafsoun's telly friends and a couple of River's clients were terrified by the sudden transformation of a beautiful woman into a rather ugly bird-creature. But once that was accomplished, the rest of the night was happy and lively.

I also must commend you on your restraint. I know there was a moment when we both looked over at Viona dancing with her fiancé and they were just so adorable - him shy and blushing while she not so patiently told him how to hold her waist properly and: "Dance like you actually know what you're doing! Merlin damnit! I've seen you dance before so I know you can! Why the bloody hell are you so nervous??"

To which Alric stammered something along the lines of being out of practice, but I'm dead certain he was lying as he CLEARLY was looking at her like she was the most precious thing on the planet and he was afraid to accidentally break her. You murmured something about them as kids and felt like you were going to march over and chat with them (embarrass them atrociously), but you ultimately decided to leave them alone for the time being as they tried to figure out how to act around each other.

I revise my opinion, as much as I REALLY don't want to know for certain, I had assumed that they must have done something. But after watching how awkward they are together, I'm thinking that he's probably a virgin, and she's... indeterminate, but not likely to have been with him yet after all. Interesting. I remember very clearly that I had to cast denial spells so that I didn't ravish you on our first bloody date. Perhaps she has an even cooler head than I do. Good on her!

Everyone had a blast and danced the night away, which is why I'm currently tired but happy enough to be awake at my usual time (so right about noon). And now that I've eaten my breakfast and sipped on some tea, I think I'll start on my morning routine and make myself gorgeous for when I thank all the guests for coming - after the grand luncheon we're having and they decide it's time to leave. Lucky for us the Manor is so big that all the guests had a place to stay the night. No need to have a bunch of drunken witches, wizards, and muggles stumbling around trying to get home safely while ready to pass out.

Anyway, I'm going to start with my yoga stretches, and if I'm lucky, maybe you'll come in to see if
I've woken up yet, be overcome by lust at the sight of my naked body, and want to shove me right back into bed.

That kinda lovin' turns a man to a slave, That kinda lovin' sends a man right to his grave, I go crazy, crazy baby, I go crazy,

Draco
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

Harry thinks Draco is ridiculous and had better not have destroyed those photos, and Draco overhears something alarming.

Chapter Notes

Just a quick note, I was still half asleep when I posted the last chapter, and so, forgot to add the pictures. I just finished doing that, and so, if you want, please take a moment to go back to the last chapter and just take a look at the pics :-)

Thursday May 19, 2016

Wake up you sleepy-head! Our babiest babies are six years old today! I've already brought them their breakfast in bed and now they're waiting on you to get up so we can get to their birthday plans.

It only seems fair since we let Seph choose her birthday activity with us that we let Lissa and Cael choose theirs as well. So, if they choose the same activity or do half a day a piece then the four of us are in for a day of fun. If they each want a full day of just them and their activity then we will split them up. And decide which of us goes with whom depending on the activity. If, for example, one of them wants to go to a musical and the other dancing I'll be seeing a play and you'll be whirling your child around some dance floor.

I'm so glad it's finally their birthday. I was the same way with Eri, Ori, and Haz; I consider them basically triplets and it always feels weird during that month between their birthdays when they're not all the same age. At least that set all looked similarly aged, Orion was a bit taller than Eris or Hazel but they were still obviously all close in age. Did you see Persephone's temper flare every time a wedding guest that didn't know us said something to her about how cute she and her big sister were? To heck with obliviating the guests because of the Veela, I was a bit worried we'd have to deal with assault charges when Seph attacked them!

Speaking of charges, yes I would have an issue with you murdering one of our children. What in Merlin's name is wrong with you Draco? I know you're kidding, but I really thought you'd be over this whole "I don't cry" nonsense by now. Really? Raining on just your face? Admitting you teared up at your son's wedding is not going to kill you, you ridiculous man. You had damn well better not have actually destroyed any of those photos or I might just murder YOU!

Aside from when you were sitting by me, do you know when else your emotions poured out of your face? When you were walking Mahafsoun down the aisle. You appeared to be looking straight ahead as you walked her down, but your eyes kept darting between the two of them. Like you couldn't quite decide if you were more in awe of your son or your soon to be daughter. Those eyes were awfully sparkly my love, hate to break it to you. And there were a LOT of pictures taken during those moments.
Shite, gotta go! Just heard Lily and Caelum whisper something about tickling and "that might wake Daddy."

Here I come to save the day!!
Harry

Friday May 20th
The light of my life,

Yesterday was certainly interesting in that our littles most certainly wanted to do their own thing, and they wanted us each to themselves. So we had to do a half and half thing where you took Lily to a musical while I took Caelum to the Adventure Park for some surfing, and then we switched so that I could take Lily to the spa for a bit of pampering before going out dancing.

Side note, apparently I came across as a single father. We were at a nice ballroom sort of place, doing all sorts of dances from the waltz to the latest dance craze. It WASN'T an adults only place, but being a Thursday night after dinner (oh, I forgot to mention I took her out to dinner too), it was more adults than children. School night and all, probably have homework. Anyway, as we were cutting a rug and having a blast, there were a few women who mistook a daddy daughter birthday date as a single dad trying to pick up women.

I guess this is apparently a good tactic as it worked. I had a LOT of women trying to chat me up before I finally figured out what they were doing. THAT'S when I turned the tables on them.

"Come on Lily, my love, let's practice that new move and have these nice ladies take pictures of us to show your daddy when we get home tonight."

I can't say for certain yet whether we have another Slytherin or Ravenclaw, but she's definitely smart enough to pick up on what I was doing and back me up.

"Oh please daddy! I LOVE practicing new moves! I wonder if daddy and Cael are having as much fun as we are?"

I handed the camera over to the group of suddenly very disappointed women and gave them a quick tutorial on how to use it (I had switched it to muggle mode first), before lifting Lily over my head in a sort of ballet pose. "Probabaly not. Your twin mentioned a batting cage or some other boring rot. We're DEFINITELY having more fun!"

This had most of the interested women take off and mind their own business, but there was one who wanted to know things like how long I've been married, and did I find it harder to raise kids as a gay couple? I think her interest was more academic than romantic at that point, but it was still a bit of a nuisance on what was CLEARLY a special day with my daughter.

I finally lost all patience and said: "Listen, I appreciate that you're not a judgmental cow offended by my alternative lifestyle, but I'm trying to make my daughter's birthday everything she wants it to be, and I'm dead certain she DOESN'T want to watch some bird try and pick up her father. So kindly fuck off, yeah?"

Rather than be offended or affronted, she was surprisingly amused. She handed the camera back with a nod. "Alright, have fun with your little darling. And Happy Birthday, luv!"

Lily deigned to nod at her politely, and then thanked me for seeing her off.
After that, our night was fit for a tiny princess.

As for today, as I sat in bed eating my breakfast and drinking my tea, I received an Owl in response to my inquiry. It seems that my offer of a generous contribution has swayed the OWL examiners to show up at Hogwarts a few weeks early JUST for our three Fifth Years. History has proven that ALL of our kids tend to be quick learners and end up taking their end of year exams early at your request so that they can be done and out of the castle a good two weeks before all the other students on average. I'm not certain why McGonagall puts up with it, but since she does, we can prove that our kids are likely to take and pass the test long before everyone else is ready.

That leaves your plans to head off to America when River and Mahafsoun do in the clear. When was it again? The day after my birthday?

You know, I actually find this a bit supremely unfair. ***I*** was always stuck taking final exams each year on my birthday. Never would have granted me special permission to take them early - no matter HOW much money my father threw at them! HRMPH!

But whatever, at least this way, we get to spend more time with our brilliant kids. Also, any other student who feels ready and wants to take their OWLs will be allowed to, so who knows? Maybe a few other parents will be able to have their kids back early too.

That said, I do have one tiny thing I have to confess. So erm… Well, Hazel had flooed home for a few hours on Wednesday night after I came home from my class, but I think you were still at movie night. Anyway, she must have been sent specifically as a secret weapon because she sat on my lap, was extremely affectionate, and was wearing her poutiest puppy dog eyes.

"Daddy…? Remember how we just turned 16 and didn't really ask for anything special?"

Uh-oh, I could sense danger, but decided to hear her out. "Yeah…?"

"Well, Eris, Orion, and I were wondering if we could have a small party here at the Manor the weekend after the rest of Hogwarts go home."

I took a deep breath. "Define small?"

"Our entire year?"

This didn't sound so bad.

"And Sixth and Seventh Years, plus maybe a few Fourth Years…"

"Wait! You want me to let you throw a party for HALF the bloody school?!!?"

"Please daddy????"

Ugh, again with the eyes…

"I really want ONE memorable belated birthday party with my friends and classmates before… well, before my surgery. What if something goes wrong? What if -"

I cut her short with a sigh of defeat. "Go ask your grandparents if they object. If not, then I SUPPOSE I won't mind."

"GREAT!" Hazel cheered exuberantly, giving me a kiss on the cheek. "Grammy and Grampy let Eliza and Sebastian have big parties for their graduations and actually have a big party planned for
Gavin and Della this year, so it'll be nothing at all to combine the two. The Seventh Years were already planning to attend, now it'll just be a few more! I'm going to go plan things out with Grammy! I'll see you later! Love you dad!" She practically squealed at me before kissing me again and rushing off.

So... As you were saying, we'll be in America but at least a few of us will be returning for the weekend. Actually, I can see most of our kids wanting to be at that party, so we might just have to have Mr. Lott fly us all back on the jet for the weekend, and then return to California that Monday the 27th.

One last thing, Viona wants to know if we can bring Avery, I mean Alric with us to California. I suppose most of that will depend on if his parents object, but since he is also graduating this year and is already 18, I suppose there's not much they can do if he insists on going. I am not certain how I feel about the prospect, so... I'll leave the decision to you.

 Looks like I forgot to sign off and hit send again. It's now Saturday, and do you know what ***I*** just witnessed?!?!?!

So, I was walking around the Manor, wanting to get a bit of exercise but not full on running or dancing just yet, and I went into the entertainment room where Eliza, Della, and Delphini were playing some sort of muggle video game. They didn't notice me, or if they did, they didn't care. I was curious about the game so I stood behind them watching them play. It was a sort of blocky game in which I think they were making things.

Suddenly Sebastian stormed into the room in a bit of a snit. "I'm here; what the bloody hell do you want?!"

Delphini paused her game - which was interesting as the game was split on the 70' screen so that the other two had their own games playing still and her character seemed to be just standing there like a moron. She turned to give Sebastian a piercing look.

"You KNOW what I want. I've given you a whole week to think about it!"

I raised a brow as I felt a strange suspicion that the Viper's daughter was trying to proposition my brother - who is very openly Ace - into something he almost certainly doesn't want.

"And I've given it a lot of thought -"

"Look, it's like I said, I don't want anything from you! I JUST want a child, and you are the ONLY person I feel has a brain cell in their body worth passing on!"

"SHUT THE BLOODY HELL UP AND LET ME FINISH!" Sebastian roared, sounding so like his father, but also, strangely like me.

"BLOODY WANKER!!!" Delphini roared indignantly.

Sebastian took a potion bottle out of his pocket and set it on the table next to her. It was empty. Then he took a vial of potion and poured it into the bottle, following that, he cast a cutting hex on the side of his wrist and let a good two or three teaspoons of blood fall into the bottle before healing the wound.

"THERE!!! The potion will turn the blood into what you need. Take it and NEVER tell me what you did with it."
Delphini picked it up and examined it carefully. "Oh thank Merlin! I was going to have to Obliviate myself if you'd handed me a, erm… sample..."

Della shook her head. "I KNOW you two don't share any of the same genes, but this still feels like incest to me!"

"Nope, just a girl who knows better than to wait for a fantasy and a turkey baster," Delphini said.

"GAH!!! I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW ANYTHING!!!" Sebastian roared before Disapparating.

"How else did he think it was going to get in there?" Eliza asked in amusement. "Oi Del, you're being attacked by a creeper."

"Shite!"

I couldn't help but be curious. "Erm..... Are you REALLY planning on getting yourself up the duff? With MY BROTHER as a donor???

Delphini gave me an even look that was a rather good impersonation of the Dark Lord. "What's it to you? I don't want a man and he doesn't want anyone ever. I own a business and it's doing well. Now's a good time to have a baby, whereas if I wait, I'm going to be in the middle of an expansion. It's just better all around to do it now so that the hardest part is over before my siblings and I implement our plans in about three years."

"Alright... but why not wait until after that?"

She gave me shivers with her next look. "You were married and having an insane amount of children at my age. Why the fuck should I have to wait for the things I want? Because I don't have a MAN to take care of me?!

I didn't have to be a Slytherin to sense the danger dripping off her in waves. I held up my hands to prove I wasn't a threat. "I'm not your dad, but AS a dad, I want you to be happy. I'm just not sure this is a good idea."

"Well fuck off! I'm doing it!"

"Alright." And still with my hands in the air, I Apparated out of the room so that I could write to you. Please come tell me what to feel, because I feel a bit sick...

All of me loves all of you,
Draco
Saturday May 21st
You,

Well, it's finally happened. You've shocked me speechless. I am completely dumbfounded. I read your email and just stared at the computer screen for a solid fifteen minutes afterwards. Opening my mouth to mumble at myself, and then shutting it with a snap. I just. What did you. Um, er. But. I …

Alright, I think I'm better now. Apparently I just needed an additional ten minutes or so to mumble nonsensically at the screen.


Oh I know, TURKEY BASTERS! Holy hell! I am all for a woman taking control of her life. Choosing her family in whatever way she wants or doesn't want. But I could do without the visual of someone I've essentially watched grow up … impregnating themselves with kitchen tools.

The whole situation, things that give me the heebie jeebies aside, is shocking to me. But when I think about it piece by piece it's almost shocking in how unsurprising it really is. Delphini has always been very aware of how she's looked at due to her parentage. She knows that anyone she may or may not end up with will have to deal with her biological father being old moldy voldy. This puts the when and how of creating her family completely in her control.

And even further into this, it doesn't surprise me that she'd choose to ask Sebastian. She has always had a huge amount of respect and affection for him. She loves him. And he's not particularly interested in fathering any children to parent himself, so she will never have to worry about the drama that can come with half siblings or shared custody. She just gets the ingredients she needs to start her family from someone she thinks is clever.

Despite his prickly personality, Sebastian is a very giving person. He thinks everything through, which is why it took him a week and a summons to give his answer, but he really will do just about anything for someone he cares for. We both know how much he loves his potions, but he always pours his entire soul into anything that will benefit someone else. How many sleepless nights did he lose while developing that lycanthrope potion series with you? Because while he attempts to cover it in snark and bite, he's got a big ol' squishy heart inside of him.

You know who else covers up some of their deeper personality traits? Hazel. Merlin did that baby girl play you like a fiddle. Easier than a fiddle, she played you like a kazoo. Maybe a whistle. Oooh, or a triangle. She batted those baby greens at you and then talked about "something happening" during her surgery? But as soon as you said yes you got a giggle and a thank you while she ran to make party plans with her Grandmother? Oh hunny. You fell for her manipulations hook, line, and sinker. And you think she should have been a Hufflepuff.
I can't believe Narcissa and Lucius are throwing a party with half the student body of Hogwarts. I think I might be busy that day. Probably with the flu. Or with my horses. Or, erm, the horse flu. It's like chicken pox but only contagious around fourth through seventh year magical children.

The timing should actually work out pretty well. Your bribery made it so we could take out all the children, but we would have gotten a medical waiver to pull Haz out early anyway. They need her for pre-op preparations by the tenth of June, even though the actual surgery won't take place until the first of July. So she'll get in everything she needs to do and then during the weekend before instead of panicking she'll be busy having a blast with her friends.

I have no issues with Viona bringing Alric along for any part of our trip to California. He's her fiancé, they're going to be married in just over a year, I'd like to get to know him. But I will put my foot down and say I do not want them rooming together. I know she's technically of age, and I'm not trying to be a prude or naïve, but while she's still what I would consider an underaged student I don't want them cohabitating. Fair?

Or am I being completely unreasonable? They are getting married. They are both of age. Damnit Viona, why do you have to be such a pain in my arse??

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!

Okay, I've screamed out my frustrations. I think I'll make the decision this way, when we get there I will say "Alric, this is your room while we're here." And if Viona argues and makes a valid argument I will allow it. But I am hoping he will be so scared of being respectful that he will just stay there and I won't have to deal with the situation at all.

Caelum and I had a blast at the batting cages, I bet we had WAY more fun than you! Although I definitely got hit on by less women than you did. I can't believe you were surprised that a hot man doting on his adorable child is a babe magnet. Is this your first time here on Planet Earth?

I did get hit on by another dad though. That was kind of nice for the old ego. The fact that I didn't realize it until my six-year-old pointed it out was less nice on the ego. I thought the bloke was just being nice and giving me pointers! I obviously didn't grow up playing muggle sports, and once I had a chance to think about it I really was holding my bat wrong. And if Cael hadn't shouted "Oi! Hands off or my other dad might murder you!" I would have realized he was hitting on me when he wrapped his arms around me to help my grip.

But if I had noticed then I would have missed the experience of flailing when Cael started yelling and accidentally hitting the guy in the bollocks with the bat.

How about I don't come tell you how to feel, but I do come hold you?

All of my Love,
Harry

Monday May 23rd
My sanity,

I love how we spent all day yesterday and all last night just holding each other. Well, holding each other between rounds of loving each other, but the holding part was so very cathartic. Now I'm at peace with the world again.

Do you suppose she's already... No actually, I REALLY don't want to know!
So, ever since Harrison started Hogwarts, Viper's been spending most of his time in the other world with Tiger and their kids. He only needs to come back here for special occasions and most of the summer months. Even so, he always makes it a point to bring his family here for one weekend a month so that we get a chance to catch up with them, and they can spend some time with their Hogwarts set. D'you think we should attempt to warn him of his daughter's plans?

Nah, I think we should probably deny all knowledge. Had I not been in the room at that exact moment, I wouldn't have known anything anyway. These are plans that were obviously made without any sort of advice or input from us. Clearly, we are not responsible for any part of this situation.

Yeah... I know nothing! Je ne sais pas!

Maybe we should Obliviate each other for good measure?

Better yet, get back here with those pastries and let us refuel a bit before starting on another round of focusing on each other. SHITE!! I just remembered that I have class in about 4 hours and I have NOTHING to wear!!!

I'm off to shop at a high end place for sport wear. I have no idea how I managed to only buy ONE decent outfit before starting these classes. I suppose I thought I'd wear it like a uniform, but oh hell no, I need to look my best while thoroughly kicking their arses!

The good news is that Kingsley has come through once again. He already ordered me a permanent Portkey between California and the Manor so that I can come back in time for my classes on Mondays and Wednesdays. He's also siding with me when I told Robards to not schedule any bloody raids until September! (Apparently Robards has been raiding places that really don't need full raids as much as undercover surveillance simply because we have this thing working like a well-oiled machine at this point.)

Hmm...? You left here to get us something to eat since we haven't taken a break in over 24 hours. What the bloody hell is taking you so long to get back??? Did our kids spot you and draft you into playing with them? I bet that was it. Please Merlin, don't let it be another minor family crisis!

I'd probably better go check...

I keep on falling in and out of love with you, I never loved someone the way that I love you, Draco

P.S. I love the song, but it's only half right <3

P.P.S. I agree about Alric having his own room. If they choose to ignore that fact, we can at least pretend that they are each right where we told them to be. But wait... Now *I'M* starting to second guess myself! *SHOULD* we be forcing them to go behind our backs??? GODS DAMNIT!!! sigh... right, so, we stick with your plan. Give him his own room unless she argues, because if she argues, we're going to know he's not in there anyway, ugh...

P.P.P.S. So, erm... what's the name of that bloke that hit on you? I *swear* I'm not in any way involved in his disappearance in two months from now... I wonder if I can get Caelum to give me a copy of his memory...
Wednesday May 25, 2016

My Favorite Person With the Best Sense of Humor,

You just left for your meeting. And then you're going straight from the meeting to your class. It sucks, Wednesdays are hard enough missing you in the evening and at Movie Night but then you had to schedule business for today too? Boo!

I get it, don't think I'm actually throwing a strop. We'll be leaving for California in less than two weeks so I know there are loose ends that need to be tied up before we take off for what will basically be two and a half months. You'll be popping back and forth for your classes and we'll both be coming back and forth when the kids need to visit home, but it's not the same as just being at home and there are a lot of responsibilities we need to make sure are taken care of.

I myself have been spending most of the day getting the two rescues we got a few weeks ago ready to go home. They've been working hard on rebuilding that barn and it should have been done this upcoming Monday, but in the meantime these horses actually found a forever home so they won't be going back to their fosters anyway. The timing works out great since I was panicking a bit about what I was going to do about them while we're gone.

While Haz is recovering from her surgery I've actually found a few places nearby that have animal rescues and I will be spending some time learning the ropes from some people who've made their lives out of saving animals. The first few days after the surgery will be spent just caring for our girl, but eventually I'll only need to stay near enough to come back quickly if needed and she'll just need to take it easy. I can't imagine after the first few days of pain pass that she'll want me hovering over her fluffing her pillows and being an obnoxious dad.

Our time in the U.S. will give the elves and Greg and Millie some time to get our stables really up and running over the summer and I can start taking on more animals than just our two. I wouldn't have taken on these other two yet if it hadn't been such an urgent situation. The structural things are all there and in good shape, but making sure everything is stocked can be done by the elves and I just know Greg is itching to put in some of his special touches that turn all of his creations into something spectacular.

And since Viper and Tiger spend most of their summers at our Manor anyway, Scor and Hyper have already promised the trouble trio that they will give Cheesecake and Fondue all the love and attention they can handle.

Do NOT tell Tiger I call them Scor and Hyper. He might just murder me. He'd definitely murder Viper if he found out that's where I got the nicknames from!
Alright, I hate to spoil fun surprises, but I also don't want you to make plans that will ruin them either. So I am going to give you just enough information that you don't miss the surprise. I am taking you somewhere for our anniversary. We leave Saturday evening after dinner and we will come back Monday 'morning.' And by morning I mean we'll head home whenever you wake up.

Seventeen years! It seems like yesterday and like forever simultaneously. As exciting as seventeen is, I am really looking forward to our nineteenth anniversary the most. I know, it seems like a weird time to be excited for, but bear with me. Remember how excited I was when I turned twenty-two? Because at that point I'd known you for half of my life, and from there on out every additional day meant that I had known you for OVER half of my life. Well since we got married a week before your nineteenth and two months before mine, once we're married nineteen years we will have been married for half of our lives and I think that's really cool.

But seventeen is pretty damn cool too!

Oh! I never mentioned where I had gone Monday when it took me so long to come back. Yes, I had gotten distracted by the children although not to play with them. Shtara, Zaire, and Jaz were talking me into taking them shopping and we were trying to figure out a good time to go. We ended up going out Monday evening while you were in class. I know you must be shocked since they almost always want you to be the one to take them shopping, but they had their reasons. They wanted all new BMX gear since they had almost outgrown theirs and wanted to have fresh stuff for when they went biking this summer. And since our weather is so different from our destination they wanted me to help them do a wardrobe filler and you're more the one they'd go to for specific pieces to look good. I was the grunt to take them for a million new shorts and t-shirts.

The other thing I never mentioned was the name of the bloke hitting on me at the batting cages. Honestly I didn't catch it and I don't think he should mysteriously and inexplicably disappear. He took the no for an answer and quickly took off when called out by Cael. The only shady thing he did was hit on a guy wearing a wedding ring. Which, while certainly not cool, wasn't quite disappear worthy.

I'd better get the crew fed and jammied up to head over for Movie Night. I'll miss you my Love!

Yours,
Harry

Wednesday May 26th
GODDAMNIT HARRY!!!

As I had a full on business meeting today (one of my many businesses wants to expand), I decided that I needed to wear an extremely well-tailored and good looking suit to remind them that I'm the one they're asking money from. That meant that I had a bag packed to bring to class with me, full of one of my new stylish sparring outfits.

I'd really outdone myself with this one. I looked like I could have been the perfect cross between a professional MMA Fighter and a professional Model. I was fully planning to intimidate the fuck out of my students with my ability to look perfect while I kicked their arses into shape.

And by the way, we've been using the running track in the Ministry because I told them they'd better be there (and having completed a half an hour run) when I show up or I'd bring them back to my place and let Amala chase them some more. Seems to have helped so far.
But TONIGHT, I get to my classroom to change before picking up my students from the running track, and what do I find??? BLOODY YOU (I refuse to believe anyone else would have done such a thing) had replaced my DESIGNER workout shirt with a low class T-SHIRT that says:

Shut the fuck up and train.

I was not amused. That said, the sentiment certainly fit my mood after that, so I pulled it on in a bit of a snit, and then went and terrorized my students. They are rather unfortunate that I have them to take my fury out on.

That said, now I'm fucking sweaty and so bloody horny that I could toss one off in the shower if I weren't so eager to get home and punish you. I'm thinking suspended from the ceiling tonight.

Brace yourself!
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Harry is currently suspended from the ceiling in a way that doesn't let him touch Draco at all, but allows Draco to use his mouth, heh heh heh...
Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

It's Harry and Draco's Anniversary ^_^

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sunday May 29, 2016

My Very Best Friend, My Partner in all things, My Husband,

Happy Anniversary to the love of my life. It's been an unbelievably wonderful seventeen years so far. I am so looking forward to the next hundred and seventeen. Such a short time in the grand scheme of most wizards' lives, but long enough to build our lives.

Since the day I allowed myself to admit I had fallen in love with you we have; adopted or given birth to fourteen official Malfoy children, we fell in love with a few others who are our children in our hearts, created safe places for children throughout the entire planet, and speaking for myself I have fallen deeper and deeper into love with you every single day. I wake up every day amazed that this is the life I am privileged to lead. I give thanks that in the eons the Universe has existed, I was lucky enough to exist with you.

If I could travel back in time and tell little Harry in the Cupboard one thing it would be "It will all be worth it, your fulfilled life is coming." And maybe "Be nice to pretty blonde prats" maybe cut back on a little bit of our adolescent drama!

We took off yesterday right after lunch, with the time change that put us here at our destination right around nine in the evening. About two hours after sunset but the sights were still fantastic. Somehow we were both in the middle of everything while being hidden away amongst the trees.

I had plans for midnight, as I always do on the eves before important days, but the few hours until then were spent wrapped in each other on the huge porch. Sipping wine, stealing kisses, and connecting after a long week. You told me all about how your business meeting went, and how well you're doing teaching your classes. You got to hear my completely insincere apology about your gym shirt. What? I left the designer bottoms and warm-up jacket, the only thing I swapped out was the shirt! And you have to admit, it was probably quite the warning sign for your students.

I was just saving your vocal chords by letting you get your point across by simply pointing at your shirt instead of speaking!

Overall it was just a perfect night, full of conversations about important things like our upcoming trip to America, and inconsequential chatter like who we think looks good for this quidditch season. But we also had moments of silence where we just held each other and looked at the stars and into the trees. I love talking with you, but it's easy enough to enjoy speaking with someone else (as long as they aren't a complete wanker obviously) but it's remarkable to have found someone you can be silent with. I rested my head against your chest, listening to the nighttime forest sounds, your even breaths, and the beating of your heart.
At eleven thirty, we made our way into the bedroom. Before I had seen the specifics of our loft I wasn't sure if I wanted you outside or in a cozy bed. The architecture of the loft made that decision easy; both! We slid open the wall of door, letting the night into the bedroom. I kissed and maneuvered you onto the bed where I proceeded to work you open with my mouth, my hands, and eventually the slick slide of your favorite lube.

At that point you seemed to expect me to fill you up. Normally I like to bottom at our special midnights, something about having you inside of me during these important moments in time is just perfection. But I couldn't be so selfish and always claim the right to bottom. But once I had you firmly worked open, I moved onto all fours, pointed my arse towards you, and worked myself open for your viewing pleasure.

You seemed torn for a moment, probably quite looking forward to feeling my cock breach your arse having me take you hard and slow just like you like it while also seeing me ready my arse for you to sink your gorgeous self into. You seemed to make up your mind, slapping my hand out of your way and pushing yourself in me to the hilt.

This would have been enough, to have you in me when the clock switched over. However your surprise shriek when our guest arrived and crammed himself in your gorgeous arse with no warning was worth every bit of planning I'd gone through.

You shrieked, and then moaned when you realized our guest knew just what you liked. Once you had a moment to realize I'd invited a guest to our anniversary shag, a guest who was completely silent and you couldn't quite turn well enough to see who it was, you whined into my ear. "Ungh, Harry, this is amazing and you know I … oh fuck yes … love playtime, but … Merlin that's the spot yes!! … on our anniversary?"

Your mystery lover chuckled at that, pulling you into his chest, the long chain he was wearing allowing the small hourglass to dig into the soft skin of your back, "Happy Anniversary my Dragon."

I'm quite glad I sneakily cast the denial spell on you or I'm fairly sure you would have blown at that point. Yes, I managed to track down a time turner. I really didn't know if I wanted to be the top or the bottom last night, so I figured I would have the best of both worlds and do them both.

Did you like starting our anniversary buried deep inside your husband while he was all the way inside of you? After I finally took off the denial spell you certainly seemed to.

I love you Draco Lucius Malfoy.

And you love me enough to have dealt with me waking you up right before nine o'clock this morning. What? I made sure you had a solid eight hours of sleep. Although I think your early wake up is why you're currently napping with your head in my lap while I dictate this letter to you and card my hands through your gorgeous silky hair.

Perhaps our busy morning had a bit to do with your need to nap as well? We strolled through the Singapore Botanical Gardens. You indulged me, I know you enjoy it yourself but these garden destinations are always my favorites. I was able to snatch some amazing pictures of the two of us, not to mention plenty of kisses. Walking openly with the love of my life while I explore the world never ceases to amaze me. I didn't think I could have even a fraction of this, and here I was strolling through a beautiful garden in Singapore holding hands with my ridiculously fit husband of seventeen years.

What even is my life?
Eventually we made our way to the next stop on our schedule, the gorgeous SKAI restaurant. We are sleeping with beautiful views of the treetops, and had lunch with a to die for view of the city. Or technically we were there for the brunch!

SKAI champagne and cocktail brunch to be more specific! We have been back from lunch for at least and hour and a half now and I am still so stuffed. My favorite was the steak and hand cut chips, but you seemed to make sex noises over the BBQ oysters.

I am going to sign off and just enjoy watching you sleep. I have a few ideas in mind for things to do this evening so no pressure, but nothing is set in stone so we can do anything your pretty little self desires.

Your Husband,
Harry James Malfoy

Sunday May 29th
My partner in everything,

After waking from my nap and kissing you leisurely for about an hour, you more or less dared me to take control and finish our anniversary in any way I liked. So, I gave you one of my slightly more evil smirks and dragged you out of our gorgeous hotel room.

I knew exactly what I wanted, and I also had a distinct feeling that you expected a certain thing from me. A few discrete Apparations had us lounging on Tanjong Beach with delicious drinks and a full view of the muscle-y gay men that are quite famous around here. The sun and lightly alcoholic drinks were near perfection, and the eye candy was a drool-worthy appetizer. We were really only there long enough to order and consume some starters. I had fried calamari and you had stuffed mushrooms I believe.

Then we moved on to a place called D SPAradise where we had a nice couples package in which we got a solid three hours of being pampered with a massage, a body scrub, and a soothing hydro bath - aka, the double sized hot tub in the middle of our couples room.

My favorite part was when we first walked in and you looked around at all the cute little Asian male therapists. Your eyes got wide and you leaned over to whisper in my ear: "Are we in a legitimate brothel? Of MEN???") I laughed so hard, kissed you, and didn't explain a thing as I proceeded to use a very sexy voice to order our package, heh heh heh...

After we were nice and relaxed, it was probably at least 9 PM. We were fairly close to everything, being in downtown Singapore, so I decided to stop in at a place called Tantric. It's an in demand gay club, so there were plenty of gorgeous men to look at and dance with, but honestly, after about two drinks, I wasn't all that interested. The man I was dancing with at that point informed me that the place was too loud and crowded for a Sunday night and that he personally planned to go to a Sauna for about a half an hour or so, and then go home and go to bed because he had to work in the morning.

I was curious as to why he was so eager to go sit in a hot and sweaty room, and after asking, he whispered exactly why in my ear. Suddenly, I was ever so keen to go as well. I got all the necessary details from him, and then abandoned him to join in on your dance. You were having a good time, grinding against a man that reminded me of Ron for some reason. I pressed myself against your back and licked your neck.
You purred happily, reaching behind you to hold the back of my neck while you twisted your head just enough to kiss me.

"I thought you said no one was allowed to kiss you on the mouth," your dance partner pointed out suspiciously.

"Except for his husband, naturally," I answered for you before kissing you again.

"Ah," he murmured.

"Harry my love, I've worked up a disgusting sweat and think we should go find a place to refresh ourselves quickly."

"*Draco* ... We JUST came from a spa! Aren't we relaxed and pampered enough?" You whinged lightly.

"Yeah, but I think a quick trip to a sauna is in order, and since it's still my turn to pick what we do, you can't argue."

"OOO! Which Sauna???” Your dance partner asked eagerly.


"Excellent choice mate. In fact, I think I'm going to go there myself. Perhaps I'll see you there."

I shrugged, not interested in him in the slightest. Slipping your hand in the crook of my sleeve, you smiled and bade me to: "Lead on, my love. I'd follow you through hell and back if you fancied it."

"You sound like newlyweds," your partner mused with a wry smile.

"Married 17 years today," you corrected him.

"Come," I insisted, leading you out of the club in a bit of a rush. I then focused on the description given me and Apparated us to the Cruise Club. We were actually about 80 percent of the way through the membership application (required but cheap enough that I didn't particularly care) when your dance partner caught up with us. He seemed rather confused about how we had beaten him, but shook it off and wandered away to do his own thing. After we finished the application, we were handed some towels and given directions to our lockers.

In the locker room, we stripped off, wrapped the towels around our waists, and slipped the rubber key bracelets on - left for me as a top and right for you as a bottom. Then we were free to wander the large club as we liked. It's three levels of things to do specifically for gay men. In addition to the actual saunas, there are tanning machines, a workout room, jacuzzis, a meditation room, a dark maze, and a small movie theater of all things. Plus bars, dance floors, and anything else we might like to do.

But I was serious about wanting to be in a sauna - the dry heat one as opposed to the steam room. I brought you in there and we sat on either side of a corner, basically snuggling into each other. I kissed you until I saw a man come over and give us an intense look. The only real rule of the club is that most of the areas are meant to be silent, and so, that look was really a question.

I smiled at him and his look shifted to your towel. Now grinning, I pulled your towel open and gestured an invitation for him to have at. He very eagerly got to work using his hands and mouth on your perfect shaft. You had given me literally two of you (and I'm still dying to know at which point the future you came from), and now I was giving you the experience of having me look into
your eyes and watch every flicker of pleasure as some random stranger did his best to suck you dry.

I love watching all the little nuances play across your face. Every moment is sheer perfection to me, and I frequently rewarded you with kisses. Especially if you moaned or grunted. The two of us were making full and complete love with our eyes while someone else gladly took care of your pleasure. The moment you cried out your orgasm, I swallowed it with a kiss.

Then it was apparently my turn as that hot mouth surprised me before I even stopped kissing you. Which means that you got to see all the embarrassing nuances flashing across my face as he used his incredible skill to make my toes curl and my legs shake. You quickly grinned at me knowingly and let me cling to you so that you could kiss me. By the time I was recovered from my glorious orgasm, the stranger was gone. Apparently, the fun of this place for him was giving head, not that I'm complaining.

By this point, it was nearing midnight and I wanted to end the day how it started, with me inside you, probably not with you inside me at the same time, but still, an all around good way to finish our day. To that end, I barely waited for the room to clear long enough to Apparate us back to our Angsana Suite.

But much like you, I was curious to shag on the lounge bed on the balcony, and so that's where I led you, casting a spell so that we were both ready to go and remained that way until we heard the clock chime midnight. At that point, I cast instant orgasm spells so that we could finish together and snuggle up for some of the best sleep of our lives.

You're everything I need and more,
Draco

P.S. I woke up around 2 am and slipped into the bath - in case you woke up and wondered why I wasn't in your arms - and dictated this email. I don't want to go into it right now, but I had a rather disturbing dream. Ask me about it later when we are home and I can look forward to terrorizing my students.

Chapter End Notes

For those of you that might think it odd that Draco was like: "Wait, you invited someone to play for our anniversary?!!" And then turned around and did exactly that, what Draco was actually referring to is that Harry has a thing about the two of them having private celebrations of shagging right at midnight on important occasions, and at those times, Harry has never invited a playmate before. Whereas once that tradition was over, Draco was free to invite others if he so wished, and honestly, Harry was a little surprised he didn't find someone/s to shag them both 'til they dropped of exhaustion, lol ^_^
Monday May 30, 2016

My Love,

I am feeling awfully silly right now. All that planning that went into our Anniversary trip and I forgot to take into account the time change. I told you we were leaving Monday morning whenever you woke up, but that would have had us portkeying home in the middle of the night between Saturday and Sunday.

I figured why not take advantage of the time difference and allow for a little bit of extra time before we went home. We could stay well into the evening and then pop home in time for an early dinner or a late lunch before you had to head off to your class. When I explained that to you, you were thrilled with the chance to actually get some sightseeing done in the city since the day before had been gardens, spas, dancing, and saunas.

By sightseeing, I of course mean I took you shopping. We started out at the Chinatown Street Market. We wandered around looking at the seemingly odd mixture of things for sale. Antiques next to electronics next to souvenirs next to clothes. And all of it interspersed with drool worthy foods. We decided to forgo a full sit-down meal, having had the experience at SKAI the day before for that type of date. Instead we grabbed foods as we noticed them. The roast duck was sooooo good. It was 'murder your best friend for a second helping' good.

After buying souvenirs for all of the children, and for ourselves to add to our almost two decades of travel trinkets, we headed off to the next stop. Well, after we dropped off our purchases at the loft, shrunk and lightened we still had a LOT of stuff in our pockets.

The Little India Arcade is probably a place we should bookmark for taking our designer girls to for a special occasion in the future. Indian and Arabian clothing and the fabric! Merlin, the fabric. I haven't had much time to talk to Vivi about the specifics for her wedding, but I am envisioning using some of this fabric as table runners or even seeing if she wanted to use them in any of the bridal party's clothing. There was traditional clothing, and fuck me the accessories! Artwork and incense and sweets, oh my!

I could have gotten lost in there for hours. Which we actually kind of did. Singapore shops, probably because of the heat, open later in the morning and then stay open well into the night time.
It wasn't until we realized the sun had set and it was fully dark that we needed to get you home!

We rushed back off to the loft (thank goodness for apparition!) packed up our stuff, checked out of the hotel, and took the portkey home.

If we hadn't had children who wanted to see their daddies and souvenirs we wanted to show them, you probably would have had plenty of time, but as it was you snuggled and caught up with your children until the absolute last minute you had to leave for class. Hehe ….

Anyway, I've been spending the evening trying to get the six at home to start packing for the big trip across the pond! Normally we'd just have the elves pack up their bags full of clothes they'll need and they just pack up a little knapsack for the specifics they want. But with the exception of a pop home here or there, they're going to be gone from their home for almost three months. I figured they would want a little more say about which clothes they're bringing, which toys were absolutely necessary so they wouldn't be bored, which books they thought they'd be reading or want read while we're there. Things like that.

Unfortunately I had to explain to Cael that we weren't bringing his beloved horse and he threw the most epic strop I have ever experienced … from him. I am married to you, I have a temper, and we have fourteen-ish children, I can't say his was the worst with all those others to claim the top spot.

I finally got him to stop sobbing when I promised he could sleep in the stable with Fondue for this week leading up to the trip and then, depending on weather, the week we come home as well. I'm such a sucker.

Your Sucker,
Harry
P.S. In our rush to get back I didn't get to hear about your dream, hopefully you'll have time to tell me tonight. If you get home after I'm asleep just go ahead and wake me up alright?

Monday May 30th
Oh my fucking Merlin am I tired!

So I had a glorious day of shopping with you, followed by a rush to catch up with our kids, and then a class to teach. Due to the time difference, it was a very long day, and so by rights, I should be dead to the world, but nope. I'm sitting in bed next to you, after having shagged you senseless, and I can't sleep.

I think part of that might just be me too worn out to fall right to sleep, but part of it might be me not wanting to have that dream again.

But before I get into that, I had grabbed my bag and ran off to my classroom. Once there, I had just enough time to get changed before having to pick my students up from the running track and start kicking their arses. To my displeasure and dismay, you had once again caused me to shout out: "GODDAMNIT HARRY!!!"

Instead of the expensive sparring outfit I had chosen, the shirt had been replaced with another low brow tee shirt that said: Ripped for his pleasure - with an icon of a barbell across the breasts.

I nearly decided to go topless, but decided that I already had two of my students staring at me like they'd quite like to shag me into oblivion. No need to have them ALL look at me that way! So, grumbling grumpily, I pulled on the shirt and ran off to get my class.
Today, they were all paired up so that one partner would block while the other partner kicked. After a while, they switched positions. As promised, they all received bruises, but only one broke his arm and another probably got a few cracked ribs as they missed the signal to block and were kicked across the room. I performed basic first aid on that man and - once he was in stasis - had his partner levitate him to the Ministry Mediwitches.

After class ended, I came home to find you sleeping, and since I was still rather put out with you, I decided to take advantage of your sleeping body to my satisfaction.

After shagging you so hard I SHOULD have passed out, I held you as you drifted right back to sleep, and then slowly realized that I was NOT following suit. So I decided to sit up and write this email.

Maybe if I get my dream out, I'll be able to sleep after all.

So... After we'd returned to our hotel room from the Sauna, we'd shagged, snuggled up, and went right to sleep. As I slept, I had a very disturbing dream. It started out well enough. We were in bed caressing each other and kissing in that soft and loving way where we give each other a thousand tiny kisses, and then a thousand more.

To our delight, a young man joined us. He was honestly not our type, looking barely 17 and maybe not even that. The part we did like was that he was of Asian heritage, having creamy yellow skin, black eyes, and black hair. He was also rather fit in an almost too thin sort of way. He crawled into bed with us and proceeded to give us both kisses before using his mouth to pleasure us.

Things were going rather well... until they weren't. After we'd taken turns using his lithe body just a little roughly - thoroughly debauching the large hotel bed in our suite - we started on impact play and other torture. I kept choking him as you spanked him. You grabbed a crop and spanked him up and down his back until he was a bloody mess, and I brutally smacked, choked, and even punched him as the urge struck.

He whimpered a bit, but otherwise just took all our abuse without protest. Until there was no longer any spark left in his eyes or breath in his body TO protest with. At which point, we called in a large and menacing looking man, who gently took the battered body into his arms and carried him away as a team of women changed our bedding and made the room look as pristine as ever before we slipped back into bed, snuggled up, and fell asleep.

Needless to say, dwelling on that dream on and off throughout this long day has kept me on the edge of feeling like I should be turning us into Robards for literal murder, only I KNOW that we would NEVER have done such a thing. So... I think I might just need to go take another bath and see if I can wash away the creepy crawly feeling of having blood on my hands and body.

If you should happen to wake up before I come back to bed, I sincerely hope you DON'T read this (as I don't want to prevent you from going back to sleep), but perhaps intuitively come find me in the tub and do whatever it takes to make me ACTUALLY pass out.

Give a little bit of heart and soul, give a little bit of love to grow,
Draco
Tuesday May 31, 2016

My Own,

I think you were probably hoping for something a little different to put you to sleep last night, but I'm hopeful it was a happy change and not an unpleasant surprise.

While you were in the tub I did unfortunately read your email. But don't worry, the visions your email sparked did not keep me from sleeping myself. They were probably less upsetting for me since I didn't actually have to see them in my mind. I climbed into the tub and scrubbed you top to bottom. Then carried you back to bed. I believe you were assuming I was going to shag the worries out of you, much the way I tend to shag the snit right out of your when you're in a mood. You're obviously well aware of this, but I did not.

Instead I climbed into bed, sat up against our headboard, and manhandled you into my lap. I held you, stroked your bath-warmed skin, carded my hands through your hair, and sang you to sleep:

Stars shining bright above you, Night breezes seem to whisper I love you
Birds singing in the sycamore tree, Dream a little dream of me.

Say night-ie night and kiss me, Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss me
While I'm alone and blue as can be, Dream a little dream of me.

Stars fading but I linger on dear, Still craving your kiss
I'm longing to linger til dawn dear, Just saying this

Sweet dreams til sunbeams find you, Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you
But in your dreams whatever they be, Dream a little dream of me

I don't know if it was the sheer exhaustion from being up so long, the physical exertion from your class, the emotional exhaustion of worrying over the dream, perhaps your rage at my choices for your workout attire, but you were asleep before I finished the first song.

I don't know what it is about my singing that you like, I'm not any good at it, but it does seem to comfort you. So I didn't stop even though you'd fallen asleep during my first song. I sang to you for probably about an hour before I decided to join you in sleep. I had to end on one last love song:

I love you too much, Heaven's my witness and this is a fact
You live in my soul, Your heart is my goal
There's love above love but it's mine 'cause I love you
There's love above love but it's yours 'cause I love you
There's love above love and it's ours if you love me … as much

I'm so sorry you had to deal with that dream. I think it was probably worse for you because you've
had so many visions that came true and it probably has to horrify you at the idea that we could have done something so terrible. You, my heart, know better than to think we would have done anything like that to anyone.

Not only are we super into consent and extensive kink negotiations before anyone does anything un-vanilla, but it's super out of character for us just in our own kinks. Think about it. You are a switch with mostly Dom tendencies. You tailor your domination to the individual sub. Before you realized how into impact play I was, you were more likely to have me kneel and pamper you than actually initiate anything remotely sadistic. You are not a sadist. I, on the other hand, am most definitely a submissive masochist. I like pain, I like pain with my pleasure, and I like pain by itself if it's serving a purpose for my Dom. I sometimes can dom you, or spank you if that's what you're craving, but it's not something I'd do unless I absolutely had to.

I know it's hard to separate your feelings from your logical side, but if you look at it piece by piece you know it wasn't us.

Maybe you were just having a terrible dream? And if not, I think it's probably likely that you were having a vision that your subconscious put us in the place of the actual people behaving that way. As much as I wish it was just an awful dream, this really does seem the most likely reason.

Now that you've gotten a full night's sleep with no nightmares that I could hear, do you want me to shag the worry right out of you?!!

Love you,
Harry

Tuesday May 31st
The dearest part of my heart,

So... I think I just made Bletchley's entire week. When you said that tidbit about my dream likely being an actual vision in which I'd replaced us with the real murderers, I wasn't certain how to go about getting justice for the poor boy, but I wanted to at least see if it would be possible.

To which end, I printed up a copy of my ENTIRE dream, then brought it to Robards. He called in his Deputy Head AND Bletchley (who is pretty much the most senior Auror on the force at this point). I warned them that the dream was hopefully JUST a dream - a highly disturbing one - but on the off chance that it was a real vision, I wanted their objective opinions of what in essence is a sort of crime scene.

Or footage of a crime scene, I suppose.

This is not the first time I've had a vision in which I saw myself as either the victim or some other person, so they were ready to watch with an open mind. And yes, I warned them that there was quite a bit of sex first, which shouldn't be disturbing unless they are bothered by gay sex. They all assured me that they were sufficiently warned, so I started the dream playing.

To my surprise, rather than shrug it off as a bad dream, Robards insisted that I actually extract the vision so we could analyze it from inside a Pensieve. As we were going through it, Bletchley actually pointed out something I hadn't really paid any attention to; the closed sliding glass doors acted like a bit of a mirror since it was dark out. So we all studied the scene as it played out in mirror image, and sure enough, the men committing the crime looked completely different in the mirror.
Both were Asian, one looked like he might have had a white parent and was quite a bit taller than the other. The other was actually even shorter than you, but both were definitely men. When the vision got to the part where the henchman came in, he was clear enough - even from the printed copy - that they had something to work from. When all was said and done, Robards was fairly convinced that an actual crime had happened, and that - since it seemed to be covered up - chances were that no one knew what had happened to the young man.

This was where Bletchley got really happy. Robards decided that it was worth sending someone to Singapore to look through missing person photos and see if there was a match to the victim. Also, see if there might be mugshots on file of any of the criminals. If so, look into getting the crime solved.

With all of that set, Robards wondered who he could send, and Bletchley remarked that he had a LOT of unused holiday time built up, and that he wouldn’t mind a working vacation so long as he got reimbursed for the actual time he worked, plus a decent hotel and a bit of per diem. Robards agreed since he trusts Bletchley to be able to get things done despite the distraction of a holiday.

With Bletchley already looking like Christmas had just come early, I probably could have just left it, but I couldn’t. So I reached into my pocket and pulled out my coin purse.

"Here, I’d like you to give this to the boy’s family - if you manage to track them down - with my sympathy," I handed him about a hundred Galleons. "And don’t let those greedy goblins rob you with a bad exchange rate! Visit Theo Nott and tell him I sent you; he’ll give you a favorable exchange rate." I then handed him about a hundred more Galleons. "And here, take your wife to someplace decent at least once. I recommend the SKAI, which has a rather nice champagne brunch on Sundays."

"Shit Guv! You damn near paid for my entire trip! Would have done if I was just going for a day or two, but I expect that something this delicate is going to take an entire week," Bletchley stated with a broad grin.

"Better not take any longer than two weeks, because at that point, I expect you to give up and come home," Robards commanded sternly.

"Of course," Bletchley agreed with a nod. Then he slung an arm over my shoulder. "So... are the rumors of a thriving red light district true?"

I shrugged. "Apparently the Orchard Towers are considered four floors of whores. Wouldn’t know as I didn’t visit any of them. Took Harry to a gay sauna instead."

"Your loss mate," Bletchley said as he lightly pounded me on the back. "My wife had so much fun at your party that she’s been on me to find out if there are any others coming up. I figure she’ll LOVE an opportunity like this."

Robards looked a cross between suspicious and disapproving. "Come on man! Don’t get arrested on holiday for something you KNOW is illegal - being an Auror and all. Also, WHAT party???

I chuckled and gave him a bit of a flirty grin, feeling so much better now that plans were being made to deal with my vision, should it happen to be true. "Harry and I recently threw a nice old fashioned orgy. Only reason we didn't invite you is that the last time I hinted I might like to invite you to such a party, you looked at me like I deserved to be kissed by a dementor, and so, I took that to mean you weren't interested. Ever."

"That much is true," Robards agreed. Then he shrugged. "I could care less about your sex life,
mate, but maybe try not to corrupt my Aurors?"

I laughed so hard that I couldn't manage to calm down before he ordered me to leave already and I Apparated home.

So now I'm home and ready to take you up on your offer. Unfortunately, I'm dead certain that you are occupied with children - and likely horses - and will need me to come co parent for a few hours before we can slip away and shag like bunnies.

More than words is all you have to do to make it real, Then you wouldn't have to say that you love me, 'Cuz I'd already know,

Draco
Chapter 34

Chapter Summary

Once again, Harry messes with Draco's shirt.

Chapter Notes

I just finished writing my part of a chapter that also has to do with Draco teaching a class, and cracked myself up so hard that I sent three emojis of hysterical laughing to Chrissie, making her extremely apprehensive until she finally got to read the email, and then she called me trouble, lol ^_^

Wednesday June 1, 2016

My Best Friend,

I know I've complained to you a bit that I haven't seen our grandchildren much recently. Sammy is at Hogwarts so I see her even less than our Hogwarts kids. Miles and Colm's hours are so odd with having a 'nightlife' career that it seems as though finding times to meet up where our schedules work well enough for me to get time with Charlotte. But I had a mostly free day today and have been itching to introduce Blake to the horses.

I called up Bea, asked her if she and Finn could handle giving up Blake for the day with the possibility of a sleepover and she calmly checked her schedule and said she could work that into their plans. Yeah, by that I mean she basically had him through the floo with a bag packed before we finished our conversation.

She laughed when I started a bit of hysterical giggling, I guess she and Finn were hoping for a bit of a night out sometime soon but didn't want to bother us with our upcoming trip. And Blake had been begging to visit us. You know, we are so spoiled having our children's grandparents so close and very hands on. I forget how often we're able to get away to ourselves simply because we live in a giant home that we share with our children's beloved Grammy Cissa and Grampy Lulu. Finn and Bea really just have us.

I planned to introduce our little Beegee to the horses, and then maybe take him to play at our park, possibly pull out the smaller dirt bikes. Since he showed up just after breakfast, I figured we had a lot of hours to kill and tried to have plans ready. Nope, didn't need any of the extra plans. I had to have the elves make us a picnic lunch so he could eat at the stables and ended up bringing him in at dinner with tears in his eyes and promises that we could come back and visit the horses in the morning.

He looked at me with great fat alligator tears and asked, "but won't Cheesecake be lonely without me?" Oh hunny! He's attached!

I wiped his eyes, gave him a big hug, and assured him that Cheesecake would be fine hanging out
with the lovely Fondue and I made sure he saw me set the monitoring spells that would alert us if the horses were upset.

I have a feeling the horses will have plenty of attention while we're in California if Blake has anything to say about it.

After dinner, we headed over here to Unity for Movie Night. For the fact that both of his parents are Unity Royalty, Blake doesn't make it to these nights all that often. So once he got over his sadness at leaving the stables, he was very excited to come play at the Park and hang out with a bunch of kids. And we're watching Big Hero 6, which is one of his favorites so he's extra excited. I didn't even plan it that way, it was just a happy coincidence.

Missing you again, hope class is going well and you don't hurt anyone too much.

Yours,
Harry

P.S. Always remember how much you love me

Wednesday June 1st
GODDAMNIT HARRY!!!

I have no bloody idea how you keep managing to do this to me!!! I checked THREE TIMES to make sure I had the right clothes before I left, and yet SOMEHOW when I arrived and went to change into my bespoke sparring outfit, I find YET AGAIN that you've switched out my shirt with a T-SHIRT!!!

This one almost certainly made my students want to run away screaming. Very admirably, they refrained from running away or screaming. Much. This one said:

PERSONAL TRAINER [per-sun-al tray-ner]
1. The one responsible for ensuring others incur the maximum pain and suffering possible
See also: badass, sadist

Come to think of it, maybe they DID try running away, they just didn't get far as they were on a track. When I went to pick them up from the Ministry track, they saw me coming and did their best to speed up and stay ahead of me. I probably looked ready to murder someone.

Eventually, we were back in the classroom. I decided that it was finally time to teach them how to block punches. Which means that half of them were throwing punches while the others were supposed to block or intercept them. My only rule was no hitting the face or the groin. Everything else was fair game.

I walked around giving pointers and sportingly gave them each a shot at trying to punch me. Not one of them succeeded, and in their zeal, they found out that I know a LOT of holds - such as choke hold, arm behind the back, and nose to the floor.

"Do I need to go easy on you precious little petals?! I sincerely doubt any of you could give me a nosebleed if you were circled around me fully armed while I was unarmed and had no clear escape route! YOU!!! Are you even TRYING?!?! Her hands are RIGHT THERE, ready to block anything you can throw at her, and YOU would have better luck hitting her if I tripped you and tossed you into her!!! BLOODY HELL!!! I feel like I should invite a few prisoners from Azkaban here so that you could see what a REAL fight is like!!! Merlin's buggering sphincter! Next class is the day after
my birthday and I think I'll amuse myself by bringing in my three SIX YEAR OLDS and laugh my arse off as they WIPE THE FLOOR with you lot!"

"SHUT THE BLOODY HELL UP!!! CAN YOU STOP BEING AN ARSEHOLE LONG ENOUGH TO ACTUALLY TEACH US ANYTHING?!!?"

I was impressed with the bollocks on this one, considering that he's the least in shape and doing so poorly in class that I really feel I should put him in a body bag and hand him to Robards to make a point. I stared him down for a long moment before beckoning him closer.

"Come over here and say that to my face. Better yet, punch me. Slap me. Bloody trip me. Did I piss you off? Prove it!"

The rest of my students looked torn between highly concerned for his health and very eager to see him succeed. With him highly motivated to NOT land in St. Mungo's, he seemed to actually pull his head from his arse and THINK about what he was doing. He's got some power behind his fist. Too bad his fist didn't get anywhere near me.

I was able to block every single punch he threw at me. He got ever more determined to take me down a peg, and actually DID manage to make me keep my guard up, but aside from entertaining his classmates for a good ten minutes, he didn't make any progress.

Well actually, I shouldn't say that as he did make LOADS of progress. I could see him strategizing and trying out the various techniques I've taught. Too bad for him I can figuratively and LITERALLY read the moves as they cross his mind. Still, if he'd been fighting a criminal, I think he might have held his own, and THAT is exactly what I'm trying to teach them to do. Better yet, hold their own until they have an opening to take down and arrest the criminal.

Frustrated that he hadn't harmed so much as a hair on my head, he eventually grumbled the question I've been waiting for. "This is useless! Why the bloody hell do we have to learn this?!!"

That's when I stopped playing nice and swept his feet out from under him so that I could roll him over and sit on his back. Then I put my elbow just to the right of his spine - next to his shoulder blade - and rested my chin on my hand as if I was utterly bored.

"Tell me something, do you plan to arrest a criminal as an Auror?"

"Well yeah," he muttered, trying his best to wriggle out from under me.

"So, what if your criminal casts a simple Expelliarmus? How will you arrest him or her if you're unarmed?"

"Erm..."

"AND what if your criminal sneaks up behind you with the intention to bash you over the head. If you don't notice until the last possible second, how are you going to avoid the blow, and better yet, turn it to your advantage?"

"Erm..."

"What about raids? Do you think you'll ever want to go on a raid?"

"Yeah, that's where the big money is," he stated, pointing out that Aurors who go on raids earn a bonus in addition to their regular pay because of the potential danger. More if they actually get injured in the line of duty.
"Ah, so your main interest is in making money. You don't particularly care about your life or getting criminals off the streets," I theorized.

"Oi! I wouldn't be training as an Auror if I only wanted money!"

I sighed as if bored, now resting my other elbow on his back and propping my chin up on my hands. "Alright, so not only do you have to pass this class to qualify for raid duty, but I know for a fact that most of the time, one of the wards erected around a raid site is an ANTI-MAGIC ward. So tell me, how do you plan to do your job as an Auror without magic?"

Big mouth seemed scandalized. "THEY DO NOT!!!" He spluttered for a second. "That's INSANE!!! WHY would they do that??!!"

"A little over a month ago, the Ministry raided an illegal potions lab. Inside was a room full of kids. Can you imagine what COULD have happened had one of the more desperate and dangerous higher ups decided to use the kids as hostages?"

He paled. "I can imagine that it wouldn't have been good."

"Can you think of a better way to ensure that a CHILD - or other INNOCENT person - isn't accidentally or otherwise hit with an unforgivable killing curse?"

He seemed to think this over for a moment, and then growled. "It's still INSANE to take away magic from the trained Aurors going in. With just a few well-aimed stunning spells, the criminals would be taken into custody and the raid would be over."

I shook my head. "I don't think you have what it takes yet. To participate in raids, that is. If you manage to pass this class, I'm going to require that you work as an Auror for at least three years before I let you go on any raids."

He scoffed. "Lucky for me that YOU'RE not the Head Auror then!"

I sighed, rubbed my forehead and decided that I was done with him. I stood up and walked away - especially since class only had five minutes left by that point. As I walked away, I heard one of the Aurors I've worked with a few times chuckling under his breath. A surreptitious glance over my shoulder revealed that he was giving the big mouth a hand up.

"Idiot! You DO know that Draco Malfoy happens to be the Chief in charge of raids, right?"

"WHAT?! BLOODY HELL!!! WHY THE FUCK WOULD THEY PUT HIM IN CHARGE?!?!?!"

I paused outside the not quite closed door to hear the answer.

"Because he puts the same terrifying attention he's giving us into the raid, and since he does, we have a GOOD track record of conducting raids with minimum to NO injuries. Wouldn't you prefer to work under a man who knows how to keep everyone alive and in one piece?"

"Well..... yeah....."

At that, I snorted in amusement and finished walking to the nearest Apparation point. I've been telling them since the beginning that I'd give them the skills they need AND a good idea of why they need them. I HAVE been telling them - giving plenty of examples of real instances in which criminals have done things or when each move has come in handy. Maybe NOW they'll start paying more attention.
I know you wanted to leave on Monday, and you most certainly can - taking the jet with all the kids - but I'm going to stay behind and use my Portkey between the Manor and our house in California. That way, I can invite my students back to the manor a few hours earlier than class usually starts. I'm serious about keeping our youngest with me. I plan to have my students be chased by Amala for a good 45 minutes, and THEN I want to watch as our kids kick all their arses to the ground every five seconds.

Maybe if you feel like delaying your flight after all, you and the rest of the kids can watch from the comfort of lounge chairs while munching on popcorn.

In the meantime, now that I'm home and showered (I had to wash the stink of that student off, bleh!), I was planning to crawl into bed with and molest you, but it looks like you're already sound asleep..... snuggled up with our adorable honorary grandson Blake. So, sleep it is, I guess.

But before I sign off, I just wanted to remind you that Sammy - having found out that she shares a birthday with Mahafsoun - wants to spend the day as a shadow, provided that Mahafsoun is allowed to have visitors on her set that day. I think she said that they were going to do pre-start-of-filming things that day, so I'm not sure how it'll work, but I'm going to at least ask.

The breath that I breathe,
Draco
Sunday June 5, 2016

My Dragon,

Happy Birthday my love. I'm hopeful that all the fun plans we have for today are as wonderful as you deserve. I'm not sure how much longer the children are going to let you sleep, I've been fending some of them off for hours! The older kids like to sleep in anyway and are well aware of how much you hate being woken up. But our smallest are getting antsy and wanting to get started on spoiling their daddy on his birthday.

I'm sitting in our bed, wand at the ready to re-cast silencing and locking charms at our door should I need to AGAIN. I figured I would get my thoughts out while I wait for those beautiful silver eyes to blink themselves open.

I already sent my traditional bouquet of flowers to your mum to thank her for her efforts in bringing my favorite person into the world. You'd think after all these years she'd be used to it, but she still gets all soft and emotional when I bring them to her the morning of your birthday.

It was no problem to change up our plans for leaving Monday. Haz doesn't actually need to be there for prep until the tenth, so a delay in one day wasn't an issue. I spoke with Mr. Lott to tell him of the change of plans and he said he'd just spend Monday sleeping and we could take off Monday night after your class. I didn't even think of that, just assuming we'd leave Tuesday instead. But this should really help the kids with any jet lag symptoms. They'll sleep off and on during the eleven hour flight, their bodies will be a bit confused and we'll land at around three in the morning on Tuesday. We get settled into the house, everyone crashes for a few more hours, and we wake up at a fairly normal time on Tuesday ready to start the day.

Oh! I have a bit of a thought about your plans for your victims, sorry I mean students, for Monday. Instead of having them run first and be chased by Amala, I think you should have them spar with the trouble trio first. If you have them exhaust themselves running then I can see the little whiners using their exhaustion as an excuse for getting their arses handed to them. I think you should have them stretch a bit, maybe run a lap or two, and have them spar the triplets fresh and energized.

I think you were kidding when you talked about having us lounge and have popcorn while you terrorize your students, but when I got home from picking up our Hogwarts kids and told them about your 'joke' they all thought it was the best idea they'd ever heard. So unless you are actively against the idea, you are going to have quite the crowd tomorrow night.

I think I'm most looking forward to seeing them get whooped by Seph. She is so tiny, she looks so beautifully dainty, but she is the toughest out of all three. I think somehow she knew she was going to be so small and decided to make up the difference by packing in as much personality, sass, and determination she could fit in her body.
Much like our trip to Singapore, it's your birthday and I want you to have the exact day you want. So, I have things planned but if you have something you'd rather do, you just let me know. I have us scheduled for the dragon event at Adventure Park. I got us seats to one of Miles' shows tonight. And lunch reservations at Café Exquis. Just let me know if anything needs to be altered.

Oh! Speaking of altered, the weekend of the big Hogwarts party at the Manor? That's the weekend of Glastonbury! So while the big kids are partying the night away, should we take the smaller kids to Glasto to keep them out of their hair? I just assumed we would miss it this year with all of our plans, but the timing of us coming back for the party makes it so we shouldn't have to miss it at all. What do you think? Earth Wind and Fire are going to be performing on Sunday!

Alright, I'm off to distract the kids, this is the third time they've broken through my silencing charms. Little monsters!

Thank you for being born!
Harry

Monday June 6th
My everything,

We are currently on our flight, which gives me plenty of time to recap my last two days. As I was waking up on my birthday, I could feel you trying to leave our bed, and I didn't care what time it was, this was NOT ON! So I grabbed you and yanked you back over to me so that I could kiss and have my very wicked way with you.

Unbeknownst to me, our youngest three were having a conversation that went something along the lines of: "Sigh... looks like we have to wait EVEN LONGER!" "Well yeah, but the good news is that he's awake now." "Let's go get Amala and let her in here, she'll make him hurry up." "That's BRILLIANT!!!"

So, we were having ourselves a great time, kissing and wanking each other, until I was ALMOST there, and then - sure enough - Amala jumped on the bed and tried her best to get in on the action. Which, of course, killed the mood almost completely. After fighting off a disconcertingly amorous Cheetah - who STILL thinks I'm at least partially her mate, ugh! - we decided to take a shower and finish up in there.

Then, to prevent further shenanigans from our adorable hooligans, I decided that it was best to cut my morning routine short and just get dressed. We then proceeded to have a fabulous family brunch in which our many imps - I mean choir of angels - showered me with love and gifts. And by gifts, I of course mean songs or skits to entertain me. Only Elena actually bought me something.

I opened her gift with a slight suspicion that she'd forgotten until the last second and just bought me any old piece of jewelry. Don't get me wrong, I would have loved it, but happily, I was wrong. Inside the bracelet sized box lurked two tickets to a show in California. An all male burlesque show, mmm...

Our girl knows us so well!

Speaking of our girl, she has definitely hit the nauseous phase of pregnancy. It doesn't seem to be too horrible, just a little vomiting when she forgets to eat every two to four hours. Remind me to have Muffy make her a nice snack basket to have on hand at all times.
The attention was taken off of me for a few minutes as we all asked Elena how she was doing. She admitted to finally accepting that Rodrigo is a capable assistant. She still hates being more or less forced to slow down, but she's grateful enough to have such loving dads who know how to take care of her.

After River and Mahafsoun finished their amazing performance and brunch was finished, we bribed our youngest 8 atrociously to have a fun day with our older set of Triplets and Viona. Speaking of Viona, she's ever so grateful that I've managed to secure Hogsmeade for her and has spent most of the day huddled together with Pippa, planning out how to best decorate the entire town. So glad I'm not a part of that discussion!

Once our youngest had been sufficiently paid off and the oldest were sufficiently paid off to take them out, they headed off to Unity Park to have a fun day of riding rides and causing mayhem. It's a good thing I still partially own the place and can afford to pay for any damages.

I wonder if I should have warned them...

Anyway, that left us free to head out for your plans - which were perfect for me. We went to my Adventure Park and played with the dragons. I *didn't* take my Anijuice potion since I'm actually low on dragon scale (Charlie promised to get me more for my birthday, but I haven't seen him yet), but we still had a blast simply riding our brooms as we let the dragons chase us.

The interesting thing is that after so many years of the dragons interacting with paying customers, they are almost tame. Not quite - one still has to avoid provoking their temper - but so long as one is respectful and just wants to fly with them, they are actually friendly, even letting us pet them. On a rare occasion, a customer even has the luck of *riding* one. And it was definitely my lucky day as they recognized my smell from the several times I'd transformed into a dragon and gone flying with them. They let me and you ride them around the replica of the First Task of the Triwizard Tournament.

I don't know about you, but I had so much fun that I gave serious consideration from retiring from life and just living out the rest of my days as a dragon with them. The thing that convinced me that was a bad idea was that even if you came with me, we'd miss our kids like a bone deep ache, so no. No permanent dragon status for me. Yet.

I'm still considering it for my old age.

But speaking of dragons, erm… Remember my friend from the forbidden Forest? The Antipodean Opaleye that's been living there for at least the last five years. Well, remember how the last time we went there and she seemed highly upset and kept whipping her tail at her empty nest? I've given it a lot of thought, and I THINK that she was trying to tell me something along the lines of: "Dragon up and mate with me, man, so that my nest stops being empty and our kind gets just a tiny bit less closer to extinction!"

Now I'm NOT saying that I particularly like the idea, but if I'm right, she has a sort of point. And since Opaleyes really are rare (the only other one I know of is the decrepit old male that Charlie gets my scales from), maybe I have a sort of obligation to help out. What do you think?

But moving on.

After our day with the dragons, we went to eat at Café Exquis, and I swear they OUTDID themselves for sheer excellence! But then it was time for the best part...

A fun and hilarious show starring our gorgeous Miles! Once again, you apparently warned him that
we were coming because he ended the show by dragging me up on stage and having the two of us perform a trio of songs for the additional delight of the large paying audience.

I had a blast!

My day was perfect from beginning to end! Especially since you were determined to make up for the fact that Amala interrupted our wake up. After shagging each other into exhaustion, I slept like the dead and had a lovely afternoon chatting and catching up with our kids.

But then it was time for my class. I'd had Pippa send them all reminders that I expected them to show up to the Manor an hour earlier than usual. I also made it known that I'd accept no excuses short of death for not making it. Prior to the start of class, I spent a good hour and a half making myself look good. I got dressed up in my favorite of my sparring outfits, and preened for my mirror for at least ten minutes before Apparating to the running track to meet my class.

I was in an excellent mood.

"Listen up! My husband Harry had a brilliant idea." I gestured to you where you and all of our kids were sitting on lounge chairs and munching on snacks. You smirked suspiciously and waved at me before blowing me a kiss. I raised a brow but shrugged it off. "He suggested that I take it a bit easy on you today and let you be all fresh and ready to spar - thus no running other than a few stretches and a quick warm up lap. What do you all think? Doesn't that sound lovely?"

They were all eyeing my shirt and groaning - giving me the impression that they did NOT believe I was planning to go easy on them. They were right, but I have no idea how they parsed it. That's when I looked down and saw that my shirt was NOT what I'd put on. It was *somehow* a T-shirt that said: NOBODY CARES: WORK HARDER

"GODDAMNIT HARRY!!!" I roared, glaring over at you.

"What??" You asked with an air of innocence that was ruined by the smug grin on your face.

"STOP FUCKING WITH MY SHIRTS!!!"

"I'm just giving your students fair warning."

Sighing in aggravation, I decided to go topless after all, or at the very least, take my shirt off until I could summon my ACTUAL shirt. To my dismay, under the T-shirt was a black singlet that said: REAL MEN EAT ASS

"GODDAMNIT HARRY!!!"

"WHAT??! I'm just letting them know that you are MINE and they'd better keep their hands to themselves! I DID defeat Voldemort after all, mere moments after he threatened your life."

I stopped short because that part hadn't ever occurred to me before. "Huh..... you actually did. Fine! Everyone, line up so that we can stretch!"

After our quick warm up, it was time for the main event, I had my students line up again.

"Persephone, Lily, Caelum, could you three come over here a minute?"

"Sure thing daddy!!!" They cried out excitedly as they bounded over to me, then they stood there staring up at me looking so adorable that my heart just about melted. The girls were wearing silk Chinese shirts and matching bottoms - dark purple for Persephone and gold embroidered with bright red flowers for Lily. Meanwhile, Caelum was wearing a sport uniform that said Malfoy
across the back and had the number 1 on the front.

"I promised my students that they'd get a chance to spar with you three cherubs today, and so, I want you to refrain from murdering them, but otherwise, go ahead and take them out."

"YES DADDY!!" They accepted eagerly and instantly transformed into a trio of ninjas with their fierce hiyas and their murderous expressions. I jogged over to your double sized lounge chair and got comfortable while we watched our babies utterly terrorize my students.

AHHHH.... This was my favorite class yet. I look forward to making this a standard part of my class each time I have a new set of students who think they're making good progress. Which - by the way - is an EXCELLENT reason to give our tinys that age freezing potion. That way, they'll ALWAYS be these tiny little pixies that don't look like they should be able to break a sweat, much less an arm.

The only problem with my plan was that I didn't get to watch as closely as I wanted because you thoroughly distracted me by snogging the bloody hell out of me. But once my class had been beaten into submission, our terrors came over and told me to stop being disgusting and go deal with the people on the ground.

With a triumphantly evil laugh, I untangled myself from you and jogged over to my students. "Alright! Now that you are nice and limber, it's time for my pretty kitty Amala to come out and chase your arses around the track a few times. What do you think? Sound brilliant? Yeah? AMALA...." I sang out gleefully.

A nice roar let me know that she was on her way.

"I suggest you use this time to get a head start. Chop chop!"

And that was the start of my best class yet. After their 45 minute jog - terrified run - I was able to feed them a quick snack of your homemade biscuits (they were allowed more than one this time), tea, and plenty of water. Then I paired them up and had them just spar. I'd taught them all the basics by this point, and really, all they needed to do was practice them until they were actually good.

No one died and no one had to go to the Ministry Healers, so I call that a win.

But as I said, I'm now on the jet and it's time for me to sign off and take advantage of the fact that you are sleeping right next to me.

Every time I close my eyes, it's you I see,
Draco
Chapter 36

Chapter Summary

They’ve officially arrived in California and Draco is very tired.

Wednesday June 8, 2016

Greetings from sunny, beautiful California!

We got in yesterday and did a whole lot of nothing. Mostly just unpacking, settling the kids into their rooms, short naps to keep the snits at bay without completely getting us jetlagged. Rediscovering all of our favorite parts of our Cali house and surrounding yard. Except for Sammy and Maha obviously who must have just chugged a pepper-up or they are just better at dealing with exhaustion than this over-the-hill thirty-five-year-old-man.

As upside down as I think we all felt yesterday, it was really nice to go to bed at a normal time last night and wake up today refreshed and ready to start the day. I think this should put us on good footing for the rest of the summer instead of trudging through jetlag for the next week while we sync up our brains with the sun.

I've already been for a run this morning. It's so funny, I prefer to run outdoors. Even in the dead of winter I would rather just cast warming charm after warming charm than run indoors on a small circular track or, Merlin forbid, a treadmill. I'm glad those monstrosities exist for those who want to utilize them, but give me the great wide open any day! But the funny part is that back in the UK, even when we're at hotels or areas with more people, I rarely run into other people out on their runs. I know they do, I'm not going to pretend I'm the only runner in the entire place, I just think the places I run at home tend to be free of other runners.

Running here in southern California? It's a completely different world. I did the early morning runner head nod in solidarity with so many people!

There was an incident this morning though. I debated waking you up, but seeing as you have to pop off for your class today … or is it tomorrow? I get so mixed up with the time differences … I decided to let you sleep and I will just catch you up a bit. So, we are going to meet up in person with the surgeon on Friday. We've had plenty of skype conversations, and the surgeon has spoken with Haz's healers at home at length, as well as met up with the physical and mental doctors she was cared for when we lived here. But Hazel hasn't met this surgeon in person yet.

I know Hazel, Eris, and Viona in particular were planning on spending most of today and tomorrow at the beach. I figured we would barely see them the next few days. So I went in and talked to Haz before they could leave just to make sure we had all the scheduling and specifics set for our appointment Friday. I mentioned wanting to leave earlier than planned, the surgeon is a muggle doctor after all so I didn't want to just apparate into her office or anything. And the traffic around here is insane. Well something about it being two days away made Hazel panic.

She started crying and breathing really fast, poor lamb was having a bit of a panic attack. I just held her, rocked her a bit, and made shushing noises. I eventually asked her if this panic meant she was having second thoughts. I thought that child was going to start throwing punches at me! Nope. No
second thoughts. If anything I think she was terrified that she'd gotten so close to what she wanted that she is afraid something is going to go wrong. Somehow when the surgery was "someday" and far in the future she could just be hopeful. But it being so soon means that she's going to spend the next twenty-three days worrying that something is going to fall through and this thing she'd waited for for so long wasn't going to happen for her.

I was able to calm her down, and sent the kids on their way to the beach. If she hadn't been able to stop freaking out I certainly would have woken you to help, but thankfully that wasn't necessary.

Hopefully we have enough things planned in the next three plus weeks that the time will fly and surgery day will be here before you know it. Then the only panicking black-haired Malfoy you'll have to worry about is me! And probably Eris. She's been oddly quiet during any conversations having to do with the main reason we're here in Cali this summer. And I know it's not any sort of jealousy over the attention or annoyance at being somewhere she doesn't want to be. You should probably wear something waterproof on the big day because Eri and I will be crying our eyes out on your shoulders.

Okay I can NOT dwell on how worried I am or I am going to be a soggy mess and I have too many things I want to get done today.

Are you as surprised and or pleased as I am about the Viona/Alric rooming situation? I was really gearing up for an epic Viona rage for us even daring to suggest they sleep apart. Either a rage or an outright refusal. I thought we might even get a stern lecture on the patriarchal implications of assigning the concept of purity or virginity to a person. And when I simply gestured to the room and said "Here's where Alric can stay" they both looked almost … relieved? He air kissed her cheek and told her he'd meet up with her after he'd unpacked.

It's absolutely bonkers, but I'm almost disappointed it wasn't an issue. You and I spent so much time worrying about how to handle him being on this trip with us and everything was just smooth as can be? All that worry for nothing!

Well, I am off to the market, the team we hired to stock the pantry did a good job of filling up on the staples and basics, but I want to go a bit crazy in the fresh produce department. We are going to have the freshest damn orange juice every morning I swear it!

Yours,
Harry

Wednesday June 8th
UGH!

I'm going to hate this, I just know it!

While you were off writing an email to me and trying to let me sleep in as much as I wanted, Pippa was busy waking my arse up and barely giving me enough time to swallow down a smoothie as she dressed me like a child and shoved my Portkey in my hand. See, with London being 7 hours ahead of us, 5PM there - when my class starts - is 10 ***AM*** here. I'm never up until much closer to noon!!!

Sigh...

It wasn't until I arrived at the Manor and used the convenient floo connection from our track to my
classroom that I even thought to look at what Pippa had put on me. To my dismay, it was another of those shirts. This one said:

SQUAT because NO ONE RAPS ABOUT little butts.

"GOODAMNIT HARRY!!!" With a resigned sigh - because I was definitely not awake enough to give a shit about anything short of the Dark Lord being resurrected and attacking me - I trudged off to pick up my students from the track. They followed me quietly because I was pretty quiet myself.

As promised by your shirt, I made them squat repeatedly for about a half an hour before pairing them up and having them take turns attacking and defending. Strangely, the longer I went without saying much of anything at all, the more wary and downright afraid they seemed to get. I'm dead certain that they started taking bets on which one of them I was planning to AK.

But the most interesting part of class was that every single student had been properly humbled by their experience with our kids, and was taking this class much more seriously. I think they might even have teamed up to practice in their spare time. Honestly, THAT is probably the only way they're ever going to truly retain their lessons.

Once done, I was going to wave my hand dismissively and leave, but my uncharacteristic silence had unnerved them all to the boiling point.

"What crawled up your arse and died?" One of my braver and actually more competent students asked.

I raised a brow and stared him down.

"Seriously? Did you and your husband fight? Did someone kill your cat? Was your teenaged son caught shagging some girl?"

"NO! Thank Merlin! We had enough of that from River!" I blurted out. Then sighed and rubbed my temples. "Fine, if you must know, I am not awake enough to form coherent words. It may be evening here in Britain, but it was not quite 10 AM back in LA, and I NEVER get out of bed until nearly noon."

"Oh? … So you're too tired to..."

I immediately blocked a punch. "I said I was tired, not DEAD! You're going to have to train for a hundred more years before you're good enough to get one over on me!"

"I think you're full of it! I think NOW is the best time to take you down!"

To my surprise, I was fully awake now. "Put your money where your mouth is!"

With this invitation, it became a free for all of my students trying to attack me and put me through even a tiny bit of what I've put them through. Unfortunately for them, they are still in the stage where they have to think about what they are doing - rather than react instinctively - and so, not quite able to thwart my Legilimency.

Still, they impressed me enough that I feel they deserve a treat for our next class. I'm going to let them take a break from sparring and having their arses kicked, and I'm going to make them dance instead. But that's not until Monday, and so - in the meantime - I have plenty of time to Portkey back home and have a nice long chat with Hazel.

See you in a couple of minutes.
I have faith in what I see, now I know I have met an Angel in person, and he looks perfect, I don't deserve it, but you look perfect tonight,
Draco
Chapter 37

Chapter Summary

It's time for Hazel's doctor's appointment.

Friday June 10, 2016

My Strength,

Ah! Today's the day. I am sure this will come as a complete surprise but I am panicking a bit. Luckily, Haz is still sleeping, so my worry isn't adding to hers. I promise, when she wakes up I will be completely calm and she will have no idea that I am slowly losing my mind here.

So far this morning I have already gone for a run, went into the yard to pick some fresh oranges, squeezed enough orange juice to feed even our massive family. I also made breakfast, and I've gone through every cupboard just in case we left something here last time and it needs to be cleared out. Like baby swimsuits that wouldn't fit anyone in this house or cracked beach toys or expired food.

Twenty Merlin-be-damned cupboards in this house and not a single thing I needed to take care of. It's almost like we have a small army of house elves that would be horrified at the idea of leaving a cupboard in disarray. Damn it! How am I supposed to panic clean when there's nothing to clean?

How did your chat with Hazel go? It's a bit silly, when she was using her upcoming surgery as manipulative ammunition to get you to say yes to her party idea she wasn't actually worried about it. It was all part of her creative form of getting her way. I wish she actually had something she was trying to talk us into now, it would be so much easier to deal with than actual worry. I'd give her just about anything she'd want if I could just take the worry out of those beautiful eyes.

Who am I trying to kid with this 'just about anything' nonsense? I would give her anything she wants if it was within my power to give. My sweet girl who asks for so little.

The kids all seem to have had fun so far in the few days we've been here. Exploring for the smaller kids and beach time for the older ones. A little on the boring side for us, but probably for the best. But this weekend we are going all out! Rock climbing for those interested, dirt biking for those interested in that, and a shopping trip to fill out our wardrobes to compensate for the change in weather. I know we did some shopping beforehand, but there's only so much summery beach stuff that can be stocked up on in Wiltshire ya know?

If I'm having a hard time finding something to do this morning, I have a feeling we should probably stock up on quiet indoor activities too for while Haz is recovering. Perhaps a few book series she hasn't read. A couple seasons of some new show we can binge together. Maybe some new board games? If I don't find something to do, this will be the summer that never ends. Well, we could probably get pretty deep into the wedding planning with Vivi.

Yes! I am going to see if The Princess is awake and talk wedding plans with her!

Spastically Yours,
Friday June 10th
My eternity,

Well today was certainly interesting.

I was feeling a bit nervous after my chat with Hazel because she spent the entire time asking me questions like:

"What if they think I'm too young to do this? What if they think I'm not a good candidate physically? What if they think I'm too insane to go through with it?!?!"

"Calm down love, you have been seeing a therapist since you were born. If you were insane, she would have told you by now and tried to fix it," I reminded her.

"Yeah but -"

I cut her short by pulling her in my arms and stroking her hair. "The worst thing they can do is make you wait until you're 18. The surgery WILL happen, even if you have to wait, but if they really thought you weren't ready, I'm certain they'd have called it off before now and told you to resign yourself to waiting."

"But I've waited long enough!"

"Yes, yes you have, and that's why I don't doubt that they will see that you're ready."

She sighed and rested her head against my shoulder and just let me hold her for a long time.

But as for today, this initial appointment took so much longer than I expected. The first two hours of it were Hazel chatting with a Psychologist about her reasons for wanting to transition fully. I have no idea what exactly was said as it was private between the two of them, but then there was a half an hour in which we were brought in to talk too and tell the woman about Hazel first telling us that she's a girl - which was actually Pearl who told us. How we've allowed her to be her true gender since she was four, how we have YEARS worth of family photos of us on vacation around the world with her wearing a skirt or sarong because she didn't always feel comfortable being naked with the rest of us because her incorrect gender. Things like that.

Then we headed off to a physical exam performed by the surgeons who will be performing the surgery. They needed to be certain that she was in full physical health so that there would be no problems during the surgery. They also needed to go through all the surgeries that would be performed, and those that were optional.

Hazel WILL be having a penectomy and an orchiectomy - which is the removal of the scrotum - and am I complete arse for shuddering in horror as these things are mentioned? Those are some of my favorite parts!!!

Anyway, she will also be having a vaginoplasty so that she has a fully functioning vagina when they are done. Once again, I had to sort of go elsewhere in my mind as these things were being discussed because I REALLY didn't want any of that in my head. But those are the three definite surgeries.

There are also a few other surgeries she could have at the same time. Even though you and I both
said that we couldn't really notice it, Hazel has been wearing a lot of scarves lately to cover her Adam's Apple because she feels that it is the biggest one in all of creation and is so self conscious about it. So, she's adamant about having it shaved and smoothed. There are an array of plastic surgeries that can be done to her face to reshape it and make it more feminine, but we all agreed that with her early and continued access to estrogen, she's been developing in a feminine enough way that none of that is necessary.

Which just left..... Breasts.....

You know Harry, I KNOW that you are completely uninterested in breasts, but I personally find them nice. I like looking at them and they can be soft and fun to touch on occasion. Having to think about breasts not ONLY in relation to our daughter, but ALSO in relation to the SIZE of our daughter's breasts has quite put me off them for the foreseeable future.

That was the last of the optional surgeries that the Surgeon wanted to discuss. It seems that most people that elect to transition fully tend to have breast augmentation because they are usually men who did not have access to estrogen early enough to grow their own. They also usually aren't able to transition until they are fully grown and often fairly late in life.

But in Hazel's case, she has breasts, they're just... small. I never gave them any sort of look - aside from literally seeing them when she's dancing topless or taking a bath with the rest of the family. But because I've never given them a look, I hadn't known the specifics, such as: "But Dads! I REALLY want to go up at least half a size! I'm just big enough to be considered a B in that I'm too much for an A cup, but I don't really fill in the B cup. I JUST want to be a solid B!

Salazar preserve me!

"But Hunny!" You protested. "You're not done growing. What if we augmented them now, and then you hit a growth spurt and turn into a D cup?!"

"Actually, an Augmentation can always be reversed in that situation," the Surgeon supplied helpfully.

Hazel gestured to him as if he had just won her argument. "See?"

I sighed, rubbed my temples because I seriously wanted to run screaming from the room, and then held out a hand for her to take. "Look, we've chosen a team that is in the know and on board with Magic. That means that you are going to be having these surgeries done the muggle way because that's the only way to ensure that nothing goes wrong - or reverses itself over time. But you are ALSO going to be using healing spells and pain relief potions to minimize the time and discomfort from the healing process."

"Yeah?" Hazel stated and asked at the same time because she wasn't sure where I was going with this.

I sighed again. "I happen to know that there are potions and spells that can temporarily or permanently alter breast size. Pansy used to use the temporary spell before important dates, until she decided which size she liked the best and just took the potion to make them stay that way. Why don't I teach you those spells so that you can do exactly what she did and see which size you like best? Also, that gives you time to finish growing. Who knows, maybe your dad is right and you'll suddenly have a growth spurt and develop rather a lot in the next 2 years."

She hummed and tilted her head side to side as she thought this over. "Yeah, alright. I guess I will like having the ability to change them back if I make them TOO big."
"DAMN! I need to learn that spell!" The tall and painfully thin nurse lamented, looking at her almost unnoticeable chest.

The surgeon laughed. "Wouldn't help, you'd need the ability to DO magic in order to use it!"

She sighed morosely. "True..."

"Why didn't you just augment them?" Hazel asked curiously.

The nurse shrugged. "I'm born a woman - even though there are a lot of trans nurses here and I look like I could be one of them. My mother always told me that God gave me exactly what he wanted me to have and that I should learn to accept the gifts I have. I guess that maybe I believe her just enough that I haven't done it yet. Have them augmented, that is."

"Oh," Hazel murmured in understanding.

"Plus, then I'd have fake ones," the nurse added. "And even though they would LOOK really nice, they don't always feel so nice, you know?"

The Surgeon nodded in agreement. "Especially when someone has very little to begin with and wants to go as big as possible. There's just not that layer of fat needed to give them a nice feel."

Which somehow led to Hazel, the Surgeon, and the nurse - plus occasionally you - having a long and rather far too detailed discussion of real breasts versus fake breasts, and which really would be the better option in the long run. I am pretty sure my brain melted at some point and leaked out of my ears so that it could go running from the room.

But - in the end - we came out of the appointment assured that there was nothing wrong with Hazel that would prevent the surgery, and so now, all we need to do is a combination of having her see their therapist regularly to discuss what is going to happen until they are certain she is as prepared as she can be, PLUS WAITING, oi! I'm now of the opinion that these next few weeks will take FOREVER to pass!

That and I think there are actually supplements and things they want her to take and do to prepare her body for this major trauma. I sort of stopped listening at some point, erm, well, right about when we kept talking about breasts. Which I already said.

I'm just going to sign off now! And then probably go hide in the back of my closet and stroke my Komboloi. Or maybe hex myself to sleep until it's all over. We'll see how it goes.

Oh baby, I'm gonna love you forever, forever and ever amen, as long as old men sit and talk about the weather, as long as old women sit and talk about old men, if you wonder how long I'll be faithful, I'll be happy to tell you again, I'm gonna love you forever and ever, forever and ever, amen,

Draco
Chapter 38

Chapter Summary

Draco decides to give his students a bit of a break.

Chapter Notes

***This chapter contains an adult looking at a seventeen year old inappropriately. Nothing happens, but I thought it was worth mentioning just in case***

Wednesday June 22, 2016

My Darling,

Ugh, how much longer until the little triplets are old enough for long distance port-keying? When they're eight is it? You know I have always enjoyed a nice long plane ride. We have our own private jet and pilot. We never have to wait in lines. I don't have to take off my shoes. It's just an easy boarding and flying process. But these long flights get awfully draining with wound up young kids on them. I swear, if Lissa asks me one more time how much longer it is I am going to pretend I'm in a coma.

I know, I could probably just send her over to bug you. Oh wait, you went ahead on your portkey because you have class tonight … today … now? I am pretty sure that whenever you have class we should not have sent Pippa with you because I can't keep the times straight. Ha! I can't keep anything straight! Hehe, gay joke for the win!

And you were able to port yourself with the older triplets and Vivi so they could help your mum with last minute party prep. Thankfully Shtara, Siri, Zwei, Zaire, and Jaz decided to fly with me in solidarity. I am being such a whiner, it's really not bad at all. We have awesome kids, we've been playing games during the flight, we watched a movie already, and I'm thinking (wishing and praying actually) the triplets may end up napping here pretty soon. They talked Shtara into singing for them and when she said yes she winked at me and has been singing them super soft slow songs ever since.

Knock wood, but Cael and Seph's eyes are looking awfully heavy right now.

I don't know, maybe I'm focusing on this stressful flight because if I don't fill my head the worries start filtering their way in. I don't know if you've noticed, but I have tried keeping us heavily scheduled for pretty much the last twelve days in a row. We did LEGOLAND, we've been rock climbing, dirt biking, surfing, we saw the Angels kick the Twins' arses ten to two at Angel's stadium, hell we even went to turtle races in Marina Del Ray. Turtle racing Draco!

I'm just so nervous about my baby girl having surgery. I know it's going to be wonderful for her to finally have it done. I know it's so important for her mental wellness. And I know our surgeon is fantastic, not to mention we have the ability to speed up and keep safe her healing due to magic.
But … but … but … what if something goes wrong?

Okay, I really do need to keep my mind on something else. I think I'll start looking at more things I can cram in our schedule for when we get back. There are wind caves and crazy museums. Oooh! We could do one of those hunts where we try to find the best food trucks' locations. Did you know there's an alley you can visit that people traditionally leave their chewed gum on it? It literally has been collecting nasty chewed up gum for decades. What is wrong with people? But in places we might actually visit, there's a cat rescue we can visit, aptly called The Cat House.

Plus, DISNEYLAND! Can we can we can we? Huh, huh, please? Our princesses could meet other princesses, we can go on awesome rides, and there are parades and fireworks! Plus, I hear Peter Pan is a hoot, if we found him the two of you could be sarcastic arseholes together!

Oh, thank fuck, the triplets are asleep. Okay, I am going to try to catch a nap myself. I'll see you in a few hours my love!

Yours,
Harry

Wednesday June 22nd
My sanity,

So apparently I've been too tired while teaching my class the last couple of weeks to remember that I was going to give them a special treat. I was going to do it a couple of Mondays ago, but as I said, I've been too tired and basically half asleep while teaching classes. My students seem to like it when I show up to class quiet because it means that I'm going to simply pair them up and let them spar until my tea kicks in and I wake up. THEN I turn into a fierce Dragon who terrorizes the bloody hell out of them.

Today was different in that I was forced to wake up closer to 9AM so that I could eat something and be awake enough to bring a few of our kids with us. We arrived at the Manor and were immediately brought to the ballroom by the elves. That triggered me remembering that I planned to give my students an easy day of dancing. So, I ordered Muffy to head off to the classroom and leave a sign for my students to floo here.

Before they arrived, I had time to go change. It doesn't matter how you do it nor what shirt you wanted me to wear because I decided - swayed heavily by our kids wanting to come up with something extremely brilliant for their party - that we weren't just going to dance but FIRE DANCE. Thus, I was most definitely topless. My bottoms were basic black yoga pants that were charmed to the teeth to be impervious to fire. I normally forego even bottoms while firedancing, but I figured that I probably could run into trouble with the Ministry if any of my students complained that they had to see my gorgeous naked arse.

That DIDN'T extend to our kids. They were eager to get to choreographing a hot fire dance for their party, and so, were all naked - except for Hazel, who was only topless. They were chattering on about painted costumes to wear during the dance, Hazel wondering if she could charm her skirt to literally be on fire without burning her. My students actually entered the ballroom just ahead of me because Muffy had rounded them up and basically Apparated them there for me.

They stood there awkwardly, sounding like they wanted to apologize for interrupting something private, but also seriously were confused as to what was going on. I strode into the room behind them and clapped my hands to get their attention.
"You're all here, lovely! My kids had a brilliant idea, they're having a party this weekend and they want to come up with a brilliant dance to impress all their mates with, and since I've been working your arses to death lately, I decided that you all deserved a bit of a break today. SOOOO, you're going to dance with us," I explained.

"Mmm..." a couple of my students moaned in appreciation as they watched me walk to the center of the room. All of my dragons tend to fly around on my back - especially now that I have a complete set with the newest ones on my back to begin with, and so, my arms have looked bare during all my classes. This was probably the first time that they were seeing my tattoos. I ignored the moaning students.

"Muffy, hand out staves," I ordered.

"Yes Master," she replied obediently before handing a staff to each of my students.

I took the one Viona held out to me. Once everyone had a staff, I held up mine, copied by Viona, Eris, Orion, and Hazel. In unison, we all cried out: "Incendio!" Which caused our staves to burst into flame.

I then looked at my students. "If you've never tried to use wandless magic, feel free to use your wand, but honestly, a staff is very much like a big wand, and lighting it on fire tends to be an easy first wandless spell."

"Erm... Chief? Exactly WHY are we lighting our staves on fire?" One of the Auror students who has been on a raid with me before asked apprehensively.

"To dance with, of course," I stated as if this explained everything even though it didn't really explain anything. "Muffy, play last year's Midsummer Eve Ritual music."

Without a word of acknowledgment, the music started playing.

"Viona, take lead," I commanded.

"Right!" She accepted and promptly attacked Orion with her staff. Orion naturally defended himself, nearly landing a hit on his big sister. This provoked a squeak of alarm from Alric - who was sitting in a corner of the ballroom and trying his best not to watch by covering his eyes with his hands, but at the same time, dying of curiosity, and so, peeking through his fingers.

Hazel and Eris decided that this was their cue to perform the backup - which meant they spun their staves and repeatedly banged them on the floor with loud: "Huh!"s.

Twirling my fiery staff, I circled around my students. "I don't see any fire on your staves yet. Does this mean you want me to beat you all up with my fire stick while you jog around the room in terror? Or should I invite my cat in here to growl threateningly and lick her chops while imagining snacking on you?"

This prompted them to cast the spell I'd told them to - all of them needing their wands sadly. Then I led them through a staff dance that was equal parts dancing and defensive blocking maneuvers. Things were going rather well until the dance that Viona was leading her siblings in morphed into something that looked a bit too mature for them. I am rather lenient when it comes to dancing that pushes boundaries, but then I noticed one of my students staring at Viona like he wanted to drag her off and do unspeakable things to her, and so...

I swept his feet out from under him and stuck my magically on fire staff into his chest.
"Excuse me, but exactly WHAT were you looking at?" I asked with a deadly soft voice.

"Er, ah, erm, n-n-n-nothing!"

I replaced the staff with my bare foot to his throat. "Let me give you some generally helpful advice for life - and your continued survival. First of all, there is NOTHING happening in this room that should give you ANY sort of indication that you can look at a person like that. Other people are NOT your personal property and it doesn't matter if they are less than fully dressed. YOU remain respectful. When we raid places, we very often burst in on people in the loo, or hell! We've burst in on people shagging! If I CANNOT trust you to remain respectful in THIS situation, I sure as shit am NOT going to trust you to do so on a raid."

"R-r-right!" He wheezed out through his lightly compressed throat.

"Secondly, thank every deity you've ever HEARD of that I caught you and not MY DAUGHTER, because had SHE done so, I could not and would not have stopped her from putting you in the hospital for the next month."

"I-I-I-I-I..."

"Uh-huh, don't even try to deny it," I stated.

"Wait!" Viona bade imperiously. "Which one of us was he looking at and does this mean I get to add another broken arm to my punchcard? I'm nearly at 10!"

"Unfortunately love, I cannot let you break his arm now that I've addressed his transgression. I have to give him a chance to act with dignity and respect, but by all means, if he so much as glances in your direction, take him down," I permitted.

She got to one knee so that she could look him in the eye as she pointed at him sternly. "I've danced naked all around the world and never had to worry about my safety because I can break you in half before you realized you'd pissed me off. DON'T test me!!!"

Eris was now crossing her arms over her chest and glaring at him. "Of all the nerve! Our dad has the grace and hospitality to invite you into OUR HOME, and this is how you act?!!"

"We should Obliviate the memory of his entire existence from the rest of the class and send him off to Grandmama!" Hazel added.

"GIRLS!" I exclaimed, lowering my hands in a gesture meant to calm them down. "He's sufficiently chastised. There's NO need to get darling Grandmama involved! MERLIN! You're like your dad! He always wants to jump to most permanent solution to a minor problem too! Need I remind you that I'm WORKING for the MINISTRY and cannot be involved in any shady disappearances?!"

The four of them were now pointing their fire staves at the poor trembling student at my feet. A look circled around them before Orion nodded and pulled back his staff. "Dad has a point. We give him another chance to prove he knows how to behave."

Viona pulled back her staff with a frustrated sigh. "Fine."

Hazel slowly pulled back, but Eris held out another five seconds before pushing it against his neck. "Just remember, I know exactly where to cut you so that you bleed out before help can arrive."

"Eris!" I snapped.
"Just sayin'! We didn't spend two weeks with Kisa last summer for nothing," Eris reminded me.

I rubbed my temples. "I bloody KNEW I shouldn't have let you four go! Oh, we're just going to play with their kids, dad. We're not going to get into any trouble, dad. I don't even WANT to see the torture chamber!"

"Well I didn't!" Hazel cried out. "Until I got there and actually saw it, and then I realized that it was inexplicably fascinating!"

"Did you know that it can take Kisa three days to -"

"THAT'S ENOUGH!" I hastily cut Orion short, well aware of the many things that could follow that opening. I then helped my student up off the floor and roughly dusted him off. His eyes were pinned to the floor. "Apologize to my daughter."

"I'm so sorry, Miss Malfoy. I forgot my manners and it won't happen again."

"See that it doesn't! ALRIC! Keep your eyes on this man, and if he so much as glances in my direction, hex the buggering hell out of him!"

"Yes Ma'am!" Alric cried out obediently, now focusing intently on my student.

I couldn't help but laugh. "Alric, you're bloody MARRYING my daughter! You should probably learn to call her by name!"

"Yes sir - NO sir!!! I CAN'T do that!!!" Alric blurted out in horror.

"Why not?" I wondered curiously.

"I like living and very much want to continue to do so until after we are well and truly married. Sir!"

I shrugged, baffled.

"Right, break over, let's get back to dancing!" I commanded. "Muffy, play something with a fuckload of drums!"

The music instantly changed to a thundering beat.

"That reminds me, daddy!" Viona called out from where she was now spinning her staff around her interspersed with emphatic strikes in all directions - clearly trying to come up with an interesting move for a dance. "I've decided that while I'm here in the Manor, I'm going to call a meeting of all the businesses I'm in charge of."

"Alright, I suppose that we could hold the quarterly meeting a bit early. Any particular reason?" I asked even as I encouraged my students to try to hit me with their staves.

"Actually yes, I want to see which one will be the best fit for Alric. I've decided that I'm going to have him run ragged managing one of my businesses when I go back to school, so that he doesn't have time to think, much less think of anyone else."

"I WOULDN'T!!!" Alric wailed from his corner.

"And while I do believe that, there's no sense in tempting fate - idle hands and all that," Viona informed him.
"That's not a bad idea," I murmured, looking around to see if my shadow was in the room. She was. "Pippa! Schedule a business meeting for, hmm... Tuesday."

"See to it that even if all the others can't make it, that the Import Export business is there. I think that's the one that will suit Alric the best. But I still want as many of the others there as possible, as I want to give him an opportunity to meet with them all," Viona added.

I was a bit puzzled, and apparently my students were amazed that I could hold a full conversation while I kicked their arses in fire dancing. "Wouldn't him taking over the Import Export business have him traveling the world on business trips?" Which would sort of defeat the point of keeping him away from temptation, in my humble opinion.

"Oh no! He'd keep his arse in London, in the shop, where he'd better do an excellent job of managing and selling all those imported goods," Viona stated.

"Ah. I see," I murmured, dodging a dual attack as a couple of my students tried ganging up on me to improve their chances.

"I'm great at sales!" Alric volunteered excitedly. "I once sold my neighbor lady her own cat, which had gone missing for so long that she thought he had died, so when I found him - after I cast a healing spell and fed him up a bit - I took him over to her and... well I WAS just going to give him back, but she was so overcome that she offered me anything I wanted for him and I ended up a hundred pounds richer that day..."

I stopped and looked at him. "Are you a Slytherin? I thought you were a Hufflepuff."

"Ravenclaw, actually," he informed me with obvious pride.

"Ah, well, we can't all be perfect," I lamented.

"I'M A RAVENCLAW!!!!" Orion roared defensively.

"And an excellent Ravenclaw you are," I assured him. "But Slytherins are better."

"SEE?!" All three of his sisters burst out gleefully.

"DAD!!!!" Orion snarled.

I laughed, dodged yet another pitiful attempt at an attack, and pulled him close for a quick hug and a kiss.

"Oi Viona, figured out that dance yet?" I wondered.

"Yep!" She replied with pride.

"Excellent! Walk us through it," I ordered, which led to us all practicing a rather complicated fire dance until my students dropped from sheer exhaustion. I think I may have overestimated how 'easy' this would be for them...

But in any case, no one died, no one broke any bones, and I'm pretty sure no one got any bruises, despite probably FEELING like they've been bruised down to their bones. So this was definitely a win! Aside from the easily healed and copious burns...

But I'm in bed now waiting for your flight to finally arrive, so I'm going to sign off and take a nap in the hopes that you'll just wake me up in the best way when you get home.
River deep, mountain high,
Draco
Saturday June 25th
Master Mine,

Glasto-fest is fun. I love music. The younger kids are having a blast. We go home in a little bit to help referee the height of the Manor party. Blah Blah Blah. Here's the real point of the email, I have been ordered to describe in perfect detail exactly what transpired last night after hours in Glastonbury.

Last night, after we got the kids mostly settled for the night and left them in the safe care of Muffy and their own personal elves, you and I headed out for a night of debauchery and fun.

You were wearing those pants and boots that I love. The black leather making me want to fall to my knees and worship every inch of your body. I want to bare my neck and submit to you. I want to kneel in between those strong thighs, safely wrapped up, and hopefully be allowed to release your shaft and devote my mouth to its warmth and completion. Okay, I think I got off topic, long story short those pants and boots make me even hotter for you than I normally am. Which is already quite a bit.

You had on some complicated looking black top, buckles and straps covering your firm chest. It made me want to figure out all of those clasps, buckles, and buttons. Find some way to get to your skin. But knowing you put it on had me keeping my hands to myself. Using up my self control to keep from touching what I hadn't been given permission to touch. I think my hands were shaking before we left our tent area and we hadn't even done anything yet.

While you and your pale skin were decked neck to toe in solid black, highlighting your pale hair and skin and your aristocratic features, you had my darker complexion wrapped in pure white. White satin faux corset and matching garter belt holding up pale sheer stockings, pure white knickers with a slit in the back for easy access, and dainty white ballet flats. I was initially curious as to why you would have had me in something so easily dirtied when you knew we were going to be marching through fair grounds. I eventually realized it was part of your plan.

Your fully dressed self wasn't particularly odd, so you left the tent ready to go, but I was wearing a dark trench coat over the top of my outfit until we got a bit further away from the tent. Once we did, you had me drop the coat, which you banished back to the tent, clipped your favorite (tangible at least) leash to my collar and led me to our night of play.

We got to a nice sized crowd of people in varying stages of dress. And varying stages of obvious kink. Collars, cuffs, naked body parts displayed, cocks caged and ringed, doms and subs of every variety. Music playing loud enough to dance to but not so loud as to be overwhelming. You led me to a chair towards the side, not hidden away but not the center of attention either. You sat down in your makeshift throne for the night and instructed me to kneel next to you. I hesitated a moment, the hard packed dirt I was about to kneel on would get my lovely stockings dirty.
"Sir? Are you sure you want me to kneel here?"

You settled your features into your strict 'Master' face, "I don't think that's for you to question or worry about is it my little mutt? I make the decisions, your job is to do as you're told. I won't have any more backtalk tonight will I?"

I went from half hard to granite in the amount of time it took you to finish your commands, "No Master, I'll be good."

You smirked, "See that you do mutt."

I dropped to my knees next to you. You unclipped my leash from my collar, that's when I noticed you'd had it modified. Instead of one clasp that clips to the ring, it was actually two smaller claw clasps. Before I had it figured out, you were clamping them onto my nipples which were peeking out just over the top of the corset. Then you let the rest of the leash dangle off the clamps, like a heavy weight pulling on my sensitive buds. Oh Merlin, this was going to be a long night.

Once we were settled, you pulled what looked like a scroll out of your pocket. After you unraveled it, I saw it was what looked like a pricing notice one might see on a menu.

"Sex Toy for Charity
Use my pretty toy, and make the world a better place at the same time. Each use is assigned a cost, drop your money in the bucket then take the appropriate prize. Please be careful with the merchandise, he's priceless."

And after that description you had assigned a cost to different acts ranging from a hand job to a buggering.

Oh my god, you were selling my hands and mouth and arse. This is probably the most humiliating thing we've ever done. When I was done reading the sign I looked at you, and saw that you had been watching my reaction from the moment you unraveled the sign. Asking in your "I love my husband" voice instead of your "Master" voice, "Harry my love, is this too much? You can safeword at any time. Do I put away the menu, or are we doing this? Color please."

"Green sir, so very very green, please let me do this for you" I panted.

And that pleased smirk rolled over your face, "Such a good boy for me."

You affixed the sign to a post of sorts and sat back, indicating you were open for business. A tall well-built man walked up first, "You've got a pretty little thing there, but I always want to know where my donations are going, what's the charity?"

I was wondering that myself, only knowing of our one charity near and dear to our hearts but you wouldn't actually have me prostitute myself for Unity would you? You quickly alleviated my concern, "It's for a start-up animal rescue, primarily horses for now. It's currently being self funded by the owner, but donations would really allow him to transport and care for more animals."

Oh! Aren't you just the sweetest most perfect master ever?

He chuckled, "Well, anything for a good cause I suppose. I'll take a suck." He undid his trousers, pulling himself out. For as broad as he was built, he had kind of a long and slender shaft. Well we all know I know how to work those! I set myself to the task of unraveling his composure. As I could feel him getting harder and jerking a bit, I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do with his release. I looked at you a bit panicked but you seemed to know exactly what I was confused about."
You started negotiations. Holy hell, you were negotiating with a man who was paying you to have me suck you off. Oh Gods Draco. "Looks like you're close to finishing, the regular price is for him to spit, but if you want to have him swallow or if you want to unload on him that's extra."

He stuttered out, "Oh hell yeah, I'm going to come all over those pretty clamped up tits." Which he then proceeded to do. Now I understood the clothing, you wanted me to start out pristine so at the end of the night we could really see how filthy I'd become. You are devious. How are you so perfect for me? How do you know my kinks before I'm even aware of them?

What followed was what seemed like hours of sucking and being fucked. Wanking strange cocks. Spitting, swallowing, and being covered in cum.

At one point I was desperate for some friction. Some touch that could send me over the edge so I could come myself. When there was a moment, I asked, "Master, can I come please?"

You pointed to your leg, "The next time you're sucking on someone you can rut up against my leg. If you can get yourself off that way, you'll have earned it mutt."

Which I did. I had a strange cock down my throat while I rubbed my satin clad cock up against those sinful trousers of yours. Others had been staining my clothes, but I dirtied up my panties myself.

When the few people who were willing to pay the high price for my arse took me, you placed my head in your lap so I could suck you off at the same time. You stroked my hair, calling me your good boy.

When it seemed our customers had slowed down to a trickle and you could tell I was rock hard again but also exhausted, you had me climb onto your lap my back to your chest, legs splayed outside your thighs. You slid that amazing cock of yours I love so much into my sore, wet, used channel. Then, you invited anyone left to place a donation of their choice into the bucket and all were welcome to finish themselves off onto my filthy body.

Your beautiful voice started commanding directly in my ear, "Ride me mutt, you've had your release and so have all your clients, but your master has had none. Show me your gratitude for helping you fill your desperate greedy holes all night." Oh god, oh god, oh god. I rode you as hard as I could. Squeezing my hole as much as I could, trying to find a rhythm that would get you there.

All around me were men desperately wanking their cocks, already one or two must have come because I felt warm liquid rolling inside my corset. But all I could focus on was how desperately I wanted you to fill me. I could feel you getting close, but I didn't even realize how close I had gotten myself. I was just stuttering out desperate "ungh, ungh, ungh" noises as I rode you. What finally did it for me, and for you, was you saying "that's such a good boy, I'm going to fill you up, come for me mutt!"

So I did. And while I was climaxing hard, my arse rippling around your length, I heard you practically howling in my ear as you let go deep inside of me.

When everyone who had paid had finished, you threw my coat back on, wrapped the sign up, and carried me home. Mmm, my big strong man, carrying his worn out slut back to our bed. Gods I love you Draco.

Anyway, today you instructed me to take a quick break from the festival to write out our night. I think I know your intentions, you want to make sure that outside of the heat of the scene, in the light of day, I am still okay with everything we did last night. Checking in with me that no
boundaries were broken and that I still feel safe and content.

Well, this writing exercise did the trick, in the light of day, I still feel like last night was amazing. We made money for my rescue, my master pushed me to new limits I didn't even know I wanted, and I am desperately in love with a man who knows exactly what I need.

Your Mutt,
Harry

Saturday June 25th,
My better half,

I'm SO glad you liked last night. I must admit that I was nervous that I'd gone too far, but at the same time, I was certain you'd love it. Also, I know I said you never had to worry about earning money from/for your rescue horses, but I figured that we couldn't *literally* sell you - legally - but that if we raised money for charity, we could fulfill the kink and more or less obey the law.

Thankfully our fellow Glasto-goers understood.

Tonight was a different sort of party altogether. You came down with the horse flu and headed out to the stables for the cure - which was to care for your horses. Meanwhile, my parents were doing an admirable job hosting a rather large party.

Because it was half graduation party and half belated 16th birthday party, the graduating class - the former Seventh Years - were all of age (either 18 or 17, which is of age in the wizarding world), and so, alcohol was being served, but my parents were being extremely clever about it. They had charmed all the cups and other possible liquid containers to A: detect the age of the drinker and automatically vanish alcohol from the cups of anyone underage, and B: monitor blood alcohol levels so that no one could actually drink enough to get drunk. If someone was nearing a certain level, the alcohol would vanish from their glass.

But lest you wonder about the waste of alcohol, don't worry, there wasn't all that much to begin with, and so, it's not a great loss.

There was music as my parents had followed some rather good advice and hired three different highly popular bands. So we had the Weird Sisters along with two muggle acts - Lily Allen and Ed Sheeran. All in all, it was great for dancing because most of the songs were fast and some were slow and rather romantic.

Our kids waited until everyone was definitely having fun and not so wound up before disappearing for a bit so they could perform their fire dance. Apparently, after choreographing something, Viona had called in Elena to fine tune a few things, and then talked Eliza, Della, Delphini, Gavin, Tommy, Bel, and Harrison into learning and performing the dance too. So they ALL disappeared to change into their costumes, which much like I love and tend to gravitate to, they had chosen naked body paint costumes. This isn't actually all that surprising to anyone, hahaha.

Only Hazel was wearing a full skirt, but exactly as she had wondered, she figured out how to charm it to literally be on fire without actually burning anything - such as her. Once they were in costume and ready, I saw them gather outside the entrance to the ballroom and wait for the song that was playing to stop. At that point, I signaled the bands so that they would know it was time for the 'drum battle.'
The students were confused and looked around to see if something was about to happen, so I cast a mild Sonorus on my voice and announced: "To honor their recent 16th birthdays, Eris, Orion, and Hazel teamed up with their older sisters to create a special dance that they'd like to perform for you all, so without further ado, I give you the Malfoy and Potter kids!"

They burst into the ballroom dramatically, twirling their fire accessories around to mildly intimidate the other students so they'd clear the center of the ballroom, and then got right into the intricate and rather complicated dance. I stood watching them in pride - SO MUCH pride! They really are amazing, you know?

After they were done, they disappeared once again to change back into their party clothes, and then the party itself lasted until after midnight with the younger students leaving whenever their parents had told them to be home by, and the older ones leaving when the party officially ended around 2 AM.

I find it funny because before now, only CERTAIN friends have been invited to the Manor - except for the last two years when the graduating class was invited to a party here to celebrate. Thus, while most of the other students *knew* that our kids are from a wealthy family and live in a 'big house,' none of them had quite been able to picture it. I heard several discussions throughout the night along the lines of:

"Do you think they rented out a hotel for this party?"

"Don't they OWN the hotel?"

"Actually, I think this is their HOUSE."

"NO WAY!!! This can't be A HOUSE!!!"

And so, apparently the school will understand a bit better next year just HOW wealthy our family is. Which I'm not actually certain is a good thing. After all, ***I*** bragged constantly about my family wealth in school and used it to give me a sort of power and prestige over the others, but so far, our kids have mostly avoided that. What if THIS triggers that in them?

Oh well, I suppose that's a worry for another time. NOW, I'm rather tired and am quite looking forward to going to bed. Hopefully you've returned from the stables. If so, prepare to be molested!

Hopelessly devoted to you,
Draco
Chapter 40

Chapter Summary

It's surgery day.

Friday July 1, 2016

My Dragon,

Our baby girl is having surgery. As we speak, some doctor is altering her body. No spell, no wand, no potions, no magic at all. Just a shiny knife and some latex gloves. And what? A needle and a tube sending some herbs into her bloodstream? Oh my God Draco, we sent her in to have some muggle just hack and slash their way through her body.

Oh shite! You just looked over at me, that raised eyebrow like you're trying to figure out what the insane look on my face is for. Breathe, Harry, breathe. I'm calm, calm cool and collected. You know it baby-cakes.

I actually should be much more careful about getting myself worked up right now. First, our sweet Elena took a little over a week off of her school so she could come back to California with us and help out. She wants to be there to support Hazel, she wants to support us while we're "not freaking out at all Dads, I'm sure …" and she's staying at the house helping watch all of the other kids while we're here at the clinic with Haz. And by all of the other kids, I mean all of them except for Eris.

That's why I need to be careful about not freaking out. Hazel's already back in surgery so she can't be hurt by my panic. And you've been married to me long enough that my panicking seems to be nothing but a source of amusement for you at this point. But our sweet Eris refused to stay home while her Haz was having "the most important day of her life so far!" So if I sit here and write to you instead of researching ridiculous Californian tourist traps like I told her I was, I'd better at least pretend that's what I'm doing.

I've spent the last week telling all the kids, Hazel and Eris in particular, that this is no big deal, that it's nothing to concern yourself over, and now I've lost my damn mind. If I let my own level of crazy be known, Eri is going to take that as permission to panic. I refuse to do that to my sweet girl. So, Malfoy mask it is.

Today and tomorrow, even after Haz wakes up from surgery, are going to be mostly her sleeping a lot. Medicated pretty well, and tomorrow night if everything is progressing as it should, we can cast the first series of healing spells at her to speed up the recovery process. Muggles would be home Monday, but we'll likely be able to take her home Sunday morning. This week should be low key, she'll probably spend most of it napping on and off, watching telly, and drawing new fashions I'm sure she'll have found the muse for while heavily medicated.

Oh Merlin my love, she's going to be so happy. She's been waiting for this since she knew what it was. Maybe before that. For twelve years since she gave voice to her true self. Hell, before that. Since the moment she realized her body wasn't what she wished it to be. She's just going to be the pretty bird, not the pretty bird with a prick like she so eloquently stated.
The pretty bird with the brilliant mind, and the loving family, and the thriving business, and the sister who's her best friend, and the loving dads, and the body she wants.

Okay, I might not be panicking now, but I am crying. It started a chain reaction, you're leaking from your face (must be a rogue indoor storm) and Eri is crying as well. I should sign off and tell you both they're happy tears.

Love You,
Harry

Nevermind! The nurse just came in, the surgery must be over! Let's all go cry together!

Sunday July 3rd

My darling,

You have spent the entire day (yesterday) and all night with Hazel. I sort of flittered back and forth between her and the rest of the kids, and so, I feel like I kept entering rooms at the WRONG time.

For example, when I came back after lunch yesterday, I entered Hazel's recovery room (that you had apparently just left to go get some coffee) JUST in time to hear the nurses explaining to Hazel how to use her Dilators, and how VERY important it is for her to use them three times a day for at least 15 minutes.

Somehow, I had managed to completely ignore or miss the first time this must have been brought up, but apparently, because she doesn't have the same lining in there that a woman does, it can and will scar itself shut if she doesn't, erm… dilate. Frequently.

MERLIN HARRY! I *really* didn't need to know that our baby girl has been ordered by her doctor to stick something in her vagina on a regular basis! But that said, I suppose I do actually need to know some details as - in rare cases - things could go wrong and she would need to feel comfortable discussing those things with me or you.

But please forgive me for leaving the room in dire need of tea when they started discussing orgasms and how they are going to be different for her now, not to mention what to expect and helpful advice on how to achieve them. Yeah, I don't care if I am a wizard and could have simply conjured a cup, cast an aguamenti, and transfigured that into tea (which never tastes right anyway), I HAD to have freshly brewed real muggle tea. THAT INSTANT!!!

Too bad it was disgusting and I could barely drink it.

Another conversation I would have quite liked to never hear was when I popped back home before bed - probably about 10 or 10:30 PM. Viona and Alric were alone in the kitchen since Elena had put all the younger ones to bed already, and then went to lay down herself. Viona, Alric, Eris, and Orion had desperately needed to go do something while Hazel was basically sleeping - now that they knew she'd made it out of surgery alive and that - honestly - she wasn't up to company most of yesterday.

This must have been shortly after Viona and Alric got home.

"Why don't you try to pressure me for anything?!” Viona demanded.

"Wait, what???” Alric blurted out in astonishment. "Why would I do that?!”
"Because it's what most boys DO!" Viona yelled, sounding upset, although I couldn't quite figure out why.

"But YOU SAID that you are definitely saving yourself for marriage, so I would be the lowest bastard ever if I tried to talk you into NOT waiting! Besides, I'm quite happy waiting too, I'll have you know!"

Viona huffed in frustration. "And I mean that, I AM saving myself for marriage, but I had literally 20 or 30 boys hitting on me today, and it kind of felt nice, so now I'm wondering what is wrong with me that you never even hold my hand!"

"I don't want you to hex me for being presumptuous!" Alric cried out, also sounding a bit frustrated.

"MERLIN AND SALAZAR!!! I know I like having you so wonderfully obedient, but I also want to feel wanted! How will I know you actually LIKE me if you've never even kissed me?!"

"OH GOD, YOU WANT ME TO KISS YOU?!?!" Alric shouted in alarm.

"Well don't you WANT to kiss me?" Viona demanded, sounding uncertain and vulnerable.

"YES! Bloody hell yes! I just... don't want to make you feel like I want you to do things you're not ready for yet," Alric admitted.

Viona held up a hand as if to stop him. "NOT now, but at some point when I'm not expecting it - MAYBE when some other boy hits on me - kiss me and prove that I'm YOURS."

"I, I, I... I can d-d-do that..." Alric stammered, looking extremely red. Alarmingly so.

"And HOLD MY HAND, dammit! Put an arm around me! Let OTHERS know that I'm not available for their dirty perverted minds!"

"Y-y-yes ma'am..."

Viona sighed, sounding relieved and much happier. "Good." Then she cast a tempus spell. "Did Eri and Ori get home before us? It's a bit late, yeah?"

"Well, when they said they were going to that party, they DID tell you not to wait up for them," Alric pointed out, and I couldn't help it, I sort of HAD to reveal that I was lurking right outside the kitchen listening in to them.

"Wait, Eris and Orion went to a party??!!" I stared them both down sternly.

Viona hastily waved her hands, probably trying to be reassuring. "It was just a party dad. One of the houses on the beach had a bunch of kids playing volleyball and dancing to bad music on the radio."

I raised a brow as I thought this over. First of all, I suppose I couldn't blame them for wanting to have a bit of fun to distract themselves. Secondly, they were TOGETHER, and so, would have each other's back. Most importantly, they both know how to defend themselves with or without magic, and so, are almost certainly fine. Running a hand through my hair, I took a deep breath and held it until I released it with a groan.

"Fine. I'll let them stay at that party provided that..." I pulled out my wand and cast a spell to detect if they were in any danger. The spell formed a white orb with swirls of pink through it, which
means that they weren't in danger, the pink signifying fun. "Yeah, alright. You two can go to bed if you want and I'll wait up for them to return. How long have they been at this party?"

Viona shrugged. "I dunno. We all surfed for like 4 or 5 hours. Then they noticed the party, and I was a bit tired - I couldn't sleep very well last night - so I decided to take a nap on the beach."

"And I watched over her so that she didn't burn or..." he blushed and looked at the floor. "Get molested..."

"Good on you," I praised, actually patting him on the shoulder. You know, the more I learn about him, the more I learn about Alric.

Anyway, they went to their respective rooms, and as much as I really don't need to know any of what they discussed, I'm sort of... VERY relieved to know that Viona is apparently rather old fashioned. I honestly have no idea where she gets it from. Do you think it could be because we were always honest with her about what happened to her mother?

But moving on, I eventually overheard the - thankfully - last conversation that I didn't really need to know. It actually happened about 4 or 5 this morning. I was napping on a chair just off the entryway when Eris and Orion finally came home.

"Oh, my head!" Orion shouted in a whisper.

"Shh!" Eris advised urgently. "Dads'll MURDER us if they realize we weren't in bed HOURS ago!"

"I was in bed hours ago," Orion snickered.

Eris laughed before wincing and clutching her head. "Shut up, I don't need to know things like that."

"Well... weren't you?" Orion asked in a whisper.

"Erm... I don't remember anything. I got so drunk that I passed out at some point, and then you woke me up in a pile of like four or five other girls - that I remember dancing and laughing with - and so, probably not. But damn! My head is KILLING me!" Eris bemoaned.

Orion shrugged. "That's true, you and those girls seemed like a pack of new best friends, but before I went upstairs for a bit, you were hot and heavy with some bloke."

"Was I? I think I'm too hung over to think. Hopefully I'll be able to remember after we get some decent sleep," Eris suggested.

"If we're lucky, no one will wake us before noon," Orion said, pressing his hands together and shaking them at the ceiling as if he was praying.

"Probably not, Haz is supposed to come home later today, so we'll probably get shaken awake in just a couple of hours."

Orion pulled his sister into a hug and kissed her temple. "She's going to be fine and - once she's healed up - she'll be so much happier."

"I know," Eris murmured, then kissed him on the cheek. "G'night."

"Night," Orion mumbled in return, each of them going to their rooms.
Meanwhile, I was holding my breath and wondering how to handle the information I learned. Logically, I know they are both 16 (technically the legal age to consent), AND that they probably have already done things with their mates in Hogwarts, but... I still sort of want to ground them for going to a party and possibly shagging strangers. But THEN the part of me that used to be a teen slag actually understands the point of and desire to shag a stranger as a way to relax, feel better, and just... not have to worry about strings. You know?

So I decided to just go to bed and wait until ***I'VE*** had more sleep before I attempt to make any sort of decision on how to handle this. And if I'm lucky, you'll tell me what to do. But now I feel guilty because you DEFINITELY have more important things to worry about, and so, I'm actually tempted to erase the entire last third of this email. Sigh...

Goodnight love, I hope you slept better than I did,
Draco
Chapter 41

Chapter Summary

Harry lays down some rules for the kids and Draco is interrupted during class.

Chapter Notes

Warning: There's a reference to an underage prostitute in this chapter.

Monday July 4, 2016

My Heart,

Stop. I love you. But I have to stop you from the downward spiral your silly brain is going. I was not dealing with something more important than what you were dealing with. You and I are dealing with the SAME worries. We share a life. We share the same children. Your worries are my worries. But then again, that's probably because I am quite selfish when it comes to worries, I want all of them!

Yes, right now, Hazel's needs are a higher priority. But that doesn't mean she's the only child we can worry about. If anything, the fact that she really ONLY has to deal with her own issues, while everyone else is worrying about their sister AND their own issues means things are even harder for them. If we needed to rank the deservability of each child's concerns. Which we don't.

And the idea that I don't need the stress because I'm the one caring for Haz right now? Or while she was still at the clinic before we came home yesterday. Yeah, that was so hard. It was emotional for sure. But it was mostly her sleeping while I stared at her like an absolute creep. Honestly when you came in and they were talking about the dilators and said I had just stepped out for a coffee? She had kicked me out. I made the same argument, "I should know these things so I can make sure nothing goes wrong!"

She snapped a bit, "Then you can hear them from the doctor at a different time, but right now I might murder you if you don't leave this room while I discuss my vagina with my doctor!"

Yeesh.

Although I did have a talk at length with the doctors away from Haz while she was sleeping so I do know everything I need to know. I'm "lalala"-ing my way through it and just considering the dilators a surgical healing tool. Just like gauze or a plaster. Gauze and plasters damnit!

She's still feeling not so hot, but she had surgery three days ago so I think that's pretty much par for the course. Eris and Orion seemed to be feeling not so hot themselves yesterday when we got home. That is less par for the course. Knowing that they likely drank to cover up their worry over their sister gave me a bit of sympathy for their plight. But not enough to be quiet through their hangover (or offer them a hangover potion either)
Although, last night while Haz was dozing a bit I did go and have a talk with them. Truly, I'm too
tired to go in as much depth as I normally would when I have a long talk with one (or two in this
case) of the teenagers. But I'll give you a summary.

And not physically tired, because I really did get enough sleep last night. Haz was safe at home.
She came out of her surgery with flying colors. My whole family is here (mostly, River and Maha
have been at their own place), together safe and sound. But emotionally tired from a really draining
couple of days.

So, long story as short as you can possibly get from a rambling Harry; Eris and Orion are
teenagers, teenagers are inherently idiots, our teenagers are quite above average in the idiot
department right now. Aww, our children are gifted Draco!

I started out by asking them to tell me what happened last night. And honestly, the conversation
was so much easier than it could have been because they really did open up and tell me the truth. If
they had started out lying, when I already knew what happened but they didn't know that I knew, I
probably would have gotten to temper tantrum Harry pretty darn quick. Or at least they told me the
truth as far as I know since it matches up with what you sneakily witnessed when they came home.
Orion shagged a random bird, Eris isn't quite sure what happened but she's pretty sure Orion was
right and she was getting hot and heavy with some bloke. They were both much too drunk to make
responsible decisions.

Sigh.

I had a long Dad-Lecture where I pretty much told them that their behavior was "normal" and I
understood it. It was something they did in an attempt to get out of their own heads which had been
so full of worry for their sister. But, you absolute dunderheads, you got pretty much blackout drunk
with people you didn't know in an environment you weren't familiar with. I know they can
normally take care of themselves, we've trained them for it for a long time. But there are so many
terrible things that can go wrong when you get idiot teenagers and alcohol put together.

But while their behavior was understandable, that doesn't mean it was okay. I have never and will
never victim blame. If something terrible had happened to them while they were at that party, it
would be the fault of whoever … did the happening? Merlin, I'm tired. But in the future, if they're
going to go to parties, I need to know they're going to make more defensive decisions. One of you
stay sober, have each other's backs, make sure we actually know where you are and not a random
comment from Viona about them being at some beach party with volleyball and bad music! I'm not
naïve enough to believe my almost adult children are going to refrain from sex or alcohol or shitty
decisions. But you've got to throw me a bone here people!

So here are my new rules, the kids seemed to think they were pretty reasonable, let me know what
you think.
- We need to know where you are, I won't come barging in and embarrassing you, but I need to be
  able to get to you in an emergency.
- Have a sober babysitter, one of you stays sober, invite a sober sibling. Hell, call Grammy Cissa,
she's always game for watching a Potter-Malfoy embarrass themselves by being a drunken fool.
- Don't drink to the point of forgetting or blacking out. That's a recipe for terrible decisions and
  possibly alcohol poisoning.

I think that's all I've got.

No wait, Vivi. I don't know if it's her knowledge of her birth mother that has her wanting to wait,
and it doesn't really matter. If she's making the decision for herself and she's happy with it, then
good for her. It honestly doesn't surprise me though. She has always been quite guarded with her
affections. It takes her a long time to warm up to people fully. She keeps most people she meets at arms length for years before she shows her true sweetness. This is probably no different, she wants to make sure he's in it for the long term before giving that piece of herself. Once she warms up, she is a snugglebug. She's a hugger and a giant sweetheart. But it can take a while before new people can get past that Ice Princess of Slytherin Façade she's crafted.

But I can understand her frustration with Alric as well. And her frustration at herself for wanting what she wants. She wants to feel wanted, wants to be respected, and isn't sure how she can have both. She's not used to having conflicting feelings, she usually knows what she wants and exactly how she wants it. And she LOATHES feeling vulnerable. Just like her Daddy in that way.

Without getting to a really weird place talking with my daughter's fiancé, I think I may have a talk with Alric. Basically explain that he can get her explicit consent, make her feel wanted, and avoid hexes all at the same time. I mean honestly, acquiring consent doesn't have to be awkward, a soft palm to her cheek, softly asking "can I kiss you?" can be very sexy. Getting close to her and saying "I'd love to hold you right now" gives her the option to step sweetly into his arms.

Alright, this time I mean it! I'm done.

Sorry if this was rambly, like I said I am a bit tired and the damn fireworks have been going on ALL DAMN DAY and I think my mind has exploded!

Love You,
Harry

Wednesday July 6th
My everything,

I'm a little bit shaky right now.

Let me start with your last email. I absolutely agree with everything you said. I know I've said it in person, but I wanted to state it for 'the record' too. Our kids are old enough to be doing things I don't want them to, but also need to be responsible about it. I am glad they agreed to your rules as I probably would have just locked them in a dragon guarded tower had they protested them.

I love that you always know how to talk sense into me when it comes to our kids. But you know what else I've come to realize? I started out being... lenient and - I dunno - accepting of the fact that kids grow up and that we'd have to deal with these things eventually. When Elena was just nine, I remember thinking that her having a crush was alarming because she was ONLY NINE, but had she been, say, 13 or 14, I would have been fine with it.

Then when River was 13 and I caught him kissing Ananda, I do clearly remember thinking that he was lucky to be kissing a girl at his age. I honestly probably would have just left him to it if I hadn't noticed her state of pregnancy and started freaking out about him being a father at such a young age, and (I've talked to death about this with both you and Yesenia) that triggered a whole host of PTSD related mental blocks about our kids, them growing up, them doing things I don't want them to.

It DID take me a long time, but I actually worked through them. I got better, which is one of the reasons that we are now in a place where we can actually play around without either of us 'forcing' ourself to do it because the other wants to. So this is what my current realization is:
I can deal with this. I can actually handle knowing these things that I previously freaked out about. For example, despite not LIKING the idea that both of them got drunk and more than likely shagged some stranger, I understood why they would want to do so. I even wrote it in my email that the part I had a problem with was the stranger part - although I can understand if it came across as the shagging part, considering how hard it's been for me to accept in the past.

And even regarding Hazel, it wasn't the idea of her putting something inside her that bothered me, it was that she was ordered to do so several times a day. I couldn't help but have an image in my head of her coming to dinner and me wondering if she'd just done it, because on the one hand, I would sort of need to know to make sure she's following doctors orders and taking care of her health, but on the other hand, I recognize that it's private information and she's not likely to want to announce in front of everyone: "Yes dad, I JUST finished my dilating!"

I mean seriously! We're married and have arranged our lives so that we have a lot of time together at least a day or two a week, but could you just imagine if WE made time to shag for at least 15 minutes THREE times a day! We'd be... Yeah, it would be hard to do, I'm almost certain, and then every single time we walked in a room, we'd have at least one of our kids ask: "Where were you?" And the answer would always be: "Shagging. Why? Need something?"

It's hard to explain, but that's the part that actually boggles my mind, I guess.

Anyway, where I was going with this is that I've decided that I'm just going to be the 'cool' dad. At this point, I have worked through all my PTSD issues and learned very very well that our kids own their bodies and are allowed to decide what they want to do with them. I think I'm actually ready to have the conversations in which they tell me details, because I really would rather KNOW that they are using protection and not being coerced, than to hope and pray that I just don't have to deal with it until they are married.

Yes I know it took me a long bloody while to reach this point, but here I am.

So, then to move on. On Monday, when you were busy dealing with Hazel, Eri, and Ori, I had Portkeyed back to the Manor to conduct my class. I know I probably could have taken the day off, but *I* actually needed a bit of a distraction. And besides, it's only two hours, so, I would have it done and be back home right about the time I normally get out of bed.

That said, I was actually up and ready to go by 9AM (California time), and so, fully awake and eager to get to the torture - I mean training.

Once again, I very carefully chose my outfit, making sure several times that it was the exact one I wanted to wear and that I looked damn good in it. To my dismay, the moment I walked onto the Ministry running track, I saw my students stop and squint as they tried to read what they were in for today. That made me look down and find:

Sweat dries. Blood clots. Bones heal. Suck it up PRINCESS

Ah... Well, at least it's fitting as I had quite a grueling lesson in mind. Previously, I'd been teaching them maneuvers and having them spar quite a lot so that they could put the maneuvers together and learn to use them in a cohesive manner. THAT day, I was going to invite each of them to take me on individually. As in they were going to spar against ME - rather than each other - so that I could more accurately gauge their level and what they've learned.

Naturally, I wasn't going to go easy on them just because this was a sort of midterm exam.

So, after reflexively blurting out: "GODDAMNIT HARRY!" I emphatically gestured a command
to follow me to the training room. In the room, I explained the plan for the day, and then proceeded to kick all their arses. Repeatedly. The good news is that they are all making far more progress than they realize. Basically, if I couldn't read their minds, I'd probably have been given a run for my money.

I'm almost impressed!

At the end of class, I even praised them. "Nice job, buttercups! One of you nearly punched me, and I'm dead certain I was groped at least twice - which counts as landing a hit in my opinion. MUCH better than I expected! I expected to put you all in the hospital today! You, does your arm still hurt? Want to go see a Mediwitch to make sure my bone mending spells are still up to par? And oh! You - looks like your nose has finally stopped bleeding. Over there, did you break a toe after all?"

There was indistinct grumbling, and since it was indistinct and sounded a bit mutinous, I ignored it and moved on. "In any case, you've all passed your midterms, and so -"

"WAIT!!! WE PASSED???" My least in shape student asked incredulously. My timid and scrawny mouse blurted out: "ALL of us???"

"This was a test?" Another student asked as he scratched his head. I might need to fail him after all...

Glaring at him, I replied: "Yes, this was a test, and yes, you all passed. I've been telling you from the beginning that I don't expect a professional athlete who could win fighting championships, simply men and women who can reasonably expect to NOT DIE if they find themselves cornered by a dangerous criminal. But as I was saying, since you all passed this test, I feel confident in stepping it up a notch or two, so I expect you to all increase your pre-class run to an entire hour on Wednesday."

This was unsurprisingly unhappy news as it provoked groans from all of my students.

"Remember to pace yourselves. Take advantage of the Ministry provided expert trainer - that's the tiny little witch that stands off to the side on a tall chair so that she can watch you all run and be sure that none of you kills yourself while doing so. She'll be a LOT nicer on you, helping you to pick the right pace so that you can maintain an actual run for an hour."

I look around. "IF you are NOT running properly when I get there to pick you up for class, I WILL bring you all back to my place to let Amala chase you until I feel that you've used up every drop of energy in your body, and then we'll experiment with temporary energy boosting potions so that you can ALL experience the effects of working so long and hard out in the field that you are dead on your feet. I know of at least one Auror who literally DIED while on a raid, NOT because a criminal killed him, but because he'd irresponsibly stayed up drinking the entire weekend before, and then tried to cover that fact up by using hangover potions and energy boosting potions to make him appear in top shape, when in actuality, he pushed himself too far and had a heart attack. None of us knew what happened in time to get him to a Healer to be revived, so..."

I spread my hands wide to indicate that they should be able to figure out the rest for themselves.

"That's true," an Auror murmured to an Auror in Training.

"Wait," A woman bade with a puzzled frown. "What good would working us to exhaustion and then making us take potions do? How does that help us to learn anything?"

I nodded to concede that she had a valid point. "See, my literal job description might be to simply
teach you hand to hand combat - usually meaning self defense in unarmed situations. BUT I actually give a fuck about your survival. I want you to be prepared for anything - especially as it pertains to the potentially dangerous situations during raids. Thus, if you have experience working with exhaustion and *attempting* to solve it with potions, you'll actually learn why it is VITAL to let your superiors know when you are not in shape to work or go on a raid. Oh sure, the potion will make you feel awake for a time, but you're still going to be mentally incapacitated, and depending on the situation, making VERY BAD decisions. Decisions that could get you OR YOUR TEAM killed. The point of the situation I threatened is to teach you NOT to think you can rely on potions to get you through a raid when you are less than fully ready."

"Plus I bet you get off on torturing us like that," least in shape grumbled under his breath, I let it slide this time because we were already five minutes over and I wanted to get home to you.

Instead, I finished up. "Best advice is to NOT make me put you in that situation in the first place. Show up and run for an hour before I get there. No excuses and no slacking off. My friend the witch will tell me if you do. And then also consider wearing something with padding, because I'm taking away the mats on the floor."

They all sighed, but grumbled: "Yes Chief," before trudging away. Meanwhile I took the floo back to the Manor, and then the Portkey back to you and we more or less held each other for about 36 hours straight. Which brings me to today.

It's currently Wednesday and I have a few minutes to explain more about that phone call we had.

To begin with, since we've been sleeping at odd hours lately, I've been going to bed earlier and you've been going to bed later, probably so we can just hold each other and talk or kiss or just pet each other, I was actually awake REALLY early for me. Like 5 or 6 AM. Like YOU were still asleep!

So I got up to go for a run and make YOU breakfast, for once. It was probably terrible, but no one complained to be having simple bacon and cheesy scrambled eggs. You seemed too distracted to actually taste it when you came to the kitchen and sat with me.

By the time 10 AM was approaching, I really felt like I'd already worked a solid 12 hour day, and was exhausted, DESPITE not having actually done anything more strenuous than read and sing to Hazel for a few hours while she stretched and did light exercises.

Thus, when I was ready to leave for the Manor to go to class, I kissed you, savoring a lingering kiss, feeling like I should really track down a time turner so that I could go back to when I woke up and crawl back into bed to finish sleeping before having to go to class.

I walked onto the track to find that my students looked worn out, but were definitely still running. The Ministry witch gave me a double thumbs up to let me know they'd all followed instructions. Satisfied, I called them over.

They gathered around and stared at my shirt apprehensively. I looked down to find that ONCE A-BLOODY-GAIN, you'd managed to change my shirt to a different one. This one said: Use of the word CAN'T will result in a 10 Burpee penalty.

"What the fuck is a Burpee??" I asked in bafflement. Yeah I don't care if I'm topless and they ALL try to shag me, I'm not wearing that. So I pulled it off to find:

You would have quit already but your trainer scares you
"Goddamnit Harry!" I sighed in resignation, and also, I sort of liked this one. "Alright, let's get to the training room and work on breaking various holds. Also, I want to see if any of you have made progress on throwing someone over your shoulder."

We'd JUST filed into the actual training room (which is actually just down the hall from the track), when an Auror NOT in my class strode into the room.

"Evening Chief! The Head Auror wants to see you in his office right now."

"Tell him to fuck off, I'll see him after class," I stated, making a motion to shoo the messenger away.

"Robards said you might say that, in which case, I am to make it clear that class is canceled and YOU are expected in his office RIGHT NOW."

"OOO...." A few of my students murmured in a scandalized tone. "What did you DO???

I stared them down. "Class is NOT canceled! You will all spar until I get back, and if I don't come back before the end of class, bugger off and spar some more at home. I WILL see you on the track having completed an hour run come 5 o'clock Monday!"

"Not if you're fired!" Fatty sang out gleefully, trying to be quiet enough that I hopefully wouldn't hear him.

I rolled my eyes. "I'm NOT fired, you mouthy prick."

"How do you know?" The woman that's always undressing me with her eyes asked curiously.

"Simple, I haven't actually killed any of you yet," I stated confidently, and then followed the messenger out of the room. "Any idea what Robards wants?"

"NOPE!" He replied gleefully, probably excited and highly relieved that HE passed the combat class before the old trainer retired.

About 5 minutes later, I was in Robards' office, and to my surprise, ALL the senior Aurors were there, including Bletchley - who I haven't actually had a chance to talk to since he returned from Singapore. He mouthed the words: "I'll chat with you later," at me, meaning that he definitely had something to tell me.

Nearly dying of curiosity now, I sat in the only available chair, although I would not have been opposed to sitting on Kingsley's lap had there been no chairs left. That's when the meeting began as I was the last one they were waiting for.

"Right, so you're all wondering why we're here. Earlier today, one of our Rookie Aurors - an apparently good looking bloke - was walking around in plain clothes, and being off duty, they were whatever he liked. Thus, they were some well-tailored bespoke crap that he probably can't afford on his salary, but he's from a wealthy family, so -"

"Wait, WHICH family?" I couldn't help but ask.

"Greengrass," Robards stated, looking like he was wondering why this was important.

"Oh, must be Astoria's adopted son," I murmured to myself.

"In any case, he was approached by a girl of approximately 16 - that we can't confirm as she's not
being very chatty. She flirted with him, which he brushed off until she started hinting that he could buy certain things from her, and that it wouldn't take her long to make his day a whole lot happier."

I unconsciously let out a very soft groan and rubbed my temples. Didn't I already go through this once? Rescuing a girl, that is.

After casting me a curious look, Robards continued. "Naturally, Greengrass picked her up for solicitation and brought her in. Normally, this would probably be the end of the story as prostitutes are basically charged, fined, and then let go, but this GIRL is underage, which makes it doubly illegal. We tried to question her, but she's not talking much. The only thing we've really gotten from her is that she's afraid of what's going to happen to her if we don't let her go, RIGHT NOW."

I tilted my head to the side in confusion. "So... are we going to go raid her... corner?"

Robards smirked at me, probably finding that funny because I am hilarious.

"Not as such. After talking it over, Roche (the deputy head), Bones (Susan, head of the DMLE - who was giving me a look that suggested that she was remembering our recent orgy), Shacklebolt, and I decided that we needed to use this opportunity to see if this goes any father than a pushy and abusive pimp. Even if it's just one bastard, we don't know how many other girls he has. More importantly, if it's MORE than just him, how big is the organization, and where are they located?"

"Ah," I murmured in understanding.

"So, to that end, we need to set up - not a raid - but an undercover mission."

I was tempted to go to sleep at this point as I have no idea why I'm even here. Undercover operations are under Roche's jurisdiction. Roche took over.

"Which means that first and foremost, I need to decide WHO to send in. But while he or she is being briefed on the specifics of the mission, I need Malfoy to do something important."

"Wait, me?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes, you. I need you to sit in as we try to talk to the girl again."

"Ah," I stated in instant understanding. "Yes."

"Wait, why him?" Auror Ramsey asked in confusion. If I recall correctly, HE'S the one usually involved in interrogations.

"Because he has little known talents that would be useful in getting information from the girl," Roche explained.

The way they kept referring to her as girl was irritating me, and I'm not quite sure why.

"What's her name?" I asked.

"Do you actually want to know, or are you just asking because it seems like the thing to do?" Robards questioned in mild amusement.

"I genuinely want to know. Why wouldn't I?" I wondered in bafflement.

"Malfoy, can you tell me the name of even ONE of your students?"

"Why the fuck would I need to know their names???
Kingsley laughed and held out his hand, apparently winning a bet. Roche grumbled and handed over a good 10 Galleons to him, and another to Robards.

Robards shook his head and tapped on a file on the table in front of him. "Her name is Gretchen Minch. Unless she's lying."

I cringed. "Who would lie about a name like that??! That's too many chs in just three syllables!"

"Point," Robards admitted with a shrug.

Roche took the explanation back. "As for the undercover Auror, we need someone who is comfortable with, well... becoming a prostitute and EVERYTHING that entails for as long as it takes to get the information we need."

"How is the Auror going to be DOING the job? Can't very well just have a random girl show up asking to work for this nasty pimp," Auror Ramsey pointed out.

"We're going to have them Polyjuice into Gretchen," Roche answered.

I sighed, feeling like this was inevitable. "I'll do it."

"What?!" Roche blurted out in astonishment and disbelief.

"I said I'll do it," I repeated. "I'm probably the only one who CAN do it."

Robards was nodding in agreement. "I'll admit that THAT had occurred to me - that your talents would be the easiest and most effective way to get the information we need."

"Wait! I think I need to know more information!" Ramsey blurted out.

"WHY?" I challenged. "Are YOU in charge of organizing this?"

"No... but I AM the one you'll be in the interrogation room with. I think I deserve to know what'll be going on!" Ramsey argued.

"Look, one of the reasons that we've kept this talent quiet is that it's best if no one KNOWS that it's happening. If we started blabbing about it all over town, then it could be defended against," Robards said. "So - as far as I'm concerned - this is on a NEED to know basis, and you don't really need to know."

"Yes sir," Ramsey grumbled in acceptance.

Robards and Kingsley looked at each other for a long moment with Roche looking at the both of them. After they reached a silent agreement, Kingsley turned to look at me. "I won't authorize your participation - that I ALSO believe would be the most helpful - until you call and discuss the matter with Harry and he... indicates that he understands and isn't going to come bursting in to 'rescue' you."

I chuckled, shaking my head. "The *only* downside to being married to Harry bloody Potter. I have to get permission to put myself in harm's way or risk Rage Halo Harry showing up and putting EVERYONE'S life in peril! No problem. I'll call him as soon as we're done here."

"Well, considering that all we have left to do is actually organize the operation - such as choose your handler and figure out communication issues - we pretty much ARE done here," Roche informed me.
Kingsley patted me on the shoulder. "Go on and call your husband. Once you are done, let us know what he says, and then - either way - meet up with Ramsey to discuss going in and chatting with Gretchen."

"Will do," I promised, standing up to leave the room so that they could get on with the initial planning.

That was when you received this oh so lovely call: "Harry, I'm being asked (and volunteering, if I'm honest) to go undercover Polyjuiced as an underage female sex worker to determine if she's working for a smalltime pimp, or an entire organization that needs to be raided, and I need your permission to do it."

You were silent long enough that I actually checked my magi-mobile to see if the call had been dropped. It hadn't, but that didn't rule out a bad connection and one of us unable to hear the other.

"Harry?"

You sighed heavily. "Why you?"

"Because I'm the only one that knows Legilimency and they feel strongly that THAT is going to be not just the key to finding out everything they need to know, but doing so relatively quickly," I explained. "Anyone else would have to rely on much more dangerous methods of uncovering information, possibly taking a very long time, but I'll be able to ask leading questions and read the information in their minds."

You were silent again, and then sighed every bit as heavily. "And... by undercover, what EXACTLY will you be doing... as this sex worker?"

I sighed myself and ran a hand through my hair. "Probably exactly that, which I am not looking forward to, but I know I can take it. Even if it's rough or abusive, I can withstand it. I've been through that ON PURPOSE - you might recall. And just knowing that I'm doing it to bring down a monster or an entire organization of monsters, well... I'll do what I have to without complaint and get the job done as soon as I possibly can."

Another pause. "I don't like it at all, Draco. But I know that you could have easily just done it and told me about it later, and because of the time difference and Hazel's recovery, it would have been a plausible excuse for waiting to tell me until it was too late to stop you. Also, I know that I CAN'T stop you. You already said you volunteered, which means that this is important to you, and so..." you sighed again.

I very quickly grew to hate those sighs. I don't WANT you to feel like you need to make those sighs, but I was already committed to this course of action, despite not having 'officially' agreed and been given the job.

"Yes. You can do it, just... if there is ANY way that anyone can get updates to me..."

"I'll see what they can do," I promised.

After that, we both argued a bit over who loved the other more, until Bletchley came out to have a chat with me, but I've actually run out of time - as Ramsey is now ready to go talk to Gretchen again - and so, I'll have to tell you about our chat, and what happened with Gretchen - in my next email. Whenever I'll have a moment to actually send one.

Love you so much that it still takes my breath away, stings my eyes, and makes my chest hurt, in the best possible way. Thank you so much for letting me do something that probably sounds
insane, but, well, I sort of need to do this. Just know that no matter what happens, you have my heart in your hands, and so, it's completely safe.

Forever,

Draco
Friday July 8, 2016

Draco,

I just received my second update from the Auror department for today. Which means I won't get another update again until tomorrow. So I thought maybe I would write out my thoughts and fears to you instead of letting them rattle around in my head, growing exponentially with each passing hour.

I really thought about writing some nonsense about how proud I am of you for doing such a horrible job so someone else doesn't have to. For taking on something horrific for a short time so these young girls won't have to live it for years. How I'm in awe of your Legimimens talents that makes you such an imperative part of our world's safety. And it's not that those things aren't true, I am proud of you and in awe of you. But mostly I'm mad and scared and frustrated and hurt.

I hate that there are people who are going to be purchasing your body, or technically Gretchen's body but it will be you feeling it, using you how they see fit. Getting a part of you that should be exclusively mine, or at least exclusively at my disposal. I hate it. Do you understand how hard this is for me? I.Hate.This. My husband could be being shagged within an inch of his life, literally if the customer is violent enough, while I sit here enraged.

And I am a truly awful person, because I actually think I might prefer you having a terrible experience than dealing with the idea that you could actually be enjoying yourself. What kind of disgusting human being thinks of his selfless husband, going into sex work in an effort to keep young powerless women from being abused, and hopes the sex he's going to be forced into having is bad? But no matter how I think of it, and I am thinking of it constantly, I can't talk myself into wanting the sex to be anything more than "not causing you pain."

The only time I'm not worrying about you is when I am dealing with the children. That is both a blessing and a curse. Because they seem to be the best at distracting me with terrible crap. Mostly we've been sitting around watching telly, playing outside, and just being lazy. Haz is still healing and I won't be able to concentrate on keeping everyone safe if we went anywhere anyway. But Siri was able to distract me by showing off his "new quidditch move" he had learned. Which ended up being a move he couldn't actually perform which resulted in a broken wrist. Obviously that was an easy enough fix for me. It was a really small break so it was fixed with a quick episkey but still,
the damn kid broke his wrist showing off his ill practiced quidditch moves.

Our sweet littlest triplets? Since you regale them often with (mostly age appropriate) stories of raids you've been on, they have been constantly asking about what mission you're on right now. And "that's classified, I can't talk about it" isn't really cutting it for them. Since I refuse to tell them anything about it, they keep swinging back and forth between begging me to give them details, coming up with insane scenarios and asking if that's what you're doing, or … and this is my favorite … asking me if you're going to die.

So that's been a real hoot.

In good news, Hazel is doing unbelievably well recovering from her surgery. Her surgeon doesn't do a ton of surgeries on witches, but Hazel also isn't her first. But she's really pleased with the progress so far. We are officially a week post op at this point and she had her follow-up appointment this morning. She's healing amazingly well. Doctor says she was an ideal patient. And as of right now, she has to do her dilating stuff but she's pretty much free to do anything she feels well enough to do.

Because of that, as soon as I'm done writing to you, we are all going out to eat. Hazel says she's sick of the same four walls and the view from her room. She wants to see people besides just her family (although she's been so sweet and thankful for how great her brothers and sisters have been to her) and eat food that hasn't been cooked by a slightly out of it Daddy Harry. Apparently when I am deep in the worry pit, my cooking becomes sub-par.

Oh, speaking of me being sub-par and a terrible person and just an all around nightmare, I am SO sorry that Rage Halo Harry has put so many lives in danger. To Hell with you Draco Malfoy! My barging through wards has only ever put myself at risk. Oh and when I risked the life of our unborn daughter at the same time. Ta ever so for bringing THAT up! Are you kidding me with this shite? "We don't want Rage Halo Harry showing up and putting EVERYONE'S life in peril" ??! The Fuck? Haha, how silly, isn't that such a funny thing that you Aurors joke about, your ridiculous husband who risks the life of everyone during his temper tantrums. Cool, good to know what everyone thinks of me.

I know I'm very likely overreacting because I am scared and feeling helpless. But could you try to think about how I might feel before you randomly blurt out how funny it is that I am such a disgusting human being. Cool? Thanks.

I love you. I value your opinion above anyone else's, and it hurts me to hear you speak so lowly of me. Is it really such a bad thing that I am so terrified of losing you that I act out? That my love for you is so big that I can't contain it when I'm afraid for you?

I just … what if you don't come home to me?

And if this is the last thing I ever say to you, I can't be mad. I love you. I love you with every breath I take. Your heart is the most important thing I've ever held. I just want it safe.

Yours, forever and always,
Harry James Malfoy

Saturday July 9th
My life,
It's currently about 2 in the morning and I am certain that no one will wake up and catch me writing an email on my magi-tablet. I'm certain because I spelled them all to sleep.

Thus, I have the time to write up everything that has happened so far. I'm going to start where I left off. In a meeting with the entire Senior staff of the Auror department. I told Kingsley and Robards that you weren't happy about it, but had begrudgingly given your permission. The first few hours were sort of an argument on how to go about communicating during the mission.

See, normally, undercover operatives are NOT allowed to have any sort of recording or communication device on them as those things are easy to find and tend to give the operative away when found. When I heard this, I wondered why the undercover department didn't just use some of my magi-tech. To which Roche looked at me like I had just spoken Japanese.

Robards nearly blushed and rubbed the back of his neck. "Erm, see, whenever you come babble at me about something you want to use during your raids, all I care about is if it'll work and make our jobs easier. I don't actually listen to what you're saying, so, I've never talked about any of it to Roche."

"Uh-huh." Normally I would actually be delighted to know that MY department has better tech than everyone else, but this was a case of ME clearly benefiting from using my tech, so I decided to share. "If I bring my mapping drones - they look like marbles and shouldn't alarm anyone - then if it is an organization, I can have the drones map the place in preparation of a raid. Plus, the camera contacts - at the very least - will ensure that you have a good look at anyone I see. They are nearly invisible and won't be detected."

I paused to take a sip of tea. "I won't be able to use the ear buds as those really are obvious, so we won't be able to talk to each other, but I SHOULD be able to take anything with me that Gretchen owns, and also, since she almost certainly has a purse, I can add a secret undetectable expanded pocket to carry everything else I will want to have on hand. I can then use my mag-tablet to send insta-owls as necessary."

Roche looked at Robards so intently that it was nearly a glare. "He has mapping drones AND camera contacts... And you didn't TELL me about them?!?!"

Robards looked a bit abashed now. "Well, it's like you always say, tech can be detected and put the operative in danger. More danger. EXCESSIVE danger."

Roche sighed in resignation. "In any case, Malfoy, I'll need you to walk me through the tech."

I pointed to Bletchley. "He can walk you through it since he's been on most of my raids."

It was then agreed that Bletchley and Roche would go over my tech with a couple of others while Robards and Ramsey went over the first interview with Gretchen to make notes. I was basically given a break to get something to eat and try to mentally prepare myself for what was to come. As I ate, I composed most of my last email to you. At one point, Bletchley came over to update me and also let me know what happened with the boy in Singapore. So, it was a real murder. The henchman was very recognizable as a member of their mob. The two in bed were the son of the boss and a higher up in the organization. The boy had been reported as missing. So, Bletchley coordinated with the police to get justice, and despite having "photographic" evidence, the police insisted their hands were tied.

So he went to the boy's family and explained things to them. They are afraid to go after the mob, but relieved to finally know what happened. Bletchley gave them the money I'd given him for
them, and left them to do with the information what they will.

Thus, cased closed, I suppose.

After he left, I finished my email and went with Ramsey to go interview Gretchen. Normally Ramsey works with a partner, but it was agreed that they didn't want to scare her into not talking at all, so it was just him and me. Outside the door, I stopped Ramsey and said: "Let me give it a go. I promise I won't rile her up, and if it doesn't work, you can always take over."

Ramsey sighed in frustration, but then nodded. "Yeah alright, but ONLY because I know you have daughters her age."

I nodded in agreement. We entered the room and I sat directly across from Gretchen. With a friendly smile, I rested my arms on the table and held out my hands to her.

"Lovely to meet you, Gretchen. My name is Draco Malfoy. I'm married to Harry used-to-be-Potter and we have a lot of kids, a few of which are your age. Can I tell you a little about them?"

She eyed me warily. "Why?"

"Can I hold your hands?" I asked respectfully.

She tilted her head side to side and thought it over a minute before placing her hands in mine.

Still smiling, I said: "I have 14 kids, the ones I think are your age are Eris, Orion, and Hazel. They're just turned 16 and are causing me no small amount of trouble." I paused to watch things cross her mind. I think she has an older sister who turned 16 with a BIG celebration that she watched sadly from a corner.

"My oldest son just got married. He's 20 and he and Mahafsoun were MADE for each other." I could hear and feel her inhale a silent gasp at that. "Oh? You must be a fan of Mahafsoun. Her telly show is quite popular across the pond. I had to stop watching it with River because every time she'd kiss someone on the show, he'd practically MURDER something."

She smiled faintly at that. I saw a few memories of her watching the show in her mind, followed by a big fight - presumably with her father or step father. After that, she packed a bag and ran away.

"The magazines and televised interviews ask where she's from and how she got discovered, but do you want to know what she doesn't tell them?"

"What?" She asked curiously.

"She was born in Egypt to a witch. When her mum died, her dad sold her into sex slavery."

Gretchen gasped in horror and sympathy. I could see the face of Gretchen's pimp clearly in her mind. She shook her head. "NO... Something like that CAN'T happen to someone as beautiful as Mahafsoun!"

I gave her a sympathetic smile. "Did someone tell you that you're not pretty?"

Several people flashed through her mind, but the clearest and most frequent were her father/step father and her pimp.

"I have to wonder, if you really weren't pretty, then why would ANYONE pay to be with you?"

She gasped and shook her head. "You've got it all wrong! I'm constantly in trouble because I don't
"attract enough clients!"

I tilted my head and gave her a gentle look. "Gretchen, that is a lie designed to control you. You are very pretty and more than likely in demand. Telling you that you are not pretty enough or attracting enough clients encourages you to go back out and work harder so you'll make more money for HIM."

"He'll MURDER me for being gone so long!" Gretchen moaned.

"No he won't. If he kills you, you won't be able to make him any more money. He'll just smack you up a bit, but you can take it, right? You have before."

Her eyes started to water and I could see a few times that she was smacked around.

"He always hits you in places that hurt a lot, but don't mar the goods, right? He knows that he earns NO money if you don't look nice and pretty."

This seemed to make her stop and think. "I don't want to talk about Mark - fuck! Tell me more about Mahafsoun."

Nodding, I continued my story. "One day I was on holiday with my family and Mahafsoun tried her best to pick me up. She could see that I have money and needed to take a bit from me to give her owner. I'd actually seen him smack her around, so I let him think that she was succeeding. Once we were alone in her tent, I aimed at where he was hiding and listening in and cast a body binding curse on him."

Gretchen seemed to love that, looking excited. She even squeezed my hands. "Yeah? Did you kill him?"

"Tempting, but no. I felt it was more important to get her to safety. Although I DID kick him several times before leaving him for the muggles to wonder about."

"He deserved it, bloody arsehole!" Gretchen exclaimed fiercely.

I nodded with a smirk. "After that, Harry contacted Kingsley and got permission to bring Mahafsoun home with us. She eventually enrolled in my oldest daughter Elena's performance arts school and was discovered by casting agents for her telly show."

"Wow! Like a fairy tale!" Gretchen exhaled in awe.

"A bit," I acknowledged. "And I am going to help you too."

She immediately looked wary.

"First of all, since you are underage, you WILL be going to Unity House, which is a place where you will be safe and no one will ever find you. So, you will never see Mark again, this I promise. You ARE free of him. But I ALSO want to arrest him and see to it that he pays for everything he's done."

I could see a bit of a war going on in her mind. Several scenes of abuse flashed through her mind, featuring a few other girls.

"You're afraid that he'll hurt the other girls. You're afraid that if you don't come back, he'll make the other girls work harder to make up for losing the money you make."
Silent tears streamed down her cheeks for a few silent seconds before she nodded.

"This is why I need you to help me," I informed her. "I'm going to pretend I'm you. Not just pretend, I'm going to Polyjuice INTO you and take your place so I can help those girls and stop him from hurting them."

I watched her think this over, a lot of rather disturbing things running through her mind. Patiently, I waited for her to make up her mind and nod.

"Alright... How can I help?"

"You can start by telling us about you. When did you run away from home and why?"

She gasped. "How'd you know I done a runner?"

"It's the most common reason girls are taken in by pimps," I explained.

Sighing, she told me everything I needed to know, including the fact that she's only 15, that her pimp has her work a certain corner on Knockturn near Diagon - where she occasionally picks up better clients - and where they all sleep when they're done for the night. I asked for tiny details that would help me pretend to be her, and just generally traipsed through her mind since she was now relaxed and unintentionally giving me clear access.

"Tell me about the tiara," I murmured.

She seemed momentarily surprised that I knew about that, but then shrugged it off. "Once a month, Mark rewards the top earning girl, IF she makes him at least a certain amount - but he won't tell us what the amount is. He rewards her by treating her like a princess for the day."

I nodded in understanding and asked a few more questions until I felt like I knew everything she did about the situation. The good news at that point was that she didn't think Mark worked for anyone but himself.

At that point, things become a bit of a blur until I accepted Gretchen's sleazy clothing and went into a room to drink the Polyjuice. ALL of the preparations had been done, as quickly as possible, so it was time to play my part.

It was about 24 hours after Gretchen had been picked up, and the other Aurors assured me that it wouldn't be suspicious because most of the prostitutes are held overnight while being processed before being let go.

So, I returned to Gretchen's corner and threw myself into solicitation as if she hadn't just been arrested and released from jail. I got a few interested looks, but before anyone could buy anything from me, Mark showed up in a fury and dragged me off to his dingy flat. You know, for someone who must earn quite a bit of money from his girls, he sure isn't spending it here. So I have to wonder if he's required to give a good chunk of it to someone else. That was my first indication that this might be an organization after all.

I won't tell you the details of the beating, but just as I told Gretchen, he was careful not to damage anything that would lower my value. All in all, I've made YOU beat me worse, and so this was almost nothing.

He shouted at me that I'd been stupid and gotten nabbed by the Aurors, but I managed to cry just right and assure him that they didn't get anything out of me, and after questioning me for HOURS, finally gave up and let me go. Satisfied, he commanded me to get back to my corner and work
twice as hard to make up for missing out on last night.

So I did. Apparently I'm actually better at it than Gretchen because all I had to do was smile at passing blokes and make a particular gesture with my hand to my mouth and they'd grin and follow me to my alley.

So, to answer your biggest concern, so far, the majority of it has been blow jobs, which meh. Not terrible, but definitely not the same as when I'm trying to make you fall apart and scream my name. As for the few who wanted more, it was boring as fuck and over in about a minute flat.

The REAL progress on the case has happened when we return to the rundown flat each night. Mark is ON me/Gretchen for fucking up, and taunts, pinches, smacks me - and things like that. But as he does so, I have the perfect opportunity to look into his eyes and read his mind. The funny thing is that he is nearly a squib, and so while he DID search me for unauthorized tech (probably thinking that the Aurors might try to slip something on her), he never even thought for a second that they might have tried magical methods. He doesn't even suspect that there's a reason for my newfound fascination with his eyes. He probably hasn't even noticed.

In any case, I can't ask too many questions. I have to spread them out, and that is what is taking so long. Well that and I have to do other things to keep him happy enough to let me get close. But maybe you will be relieved to know that he doesn't shag the girls, thus, he hasn't shagged me. I actually think he might be gay, but in any case, despite being a little achy from his attention, I'm fine. I'm making progress, it's just taking a little longer than I hoped.

I'm going to sign off now and get some sleep before tomorrow. Know that my every thought is of you. I MISS you!

Forever,
Draco
P.S. Honestly, I didn't mean to make a joke out of Rage Halo Harry. I was going for a joke about I have to get permission like a child, but upon reflection, you're right, it was tasteless all around.
Chapter 43

Chapter Summary

Harry is dealing with Draco being out working, and Draco uncovers all the information he needs.

Chapter Notes

So because I know y'all hate the idea of Draco being undercover forever, I decided to post two right away so you can read the resolution and sigh in relief. Warning: OTHER underage prostitutes are mentioned. But nothing explicit and so shouldn't be trigger.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sunday July 10, 2016

My Other Half,

I'd like to be a strong, confident person. Existing within myself and knowing while my spouse is an important part of my life, I am a complete person without you. Just a best friend who complements me but doesn't complete me.

Yeah, that's not my life. You are the best parts of me. You make me better. You make me strive to be the best person I can be. Could I survive without you? Debatable. Do I want to? Never. I think it's why I was always drawn to you, even when I thought I hated you, you force my competitive nature to its limits. You challenge me. You fill in all of my cracks. And while I certainly don't want you to think you aren't a complete person yourself, I like to think I fill those spaces in you.

So what I am saying is, I miss you like I'm missing a piece of myself.

I want to tell you all about our weekend, since you're still on assignment, but first I just wanted to reply to a few of the things you said in your email to me before I get so wrapped up in my own story that I forget to answer a question or ignore an issue.

The whole teasing me about being Rage Halo Harry? I promise that I don't mind you teasing me about it. I really don't. I know you not so secretly like it when I come charging in. I think you count on me to be the brave idiot charging into things because you're so much more likely to plan ahead for every circumstance. You've teased me about this for over a decade, I promise it doesn't bother me. What did bother me was when you said I endangered lives by doing so. And it sounds like you were completely kidding, so I really am okay with it. Just maybe try to keep in mind when you joke around that your husband is ridiculous and takes things very literally?

Also, how do you not know what burpees are? They are an insanely hellish workout that is so good for you and super torturous. Honestly, if you don't know what they are AND you enjoy torturing your students? Then I should teach you all about burpees. You start out standing, drop into a
crouching squat position with your hands on the ground, kick your legs back into a plank or a pushup position, quickly jump back into the squat position, and then back to standing.

In case you're not really getting updates, Gretchen seems to be settling in at Unity pretty well. I contacted Tabitha to kind of explain that she doesn't necessarily need to be quarantined to her room, but she can't exactly take her roaming around Diagon while you're walking around wearing her face. While we were talking, Tabitha mentioned how sweet Gretchen seems to be and how well she's getting along with all of the other kids. Hopefully that gives you some peace of mind, knowing that even if nothing else comes of this assignment, you got one child into a safer place where she seems to be quite happy.

However, speaking of things coming from this assignment; I am thrilled that you aren't keeping things from me, I'm so pleased that we are at a place where I accept what you're doing and you don't sneak around behind my back. But, I don't really need the details. I theoretically know what you're doing, I've accepted it, I'm dealing with it, but the less details the better okay? If you just really need to unload and need me to know because it helps YOU to tell me? Then I will suck it up and deal with not liking the details. But if you're just giving me details in an effort to be as open and honest as you know I normally want when you're on Auror business? I'm good.

Oh, I do have one request though. Not sure who I need to talk to about this but uh, Kingsley or Robards or Roche or Bletchley …. I get to have a go at this Mark piece of shite as soon as he's been charged right? If they "can't allow that" then maybe they leave the interrogation room unlocked and oh gee I just happen to have an invisibility cloak. I just wanna talk to him a little. Pick his brain. Rip his bollocks off. You know, normal stuff.

Oh, and I know you've been gone for a few days but did you notice a little kid coming and playing in the yard before you left? Every once in a while when we're all inside I get a quick glimpse of little head full of dark hair darting through the yard. So I start to do a head count and realize we're all inside. Not to mention none of ours that are that small have such dark hair. Jaz is the smallest (and has much longer hair than this child) at seven and this kid seems more Lissa's size, not quite as small as Seph but then again who is? Maybe it's just a shy neighbor kid who wants to play?

Whew, I guess I had a lot more to catch up on than I thought! See what happens when I don't see you for days and days and days? Anyway, do you know what your amazing children planned for this weekend? They all got together (everyone but Haz actually, they had a kid meeting while she was napping) and decided I needed a distraction from missing you and she needed something fun to think about besides boring recovery stuff. So they … took us to Disneyland!!

I know, I had asked you if you wanted to go. So, if you really did want to go, you will not have to twist my arm! But you also didn't respond at all to me asking if we could go. So I thought maybe that meant you didn't want to.

But it was so much fun! We went on so many rides! You know how much I love rides. We split up a bit, River and Maha taking the little triplets and Jaz to Cars Land in California Adventure while I took the other kids on all the big rides. I did not want to deal with a Persephone tantrum when she found out she was too small to go on anything remotely dangerous looking. So while they did the cars, we did the Matterhorn and the Indiana Jones adventure. Thankfully, at 104cm Seph IS tall enough to do Space Mountain (by a whole 2 cm) so we were able to do that one as a family.

With our big group, I think people just assumed we were a summer camp, a day care, or possibly a Make A Wish trip. Especially when we were with Maha and she would be noticed. They're looking at our children like, "hmm, which one is the sick one?"

We did actually see a Make A Wish group so it's certainly not out of the realm of possibility. I
actually had a talk with Maha about that, asking if anyone had ever requested time with her as their wish. Oddly enough, she got her first request while she was with us in the UK planning the wedding. I guess she's doing a meet-up in two or three weeks. It's such a great charity.

So Disney was amazing, the parades, the fireworks. Merlin Draco, the fireworks! Insane. I just wish you'd been with me so we could have been snuggling up, probably each with a kid on our shoulders.

We also met a lot of fun characters. I thought Seph was going to cry when she met Tinkerbelle, hmm tiny and feisty, why oh why would Seph love Tinkerbelle!?! But oh my Hell, the princes were amazing! We met Naveen and Eric and Ho-Lee-Hell Flynn Rider. Mmmmmmmmm.

But two days at Disney have me a bit exhausted. I'm off to dream about you. I miss you my love.

You told me not to cry when you were gone, But the feeling's overwhelming, it's much too strong, Harry

Monday July 11th
HARRY!!!

I did it! Salazar, I feel like I'm high right now! I have SO MUCH to tell you!

First of all, I was a little depressed Sunday when I woke up because I was so busy Saturday that I barely had the energy to look at Mark when the day was over, let alone read his mind. I flopped on my mat in the corner and basically passed out. So, I had very little hope that Sunday would be any better. Thankfully, I was wrong.

I'm not certain if there was an important Quidditch game going on or what, but all of Diagon and most of Knockturn was empty from about half five on. The few people on Knockturn rushed to finish up their errands - including paying a couple of the girls for favors - before going wherever everyone else had gone. It was almost eerily quiet at that point, but it ALSO meant that none of us had to work since there were no customers. So, we all headed back to the tiny flat we sleep in.

Mark was in a bit of a rage - in general, at the lack of customers - and was taking it out on all of us equally. I was a bit done, to be honest. So I started in on the questions, not being as careful about them as I have been. Also, I mouthed off a bit so that he'd focus on me instead of the others.

At one point, he was pissed off enough that he had me bent over a table - my back on it with my feet on the floor - and he was threatening to choke me by having his hands on my neck and exerting just enough pressure to scare a girl like Gretchen. Looking straight into his eyes, I said: "Wow, you must be pathetic after all if losing a little bit of money on a Sunday night has you this upset. What's the matter? Spend too much money on drugs and not have enough to give your boss?"

"Ya bitch," he growled, increasing his pressure just enough to make this uncomfortable, but not so much that my life was in danger. "You dunno NOTHING!" Which was true until I read it all in his mind. He had gone gambling, lost a shit ton of money, and was now obligated to give quite a high payment every week to a woman I can only guess is the wizarding equivalent of the mob boss for this area. I sort of know this woman - in a vague sort of way. She owns most of Knockturn Alley, and I think her family has done for centuries. She's very powerful in that she has enough money to hire even better Lawyers than WE have, and so, somehow manages to get the Ministry to overlook all the seriously shady business going on in Knockturn.
I'm NOT saying that Kingsley is taking payoffs - or anything like that - simply that there must be loopholes that she's exploiting. In any case, once I knew that he was NOT working for an organization, but rather, working for himself in a desperate attempt to pay off his gambling debts, I knew that I didn't have to stick around any longer. I'd done exactly what I was sent to do. Mostly.

Overjoyed, I apparently smiled insanely enough to give him the shudders.

"W'as w'chu?" He asked in apprehension.

Rather than answer, I grabbed his hand and exerted pressure in the exact spot that weakens a grip. At the same time, I brought my knee up into his groin, making him scream with pain as I pushed him onto the floor. The thing is that even though I was Polyjuiced into Gretchen - which incidentally, I had a ring flask since Gretchen was known for wearing a cheap but pretty mood ring, so I'd been able to take a sip every half hour or so. Anyway, even though I was limited by Gretchen's actual physical capabilities, I still knew everything I'd ever learned, and a good half of Krav Maga is using an opponent's size and weight against them.

Thus, all the other girls watched in awe and amazement as all 5'3" and 97lbs of a scrawny looking girl beat the shit out of their pimp. He's actually a bit of a street brawler, and put up a good fight, once he recovered from his initial pain and surprise, but honestly, I'm dead certain that even my students could have eventually taken him down. Especially if two of them were working together. I secretly let him think he was doing better than he was just so that I could get a good 10 or 12 extra hits in before I got serious enough to take him down.

Funnily enough, Bletchley got a titch panicky when he saw Mark trying to choke me and called in the team standing by ready to extract me if necessary, but by the time they'd assembled and gotten their orders, they could clearly see that I was kicking arse. Which meant that they were a bit torn on whether to actually come in or not. Roche finally made the decision that I must have progressed to the arrest-and-bring-him-in portion of the operation, and even though I had things well in hand, chose to come in and get a grip on the girls before they could run off - as they were clearly all underage and needed to be brought to Unity House.

Thus, it seems like the moment I had Mark lying face down on the floor with my foot on his neck - as I spewed days' worth of anger, frustration, and snark (not to mention wandless stinging hexes) on him - the Senior Aurors burst into the tiny flat and immediately immobilized all the girls - and Mark, who they very reluctantly decided to take pity on and rescue from me.

Unfortunately, it means that they immobilized me as well, but this was to preserve the fact that I was not Gretchen. They didn't want word to be spread that they were now using Polyjuice on undercover missions, because there are ways to end their effects, which would be an all around bad situation.

But I suppose being immobilized as they brought everyone to the Ministry gave me time to calm down. It had been about 20 minutes since my last dose when I started antagonizing Mark, and so, by the time I was in an office with Robards, Roche, and Bletchley, I was already starting to turn back. They all took up defensive stances as they ended the spell on me - presumably afraid that I was going to be irate that they'd dared to immobilize me. Lucky for them, I had reached the elation-that-the-mission-was-over stage, and was not as likely to hex a bloke for looking at me wrong.

That was the start of a LONG and exhausting 20 hours in which I - as me - helped to question Mark and the girls. The good news is that the Aurors had a good visual record of everything I'd seen, and so, most of what I had to do in regards to debriefing was fill in the blanks by answering questions about what was said at certain points. They wanted to review a couple of my memories.
But basically, everything I had gone through - all on its own - was enough to convict Mark of so many things. The fact that he had 14 other girls ranging from 12 to 18 and - to my surprise - two 15 year old twin boys working for him, and ALL of their testimony because they understood that he was going to prison and they could either help make that as long as possible, or say nothing and risk letting him off sooner, well... It's no surprise that they wanted him in prison as long as possible.

There's still a mess to be sorted out in learning their real names and if they have parents, but that's probably going to be Tabitha's job. I DO know that Gretchen will be required to stay in Unity House to attend regular therapy sessions until she goes back to Hogwarts. See, in her case, her home life wasn't terrible enough to remove her from it - even if she'd reported it to the authorities. Her father wasn't abusive so much as controlling, and that's why she ran away, she felt unloved and powerless, and sadly but not surprisingly fell into a situation in which she literally was powerless. Her mother actually had reported her as missing and has seen her a couple of times at Unity - but you probably already knew that as you mentioned that you were getting updates on her.

I have so many other things going through my mind and I can't wait to see you, but I have to sign off now and go terrorize my class. The sooner I do, the sooner I can come home to you. See you in 2 hours and 30 seconds!

Forever and always,
Draco
P.S. Actually, yes, I HAVE seen a short and shaggy little boy lurking around our yard. I thought nothing of it as I assumed that he was a neighbor boy coming around to play with our kids, but was too shy to actually say hi and introduce himself. Did he finally gather up the courage to play with our kids?

Chapter End Notes

And honestly, Chrissie and I are so far ahead in the story that I kinda want to catch you up, lol.
Chapter 44

Chapter Summary

Harry is happy Draco's home, Draco's taking some time off to decompress, and also, they visit an animal rescue.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tuesday July 12, 2016

My Completion,

Oh Draco, my Draco. You came home to us. It's well past the time I would normally fall asleep but I can't let myself close my eyes. What if I close them and when I wake up I find your homecoming was a dream and you're still out there? I don't know how I'd react to not seeing you when I wake up now that I know you're home. So I will just stay awake. Don't worry, I have plenty of pepper-ups to get me through tomorrow.

I uh, I actually am a bit panicky right now at the idea that tomorrow morning you will wake up and portkey yourself right back over the pond to teach another of your classes. I know how important it is. I know how fantastic you are at teaching. But Damnit, you just got back to me! Am I a completely selfish arse if what I really want is for you to skip just this one teeny tiny class? You've basically worked for a week straight and I think you deserve a day off. And by you, I of course mean that I deserve a day off of my worries!

Fine, I understand, you have commitments and you're probably already feeling irritated that you got pulled out of your class last week and don't want to leave them hanging two Wednesday classes in a row. You know, sometimes it's really obnoxious how much of a responsible adult you are. What happened to the prat who snuck out of his dorm room to try and catch me sneaking out of my dorm room?

Hopefully you get home from class quickly tomorrow, I will try to keep Jaz from freaking out as long as I can. I feel like the biggest shite father in the world. I was so focused on my worries, on Hazel's recuperation, at Eris' stress from dealing with her best friend's recuperation, that I completely missed just how upset our sweet Jaz was by your absence. She seems to be that sweet go-with-the-flow child, never truly freaking out about anything. And sometimes I forget that she hides behind that sweetness when she's worried. When you got home earlier, she looked at you like someone dying of thirst seeing a glass of water.

And what did you think about her sentence? She worked on it the entire time you were gone, which honestly should have been a red flag for me if I hadn't been such an idiot. She's come so far in the last months, from no sound at all to "I missed you Daddy" being a completely legible sentence? She's just utterly brilliant isn't she? It's probably good that she decided to focus on that instead of focusing on your absence. You're just her person, ya know?

Oh! While you were catching up with the kids, I had another run-in with our tiny yard trespasser. Cael had something he wanted to show you, and ran outside to grab it. I was curious as to what he
was grabbing so I was watching out the window and when he slammed the back door open, I saw the little one dart out the back window of the play house. I honestly don't know if it's shyness, or maybe he doesn't have any toys of his own and so tries to play with our kids' toys when they're inside? He hasn't damaged anything, he's not been rude, he just seems to enjoy hanging out in our yard.

I just can't believe someone isn't watching him all that closely. I know we let our children explore on their own quite often, but it's always within the Manor grounds or they have an older sibling with them or we've set a charm on them. This little guy looks like he's probably only four years old, definitely not old enough to be prowling around on his own!

Maybe I'm wrong and he's actually older but small. We both know that size is not always indicative of age don't we!

Anyway, I am going to stop typing. I won't be going to sleep, but I've worked myself up about missing you that just staring at you sleep isn't enough, I need to be touching you.

I love you always,
Harry

Wednesday July 13th
My everything,

I positively adore the fact that you were so in need of me last night that you tried to simply snuggle up to me without waking me, but ended up waking me anyway, which meant that we had some slow and sleepy reunion sex, followed by both of us passing out. At that moment, I NEEDED that reconnection with you. I know I had initially asked you to not pressure me, but I really thought I'd need to decompress for a few days before I let anyone touch me. Happily, that was not the case.

As I was drifting back to sleep, the best part was holding you in my arms as if you were MINE and I was NEVER going to let you go again. I'm dead certain that is the only reason you got any sleep. Even then, I don't think you slept very long, probably getting up at your normal time, which concerns me because I'm fairly sure you didn't sleep much when I was gone. I'm going to give you dreamless sleep tonight or cast a sleeping spell on you if you don't let yourself get a good night's.

As for today, surprise surprise, my class was canceled. See, the Ministry itself is convinced that I need a few consecutive days off so that I can process what happened (and they know exactly what happened as they have a good visual of most of it, except for those times I closed my eyes), so, I'm not expected back until next Monday. I promise you I will spend the entire week in bed just holding you if you feel that's what it'll take to get past the unconscious feeling like I'm going to just be gone when you turn to look at me.

And... damnit! I WAS going to just meditate and work through the small issues I have. See I didn't feel helpless, and no one hurt me beyond smacking me up a little, but despite that, I do actually feel a little traumatized by basically having to let so many people touch me in so short a time. So, I'm having Yesenia come over when she can. It'll probably be Friday, and we're probably going to spend the entire day in seclusion, but I'm confident that having my trusted Mind Healer validate my feelings and give me permission to let them go will help me get over them much more quickly than if I just shook them off or locked them up.

After all, I've had YEARS of therapy and know better than to just assume that these things'll go away on their own.
But in any case, the two of us are going to an animal rescue today so that you can ask a bunch of questions.

I love you so much! You believe in me and make me a better man. If not for you, I would probably be the sort of person who never leaves my house longer than it takes to do a bit of shopping. I would probably NEVER help anyone, much less be in a position to teach others to help people - or at least not die in the attempt. I would probably be worthless and alone, but I'm not, because you loved me and inspired me to be the best possible version of myself. Without you, I am nothing.

I have nothing if I don't have you,
Draco

P.S. Sorry? I truly didn't mean for it to happen, but while we were at that rescue, they had a baby brown bear in dire need of a parent to care for it round the clock, so now, we have a new baby. Bear. That I've named Wojtek. But don't worry, I don't expect you to take care of him on top of everything else you already take care of - including me. In my favor, Amala seems interested in mothering the bear a bit too, unless she's simply biding her time for a tasty meal, but I really think she's quite fond of the little guy. I know that even though he's only about 2 and a half kilos (5lbs) right now, he WILL grow to be enormous, so I'm only planning to keep him until he's big enough to survive on his own, but in the meantime, it's been SO LONG since these carriers got used, hasn't it?

Chapter End Notes

The case of the tiny yard trespasser continues...
Harry thinks Draco is lovably ridiculous, and Draco has a chat with the older kids.

Warning, there's something in this chapter that shouldn't trigger anyone, BUT is rather sensitive as far as topics go. I don't want to give a specific warning and spoil it, just... keep an open mind?

Also, Draco talks a little bit more about his mission, but nothing explicit.

Friday July 15, 2016

Draco,

You never mean to collect these strays. But somehow I end up with the most ridiculous menagerie of animals. We have a cheetah for crying out loud! Now a bear? A bear? And yeah, sure, "I'm only planning to keep him until he's big enough to survive on his own" where have I heard that one before? Oh yeah, that time we got a cheetah! You are just the most ridiculous man alive.

But how can I possibly be anything other than madly in love with the kind of man who wants to give everything he can to those in the most dire of situations? Maybe that guess you made all those years ago that we would end up with a hundred children was really just you knowing how much love you have to give and realizing you'd need to spread it out amongst so many lest it become completely overwhelming.

I appreciate your offer to spend the entire week in our bed holding me to relieve some of my irrational fears that you will disappear if I sleep, but I couldn't to that to our children who also missed you. No, if anything, watching you snuggled up with Jaz for hours yesterday went further than anything else in grounding me with the knowledge that you're home and safe.

I love the way the two of you communicate. Because she began learning sign while we held her and signed in front of her face, she "reads" sign both forwards and backwards. I can't get over how uniquely the two of you can speak to each other. I love seeing your heads leaning on the other, your blonde hair tangling with her black curls, her back snuggled up to your chest. And both of your hands in front of the both of you, essentially signing backwards at each other. And, as you have done since she was tiny, you hum music to her, the vibrations she can feel while you're cuddled so tightly.

And then the whole baby bear snuggled up on the couch with the both of you. Our children are absolute nutters, not one of them blinked an eye when you brought home a BEAR!
Nutters the lot of you!

Oh, and I need you to know that while I am quite content with the shagging we’ve done since you've been home, I truly was going to give you your space and not pressure you even the slightest bit. When I finished my last email and said I had to touch you, I was just going to card my fingers through your hair. I had no intention on taking it any further. I mean, as you saw, I certainly wasn't opposed to it! But I promise you I wasn't going to pressure you at all no matter how long it took!

Hopefully this really didn't have much of an effect on you, your behavior has been pretty normal since you've gotten back, but just to be on the safe side you are definitely sequestered in with Yesenia right now. That works out pretty well for me, I am going to go play in the sunshine with our crew and her Diego. Hopefully our shy little trespasser will show himself and maybe come out and play!

Love You,
Harry

Friday July 15th
My wonderful husband,

Well, that was certainly an intense session with Yesenia. We got to the core of my feelings and worked through my issues. Actually, I really only had one issue. Surprising, I know. It was that I was a little appalled by how many people I had to let touch me in such a short amount of time. Well, you know that had I had so many people touch me during a kinky play session, I probably wouldn't have cared, it was actually that it was ALL basically cold and impersonal. To the point. No fun involved.

Which brings me to the other half of the issue: I was doing something new and different - having sex as a woman - and I *wanted* to at least try to enjoy some of it, but there wasn't anything that lasted long enough to enjoy. So NOW I'm dying to know what it would be like to have real and genuine sex as a woman with a connection to my partner. That said, I completely understand the inherent problem in asking you to do that to me.

In the past, you have shagged Luna's arse - which you didn't count as sex with a woman because it was her arse. Another time, you played with Hermione's women parts, but never shagged her. I know that you are well and truly gay and find women's parts squicky. If anything, if either of us was going to become a woman for the night, it would probably be you. For all of those reasons, I don't want to ask this of you, but at the same time, I feel like you would be upset if you found out I wanted to do this thing - that Yesenia actually thinks it should be part of my therapy - and yet DIDN'T ask you.

So... Do you think you could handle shagging me one time as a woman? In a way that's as close to our normal lovemaking as possible considering the squickness involved. If not, I won't press the issue or ever mention it again.

Moving on, Wojtek was positively adorable today. He's still a cub and needs to nurse often, but naturally, I can't do that, and I refuse to induce lactation while I'm teaching a combat class. Maybe if I wasn't planning to leave the Manor nor be seen by anyone until he weaned, I might consider it, but yeah, no, not happening. Lucky for me, the Orange County Animal Rescue had enough bear formula on hand to last a month or so, and I have already put an order in for more. Which means that I had Wojtek in a wrap carrier on my chest during my session so that every time he got hungry, he would squirm a bit and I would feed him. For now, I have spells on the carrier to vanish any
messes he makes. I will probably attempt to potty train him as he grows, but at this moment, he's still basically an infant, not to mention a wild animal. I think any sort of potty training effort right now would only frustrate me more than actually teach him anything.

I love that our kids love him and take turns volunteering to feed and play with him when I let him out of my arms for a few minutes. Obviously today was different as I was secluded with Yesenia.

Other than that, I've had a lovely day. You had all the younger kids outside, and I'm not certain, but I THINK I saw you lure our mystery guest out into the open with biscuits, but admittedly, my attention was on our older kids, and so, I might have been mistaken.

But as I just said, I had the older kids, that means our teenagers. Shtara, Eri, Ori, Haz, Viona, and Alric. They were all circled around our massive rectangular table, enjoying a nice cuppa tea with me. Now that I'd had a chance to talk to my Mind Healer, they felt it was right to ask questions. I'm not sure what you told them exactly about what I was doing, but even if you didn't say it all outright, they had a pretty good idea somehow.

So, they asked me things like: "Did it hurt?" "Did it feel good?" "How much did you get paid?" "What was the ugliest client?" "What was the best looking client?" and: "Did you remember all the protection spells?"

That last one rather impressed me as I hadn't expected a bunch of teenagers to think about that. That said, I had to be honest and tell them that there were times when I was so busy that I couldn't cast the spells each time and had to do a sort of morning after spell when I was done for the day. Thankfully, there are Anti-STI potions I could take, and so, I'm certain I didn't catch anything.

Then, because the time was perfect, I decided to use my newfound 'cool dad' skills and ask them the all important question in return. I took a hand from both Orion and Eris and held them lovingly. "How about you two? Did YOU remember to cast the protection spells?"

Both glanced guiltily at Hazel, who looked stunned, by which I gathered meant that they hadn't found the right time to tell her yet. But before she could make an issue out of it, they both nodded. Or well, Orion nodded and said: "Yeah, I remember that very clearly. I stumbled over the words the first time, so I cast it a second time using wordless and wandless magic. Plus, she had those muggle condom thingies and knew how to put it on me, because I had no idea."

After that, Eris looked at her hands in her lap and said: "Er.... well, I don't actually remember what I did. I don't remember anything other than drinking - a LOT - and dancing and giggling almost constantly because EVERYTHING seemed hilarious. Ori says I was hot and heavy with a bloke, and to be honest, I probably was, because there was a couple of gorgeous blokes I wanted to snog, I just don't remember any of it. Thus, I have no idea if I remembered to cast the spells."

"Oh love," I sighed, pulling her into my side because she looked like she was utterly beating herself up over the potential mistake. I kissed her temple and felt her sigh and relax. She was the first one I actually had inside me, and while I do not have favorites - and if I did it might be Viona or Jaz - I will admit that she holds a part of my heart that the others don't. "It's not the end of the world. I mean it's a bit late now to cast morning after spells, but we can still cast detection spells and treat anything you might have caught."

"Will you?" She asked, sounding just a tiny bit afraid. "Because I've been feeling off and I just kept telling myself that I'm literally worried sick about Haz healing as quickly as possible, but what if I actually DID catch something?"

"Oh Eri!" Hazel cried out, pulling her from my arms and holding her tight. "I can understand why
you didn't tell me at first, but you should have told me before now! I could have helped you worry about you instead of me!"

Viona snorted and shook her head. "And if you had told ME, I could have cast all the morning after spells on you, which I learnt from a book all the Sixth Years are given as a very not helpful at all attempt at Sex Education."

"Let go of your sister a moment, Hazel my love," I suggested, holding my wand at the ready. Once clear, I cast the STI detection spells - which lit up to show that she'd caught Chlamydia. "Well I guess that answers that," I murmured.

"That's not so bad," Alric reassured her. "According to that book we were given, there's a quick and easy potion to get rid of that."

I nodded in agreement. "I could probably even brew a batch by Sunday, but since you don't need an entire batch, I can just go to the nearest Apothecary and buy one, but erm... since you clearly had sexual intercourse, I should probably cast..." I held my wand up again and cast a pregnancy test on her and felt my heart drop for a moment when it lit up golden - which you almost certainly recall is positive.

"Blimey!" Viona swore, knowing (presumably from the book) that the test was positive. "Wow... we're going to have TWO nieces or nephews!"

This let Eris know the situation before I could explain it. "FUCK!" She blurted out before throwing her arms around Hazel and simply resting in her sister's arms.

"Well... It's still very early and there are a lot of options for you to think over. I caution you not to make any decisions before you think about every aspect, but just know that your dad and I will fully support you in anything."

Eris sort of glared at me at that. "Is that your way of saying that you think I'm too young and would prefer that I just get rid of it!"

I shook my head and took her hand. "At this point, I am already a grandfather. I have a new grandchild on the way, and I'm not afraid of babies. I am NOT telling you what to do. I'm saying that I want you to make the RIGHT decision for YOU. I don't want it to be a hasty decision. I want you to think things through. Talk with your sisters and brothers - I'm certain they'll all encourage you to keep it, but Viona and Hazel will also help you talk about the other side, and if that's what you decide, we will support you. Also, talk to your dad. He's going to do the fluffy dad thing and make you feel so much better than my cold analytical dad thing."

Eris managed to smile at me. "Well, you didn't threaten to ground or hex me, and you haven't yelled or called me bloody stupid, so you're not doing such a bad job, to be honest."

"Thanks," I murmured, relieved to hear that because it reinforces what I was saying when I said that I think I am finally ready to be mature and accepting of the fact that they're teenagers and have bigger problems than they did when they were tiny enough to fit in my hands.

Speaking of tiny, Eris deflected the attention off of her by asking to hold Wojtek. "Vo-tek? Voy-tek?"

"It's softer than voy, but not quite as soft as vo" I replied with a fond smile at the bear.

"Why that name?" Orion asked curiously.
"Ah, well there's a legendary bear that I learned about on one of my visits to Grandmama as a child. There once was a young - but not quite this young - bear cub that was taken in by a polish military unit back in World War 2 - the muggle one, not the one featuring the Dark Lord. Anyway, they named him Wojtek because it meant Happy Warrior, and he became quite famous for being enrolled as a member of their army so that they could keep him and bring him with them wherever they went. He even helped them in at least one battle in which he helped them carry boxes of ammunition to the front lines. After the war was over, they gave him to the Edinburgh Zoo where he lived a happy and relatively long life for a bear. I just always liked that story, and so decided to name him that as a sort of nod to history," I explained.

"Oh! That's way cooler than just being a weird name!" Shtara exclaimed in excitement, demanding her turn to hold the bear.

And that's when I decided to excuse myself to come write this email. I know that you learned about Eris being pregnant before reading this because I could hear the kids announce it very loudly the MOMENT you opened the door (with Shtara sounding like she wanted to be the one to tell you first/loudest), but I also wanted to get all my thoughts out before we had a chance to talk in person, so that you can see that I really did tell her to think her options over and that we'll support her either way. But that if I'm honest, I don't like the thought of... well, I guess I'd rather have another grandchild than know that I could have but didn't. I know that probably doesn't make sense, but that's how I feel.

So what I am really saying is that I need you to come hold my hand so that we can calm each other and prepare ourselves to remain united and supportive no matter what. Love you!

I never loved someone the way that I love you,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

In case you didn't figure out what my vague warning was referring to, it's the fact that Eris is not only having an unplanned pregnancy - and might be contemplating not - but also caught an STD due to drunken stupidity.
Harry wonders how he and Draco switched personalities, and Draco has class.

Saturday July 16, 2016

My Draco,

If I never leave this bed then I will never have to admit we're living this nightmare, right?

I have no idea how we switched roles. But somehow you have become the fluffy "Oh, I'm already a grandpa, what's one more?" guy and I am the one trying to see if I can find a time turner and make all of this go away. Fuck Draco, Eris is just a baby. She's my baby. She has two years of school left. TWO. The timing couldn't be worse! I mean, it's more than likely by my math that she'll be due in April. She won't even have a chance to finish out her sixth year.

I guess it's time to contact Saoirse and see if she wants to come back or if we need to find another tutor. I am sure Eri will want to go to Hogwarts as long as she can next year, but climbing all those stairs in her final trimester? Or trying to go back for the last two-ish months while caring for a newborn? Unrealistic.

Not that I am going to force her to leave Hogwarts, I won't be one of those parents from years ago sending their daughter to some unwed mother's home to hide a pregnancy and then bring her home without her baby. Or, even worse, do that creepy thing where the parent raises the child as their baby brother or sister. Gross.

I am just trying to be a realist, and I think it's likely that Eri will need a tutor for at least some of next year.

Gods Dammit! You think that by being up front and honest with these kids, teaching them safe shagging practices, encouraging open and honest communication that we'll be able to avoid certain traumatic events. Nope. My sixteen year old is pregnant by "some bloke" and doesn't even remember doing the deed.

And don't get me started on the STI. Fuck my actual life. At least it's treatable.

You know who makes stupid decisions? Drunk people. You know who makes stupid decisions? Teenagers. You know who makes the absolute stupidest decisions of all? Drunk teenagers.

I quit, I'm moving to our secret "Escape Azkaban" island. I'll send you a postcard.

I can't do that? Fine! I guess I will have to be loving and supportive and care for my family who I love more than anything else in existence. Damn you conscience! I knew I should have smashed that cricket.

Alright, I am going to spiral if I keep thinking about this. She's a little girl, she's scared, she needs her Daddy to not be an arsehole. I can't go back in time and change things, I can only support her going forward. Please remind me of this if you see me in a panic spiral alright?
On to less scary, and much more ridiculous things. You might not have done it, but the idea of actually nursing a BEAR crossed your mind? Like actually breastfeed a wild bear. Draco Lucius. Let's take out the biological aspect of human milk NOT being designed for growing bears … he's a freaking bear! I can't even with you. I sometimes think that you sit awake at night, dancing alone for hours, just coming up with new ways to freak me out. Hmm, Harry doesn't seem to freak out at my Auror-ing anymore, he hasn't said a word about me sending my cheetah after my students, I know! Bear lactation!

And potty training?

Or, you know, trying to talk me into shagging you as a woman. I want to give you this if it's something you need, but I don't know how it would actually work. I mean, I am just not turned on by women. And I would assume the only way you could do this was Polyjuice which opens a whole other can of worms, do you use someone we know that you asked permission of? A stranger and then I feel like I'm violating some unsuspecting woman. If there was some way to have it be you but just wearing different plumbing I could probably do that easily. I get hard just looking at your beautiful face, I just honestly don't even know if I could get it up if it was some random woman.

Ugh, can I think about this? I'm not saying no. But I can't just jump right in and say yes. Is that okay?

I had better join the rest of you, it's not like me to stay cooped up in my room so late into the morning. Even YOU are awake and out there already.

Oh! Yes, I did manage to get the little guy to come close enough to grab a biscuit, but as soon as I started talking to him he darted off (with biscuit in hand though, so I count it as a win!) I'm going to keep bribing him, maybe he will warm up to me eventually!

Always,
Harry

Monday July 18th
My passion,

Hey, what's wrong with me wanting to attempt nursing my baby bear? I have already decided against it, but of COURSE I thought about it. Wrong species or not, it would have been the best for Wojtek. Besides, if women in India can nurse their sacred deer with success, then I could have at least tried it. But the point is moot. https://www.deccanchronicle.com/lifestyle/viral-and-trending/020516/women-of-this-indian-community-breastfeed-deer-alongside-her-own-baby.html

But on to less ridiculous things.

So I apparently forgot to mention this, but when me and Yesenia were discussing how you shagging me as a woman would work, she ran through a list of options, and naturally, Polyjuice was the most well known and probably easiest, but there was also a much more complicated version of that in which I do Polyjuice into someone else, and then transfigure my face back to MY face. That said, there might actually be an even easier alternative...

The Damsel Curse. It's a completely reversible curse that would turn me into a woman until it's reversed. Which means that I WOULD literally be me, but as a woman. As I understand it, I'd
probably be shorter than you and have extremely long hair - maybe even as long as a certain new
daughter. But I think that's probably the best option if you want to be certain that no part of me
belongs to someone else.

Plus, I'm actually sort of curious to see what I ACTUALLY would look like as a woman. Also note
that it's designed to be temporary, so, wouldn't have been a good longterm solution to Hazel's
desires, even if we HAD known about it before now.

But moving on, I just had my class, and I was in an excellent mood for it. I had Wojtek in his
carrier on my chest, so he wasn't able to be seen while he slept. I walked into class, and now I have
a slightly better idea of how you're doing the thing with the shirts. It's still a bit baffling, but not
only did my shirt change to a tee, but the words on it were clearly visible OVER my wrap carrier,
and so, I feel that you must be using some sort of glamour spell to make it LOOK like I'm wearing
something else when I'm actually wearing what I put on. The only flaw in that theory is when I
take off the shirt to find another shirt.

In any case, this one said: Surely not everybody was Kung Fu Fighting - which while ridiculous, is
at least a song reference that I understood, so I didn't even curse you. Non-magically, that is.

But as I was saying, I walked into class to find that my students had just come from their hour long
run, but weren't sure if I'd be there, and so had moved to the classroom to do some sparring on their
own. They were all curious as to the wrap on my chest, but didn't say anything because I started
right in on the lesson.

"Right, so you'll be pairing up today to revisit the lesson where you attempted to throw each other
over your shoulders. I expect there to be at least some progress since the first time. You might have
noticed that I brought back a very thin mat today for exactly this reason. You may thank me now."

They grumbled their thanks, having already paired up before I arrived, and got straight to work. I
walked around giving them advice and tips, occasionally demonstrating the positions that lead up
to the throw, and correcting their grips because most of them kept grabbing their opponents in
places where their center of gravity was concentrated elsewhere, and so, makes the whole thing
require a lot more strength and effort.

About halfway through the lesson, JUST when I was going to have them switch which partner was
doing the throwing, Wojtek made a sound very similar to a baby crying, and started squirming in
his carrier. I promptly responded by grabbing a bottle of formula out of my magically expanded
pocket and feeding him.

"Switch!"

But my students were staring at me curiously. "Did ya somehow manage to have a baby since we
last saw ya, guv?"

"Matter of fact, I did," I stated with a grin. "If you're lucky, I might let you see him."

"Must have been a ROUGH mission," one of the Aurors muttered under his breath, making a chill
go up my spine in inexplicable foreboding.

"Erm... The relative roughness of my mission is irrelevant. This baby is adopted. Sort of."

This unsurprisingly confused them, but I moved on before they could dwell on it.

About 20 minutes later, Wojtek was finished eating and VERY squirmy. He probably just needed
to go, but since he was trying to climb out of his carrier, I decided that I could easily vanish a mess
off a mat if needed, so I picked him up out of his carrier and held him so that I was eye to eye with
him.

"Try not to get under anyone's feet and trip them up. You could get hurt and I don't want that," I
advised him before setting him on the floor and letting him explore a bit - the door to the
classroom was firmly closed so that he couldn't escape.

"A BEAR?!?!" My students roared in astonishment.

"Ignore Wojtek, well, ignore the fact that he's wandering around and focus on your task, but at the
same time DON'T step or land on him!" I ordered fiercely.

"Where'd you get a bear, Chief?"

I flapped my hand dismissively. "At an animal rescue, naturally. We were looking for horses, but
they just so happened to have a newly orphaned bear and I reckoned that if I could nurse a Cheetah
back to health, I could almost certainly care for a bear. Besides, he's just a baby right now, which
makes him practically second nature for me."

By this point, Wojtek had apparently gotten bored with exploring as he was already pawing at my
leg. I picked him up and vanished the mess he'd made a few feet away, but rather than put him
back in the carrier, I simply held him as I tenderly encouraged my students to get back to it.

"Bloody prick!" Fatty accused in a tone I'm dead certain he thought I wouldn't hear.

"That reminds me, my husband oh so helpfully explained what a Burpee is -" My students groaned
rather loudly and glared at fatty, who looked ready to murder himself. "The next person who opens
their mouth rather than flip their partner over their shoulder, has to give me ten Burpees!"

Remarkably, my students became SO MUCH better at their task after that. One mostly succeeded
and about five others managed about half the throw. All in all, by the time class was over, I was
considering rewarding them. Except I didn't want to take my bear to a pub, so it would have to wait
until next time at the very least. Although, I'll probably have Wojtek with me then too, so...

Shrugging off the impulse, I warned them all to practice and be ready to try again next time.

And with that, I decided to go to my office and make sure there wasn't any lingering paperwork I
needed to complete or sign off on. There was, but it was minor and mostly reports from my
handlers and those that had to watch the feed from the camera contacts. I just had to read over them
and verify that all the information was correct. After that, I was hungry, so I went to Café Exquis to
grab a bite and write this email. But don't worry, I'm about to return home and I'm bringing all your
favorites with me so that EVERYONE can enjoy food from our favorite restaurant.

You're the one I need,
Draco
P.S. So... when I Portkeyed into the Manor before class, I heard Delphini shrieking at Sebastian
that he had better brew her a quality Anti-nausea potion or she was going to kick his arse, and so, I
have the dreadful feeling that her venture was a success...
Chapter 47

Chapter Summary

The case of the tiny yard trespasser continues.

Wednesday July 20, 2016

My Heart,

I just had the weirdest thing happen. You know our little trespasser? Well, he was … uh … er … in our backyard when I went out for my run this morning.

If it was just morning and he had been playing in the backyard I probably wouldn't have thought anything of it. But I went out extra early this morning. The sun was up, but barely. I know, that's early even for me. Here's the deal, there's just so much going on lately that I haven't been sleeping. I should just talk to you about it. I know how much it upsets you when I don't get enough sleep.

I know how much it upsets ME when I don't get enough sleep. That never bodes well for my mental health. Keeping myself awake is that ugly cycle where I use it as a coping mechanism for stress which then comes around and makes me more exhausted which causes more stress and I am perpetually freaking out and tired in an endless loop. I hate the idea of taking a bunch of dreamless sleep to get that rest, I know how I was those first few months after the war; practically an addict by the end. But I also know that if I am open and honest about when I take it, if someone responsible is monitoring it, I should probably take advantage of that and rest up enough that I am in my right mind.

Or I could ignore it, continue to get no sleep, but go on extra long runs instead? Yeah? No, I didn't think that would fly.

Maybe this little boy's parents are just those that practice a little free range parenting. Ya know? I might not be comfortable with my four year old roaming around all day, but they must know him best and maybe know that he's mature enough to be allowed to wander. But even with that, four is a bit much without tracking charms! And I'm sensitive enough to magic that I would have noticed the haze of magic that comes with long term monitoring charms. I'm sensitive enough that I can tell the kid is magical.

That's another thing, free range or not, when we bought this place and since then we've tried to keep an ear out for any other magic users close by, there weren't any magical families within a mile. It's important to know the magical make-up of your neighbors when you're living in a muggle neighborhood, and without a magical user within a mile that means some four year old child is being trusted to run amok through the city more than a mile away from where he lives? That's just irresponsible!

Weirder even, he was sleeping in our yard. If I had noticed that in the middle of the day? I probably would have thought, hey it's hot and sunny the kid must have tired himself out playing. No, early morning sound asleep in our yard. Monday when you got back from class and had brought us Café Exquis, we grabbed some blankets and decided to do a backyard picnic. It's been crazy hot, but a few cooling charms and we had a lovely little picnic. Well, when the kids cleaned up, they
apparently missed a blanket. So this morning, ridiculously early, very young child in our yard, sound asleep, wrapped in one of our blankets….

Naked.

Yeah, teeny baby buttcheeks flashing at me as he ran as fast as he could out of the yard. I must have spooked him, I tried to be really quiet, but even my whisper must have seemed like shouting when you're super tired and not expecting it. All I said was, "Hey, good morning Buddy" and his (big, gorgeous, practically black) eyes popped open and he took off like a shot. I was so surprised that I didn't think to chase after him to find out what in the heck is going on, but even if I had, that little guy was FAST! He probably would have outrun me regardless.

So now I don't know what to do. He keeps coming back, he seems too young to be unattended, and now he's sleeping overnight in our backyard completely starkers? What should we do?

Frustratedly Yours,
Harry

Wednesday July 20th
The breath I breathe,

Class was pretty good today. I think my students are finally getting into good enough shape in general that they aren't struggling so much to do the moves. They still have trouble with the shoulder throw, but since they were able to perform a move in which they block an incoming attack and use the momentum to throw their opponent to the floor, I called that a win.

Also, while they're still bruising quite a bit each class, there hasn't been a broken bone or other injury since their midterm exam. Also a win. All in all, I'm quite pleased. I didn't even flinch when I looked down and saw that my wrap and shirt now read:

Almost pulled a muscle trying to give a shit.

After class, I was called into Robards office to meet with him, Roche, and Kingsley. They haven't been checking on me during my classes, so they haven't seen your *lovely* choices for my attire. (Aside from the day I was called into the meeting, but I daresay that what I was wearing was the last thing on anyone's mind.) Thus, they looked at my shirt (and wrap) with curiosity and confusion.

I chuckled. "Harry feels it's only right to give my students fair warning."

"Ah," Kingsley stated with a smirk.

"Basically, today's meeting is to let you know that you need to have your Mind Healer send us a report clearing you for raid duty - should any happen to come up," Robards explained.

"And also, to give you a chance to discuss any part of the mission you feel you need to discuss," Kingsley added, giving me a pat on the shoulder.

"Yeah, no, I'm good. I told my Mind Healer everything and we came to the conclusion that I'm in a surprisingly good place, all considering."

Wojtek started squirming just then, but I'd fed him during class and let him do his business, so I didn't think he needed either of those just yet. Thus, I pulled him out of his carrier and asked him
what he wanted. He basically snuggled into me, letting me know that he wanted to see my face, I suppose.

"A bear??" Roche asked in surprise.

"I actually have two, and the other one is even smaller than this," I informed him with a smirk. He didn't need to know that my other 'Bear' is actually a tiny little three legged dog, hahaha.

After answering a few questions - both related to the mission AND about Wojtek - I was dismissed, which means that I was able to come home to you. It was then that I came up with a BRILLIANT idea.

You said that you think this small boy might be feral - so to speak. And considering that he showed up naked in our yard the morning after a full moon, I'm sort of wondering... no. I have to be wrong. That shouldn't be possible.

Anyway, I wanted to help you help him, so I suggested that we take a nice big plate full of biscuits and other food out into the backyard, with all of our kids occupied with other things. After dinner so it didn't seem utterly strange to have food at that moment.

Then, to give this boy a good idea that we weren't bad men, I pulled you into my arms and sang what amounts to about 2 hours of lullabies. Sure enough, food started mysteriously disappearing off the plate, and after a while, the rustling in the bushes stopped altogether, but it didn't seem like the rustling moved away, but rather simply stopped - as if he maybe took a nap. Possibly unable to help himself due to the effects of a sleep aid slipped into the biscuits.

I left you to deal with him and silently slipped back into the house to find our older 4 sitting in the kitchen eating Ben and Jerry's and talking about Eri's predicament.

"I just... I don't want to do it all on my own! Maybe dad's right and I should just get rid of it!"

"Dad didn't say that," Orion pointed out.

"He as good as!" Eris insisted.

Hazel reached over and pulled her close, stroking her hair. "You are NOT alone! But if it'll make you feel better, I could always take a fertility potion and go find a bloke on the beach."

"NO!!!" I blurted out in alarm. "Sorry, not trying to judge, just that Hazel, my love, you must realize how terrible that idea really is. You are STILL recovering from your surgery. Even with healing spells to help things along much more quickly, you're still going to be low on magic for the next year or so. Please try to keep in mind what your dad went through with Persephone when he accidentally got himself too low on magic. You DO NOT want to go through that. And even I had a bit of a rough patch when I was pregnant with Eris, having to basically give up using my magic altogether and stay in bed as much as possible."

She sighed morosely. "I know..."

I sat down next to her and noticed that she was eating some Chubby Hubby. "Ooo!" I exclaimed in delight before helping myself to a few bites. I also kissed her on the cheek. "Besides, this is CLEARLY the wrong reason. Drunken mistakes aside, you all know how to think for yourselves and make RIGHT decisions."

She shrugged and looked away.
I nudged her with my shoulder. "I'm trying my best to be accepting and not freak out here, throw me a bone and at least think through all the down sides before you jump into anything so huge, yeah?"

"Yeah," she agreed with a sigh.

"Well don't look at me," Viona stated haughtily. "***I*** have a very well thought out five year plan. I'm going to be married and give myself at least an entire year to settle into my post graduation life - not to mention adjust to taking on a more active role in my businesses - BEFORE I consider having a baby!"

Orion rolled his eyes. "Getting back to more helpful matters, Eri, I'm a Ravenclaw. I'm more than willing to help you study and make sure your grades don't slip when you're too nauseous to read a lesson in a book."

"Thanks Ori," Eris said with a smile, squeezing his hand.

"Did you take the cure yet?" I wondered, having given it to her ages ago.

"Yeah," she acknowledged with a nod.

"Good," I stated, leaning over and kissing her on the cheek. I then cast the detection spell to make sure it had worked, which it had. "That's that then."

After that, we basically changed the subject and just had a good time eating ice cream and chatting. Meanwhile you took your time doing whatever you were doing, so now I'm sitting in our bed eagerly awaiting an update from you - you know, in person, by joining me in bed and letting me know what happened.

Love you!

There's a place I know if you're looking for a show, where they go hardcore and there's glitter on the floor, and they turn me on when they take it off, when they take it off, everybody take it off, Draco
Chapter 48

Chapter Summary

Harry is with the tiny yard trespasser and Draco is with their various pets.

Chapter Notes

Ugh, I'm sick and want nothing more than to sleep until I am NOT sick, but apparently, every couple of hours, my body refuses to breathe. So, since I am very reluctantly awake, post again it is. My curse is your blessing! :-)

Wednesday July 20, 2016

My Co-Captain on the S.S. Lunatic,

I am sure you will get this alert soon, since you're not really doing much but spending time with the kids. I was able to summon my laptop, so if you saw it hurtling through the hallways towards Alric's room that's why.

Yep, I am in Alric's room. So we may actually need to have him bunk with one of the boys for tonight. I brought this little guy into our house, thinking I could get him cleaned up, make sure he didn't have any injuries, and possibly get some information on where he should be and what's going on in his little world.

He did wake up a bit and actually answered some questions for me, but he fell back asleep pretty quickly. Either he is as sleep deprived as I am, or your full moon suspicions are dead on. There were a few other flags that make me think you were right, but I am not certain how we can tell for sure short of waiting until next month and seeing if he changes. Is there a spell? That seems invasive for people who don't want to announce their lycanthropy to the world, but our society has made worse spells for less important reasons so I would assume there's some way to tell.

So while you were chatting it up with the kids (and don't think I'm just ignoring the "why don't I get pregnant in solidarity" nonsense from Haz. We WILL be discussing that further) I pulled the sleepy little guy into my arms and brought him to one of the guest loos to clean him up. First of all, he is so light, Persephone light. Secondly, he was utterly filthy, I ended up just throwing some cleaning charms at him because I didn't want to freak him out by having some strange man putting him in the bath.

He woke up after I cast the cleaning charm at him, I must have cast it a bit too strongly but he was really filthy. You'd think waking up in a loo with a strange man after falling asleep in a bush would have made him freak out right? Nope. He gave me a bashful smile and then seemed to try and tuck his face in my arm. Very cute, very sweet, kinda weird. He also was mumbling into my arm but I couldn't really understand him. I leaned in close and tried to gently pry his face out of my elbow and apparently that gave him the opening to climb me like a tree and stick his face in my neck.
Eventually I could start to make out what he was saying, not being a Spanish speaker I can only guess, but it sounded like he was saying "Hola manada" I didn't have my translation device within reach and by the time I summoned it he wasn't saying that anymore.

I tried the teeny amount of Spanish I knew, "Lo siento Mijo, hablo un pocito de espanol. Hablo ingles."

Again those big insanely beautifully dark eyes lit up with recognition, followed by a soft "hi" snuffled into my neck.

Alright, at least a little bilingual then. "Can you tell me what your name is mijo?"

Again, only so intelligible when speaking with four year olds and then muffle the sound into my neck and I don't know if I caught everything but, "I Atreyu."

That couldn't be right can it? Is this little guy's name really from The Neverending Story? That is so cool! "Where do you live Atreyu? It's Atreyu yeah, am I saying that right?"

He looked at me very confused, "Atreyu live here."

Uh, oooooookaaaaay. "So you live near here, where are your parents, your mama or daddy?"

Now he was looking even more confused. Not so much mad as he was looking at me like I was a little bit dumb. (I've seen the look on your face often enough, I know what it looks like!) "Atreyu live here. Daddy go away, Mama go to sleep." Then the big fat tears started rolling down his face.

So instead of continuing to interrogate him, I shushed and rocked him. Then I sang him some lullabies until he calmed down. And either he was that tired, or he hadn't quite gotten the sleep aid out of his system because as soon as he calmed, he also passed out in my arms. I moved us to Alric's room because as much as I feel for the little guy, I was not about to be stuck under a sleeping baby in the loo.

I already called the Unity House here and we can bring him in. It sounds like he either needs to be there or at the very least they might be able to find his parents. But for tonight we all thought it would be best to let him sleep here in Alric's room. He seems to feel safe here since he kept coming back. We can all head out to Unity in the morning, I know the kids have been wanting to stop in at some point while we were out here anyway.

Sorry I'm not giving you the update in person like you asked, but I have a sleepy snuggly baby on me so you know I'm really not all that sorry. If you want you can head in here and we can talk about it more. He seems to be pretty well out for the count.

Cause I'm in too deep and I'm trying to keep up above in my head instead of going under, Harry

Thursday July 21st
My heart,

Since you were occupied with our guest, I had no problems inviting Amala to lay on the bed and lick Wojtek while I fed and played with him. This naturally made Bear (the dog) come over and try to lick Wojtek's face too. To my surprise, Venus came close enough to sit on the foot of the bed and watch us curiously. I stayed up a bit late, but when midnight was approaching, I figured that you weren't coming to bed - especially since I had read your email and knew you were under a
So, I cuddled up with my bear, my cat, my dog, and YOUR cat (shockingly enough) and went to sleep.

By the time I woke up today, you were already gone, and since I had nothing better to do, I decided to go for a run, silently flirt with those who eyed me up on the nearby running paths, and then come back and have lunch with Shtara, who had snuck in our room shortly after you must have left, taken Wojtek, and was taking excellent care of him while I slept. Zaire had grabbed Bear - as they are still the best of friends and Bear sleeps in his room more often than not, so that left only Amala in bed with me (Venus having left on her own at some point, I'm sure) when I woke up. In fact, I woke up to her licking my face and rubbing her scent all over me.

One of these days, I'm really going to have to get the point across that I am NOT her mate! Or wait... Do you think I should find her an actual mate? Like... so she can have babies? Then I would have grandbaby cheetahs!

But as I was saying, I had lunch with Shtara, and since the older teens had all gone to the beach, and the younger kids must have gone to visit Unity California with you, I convinced Shtara that we needed a daddy daughter spa day. Surprisingly, it took a bit of talking her into it because she didn't want to let go of Wojtek, so I told her that we'd naturally be bringing him with. I didn't mind at all paying a massage therapist to rub and play with him as we were getting our own massages, mani/pedi's, facials, and our hair done.

I opted for a rather fiery look with orange and red highlights at the tips, to match the flame decals on all of my nails. Shtara went for a similar look, but in dark blue and purple. Honestly, had we not had Wojtek with us - who got a bit fussy after being fed, let out to do his business, and thoroughly massaged (the therapist was utterly in love with him by the time we left) - I probably would have opted for a soak in the mud followed by a quick shower, a few minutes in the sauna, and then a body wrap. But as I said, Wojtek got a bit fussy, and I think what he really wanted was for me to put him back in his carrier so that he could take a nap.

So we popped back home and found that you were still gone, which made up our minds to go out for dinner. Thankfully, our older teens came back from a day of surfing and laying out in the sun - because they were getting hungry - in time to go out with us. So, we went out to Providence, my favorite local seafood place.

When we got home, I noticed I'd gotten an Insta-owl at some point. Basically, Harrison is feeling a bit left out because with Delphini, Tommy, and Bellerophon all of age (according to the wizarding world), they've been going out to clubs and the like. Del claims that it's research for their expansion in a couple of years, but the fact is that Harrison legally cannot go, so he feels like he's all alone. Thus he wanted to know if he could come stay with us while his dad is back in the other world for a few days.

I knew you wouldn't object, so I Portkeyed back to the Manor to grab him and bring him back here. Hazel may pretend like she loathes him, but she practically burst out crying when she saw him, threw her arms around him, and hugged him so tightly that I really thought he was going to break a rib. He suffered it for as long as she wanted, but the moment she finally pulled back, he pretended to push her away and grumbled about her being clingy and insufferable.

He, Hazel, Eri, Ori, Viona, Alric, and Shtara are currently playing cards in the entertainment room. But as for me, I'm a bit bored, and so, I'm taking Amala and Wojtek for a nice long walk. Amala is willing to suffer a collar and leash when it means that she can explore territory she hasn't been in in a while. And Wojtek is mostly being carried by me, but when I let him down for a bit, he seems
interested in smelling things.

Insta-Owl me if you get back before I do.

These five words I swear to you,
Draco
Chapter 49

Chapter Summary

Harry's in a quandary and Draco thinks he's silly.

Chapter Notes

Last one for today... I think...

Thursday July 21, 2016

My Love,

We er, kind of have a problem. You will not be getting an insta-owl informing you that I have gotten back home before you got back from your walk, because I still haven't left Unity. In fact, I think I need you to come here. As soon as you possibly can preferably. But finish reading this first.

I already had a Unity staff member, Nohelani, bring the kids that were with me back home, so I suppose if you're already home when she pops in, she will just tell you to meet me here, otherwise that's what this email will be for. I would really like for you to read this thoroughly before you come, so don't just skim the first sentence and come running over. I need you to actually take at least five or ten minutes to yourself before you come so you can process everything I'm about to say. Alright?

So I woke up bright and early this morning, still being used as a giant body pillow, with a little puddle of drool on my shirt. As soon as I shifted, little Atreyu opened his eyes. It seemed like he had probably already woken up and was just waiting for me to wake as well. Honestly, I don't know what happened to our shy little trespasser who had to be bribed with biscuits to come within a few feet of us, but he is GONE. I asked him if he wanted breakfast, his little thumb firmly in his mouth gave me a big nod. I went to shift him off of me and stand up and the little monkey climbed up, wrapped his legs around my waist, put his arm around my neck, and had me carry him to the kitchen.

I cooked breakfast one handed because he was NOT letting me put him down. Once it was all cooked he did at least let me sit him in his own chair. The middles and the littles were up to join us for breakfast and he babbled away the entire meal. Answering questions, telling them about himself, all in an adorable mixture of English and Spanish. He tried to keep himself firmly in English, but he would slip in and out depending on how quickly he was speaking or if he had the English word for something.

After that we all got ready to head to Unity. He had no qualms about climbing into the bath with Caelum and wearing some of Cael's clothes as well. They were a bit big on him, but certainly doable. Once we were all ready, we decided to drive over to Unity, I have no idea if the kid had
ever apparated, I didn't want to freak him out.

Well, once we got to Unity, the shyness came back … kind of. His shyness with everyone who wasn't our family was there. He would be on the swings with Lissa, regaling her of some story about living in the woods, but if a Unity Kid came by he would clam up and that thumb was right back in his mouth. He did well at lunch time, sandwiched in between Cael and Seph. He even followed Siri and Zwei when they went to play some baseball with the Kids. He didn't join in, but sat with Zaire who seemed much more interested in this little boy than in joining his brothers to play.

At one point he was trying to get Jaz's attention, and getting a little sad at being ignored, until she turned and noticed him. With her very limited speech and his lack of knowledge in sign you'd think they wouldn't have been able to communicate. But she sat patiently with him for probably an hour, saying her limited words and then signing it to him. Trying to teach him the few words she could to talk with him.

While our kids were keeping him happy and occupied, I filled out all the necessary paperwork to place him at Unity. They did a quick search and came up with his name in the muggle system. Four years old, father moved to Mexico two years ago, mother deceased six months ago, no known family members. Somehow he slipped through their foster system two days into their care and wasn't found. Not that it sounds like he was searched for very hard. Fucking broken system.

Mum's name was also in the MAC database as a witch and a registered werewolf. So, looks like Unity will be his new home!

Yeah, about that.

I tried coming home about two hours ago. It had been a long evening yesterday, a long night being slept on (I'm out of practice it's been a while since we slept with the kids!) and a long day at Unity. I did some rounds, our kids packed up anything they needed to bring home, and I went to say bye to our little trespasser. I knew he'd crept his way into my heart so I was well aware I would be coming back to visit him a few times before we go back home next month.

I knelt down next to him, he gave me that shy grin he'd been giving me since he woke up in our loo last night. "Well, we're going to head home buddy," he nodded his agreement; cool this was going to be easy. "I'm sure we'll be back in a couple of days to visit. You have a good time and make some friends. This is going to be a really nice home for you!"

He got that confused look on his face again. "This not Atreyu's home, I live there."

Oh this was maybe not going to be so easy. "Er, we can't let you live alone in the woods, Bud. You need a nice safe house where there are Kids to play with and clean clothes and good food."

Again the confused, or maybe we had moved onto the "Harry you're an idiot" look on his face, "No woods, no outside, I live there, play with my kids, comiendo your food."

Oh fuck. It's like I was hit by a train of "Duh Harry" everything dawning on me at once. He had kept telling me he lived "here" and I thought he meant nearby, he meant our home. He somehow found us and felt like he belonged so he stayed outside to be close to us. Wrapped himself in our blankets. Snuggled into the kids' playhouse. Wrapping himself in our scent, close enough to hear our voices. Until I invited him into the house. All of a sudden opening up and talking our ear off. Constantly touching us, rubbing his face into my neck, the little wolf was scenting us. Yeah, I ended up looking up the translation for what he called me last night when he woke up … manada? Means pack.
"Oh sweetheart, we don't really live here, we're just visiting. We live far away where it gets much colder. You will be so happy here I promise." I tried to soothe him.

It did not work.

He climbed up my chest, wrapped himself around me, shoved his face into my neck, and sobbed his little heart out. All I could understand were a few words here and there; mio, manada, and please being the ones I heard most. I eventually was able to pull back enough to look him in the eyes. And just as I was about to tell him again that he had to stay here and that everything would be alright, he hit me with "but you smell like mine."

Long story short, I did not set him down and leave. I had Nohelani take our kids home. I pulled him into my lap and hummed him lullabies until he fell asleep in my arms (really quickly I might add). Sooooooo … can you come here and help me uh … figure out what to do?

When love takes you home and says you belong here, the loneliness ends and a new life begins,

Your Harry

Thursday July 21
"Silly puppy,"

"No soy perro!"

"I wasn't talking to you," I informed him as I walked up and rubbed your head. Atreyu growled at me, sniffing me and making it clear that he didn't like how I smelled. I ignored him. "You are my most beloved and silly puppy. How is this a problem? He clearly refuses to let you go, so, get cleared to bring him home with us. It's not like this hasn't happened before."

You sighed heavily. I'm not certain what you were thinking, but you were probably thinking that you hadn't anticipated ever having 'just one more' again. Without a word, you nodded and headed off to talk to Nohelani. I waited for you, and then we took our new little man home.

At which point you disappeared with him, presumably to Alric's room. Meanwhile, I went to reassure Amala. She'd been restless for a while and now I'm certain I know why. She probably smelled Atreyu, but we almost never let her out on her own because we can't risk her running off and scaring the neighbors. Thus, she almost certainly didn't have a chance to get close to him because he would have been hiding in the playhouse or perhaps up a tree whenever she was outside.

Still, as long as I can reassure her that she is still my pretty kitty, and also introduce her calmly to Atreyu at some point and make it clear there will be no attacking, I am confident that they will eventually get along.

You know, Harry, if Atreyu refuses to let you leave the room, he could always sleep in bed with us. Probably less traumatic all around than US attempting to sleep apart until he is comfortable sleeping on his own.

Love you to the moon and back,

Draco
Friday July 22, 2016

My Best of Everything,

Good morning my love, you are of course sleeping in so I thought this would be a great time to catch up on my feelings from yesterday. Our children are all playing and bonding in the yard right now, so I suppose this is as good of a time as any.

I really wasn't sure how to take your reaction yesterday. See, you obviously weren't mad. You didn't seem like you wanted to say no. If anything, it seemed more like you were confused by my reluctance since we both knew Atreyu was coming home with us. I could not make this decision without you! Of course I needed you to come and help me figure out what we were going to do. But you also seemed like you weren't really engaging with him either.

I wanted this precious boy. I'd wanted him before I even got a good look at his face, once I realized he wasn't just a neighborhood kid but a little boy all alone. You know how it is, sometimes it just feels right. I didn't question him at all when he said we smelled like his, because he felt like mine. But you seemed more like this was my pet project. Like how I act when you take on a new pet, I will care for them and I'm glad you're spreading out your care and love, but I certainly wouldn't have adopted Amala or Wojtek for myself. And I don't want US to take on parenting for a child where I'm the only one who feels like his parent. We have always been a team. Even when one of our children comes to us because they are biologically connected to only one of us, or when we meet a child where one of us falls hard and fast but the other didn't feel it immediately, we've always done this TOGETHER.

So when you came yesterday, assumed he was coming home with us, but didn't really do much interacting with him I was really nervous. I mostly took Atreyu into Alric's room because he was already familiar with the space and I wanted to bring him in slowly, but a part of me had to think about what was happening. How were we going to do this? I can't be a dad without you.

I spiraled for a bit. I know, you're absolutely shocked! Shut it you. I kept running over worst case scenarios in my mind. How would I explain to this little boy that he only has the one daddy while the rest of his siblings have two? How were our other kids going to react to this new child I brought in that seemed to only cling to me? I was hysterical and letting the exhaustion from the past weeks, the worry I felt for this little boy, and my own inability to stay calm bring me to a very dark place.
I pulled myself out of it, and Atreyu helped because he was running his hands through my hair and giving me sweet little headbutts every time my heart rate would pick up. I could really get used to this whole werebaby being able to smell or feel emotions somehow. It reminds me so much of having Mac around all the time when he was little. This little empath who seemed to know exactly what everyone needed. I think Atreyu is going to find out very quickly that his Daddy Harry likes cuddles.

I did actually spiral a little bit again once I was calm. I realized that I have never met a child that you didn't eventually fall in love with. If anything, sometimes you holding them at arm's length is really an effort to not get too attached too quickly. And when I thought about that, I realized he had growled at you and seemed to be drawn to me specifically so you were probably doing everything in your power to keep away from him until he could feel safe and assured of you. So I, of course, began to feel badly that I had even a moment of doubt that you were here with me and ready to parent this sweet child.

And once I really thought about him growling at you, and seemed to catch on at the same time you did that he and Amala do not like the way the other smells, duh we just need to get the kitty smell off of you until we're able to properly introduce them.

I read your email and saw your badly concealed plea for me to come to bed with our newest son. How could I be so stupid? Why wasn't I dragging him into our bed for a cuddle puddle where I could officially introduce you to our son and the two of you can begin the bonding I was able to start days ago?

I shot you a quick insta-owl basically asking you to make sure Amala wasn't in our room and requesting you take a shower to get at least the top layer of cheetah scent off your skin.

When he and I made our way into our room a little while later, the room was cheetah-free, Muffy seemed to have put fresh sheets on the bed, and you were freshly scrubbed all pink in bed waiting for us. I was prepared to have to do an awkward introduction where you hid behind your mask while waiting desperately for your newest little boy to warm up to you. As I walked us towards the bed, I told him, "Atreyu, just like I'm your Daddy now, this is your other Daddy."

Again with the confused/exasperated look, he took a deep breath of the room, launched himself out of my arms, climbed himself into your arms, telling us in no uncertain terms, "No. You Daddy, this is my Papa."

I could see the tension you'd been holding in your neck and shoulders just drain out of you. You didn't miss a beat, smoothly asking, "And does this little one want his Papa to read him a story, hmm?"

He just settled himself deeper into your lap, shoved that thumb in his mouth, and nodded. You looked expectantly at me with that damn raised eyebrow I can't resist. I see how this is going to be. I have to hop-to and follow the bidding of my princes.

So I grabbed our well worn copy of "We Belong Together" and snuggled up to listen to the beautiful voice of my husband reading words of love to our newest child.

And when I awoke this morning, the three of us were tangled up together. I left your two beautiful faces flushed and sleepy in bed while I went to make a big family breakfast. The breakfast-bake is about to come out of the oven so I should sign off.

I love you my Dragon,
Harry
Friday July 22nd
Oh Harry!

I LOVE the way Atreyu calls me puh-PA. Like you or I might pronounce it paw-paw in our British accent, but Atreyu says it in his Hispanic accent. It's ADORABLE!

I would love to say that I have a ton to talk about, but I've basically been doing almost nothing today. I've been sitting and chatting with Atreyu when he comes in for a minute to grab a drink, another biscuit, some fruit, and then rushes back outside to play with our kids. He seems to be fully bonded with our trouble trio already.

Aside from that, I've been taking care of Wojtek - in between allowing Shtara to monopolize him - and chatting with any of our kids that are in the same room as me. Meanwhile, you've been out in the garden, fixing the bit of wildness that has managed to invade while we've been not living here. So, not much to write.

Maybe I'll head on over to River's for a bit to fill him in on all the drama of the past few days.

Love you like a love song,
Draco
Chapter 51

Chapter Summary

Draco surprises Harry.

Chapter Notes

Well it seems my body has decided that breathing is no longer necessary and sleep is overrated, so, y'all get another chapter :-)

Saturday July 23, 2016

My Husband who spoils me so,

Yeah, you're just going to head on over to River's for a bit to fill him in on all the drama of the past days. That's all you did yesterday right? No, you being wonderful decided you'd go over to River and Maha's house - and you didn't lie, you did fill them in on our recent drama - but you mostly used the time to call and message our family back home. Figuring out the logistics of getting the Grandmas and Grandpas as well as Elena over here as soon as possible to meet our newest family member.

He's so new that I think you knew attempting an entire circle dinner on day two might be a bit much. But Atreyu needed to meet his Grandparents and all of his siblings as soon as we could get them all together.

You sneaky man. You were able to plan everything you needed to yesterday, and get everyone here to have a big backyard barbecue today. You had Pippa go out and stock up on everything we would need to feed our ever expanding family this morning. River and Maha "just happened" to stop by around noon. And then, what do you know? Elena randomly decided to pop on over to visit even though she was just here a few weeks ago to help out while Haz had her surgery. And then, hey howdy hey, what are Molly and Arthur doing here? Oh, shocking, there are Narcissa and Lucius.

I knew we had to tell our family immediately that a new Malfoy had joined the fray, but I just assumed they would all get to meet him when we got back. And he will meet the extended group when we get back. All the aunts and uncles and cousins and friends that are family. We don't even need to plan anything extra since Viona and Alric are having their engagement party the weekend after we get home.

Trey just continues to astound me. For all the work we put into getting him to trust us enough to even show his face, once we got him in, he has no shyness when it comes to our family. He was shy around all the Unity staff, and the Unity Kids, but you would think the little triplets were a set of little quadruplets with how well he's insinuated himself into that group. He met his brother River for the first time and he just climbed himself in River's lap and started stealing chips off River's plate and running off with his mouth full.
He was such a bouncy ball of energy distraction that I hadn't really noticed Shtara with that bear of yours. But uh, she's going to end up stealing him from you and raising him to be her sidekick in all of her performances. 'Wojtek the performing bear' they'll call him! I wouldn't be surprised if she started dying the tips of his fur to match her.

I know today's party was to introduce Atreyu to these special people, but some of the other interactions seemed to really steal the spotlight for me. I saw Hazel drag her Grampy Lulu off for some privacy, he asked her all about how she's been feeling since her surgery. And I heard her say "Your letters kept me going when I was scared, but you being here is so much better!" I've been so distracted I didn't even realize that he'd been sending her actual letters roughly three times per week since we got here.

Shtara found Lainie and pumped her for information on all of her friends at school she's been missing since summer hols started. She usually does less classes during the summer, but rarely takes the entire season off, so I think she's feeling really out of touch with her friends. It's kind of a nice perk having your big sister also be your headmistress. And also someone young and in touch enough that the young girls are likely to be open and honest with her the way they probably wouldn't be with an older headmistress.

Lissa dragged your mum through every bit of gardens 'she' cleared out yesterday. I wouldn't argue with her and make her feel like she didn't accomplish anything, but yeah, she kept running off with the rest of the 'quadruplets' and pretty much did nothing but cover herself in mud. I still consider a kid who spent her entire day running around in the sunshine and getting as filthy as possible as a win, but not particularly productive when it comes to gardening.

Atreyu did seem to really connect with his Grandpa Arthur. Probably because Arthur is just so quiet himself and our little man doesn't seem to stop talking unless he's sleepy and plugs his mouth with that little thumb. Side note: Is it terrible that I have no intention of trying to cure him of that habit? It's too cute and we can always straighten his teeth if it causes any problems? Arthur pretty much sat still, gave little "Mmmhmm"s and "oh is that so?" where it seemed welcomed and just let him talk.

And Molly, of course, spent most of her time commandeering the barbecue. I love her so much, but you were invited to a party, not to be our personal chef! Oh well, it's not like she sequesters herself and doesn't interact, she just gets stuff done while also giving everyone a little love.

It sounds like everyone is heading home tomorrow, so I am sure I will make another big breakfast before they all head home. But for now everyone is either asleep, or at the very least having some quiet time in their rooms. You were giving the littles their baths so I stole some time to myself to write to you. But I'd better finish up so I can join you for story time. Because our newest little guy was right earlier when he said, "Papa is the best at stories."

All of my love,
Harry

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Monday July 25th
My zing,

I've been thinking a lot about Atreyu, and how he managed to SURVIVE living alone in the woods for 6 months, and I've come to the conclusion that his mother must have been one of those that lived in an actual werewolf community. As in, they formed a pack and dedicated themselves to surviving in the wilderness as much as possible - likely as a way to manage the blatant
discrimination from the wizarding community and the inherent fear from the muggle community. Obviously, the muggles don't know about them, but they can sense something isn't quite right and their hairs stand up - and things like that.

Thus, if his mother was part of a pack, it completely explains how Atreyu was able to take care of himself for so long until he found us. Also, and this is pure speculation, but what if it ISN'T that his father left so much as his mother left the pack when or right before they moved on? That might explain why his pack didn't keep him when his mother died.

In which case, erm… well, not that I want to do it at this point, he's OURS dammit! But maybe we should attempt to track down his father and see if he knew that Atreyu's mother is dead and Atreyu had been wandering alone after running from the muggle foster home? Because let's face it, with as fast as our little wolf is, and with his apparent knowledge of wilderness survival, he totally ran away before anyone could try to catch him.

I'm really torn about this because I don't want to poke the beehive - or pack den, as the case may be. But what if we DON'T and this mystery man shows up on our doorstep 5 or 10 years from now? Not just shows up, but shows up in a righteous fury because none of the authorities ever did their damn job of notifying him before letting us adopt his son.

I could perhaps call in a favor from Kisa, but if I do, that risks his pack coming after us for his mysterious disappearance. Sigh...

Fuck! We're going to have to do the right thing here, aren't we?

But moving onto happier things.

Today is my 13th week of class, and I only have this week and three more weeks to go - as it was a 16 week class. Then I have two-ish weeks off from teaching before my next session starts up. As I understand it, some of my students will be the same - as simply passing my class is required to become an Auror - or maintain Auror status if it's been a while since they passed the class. BUT passing my class (previously a slightly more intense 'second level' that I've just rolled into this one class, hahaha, in essence, bullying my students from barely knowing how to exercise to intermediate combatants in relatively little time) with honors - so to speak - is required to participate in raids.

And actually, here's the fun thing. **I** get to decide when they've reached a high enough level to go on raids, so that 'with honors' bit is flexible, to say the least. When I threatened to make fatty work as an Auror for three years before giving him clearance to go on raids, I might have actually been telling the truth, and he MIGHT be required to be part of my class the entire time.

That said, I was serious when I said that I'm not expecting professional athletes, so personal feelings aside, I'll probably give fatty his with honors status if he can ever manage to throw a fellow student over his shoulder.

So, when I arrived at class - without Wojtek, sadly, because Shtara insisted that the world was going to end if she didn't cuddle with him while I was gone - I walked onto the track and signaled for my students to come over and follow me to the classroom. As they gathered close, they stared at my shirt and paled a bit. Almost afraid to look, I took a deep breath and looked down.

But did you DIE?

This one actually made me laugh rather evilly, which did NOT reassure my students in the slightest.
Once in the classroom, I was still grinning a bit like a maniac, and addressed my students. "I had a bit of a chat with Robards in which I mentioned that I'd once threatened you all with running to exhaustion, and then forcing you to take energy potions so that you could see how TERRIBLE that is when out in the field, and well, he REALLY liked that idea. So... rather than have you run, I'm going to have a bit of fun with this. You're going to duel. As in actual wizard duel with wands."

I started pacing back and forth in front of them. "Yes, I know, you have an entire class dedicated to that, so you should ALL know what the rules are. Yeah? Well, throw them right out the window! You're going to be paired up and trying your best to murder your partner - without actually murdering them. To be clear, deadly spells will NOT be allowed and even joking about using them will earn you a nasty punishment FROM ME. But otherwise, I want you all to fight like you're dueling the Dark Lord - no wait, bad example, that duel was boring as fuck. Fight like you're dueling my insane Aunt Bellatrix AND Fenrir Greyback - in his fully transformed wolf form."

Still pacing back and forth, I continued to grin evilly at them. "Try to keep in mind that Fenrir liked to bite KIDS to torture their parents, that he liked to sexually abuse some of his victims, and that he was so ruthless while fighting that my husband Harry had to hit him with a stunning spell with THREE WANDS just to knock him out. Well, blast him across the room, really, but still. This is a fight for your lives, and there's NO stopping just because you get tired and feel like you're running low on magic. Fight and keep on fighting until you think you are going to vomit and/or pass out. Even better if you actually do!"

I paused to take a nice long drink of the milk I'd brought with me, but since it was in a never-ending cup that said: Shh! Don't speak until the coffee kicks in (I'd borrowed the cup from you), I just let them all believe that I was drinking the vile brew so that I'd have plenty of energy to last until class was over. Speaking of:

"Class isn't going to end until I'm satisfied you've all learned your lesson. So once you are all magically and physically exhausted, I'm going to give you all energy potions, and you're going to see how well you can do sparring, unarmed, in that state. I'm going to keep track of all the mistakes and bad decisions you make, and once it becomes obvious that you're all thinking about as well as a drunken toddler, I'll hand out a dreamless sleep potion and let you all go home and go to bed. IF you stubbornly believe that you're making good decisions, we'll just keep at it all night, and then you can brag to everyone you see tomorrow that you had your gorgeous combat instructor riding your arse all night."

This provoked groans from most of them, but I'd say about five grinned at the innuendo, clearly not minding the visual image of exactly that. Interesting.

So that was the start of a rather entertaining class. There were several students that had to have spell damage reversed - which I had a Mediwitch join us for exactly that reason. I'm now dead certain that this class will be infamous as she looked horrified that I had PERMISSION to do this. After they all finally reached the exhausted enough to nearly pass out or vomit stage, I gave them their energy potions and had them spar. I didn't even have to tell them to be brutal about it as one of the side effects literally is misjudging how strong/angry/violent one is being.

My stubborn students had to beat each other to painful injuries - being rather surprisingly kick-arse about it - and were all lying on the ground groaning before finally admitting that the potion really HAD influenced them badly. At that point, the Mediwitch and I went around healing them all up, passed out the dreamless sleep potion, and told them to go get some quality rest.

It only took an hour longer than a regular class, but then I was too hungry to wait until I Portkeyed home, and besides, it would have been about 2PM - and so too late for lunch and too early for
dinner - so I just popped over to Café Exquis for a platter of puffer fish. I wrote this email while eating, but now that I'm finished, I'm ready to come home. See you in a few minutes!

Now I'm touching the stars and up here on Mars, I can barely breathe, friends ask why I smile, it's 'cuz all the while, I've got you up my sleeve,

Draco
Chapter 52

Chapter Summary

Harry reassures Draco and Draco’s trying to remember that he's the cool dad.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Monday July 25th

Hey hey hey, calm down. Did you really think the muggle child services, myself, and Unity House California just completely disregarded a living father?

He didn’t “move” Draco, he left them. He left right before Atreyu’s second birthday and hadn’t seen either of them ever again. The muggle system looking for him is actually probably why he was able to run away, they were searching for dad and he was in very temporary care.

They were able to find dad, and according to their reports his reply was “I’ll tell you the same thing I told her when she called to tell me she was sick, I don’t want it.”

So we’ve already done the right thing, I promise.

I’m glad you took a little time to have a quiet meal by yourself after class. You’ve been stretched so thin, I hope you enjoyed yummy food you didn’t have to share and sweet silence while you ate!

See you soon!

Love you,

Harry

Wednesday July 27

Oh thank fuck!

Well, now that I don't have to worry about a man coming to claim our son when he's older, I can just go ahead and keep snuggling with Atreyu while I type this to you. I really wish I could ask his mum why she picked his name, but the reason is probably obvious. She probably loved the Neverending Story, and honestly, who can blame her? Still, I'd love to know if maybe she thought he needed an awesome name to remind him no matter what happens in his life that he is an awesome person. Too bad he didn't come with one of those baby books some mothers keep for their kids.

So today in class was enlightening. I walked onto the track to find them all looking a bit hungover from Monday still, but they were running as expected. They gathered around and squinted at my shirt, which had a blocky picture of a wagon being pulled by an ox and under it, a long rectangle that said: You have died of Burpees.
I'm sure it was referencing something you understand but I don't, so I muttered: "Goddamnit Harry," before leading them to the classroom, where I proceeded to follow your suggestion and teach them all how to do a Burpee so that I would know they could do it if needed for a punishment. Then I made them practice until I was satisfied that they could do it in their sleep if needed.

Meanwhile, I paced back and forth, petting Wojtek and drinking my milk as I watched them in amusement. Finally, I told them that they'd done enough and had them pair up to practice breaking holds. They don't know this, but over the next few classes, I'm going to teach them the major pain centers so that on the last day, they will have to spar and try to hit all eight of them on their partner. Anyone who manages at least four will pass the class, while anyone who gets less than that will automatically be signed up for the next session.

I've also put some thought into the structure for my next session. This time around, I chose 5PM since that's about an hour after most Aurors get off of work, and so, able to fit in their schedule. But then I added an hour of running before class, meaning that they have to go straight from their shift to the running track, and then have two hours of class. Which means that most of them are probably hungry. Or what's that word the kids have been using? Hangry?

So, come next session, I'm going to require them to get something to eat before starting their running at 5, and then class will officially start at 6 - except they won't be starting with an hour run, and so, I feel that the Ministry expert who monitors the track might be useful in making them all learn basic punching, kicking and blocking if they don't already know it, so that when they arrive in class each day, they'll have a better foundation for learning, and will be a little bit better at coping with all the torture I plan to subject them too, buwahahahahahaha!

I mean training.

Anyway, about a half an hour before class, I had them all stop so that I could demonstrate the first two pain centers on them. I did this by first pointing out the general location on a practice dummy, but since the spot varies a bit based on body size and shape, I then punched them in those spots so that they would KNOW where they were and remember them forever.

Believe it or not, I started with the two least traumatizing spots. The Solar Plexus and under the armpits. Needless to say, my students all needed to lay on the floor and recover for a bit before they were able to promise to practice on their at home dummies.
So that was the end of my class and Wojtek was getting a bit fussy, so I invoked our American neighbors and wished them a good day as I left the room. Wojtek wanted to explore the Manor grounds a bit before coming home, so I brought him out to the North Fields and used the opportunity to take Mellissande out hunting while I was at it. Making sure that she KNEW that Wojtek was NOT on the menu!

After a few hours of that, I came home to find you and Hazel shouting at each other. It seems that Hazel is quite certain that her idea to 'get pregnant in solidarity' is the right one, and is rather devastated that you keep trying to talk her out of it. Hmm... we might need to call in her Mind Healer and her Surgeon so that they can both explain the extreme hell she will go through if she attempts such a thing. And honestly, I have a feeling that her body would just miscarry as I think it would intuitively know that she's not ready until her body is more fully healed and her magic is back up to normal levels.

I also think that she's assuming that she's far more healed than she is because with the healing spells and potions, she has far less swelling and pain than the typical M2F patient. She probably FEELS fully healed, or damn close to it, so she doesn't realize that these things take time - even with magic. And... did you notice that she apparently cast one of the temporary breast enhancement spells? Or did she ACTUALLY manage to grow a good two cup sizes overnight?

Sigh...

She's a teenager and I'm the cool dad. She's a teenager and I'm the cool dad. I cannot ground her to a dragon guarded tower. I cannot freak out over bad thought patterns, and can only insist that she talks to her therapist.

Wait... can I lock her in a room with her therapist until Eris gives birth and the issue is moot?

Well, now that you are out of the shower, I can assume that you resisted the urge to drown yourself and are ready to snuggle up to me. My arms are right here waiting for you.

It just takes a little bit of this, a little bit of that, it started with a kiss now we're up to bat,

Draco

Chapter End Notes

I actually could have been posting pics of all the shirts, but for the most part, they're only words and not much to see. THIS one, clearly needed a visual, lol ^_^
Chapter 53

Thursday July 28, 2016

My Love,

I think I have the Hazel situation under control. I hope. I'm pretty sure. But with teenagers I suppose nothing can be one hundred percent because their not quite done brains are stewing in a cocktail of hormones. But I really think after our recent conversation, that her solidarity plan is not going to happen.

I think the problem with my first approach was to basically tell her that her idea, that she came up with because she loves her sister so very much, was the dumbest. Oddly enough, it made her defensive. To be fair, I didn't actually come right out and call the idea dumb. Or call her dumb. But looking back on the original conversation, it was subtly implied. And then during our shouting match yesterday I absolutely DID refrain from saying she was being stupid, but I also called the plan "ill thought out and moronic." So that was probably less than helpful.

In my defense, I am an idiot.

After a full good night's sleep for me, and hopefully a good rest for our Haz as well, I was able to talk with her this morning. I was able to keep my frustration at bay, she had her teenaged rage contained, it was a productive conversation.

The way I was able to keep the frustration out of my voice, is because I was working very hard at regulating my tone so she wouldn't catch on that I was playing her and pretty much guilt tripping her into getting out of the mindset that her plan would be in any way helpful for her sister.

I went into their room, and asked Eris if she could give me a few minutes alone with Hazel. I made sure to give her a huge hug and kiss as she walked out of the room. After I was sure she'd not only left but that there were no eavesdropping devices I began, "Hazel, sweetheart, I am very sorry that we fought yesterday. I never should have shouted. I let my fear for you and for your sister turn me into someone I don't like very much. Will you please forgive me for shouting at you?"

She blew out the air she'd been holding with a huff and gave me the patented "you're ridiculous Dad" face that the kids all give me, "Of course I forgive you, I was shouting too. We both were not at our best last night. That doesn't change the fact that I'm right though!"

Deep breath Harry, you can do this. "I know you think you're right. But did you think of all the additional stress your getting pregnant for her would put onto Eris?"

She opened her mouth to argue and then shut it again without saying anything. Sitting there in silence for a full minute until, "I'd be right there with her sharing the stress, how would that add to her stress?"

She didn't start out shouting, yes!! She took the bait. So I pushed a bit. "Well think about it, you..."
are thinking you're so healed up that a pregnancy would be easy for you. But I have told you it would be bad for your health, your dad told you it'd be bad for your health, and you know even if you don't want to admit it that the surgeon as well as Healer Rowe would tell you it wouldn't be good for your health. So even if you are right and we're wrong, Eris will worry like crazy during her entire pregnancy and yours that she could possibly lose her best friend. And because she knows you're doing this for her, she'd also blame herself."

Hazel argued back, but it was definitely half-hearted, "Well she knows me and how stubborn I am, and that I'd never do anything I didn't want so how would she blame herself? That's nutters."

Oh Hazel, Hazel, Hazel, you're walking right into my trap. "No. She knows you'd never do anything you don't want to do … unless it's for Eris because she's always been your exception."

I kept going, I had to reel her in while she was still trying to process everything I was saying. "And, by putting yourself in the same situation, you take away one of the people who could truly help her. Like Orion has already told her he'd help her study, I am sure she's counting on you to help out with spell-work when she needs to watch how much magic she's using. Counting on you to do more with Hazeris while she can't do much because of exhaustion or morning sickness. And when the baby gets here? She's probably counting on you to keep an eye on baby when she needs to rest, probably help her with night feeds. But if you have your own baby you're dealing with she won't have you one hundred percent there for HER."

She stuttered a bit, "I .. I, I didn't think of that. I just want her to know she's not alone and I don't want her to feel badly for being the only pregnant teenager."

I laughed, "Well keep in mind she does have Elena for that. Lainie might not be a teenager, but she is a single woman with a completely unplanned pregnancy. Eri already has someone to mope with and whine about swollen ankles, she needs someone with her that will feel good and rub those ankles when she's sore. She doesn't need someone to have coordinating babies up screaming all night, but maybe someone who will tell her to get some rest because they'll take this shift. Don't you think she'd want that to be you?"

And with a very small voice, Haz answered, "yeah."

After that I changed the subject and I just talked to her about how she's been feeling, if she's been doing …. the things she's supposed to be doing. Also awkwardly avoiding the "so I see you gave yourself big boobs, how's that going for ya" conversation that none of us want to have!

Did you make plans with Siri and Zwei for Saturday? Or should I start looking up the biggest, baddest, coolest dirt track for them to spend the day showing off in?

My Heart beats for you,
Harry

Friday July 29th

Oh Harry,

Our middles are officially getting a year older! Sometimes I feel so old. I mean at least these two aren't 16 years old and expecting kids, so that's a plus. I'm so happy that they seem to still be firmly in the "girls have cooties" stage.

Also, they are SOOOO excited about your plans for their birthday. I'm rather looking forward to
BMXing myself. I'll be a great way to work off all that cake and ice cream we're bound to eat, haha. But more importantly, I'm looking forward to the plans I've made for YOUR birthday.

That said, since we have absolutely NOTHING of any importance to do tonight, I'm going to bring you out into our backyard and dance with you until we get horny enough to scandalize the neighbors - or more likely our kids, hahaha. Hopefully they've learned that their dads dancing is an excellent time to do anything else.

But first, I'm going to go to the kitchen - where you are almost certainly baking something, and have Muffy make me a strawberry and peach kefir smoothie with some sauerkraut on the side. You got an absolutely GORGEOUS basket of peaches at the Farmer's market today, and they're so tender and juicy that I could practically inhale them whole, but in a smoothie is so much better. At the same time, the market also had freshly fermented garlic and dill sauerkraut, and it smells SOOO good that I think I might be tempted to eat the entire jar for a before bed snack, heh heh.

Yes... I have to sign off now and find you in the kitchen to invite you to dance with me...

From this moment, I have been blessed, I live only for your happiness, and for your love, I'd give my last breath,

Draco
My Dragon,

It's my birthday! Happy birthday to Harry! And what a wonderfully lovely day I have had with my family so far.

Although as much as I love my birthday, and I really love it I don't care how old I get I want cupcakes and attention, I always prefer the kids' birthdays to mine. Not because we do things that are necessarily more fun (I've gone to Unity Park multiple times for my own birthday and that's the coolest) but just because I love these special days creating memories with our children. I hope someday they are little old men and women telling their own grandchildren all about their birthday breakfast tradition. I hope these memories are cherished and remembered for their entire lives.

I just love being able to give our kids a childhood that includes ridiculous amounts of love and silly traditions ya know?

We officially have another teenager, our Siri turning the big One-Three. And Zwei right behind him hitting his twelfth birthday. I'm glad we did such a huge day with them yesterday, sometimes I worry our middles get a bit lost in the shuffle. You know as well as I do, that with the size of our family we have to actively make sure everyone is getting the attention they need. So I know they are happy with the family, I check in with them all the time to make sure they're not feeling neglected, and they usually just roll their eyes and promise me they aren't.

Between quidditch and biking these two would just love to speed through life with the wind in their hair. They had an absolute blast at Glen Helen Raceway. We had rented out an entire track for our group for the day. Nothing but sunshine, dirt, and the constant buzz of the bikes. The three that treat Dirt Biking like a religion, Siri, Zwei, and Zaire, were off like madmen, and even though she generally prefers performing Shtara was kicking arse as well.

But it was really fun to watch Cael, Seph, and Lissa enjoy themselves. They've finally gone from baby beginners to actual bikers. Although Seph is still furious that her size means she has to have one of the "baby bikes." But because of that, it meant she got to be the one to teach Atreyu all about biking. She milked THAT for all it was worth! Although he did not seem particularly interested in the biking. I think the noise was bothering him.
Not that I blame him. I love dirt biking, you know this, but after a long day of it I almost forget there's noise happening and then the bikes shut off to blissful silence and for a moment I always think I suddenly went deaf. Oh, yeah no, that's just the lack of buzzing you've been steadily hearing for ten hours now!

Luckily we had plenty of other things to keep everyone content with. There was space around the track for the kids that weren't biking to run around and play. There were picnic tables for snacking or coloring or playing games. And they don't allow regular bikes on the tracks, but there was definitely enough non-track space to ride them.

I loved how much fun everyone had, but you know that the breakfast in bed was my favorite part of the day. Zaire is still my birthday breakfast helper. Although I think I may have to make him stop watching those cooking shows. He is always very concerned about the plating and presentation (your brothers are twelve and thirteen, they do not care about plating) and I'm pretty sure I know where he picked up the word 'fuck' as well. Fucking Gordon Ramsey!

Jaz usually joins us for birthday breakfast prep, but not always. Sometimes she just wants to sleep in. Yesterday though, she wanted to help. And the four littles were running in and out of the kitchen; pretending to help a bit, while mostly being loud and stealing fruit.

Siri and Zwei did their usual grumbling and pretending to hate being woken up for breakfast, then looking at me expectantly until I begin singing, and then proceeding to inhale their food. Yeah, I'm on to you guys.

Somehow though, Zaire managed to get all four littles to help with my birthday breakfast. I don't need breakfast in bed, but I stopped trying to convince Z of that two years ago, so now I just stay in bed waiting for my breakfast like a good boy. Good thing I was already awake and expecting it otherwise I may have panicked being woken up by four little bodies launching themselves into our bed.

I'm really proud of you sweetheart, you didn't so much as make a face even though you were woken early and then covered in syrupy kisses. Some even got in your hair and you didn't so much as scowl.

So far today has just been lazy cuddles and playing outside with the kids. We just did my cake. And River and Maha came over to help watch over the small kids while you take me out for birthday fun! You're finishing getting ready, although I think I just heard the bathroom door open. Yay! Party time!

The Birthday Boy,
Harry

Sunday July 31
My beloved birthday boy,

Tonight was so very fun. It started with dinner. They don't have anything quite as good as Café Exquis here, but they DO have some excellent high class restaurants. We went to one run by a world famous chef - NOT Gordon Ramsey - and had a delicious meal.

You had a dish that was the chicken equivalent of pulled pork. As in chicken breasts had been simmered in a mouth watering broth until they were fall apart tender, and then they were placed over a bed of veggies. Additionally, you had a bowl of fresh fruit on the side.
Meanwhile, I had the tenderest and most flavorful sheep tongue. I asked for it to be served with sauerkraut - this variety had some kombu or other seaweed in it, and was superb. On the side, I had paté, caviar, and crayfish. Those cute little buggers look like mini lobsters and make me want to have our kids raise a bunch of them as a learning experience that we can eat, heh heh heh.

For our drinks, I had my never ending cup of milk with me, and ordered a nice bottle of Cuveé Diamant for us to share, and we each had tea. Although, I think you might have ordered an espresso while I was in the loo for a moment because you got a tiny cup of something that smelled good. I know you love that vile stuff, so I'm not sure why you - actually, you probably just forgot until I was away from the table and a server came to check on us.

Anyway, as I was saying, our meal was excellent, and then we went to a show. Elena is brilliant and had given ME tickets to go see an all male burlesque show for my birthday - that just so happened to be on YOUR birthday. Or in other words, she gave it to both of us, haha.

Bobby Burlesque was sexy and funny. I thoroughly enjoyed the act where he started out as a rather innocent looking hula dancer, and then, of course, got rather risqué while performing on a suspended hoop. But I inexplicably loved the one where he dressed up as a mummy and danced to Dead Man's Party in blue neon lights.

After the show, we were nice and relaxed and in a really good mood. So that's when I decided to ask you if you were still okay with the rest of my plans. See, ever since I mentioned that my session with Yesenia uncovered a need in me to have sex as a woman and actually enjoy it, you've been thinking it over. I basically dropped the matter since I figured that you just couldn't do it, but you surprised me by saying - practically out of the blue one day - that so long as we used that Damsel Curse and I was fully ME, you could do it - or at least give it a damn good go.

So that's what I asked; if you were still certain you could do it. You said yes, which gave me the green light to bring you to a luxurious hotel room. So alright, maybe this particular present is a bit selfish of me, but honestly, I've run out of ideas for new things to do with you to make your day special. Also, I know that you love nothing more than spending a day with me, so I figured that selfish or not - so long as nothing traumatizing happened, it would be a good present.

To that end, once in the hotel room - which was a sort of bridal suite, decorated with layers of rose petals, candles, and a romantic bath with champagne - we took a few moments to review the specifics of the curse. Then you cast the Damsel Curse on me and gave me a few minutes to strip off and look at myself in the mirror. I'm not certain, but judging by the smirk on your face, you found the sight of me drowning in my normally well fitting clothes adorable.

Once naked, I inspected every centimeter of my body in the mirror, and all in all, I'm impressed with what I saw. If I saw a woman that looked like I did at that moment, I would most certainly beg you to let me shag her dirty rotten. But it wasn't ME that had to be attracted to me. It was you.

A bit uncertainly, I looked over at you. You were staring at my face, which you came over to caress.

"It's a bit weird to see you so small and delicate looking," you murmured before kissing me. This brought to my attention that I was seriously shorter than you. Like I'm not sure I could have been much more than 4 and a half feet tall! I really liked the fact that I had hair long enough to reach my feet, but also could see how it would get in the way very easily, so when you gathered it all up in your hands and cut it off, I didn't protest. (I think I normally would have been very upset, but I wanted you to feel comfortable.) After focusing for a bit, you had my hair fairly close to how I normally have it.
"There, now you look like the man I love, except tiny and fragile."

I smirked. "Oh trust me, I'll be able to take everything you can give me, and I won't break."

Despite the fact that this was hands down THE STRANGEST sex we've ever had (and that's really saying something considering everything we've done), you managed to keep your promise. You really did stay fixed on my face, but aside from that, we had a night to remember. It started with kisses in the middle of the room, followed by kisses in the hot tub for two, followed by kisses as you laid me out on the sensual satin sheets.

You didn't really touch my squicky woman parts, but you DID kiss and mark me all over, which went a LONG way to driving me crazy with the need to have you inside me. NOW! Eventually, I pulled you back into place on top of me and insisted that you take me.

To my surprise, my Damsel body was a virgin, which did sort of put a damper on things for the both of us for a moment. But then the kissing we continued had us both back in the mood in practically no time. I had originally been tempted to give you a stamina potion so that you would remain hard and unable to orgasm for at least two hours, but then I realized that what I wanted most of all was to make normal love like a normal couple that just so happened to be a man and a woman. So I cast no spells and gave you no potions, and to be honest, it really was everything I was hoping for.

Soft and romantic to begin with, and then hot and hardcore toward the end. If - once you process this experience and decide how you feel - you decide that you could try it again, I'd love to give you a stamina potion and explore a few kinks, but considering that this is your birthday, I didn't want to make the whole experience about me.

So, after we had recovered for a bit, I asked you if there was anything else you wanted to top off your day, and you replied: "Just snuggling with my husband and falling asleep in your arms." Nodding in acceptance, I gave you another kiss. You ended the curse on me and we held each other. Except that you haven't been sleeping well lately - not even since I came back from my mission. At first, I thought that you were just worried about Atreyu, but now that that's settled, either you are worrying about something else altogether, or you're just too sleep deprived to sleep right.

Kissing you, I cast a wordless and wandless sleeping spell on you. It's not an endless sleep that I'd have to actively end, but rather a 10 hour sleep spell, meaning that you'll probably still wake up before me, but hopefully you'll feel rested and no longer be TOO tired to get some decent sleep. We'll see...

Our love's not at the beginning, it's had a little time to grow, but it keeps me amazed how your loving never changed,

Draco

P.S. Oh crap! You probably WON'T be up before me as I've got to get up and go to class tomorrow! If you don't manage to break through the spell and wake up early, and thus are alone in bed (ours, because I will have Apparated you home), just know that I had to go to class but will make up for the fact that you had to wake alone the moment I get home. Love you!
Updated Kids List

Chapter Summary

The current kids list as of August 2016

Oi Forever Facts

Ages as of August 1, 2016

Harry and Draco Malfoy:

Elena Rojas Malfoy:

- Age 25
- Birthday October 22, 1990
- Ravenclaw (Graduated)
- Pregnant

River Lewis Malfoy

- Age 20
- Birthday March 21, 1996
- Hogwarts House unknown; assumed Hufflepuff

Viona Skye Malfoy

- Age 17
- Birthday January 24, 1999
- Slytherin (entering 7th year)
- Godparents Hermione and Greg
- Engaged to Alric Avery - previous Unity Kid

Eris Lyra Malfoy

- Age 16
- Birthday April 9, 2000
- Slytherin (entering 6th Year)
- Godparents Pansy and Luna
- Pregnant

Orion Draco Malfoy
- Age 16
- Birthday April 9, 2000
- Ravenclaw (entering 6th Year)
- Godparents Ron and Blaise

Hazel Storm Malfoy
- Age 16
- Birthday May 13, 2000
- Slytherin (entering 6th Year)
- Godparents Neville and Luna

Shtara Malfoy
- Age 13
- Birthday January 6, 2003
- Muggle

Sirius James Malfoy
- Age 13
- Birthday July 30, 2003
- Gryffindor (entering 3rd Year)
- Godparents Charlie and Millie

Draco Lucius Malfoy Jr – “Zwei”
- Age 12
- Birthday July 30, 2004
- Gryffindor (entering 2nd Year)
- Godparents Dudley and Donna

Zaire Langa Malfoy
- Age 10
- Birthday May 2, 2006
- Godparents Kisa and Sebastian

Jasmine Kamaria Malfoy
- Age 7
- Birthday February 9, 2009
- Godparents George and Angelina

Persephone Hikari Malfoy
- Age 6
- Birthday April 21, 2010
- Godparents Miles and Eliza

Lily Narcissa Malfoy
- Age 6
- Birthday May 19, 2010
- Godparents Sirius and Ginny

Caelum Arthur Malfoy
- Age 6
- Birthday May 19, 2010
- Godparents Viper and Yesenia

Atreyu Miguel Malfoy
- Age 4
- Birthday September 30, 2011

Pansy and Ivan St. Peter

Pearl St. Peter
- Age 15
- January 10, 2001
- Draco’s Goddaughter

Paige St. Peter
• Age 12
• November 30, 2003

Narcissa and Lucius Malfoy

Eliza Lestrange Malfoy
• Age 20
• October 10, 1995
• Birth Parents Rodolphus Lestrange and Gina Mitchell
• Slytherin Graduate

Sebastian Snape Malfoy
• Age 19
• September 10, 1996
• Birth Parents Severus Snape and Gina Mitchell
• Slytherin Graduate

Gavin Mitchell Malfoy
• Age 18
• January 30, 1998
• Birth Parents Lucius Malfoy and Gina Mitchell
• Ravenclaw Graduate

Della Andromeda Malfoy
• Age 18
• March 8, 1998
• Birth Parents Bellatrix Lestrange and Rodolphus Lestrange
• Slytherin Graduate

George and Angelina

Phillip Moss Weasley
- Age 25
- August 4, 1990

Mackenzie Campbell Weasley
- Age 22
- February 1, 1994
- Hufflepuff Graduate

Fred Weasley II
- Age 10
- November 12, 2005

Roxanne Weasley
- Age 9
- July 7, 2007

Harry Potter’s – The Viper; and Draco Malfoy – The Tiger

Delphini Lestrange Riddle Potter
- Age 18
- March 8, 1998
- Biological Parents Bellatrix Lestrange and Voldemort
- Hogwarts Graduate
- Pregnant

Tommy Riddle Potter
- Age 17
- February 20, 1999
- Biological Parents Harry Potter and Voldemort
- Hogwarts 7th Year

Bellerophon Riddle Lestrange Potter
- Age 16
- August 22, 1999
- Biological Parents Bellatrix Lestrange and Voldemort
- Hogwarts 7th Year

Harrison Riddle Potter
- Age 16
- May 13, 2000
- Biological Parents Harry Potter and Voldemort
- Hogwarts 6th Year

River Lewis Malfoy
- Age 20
- Birthday March 21, 1996
- Hufflepuff

Viona Crabbe
- Age 17
- Birthday January 24, 1999
- Slytherin

Scorpius Potter-Malfoy
- Age 4
- October 18, 2011

Hyperion Potter-Malfoy
- Age 4
- October 18, 2011

Dudley and Donna Dursley

Daisy Dursley
- Age 16
- February 28, 2000
- Hogwarts 6th Year

Donald Dursley
• Age 12
• September 23, 2003
• Hogwarts 2nd Year

Dustin Dursley
• Age 8
• June 29, 2008

Percy and Audrey Weasley

Molly Weasley II
• Age 13
• August 15, 2002
• Gryffindor 4th Year

Lucy Weasley
• Age 8
• March 4, 2008

Blaise Zabini – Hermione Granger – Ron Weasley – Kisa – The Quartet

Roderick Oliver Weasley
• Age 16
• March 22, 2000
• Assumed Ron’s biologically
• Godparents Harry and Draco

Bianca Evangeline Weasley
• Age 16
• March 22, 2000
• Assumed Blaise’s biologically
• Godparents Harry and Draco
Veronica Zabini
- Age 13
- March 12, 2003
- Assumed Blaise’s biologically

Anastacia Zabini
- Age 11
- November 19, 2004
- Assumed Ron’s biologically

Tristan Matteo Weasley
- Age 6
- March 31, 2010

Misha Rurik Zabini
- Age 6
- April 2, 2010
- Biologically Blaise and Kisa’s

Tatyana Zabini
- Age 3
- February 15, 2013
- Biologically Blaise and Kisa’s
- Kisa is Pregnant

Bill and Fleur Weasley

Victoire Weasley
- Age 18
- May 2, 1998
- Hogwarts Graduate

Dominique Weasley
- Age 13
- August 26, 2002
• Hogwarts 4th Year

Louis Weasley
• Age 9
• December 24, 2006

Miles Meaney and Colm O’Brian

Samantha Meaney
• Age 15
• June 7, 2001
• Ravenclaw 5th Year

Charlotte Meaney
• Age 6
• July 1, 2010

Greg Goyle and Millicent Bulstrode

Mason Goyle
• Age 11
• December 17, 2004
• Hogwarts 1st Year

Greta Goyle
• Age 9
• September 3, 2006

Remus and Tonks

Edward Remus Lupin
• Age 18
April 15, 1998

Gryffindor Graduate

Godfather Harry

Neville and Charlie

Frank Weasley-Longbottom

- Age 7
- December 6, 2008

Alice Weasley-Longbottom

- Age 2
- September 7, 2013

Ginny and Viktor

Keisha Krum

- Age 7
- October 1, 2008

Finnigan and Beatrix

Blake Gerald Fawley

- Age 6
- March 17, 2010

Yesenia

Diego Garcia

- Age 6
Other older adopted kids that are never in the story anyway, lol.
Chapter 56

Chapter Summary

Harry's excited to be going home, and Draco's got class.

Friday August 5, 2016

My Draco,

We're headed home! Oh my love, we are going home. Don't get me wrong, I've had a fantastic time in California. We got Hazel something she's been dreaming of for pretty much her entire life. We got to see River all settled in, ready to start married life in his new home. And, oh yeah, there was that whole getting a new child coming into our family!

That's most likely the biggest reason I'm ready to go home. I need to introduce Atreyu to his home. I need the rest of our family to meet him. I need him to get to a space where he is going to spend the rest of his childhood and beyond. He needs to settle in and finally have a space that he officially belongs to. Oh and introducing him to the horses! I miss my horses! Is that weird? And after all my visits this summer, I think I am finally ready to take on some more.

But as for our Atreyu it's actually been pretty fun introducing him to flying though! I thought his eyes were going to pop out of their sockets while he was staring out the windows watching the world get smaller as we flew higher. He's either never been on an airplane or it was long enough ago that he has no memories of it. I was a bit worried he would freak out, remember the first time we took Lainie on an airplane and she spent the entire flight vomiting? It was easy enough on later flights to just make sure we had the anti nausea potions on hand, but that first one was a bit of a doozy wasn't it?

I've had a couple of days now to think about our shag the night of my birthday. It really wasn't bad at all. Sorry, that came out so rude, it was actually nice. It's uh, not something I'd like to do all the time, but I could absolutely do it again if you wanted to explore a bit more. It being your gorgeous face made it so much easier than I thought it would be. Knowing it was your heart and soul, no matter the packaging, simply meant I was making love to my husband. No squicks I promise.

And, er, I didn't actually hate the kissing all over 'your' body thing. I could hear you moaning and enjoying yourself, it was you. And your breasts were small and pretty, not all that much different from how they were when you were nursing the Lily, Caelum, and Persephone when they were babies. Less milky though.

I did actually think about a secondary option. So, now that you've had the experience with me where you made love to your husband, what if we just had some playtime with some close friends? We could invite over three of the quartet. Or we could have Charlie and Neville over since Nev likes shagging ladies. I would be there, I could touch everything I want to touch, you could have me however you like, but then also maybe Ron or Blaise or Neville or even Hermione could kiss everywhere I can't quite make myself?

Just a thought.
I'd do anything for you, you know that right Draco? You're my heart.

Yours,
Harry

Monday August 8th
The most perfect husband in the world.

I'm having the best day! It didn't start out so well as I was feeling a little off this morning when I woke up. That said, Muffy had a wonderfully delicious blueberry and banana kefir smoothie ready for me the moment I woke up and called for her, so, my mild weirdness cleared up almost right away.

After that, I had plenty of time to stretch and do some light exercises before joining the rest of you for lunch. After lunch, you brought the trouble trio and Atreyu out to the stables, while I went jogging on the track with Amala and Wojtek. I wanted Wojtek all tired out and ready to sleep in time for my class. To my surprise, Siri, Zwei, and Zaire joined me for the run. Apparently they'd missed the morning run with you, and also, I gather you were trying your best to keep up with Atreyu this morning.

After my run, Aya popped in to ensure that I was still getting regular massages now that River lives so far away. No offense to River - because he's very excellent at this point - but there's just no one in the world as good at giving a massage as Aya. And that's even despite the fact that she's in her 70's and getting a bit frail with age.

Then I just barely had time to take a quick shower and pick out a nice workout outfit before heading off to class. I still took my time and picked out the perfect one - despite KNOWING that you were more than likely just going to magic it different anyway. And I was right! When I got to the Ministry track to pick up my students, we all looked down at my shirt and read:

It's my workout and you'll cry if I want you to.

About half of them legitimately started crying right then and there, which ironically made my entire day!

See, exactly as I had told you, last Monday and Wednesday, I had taught them a total of 3 pain centers: The chin/jaw and behind the ear on Monday and the jugular vein on the side of the neck on Wednesday. As before, I demonstrated on the practice dummy before punching them. Also, I invited a Ministry Mediwitch to class to be certain that if I used just a bit too much force (or they happened to be a weakling), she could fix them right up. But ONLY if they were legitimately injured, mind, and not just in a lot of pain.

Side note, I think the Ministry Mediwitch was attracted to me until she realized what an arsehole I am. Now she looks at me with something just short of loathing. Thus, there's no chance of her trying to chat me up, hahaha.

But back to today. After reading my shirt, and KNOWING that I had more pain centers to teach them (and some of them had apparently done some research to see what they might be in for), they were crying because they already knew it was going to hurt, and my shirt only confirmed it for them. I nearly pulled a muscle trying to give a shit.

But first, we met the Mediwitch on the way to the classroom, and she gave me a look like she
wanted to murder me and put my students out of their misery. I wondered why she'd come so early since the pain portion isn't until the end of class, but shrugged it off as her wanting to be on hand should I happen to start the lesson early.

Then I realized that with her in the room, I could encourage them to practice *trying* to hit each other in the five spots they already knew. It's shocking how much better at self defense they get when they KNOW what'll happen to them should they let their guard down. Only a couple let an opponent slip through their defenses and had to be tended to by the Mediwitch.

Eventually, it was time to move onto the lesson. Unfortunately, Wojtek - who I actually had on my back in a sort of rucksack carrier - had woken back up and started fussing, so I had to pull him out and feed him a bottle for a few minutes before I could actually give the hands on portion, but that still gave me plenty of time to explain why THIS spot was so sensitive and fragile. Why it should be used as a last resort because it was rather unsporting. A good punch to this spot can end most fights, and actually, come to think of it, kicking is even better.

So, when I abruptly turned and kicked the practice dummy in the groin so hard that it went flying a few feet before landing on its back, I nearly felt sympathy for my students that started crying again.

"Sweet Merciful Merlin!" The Mediwitch gasped, covering her mouth with both hands.

"Fatty, come here!" I beckoned, snapping my fingers and pointing to the floor in front of me.

With tears streaming down his cheeks, he trudged very reluctantly over to me, not even protesting my unflattering nickname for him.

"Hold my bear, and *don't* drop him," I ordered, and once he had Wojtek in hand, I put my hands on his shoulders and added: "Brace yourself."

He flinched very comically, making me burst out laughing. "Just joking! You ALL know where a groin is, and ladies, if you haven't found one yet, tell a fellow student to show his so you can visualize it when you kick it. Because in the next class, that WILL be one of the areas you will all be aiming at.

"That's all for tonight, class dismissed!" And with that, I took Wojtek back, smirked, and gave them a short wave before walking out of the room. Now I'm in the mood to abduct you from wherever you are (the stables more than like), and worship your groin for the rest of the night.

Maybe our relationship isn't as crazy as it seems, maybe that's what happens when a tornado meets a volcano, all I know is I love you too much,

Draco
Wednesday August 10, 2016

My Own,

You must have already left for class. I had hoped to be home in time to see you beforehand but I got a bit lost in the woods with our four smallest along with Scor and Hyper.

We spent some time at the stables this morning. Checking on Cheesecake and Fondue. We've been back for a few days now and I'm finally starting to feel a bit settled and lose some of the guilt I've felt for leaving them for the summer. But as I was sure of before we left, there were plenty of eager hands willing to come and play with them, giving them love and attention. I guess Bea has brought Blake over at least once a week. Scor and Hyper have been here off and on all summer. And Sammy and Charlotte pretty much consider this their second home. Come to think of it, maybe the horses need a vacation from so many eager little hands.

Ha! I'm pretty sure the horses might disagree with that. You should have seen them when we came walking up to the enclosure this morning. If they weren't so well behaved I think they would have vaulted over the fences to get to the kids. As it was, they were leaning so far over the fence to reach them that I was a bit worried about neck strain!

We didn't saddle them up or anything, but the horses let us put the kids up on their backs for a little ride around the enclosure. I got some amazing pictures, well I got awesome pictures all day, and I think you are going to fall in love with them a little. I got a sweet one of Scor and Hyper both riding Cheesecake at the same time, I think I'm going to have it turned into a painting for Viper and Tiger for their anniversary.

After we played for a bit we did some chores as well. Cleaned out their stalls, brushed them down, made sure they had fresh food and water available, normal horse care things. It's all well and good to have them give the horses attention, but it's important to me that they understand they need to help out with their care as well. Although I was a bit worried Cael was going to brush a hole right through Fondue! The sweet horse just took it, nuzzling Cael the entire time he was brushing her.

After we had plenty of quality horse time, I grabbed the picnic basket Muffy had made up for us and we headed into the woods for our scavenger hunt. For River's stag do we did that bar crawling scavenger hunt and had so much fun that I thought it would be a fun activity for the kids but with a more child friendly set of goals. They had to search for a bunch of different types of bugs and animals.

Oh! And one of the animals on the list was a fox. As they were tromping through the underbrush I decided to transform into my fox. All the kids laughed at the idea that they had brought one of the hunt goals with them, but I forgot that Atreyu didn't know I was an Animagus and when he saw me he dropped to the ground and got nose to nose with me studying me intently. So now I am 'Daddy Zorro' which I think is awesome!

Some of the items were super easy to find and didn't take a lot of sleuthing, but some of them were kind of hard and the kids really had to pay attention to their surroundings. We had to find an intact spider's web, leaves with insect bites, and different animal tracks.

We stopped and had our picnic for lunch and then kept on discovering the woods. And, even though the scavenger list I found was really long and in depth, the kids decided they wanted to
keep an eye out for things that weren't on the list. That way they could make an updated and even better list for another time.

Just a little while ago the kids started grumbling about being hungry, I thought to myself "geez, we just ate lunch!" until I did a tempus and realized it was already dinner time! We were having so much fun the day completely got away from us.

So now I'm all grumpy because I haven't seen you all day! Come give me smooches when you get home from class!

Love you,
Harry

P.S. So one of the things the kids had to find was an animal's home in the ground or in a tree. Well, long story short, this is probably where I should be mentioning the garden gnomes huh?

Wednesday August 10th
Harry,

Our adorable Lily asked me how to spell love - which I am sure was only because she was distracted and writing in a hurry, because she's known how to spell it for at least two years. Anyway, I smiled at her, ruffled her blonde hair, and said: "H-a-r-r-y."

She paused, looked up at me, and then rolled her eyes. "It is NOT!"

"Oh? If you know so much, then tell ME how to spell it," I challenged.

"L-o-v-e," she murmured as she returned her attention to her picture - or postcard maybe? I'm honestly not sure what she was doing.

"That's what I said," I informed her. She rolled her eyes at me again and shook her head.

She returned to you, and considering how you were all tromping through the woods, I'll not be at all surprised if you didn't realize she was missing for a minute there.

Anyway, while you were off entertaining all the littles, I was having a lovely chat with Viper and Tiger. We were drinking tea and eating - lunch for them, breakfast for me. Viper was lamenting the fact that he's going to be a grandfather soon and his daughter hadn't even had the decency to be in a serious relationship first.

"She's pregnant? I had no idea," I muttered, focusing on my tea.

Viper seemed to believe me, but Tiger gave me a *look* and said: "Bullshit!"

"What??!!" I cried out defensively.

"I would have believed you if you hadn't looked shady as fuck as you said that!" Tiger accused.

I sighed and ran a hand through my hair. "Alright fine. So I had the misfortune of walking into the room as she was discussing - insisting really - that she obtain a sample and get herself up the duff. I'll have you know that ***I*** was against the idea."

Viper suddenly looked rather intense. "So wait, WHO gave her this sample?!!"
"She didn't tell you?" I asked in surprise.

He shook his head. "Nope. She seems concerned that something will happen to the audacious bloke."

I frowned at him. "Why should HE be punished? He didn't do anything at all - other than give her a potion that turned his blood into semen for her to use - at her fierce insistence, I might add."

Tiger stroked his chin in thought. "Actually, I sort of - well I guess I'm relieved that she chose him."

Viper glared at him. "You mean you know??? WHO??"

Tiger rolled his eyes. "My darling idiot, exactly WHO would have the knowledge to brew and use a potion to -"

"SEBASTIAN?!?! I'LL - erm... actually... I agree. She chose well," he changed his mind very abruptly.

I sighed in relief. "See? He didn't touch her in the slightest, and so, none of this situation is his fault beyond agreeing to her demand."

Viper nodded slowly. "Yes, I believe that. He's a right weirdo, not wanting to touch ANYONE, which I still cannot understand. I honestly thought it would be a phase and that he'd change his mind when he was old enough to lose his virginity and discover how wonderful sex is."

I chuckled. "Well, I have no idea if that has happened, but he's 20 - or nearly so - and very much uninterested in relationships. So, I can only assume he's had time to really think all aspects of the situation through and come to his own decisions."

Our conversation continued and morphed until it was nearing the time I'd need to go do my morning routine (which I'd skipped initially because I was so hungry and hoping to have 'lunch' with you), so I started to excuse myself so I could go get ready for my class. This actually led to the both of them following me to our en suite loo and watching me as I got ready so that they could ask me questions about my class.

After talking about how my favorite class included our tinys handing them their arses, Tiger mentioned that he's extremely interested to see me actually TEACH something. So I invited him to come with me. Meanwhile, Viper wanted a chance to enjoy the fact that his kids were all busy and he would have some alone time. He mentioned something about relaxing in the Onsen.

So, once ready, and after lending the Tiger a nice sparring outfit, I called for Shtara to bring back my bloody bear. She ran into the room and excitedly informed me: "Excellent timing daddy! I was just thinking about bringing him to you so that I could go to Elena's school for a bit and dance with some of my friends!"

She was still talking at me in high speeds as she ran back out of the room - presumably to a floo. But since she had handed me my bear and also kissed me on the cheek, I considered the whole encounter a win. Now ready, I held out my hand to Tiger, and after he took it, Apparated us to the Apparation point nearest my class.

I was actually running about five minutes late at this point, and so, was not surprised that my students had already stopped running and moved to the classroom. I didn't even say anything as I led Tiger into the room, as I was going to wait until I was at the front of the class. However, my students all heard the door open and turned to look at me. When they saw the Tiger, several of
them burst out wailing.

"THERE'S *TWO* OF HIM NOW?!?!?!"

Smirking and chuckling, I gestured to indicate Tiger, who was still looking as gorgeous as ever. "Don't mind my friend here. I had someone Polyjuice into me to give you twice the incentive to do your best."

Surprisingly, this did NOT calm anyone down. In fact, I think a couple more started crying. Most were definitely staring at my shirt, which now said:

Breath and try not to piss yourself.

"How the fuck does Harry DO that?!?!?!" I asked, as baffled as ever that I quite carefully put on a shirt I actually wanted to wear, and yet, it was now something YOU wanted me to wear. More tellingly, it WASN'T affecting Tiger. He stood there wearing the outfit I'd given him, looking at me in confusion.

I looked over to find that the Mediwitch was also staring at us apprehensively from the corner. "Lovely to see you again," I flirted with a cheeky wink. "Since you (the witch) are here already, I'm going to change things up by teaching the pain spot first, letting you (the students) all recover for a bit, and then having you spar in which you attempt to hit any and all of the pain spots on each other."

The Mediwitch took a deep breath, clearly gathering up her patience. Meanwhile, my students were taking deep breaths and trying to calm down. Since Shtara had worn Wojtek out, he had already fallen asleep, so I tucked him in the rucksack carrier and put him on my back. Then I rolled out my arms and shoulders a moment and hopped a bit to prepare myself for fighting mode.

Once in front of the practice dummy, I cast a spell to very clearly show where its kidneys would be if it had some. "The kidneys are next to the last place that I'm going to teach you because they are one of those places that will not only hurt excruciatingly, but also, could actually kill your opponent if hit with enough force. Thus, obviously, while I will encourage you to practice on each other until you can reliably hit them when necessary, I DO NOT want you to put enough force into the hit to do any real damage.

"Along the same lines, when I demonstrate it on you, it will hurt, but it won't be enough to injure you."

To my surprise, it was the Tiger who gasped at that. "You're going to actually HIT your students?"

I cast him a look that basically said: Duh! "I AM teaching a combat class. I wouldn't be doing a full job if I didn't actually demonstrate the things I'm teaching."

"Ah," he murmured, looking like he was wondering how I was getting away with this.

I gestured to the Mediwitch. "She's here to make sure that if I do accidentally put too much oomph into a hit, that the students can be healed right back up and not die. She's not supposed to, but I suspect she ALSO slips them pain potions when I'm not looking."

"Hm!" She harrumphed as she crossed her arms and looked away. I took this to mean I was right.

"But as I was saying, Robards - and Kingsley too, if I'm honest - feels that my methods will more accurately prepare my students for conditions they might encounter in the real world. For example, knowing EXACTLY how it feels to get punched in a kidney makes it far more likely that these
Aurors and future Aurors will do everything in their power to avoid that happening at all costs."

"No shit!" Tiger stated in agreement.

I then returned my attention to the dummy. "As I was saying, the kidneys are hard to get to," I paused to demonstrate a nice solid punch to the kidney, making the dummy lift up off the ground an inch or so and then land with a loud clatter. "SO, if you do not have a clear shot, but yet DO have an opening to get in a hit in the general area, an alternative spot is the bladder. It will also hurt - nearly as much as hitting the groin - and may help you win by forcing your opponent to piss himself." I spelled a bladder onto/into the dummy, and then knelt so that I'd have a good angle to punch it with.

Standing up, I faced my students once more. "Now, who wants to go first?"

To NO surprise, the students banded together to push fatty to the front. He was fighting tooth and nail to resist them, but they clearly outnumbered him. After a rather amusing tussle, he was standing in front of me and looking like he was seriously considering drowning himself in the nearest well.

I smiled at him reassuringly. "Listen, I'm going to give you a sporting chance to defend yourself. And actually, go ahead and do your best to hit me."

He fell for the bait, immediately launching into an impressive right cross that would have dislocated my jaw if I hadn't blocked it and used the fact that his arms were up and his body stretched wide - to lightly punch him right in his left kidney. He cried out loudly in pain and fell to the floor.

The Mediwitch ran over to examine him in concern.

"He's fine," I assured her, deciding to move to my next student rather than force them to decide who was going next. Looking her in the eyes, I advised. "Try to put a little strategy into your moves and give me a little challenge."

She nodded in acceptance, took a few deep and steadying breaths, and then launched an attack. I blocked her hits as I waited for a good opening, and then, punched her in the kidney too. She gasped and tried to hop off the pain, which was a good sign that I hadn't hit her any harder than I had fatty.

This repeated itself until all my students were huddled together in a supportive recovery embrace. I gave them two whole minutes to gather up their energy. Then I pressed on with class.

"Alright, cupcakes, get off your arses and spar. I want to see you get into the mindset that you are fighting for your lives. You only have two classes left after this - well MOST of you do - and you can all be the best of mates who would never harm each other once you pass, but for now, PROVE to me that you can withstand a criminal doing his or her best to murder you! If I think for ONE SECOND that you are not trying your absolute best, I'm going to take over and REALLY give you a fight for you life! What are you just standing there for?! You, remember that I DO still have my wand on me and can cast perfectly lovely stinging hexes! You, STOP looking at her like she's spread out on the counter for you to eat and bloody HIT her!!! And while he's trying, you might as well kick his arse for looking at you like that!"

I took a break to rest my voice, drink from my never ending glass of milk (still the one I'd borrowed from you that makes my students think I'm drinking coffee), and then pull Wojtek out of his carrier so that I could stroke his fur and give myself something to do so that I didn't jump in
and start punching those who were so focused on what they were doing that they failed to keep an eye on their surroundings.

That's actually what I had Tiger for - to cast spells across the fray to help simulate a real battle in which some opponents might actually still be armed and trying to hex them to death. All in all, I was having quite a lot of fun.

When I spotted obviously gay get frustrated enough that he instinctively grabbed his wand, I leapt into the warzone and grabbed his wrist before he could take a single shot. Then I held him in a one armed choke hold - making sure that he didn't squash Wojtek - while I growled in his ear.

"Excuse me, but WHAT is the name of this class???

He looked like he desperately wanted the ground to swallow him whole. "Hand to hand combat..."

"Are there WANDS in hand to hand combat?!"

He shook his head, looking away to hide his expression of shame. Then he had the sheer nerve to pinch my left buttcheek! I was actually impressed, to be honest.

"Touché," I murmured, letting him go. "You managed to land a hit on me. That earns you a reward; see me after class to claim it."

He grinned at me hopefully, prompting me to push his face away. "NOT THAT kind of reward!"

After that, I walked around being secretly impressed with my students, the majority of which honestly DO look like they've learned the skills I've been teaching them. When class was over, I dismissed them, let the Mediwitch fuss over the ones who were still in agony from not quite protecting their kidneys well enough, and waited for my student to claim his reward.

He looked at me expectantly. With a faint smile, I pulled ten Galleons out of my pocket and tossed them at him. "You've earned yourself a nice drink, and so, first round's on me. Head off to your favorite pub and enjoy."

"Yes Chief!" He accepted eagerly, wagging his brows flirtily. "Care to join me?"

I laughed. "My husband is already going to be just about ready to murder a little old lady for getting in his way should anything keep him from me the moment I get home. I shudder to think of what he might do - to YOU - if you were successful in inviting me to the pub and delaying my return even just ten minutes."

He looked extremely disappointed. "So your husband is the overly possessive and jealous type..."

"Most definitely!" I assured him with a grin. "But it works in my favor because then I have him all to myself whenever I want. Such as now. See you all on Monday!" And with that, I waved and led Tiger out of the room.

"He was cute," Tiger murmured, likely because he has eyes and could see the truth standing right in front of him.

"A bit," I agreed. "But do you really think he's cute enough to risk YOUR husband's wrath?"

"Oh hell no!" Tiger blurted out. "There's NO ONE on the PLANET who's that cute!"

Laughing, I slung an arm over his shoulder and nodded in agreement. He ruffled Wojtek's fur
before grabbing the sleeping bear from me. Apparently he also has a soft spot for cute little animals.

But then we were back in the Manor and you were still nowhere to be found, so, I can only assume that you're playing hide and seek with me, and my reward for finding you will be oh-so-delightful.

I love you in the morning and in the afternoon, I love you in the evening and underneath the moon, Draco
Harry thinks Draco is sweet and Draco gets a bit tipsy at Viona's engagement party.

Friday August 12, 2016

Darling,

How are you just the sweetest man to ever exist? You told our daughter that you spell 'Love' 'H-a-r-r-y'? Are you even real? Are you just an unattainable dream that my imagination dreamt up to deal with something terrible in my life? Am I even real? Is this some extended coma situation and I'm going to wake up in some muggle hospital and they're going to be all "I'm sorry Mr Potter, but you've been in this hospital for the last twenty years, what's a draco?"

No thank you. I will just stay in the coma if that's the case. And honestly, if I really were in a coma? Congratulations Harry's subconscious because you are hella creative. The whole men can get up the duff thing? That was some stellar imagining.

I could have done without the morning sickness though. Ta ever so.

I just finished up some last minute Engagement Party Planning with our mums, Viona, and Alric. Surprisingly, it was a million times less stressful than I thought it would be. It was certainly a hell of a lot easier than ANY of the wedding planning I was involved with (when I was healthy enough between all those bouts of horse flu) for River and Mahafsoun's big day.

You could raise the argument that an engagement party would obviously be less work than a wedding, but besides clothing an entire set of bridesmaids and groomsmen, Viona's engagement party is going to be even bigger than the wedding was. Although I am dead certain it will be paling in comparison to HER actual wedding.

The part that makes it so much easier? They know exactly what they want. And the few suggestions other people gave, Viona was surprisingly receptive even when she may not have ultimately agreed to take the suggestion. And Viona is … how do I say this about my Princess without sounding terrible? Viona is a crazy manipulative bridezilla, and by that I mean she is trying to act like she's bridezilla while secretly giving in to almost any request Alric makes. In all fairness, he isn't making many, but I actually started keeping track and even when she originally seemed dead set on something she gave in to his requests.

I am starting to think that for all her posturing about him being her favorite minion she's in love with the boy. I don't think she's aware of it yet. I can't wait to watch this craziness unfold.

So here's how it would go down; we would be talking about some subject, let's say flowers, and he would say "I really like eucalyptus as the base greenery."

Vivi would counter with "What are you? A Koala? That does not go with the roses I have planned."
Then she would switch the subject to, say, the catering, eventually moving on to the drinks we might have available, and then she'd start in on how River's grandparents had recommended this Australian wine or beer or some other Australian nonsense. We'd all agree that sounds good, and then all of a sudden she'd sigh and say "well, if we're going with an Australian theme, I suppose the eucalyptus would be a nice accent, we'll just have to switch from roses to hydrangeas because they would look much better with that greenery."

It sounds like she's running things, but one suggestion from him and she's changed the main flower and coordinated all the drinks for the party to go with his idea. And for how demanding she's pretending to be, when I mentioned introducing Atreyu to the family at the same time as her engagement party? She was thrilled and thought it would be perfect. She even said something about giving a speech about all the wonderful young men coming into her life.

She is so totally your kid.

Oh, speaking of speeches, I have mine all ready to go! I assume you're giving one as well? Will we have to lie to all of our guests and tell them all about the freak thunderstorm over your face? Mine is going to be a doozy so you'll definitely want to wear waterproof mascara.

Speaking of you wearing or being lady-things … see what I did there? Smooth segue right? Also a little heteronormative calling mascara a lady thing. Hmm, I've done much better in the past. I will work on it.

So, speaking of you and your desire to get so much shagging whilst being a woman … we're going to have the entire extended circle at our house tomorrow night! Have you had a chance to think about my thoughts? I do not want to do a big playdate orgy, but we could invite the trio of the quartet, or Nev and Charlie, or anyone else you think might go for it. Just say the word and I will pull them to the side at the party and proposition them.

Mischievously Yours,
Harry

P.S. You are so lucky you opened your last email with that amazingly sweet moment with our Lily, it totally softened me up for hearing all about your student hitting on you. I did NOT talk to Viper about it and mention our men were talking about OUR WRATH being what would keep them from the cute little twink …

P.P.S. Viper did not feel nearly as sweet about it as I did, I have a feeling Tiger may end up in trouble, which probably means he's going to be quite annoyed with you telling me all about it. Good luck with that.

P.P.P.S. I'm pretty sure your forbidden forest dragon friend just showed up. So that's weird. Did you tell her in dragontalk that you would get freaky with her? I can get behind you wanting to see what sex as a woman is like but the dragon thing is really freaking me out. Uh, any way we can help the dragon population without you banging an animal? Maybe like the blood-potion thing? Unghch, do whatever you want but I don't like it.

P.P.P.P.S. Really do whatever you want, I won't be mad, but I will be exceedingly turned off by the whole thing.

Sunday August 14th
My most beloved Harry,
Let's NEVER speak of the dragon incident again! Let's just be reassured that she's not likely to come looking for me any time soon. And note, NO, I did NOT tell her to come get me when she was, erm, in heat - or however it works with Dragons. She apparently did that all on her own!

Honestly, if she hadn't been so upset and insistent, I probably would have just told her to shove off.

Moving on, Viona's engagement party was fabulous! I mean the food alone really made the day. I literally could not stop eating. I had stuffed mushrooms and hibachi grilled calamari, ceviche with sauerkraut, steak tartare smothered in a broccoli and cheese sauce, and Sanguinaccio Dolce. SO much Sanguinaccio Dolce! I'm not certain I left any for others to try, heh heh. And the things I ate aren't even the bulk of what was available! Did she hire the staff of Café Exquis, or did she have a famous chef come in and commandeer the elves?

At some point early on, I caught you and gave you about ten minutes worth of kisses before whispering in your ear that - if you were SERIOUS about me playing as a woman - I actually sort of wanted to shag Dean and Seamus. I mean that it's been ages since we've played with them, and I know you like having a pair of Gryffindors to play with because you all have this sort of base knowledge that includes inside jokes and that makes the experience so much more interesting for you.

And then it was time for the speeches. I cast an Absolutely-Cannot-Cry spell on myself, and so, I made it through without any odd phenomenon on my face. Squaring my shoulders, I prepared to entertain all the guests.

"Viona, my love, congratulations on finding the one person you want to annoy for the rest of your life." She chuckled, and so, encouraged, I kept going. "Alric, marriage is the relationship in which one person is always right, and the other is the husband. Also, you would do well to remember that marriage is full of compromise and that compromise is an amiable arrangement in which a husband and wife agree to let her have her way." Alric had sparkling eyes and looked like he was silently laughing in order to not intrude on my witticisms. "Also, while the secret to a happy marriage will forever remain a secret - and wedding rings just might be the world's smallest handcuffs - keep in mind that a good marriage is like a pair of sheers that might *seem* to be working in opposite directions, but never fail to shred anyone or anything that comes between them."

"Alright dad, thanks," Viona murmured, looking like she was finding me a tad embarrassing. I have no idea why!

Smiling at her, I kept going. "A woman takes a husband
A man takes a wife
Together they agree
To be sentenced for life.
They'll put on matching balls and chains
And settle down in a comfortable cell.
And as the years go drifting by,
Little gangsters will join them as well.
So Merlin bless the future bride and groom,
May the punishment fit the crime.
We wish them a long and happy life,
As they settle down to doing time.

Viona was now rubbing her forehead. "Dad... please stop..."

I was probably a bit tipsy at this point, because I did NOT see the red flag waving back and forth
before my eyes. "Alric, you are about to undergo a procedure in which you'll have your -"

"DAD!!" Viona snapped. You apparently took her side and cut me short with a long and brain melting kiss. After which I was so pleasantly fuzzy that I honestly didn't hear a word of your speech. I couldn't help but picture all the things I could be doing to you that moment.

Then it was time for the dancing. I gather that's when you propositioned Dean and Seamus. Also, apparently the Viper and Tiger overheard you and wanted to get in on the action. You even explained what exactly we planned to do and all parties agreed.

Meanwhile, probably more than a little tipsy at this point, I was dancing so sexily that I had at least half of Viona's Yarmates - the females one, only two or three of the males ones - catcalling me and offering me money to take things off. I sort of shrugged and thought: Why not? Just as I was unbuttoning my waistcoat, you once again came to Viona's aid by dragging me away.

In that stage of just barely drunk that makes one giggle at EVERYTHING, you had Viper help strongarm me to the playroom. Upon (sober) reflection (as I write this), that was probably for the best. Thank you for stopping me from turning Viona's engagement party into a, erm… inappropriate stripping contest.

In any case, once in the playroom, you kissed me until I calmed down enough to stop giggling - pretty much all of you sniggering at me. I even caught Viper muttering something about me being so adorable at the moment. Bloody arsehole!

Then you took a moment to reexplain and clarify things. "So, Draco had to go undercover about a month ago, and whilst undercover, he was Polyjuiced into a girl and working as a prostitute. The important part is that - after he closed the case - his Mind Healer suggested that he have a bit of sex as a woman, so that he can -"

"Not bored as fuck!" I roared.

"That too," you acknowledged with a look like you were asking Merlin for extra patience. "But more importantly, have an experience to help him separate the potentially traumatic hooking from more fulfilling and satisfying sex."

Seamus laughed. "Is he even sober enough to consent?"

You looked at me. "Well, we have talked about this a lot, and so I know he is willing and full of consent, but you have a point." You cast a sobriety charm on me, making me gasp as a hangover flashed across my head before fading. "Draco, love, are you fully consenting to this playnight?"

"Of course," I stated, still rubbing my head even though the hangover had already faded.

"Any questions?" You asked our guests.

"Yeah," Tiger stated with a raised brow. "Why *exactly* did you go undercover as a *prostitute*?"

"Long story short, there was a 15 year old girl that we needed to determine if she was working for a single pimp, or an organization, and that's what I went in to find out. She was working for a single pimp and he's now, erm, missing actually. He was arrested and being held securely in a cell while awaiting trial, and he suddenly vanished and hasn't been seen nor heard from since."

I glanced at you before looking away, and you looked so very calm and innocent that I couldn't very well make any sort of accusations. NOT that I think accusations need to be made! You
returned to the topic of the night.

"Draco, are you ready love?"

"Erm, let me strip off first," I said, because I think that letting them see me transform would be less embarrassing if they didn't see the tiny female me drowning in my bespoke clothing. Once naked, I nodded at you and you responded by casting the Damsel Curse on me.

"Blimey!" Seamus exclaimed. "He's TINY!"

I glared at him.

Dean laughed. "I can see why you'd want others to do the deed, Harry. Not only are you so gay that this more than likely turns you right the fuck off, but I imagine you feel like you'd break him in half!"

"Actually, I did do the deed," you murmured, blushing lightly. "But I think he deserves at least one lover that can not only do it, but worship his female body like a goddess - squicky parts and all."

Dean took my hand and kissed it. "I would love to do exactly that."

I grinned at him, already looking forward to it.

"While my husband is doing your husband," Seamus said. "I challenge you to a bit of a duel! I bet that *I* can not only give a better blow job, but also bottom better!"

"OH HELL NO!" You roared indignantly. "I'm the best there is at giving head, at bottoming, at taking a spanking - you name it, I can do better than you!"

Viper laughed and grinned at Tiger. "Sounds like we're in for a rough night of judging this contest!"

"Sounds like," Tiger agreed, absently rubbing his cushy bum, which I'll bet is still sore from the paddling he likely got the other day when you *didn't* let it slip to Viper that Tiger was eyeing up my obviously gay student.

As much as I was very interested to see you win that contest, my attention was grabbed and held hostage on the bed by Dean. He apparently doesn't get to have a woman very often at all - even less than I do - but he does like them and puts his entire attention into pleasing them when he has one. OH. MY. FUCKING. GODS!!!

He didn't just dive right in and play with my clitoris. No, he started with some sensual touching and flitting his tongue over every part of my body. You had said worship me like a goddess, and he was taking that seriously. It took him a good hour to make his way to my divine femininity. And even then he was in no rush. I started squealing about 20 minutes later, making noises that I didn't even know I could make! But he didn't stop. No, he simply softened his tongue a little and let me ride the wave before turning the intensity back up.

"Sounds like Draco finally got there," someone remarked, and I think it was the Viper.

Someone answered, but I couldn't hear who or what was said as I was already squealing again. It was then that he inserted a couple of fingers inside me and - gentling his tongue once more - stimulated me into squirting. Wow... I have no words for what that felt like. As I was spinning and floating in an ocean of bliss, he cast a spell I didn't quite catch on me and shifted into position between my legs. I clung to him and held on as if my life depended on it.
I'm half convinced that he cast a mild vibration spell on my clit as I was so close again already. He was ramming me into the bed nice and hard, and all I could do was gasp and brace myself for the (hopefully) final climax. When it hit, it was powerful! I definitely squealed again - or perhaps screamed.

But lest you get jealous, he was good; YOU are always so much better. In fact, even though I felt a bit wrung out and hung up to dry - panting and convinced that the bed was spinning - I immediately wanted you to come over and cuddle with me while giving me kisses. But now that my attention was no longer Dean's prisoner, I was able to look over and see that the Viper was spanking you as you were giving Seamus quite the shagging, and thus, I couldn't determine if you were still competing against each other, and if so, who was winning.

I enjoyed the view for a long while, and interestingly enough, despite almost certainly passing out for a few minutes, Dean was eventually awake again and laying next to me as he watched you too. He was muttering under his breath: "That's right love, take it! Take one Harry pounding into you while another beats his arse. Such a good bottom!"

Then it seems Seamus lost this round - which must have been a stamina round - as he cried out obscenely and pumped out a few long and pearly stripes. You: "HA!"ed triumphantly. Then you looked over at me to see if I was still getting my toes curled by Dean. Upon seeing me watching you with an adoring smile, you got giddy.

"I get my Draco's arse! Who wants his, erm…"

Tiger chuckled. "Vagina? Actually, I've been waiting all night for this, or well, my turn. I may have shagged my doppelgänger before, but I've never even wondered what it would be like to shag a female version of myself. That said, since the opportunity has presented itself, I'll be damned if I pass it up!"

Viper kissed him. "Alright, but only if I get to have a go too."

"I'm good, thanks anyway," Seamus informed us, waving us away. He then crawled into bed next to his husband so that they could snuggle and frot as they half watched what the rest of us were doing.

Thank Merlin and Salazar that I'd recovered! Also, it really is not fair how quickly women can be ready to go again. Had you or I (as a man) had four orgasms in so short a time, I'm dead certain we'd be passed out until morning!

I let you decide on the logistics - which you thought about for a few minutes, positioning me however you liked - before deciding that the best way all around was going to be Tiger on his back, me on top of him, and you on top of me. That way, you had access to work me open as I rode and kissed Tiger.

Second unfair thing, how freaking short I am as a woman! I'm four and a half feet - if I'm even that - which is nice when I'm with you because you're only a foot taller than me. BUT THEM! They're both six feet or taller! Thankfully, *I* (and thus the Tiger) am spaced out evenly enough that it wasn't miles from my mouth to his, and actually, I suppose we must have long legs because he was able to wrap them around the both of us after you'd worked me open oh so nicely and got inside me.

Wow! This is so different when I have two holes rather than a hole and a shaft! I... kinda like it, if I'm honest.
You two did your best to shag me dirty rotten, thoroughly exhausting me all over again. And then I had the Viper utterly finish me off with a combination of dirty talk and a little choking - while you had a turn with Dean (to prove that you were so much better at everything and win the contest once and for all), while Tiger had a turn with Seamus (who absolutely was not about to lose the challenge, no matter what).

All in all, we wore each other out so much that we all passed out in a pile in the enormous bed in our playroom, and I have no idea who woke first - or if they played more in the morning - because I slept the longest and woke up completely alone. So *I* win, HA!

Which leads me to the final supremely unfair thing: Despite you casting a sobriety charm on me and ending the active effects of the alcohol on my body, I STILL woke up with a bloody hangover! Thank the Gods that Muffy was able to get me a hangover potion and give me a strawberry and orange smoothie for breakfast. Between the two, I was feeling better in no time. Now, off to grab my never ending cup of milk and do a bit of light jogging on our track. Perhaps when I'm done, I'll stop feeling like an overcooked noodle and be able to do some yoga.

I belong with you, you belong with me, you're my sweetheart!
Draco
P.S. Thank you for ending the curse on me while I was still sleeping so that I didn't wake up and freak out for a moment before remembering why I was a woman.

Chapter End Notes

So, before you assume that Draco must have done something with the dragon, consider that he sounds a bit traumatized and I don't think he would be if he'd done it. He'd be like: "Huh, well that was different." SO, alternative things that might have happened is that Draco might have NEEDED to drive off and fight the dragon until he severely injured or killed her to get the point across that she wasn't allowed to come to his home and threaten his family. Plus, if he done that, he would never want to speak of it again because he'd hate himself a tiny bit for lessening his favorite dragon population rather than increase it.
That said, this will not come up again in this part, so there's no need to worry about it :-)

Chapter 59

Chapter Summary

Harry gives his speech and Draco has class.

Chapter Notes

I just didn't feel right leaving y'all with only one of the speeches, and so, and posting two in a row ^_^

Sunday August 14, 2016

My Heart,

Your description of yesterday's engagement party was a bit more lighthearted than others may have described the party. See, you seem to think Viona was slightly exasperated with your embarrassing dad behavior. Not so much. Based on the faces she was making, you most likely crossed over from embarrassing dad into drunken embarrassment.

You know I am not one to judge, I have made some really poor decisions whilst drunk, remember the time I sat pants-less holding on to my bits under a table with your father and Sirius? And no one will ever forget the noodle incident. But I have been able to avoid getting so pissed in front of my kids that I thought doing a strip tease at their engagement party was a good choice. Luckily, I did stop you before it got out of hand, so I don't think Viona will be straight up murdering you. Although I would step very carefully around her.

Perhaps try some groveling. Presents probably wouldn't go amiss.

Drinking doesn't usually effect you that strongly, I wonder if you're getting sick or something.

Oh, and I won't name names, but a husband of yours is also not particularly pleased with your speech last night. Five minutes of "isn't marriage a terrible prison where your spouse constantly tells you what to do and is always right" ..... ha.ha.ha. Again, this husband of yours has made a complete arse of himself in the past under the influence of grapes. But groveling to him may help the situation. He doesn't require presents but a sound spanking would be lovely.

Our after-party last night was really good. I thoroughly enjoyed letting my competitive nature out to play. Somehow Seamus seems to think he won? Yeah, who took a break after just a little bit of shagging? Nope, I won ya prat. I took more dicks, more dicks at once, and was directly responsible for more orgasms. I'm not sure how the guy thinks he won. Sad really that he's so delusional.

It was actually really surreal taking you at the same time as Tiger took you. I could hear your voice and your moans, groans, and gasps, and I knew it was you. But you were daintier, obviously, and had some extra parts, minus one very missed part. But since you were facing Tiger and I was behind you, there was a weird sense of ... I was shagging you, but you didn't look much like you,
and I was pretty much face to face with someone who has almost your exact same face. I actually
REALLY liked it.

I wouldn't be averse to trying that again, especially if we did a bit of a chain where I shagged you
while you shagged him or something that would put us in the same position but with all of my
favorite parts of you where they belong. I swear, it was really cool. You should try it some time! I
mean, not that I am going to ask to be damsel cursed, but maybe you and I and Viper could be in a
similar position so you could see how hot it is to stare at your love's back and 'his' face at the same
time.

I suppose it's a lot like what we did on our anniversary with the time-turner, but we were all facing
in one direction that night.

Since you didn't get a chance to hear my speech last night, you know due to the intoxication, I can
tell you exactly what I said:

“-Good evening everyone, thank you so much for coming and celebrating these two young
people's first step towards creating a life together. If you didn't know already, I am Harry, one of
Viona's Dads. She came into our lives when she was six months old, and despite adoption not
having been in our plans at that moment, we knew she was meant for our family. She settled
herself into our hearts and her stubborn little self refused to budge. Not that we particularly wanted
her to. She was our first child, and such a great example of how wonderful children are, that we
have pretty much never stopped!

“-But I'm not going to tell you about her arrival into our lives. Mostly because I could go on and on
for hours about the perfection that is my daughter, but I think we eventually want to get to dancing
tonight!

“-Instead I am going to tell you about a little boy who came into our lives a little over a month later.
This sweet boy had lived alone with his mother; he was her world, her only letting go when she
knew he would be safe. He was shy since he had had very little interaction with other people, but
he was smart as a whip. Sometimes strange things would happen around him, and most of the time,
it was his house elf that hid from the rest of us, but made sure he was cared for. But not only was
Alric clever, he was also powerful. And since Alric's birth mother isn't here to tell all of you
embarrassing stories about her child, I will have to stand in for her.

“-Now Alric was clever and powerful, but also stubborn. In fact, he was so stubborn that he
decided he was absolutely NOT going to use the loo. He was quite content with his nappies, ta ever
so. When the staff at Unity House attempted to potty train him, he flooded the entire loo. I want
you to picture this handsome young man as a teeny tiny toddler, red-faced and furious, standing in
a loo he just flooded because someone dared tell him he should try and use the potty.

“-I suppose it would be quite unfair to embarrass poor Alric and not embarrass my Princess. But
why only torture one when I can torture them both. This potty training issue was quite contentious
with little Alric. However, as shy as he was, he was also very competitive. I wonder what that's
like. During one of our very busy intake days, I ended up with an armful of Viona and my other
arm full of Alric. Any of you that are parents know that the second your arms are full is when an
emergency will hit. That's when I realized I had to use the loo desperately, but neither child was
willing to be put down or handed off. So, I brought them into the loo with me. Once there, Viona
let me know she wanted to be like Daddy and use the facilities, and Alric was not about to be
shown up by some baby! So I conjured a toddler potty and a bar for Vivi to hold onto and let them
take care of business.

“-For these two competitive children, taking care of business included fighting over the potty,
pushing each other over, and woeing all over the bathroom.”

Once the laughter died down, I hurried to wrap up my speech. I had rambled quite a bit (shocking!) and needed to stop taking up so much time.

“-My Viona, you were the first to make me a Dad. I had such hopes and dreams for you and you’ve managed to surpass every one of them. You are brilliant and loving, loyal and cunning, beautiful in a way that your entire personality shines from your face.

“-Alric, I am so proud of the man you’ve become. It’s been a joy to see you come so far from that little boy I knew. I won’t ask you to provide for my Viona, she is capable of that, but I ask you to provide arms that are a safe harbor for her. I won't ask you to love her, you seem to be doing just fine on your own, but I ask you both to remember that love should be the foundation you build your lives on and keep seeing in each other someone that is worthy of that love. I won't tell you not to argue, because what's life without a little confrontation, but I ask that you remember to wield your words carefully because they can cause the deepest wounds. I won't tell you to be the other's better half, because you are each whole people in and of yourselves, but to be people who bring out the best in each other.

“-May you both be clever enough to keep your spouse fulfilled intellectually.

“-May you both be stubborn enough to hold on to both who you are and each other.

“-May you love enough to fill your home with joy.”

I will love you to the end of time,
Harry

Wednesday August 17th
Hooray!

Today was my last class! I'm already looking forward to the next session, but I'm even more looking forward to having a break for two and a half weeks. I'm planning to take a weekend trip to Africa with Zaire to visit his uncle, unless you want to do it. I just figured that I could ask the tribal elders if there's anything they recommend us putting into our class - which starts Monday the fifth of September.

Yes, Elena has a full class ready for us, and they all have permission to do anything they're comfortable with. Also, half of them are adults, and so, didn't need permission in the first place. I have a good feeling about this. It's going to be an hour of moving my body to a good drumbeat, which always makes me happy. I'm going to be in such an excellent mood after that class, that my new session (that also starts on Monday the 5th) might just have it easier than this first class.

Might. We'll see.

As for this class, I'm so giddy that I'm almost feeling high!

But let me backtrack a minute and talk about my Monday class. So, after reading your email about needing to make it up to not only Viona, but also you, I immediately went shopping and bought her a gorgeous tiara to wear on her special day next year. Then I also bought a new paddle to use on you for your requested spanking.

And for what it's worth, if you reread my speech, you'll see that *nowhere* did I mention anything
about OUR marriage being like a prison; instead, I made it very clear that Alric - as a husband - would need to always let his WIFE (which neither of us are) have her way. I figured this would be a brilliant joke because he already knows full well that he is her favorite minion. Apparently, the brilliance of this joke lost something due to the fact that I was more than a little drunk at the time.

Moving on.

My class on Monday had an excellent start. When I walked in, we all automatically looked at my shirt to find that it said: I'm a badass with a nice ass - which made me smirk.

"Well he's not wrong," I said with a shrug.

One of my quieter students, a woman, frowned curiously. "How do you always manage to be surprised by the shirts you are wearing?"

I snorted in amusement. "I have NO IDEA how, but my husband has charmed all my workout shirts - as far as I can tell - so that no matter which perfect bespoke shirt I pick out and put on, it transforms into something like this by the time I get here."

"That must be so annoying!" She blurted out.

"I'd KILL my husband if he did that to me!" Another woman added fiercely.

"And after today, you'll know exactly how," I murmured with a smile. "But as for this, I'm actually getting used to it. Some days, it works out in my favor, and some days, they actually manage to make me laugh." Then I gestured to the room in general. "But as for now, go ahead and pair up. We're going to be working on the last pain spot, which probably not only seems obvious, but can very easily be lethal, and that's why I saved it for last."

I then cheekily saluted to the Mediwitch. "I'm so glad to see you here today, and while I personally know I will not be accidentally murdering any of my students today, I can't vouch for them murdering each other. I am relieved to know that you will be on hand to help out should the worst happen."

She harrumphed grumpily, crossed her arms over her chest, and snootily looked away. I shrugged. After a quick summoning spell, I had the practice dummy in front of me while surrounded by the entire class. "So, before I murder this dummy, I'm going to give you ANOTHER bonus spot - an alternative to use when the situation doesn't call for deadly force. That said, it really doesn't take much to break this spot, and can actually be lethal too if you're a tad overzealous."

With that, I punched the dummy in the nose hard enough that it flew back a little and landed flat on the floor. "But that spot is probably so obvious that you've instinctively tried to use it already." I said as I resummoned the dummy. Then I used the palm of my hand to firmly smack/grip its throat. "The throat - however - is really rather fragile. The cartilage is so thin and easily damaged that it is often likened to paper in professional fighting, and for obvious reasons, is usually off limits. That said, I'm not teaching you to win a professional fight, I'm teaching you to survive against hardened criminals - should you happen to come across one. Thus, if you deem it necessary, a punch to the throat can be an acceptable way to incapacitate or even kill an opponent."

At that point, I withdrew my hand and actually punched the dummy in the throat. It unsurprisingly landed on its back again. I then turned to pace before my class.

"Obviously, I do not want you to kill each other before the criminals even have a chance. This is why I am teaching you these things and advising you to use less force than necessary. Honestly, for
my 'grading' system, simply landing the hit is enough to prove you know what you are doing and can do it when needed. So, I want you all to start with light taps and work your way ever so slightly harder until you have a good idea of how much pressure you would need to use. If you use enough to make your partner go ouch and rub his or her throat, you are nearly there and should stop. If you end up using enough force to make them cough and double over, congratulations, you've nearly killed them. Try to avoid that. If at any time you feel like you can't quite breathe or swallow, see my lovely assistant here."

"Arsehole!" She grumbled at me.

After they practiced a bit - honestly being amazed that it really didn't take much pressure to harm their partners - I had them spar so that they could practice using ALL the moves I've taught them during the course of the class in order to have everything fresh in their minds for the final on Wednesday.

Which was today.

So, today, when I walked into class, I looked down to see that you had picked possibly the best shirt yet.
I know I swear a lot
1. I'm very sorry
2. I'll try to be good
3. 1+2 are lies
4. You can fuck off

I couldn't even be mad or argue or anything!

Before class had started - and I'd gone in a bit early to set this up - I'd created a secret 'top box' so that Robards, Roche, Bletchley, and even Kingsley if he wanted (plus others they invited) could come and watch. Apparently the previous instructor didn't have a final exam so much as just evaluating them as they went so that - as long as they met his minimum expectations for passing - he could just pass them along to the next level. WELL, I've inadvertently made this class both levels in one - plus some.

Strangely, this made for a lot of talk around the Ministry and a LOT of people really want to see the results of this class. Plus, I really think that *I* as a teacher was being evaluated to see if my rather harsh methods are worth the multitude of complaints they almost certainly received. Probably at least half of them from the Mediwitch alone, hahaha!

Also, I'd arranged it so that I had a roomy and throne-like chair that I could sit on. The majority of my students were going to be sitting on a circle of cushions around the ring. The class was going to be paired up at my discretion and given ten minutes to spar. As they sparred, I evaluated their overall level, deciding if they had passed.

To be clear, those who are already Aurors - that were taking this as a refresher - only needed to pass the class. Those that were Aurors in training needed to pass the class as a first level, and then come back to attain a sort of second level - unless they managed to pass 'with honors' - meaning that I would feel confident clearing them for raid duty. If they don't pass with honors, they can wait a bit before taking the class again, but most of them will want to just get it over with and not have to worry about combat until they're due for a refresher.

Anyway, I thought about writing down a detailed blow by blow account of each mini battle to the death, except that to do that justice, I'd actually have to know their names so you'd know who I was talking about. So, rather than describe them all, I'll just overview the ones I've talked about the
most.

I made fatty go first. I paired him up with decently competent (even to begin with) and sat back and stroked Wojtek's soft baby fur as I watched. "And remember, in order to pass, you not only need to demonstrate proficiency, but ALSO hit at least 4 of the 8 spots I taught you!"

You know, if we ever run short of money and need to earn a bunch quickly, I'm dead certain I could organize professional championship matches and make a killing - possibly both figuratively and literally.

At just short of ten minutes, decently competent had hit five spots, but fatty had only hit three. I was getting ready to cruelly fail his arse when he squeaked the fourth spot in at the last second AND managed to KO is opponent.

"Impressive..." I murmured. "You both pass. You can fuck off now. Unless you feel like watching the rest of the class."

Fatty had apparently had more than enough of me, because he left without so much as a word telling me off, although I do think he was grumbling it under his breath. Decently competent - once he was revived by the Mediwitch - opted to stay and watch.

I paired obviously gay with the witch that is always ogling me and they both passed. This didn't surprise me, to be honest, as both were making excellent progress. My timid little mouse and three others failed, which also did not surprise me. The rest of the women passed, one of which - along with two men - managed to actually obtain 'with honors' status.

All in all, I'm rather proud of all of them.

At the end of class, about half of the students had fucked off, but the other half were loitering to ask me various questions - such as one student who wanted to know if he would be required to run for an hour on his first day of the next session - to which I answered: "Of course!"

Suddenly, an old friend walked through the door. "Still an arse, I see!"

"Ginger!" I exclaimed happily, and then waved my hand in front of my nose. "Still drowning in perfume, I see."

She laughed. "I had the pleasure of watching the final exam, and now I'm wondering if YOU still have what it takes to pass this class - which you really should since you're teaching it."

"Oh-ho! Bring it on!" I invited, gesturing for her to come at me.

"Ladies," she purred with a grin at the three out of four that hadn't left yet. "I see you're all wearing comfortable shoes, which is fine if that's what you ALWAYS wear. But IF you EVER wear heels, you should really spar in them. They actually give you quite the advantage when kicking a bastard in his eye!" She lifted a foot so that everyone could see her lethal looking stilettos.

"ONLY if you can manage to lay a hit on me!" I stated confidently. And with that, she initiated a tornado of an attack that would have caught me off guard if I hadn't seen it in her eyes. Between the two of us, we gave the remaining students quite the show. The match lasted at least 20 minutes and ended when I chopped her in the neck at the same time as she punched me in the solar plexus. We both staggered back and - panting heavily - agreed to end it before things REALLY got serious.

I heard one student bemoan in a mutter: "I'm NEVER going to pass if THAT'S the standard he expects us to live up to!"
Ginger put her hands on her hips and gave me a light glare. "You know, I actually WAS a champion fighter in my youth, and it always aggravates me that you can go toe to toe with me. WHERE in the ever loving hell did you learn to fight like that?!

I was a little surprised. "You mean you don't just assume I learned it from the Dark Lord and his henchmen?"

She shook her head. "By all accounts, he was a sadistic bastard that used magic for everything he possibly could. I don't think he cared if his Death Eaters knew how to fight beyond the little it took to intimidate some muggles."

I laughed. "Ha! Well, you're actually right about that! He'd Crucio a person to death or feed them to his pet snake, but he'd NEVER be so crass as to actually punch a person with his own hand. So, to answer your question, I learned to fight from the Russian Mob."

She looked rather surprised. "REALLY???

I simply smirked and shrugged.

Happy to have ended our fight on good terms, Ginger and I hugged (so if I smell like a brothel tonight, that's why), and then agreed to go out to drinks. She is actually known for being a hardarse too, and so, when she spotted Wojtek sleeping on my throne, she utterly astonished everyone by walking over, picking him up, and talking to him in baby talk as she rubbed noses with him.

"Aw, such a cute widdle bay-bee!"

I came home after you were already asleep, and took a potion to counteract the mildly drunken stupor I'd cultivated so that I could write this email before joining you in bed. But once I sign off, I'm going to take a mild pain potion and go soak in the bath for a bit. I'm still sore from Ginger's punch, and also, strangely, my abdomen aches. Hopefully a bath will clear everything right up - especially if I put a potion to soothe sore muscles in the water.

Love you!

You say I am loved when I can't feel a thing, You say I am strong when I think I am weak, You say I am held when I am falling short, when I don't belong, oh, You say I am yours, and I believe, Draco
Monday August 22, 2016

My Warrior,

I miss you and Zaire. Alright, that's not completely true. I have had times of missing you, particularly when I've been waking up with empty arms in the morning. Alright, that's not true either, Atreyu is refusing to sleep anywhere but with me. But I do miss you in the morning when I wake up with only one of you in bed. And it has definitely meant Trey has been waking up earlier than usual, normally I am able to wiggle out and he sleeps a little longer wrapped up with you. With no Papa in bed? He is up bright and early!

But besides that one golden moment, I have basically climbed out of bed and hit the ground running every morning. Haven't even stopped to eat, just munched on whatever food Muffy has been forcing on me a few times per day. I've pretty much only stopped in time to crash into bed at night and I'm asleep before my head hits the pillow.

Why have I been so busy? Well, I know I told you about what was going on before you left for Africa with Zaire, but we've been preparing for new rescue horses. And we've been receiving them almost nonstop for three days running now. I really assumed once we were up and running, we would get the occasional horse here or there, occasionally a few at once if they didn't want to split up a little herd. But what the community of rescues have decided is because we have such a central but strangely harder to reach location, each of the overfull stables would send us a few of their horses. That way when they get notification of a new horse, they would have room to take on their care immediately.

As you know from still being home last week, the stables were already prepared but we had to prepare a muggle appropriate entrance and road from that to the stables. We can't exactly accept deliveries from the other rescues and ask them to just apparate the horse on over at their leisure!

So now we have an official Muggle appropriate rule at the stables, if you are within sight of the stables or the road leading to them, no wizarding gear allowed. It's not really an issue, no one was really using that portion of the grounds which is why I was so excited to be able to open the stables. And it's no longer 1996, and muggle wear is seen at the Manor pretty often.

However, I think I need to warn you so that you brace yourself for what you may see when you get home. You know how your father is secretly a marshmallow who will do anything for his grandchildren? The former blood purist is led around his ancestral home by a small army of children.

Side note: we need a new nickname for the trouble trio plus Atreyu. We already have a quartet so I don't want to do that. But I'm having trouble (haha, trouble) coming up with a good name for these four naughty little ones. Something about them being a foursome? Quads? The feisty foursome? The Calamity Quads? Some amalgamation of their names or initials? Clap? Atrephilum?

Hmm, we'll have to think about it.

Anyway, the sight I have to prepare you for. Your father is absolutely whipped by his grandchildren. So when Lissa put on her best "look how much I look like Grammy Cissa" face. Batting those big eyes of hers. And begged Grampy Lulu to "come look at the horsies with me Grampy." The devious thing hasn't called them horsies once, but all of a sudden she pulls out the
baby voice to get what she wants. He "begrudgingly" agreed to come out, and then she told him about the muggle clothes rule.

You have quite a bit of muggle clothing, your father not so much. But the two of you are fairly similar in size, so Lissa brought him to our closets and found him a pair of denims and then eventually he just adjusted the size of one of my shirts when we realized none of yours were particularly suited to the stables. Second side note: we need to get you some stable-y clothes.

Eventually Lissa managed to drag him, dressed in denims and a bright blue plaid flannel shirt, to the stables. Where he ended up falling in love with the horses. He insisted they were regal creatures, practically designed to carry royalty. Whatever you need to say to convince yourself Lulu. So for the last three days, your father has been sweating in the stables and riding all over the Manor grounds with at least one grandchild on his lap, wearing those denims and plaid shirts.

He wears a cowboy hat.

So, in case you come home and that's the first sight you see, no you are not hallucinating, your father has decided he's an American cowboy.

You're welcome,
Harry

P.S. Hurry home we miss you!

P.P.S. A cowboy.

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Tuesday August 23rd
Harry,

My... father... is a cowboy???

Thank you for warning me. I DEFINITELY needed to wrap my head around that before seeing it. Although, he's a rather good looking cowboy, and so, I know I would look good if I dressed up like one too. Speaking of dressing up, I have plenty of clothes that would be suitable for a stable! Just because they are a bit fancier than you deem appropriate, doesn't mean I can't wear them in a stable if I want to.

But moving on.

No wait, I need another minute to wrap my head around the fact that I literally JUST SAW my father riding around on horseback with Persephone. He's... Well, as you said, completely wrapped around their tiny fingers. It's surreal to see!

Alright, as I was saying.

So I had a great weekend in Africa with Zaire. We not only visited with his uncle, but also had the Zulu wizarding elders help us refine our curriculum. They actually - unsurprisingly - knew which cultures had similar yet unique dances that could be taught together harmoniously. So, Zaire and I are ready to go!

So, once I came back from Africa, while I was still reeling a bit from the sight of my father, Elena popped in. She originally wanted to talk to the both of us, but since you were busy with your horses and *I'm* the one more likely to say no, she decided to talk with me first so I'd have some time to
think things through before we talked about it together and made a decision.  

So, erm, apparently - well you know how Elena's school has attracted important people almost from the very beginning because Ekaterina uses her fame to pull them in? It seems that the casting director for a major play in London came to scout for new talent at Elena's school and fell in love with Shtara. They want to offer her a role in an adaptation of a famous movie - one we all love, actually. They think she would be PERFECT for the role, and... well, if we agree, they'll have her singing and dancing on stage three nights a week for several months.  

Since Shtara is a full time student at Elena's school, Elena can easily work around her performance schedule of Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, giving her a break on some homework if necessary and seeing to it that Shtara doesn't try to do too much.  

Personally, I feel this is the same as River wanting to learn massage. By that I mean that Shtara is going to Elena's school in the hopes that some day, she'll be able to use her talent and skills in plays, shows, and the like, and so, I want to say yes. On the other hand, she's ONLY 13. I'm not certain she's truly ready for this. And so, I definitely need to talk to you and hear your thoughts on the subject.  

Side note, did you get a chance to see Elena while she was here? Isn't her baby bump just GORGEOUS? She found out and told us in mid April, and was probably at least a month along when she found out, that puts her at 6 months - give or take a week or so - and so, her bump is rounded enough to be obvious, but still small enough that her overall appearance is slender and delicate.  

I know Kisa just had her baby - but since apparently being only a nephew doesn't garner the relevant details, I have no idea if she had a boy or a girl or if it was a day or a month ago. In any case, my point is that since Kisa had a baby recently, should WE throw Elena her baby shower? Or is Kisa still determined to do it? I suppose we still have a few months for Kisa to decide and let us know.  

But I'm going to have to sign off now and ask Muffy to bring me a smoothie or something. I'm hungrier than I should be, considering that I've been feeling off all day. But you want to know something surprising? While in Africa, the Tribe Wizards still had rather a lot of Mopane Worms left from the rainy season. They catch them by the loads around the beginning of May and then dry the majority of them so they last the rest of the year. We didn't have any the first time we were there because we were honored guests and they were trying to impress us. This time, we were welcomed like distant relatives, and so, given a slightly more immersed experience.  

Thus, the worms, but where I was going with this is that they offered us some because they are considered a delicious delicacy. Zaire looked disgusted but gave them a go, then politely declined to have any more. As for me, I also thought they looked a bit, erm… less than appetizing, but to my surprise, they had this certain something that I just can't describe. I ate a LOT of them, and even now, I'm strangely craving them.  

I wonder if Muffy can get me some...  

Off to find a bite to eat!  

One way or another, I'm gonna getcha,  
Draco  
P.S. I brought Amala with us to Africa this time – as you must have noticed since she wasn't home – and she spent half the time wandering away and staying out for so long I was honestly afraid that she'd been eaten by a lion or something – since she CLEARLY doesn't have the same survival
skills she'd have if she never got injured and brought home with me. But she came back to me each night to sleep in our hut with me and Zaire. And so... maybe I might be getting those grandbaby cheetahs after all?
Chapter 61

Chapter Summary

Harry is concerned and Draco wonders if he's coming down with that summer cold he's overdue with.

Wednesday August 24th
My Cowboy,

Yes, you have clothes that could be considered the bespoke version of stable clothes. But if you're actually going to tromp around, get covered in horse hair, hay, and whatever ends up on the ground, maybe you shouldn't wear ridiculously expensive gear. Perhaps you should wear some comfortable clothes that you can stain up and not worry overly much about what they're covered in.

Yes, your father was quite the handsome cowboy. My adorable Malfoy Cowboys! But Lucius certainly didn't hold a candle to you; when you came out and took one of the mares out for a ride? Yeah, you make a really fit cowboy as well. I wanted to peel all your clothes off and have a clandestine roll in the hay with you. Just thinking about it right now makes me want to wake you up and drag you outside to have some desperately filthy outdoor shagging.

I won't because you really have been acting all weird with your stomach aches. Maybe you feel off because you ate a ton of worms!! You ate worms Draco. Worms. I mean, I understand different cultures have different eating habits. And if I'd been raised in a place where that was common I probably wouldn't think anything of it. I can logically tell myself it's a protein and the idea that it's gross is all in my head.

But it's really fucking gross. Can we just both pretend you never said anything about eating them to me? I can live in a state of denial where I have never had my tongue in the mouth of someone who eats worms.

So glad we agree.

So, about our Shtara. I have concerns, I would need to have some in depth talks with casting or the directors or whoever will mostly be in charge of my girl. But, if I feel my concerns will be addressed and she will be cared for? How could I possibly say no to this amazing opportunity for her?

Here are my concerns … she needs to still be able to make her education and her family a priority. She can't just be in rehearsals all day, performances at night, essentially burning the candle at both ends. I would have to feel comfortable with her rehearsal and performance schedule that it would still leave room for her to learn and for her to be able to be a thirteen year old little girl. And you know I have to be able to see my baby, I'm not going to go weeks without her sweet face!

Another concern: I want some sort of bodyguard for her. Okay, that makes me sound crazy. I don't really need her to have a "bodyguard,” but there have been too many cases of child actors being taken advantage of, whether it's emotionally, financially, or physically. It doesn't have to be someone who is a bodyguard, but I would want to have a nanny or a tutor or one of us with her at all times. I don't want there to be even a twenty minute window where someone can ask her to "talk
privately for a few minutes” and destroy her childhood. Basically I want her kept safe from crazy stage parents and any other trappings child stars are vulnerable to.

Oh, obviously we would need to ask her if this is even something she wants. Maybe she has no interest in being on stage …. ahahahahahahah! Bwahahahah! Hee Hee Hee. Ho ho hehehehe. Phew! Wow! That might have been the most ridiculous thing I've ever said.

But we should talk with her about this before we truly make our decision.

And I'd like her to have a tutor. I know she wants to keep up her classes at Lainie's school, but I think it would be ideal for her to have a tutor who is specifically watching to make sure nothing falls through the cracks.

But that's just my take. If you don't want her to do it I will support you in that. I just think if we can make sure she is safe and isn't overdoing it, I am willing to let her chase her dreams. We've never stopped any of the other kids from pursuing their dreams, I don't know why we would start now.

I can't believe you don't remember Kisa having had her baby! I … actually I think she went into labor Wednesday while you were in your last class. I did tell you all about it the next morning, but now I'm wondering if you were doing your half asleep thing where you pretend you're listening to me but you're really just sleeping a little extra with your eyes half open.

Kisa had Aleksei Thursday morning, the eighteenth, roughly an hour after midnight. From what I've heard, he was quite big, he's absolutely beautiful, and Kisa is "never doing this again Blaise Christopher. Do you fucking hear me?!?"

Ah, pregnancy hormones and labor pain. I can't tell you how glad I am that we never have to do that again. I never again have to deal with contractions to get a kid out of a hole I don't even have. I feel your pain Kisa, never again!

Don't worry, she definitely loves you, you're her first nephew. She made sure to have us messaged immediately, I told you about the birth, and then I sent our congratulations and a gift. Actually I think tomorrow we should try to have a magi-skype date so we can meet little Aleksei. I'm getting so antsy for babies. I want to snuggle and smooch little Aleksei and I can't wait to snuggle and smooch our grandchildren!

Yes, I saw our Lainie and her baby bump. She is absolutely glowing. She's just one of those beauties that pregnancy only illuminates their features. Obviously I can wait because we want that baby born healthy, but I am so ready to snuggle this little one!

Oh! I have no problems hosting her baby shower, but maybe we can ask Kisa tomorrow during that skype date what she'd like to do. It can really go either way, she could be angry with us for taking it away from her, or she could be relieved if we take something off her plate.

Okay, I can't hold it any longer. Hope you're not TOO tired because I am totally going to wake you up and make you shag me under the moonlight!

Saddle up cowboy!

Harry

Friday August 26th
The fire of my heart,
I love when you want me so much that you literally wake me up to have me! Especially when what you want is a kinky outdoor shag. I also loved that it was still very much warm outside and we didn't need to cast a warming charm to not freeze.

Our Magi-Skype with Kisa and Alexsei was so lovely. He's adorable! That said, I am SOOOOO glad that I am done having babies for good! Never again, I tell you. The pregnancy part wasn't so bad, if I'm honest, nor the baby part - although having three of them in one go was a bit rough. It's more to do with the fact that our youngest are finally old enough to play by themselves, need less attention in general, and going back to the diaper changing baby stage really just feels like a step back.

And besides, both Elena and Eris are going to give us grandchildren. I don't care that Eris "hasn't quite decided yet," we both know that she's going to keep the little peanut or she would have gotten it over with by now. She's not an indecisive one by any means, but I think she's giving herself extra time to think through everything that might happen - and will happen - before she makes the decision final. Otherwise, she's hoping that the time will run out and the decision will be taken out of her hands.

But that said, I do completely understand what you mean about wanting to snuggle a precious little baby. Watching Kisa nurse her baby was like sheer perfection, and by that, I mean that the magic and joy of a new baby is so wonderful, that watching that new bond is like having a tiny peek at heaven. And as someone who has nursed - ANOTHER thing I'm so glad I'm never doing again! - I intuitively understand the quiet joy she was feeling; how our little ruthless mobster could look at her son with such a fond expression her face. Fond nothing! Pure love!

Moments like that remind me why I agreed to parent 15+ children with you.

In other news, we have a meeting to meet with the casting director and a few others working on the play. We're going to be discussing all of your concerns, and since the meeting is in Elena's office, she will be on hand to help us ask any questions we didn't think of, and also has enough experience ‘in the field' - so to speak - that she'll understand the terminology. Basically, she'll have our backs if we get a bit confused. I daresay that by the time we're done, we'll be ready to make a decision.

And just to address some of your concerns before we even go into the meeting, I would naturally hire a nanny-like person who'd be ready to hex anyone iffy at the slightest provocation. As much as I would like to believe that the entire theater would be a safe space for our daughter, I'm definitely realistic enough to recognize that it's probably not. So long as we can minimize any risk, I truly believe that our children deserve to follow their hearts.

I mean hell! I supported Miles becoming a drag queen, didn't I? After that, I think it's safe to say that our kids could come to me and say that they were going to go explore the galaxy, and aside from being sad that I may never see them again, I'd be happy and proud to be the father of such ambitious children.

Let's hope that doesn't happen!!!

Ugh! My whole body aches! I feel like I fell asleep in class and my students took that as their cue to beat me half to death! Not to mention, I woke up about an hour earlier than usual because I felt like I needed to have an urgent and unpleasant conversation with the toilet, but once I got there, nothing happened. I ended up drinking from my never ending cup of milk while I waited to see if there was an actual reason my body woke me up so alarmingly, but nope. I soon felt right as rain. So, I tried to go back to bed, only I couldn't sleep because I was hungry, and upon reflection, I wonder if it was a gnawing hunger that woke me and I simply mistook it.
Otherwise, well, I AM overdue for this year's summer cold. Maybe I'm coming down with the dragon flu.

But even though I've already had a smoothie with a nice side of sauerkraut for breakfast, I honestly feel like I haven't eaten in hours. I'm thinking a full fry up - pancakes, bacon, sausage, eggs, tomatoes, beans, fried potatoes, and orange juice. I feel like I'm forgetting something... OH! Fruit! I should have some berries to go with my pancakes!

You wouldn't HAPPEN to be making that for lunch, would you? I guess I'm just going to have to try to find the kitchen and find out. Love you!

I touch you once, I touch you twice, I won't let go at any price,
Draco
Chapter 62
Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Hannah pays a visit.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Saturday August 27, 2016

My Love,

If you aren't feeling better by Monday, you ARE going to see Healer Rowe. I've already scheduled your appointment for noon. Fine, Pippa scheduled the appointment but I asked her to. If it's the dragon flu, we want to get you quarantined before you go spewing it all over the wizarding world!

You know how worried I get. What if you picked up something dangerous while you were in Africa with Zaire? What if all those disgusting things you ate that we will never speak about again did something terrible to your insides. You could have like tapeworms or something. A parasite Draco, you could have a parasite! You could have multiple parasites! Leeching off of you and your magic, taking over your body. Oh Merlin my love, what are we going to do?

Maybe we shouldn't wait until Monday. I was just thinking it was a little sickness or something, but after I think about everything you've been doing and all the different places you've been, this could be really really serious.

Haha, no I'M Sirius! Not funny Sirius, this is scary!

And have you noticed Atreyu with you the last week or so? He uh, okay don't take this the wrong way alright? He says you smell funny. Yesterday when you came searching for us, you seemed surprised that I had already started making pancakes for lunch. I hadn't had time to read your email at that point, so how did I know you wanted breakfast for lunch and pancakes with berries specifically (and a bunch of other stuff but still)?

The answer is, I didn't. Atreyu had slept in a bit with you as usual, although he was definitely awake much earlier than you were. When he came out, I asked him what we should make for brunch. He asked for Papa Pancakes. "Uhhh, what are Papa Pancakes little man?"

"Daddy, you know, pancakes smell like Papa. Every day Papa smell yummier. He's … dulce." And have you noticed the cute way his nose scrunches up when he's searching for a word? I want him to keep his Spanish speaking skills, and I definitely want him to feel comfortable speaking English, but I am a truly terrible Daddy because I don't want him to lose his little nose scrunch when he can't find the right word in the other language.

And in case you weren't aware, dulce means sweet.

As much as it's probably nice for Atreyu that you smell like pancakes, what if that's a sign of
something bad? I mean, what if it's like smelling burnt toast means you're having a stroke! Which incidentally, is just a myth, sometimes you smell weird things when you're having a stroke if the stroke messes with your scent receptors while your brain is misfiring, but burnt toast is not specific to any actual issue. I just mean that whole idea that the scent of you would be an indicator of something we should worry about.

Okay, I know you enjoyed me waking you up for a midnight shag, but otherwise you hate being woken up. So .. er … maybe I'll come suck you awake and then you'll be happy and then I'll force you to go to the Healer as soon as you've come down from your shag high.

Yeah, that's a good plan.

Incoming?
Harry

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Sunday August 28th
My worrywart,

I'm fine. I woke up Saturday feeling delightful, thanks to you. Also, this morning was fine. I was just a little hungover feeling - despite not having had anything to drink. I don't even think I need to see Rowe tomorrow, especially since you scheduled it for JUST when I plan to wake up, but I suppose that if it'll make YOU feel better, I'll suffer through an exam.

As for Atreyu thinking I smell like pancakes, that's weird, but better that than dragon dung or something.

As for today, I had no plans other than a lazy Sunday, but to my surprise, I got an unexpected visitor. Well actually, two. My first visitor was Ramsey. You have never met him, and since I've only mentioned him maybe two or three times, I would not at all be surprised if you don't remember him. HE'S the man in charge of interrogations - for the most part - and was with me when I talked with Gretchen before going undercover as her.

He must have heard that I usually get up before noon and assumed that this meant that I would be up, dressed, and ready to receive visitors at noon on the dot. To his dismay, I was still naked and in the middle of my morning yoga. Muffy not only informed me that I had a visitor, but popped him into the room at my command. So he stood there, flustered, and stammered out:

"S-s-sweet Merlin man! P-p-put some clothes on!"

I gave him a look that wondered how stupid he was. "You have come to my home JUST after I've woken up. I haven't even performed my morning routine - which includes a shower - and so putting clothes on now is an all around bad idea. Either suck it up and get on with the reason you are here, or leave and come back in a couple of hours when I'm ready to get dressed."

"Erm..." He took a few deep breaths as he thought this over, and then nodded in agreement. "Right. I erm, well, I'm h-h-here because I have something to ask you. Something important." His nerve was clearly hardening as he talked because he stopped stammering.

"Alright, I'm listening," I murmured as I struck Warrior Pose and held it for a good 30 seconds.

"You see, it's like this, I've had some time to think over your interview with Gretchen Minch, and I've come to the conclusion that you were definitely using talents other than just sympathy, understanding, and charm. You seemed to know things that she didn't actually tell you. I think... I
"Is that so?" I murmured as I shifted so that I could brace my arms and head on the floor and do a head stand.

"Yes... And I want you to teach the skill to one of my Aurors," Ramsey stated confidently.

"Oh?" I questioned with a *look* that probably lost something considering that I was upside down.

"Yes, on Wednesdays - before or after your class - I have an Auror named Fierston that I think would do well learning Legilimency and Occlumency - as I know that Occlumency is usually taught first, and is somewhat necessary to learn before Legilimency."

I ended my headstand a bit earlier than I planned so that I could stand up and look him in the eye with an even but potentially deadly look. "And - just assuming for a moment that you're right - WHY would I want to teach ANYONE this potentially... harmful skill?"

Ramsey sighed. "Listen, I know - I understand - that this is a... grey skill. It could be used for bad, but - just as YOU did - it can also be used for good. I've known Fierston for a long time and he's one of the genuinely-wants-to-help sort. When I partner with him on an interrogation, I let him be the 'good cop' while I play the 'bad cop' because I don't think he has it in him to be the 'bad cop' - even if it's just pretend. He also has that soothing quality that makes a person trust and open up to him. I think you'd actually like him."

"My liking him has nothing to do with the matter at hand. I'm NOT concerned with passing on this skill. You think Robards hasn't begged me to do so before?" I scoffed.

He sighed rather morosely. "Fine... just... Well, I thought you actually DID care. I guess I was mistaken, but I thought the reason you conduct raids and teach unarmed combat is that you give a shit about justice, and that you not only want it served, but you also want it done with a certain standard of respect and competence."

I glared at him because he might just have hit my ONE nerve on this subject. I took a deep breath and stared him in the eyes as I thought this over. To my relief, he wasn't hiding anything sinister - and I would have known because his mind was such a disorganized mess that I don't think he could have hidden guilt over sneaking a biscuit - much less an actual secret.

"Fine, I'll think it over and talk with my husband."

"Do you think you'll have made a decision by the time we conduct our raid on Wednesday?"

"Wait WHAT??" I demanded because this was the first I was hearing of it.

Ramsey blushed and looked away. "Oh, sorry, I guess you wouldn't have been told yet because we're still gathering up the last of the intel. But I'm dead certain you'll be getting a notice of it on Monday morning."

I sighed and ran a hand through my hair, a little grumpy that Robards had been ordered to wait until September and was pushing it by conducting a raid the day before. But at least this way, we'll have the actual raid over and I'll be able to stand with you the next day in King's Cross as we see our kids off.

"All I can promise is that I'll think about it," I stated, basically telling him that it was time to leave before I lost my temper and kicked his arse out.
But before he could take my hint, Hannah popped out of the floo. "Draco darling! Oh, looks like I have excellent timing! Have you gone for your run with Harry yet?"

"I was planning to skip that today and take an extra long soak in the Onsen instead."

"Ooo! I might have to stay and invite myself into the Onsen with you!" She cried out gleefully as she came over and kissed me on the cheek.

"Is there a playful reason for your unexpected visit, or are you just planning to use me and run?" I asked with a flirty smirk.

She grinned at me. "Well, I DO plan to use you a bit, but then maybe I can stay and play."

"WAIT!" Ramsey blurted out. "This is starting to sound like something that could get me murdered in my sleep if your husband finds out I knew and didn't tell him!"

Hannah and I both laughed.

"Better make sure your ward spells are top notch from now on," I warned him. He paled.

Grinning madly, Hannah pulled a file out of her small purse and flopped it on the table next to us. "This one is an OLD case. Thus, it's not urgent. The victims are already long dead even if they survived their disappearance."

"Oh, sounds interesting," I murmured, sitting down and ordering Muffy to bring us some tea and biscuits. "And don't forget the Sanguinaccio Dolce!"

Hannah explained even as I flipped through the file. "Ever heard of the Princes in the Tower?"

"Erm... Can't say that I have," I murmured with a shrug.

"Well, that's probably because it's not taught in Hogwarts - as far as I've heard. It's firmly part of muggle history. You see, in 1483, there was a King named Edward the Fourth. His oldest son and heir - named Edward the Fifth - and his younger brother Richard were 12 and 9, respectively. On April 9th of that year, Edward the Fourth died from an illness, making his son Edward the Fifth the new king - his coronation set for May 4th.

"However, before that date arrived, Edward the Fourth's adult younger brother - also named Richard - postponed the coronation to June 22nd, and in the meantime, had Edward the Fifth placed in the Royal and traditional residence of the Tower of London. This was the place where Royalty had long stayed whilst awaiting their coronation, so this was not an unusual thing - despite the fact that the Tower of London is ALSO quite famous as a prison.

"At some point before June 22nd, the younger Richard joined his brother in the tower, and the older Richard postponed the coronation indefinitely so that HE could then seize the throne and crown himself Richard the Third. Which he did by having a group of his powerful supporters declare the Princes both illegitimate, making him the true legitimate Heir to the throne.

"The Princes were seen playing a few rare times that summer, but never again. An attempt to rescue them in late July failed, and it seems that it was rather widely accepted that they were already dead by that point, likely murdered at the command of King Richard the Third."

She took a break to eat a biscuit and sip on some tea.

I shook my head. "The nerve of some muggles! I cannot IMAGINE murdering any of my family,
even if they literally stood in my way as I - oh I dunno, needed to save the world or something."

Hannah nodded in understanding and agreement, even as Ramsey blurted out: "But wait! If they disappeared and were assumed murdered by their uncle, then WHAT are you doing here - nearly 500 years later - claiming this is some sort of case to work on?"

Hannah decided that she'd been a bit rude and held out her hand for Ramsey to shake. "Detective Inspector Hannah Giles - yes I kept my name despite being married," she added for my benefit.

Ramsey shook her hand. "Auror George Ramsey, pleasure to meet you."

Returning her attention to me, she said: "I know that we have literally NOTHING to work with, but I'm hoping that won't matter."

I sighed and closed my eyes. "We'll see. NOT that we'll be able to validate anything either way."

"I know," she murmured.

Relaxing and letting my mind drift, I got an image of two boys with light brunet or possibly strawberry blond hair. They were playing in a sort of garden, but then were asked to come in. I described everything I could to Hannah, including what I could see of the castle.

"Once inside the rather dismal castle, the boys were led down toward the dungeons where the older one grew alarmed and protested. 'I am your KING! By what right have you brought us here?!!' A man wearing clothes that I imagine must be the highest of muggle fashion at the time, shrugged carelessly. 'Your Uncle has already claimed the throne and you well know it. He doesn't want EITHER of you to grow up thinking that you have a chance in hell of taking it from him, and so, he's ordered me to put a stop to that possibility.'

"The man gestured toward a dark and terrifying cell that makes me shiver from the cold just looking at it. 'He suggested that - since you are his beloved nephews - you simply be put in a safe and secure cell until you go quite mad and cannot remember who you are or what your birthright once was.' Then the man turned and pointed to a dark passageway. 'But since he put the matter into MY hands, I have decided to go in a different direction. I do not believe that murdering CHILDREN will ever solve a problem. But obviously, I also cannot have you come back once you are grown and cause trouble for my King. So...'

"He walked over to a box right next to the inky black passageway. 'In here lie two bodies. They were unfortunate children of poor families that died of illness and starvation. That said, they are close to the same size and look of you, and so, they shall be you. As of right now, you are both dead. IF you should ever return and try to claim otherwise, their bodies will be uncovered to prove that you are lying. Also, your mother and sisters will be in danger of dying mysteriously as well should you ever try to contact them.' He looked at them very menacingly to get his point across.

"The two Princes swallowed nervously and exchanged a scared look. Before they could so much as accept their fate, the man snatched them both by the arm and dragged them down the dark passageway. It's long and so dark that absolutely nothing could be seen. The boys were inadvertently banged into the walls a couple of times, but eventually, they're in a cave - an old well? I'm not certain, but there's a ladder that leads up to an iron grate.

"At the top, there are a group of men. The heartless man stands there imperiously as the men murmured respect for his station: 'My Lord.' He then gestures to the boys. 'Take them to the shores of Africa or the colonies of the America - I do not care which - and sell them as slaves. I cannot condone the slaying of Royal Blood, but I do not have any qualms about them living out the rest of
their lives in misery - to make it clear the fates of their loved ones if they should ever DARE return.'

"At this point, the men cover the boys' heads with, hmm... burlap sacks? The vision goes dark for a moment...... and now it has returned. The boys are in a brightly lit room, naked, and being inspected by men of every imaginable nationality. 'The bidding starts at 500 silver!' The boys are poked and prodded, trying their best not to cry, as the bidding gets ever higher and higher..."

I fell silent as the vision showed me things I had Yesenia obliviate from my head. Hannah was weeping softly, not needing me to speak to understand what I wasn't saying. After a good minute or two of silence, I spoke again.

"The younger one died nearly right away of injuries sustained while... but the older one seems to have survived quite some time before... murdering himself. With a knife to the neck and wrists, because he just couldn't take any more abuse. And so, you are right, they are both most definitely dead. I'm sorry."

Hannah was still weeping but nodded in acceptance. "No wonder no one ever claimed responsibility for their deaths. As far as the responsible parties knew, they were still alive somewhere. That also explains why no one seriously accused anyone else - as would have been in King Henry the Seventh's best interest after he seized the throne. He could have publicly charged Richard the Third with their deaths and had him executed for treason - but he didn't. He must have believed them to still be alive somewhere..." She sighed heavily.

I put a hand on her shoulder to comfort her, which she patted gratefully.

"In any case, you're right in that we cannot validate any of this. I'm going to look into any surviving records of slave auctions from that time to see if there is any sort of claim of Princes - or even brothers - brought in at the same time. That won't be proof, but it will validate it in my book."

I nodded in agreement. "Now if you'll excuse me, I need to find my husband and make a call to my Mind Healer. If you plan to stay for a soak in the Onsen, I'll probably join you in a bit."

She shrugged and murmured something indistinct as I stood and left the room. I called Yesenia first, and then wrote this down before she Obliviated the traumatic part of the vision out. I can handle knowing what happened, but I cannot handle having the vision of it in my head.

Now, I'm ready to find you, get something to eat, and go for that soak in the Onsen.

And I'll be loving you until I'm seventy,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Certain speculation will be answered definitively in the next chapter, which I will post tonight or tomorrow :-) 

Draco was resisting because Harry was insisting and triggering his stubborn reflex, lol ^_^
Monday August 29, 2016

Damnit Draco,

I swear, I will drag your arse to the damn healers. I don't care if you are completely starkers, kicking and screaming, you.are.going!

You've been feeling off for days. You say you're feeling hungover while not actually having had something to drink the night prior. And now that I look back on it, the few times recently you've had a bit to drink, you definitely acted much more drunk than I think you normally would have given the amount of alcohol you consumed. I mean, sure, you had more than just a glass of wine with a good meal, but you certainly weren't actively trying to get drunken and disorderly at your daughter's engagement party.

In other words, I don't care what you try to tell me, I don't care how you're justifying your feelings, I'm glad you felt wonderful Saturday morning when I sucked you awake, your arse has an appointment with Healer Rowe and you will be making it. I might seem nice and could even be considered a pushover when it comes to my family, but I have no shame in siccing Molly, Narcissa, AND Grandmama on you if you refuse to get checked out.

Honestly, even if you're right and you are completely one hundred percent healthy, what will going hurt? You'll have wasted an hour? An hour spent with me that just so happens to include being able to chat and catch up with Rowe.

And if you want to really dig your heals in, we have to report to Rowe how Atreyu handled the full moon anyway. And I know how seriously you take your son's safety and health.

I was so relieved to see that the potions you and Sebastian had created helped him essentially sleep through the full moon. It was good to know we can keep him from hurting himself or others. But until I saw him transform, I was holding out hope that he wasn't truly Lycanthropic. I thought maybe I had misread the signs and it was a coincidence he was scenting us. Well, it's not something I would wish for him, but if we have the means to keep him from pain during his transformation then what harm is his Lycanthropy really doing?

Oh! Back to your health. I am putting my foot down, I don't care if this is a raid to save everyone on the planet, if Rowe does not give you the all clear health wise, you are NOT conducting a raid on Wednesday. You know how proud I am of you, I know you've worked crazy hard, and it's been years since I've tried to talk you out of Auror work. And if you just have a cold or a stomach bug that's just kind of hard to shake? Go, raid your bum off. But if there's something that could hurt you or distract from your ability to keep safe? Nope. No. Hell no. Not a chance. Got it?

You have so much going on in your pretty little head Darling. We've a new son, two pregnant daughters, another daughter who just had life changing surgery, you're teaching Auror training
classes, you're still consulting with Hannah, you're apparently going to discuss with me whether or not you will teach someone the insanely dangerous skill of Legilimens, I think it's very likely that whatever is going on with you not feeling well might be your body's way of begging you to take a break.

Maybe sit still for three or four days in a row, eat biscuits and drink tea while you talk wedding plans with Vivi. Snuggle up and watch terrible anime nonsense with Siri, Zwei, and Zaire. Sit in on a lesson or two with Jaz and see how far she's come with her speech patterns. Will you please do that for me?

Seriously, I am asking you to just take a break, take a breather, sit still for a moment, for me?

However I am NOT asking you to see Rowe. You are going. But if it helps, I will come butter you up by at least waking you up your favorite way. By the time you realize I'm dragging you to the healer, you'll be a boneless puddle of sated goo and won't have the energy to argue.

Forever,
Harry

Monday August 29th
Oi mutt! -_-  

That was such a dirty, Slytherin trick that I'm almost impressed! Buttering me up, ha! More like turning my brain off! By the time I was coming down from the orgasmic high, you had already cast dressing spells on me and handed me a nice strawberry banana smoothie.

I really was too out of it to realize that you were bringing me to my appointment until after you grabbed me and Apparated me to the check in desk. That's when I had a chance to look at what I was wearing - half convinced that I must still be naked - only to find that you'd picked my favorite set of light blue lounge bottoms, and a black tee shirt that said: Help! I think I'm going slightly mad!

I glared at you because REALLY?? You couldn't have at least chosen the Suck it up Princess shirt?! Bah!

Healer Rowe unflinchingly ignored my irate glare and grumpy growls and asked you what the problem was. You explained all my symptom: the aches and pains, the extra sensitivity to alcohol, the occasional hangover when I didn't even drink, and the just generally feeling off for quite some time.

She was giving us a look that made it clear she was wondering if we'd accidentally omitted any information. "Did you perhaps take a fertility potion a while back and forget about it?"

"NO!" We both blurted out.

"Don't even joke about that! When I thought Harry was hinting that he wanted another baby, I literally panicked and we both agreed that we were DONE having babies!!"

"Hmm..." she murmured in thought. "Well let me cast a general diagnostic spell..." She hummed to herself for a few moments. "Well... that's UNUSUAL..."

"WHAT?!" We both blurted out in demand.
"Erm... let me be certain first..." She spelled a pair of glasses and then put them on, presumably so that she could literally look inside me. "In all my years... I've NEVER..."

"WHAT?!?!?!" I roared, standing up to glare at her fiercely.

"Calm down, love," she bade with a look like she was a grandmother used to childish tantrums. "It's nothing BAD, just... highly unusual and unexpected."

"Please tell us already, before I explode from worry!" You exclaimed.

I gestured emphatically to indicate you. "Yeah. That!"

"So while I DO believe you about not taking a fertility potion, I'm rather interested to know how you managed to grow a womb without it," she murmured, still *peering* at my abdomen with those glasses as if she was studying a rare new breed.

"Erm... What?" I blurted out.

"Are you saying...?" You added, looking incredulous.

"I'm saying that I do not know how, but your body GREW a uterus at some point about... oh... 7 ish weeks ago."

I dropped my head into the palm of my hand, already having a strong feeling of dread as to where this was going.

"And then conceived. Which, if you were a woman, would place you at about 9 weeks into a 40 week pregnancy," she continued as if I wasn't now repeatedly banging my palm knuckles against my forehead. "BUT THEN..."

You stopped looking at me in concern as we both looked back at her.

"It seems that, hmm... about 4 weeks ago, you somehow GREW ANOTHER..."

We both gaped at her in utter shock. "WHA......???

She nodded slowly and with a rather serious expression on her face. "Which means that the second womb would be considered 6 weeks out of 40."

I was pacing the tiny office in fury now. "I don't fucking believe it! HOW IN THE MERLIN BUGGERING HELL IS THIS BLOODY POSSIBLE?!?!?! No! Nonononononono! This is NOT happening! I'm dreaming, I'm fucking in bed having a nightmare. Next thing you know, she'll be telling me there's a THIRD one in there!"

"Er, well..."

I stopped my pacing and pulled out my wand so that I could hex her.

"OH NO, YOU DO NOT ***FUCKING*** TELL ME THAT!!!!!"

"You see, it looks like about... 2 weeks ago, you grew yet ANOTHER womb, and so, this one would be considered 4 weeks out of 40."

That's when you leapt up and grabbed the wand out of my hand, shoving me up against the door to the office and holding my hands so that I couldn't even cast a wandless spell.
"Let me fucking go! Harry, I swear I'll hex you too! This is a dream, do you hear me?! I can hex anyone I like in a dream and there's nothing you can do about it! LET ME GO!!"

"Draco! Draco, my love, you are NOT dreaming!" You shouted, still not letting me get a clear shot at our mostly beloved Healer.

"DON'T YOU FUCKING TELL ME THAT! YOU ***HEARD*** WHAT SHE SAID!!! THERE'S NO BLODDY WAY IN MERLIN'S MALODOROUS SPHINCTER THAT ***I'M*** PREGNANT ***THREE*** TIMES AT THE SAME BLODDY TIME!!! IT JUST ISN'T POSSIBLE AND I REFUSE TO -"

You cut my shouting short by shifting one of your hands to my mouth. "Hush love, try to calm down and think about this rationally -"

I shook my head to free my mouth. "RATIONALLY??!! ***YOU*** WANT ***ME*** TO THINK RATIONALLY?!?! *****YOU*****?!?!?! WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT DID YOU DO WITH MY HUSBAND?!?!!"

"Draco..." you said in a way that was clearly trying to summon up as much patience as possible. "Think... Seven weeks ago was when... you Polyjuiced into Gretchen and..."

My eyes bulged and I slapped a hand over my mouth as the urge to vomit nearly overwhelmed me. I heaved a couple of times before Rowe prudently handed me a specially designed bag for exactly that purpose. To my dismay, I filled the bag, and then immediately felt like my forehead was on fire from a cold sweat.

Rubbing my back and purring in sympathy, you pressed on. "Nearly 4 weeks ago to the day was my birthday, and also so happens to be the day that we used the Damsel Curse to turn you into a woman for the night..."

I was now bent over a little and breathing rather rapidly.

"And then I suggested that night with Dean... two weeks ago..."

I could feel my eyes stinging rather harshly and was shaking my head so much that I was starting to get a little dizzy. "I - I - I - I - I can't. I'm not - NO! This isn't happening! I - I - I - I... I have to go think!"

Without another word, I pushed you off me, threw the door open, and ran to the nearest Apparation point. From there, you probably assumed that I went to the Crystal Room to destroy things until I felt better, but even if this is just a nightmare and NOT REAL, I couldn't risk running myself out of magic so quickly like that. So, I went to my classroom in the Ministry so that I could punch, kick, stab, beat on, and repeatedly murder the poor practice dummy.

Before I was fully calm, and I DEFINITELY hadn't wrapped my head around anything, an Auror ran into the room and blurted out: "Huh! When someone said they'd spotted you throwing an epic strop in here, Robards really thought it was an unfounded rumor, but he sent me to check it out anyway because he was just about to send you an Owl asking you to come in right away."

"Oh?" I asked eagerly because ANYTHING to take my mind off what IS NOT POSSIBLE was beyond welcome in my book.

He nodded. "Yep, it seems that we were going to do a usual raid in which you receive word of it on a Monday and conduct it on Wednesday, but one of our reconnaissance teams spotted the place we're planning to raid start freaking out and packing everything up - which means we have to get
"Right!" I exclaimed in agreement, my mind completely shifting gears so that I was 100 percent focused on what needed to be done and NOT thinking about anything else.

Except for one thing: I absolutely DID NOT want you to think that I had run away for good, or worse, think that I was doing something irrevocable that needed to be stopped. As for that, I probably will consider that in great depth, but for now, I don't want to think about anything, so I ordered that Auror to go call in the usual raid team and get them geared up as soon as possible. I promised to be there as soon as I could, but wanted to take a few minutes to write an email to you so that you can read it and know that I'm not running away from you and I'm not hexing the problem permanently away.

I'm simply working and not thinking about anything else. I daresay I'll have plenty of time to agonize over it later. Also, I DID actually receive an Owl from Robards, so I know that this is a magical creature rescue operation. Intel indicates that the danger level is rather low, and that the biggest risk is that the criminals will simply murder all the creatures before we rescue them if they think that we're closing in on them.

I will probably be back tonight - unless I am tired enough to fall asleep on the couch in my office when I'm done with the raid. In which case, I'll more than likely get all my paperwork done tomorrow before coming home. Please give me until tomorrow - if I actually stay the night - and then come in and shout at me for... whatever you need to shout at me for - I can think of so many things at this point, sigh...

I love you more than everything else in this world.

You're still the one that makes me laugh, still the one that's my better half, we're still having fun and you're still the one,

Draco
Chapter 64

Chapter Summary

Harry is furious at Draco.

Monday August 29th
Draco Lucius Malfoy,

You had damn well get your fit arse back home before I come hunt you down. I think you forget that I am not the one who is currently at diminished magical abilities and I have no qualms about messing up all your carefully laid raiding plans.

You ran and apparated out of Healer Rowe's office. I assumed you went to the crystal room to panic, so I said our goodbyes to Rowe and promised to get you back in as soon as possible once you've calmed down so we can figure out a plan. I popped myself into the crystal room to hopefully stop a magical drain before it begins. Fortunately for your health and magic you weren't there, unfortunately for me that meant more searching.

Then I thought, maybe he wanted some food to drown the worries in. I figured you could either be in the dining room eating at the table, in our rooms having had Muffy bring you some food, or perhaps you had Muffy pop you into the kitchens so you could see what kinds of homemade treats I had hidden away in there. Nope, you were in none of those places.

Now I was panicking. I sent a few quick messages to Pansy, Blaise, and Greg to see if they'd heard from you. They had not.

What in the bloody hell? You weren't at home, you weren't dancing in the ballroom or smashing crystal. You weren't with your owls or your peafowl. Café Exquis hadn't heard from you. Your best friends hadn't heard from you. I was running out of places to check and starting to get hysterical.

I don't want to make you feel badly. Well, I kind of want you to feel at least a little guilty for freaking me out. But I'm going to say something and I am telling you only because I think it's important that you are aware how your actions affected me. When you left so quickly without saying a word. Without trying to bury your face in my chest and let me hold you until the fear subsided. Without letting me know where you had gone. A very very small party of me, for just a fleeting moment, wondered if you had left us.

I know better. I really do. You have never made me think you would leave us. But I was just so scared and every worst case scenario was running through my mind.

I really should have thought of checking with Robards or Bletchley or Kings or any number of your Auroring buddies. Once I realized I didn't have many more places to look for you, I thought to check my email. Well, lucky me, you had sent me an email.

Yeah.

You are raiding while pregnant.

You are pregnant Draco. Whether or not we planned this, whether or not you want to be pregnant,
you ARE pregnant. With three babies. And no matter what choice is made, no matter the outcome, it is not safe for you to be conducting raids right now. Your magic levels will deplete quickly since you are currently magically sustaining three wombs. Three. What happens if you are on this "low danger level" raid and one of the perpetrators gets to the command tent? What if they are strong enough to get through the wards? What if they get to you and your magic isn't enough to keep them from killing you?

This is not me saying "you're pregnant and keeping those babies is more important than anything" this is me saying "you are more important to me than anything else on this planet and you're putting yourself in danger." Your magic is most likely low, you haven't been feeling well. You just got shocking news, chucked up everything you'd eaten today, and then decided to conduct a raid.

"Who are you and what have you done with my husband?" Really? I'm the one who can't be rational right now? I'm not the one running off into danger despite potentially dangerously low magic levels. You think the danger level is low? Well my patience level is low. And the danger from your furious husband is at exceedingly high levels.

However, I was rational enough to read through your entire email and refrain from slamming through whatever wards you have up and just sending you a patronus instead. That seems rational right? That way I will know you heard me, I won't be disrupting a raid, and I can communicate to you just how much I feel this is not something you should be doing this moment.

But then, what do you know, my patronus came back without having been able to relay the message. Did you honestly send Prongs away? Really? You want me to give you time, give you until tomorrow, but you're turning my messages away at the door?

You are pregnant right now. You are triple pregnant. That is triple magic drain. I will not live without you do you hear me, Draco Lucius Malfoy?

I am going to finish up this email. Then I am going to get our (panicking) children to bed. Panicking? Why would our children be panicking? Oh, just because they knew I was taking you to the healer's today, I came home asking everyone if they'd seen you, and they have snuck in to our room and have seen me typing away while my magic makes the air crackle. Anyway, as I was saying, I am going to send this email, get the kids to bed, and then I am going to send you another patronus. This is your only warning, if you don't respond to that one I WILL be coming to get you and drag you home caveman style.

I'm scared my love. I'm terrified. This whole situation is shaking me to my foundations. I can't lose you. Even if you don't want to speak to me, even if you don't want to be anywhere near me, even if you want to be alone, please be alone at home where I know you're safe. Or go be with your friends. Go to our island. Hell, I can take all the kids to the island and leave you to rattle around the Manor by yourself. Just please leave that raid and be somewhere safe.

I hope I will be seeing you soon,
Harry

P.S. We can get through this. I love you more than anything else in the world. Whatever your choice, my love for you is endless.

P.P.S. I think we should NEVER use the damsel curse again and possibly to be safe we should both go get some of those muggle vasectomies.
Monday August 29th
My most beloved and understanding husband.

Remember how much I love you? SO much love! Please don't be mad at me for how I ran off and did exactly what you would have told me not to do - had I given you a chance. I know I reacted badly, and I'm not anywhere close to acceptence yet, but it's like you always say, how we first react to something doesn't have to define us. We can take a step back, think things through, and CHOSE to act differently.

So I'm currently in my office and considering that I JUST got your email - but not your Patronus yet - you must still be putting the kids to bed. That gives me a few minutes to organize my thoughts and write down what happened during the raid.

First of all, I am fine. I worked harder trying to murder my practice dummy. I wasn't exactly in a command tent because we didn't have time to erect one, but I DID stay out of the actual raid inside a powerful cluster of wards. I tossed my mapping drones into the area so that they could do their job of mapping the place and letting me know where everyone is at all times. Because of this, I knew that there was only 6 criminals - and considering that I had 9 teams of 2, I definitely had them outnumbered.

The ward specialists barely had time to throw up an Anti-Apparation ward to prevent their escape before the rather observant criminals spotted our teams closing in and started AKing as many animals as they could. Thankfully, our Aurors considered this just cause to duel, which was rather heated for about a half an hour.

AGAIN, I was NOT in the line of fire and safe behind several wards. The criminals couldn't even see me. As the Aurors fought fiercely, I was coordinating with the non-combatant teams whose jobs were supportive - such as going in and carefully extracting as many animals as they could while the combatants were keeping the criminals occupied.

To all our relief, the criminals were worn down and captured - with only a couple of minor injuries on both sides - in just a short half an hour. After they were in custody, the rest of the job was simply taking an inventory of all the animals and figuring out what to do with them. But before I move on, I want to back up slightly and mention that those Aurors that had just taken my class as a refresher were not only the ones partially making up the teams of combatants, but they were kicking arse and making me proud! Every single one of them eventually captured a criminal, and to their surprise, they ended up doing so unarmed, and thus, using skills I'd taught them, hahaha!

But back to the important stuff. You see, this was an illegal magical creature breeding place. The place was small, the conditions were dismal, and the animals were being treated only as well as they absolutely needed to be in order to survive and breed. Thus, not very well. Any and every creature that could be used in potions or as other magical ingredients was being bred, and so there are two types of animals here; the adult breeding pairs, and the babies that haven't yet been reduced to their parts so they could be sold.

There's a little bit of everything, and most of these animals will be going to the various rescues around the United Kingdom. That said, there are rather a lot. And...

Well...

Only Hagrid is equipped to deal with a few of these, and they asked him if he was interested, and he surprisingly said that we should send these particular animals to you so that he can focus on the more 'dangerous' ones - such as the Hippogriffs. Charlie is naturally going to take the Dragons (yes, I am affronted and appalled, they were breeding Norwegian Ridgebacks in tiny little cages as
if they were CHICKENS!!!), so there's no need to worry about them, but that really does leave us in a bit of a spot.

Unless you feel capable and ready - not to mention willing - to take on a small family of Thestrals, meaning a mother, father, and three babies - gender undetermined. AND a mother Unicorn and her two foals. Unfortunately, the father was one of the animals murdered when we arrived. The two foals are still so young that they are both pure gold and haven't even begun to change to silver - whereas the mother seems to be a young adult because she's white with a fair bit of silver mixed in, meaning that she hasn't quite lost all her silver yet, which makes her less than 7, but we're not certain if that puts her at 5 or 6.

Oh... your Patronus just arrived, so I'm going to sign off and go home to let you yell at me in person. Then I'm probably going to attack a mountain of food, and then pass out and go to sleep for the foreseeable future. Possibly the next 8-9 months, ugh!

When I look into your eyes, I can see how much I love you,
Draco
P.S. Will you PLEASE tell me I dreamt our visit to Healer Rowe??! I - seriously! I NEED you to tell me that I had a bad dream, woke up, and went to the Ministry to rage on a practice dummy in order to feel better about the dream. And also, please reassure me that I'm NOT having a vision of the future!!!

*Pleeeeeease*?!?!
Chapter 65

Chapter Summary

Harry is still upset but forgiving, and Draco is still wrapping his head around his situation.

Chapter Notes

Since y'all asked...

Tuesday August 30, 2016

Draco,

I may be your beloved but it is taking all of my efforts to continue to be understanding. "Please don't be mad" at you? Much too late for that. I am mad. I am furious. You know how I feel about the raiding thing. You were not only dealing with draining magic and not feeling well, but also you were distracted with the shock of information. Distractions make for dangerous things happening. You knew I would say no … if you’d given me the chance. So you didn't give me the chance. You turned away or blocked my first patronus. I don't know how to not be mad at you.

I also don't know how to not forgive you. Of course you're forgiven. You're in shock and panicking. Now is not the time for me to worry about being right but time for me to support the love of my life. Which is why I sent a third patronus so quickly after I sent you the second that said "If you live through this raid go ahead and find somewhere else to sleep tonight." That was just my own panic and stress and fear making me say something to lash out. Hopefully you barely had time to hear it before you heard the updated, "I love you, be safe, come home to me. I'll be in our bed waiting for you."

However, that is not what actually happened since I received your email shortly after that and went to prep the stables for our new magical rescues. You must have come home and fallen straight into bed while I was still out settling in the thestrals and the unicorns.

I needed to be there to help with the thestrals as there are only so many people who can see them. It's hard to care for an animal that is invisible to you. It's odd to be thrilled that I don't have much help caring for them. "What's that Eri, Ori, and Haz? You've never seen death and can't see these animals? How 'unfortunate!'"

In actual unfortunate things, the same could not be said for the unicorns. They obviously wanted nothing to do with Ori since he's a boy. And Eris was a no go. But oh my goodness is Viona in love with these animals. She pretty much climbed into the stall with them and cuddled them all night. No, seriously, all night. I found her there this morning when I went back to check on them.

And again with the unfortunate situations, I left you in bed to check on the animals and by the time I got back you had already headed back into the Ministry. I am assuming to do your paperwork
from the raid. I swear to you Draco, if you are actually doing something dangerous I might redo my original patronus telling you to find somewhere else to sleep tonight.

You can't keep avoiding me and this situation. It was not a dream. This is real, this is happening. Look, if you just need to climb in my lap and sob for a while that is alright. If you need to take a few hours to sit in the back of our closet and stroke your komboloi that is okay too. But you can't avoid this forever. We need to talk. Whatever the result, whatever we do, I love you for always. We are in this together. Please don't keep pushing me away. Or running away from me I suppose is more accurate.

Come on my love, you've been "at your office" for going on ten hours at this point. For a raid that took less time than that there can't really be THAT much paperwork. Come home so I can hold you.

I know this is about you and I know this is you freaking out … but I'm so scared right now. And I have nowhere to run away. I'm just here, a million thoughts running through my head, and I'm alone.

Please?

Love,
Harry

Saturday September 3rd
My wonderfully supportive and only slightly annoying husband,

Well, I've basically done what you asked when you said take three or four days to just sit still. I've been in bed and haven't done much of anything at all since Wednesday - aside from go to King's Cross with you to see most of our kids off. Wait, not most... Elena's graduated, River's gone off to live with his wife, Viona, Ori, Haz, Siri, and Zwei, leaving Shtara, Zaire, Jaz, Persephone, Caelum, and Lily - Which I suppose means that we saw off HALF (or technically less than half) of our kids.

Whatever, the important part is that we're going to have Zaire in school next year, and possibly THREE new babies at home, which means that we are never going to actually have most of our kids IN school at the same time. Weird...

Speaking of three potential new babies, erm… after having spent the last several days in bed dwelling on this, erm... somehow NOT bad dream - I'm wondering if you'd object to having the first and third womb removed and just toughing through the second one?

No? You can't condone that? sigh... That's what I thought you'd say.

Fine!

So, that's actually what took me so long in the office on Tuesday. After filling out and signing off on a shit ton of paperwork - considering how small the raid actually was, relatively speaking - I went to Robards to have a completely private conversation with him about needing to come up with other arrangements for raiding while pregnant. He wouldn't believe me at first, probably because I have been adamant about NOT having any more. So he thought I was either having him on, or trying to give a plausible excuse for you suddenly objecting for some other and possibly irrational reason.
So, he called in my friend the Mediwitch to confirm a pregnancy, and when she arrived, Roche and Ramsey entered the office too so that they could chat with Robards about the progress - or lackthereof - they've made in the interrogations. So yes, that means that I had THREE people I didn't particularly want to know this news in the room when Robards finally believed me. The Mediwitch took the news with glee, dead certain that this would put an end to my cruel teaching.

Not so much as I can stand out of harm's way and use my mouth to teach just fine, thank you very much, and besides, it's only a 16 week class, and so, I'll be done with it and they'll have time to find a replacement BEFORE these parasites are born.

Huh... You were right! You said that I had gotten parasites feeding of my energy and magic, I just didn't realize it at the time...

But alright, so I can already hear you growling at me, some shite about staying home and taking it easy. Fuck no, I'd rather not be stuck dwelling on my thoughts for the next 7-9 months, ta ever so. Thus, here's what we decided:

I will not be GOING on any raids. I will not actually be required to set them up nor sign off on anything. I will be in the MINISTRY - in a command center - during and ONLY during an actual raid, doing the job of running the whole thing. Meanwhile everyone else will be doing their jobs as normal, and Robards will be handling all the added details I normally do before, during, and after a raid.

My class will be conducted on Monday and Wednesdays as normal, but I'm considered on light duty in that I will not be physically interacting with any of my students - except for those rare times when I need to punch them in the kidney's to teach them the lesson.

And then there's that one other thing - but I'll come back to that later.

Considering that our appointment to meet with the casting director and others had to be rescheduled to THIS Monday (it was actually supposed to be on Tuesday, but since I was freaking out and raiding an animal farm, obviously we couldn't make it), and Elena not only came in to ask me why the fuck I had made you panic, but then after learning why, helped me out by making it clear that ***I will*** be on light duty for the class Zaire and I are teaching. In essence, Zaire will be doing most of it under my supervision while I watch, help as needed, and do my best not to exert myself by dancing to the excellent beat. Ugh...

I feel bad about the First. Normally I'm every bit as emotional as you, holding you and trying not to cry as we wave our kids off for the bulk of the year. But this year, I was in a bit of a fog. I was so caught up in the thoughts swirling in my head that I'm not certain I was actually THERE. I think our kids understood. I hope.

We've sort of told the older ones that there was something up that we'd talk about when *we* (I) felt ready, but I have no bloody clue what to say to the younger ones. "Erm... daddy (papa) isn't feeling good because he has three parasites feeding off him for the next several months."

What if... What if we put two of them up for adoption? Or maybe Dean and Seamus will want to take his?

No wait, I don't want to talk to them about any of this yet, so, for this moment, that's not an option. I still need to wrap my head around things. To that end, I'm planning to stay in bed and not move a muscle until Monday when Zaire comes in here to glare at me until I get up and ready for our class.

Which yes, is your cue to come back in here and let me rest my head on your lap while I grumble
and growl. There might even be an odd indoor storm. Maybe, JUST MAYBE, I might be ready to
go back to Rowe and discuss options by Tuesday. Until then, I might just pretend nothing is
happening and I'm still just having a bad dream.

Where the fuck are you already?? If I have to send Muffy after your arse, I'm telling her to tie you
up and suspend you from the ceiling so you have no choice but to watch me brood without being
able to touch or comfort me, and I'm certain neither of us wants that, so get here. NOW!

I'm not going slightly mad and I'm not afraid they're coming to take me away, I think I'm
certifiable and that they should DEFINITELY be coming to take me away! haha,
Draco
Monday September 5, 2016

My Heart,

You know, on Saturday when you said you wanted me to come and let you rest your head in my lap while you grumbled and growled, I assumed we would eventually start discussing what we have going on. I thought you might cry or need some quiet time, maybe even rant angrily for a bit. I did not expect you to literally lie in my lap while making growling and grumbling noises that only very rarely resembled actual words.

But it was totally fine. We had all weekend together, we didn't need to have decisions made or even narrowed down on Saturday. Then yesterday, we also didn't talk about it. By then I realized we were truly just not going to have any of these conversations. Again, you need to take whatever time you need to come to terms with everything crashing down on you all at once. I am hopeful we can have at least one conversation before you talk to Rowe on Tuesday. Perhaps tonight when we get back from our meeting with Shtara's casting director.

I'm looking forward to the meeting, I think it will be a nice distraction from the other nonsense we have going on. Just a totally normal meeting with our amazingly talented daughter and the director who may be giving her a role to propel her way to realizing her dreams. No big deal.

And you are definitely coming with to this meeting. Just like you came with to see the kids off on the Hogwarts Express. Yes, you were there when we sent off the kids. I know you've been distracted but how did you forget searching every single one of Siri and Zwei's pockets for Wheeze's products? Honestly! What did they do, order two of everything and tell Uncle George to put it on our tab?

Hmm, maybe we should ask George if we have a tab.

Then seeing Hazel off. Seeing her off for her first year feeling how she should. I'm just so excited to hear everything amazing that's going to happen to her this year. Talk about a summer makeover!

Yep, now that they're all off and/or living as adults in their own homes, it IS just Shtara, Zaire, Jaz, Persephone, Lily, Caelum, and ATREYU. Sheesh! It seems that the pregnancy brain fog is affecting you already!
He's a bit big for it, but I ended up wearing Trey in the toddler backpack style carrier while we were at King's Cross. He seemed really overwhelmed by the crowds and the noise. I do NOT think we have another train lover on our hands.

Ugh, ok, I have to talk about the elephant in the room. I know you want to ignore everything, but I feel like there are a few things I have to get off my chest. And since you don't want to have this discussion in person, this will have to do.

First of all, I will not condone or refuse to condone anything. I have opinions. I have opinions on the health of my husband. I have opinions on the direction I want this family to move in. I have opinions on the potential arrival of three new children for me to help raise. But - and I truly mean this with all of my heart - I will support any choice you make. Yes, even if that choice involves selective reduction or placing the child or children up for adoption.

What I do potentially have an issue with is the specific reduction or adoption choice you would want to make. Why those specific wombs? Do you truly think it would matter to me if there were babies that weren't biologically mine? Has that ever made a difference to me before? Has it ever made a difference to YOU before? We have adopted children who have no biological relation to either of us. We have a daughter who is fully muggle. We have a daughter who is biologically only mine. We have a son who is biologically only yours. Have either of us ever had an issue loving and raising a child no matter their parentage?

Hell, we both absolutely love and adore four children who have Voldemort as half their biological makeup.

And as far as adoption goes, again if that's something you feel is necessary I will support that. You have, with good reason, told me very little of your time undercover. And if looking at the face of a baby who is half someone who violated you is too much for you? I completely understand. I would NEVER make you raise a child you thought you couldn't handle seeing. I would never LET you raise a child you weren't sure you could love. Full stop.

But do you honestly think you could hand the third baby to Dean and Seamus? People we know, people we will see in the future. You really think you could hand over a baby with a pointy Malfoy chin, or Narcissa's beautiful hands, or Sirius' gorgeous eyes. And then be able to see them regularly while knowing they are part you? If you think so, or you think it's something you need to do … again I'm here for you. But I am also trying to be realistic and I don't know if that's really something you could do.

Unfortunately, in that case, we would have to allow Dean some sort of visitation or custody if he wanted it, for those exact same reasons. How could we ask him to see himself in our child and not have any hand in raising them? Shared custody would certainly be something new for us. The closest we've ever been to shared custody is sharing Viper, Tiger, Scor, and Hyper with their other universe.

As for your future raiding schedule. I don't love the idea that you would still have the stress of running raids. Especially combined with the stress of continuing to teach hand to hand, while adding the stress of teaching a dance class. But as long as you don't overdo the magic, I will shut my mouth and keep my worries to myself. I definitely think doing all of those things is a MUCH better option than staying at home and taking it easy.

I guess the taking it easy would be nice, but sitting at home doing nothing? Stewing in your own thoughts for months? Yeah, that is probably the WORST thing you could possibly do. I think I'd rather you go off raiding than sit around doing nothing but thinking for the next seven months.
And don't think I have forgotten about "that one thing" you were reluctant to talk to me about in your last email. If you didn't want me to know you wouldn't have said anything. Which means you either want to tell me or think you should tell me but something is holding you back. Well stop it! Spill it!

Hopelessly devoted to you,
Harry

Monday September 5th
My foundation,

My day started with Zaire jumping on our bed about 15 minutes to noon. Just as I predicted, he was afraid that I wouldn't be ready in time for our 2 PM class if I didn't get up and ready right that second. Pippa entered the room right behind him to wake me up for the same reason, and watched him in amusement.

Is it just me, or did Pippa get pregnant without saying a word? She's... not exactly fat, but noticeably plumper than she usually is. I was REALLY hesitant to ask on the off chance that she simply decided to let herself gain a few pounds. There's NOTHING more insulting than gaining a little weight and having someone ask if you've gotten pregnant.

So I gave Zaire the biggest smile I could manage - it was probably tiny, to be honest - and got out of bed so that I could shower, perform my daily routine, and get dressed. He hasn't been interested in doing the routine with me since he was still in our bed, but today, he seemed to feel that it was in his best interest to keep me on task, haha.

After getting ready - which meant dressing up in our Zulu Warrior costumes - we flooed to Elena's school. Our class was ready to go at 2 on the dot, and Zaire had an absolute blast teaching. He's quite a natural, to my pride and joy. Before you get upset, I kept it light, demonstrating steps and otherwise letting Zaire do everything. Which you probably actually know because you were waiting at the door (at the end) with Elena and Shtara for us to finish up. (Side note, all of the girls/women chose traditional topless, and most of them looked surprised that neither Zaire nor I stared at them or even seemed to *notice* them.)

The class ended at 4 and our appointment was at 4:30 - which gave me a chance to clean up a little and get changed into something more appropriate for a semi business meeting. So... I have a confession...

The moment after I shook their hands, I looked over at Shtara and watched her do a tiny little giddy dance - that sort of looked a bit like the potty dance, funnily enough - and she was SOOOOOOO anxious for us to agree that I have no idea what you and the others talked about. Elena did as expected, helping to ask questions we wouldn't think of and explaining anything you didn't understand. All I know for certain is when the room fell silent and I looked up to see you staring at me.

"What do you think, love?"

"I think Shtara wants this more than anything in the universe," I murmured, not directly answering the question, but basically answering it nonetheless. I was saying that so long as you were comfortable, I would let our little girl do anything she wanted.

"I think so too," you agreed with a smile, apparently understanding what I hadn't said. "I think that
it's worth a try. If Shtara's studies slide or she seems to be struggling or not getting enough sleep, I'm going to put a foot down, but so long as she's doing well and has her nanny with her at all times, I see no reason to stop her.

Shtara started jumping and squealing so loudly that I can't quite understand what she was shouting, but it was probably: 
"OHMIGODOHMIGODOHMIGODREALLYICAN'TBELIEVETHISILOVEYOUGUYSSOMUCH!!!"

After the meeting concluded, I still had a bit of time before my class started at 6. So, I took your hand in mine and led you on a nice stroll through the halls of the performance school.

"Harry love, I know you will support me in anything, but do you have a preference?" I asked, because I think I *might* just be able to wrap my head around the situation at this point.

"If you want me to be utterly honest, my preference is to have them all. BUT if you feel that you just CAN'T raise the first baby because of how it was conceived, then and only then would I prefer you to selectively abort that one," you informed me, resting your head on my shoulder as we walked.

I took a deep breath and sighed. "It's not that. I'm not traumatized by the conception. I *am* a little appalled that I wouldn't even begin to know which customer is the father, but I don't feel like I can't raise that baby. I... I just REALLY don't want to be having any more babies at all. I figured if I aborted them *all* you would be upset and potentially forever mad at me for getting rid of a child of YOURS."

"Abortion is not what I would choose. I can't pretend that it would be an easy choice to swallow. I'm sure I'll need to go to some extra sessions with Katja. But nothing would upset me as much as the idea of you having a child you don't want. No child deserves to be unwanted," you explained, stopping to look me in the eye so that I would know how serious you were.

I sighed again, and then kissed you. "Well... I spent a good half of yesterday in bed thinking that I literally JUST felt a profound sense of dismay and horror at the thought that our daughter Eris might actually abort her baby, simply because she is too young and not ready for the responsibility. Both of which are very valid reasons, but I just... So when I put THESE ones into that context, I felt my heart twist. It's the fact that there are THREE of them. AGAIN!"

I didn't let go of your hand as I paced the hall. "The last time was so messy. Even despite having regular therapy, I got PPD, and I don't want to go through that again. Nor do I want to be up all night, nursing or not (probably not), dancing babies to sleep, and changing nappies. Fine, we all know that I have Muffy do that part, but still."

I stopped to look you in the eyes. "If I insist that the babies have their own room from the beginning and that their elves tend to them..."

"Nope, they're our babies just like all the rest of our babies have been or they can't stay. You can't hold them at arms length. They deserve 100% parents!" You denied emphatically.

"I don't plan to love or parent them less than 100%, I just want to sleep at night, Merlin damn it!" I cried out in frustration.

"If that's truly what that's about then... In our room, in sidecar beds; I will take shifts with the elves - I'll even induce lactation again, but I won't put newborns used to the warmth of the womb in a scary dark room all by themselves," you told me firmly.
"And you won't mind if I use silencing charms around myself when I need to?" I wondered, not quite believing you'd agree so easily.

"I may grumble due to being tired, but I won't actually mind," you murmured, then added: "If I could somehow transfer these babies into me and go through this for you, I would."

I decided that - even though I reserve the right to change my mind in the next five minutes or days - we had reached an agreement, and so, kissing NEEDED to happen. I pulled you close, caressed your face tenderly, murmured: "What did I do to deserve you?" And then kissed you so perfectly that I might have actually been at it for hours and not realized it.

You sounded like you might be about to launch into a litany of the things I'd done to deserve you, but Pippa interrupted at just that moment to let me know my class was due to begin in 15 minutes and I needed to pop back home and change out of this suit first.

So, with one last kiss, I went home and CAREFULLY chose a perfect outfit to wear to class.

When I got there, my NEW students - again a mix of Aurors needing to refresh their skills and Aurors in training - didn't seem to think anything of the way I was dressed, but the few that had already gone through the first class immediately squinted at my shirt.

Sure enough, it said:
THOU SHALL NOT TRY ME
Mood 24:7

"GODDAMNIT HARRY!!!" I roared in frustration, now DYING to know how in the bloody hell you do that!!!

One of them chuckled and wisely changed the subject. "No bear today?"

I waved my hand dismissively. "No, we had far too many things to do to bring a fussy baby bear with us. So he stayed home with my younger kids. I'll probably have him on Wednesday."

"Too bad, he's cute," the student murmured.

"Alright petals, I've already checked with the Ministry trainer to verify that my returning students ran for their required hour, and my beginning students did their best not to die while attempting a half an hour. That just means that we're going to be trying to survive our first lesson: over the shoulder. The rules are simple, pair up and try your best to throw each other over your shoulders. I'll be watching over all of you and giving helpful tips. I suggest that my returning students partner with the new ones to go first and - as part of the lesson - YOU teach them what you know, no matter how little."

I pointed to timid mouse. "And YOU! If you don't stop looking like you're afraid to touch your partner, let alone hurl him over your shoulder, I'll punch you in the gut every lesson until you decide you'd rather get on with it than be punched again."

"Oi! Sexist!" My sole female student called out. "A: What if he partners with me, and B: How in the bloody hell is that a VALID teaching method?!"

I walked over to stand in front of her so that I could stare her down. "A: I'm not sexist. I have..." I had to push my pointer finger into the crease between my brows and actually think this over a second. "FIFTEEN kids, EIGHT of which are girls - and more importantly, despite my official Heir MAGICALLY being required to be my first born legitimate son, my ACTUAL Heir for everything else is Viona, our first child and second oldest daughter. She's called our Princess because she is
regally and capably taking over the Malfoy empire as soon as she graduates Hogwarts. I simply assumed that with only one woman in this class, his chances of partnering with you were low, but since YOU think my not assuming it would be you is SEXIST, congratulations, you get to be his partner. This is NOT necessarily a good thing.

"AND B: How I teach and the methods I choose to use are MY business and that of the Ministry. You would do best to keep your nose out of it, BECAUSE I am not sexist and WILL punch you in the gut everyday until YOU prove that you are putting in. real. effort. too."

She was giving me a look like I wouldn't dare. If she was one of ours, I would actually consider her one of our divas. She was wearing a sort of cheap version of couture, had her hair done just right, and her nails were not just polished and pretty, but done in that way where they add acrylic to make them longer than normal. All in all, she looked like she'd just come from a spa day, rather than a day of Auror classes.

"Listen," I continued. "I know of at least one Auror who wears couture, stilettos, and FAR too much perfume. So I am NOT saying that you CAN'T be a female Auror and look good, BUT... at this moment, I am seriously wondering if you actually WANT to be an Auror. You look like you'd rather go with your friends to a club and dance the night away."

She harrumphed. "I'm smart and athletic - running and doing yoga every day. I fully believe I can be an Auror AND look pretty, and I DON'T appreciate you implying that I can't!"

"Alright... it's your lucky day. I promised my husband that I would refrain from certain things today, and so, rather than toss you over my shoulder and punch you in the gut MYSELF, I'm going to have one of my daughters do it for me. Muffy!"

"Yes Master?"

"Bring Persephone to me please."

About 15 seconds later, Muffy popped into the room with Persephone, who was holding/feeding Wojtek.

"Hiya daddy! You need me?" She asked eagerly.

"Yes. Let me take Wojtek from you," I said, holding out my hands. She placed him in my hands before turning to wave at the students she recognized. "Now, this student right here needs to learn a lesson, so I need you to throw her over your shoulder AND punch her in the gut. Can you do that for me love?"

She immediately transformed into a ninja with an emphatic: "Hiya!" and a fierce stance.

I then addressed the woman. "Go ahead, try to defend yourself, and hell! Try to ATTACK her."

She gave me a look like she could not believe that I seriously expected this half pint pixie to do so much as punch her with the force of a marshmallow. Interestingly, my timid mouse backed WAY up.

Since my student wasn't even attempting to defend herself, Persephone launched into an attack that was almost too fast to see, she feinted right then slipped left to run around behind the student and punch her rapidly up and down the sides of her spine, and then while she was gasping and stumbling, Persephone ran back around front, kicked her in the abdomen - making her bend in half - allowing Persephone to punch her in the face before tossing her over her shoulder and ending with an emphatic punch to the gut.
"Good job, love!" I praised proudly, ruffling her hair.

"No problem daddy!" She exclaimed with a happy grin.

"Would you like to stay and help me teach my class, and then go to Fortescue's with me as a reward for doing such an excellent job? OR do you want to go right home and brag to your daddy that you were such a good helper for me - and entice him into giving you biscuits?"

"Aw man! Any other day and I'd love to stay and kick butt for you! But daddy has new horses to pet and kiss. Did you know that some of them are INVISIBLE?! I got to ride one of the baby invisible ones!"

"He HAS had them for nearly a week now," I reminded her.

"But yeah but VIONA went back to Hogwarts and can't sleep in the stalls with the baby UNICORNS!!! I promised I'd do that for her!"

"Alright love, I'll have Muffy bring you home. Pet the Thestrals for me, yeah?"

"Sure thing daddy!" She said. "Want me to take Wojtek back?"

"Nah, I'm good," I said, ordering Muffy to bring me a carrier after she brought Persephone home. Persephone gave me a quick hug and a kiss on the cheek before waving goodbye at all my students. After she was gone, I stood over my one on the floor.

"Someone help her up and cast a healing spell on her if needed. Also, show's over! Pair up and get to work before I invite my OTHER two tinys here to hand the rest of you your arses."

To make up for the fact that I couldn't throw them all over my shoulder directly, I walked back and forth, giving them all encouragement as I stroked Wojtek's fur. "What the fuck are you DOING? Trying to dislocate your own shoulder?! You, I know you're timid as fuck, but fucking PUNCH her! Did you just trip over you're OWN feet??? Did your skills regress in the last two and a half weeks to not just pathetic, but PROTOZOAN?"

Honestly, I expected the previous students to be able to use the new students' lack of skill against them. Obviously, I was wrong. That said, a few of them got close. So... I guess that's a win? By the end of the class, I was ready to hex them all.

"Track. 5PM. Wednesday!" I growled before walking out of the classroom to check my office real quick before flooing home. It seems that Fierston was hoping I'd do exactly that, since he was waiting for me.

I looked over my desk and found no new paperwork, so, I sat down and watched Fierston watch me pet Wojtek. He looked highly interested, but I took advantage of that by reading his mind. He really was like an open book and rather goody goody.

"So... Wednesday while I'm in class, I expect you to be in this office meditating. If you don't know how, find yourself a good Mind Healer and have her teach you tonight so that you have a few days to practice. Practice every single second if you have to. Because in order to teach you Legilimency, I need to first teach you Occlumency, and in order to do that, YOU need to be able to organize your mind. I happen to know that if you make no attempt to organize your mind, Occlumency will not work. And while I COULD potentially still teach you Legilimency with a messy and unoccluded mind, unless you had a deep and natural talent for it, you'd just blunder your way through your victims' minds and - at best - give them a nasty headache. At worst, damage them irrevocably."
He gulped nervously. "What if I do well at meditation AND Occlumency, but just can quite do Legilimency?"

"In that case, I'll stop trying to teach you and let you know that you had better not try it on anyone - and more importantly, let your superiors know too. Did you know that the reason the skill is actually VERY rare is that it normally takes a person YEARS to learn and perfect it? As in, there's actually a special training program in France that has you study both skills for about 2 years each before certifying you as fully trained and not likely to damage anyone's mind?"

"I did know that," he murmured. "Ramsey mentioned that as the reason that none of the dedicated interrogators have learned the skill yet - despite it coming in handy. Not only does he not think that any of them would be good at it, he just doesn't want to waste everyone's time by sending potential candidates off to study for 4 years with no guarantee of success."

"Ah, so he's hoping that I'll pass on the skill in far less time," I murmured in understanding. "As if I can somehow magically just GIVE you the skill and have you be good at it with no practice."

"When did you learn it, how did you learn it, and how often do YOU practice?"

I shrugged and sort of leaned back in my chair a little. "I actually practice it all the time without really realizing it. I mean yes, I respect privacy, and so, don't constantly read my husband and kids' minds, but pretty much every time I step out of the house, if I meet a person's eyes, I take a look around to make sure they're not some sort of potential threat to me or my family."

He nodded slowly with a slight frown, as if he understood but still felt that was unethical.

"As for when and how, well, that's a bit of a story that can really be summed up by saying that the Dark Lord insisted on it and I couldn't really refuse," I explained.

By this point, you might find it odd that I not only know and use his name, but am honestly and unsarcastically answering his questions. Well, that's because if he learns this skill successfully, he's going to be reading my mind at some point anyway, and so, the little information I choose to give him now is really just a test to see if he is compatible enough with me to learn.

"Alright... but just being ordered to learn doesn't mean you CAN..."

I chuckled. "True. Lucky for me, I'm actually naturally talented enough that I learned the skill easily. It's generally NOT an easy skill to learn."

"Any other recommendations?"

"Do you have a pet?" I wondered.

"Erm, no."

I smiled faintly. "Buy a pet you think you can really love."

"Erm..." he droned in confusion.

"It may not be obvious at this moment, but you'll figure it out quickly. Just trust me; get a pet."

"Alright..." he drawled again, still a bit confused, but willing to take my word. After that, we shook hands and went our separate ways. Meaning I finally flooed home to you. Honestly, I'm a tiny bit surprised that you didn't get worried and send a Patronus once five minutes after the end of my class had passed, but then again, you were probably busy in the stables and didn't notice the time
anyway.

You took the words right out of my mouth, it must have been while you were kissing me, Draco
Tuesday September 6, 2016

Good Morning my Partner in all things,

It's still a bit early, I promise I won't wake you up for at least another hour. But I woke up early even by my standards, made a huge breakfast, went for a refreshing run, took a deep soak in the tub, and then spent about an hour meditating. I thought I timed everything well to just have a few moments between keeping myself immensely busy and waking you up to head out to your appointment. I ran the distance I'd planned on running but got done much quicker than I intended. Probably a personal best! So now I have time to kill.

I loved hearing Persephone's take on "the invisible horses." It must have been so surreal for her to ride on something that she could feel, knew existed, and obviously was moving her along with it without being able to see anything was there. I look back at my childhood and your childhood and think to myself how pleased I am that so few of our children can see the thestrals. That thought ultimately brings me to thinking about the fact that some of them can and how much I hate that. Eventually my train of thought moves to … how fucked up is it that I am in awe of a child not having witnessed a death?

Well, I can mourn our reality or I can be happy for the good things we have. I'm going to choose to be happy. And today of all days with the appointment looming over our heads I am going to choose to be happy. Unless you've changed your mind since yesterday, we are going to have three brand new lives to love and cherish. We get to pick out names and Godparents. Prepare our feisty foursome to be big sisters and brothers. I know you're still feeling very conflicted, so I am going to follow your lead. But similarly to what I told Elena when she found out about her pregnancy, you need to let me know when I'm allowed to be excited and joyful about the incoming invaders.

I know you're terrified of having more, of having three at once, but it's not anything we haven't done at least twice! We can do this. We are in love. We have a supportive family. We know we already make some amazing children we're proud of every day. Honestly I'm not sure if I'd even know what to do with only one child. Probably take up a new hobby. Maybe start rescuing orphaned bears and cheetahs. Oh wait, that was you!

I didn't exactly get the chance to talk with you last night. You must have climbed into bed and fallen asleep wrapped around Atreyu right after you got back from class. And I stayed in the stables later than I normally do. Making sure every single animal was secure and there wouldn't be a chance of any of them spooking or hurting Seph. She's such a sweetheart wanting to sleep with the unicorns. Viona really only did that the first night out of necessity and then the following few nights because she liked it. The unicorns would be absolutely fine without a tiny human bodyguard, but there was no arguing with Seph.

Anyway, as to why I was saying I didn't get a chance to talk with you last night before you fell
asleep, I just wanted to let you know that I wasn't particularly panicked when you didn't come home immediately last night after class. And it wasn't because I was distracted in the stables. I could be insanely busy and I still somehow always have you as part of my thought process. I'm very attuned to where you are at any time so don't think you can try to keep me distracted so I won't notice you're missing! I just assumed since it was your first class you had run longer or stayed after to talk with the students, possibly sitting in your office trying to meditate away your annoyance at the dunderheads you are teaching.

I didn't think you would be having a discussion with someone to potentially teach them Legilimency. So that's a thing you're doing. I don't know how to feel about this. Can we discuss it with Rowe at your appointment? I know you just doing Legilimency yourself has become something as natural to you as blinking, but teaching Occlumency, Legilimency, and having your brain doing a lot of the work at first seems like something that might just be too much for you. I'm trying very hard to not be controlling and overbearing, but this is feeling a bit like the straw breaking the camel's back right now.

Oh, I almost forgot and this feels like the most important thing I wanted to talk to you about. Maybe I didn't forget but my subconscious was trying to avoid the issue as long as possible.

Okay, here goes. I am going with you to your appointment. I am your husband, I care for you, I want to be there for you. But. If at any point you want to have privacy with Rowe, for any reason at all, please just tell me. I promise I won't be offended. I'd rather you talk to her privately than not talk to her at all if its something you're feeling badly about saying or thinking or feeling. Please promise me that you will be completely honest, asking all the questions you need to ask. I will stay right by your side every second, holding your hand, heck you can sit on my lap if "you" want that to happen (I do I do!) but I will be out in the waiting room or even go home if you want and all you have to do is say the word.

I love you more than anything in this life.

Together,
Your Harry

P.S. I do not know if Pippa is pregnant. She hasn't said anything to me about it. Unless and until she does I am not saying a single word. I may be a little impetuous, a little naïve, and a little brash, but I am NOT stupid!

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Tuesday September 6th
Dear Harry,

I've caught a cold and don't want to go to the damn Healer's today.

Sincerely,
Draco

---

Dear Draco,

You are GOING to the damn Healer's today, especially if you've caught a cold!

Lovingly,
Harry
Damn you! Really? You're going to make me move when every part of my body hurts and I can't breathe? Such a sadist! Fine... If I must...

Draco

Cheer up, Rowe will have plenty of potions safe for pregnancy that you can take to clear up that cold in no time. Unless you are simply using the cold as a way to get out of something you don't want to do, which would explain why you haven't taken some potions for it already.

Harry

Bastard! I DID take potions and they haven't helped! I'm currently blowing my nose and sounding like a foghorn as I get ready for my appointment with Rowe. Fuck it! I don't give a fuck, I'm wearing pajama bottoms and a comfy shirt, and since you're just going to somehow change it anyway, I'm going to wear the mood 24/7 one, since it fits my current actual mood.

Draco

P.S. Don't you dare leave my side for a moment, you arse! I'd rather talk to/tell you my feelings than her! grr...
Chapter 68

Chapter Summary

They go visit Healer Rowe.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: Draco talks a tiny bit about the rapes he suffered as a teen. It's a bit of an explanation, and I hope it shouldn't trigger anything.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Tuesday September 6, 2016

My Sweetest Love,

Well, today was rough. All of the rest of our pregnancies were either planned or earlier than scheduled but anticipated babies. Going into an appointment with three children growing inside of you and knowing Rowe would be calm and professional, asking us what we had decided since our last meeting. Knowing she wasn't assured of our answer. Ugh, it was just a solid weight in my gut.

I know I kept telling you it was your decision. And I stand by that. I truly do. If you had decided against my preferences, it would not change my love for you, but although I would have never admitted this to you, it would have broken my heart. Much like you held Atreyu at arm's length until he had accepted you because you wanted to keep from becoming attached to a child who may not have accepted you fully, I held myself as detached from these children as much as I possibly could.

Which is why when we walked into our exam room and before Rowe could say so much as "Good Afternoon Malfoys," you stated in your emotion masking posh voice, "We are keeping all three of these babies. I won't hear another word concerning our options." I thought I was going to faint with relief.

You would have thought I was the pregnant one! It's lucky I was standing next to the chair when you said that, because my knees gave out and I practically fainted with relief. "Oi Mutt, that's my spot, kip over."

It was nice to see Rowe's face go from detached professionalism to our friendly healer we've known forever. She's still no nonsense, but I think she's become pretty invested in our little (HaHa) family, and didn't want to see what such a huge decision would do to us all emotionally. Her friendly healer face is still pretty darn professional and she quickly got down to business doing all her scans and spells and charms and whatnot.

You did such a good job of keeping your Malfoy mask on that if I hadn't felt all the fingers of my right hand breaking into pieces in your grip, I would have thought you were completely calm.
After what felt like an hours worth of scans - although that could have been the pain - Rowe began with a no-nonsense, "I have a lot of information to cover and while I love that the two of you always come prepared with questions, let me at least give you what I know for sure before you start your interrogations."

We both nodded a little guiltily. I suppose a question and answer session with rambling me and inquisitive you can feel a bit like an interrogation.

"Well the good news is there are only three babies in there!"

I almost fainted again. Oh shite. I had completely forgotten that while we were at the first appointment, Rowe was referencing three uteruses … uteri … wombs, and three pregnancies by week. She never actually said how many babies were in there. Oh Hell, what if any of the three wombs had multiples within your multiples' pregnancy. Fuck fuck fuck. Wait, I had to stop hyperventilating, she was saying it was only three. We dodged that bullet. Carry on.

She powered through my panic attack. "As I said last week, three wombs that each carry one embryo. The oldest, for now they'll be Baby A, is roughly ten weeks, Baby B is seven, and little Baby C is now five. By all my scans they are doing very well and growing as they should. I can see that baby B and baby C have their little hearts beating and my scan would be able to project A’s heartbeat if you'd like to hear."

I must have made a whimpering noise because you gave me your "oi my silly puppy is so cute" smirk and told Rowe we'd most definitely like to hear it. She gave me a very similar "oi Harry is so cute" face and proceeded to project the heartbeat. Oh Merlin, it sounded perfect. Absolute perfection, tiny and wonderful, healthy and strong, and so so fast. I had forgotten how fast their little hearts beat.

I would like to thank both of you for ignoring my tears. Once she turned off the projection, Rowe kept going, "I have some more good news, according to your magic levels during your prior pregnancies around the tenth week, your magic is actually right around where it's been in the past. And you're sustaining three! You're obviously doing something right, so keep that up!"

I interrupted, but … er … at least it wasn't a question? "He's been as active as he normally is, possibly more so, but most of what he's been doing hasn't been magical in nature. He's teaching a hand to hand combat class, caring for a baby bear, helping at my horse rescue, teaching a dance class at Lainie's school, but pretty much everything besides the apparating to get from place to place has been magic free."

She looked quite upset at that information. I felt so bad for interrupting! "You've been teaching hand to hand combat? Even after finding out about the pregnancy? Draco I am honestly surprised at you."

It was my blurt ing that got you into trouble, so I blurted again to try and stop that line of thought, "oh, he's not doing any of the demonstrations himself, he's the ideas man, not the muscle!"

"Alright, but I'd like you to have someone cast a protective bubble around your abdomen before each class just in case of a poorly aimed jab or kick," we nodded as she continued. "My third piece of good news - yes three babies three pieces of good news, it's certainly your lucky day gentlemen - is that your cold is an actual easy to treat common cold. You should feel all better in just a few days. If you're not responding to a potions regimen for a cold send Harry out for some Muggle cold medicines to treat the symptoms until you shake the cold."

Honestly Draco, you tried to get out of this appointment by saying you had a cold. What kind of
lunatic tries to convince their worried husband to not take them to a Healer by saying they're SICK? Thank Merlin you're pretty.

"Also, while you're doing well magically and health wise right now, I'd like to start you on a preemptive potions regimen already. Your usual pregnancy cocktail of nutrition, magic booster, and magical restoration."

"Joy … My FAVORITE …" you snarked. "But actually, I already have."

"Wonderful, moving on." That's when Rowe lost a bit of her smile she'd been wearing. "Now onto the, I don't want to say bad news because nothing is going wrong at this point, but it's certainly heavier information than the first three items were." Yuck, I did not want to hear this. "Draco, your blood pressure is elevated, it's certainly well within the normal range but it's higher than you usually run. I know this is a stressful time but you need to regulate your stress levels. If any of your activities cause you more frustration or annoyance than usual, I would like you to limit them or see if you can remove them from your schedule."

Oooh, maybe I DID want to hear this! Does this mean you're going to stop teaching the Aurors?!? I mean, aw man, that would be so sad.

Ah, I have to stop inner monologuing, I'm going to miss something she says!

"You should also keep up on any of your regular exercising. I don't think you should take up weightlifting any time soon, but keeping active will help keep your blood pressure in the healthy range as well as keep your spirits up and reduce stress. I will even sign off on extra dancing if Harry needs a Healer's note to release you to your ballroom."

You lit up like it was Christmas morning. "Ha! I will be able to tell Elena that I can dance as much as I'd like during my class with Zaire!"

"I will write her a note if you'd like me to. It might be a first for me; giving a release to active duty for a parent to give to his child." You nodded at Rowe emphatically. "Now gentlemen, begin your interrogations."

I had a whole notebook of questions, but I wanted to start with something I said offhandedly to you, but the more I thought about it, the more I wondered if it was something we could really do. "Is there any way to magically transfer one or even all of the wombs to me? If I could take over Draco's physical burden either partially or completely, I'd like to do that. Is it even possible?"

She sighed. "Technically, yes, there is a procedure for embryonic, fetal, or uterine transfers. And it is something I would potentially be willing to do IF it becomes necessary. However, it is generally used for times when the carrier's life is in danger. It isn't without risks and I'd be very reluctant to attempt it for nothing more than a preference."

You immediately interjected with, "I don't want to put Harry at any sort of risk."

Rowe took a deep breath. "Harry wouldn't be the one at risk, Draco. Almost all of the risk would be for you, with the rest being risks to the babies."

You gave a quick nod. "That I don't mind so much."

"Well I sure as hell would! We can risk you but can't risk me?" I think there's a chance I was crackling a bit.

Rowe sat back to watch our fireworks.
You put your negotiation face on. "I don't think the risk would be all that much, to be honest. I'm healthy and able to heal at the moment, but what if I get so bad that we have to do it anyway, but I don't have the ability to heal at *that* point?"

Rowe interjected, "the risk IS all that much to be technical. This would put you at a twenty percent increased risk of a heart attack. A ten percent increased chance of a stroke. As for the babies, this would increase the risk of miscarriage by fifteen percent and even if the transfer is successful, a twenty-five percent increased risk of premature birth."

I glared daggers at you, you returning them right back at me full force. "Ugh, so what you are saying is that they are IN there, and there's no justifiably good reason to move them. But what about later, when they're all 20+ weeks along, and my stomach is desperately trying to make room for them all?"

"There is no medical reason to move any of them right now, no." More glaring, but this time at Rowe. "But I've already said that if it's something you both feel is the right choice later on, now that you know the risks, I would be willing to do the procedure."

I finally interjected because I could tell you were getting frustrated and needed someone to make the call. "I am putting my foot down, and since this decision DOES include my body, I feel comfortable doing so. Increased risk of heart attack or stroke? I won't do that. Foot.Down."

More glaring but I've been married to you long enough that I know relief when I see it.

"Draco and Harry, if there are complications later on, we can revisit this. Some pregnancy procedures are better to do early in pregnancy, and for some, it is much better to wait. This is definitely a situation of the risks going down the further into pregnancy you get. Once the fetus gets to a stage where it could survive outside the womb, the risks go down drastically. So, if your magic begins to drain too much, or if your body can't physically withstand three, we can discuss this at that point." See? We don't have to decide right now. Your magic is doing well, the babies are cozy, this is a decision that can wait for a later date.

"However, I promise you that you will not have three full term babies in there. While the situation is unusual, it is not unprecedented. Your conception with Lily and Caelum was actually very similar, the placentas just happened to grow at almost the exact same time, so their progress was equal. We will not let any of them go past the thirty-six week mark, with the exception of Baby C, if they want stay in there longer after the births of A and B. Best case scenario, we will take A at thirty-six weeks when B and C are thirty-three and thirty-one weeks. After that we can either take B at their thirty-six week mark, leaving C in for two more weeks, or we can wait and take them both when C is at thirty-six. All of this is best case scenario depending on your health."

Now that I was hearing all their weeks at once, I started panicking again. "Can we er, do something for Draco to give him more room in there? Like the extension charm on my paternity pants?"

Rowe laughed. She laughed at me Draco! "As much as this may come as a shock to you, Harry, your husband is not a pair of pants we can charm to fit more inside." I blushed so hard, Gods this was embarrassing. "However, when the babies hit between twenty-eight and thirty-two weeks, we can definitely visit the idea of womb transfer. The risks would be minimal by then. Also, I can cast extensive healing charms on Draco's abdomen so it doesn't stretch to extremes and heals up postpartum much quicker. Again, let's wait to make these decisions when we can see how the health and magic of both Draco and the babies are as time passes.

"Well, you boys look as though I've beaten you up. I think this is probably enough of an information dump for now. As always, if you have questions let me know, otherwise I'll see you in
another three or four weeks?" I had more questions but honestly she was right, we were on information overload.

We came home and you immediately went to the onsen and submerged to where not much but your nose and mouth were still above water. I cast a bubble charm on your abdomen to make sure you didn't cook the little baby nuggets in there, then cast a spell to make sure if you fell asleep, you wouldn't sink the rest of the way underwater. I snuggled with you a bit until you passed out, then went down to spend the day with the kids.

It's been hours and you're still in there.

So … uh … are you ever coming out?

Miss you,
Harry

P.S. How and when are we telling the kids?

Wednesday September 7th
My sanity,

I mean that; without you, I almost certainly would have gone around the twist the last few days.

Anyway, I think we should tell the Hogwarts kids to come home from school this weekend to "see how their first week has been," and then tell the entire family over dinner. Elena almost certainly told River, but we'll Magi-Skype him too and see if he and Mahafsoun want to and can come. She might be filming, but I am confident that if she CAN come, she'll want to.

Then we can tell the entire family the horrible - er I mean wonderful - news all at once. Speaking of, you can go ahead and get excited now. I mean that ***I*** may still be a bit shell shocked, but having you make happy plans for their arrivals will certainly keep my spirits up as time passes. I'm going to tell Pippa to schedule me more sessions with Yesenia again because we both know that I'm going to need them.

Speaking of Pippa, she already knows because she's my shadow and was in the room one of the times we've talked about it. She gave me a smirk when I told her why I needed all the extra sessions, rolled her eyes, and said: "And don't think I haven't noticed you eyeing my abdomen and wondering what's going on. To answer your unasked question, YES, I have decided that I'm far too busy and invested in YOUR family to take enough time off to meet someone and have a family of my own, so I decided to just do it all on my own. A one off with a stranger; baby due in about 5 months."

So... that's that, I suppose...

As for looking fat enough to be potentially pregnant, I was staring at myself in the mirror this morning and - to my extreme dismay - I'm already showing!!! The first one is 10 weeks, and so, in the first trimester. When Lily and Caelum were 10 weeks, I only just BARELY had a hint of a bulge. But these ones... Thankfully it's still small and not clearly a bulge as opposed to a soft layer of fat, but it's definitely there.

I may have cried.

Thankfully, Rowe said to keep up my dancing and exercise routine, and come to think of it, that
shouldn't have really been a surprise. She's ALWAYS said to keep doing the things I'm used to doing as long as I feel comfortable doing them. And once she suggested casting a shield charm on my stomach, I really feel that she would be okay with me having just a bit more hands on teaching with my students - not full on sparring with them, but actual teaching them the way I did.

SO - to ease your mind - I sent her an owl when I woke up today asking her a couple of the more important questions we didn't get a chance to ask, and she replied that yes, so long as I am not overdoing it nor sparring, and as long as I have a shield to protect the babies from stray hits, I CAN teach a bit more hands on. She still advised keeping it light - such as only throwing one or two students over my shoulder, rather than all of them.

I completely understand. I'm just happy I have the all clear to punch them as needed!

The other really important question I needed answered TODAY was concerning my Occlumency and Legilimency teaching. To my surprise, she said that it shouldn't be a problem, and in fact, might even help with my blood pressure as the Occlumency part - by necessity - involves a lot of meditation. Also, I'm not sure if you are aware of this (considering who taught you and how), but the lessons don't actually have to be traumatizing.

Also, despite what I told Fierston, if he has ANY natural affinity for it at all, it really doesn't take all that long. That 4 year program in France is part of a Mind Healer's specialization, and so, they NEED to be able to do it very very well. As in, slip into the most traumatized minds and not cause any damage while trying to fix the trauma (all while maintaining their own separate identity). For the purposes of interrogating suspects, so long as he has the ability to meditate and control his magic, it shouldn't be all that hard for him to learn the skill, and should he have NO affinity for it, I end the lessons.

With that in mind, I had a nice private dinner with you - managing to snag you from the stables for a bit - and discussed this with you, before heading off to my first class. We naturally kissed quite a bit before separating.

Knowing better, I only put any real effort into my bottoms. Thus, when I walked onto the track to pick up my students (the Ministry expert assured me that the new students were already making progress on their run, and that the prior students *might* be ready to go up in time if I needed them too. Unfortunately, I'd already pushed them back an hour so that they could grab a bite to eat before running for an hour before class, and so, as tempting as that was, no.), we all looked at my shirt to find:

Yes, I know there's a special place in HELL for me. It's called a throne.

"Huh!" I exclaimed, feeling rather chuffed by this one.

After leading them to the classroom, I had them all circle around and listen to me. "Excellent news, petals, I've got clearance from my Healer and my Husband to go LESS easy on you today!"

"Wait, you were going easy on us?" A new student asked in dismay.

"You have no idea," an old student muttered.

The one that had asked about Wojtek on Monday (which, yes, I had him with me today as Shtara is busy with her rehearsals after school every day until opening night), must actually like me a little, because he frowned in concern. "You had to get clearance from your Healer?"

I looked at him evenly. "I can't tell you why until I've had a chance to tell the rest of my family, but
I'm sure you'll figure it out eventually."

"Fair nuff guv," he murmured with a shrug.

I had my students all pair up and - keep in mind that the returning students have returned because they need more practice mastering what they've already learned - told them to sweep each other's feet out from under each other. I figured that the previous students would have an easier chance at doing this to the new students - which they did - and actually TEACH the lesson in the process. All in all, a very Slytherin way for me to teach my class AND conserve my strength.

Thus, when my timid mouse and my sole female student looked like they were waltzing with each other, I had no qualms about sweeping BOTH of their feet out from under them.

"What ARE you two doing?" I asked irately as I stared down at them.

"It's not easy to sweep someone's feet out from under them when they're EXPECTING it!" Girly protested angrily.

I rubbed my temples to attempt to summon patience. "Listen, I understand that HE'S too timid to put in any real effort," as I said this, I helped him to his feet, and then punched him in the gut (as I'd promised), making him bend over and heave a few times. "But YOU seem to have confidence. So either you are too 'polite' to hurt someone who looks weaker than you, OR you don't have what it takes to defend yourself from VIOLENT CRIMINAL ATTACKERS!" I then helped her up, and to her credit, she looked a bit wary before deciding that I could not possibly DARE to punch her too.

Which of course I did. She hopped about and cried, threatening to tell Robards on me.

I got right in front of her, grabbed her by the chin so that she had to look me in the eyes, and then very calmly said: "Go. Right. Ahead. I'm not afraid of what he'll say or do. In fact, I'll give you a pass to go right now, and when you RETURN from him handing your arse to you, you will either VOW to take this class seriously, or you will QUIT the Auror program altogether."

Grumbling but wisely not pushing me any farther, she lowered her eyes and didn't say anything more. I'm dead certain she went to Robards after class, but since I never heard a peep of it, he probably did exactly as I'd warned her.

After that, class progressed rather nicely. Having that little bit of a challenge in not only doing but DEMONSTARTING the skills for the new students had my old students stepping up their game. I was pleased enough that I tossed them all enough Galleons to go to the Leaky and have a few rounds on me.

Which actually gave me a BRILLIANT idea! Next Tuesday - unless I forget - I'm going to glamour myself or perhaps borrow your cloak so that I can subtly pay for a LOT of drinks for my students, so that when they come to class on Wednesday, they'll be so hung over that it will be EXCEEDINGLY easy to torture them, buwahahahahahaha!

Moving on.

So, once in my office after class, I sat down and relaxed as I watched Fierston meditate. He had a fluffy bunny in his lap, which is apparently that pet I told him to get. I sat Wojtek on my lap and stroked his fur until Fierston came out of his near trance.

"You do that very well," I murmured in praise.

"My gran taught me when I was very little. She always told me that knowing how to meditate was
important because - no matter what - I'd always be able to keep calm and in control of any situation," he explained with a fond smile.

"Ah, wise woman," I acknowledged. This might actually be easier than I thought it would be. "Alright, there are two distinct ways in which Occlumency can be taught. The first way is for people who don't know how to meditate or organize their minds. It's basically a series of battles designed to give them an intense desire and a NEED to organize their minds. After all, if you KNOW that someone is repeatedly invading your mind and seeing all the worst things you want to keep hidden, wouldn't YOU want to stop them?"

"Yes," he murmured with a solemn nod.

"The other way is actually the way my Aunt Bella taught me," I informed him. "She knew that I already had a natural talent for meditation and Occlumency - because both of my parents had taught me bits here and there over the years. Things like: 'Malfoys NEVER let on what they're REALLY thinking,' and 'keep your mind organized and protected so that no one can ever steal YOUR secrets and the FAMILY secrets.' Also, I have a grandmother who felt that me learning Krav Maga would help me control my emotions, because if I was angry, I could take it out on a practice dummy. Things like that.

"SO, when it came time for me to learn, I didn't need to be taught how to organize my mind, I already knew. Thus, my Aunt didn't have to barge in and force me to put up shields, she was able to do what I'm going to do to you, slip in and go for a stroll, pointing out things I might like to put in a box so that she can't see them. That - in essence - is what Occlumency is. You gather up everything you don't want someone else to see, and put it behind a strong shield. THEN you hide that shield by putting those things you don't mind others seeing all around it in a disorganized mess. Make it SEEM like you have nothing to hide," I explained.

"So... you're going to be wandering around my mind as you like...?" He asked nervously.

"I already have, if I'm honest. I had to be certain you were a good candidate, and not the sort to learn for nefarious reasons," I informed him.

He gulped and looked away. "So... you saw the time I lost my virginity?"

I shook my head. "You weren't thinking about that, so no. I really only went deep enough to see what your primary motivations for learning this skill is. Trust me, I DON'T want to see your intimate memories. If they happen to come up, I'll look the other way."

He sighed in relief and rubbed the back of his head. "It's just... well that time was REALLY awkward and embarrassing. I wouldn't want to see it myself, much less have ANYONE else see it."

I laughed. "EVERYONE'S first time is awkward and embarrassing - except for my husband. His first time was with me and I was dedicated to blowing his mind to bits, so his was rather fantastic, if I do say so myself."

He laughed in return. "What about yours?"

As I've said before, I am going to eventually have this young man roaming around my mind, and so, letting him get to actually know me before then is in my best interest. Plus, he doesn't know it, but I'm reading his mind as we talk, and so, if he has any sort of reaction that makes him inherently incompatible with me - say he'd been repulsed by our sex life, for instance - I'd learn it now before we really get started.
So far, he seems to be a rather understanding bloke with an open mind. Ironically, as he mentioned his first time, I’d gotten a flash of it, and it seemed to me that he felt awkward because she’d wanted him to dominate her a bit, but he gives off this feeling of BEING a sub, and so, he probably had NO IDEA what to do as the dominant one. No wonder he thought it was too shameful to let anyone else see.

In any case, I answered the question honestly. "I lost my virginity to one of my best friends, Pansy. I used to always maintain that it was at some point in Fifth Year, but it must have actually happened in Fourth Year and I just blocked that part out due to shame over how young I was. It was awkward because I never really considered her a potential future wife, despite actually dating her for a bit, and I think it was actually HER idea, and I was just sort of going with it because, well, why not? The reason I say that it must have been Fourth Year is that I would swear up and down that I had a kinky bit of play not too long after losing my virginity with a Ravenclaw on my 16th Birthday - at the end of Fifth Year - but based off the date of birth for the son she had, it HAD to have been my 15th birthday in Fourth Year."

He was stroking his chin in thought. "So... is there any other reason that you might have confused how young you were?"

This was a good sign, a potential indication that he might have an affinity for this after all.

"Actually, yes, in my Seventh Year, I had to use my Occlumency to lock away most of my feelings, and also, around the same time - from about Summer hols just prior to my Sixth Year on, I was raped a few times, and I coped with that by removing most of the individual memories and locking them in a box so that I would know they happened, but NOT be continually traumatized by them. I think that between the two things, I got confused about the timing of my sexual history and pushed it up a year so that I wouldn't feel like such an utter slag."

"Merlin!" He blurted out in sympathy. "Mine doesn't seem so bad now..."

I chuckled. "Obviously I've had a LOT of therapy to reach a point where I am comfortable with what happened to me enough to tell you about it. But honestly, the reason I'm telling you is that you'll probably come across some of those memories at some point, and you'll need to be prepared for the possibility."

He gulped and nodded rather solemnly.

I gave him a small smile. "But don't worry, as I said, the actual traumatizing part of those particular memories are gone, and so, the most you would see is the men who did it coming after me and catching me. Then it would cut to the end of me watching them walk away."

"I'm curious about something," he murmured, looking puzzled. "You currently teach unarmed combat and word has it that you learned the skill quite young – which you just sort of said a couple minutes ago. If that's true, how come you weren't able to defend yourself?"

I nodded in understanding. "Yeah, if they had been muggles, I probably would have been able to kick their arses, but they usually came into my room at night while I was sleeping and cast spells on me before I could wake up enough to defend myself. So, I took to hiding in the back of my closet - which is enormous and a bit of a maze. It was usually enough of a deterrent that they'd run off, but occasionally, they'd get me anyway, and again, they'd manage to do so by casting spells to immobilize me when I wasn't quite aware they'd spotted me. Basically, I couldn't defend myself because they took away my ability. Otherwise, you bet your sweet arse I would have beat them all half to death!"
"Oh," he said with a nod, as if this made sense. "I see."

"Anything else?" I asked invitingly.

"Just... what do you plan to do for our first lesson?" He wondered curiously.

"Actually, our first lesson is nearly over," I informed him with a smirk.

"Wait... what? But you haven't even taught me anything!" He protested.

"Haven't I?" I asked in that tone that makes it clear I know something you don't.

"Er... no?" He replied hesitantly, probably wondering if me telling him about me counted as a lesson.

"Ah, but what you don't realize is that I have been in your mind this entire time. Thus, your first lesson is that - done right - Legilimency is exceedingly smooth and the person being read doesn't even realize it until later when they're sitting there wondering how the other person knew so much about them. To make this a bit clearer, my husband - who has arguably the most reason to have a well defended mind - used to have his mind read by Headmaster Dumbledore all the time, and despite suspecting it eventually, he never twigged when it was actually happening."

"Er... but... I... I didn't feel anything!" Fierston exclaimed in protest.

I shrugged. "HERE'S the lesson. Go home and meditate, and while you're doing so, try to see if you can find any traces of me. And I don't mean that literally. I mean that was there ANY time - a single moment perhaps - when you felt like you were being watched, or like there might have been a moment when I seemed to know something you hadn't told me. Also, as you are meditating, try to begin the process of constructing a shield. Hide anything you don't want me seeing behind it. For example, I wasn't lying when I originally answered that I hadn't seen your first time, but because you thought about it as we were talking about it, I saw it then. I looked away, but before I did, I saw enough to understand why you felt the experience was embarrassing."

"Well that's mortifying," he muttered, looking away from me again.

I gave him a slightly bigger smile. "Honestly, you'd do better finding a partner who wants to gently dominate YOU."

He chuckled and rubbed the back of his neck. "Yeah... I've already figured that out."

"Good, it means you learn your lessons easily," I praised.

"Well, I dunno about EASY..." he chuckled. "But yeah, I do learn from my mistakes."

"All in all, I think you will do well learning this skill, provided that you practice as much as I tell you to. And just so you know, yes, I am a hard arse, BUT I don't expect perfection from the first moment you try. So long as you steadily improve, I'll keep on teaching you. But if you DON'T, then I'll stop wasting both our time," I informed him.

"Yeah, I've sort of gotten that feeling about you," he murmured with a slight nod.

That earned a real smile. "THAT is why I think you might be a natural at this. You've already figured out how to read people, and that skill will help a LOT when it comes time to learn Legilimency."
"Thanks," he said with a slight blush. Then he raised a brow and looked a bit confused for a moment. I looked down to find that my shirt had changed so that it now said: Hands off what's MINE!

I rolled my eyes and sighed. "My husband must have me bugged or something. He's rather possessive and takes even innocent interest as potential competition."

"I'm not even gay!" He stated, sounding baffled.

I laughed flirtily. "Oh trust me, I'm so good that you wouldn't have to be gay to enjoy it!"

He laughed. "Now you sound like my older brother! He's a confident SOB too!"

"I like him already," I stated as I stood up. "Now if you'll excuse me, I need to go home and reassure my husband that I need him like I need air." I shook his hand. "My office next Wednesday, but before then, work on that shield."

"And, erm… How do I do that?"

"Think of it as going through your mind and tidying everything up. Once everything is in it's proper place, you'll have a much easier time hiding those areas you don't want me seeing by distracting me with things you don't care about."

"Oh..." he exhaled in understanding. "I get it now. I think I can do that."

"Good. See that you do." And with that, I left so that I could hunt you down and kiss you rather possessively. Since this was probably unexpected and in your stables in front of all our younger kids, you got all flushed and happy.

"What was that for?" You wondered. "Not that you NEED a reason."

I smirked and pointed at my shirt. "Apparently I needed to reassure you that 'what's yours' has a mind of his own and is not tempted by others." I leaned over and nibbled on your ear before adding in a nearly silent whisper: "Especially now." Which is a reference to how I'm already bloody showing and I don't want anyone else to see me naked unless it would save their life somehow.

With that, I gave you a smoky eye invitation as I left to go get ready for bed. You promised that you'd be right behind me, but the kids must have insisted that you do lots of things because I've had time to write this entire email and am actually tired enough to go to sleep. Hopefully, you'll come to bed in the next five minutes and put me to sleep the right way.

I once was lost and now am found, was blind, but now I see,

Draco

Chapter End Notes

Oh hey, by the way: https://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/2019/03/27/bangladesh-mother-has-twins-one-month-giving-birth-premature/?fbclid=IwAR0VIB9ZBVxHubH0iWkBmbSMrULkXnhaj8V1w4Xgbjc1Dw1grTjTEjVCNcI
Friday September 9, 2016

My Perfection,

I'm sorry I didn't wake you up this morning the way I did yesterday morning. I would love to wake you up every day for the next six to seven months the same way. Notice I said DAY and not MORNING. Because I have met you my love and while you seemed to like yesterday morning, you also fell asleep quite early Wednesday night and had already had plenty of sleep at that point.

The reason it took me so long to come join you in bed that evening is because I was setting Lissa and Atreyu up to sleep in the stables again. The unicorns are definitely a bit spooked by Trey, he's a boy - and a were - so he unsettles them. But the thestrals just adore him. Yeah, the thestrals. I didn't think a child that young could truly process death in a way that would allow them to see the thestrals, similar to how I didn't see them until Cedric died even though I had witnessed my mother's death.

But there's a big difference in awareness between a fifteen month old and an almost five year old. Side note: his birthday is coming up three weeks from today so we need to have a MASSIVE "first" birthday party for him! Long story as short as I can make it, Atreyu witnessed his mum's death earlier this year, is well aware of what it meant, and can see the thestrals. Ergo, sleeping with the little ones while Lissa sleeps with the unicorns.

So, yesterday morning … You had mentioned you already could tell you were forming a little bump. Now that I've been given full permission to be as excited as I'd like AND knowing you were feeling weird about already showing, I decided to show you how beautiful I find you to be. Normally I am the little spoon, mostly because I'm much littler than you are. But I woke up yesterday with my front pressed to your back, my arms around you, and my right hand resting gently on your little bump.

Not only was I awake, but there was a very wide awake part of me pressed into your perfect arse. You were very asleep so I decided to just hold you a bit, but I couldn't keep myself from grinding up against you. I honestly could have and would have come from just that friction, what would that have done for you though?

I wandlessly slicked up my fingers and began gently probing at your perfect little pink hole. You made the sweetest moaning noises in the back of your throat but kept sleeping. I just rubbed around the entrance for a while, softening you up, but eventually I had to press into you. I moved quickly from one finger to two, and stayed at two fingers just gently fucking into you for a few minutes. Again, you stayed asleep continuing to moan and sigh. You must have thought you were having a lovely dream.

I worked my way from those two, to three, to fitting my pinky in there and making it four. I wanted you to be so ready to take me that the entire experience would be soft, gentle, and loving. When you began pressing your arse back into me, trying to swallow my hand whole, I knew you were ready. I slicked myself up and began sinking my cock into you. The warm, wet, pulsing tightness of your arse just swallowing me up inch by inch. Absolutely perfect.

I began long, slow drags in and out of you. Whispering words of love and a little bit of filth into your ear. Telling you how perfectly you were taking me. How much I loved seeing myself where I'm entering your perfect body. How hot and tight you were just for me. All mine. Made for me. I
couldn't stop my hands from wandering all over you even if I had wanted to. Playing with your lovely pink nipples, getting them all pebbled up for me. Giving that gorgeous shaft that gives me so much pleasure some gentle strokes. Gently squeezing handfuls of those perky arse cheeks of yours.

It was delicious torture, trying to be as gentle as possible, making sure you felt pleasure in every inch of your body, when all I wanted to do was slam my cock into its perfect home as hard and fast as I possibly could until I spilled into you. Marking you mine from the inside. I didn't realize I was babbling that wish into your ear, I'm not sure when you woke up. All I know is after I told you I wanted to spill myself inside of you, you blinked those quicksilver eyes at me sleepily and told me in your raspy sleep-deepened voice to, "go ahead and claim me Harry, mark me up, I want you to."

Oh thank all the Gods you were awake. Before I could take my own pleasure however, I had to make sure you were well sated. I tightened my grip on your beautiful long dick and stroked you through your grunting and moaning, whimpering and sighing, until you finished all over my hand. The clenching you did as you came, combined with me speeding up and getting in three or four more quick thrusts, was enough to have me filling you up.

Once we both came down from our high, I gave you sweet kisses and told you I wasn't quite done with you yet. I had you lie on your back, propped up on a mountain of pillows, while I kissed every inch of your perfect abdomen. Not the way I do so often where I bite and suck and mark you all up so everyone knows who you belong to, but soft kisses. Kisses that show you how precious I find you.

I began to tell our newest children a story. "Once upon a time my little loves, a lonely warrior fell in love with a beautiful prince. The warrior and the prince had been rivals, but when the war was over, they found the fighting had been covering up love. So much love they couldn't wait a single moment more to come together and married immediately. But the young men found they had so much love that they couldn't contain it within only themselves - it was too much love to even contain together. So they began to build a family. They found their children all over the world. They created some of their children and carried them within their own bodies. And then, when they thought they had finally found homes for all the love they were full of, they were surprised to find they needed three new little miracles to use up just a bit more of that love."

You were smiling softly at me, running your hands through my hair. Just watching me talk to our children. "I love that you love them. It's helping me wrap my head around having them."

I smiled up at you, giving your little bump one last kiss. "Your Daddy loves you. I can't wait to meet you all. Enjoy your nice, warm, cozy home and make sure you are very nice to your other Daddy, he's kind of amazing." I pulled myself up to your angelic face and we kissed for a while more until we were finally ready to leave our little morning bubble and venture into the rest of the world.

Today however, I got up early to get all my stable chores done before I head off to Hogwarts to grab the kids for the weekend. I sent off a message to Minnie asking when the last kid got out for their last class of the week, and Siri will be finishing up transfiguration at 11:00. Which is in fifteen minutes! I should really head out. I'll see you in a bit.

I just want my life to forever be entwined with you, tethered to your heart,

Harry

Saturday September 10th
My amazing husband,

Without you, I probably would have just stayed in bed until Monday. I've actually decided that to balance out my busy Mondays and Wednesdays, I'm going to spend Thursday through Sunday more or less in bed. Not completely. I'm going to focus on yoga, meditation, and a bit of running when I first wake up, take a nap if I'm so inclined, and then dance for an hour or so, before sitting my arse in bed and reading or watching anime with the kids.

Basically, you keep begging me to slow down and that's what I'm doing. That way, I'll be staying in shape and hopefully keeping my blood pressure down. And also, any day you want me to do something with you, I shouldn't be overdoing it.

But as for today, you came into the room and gently reminded me that I'd suggested a family dinner to announce the news. Then you playfully wrestled around on the bed with me until I nearly fell off it. Laughing and in a great mood, I got up and got dressed. I opted for a cross between formal and informal - since this wasn't exactly a black tie event and I have been known to show up to dinner naked.

Feeling as prepared as I was going to get, I put my hand in yours and let you lead me to the dining room. Everyone got seated and served their dinner, which - as usual - the elves made each person exactly what they wanted. After tucking in for a bit, Hazel cast her shrewd eyes at us.

"Alright, out with it!" She demanded.

"Out with what?" I feigned ignorance.

She rolled her eyes, probably knowing I was joking. "We're not stupid. We know that you are having some health issues, and then suddenly, dad wants all to come home for the weekend to talk about how our first week of school went. Yeah... something's going on."

"Something big," Eris added with a nod of agreement.

I sighed, set my fork down, and wiped my mouth with my napkin. "I have some very horrifying news that also happens to be wonderful news."

You laughed nervously. "Wonderfully horrifying! Wonderfying?"

I shook my head at your silliness, smiling at you even as I took your hand and gave it a kiss. "Spill it already!" Viona snapped, looking rather concerned.

With another sigh, I decided to just blurt it out and get it over with. "I'm pregnant."

"Salacious Salazar!" My father exclaimed in dismay. "Don't you have enough kids already?!"

My mother was frowning in concern. "I'm quite sure you both vowed not to have any more. Did you change your minds?"

I shook my head. "No. I was very adamant that I didn't want to have any more children, although I would have done it if Harry wanted - except he agreed with me that we were definitely done."

"Then what happened?" Della and Delphini asked in unison.

I took a sip of my tea, sincerely wishing that it was something a LOT stronger. "Well, it seems that magic and fate have teamed up to screw with me. Apparently I first got pregnant while on that
"undercover mission I've told you all about."

"Oh Draco," my mother murmured sympathetically, reaching over to squeeze my hand. I smiled at her and squeezed her hand in return. "And then I got pregnant again on Harry's birthday when we used a Damsel Curse to turn me into a woman for the night."

"Wait, hang on," Sebastian blurted out, clearly confused. "Why in Merlin's rotting brain would you turn YOURSELF into a woman for your husband's birthday when he's so gay he can't even walk a straight line?!"

"Good question," Viona murmured, frowning in puzzlement.

I chuckled. "Without getting into details best left unsaid in front of little ears, suffice it to say that I was ordered to try it by my Mind Healer as part of my therapy from my undercover mission. Plus I wanted to try it, if I'm honest."

My father suddenly had a deeply thoughtful look on his face as he stroked his chin. I'm willing to bet he's going to have my mother curse him - unless the high chance of getting pregnant changes his mind. Although, I suppose there are protection spells we could have used if any of us thought for a MOMENT that the temporary female body was primed and ready to conceive.

Anyway, I decided to put on a bit of my Malfoy mask and get through the last bit with a straight face, because it's arguably the most embarrassing part. "And I liked it enough that when Harry suggested that I do it again for some playtime with our friends, I jumped at the chance... and got pregnant AGAIN..."

"What?" Most everyone asked in surprise.

"Surely... that's not possible..." My mother murmured in confusion.

"You'd think," I stated in agreement. "But apparently it is. I currently have three wombs, each containing a baby, for a total of three separate pregnancies all happening at the same time."

"Heteropaternal Superfecundation..." Sebastian murmured in intrigue. "I've thought about making a potion that can do that, but then had absolutely NO reason to ever try it on anyone, and so, decided against it."

I raised a brow at my brother because he's rather a weirdo when it comes to potions.

"How is this going to affect your health?" Hazel asked in concern.

"So far, it looks like it's affecting me the same as my pregnancy with Lily and Caelum, so - provided I keep taking all the potions I need to and conserve my magic as much as possible - we're all hoping that it won't be any worse than before."

"And if it gets to the point where it endangers his health, we have options to consider," you murmured, kissing my hand.

"But if you see me in bed rather a lot, that's why," I informed them.

Our older kids all looked around at each other in concern, but the younger ones were definitely excited, piling over to pet my tummy and ask questions. Despite my cold mostly clearing up since that potion on Tuesday, I must still be having a few lingering effects, because I started to feel very tired shortly after finishing my Steak Tartare. With a yawn, I excused myself and left you to deal with the rest of the questions.
I'll see you in my dreams,
Draco

Sent around 2 AM.
P.S. I meant that as a bit of a sweet joke, but my dream was INSANE! I dreamt you turned into a giant goat and were eating everything in sight, including the manor, our entire family, and ME! I was watching in horror as you finished off my legs and started on my abdomen when I woke up with a soft shout of alarm, but having you and Atreyu right next to me helped to calm me down and reassure me that you were most definitely NOT a goat!
Chapter 70

Chapter Summary

Harry is read the riot act and Draco accidentally lets some important news slip.

Sunday September 11, 2016

Fuck my actual life,

No, I am not a goat. Although at this point, I think I would like to hide away as a simple goat for a while. Maybe until everyone cools off. I'll have you know that the soul crushing reprimanding lecture I received last night after you went to sleep is something I never want to go through again. Thank goodness the littles were tucked away in their beds, or - in Atreyu's case - our bed, before the tongue lashing commenced.

I'm really pleased that they all stayed pretty calm while you were in the room. I know they were much more reserved than they've been in the past during pregnancy announcements but they weren't outright defiant. Mostly just worried about your health and confused since we've been pretty adamant for six years now that there were going to be no more pregnancies from either of us.

I'll take it, especially since the other option is that they come after you with their stressful conversations, but damn you'd think I was one hundred percent responsible for this situation we're finding ourselves in. Somehow I've gone back in time and I feel a bit like a young man getting read the riot act because he got some innocent girl in the family way.

I thought about just hiding this all from you for a moment. Just for a moment I promise! I just didn't want to stress you out even more. But then I realized I'm shite at hiding my feelings and you knew they were going to pepper me with more questions. If I had woken up this morning and tried to pretend that everything went completely well last night you'd immediately catch me in a lie. So, bad news in email per usual my love.

Alright, it's not really as bad as I'm making it out to be. None of them are actually upset at the idea that we have more children coming into our lives. You saw how pleased they were at Shtara's arrival a few years ago, and then Atreyu's arrival recently. They're not against us adding to our beautiful family. They are all scared for you. I certainly don't blame them, I'm scared for you as well. I wish I could lock you up in that dragon guarded tower you're always threatening the teenagers with. But I love you too much to clip your wings like that.

After you left, your brothers, sisters, and the Viper kids decided to remove themselves from the discussion. They'll get all the dirt eventually anyway and seemed alright with letting our children and your parents do all the damage. They very sweetly decided to be the ones to get the littles off to bed. They did try and get Zaire to come with them as well, but he just sneered at them until they got the hint that he was no longer a 'little.' I thought Jaz would argue, but I am sure Zaire will fill her in and she probably would have had a hard time understanding everyone talking at once.

As soon as everyone was sure you and the littles were out of earshot, they started shouting questions at me rapid-fire. "One at a time you monsters! I can't answer all of the questions at once!" I insisted.
They did that scary thing where they all basically tried communicating with their eyes as to who would start. Before they could decide, I had to say my bit. "First of all, I will answer all of your questions as honestly as I can. We've already been to see Rowe twice and I have a lot of good information. But you all need to understand that your dad needs all the support he can get right now. He is being pumped full of potions and hormones. He has decided we are keeping these children. And he's working on being happy about it. You have a problem about the pregnancy or the babies, you come to me. Understood?"

They all nodded, some a bit more forced than others, but we were all in agreement.

Elena began, "I've had more time to process this - since they had to tell me before he began teaching the Zulu dance class. I talked with River about it since we weren't sure if he'd be able to come tonight. Before any of you start attacking Daddy for causing or allowing this, try to remember that he would die before letting any harm come to his husband. You know this." Phew, if I had Lainie in my corner I knew this couldn't be too bad. "I - for one - am thrilled. My little brothers or sisters will grow up with my child, my sister's child, and Del's child."

"Thank you Lainie-Girl. I'm really excited these babies will have your baby to grow up with too." I smiled over at her.

"Yeah, unless Dad or the babies die." Wow, way to go straight for the jugular Viona. Quite the 'off with their heads' Princess there, aren't you?

Seeing as you dying is pretty much my greatest fear, I snapped at her a bit. "I will NOT be letting your Dad die, Viona Skye. I am not going to say anything for how nasty you just acted, but if I hear you say that to your other dad we WILL be having words."

"Yeah, like you'll have time to talk to me over the upcoming months. Good thing there's nothing else important happening, like you guys having grandchildren, or your daughter getting married or anything. I can't believe you're being so fucking selfish." I have never been so angry with Viona. I know she's just a scared girl worried about her favorite person in the world, but what the fuck Vivi?

I would have shut her down again, but Orion beat me to it. "Shut your damn mouth, Viona! Look at Dad's hands, he's shaking. He's scared too, but at least he's not hiding it behind planning for a stupid party."

"It's not just a party! It's my wedding; it's not selfish to want my big day to be amazing and actually about me!" Viona was getting very close to shrieking.

"YOUR wedding, YOUR big day, do you even need a husband for this or should we just print out one of those cardboard cutouts and prop it up next to you since you're the only one that matters?" Yikes Orion, going straight for the jugular there as well.

Your mum cleared her throat … instant silence. How does that woman do that? "None of this is productive. If you are going to act like toddlers you will be sent off to bed like the actual small children were."

I sighed in relief. "Thank you Mum."

"Oh, I wouldn't thank me quite yet, Harry James. How did you let this happen? Why haven't you talked him out of this? What are you doing to assure me of my son's continued safety?"

Oh fuck. Maybe I'd rather have Viona yelling at me instead of these calm scary questions from
your mum. "Mum, I love you, but you greatly exaggerate my ability to tell your son what to do. HE wanted to go undercover, HE wanted to try the damsel curse to help him come to terms with the undercover situation, and while I may have suggested the playtime, it was only because I didn't think my ridiculously gay self gave him what he needed the first time. When we found out about the pregnancies, I gave him my opinion and my preferences, but I started every conversation reminding him it was HIS body, HIS decision, and no choice he could make would change my love for him."

She sighed in reluctant acceptance. "I suppose he is a tad stubborn. However, those are all excuses for what has already transpired, what are you going to do to promise me his safety?"

I suppose it was good she was getting all of the hard questions out of the way. It meant I didn't have to hear them coming from my children. "I can tell you all of the specifics if you truly need them. But what it all comes down to is Draco's health and safety are my main priorities. He is taking preemptive potions despite the fact that his health is well within the healthy range. He's cutting back on anything adding stress. He's going to take more time for his dancing, which is a fantastic pregnancy exercise and his own personal stress relief. If his health deteriorates, we have a plan in place to transfer the babies elsewhere for the remainder of the pregnancy. And each one will be born as soon as they hit thirty-six weeks or earlier if there are complications."

I decided to lighten the mood a bit. "And I will be his personal house wizard, foot rubs, bringing him treats in the middle of the night, I will even carry him around bridal style everywhere he wants to go for the rest of his pregnancies if that's what he wants. I will stop peeing midstream to care for him if he so much as coughs."

That earned me a round of "gross!" and "yuck!" and a couple "that's disgusting!"'s.

Hazel interjected with a: "Well, I suppose I'm awfully glad I didn't down a fertility potion and shag a stranger to be pregnant in solidarity with Eri. We need all hands on deck for this, don't we?"

Your mum about exploded, "You almost did WHAT young lady?"

Haz's eyes grew about double their size and she meeped, she actually made a meep noise! "I didn't do anything Grammy!"

River could not contain his laughter at this point. "I can't begin to tell you how thrilled I am Maha wants to wait on the babies while her acting career is so hot right now. I can't imagine dealing with any more crazy pregnant people!"

Eris may not look like your side of the family, but she can glare almost as well as her Grammy Cissa. "Who *exactly* are you calling crazy, River?"

Ha! More meeping. "I meant Dad, just Dad, he's the crazy pregnant one, not you Eri!"

Here's where I got to be scary: "Oh? I should just tell him you think he's crazy, eh Riv?"

"Er … I think my portkey is about to leave. Can't be late. I promised I'd be there when Maha got off set. Bye!" That little weasel son of ours actually portkeyed himself back to California to avoid this fight!

Shtara was the next with a concern. "What's this going to mean for my play? And what about your book tour? I thought you were leaving soon to promote the last book?"

I forgot about the damn book tour! I have to be the worst author ever. "This will not change anything about your play. You will have your nanny while you have rehearsals and performances;"
you will be home or at classes otherwise. The only thing this changes for you is that Daddy might want an extra cushiony seat when we come see you be the star!

"And Er... I haven't really talked with my agent, but I'm sure we'll figure it out. If I have to portkey back and forth for every stop I will. But if Draco's doing well and wants to come with, he's early enough in the pregnancies that he may enjoy some cushy hotel rooms and joining me in the spotlight."

Zaire interrupted what seemed like there might be more arguing. "Dad, you don't need to cry, we'll all be happy about the babies, ok? Don't worry, everyone is just shocked, we'll come around and love our new brothers or sisters. I promise."

Oh. I didn't even realize I'd started crying. I wiped at my eyes and tried to calm down a bit. I looked at Siri and Zwei, who hadn't said anything at this point. "What about you two, Siri you're usually quiet but your mouthpiece hasn't said a word either. What are your two knuts?"

Zwei, with a very serious face, said, "The boys are currently losing eight to seven. I insist they aren't all girls. I can handle one girl and two boys - which will end in a tie. Even better if they're ALL boys! But I refuse to remain outnumbered."

Well, at least this discussion ended with the entire room laughing?

And it's pretty cool how excited the littles were.

I love you Draco.

Yours,
Harry

Monday September 12th
Harry...

So... When I woke up this morning, I swear I saw a woman standing next to the bed staring at Atreyu, who was wrapped around me rather possessively since you were out of the room. I stared at her in shocked silence for a moment. Perhaps my heartrate started going up, or perhaps my breathing increased, but something woke Atreyu up.

He opened his eyes to peer at me intently, and that caused the woman to run off so fast I almost thought I'd imagined her, except for that she ran straight through the nearest wall, and that made me realize that I could see through her. So... a ghost?

Or still possibly a figment of my overactive, pregnant imagination.

In any case, I had fun simply tickling and playing with Atryu for a bit, and then he jumped out of bed and excitedly shouted something about running around the track. It seems that no matter what he thinks about our cooler weather, he simply ADORES your running track. Not to mention, I'm certain the Manor grounds hold quite a bit of interest for him, especially now that he and Amala are getting on and can go hunting together.

I'm extremely glad that I've maintained a flock of chickens and a large colony of rabbits to not only feed Amala - when she's not in the mood to hunt - but to also give her something (relatively easy) TO hunt so that she doesn't try hunting the Peafowl, the owls, or our pets.
Zaire came in the room and found me doing some light yoga. "Oh good, you're awake." He then quietly joined me in my yoga - presumably to not only warm up, but also keep me on time. One full 'morning' routine later, and we were all ready to go to class - once again wearing nothing but our Zulu warrior costumes.

Our Traditional African Dance class was even better than the first. Zaire was more confident and I had the ability to get lost in the music - while still demonstrating the steps. Once all the students had the basic steps down fairly well, we showed them the various embellishments that could be added to give the dance more flair and allow for individual expression. That often comes across as posturing - in my opinion - but is very fun nonetheless.

At the end of class, Leah showed up. This year, Zaire elected to do something I thought wouldn't be allowed, but is. He decided to list homeschooling as his primary education and only go to the school he'd been going to part time for things like woodworking and gym. Thus, Leah has taken on the role of his tutor while Jaz is in her special school for the day. Also, since we needed a nanny for Shtara, Leah agreed to take on that role as well - since we already trust her like one of the family.

Thus, after class, Leah was really there to take Shtara to her rehearsals, but she'd wanted to make sure that Zaire hadn't forgotten his 'homework.' Grumbling, he took off for the Manor. Chuckling, Leah kissed me on the cheek and assured me that Shtara wouldn't be out of her sight for a single second. Nodding - and returning the kiss to the cheek - I sent her off to collect our ambitious girl.

Which left me with a bit of time to kill before my other class. This seemed like the perfect opportunity to sit and have tea with Elena. Not to mention quietly observe how she's getting on with Rodrigo. She hasn't grumbled about him since shortly after he was hired, but that was no guarantee that they were working well together.

To my surprise, they were having a pleasant chat when I walked into the office. It sounded like preplanning for their midwinter talent showcase. They both smiled at me and Elena stood up to come hug me.

"Daddy, how are you feeling today?"

"I daresay not nearly as uncomfortable as you probably feel," I murmured, rubbing her belly. "Have you learned the gender yet?"

"Well, yes, but I decided to wait to reveal it until Kisa comes to host my baby shower. Which is going to be Friday October 7th - by the way," she informed me.

"Isn't it already a bit late?" I wondered. "What if you're early?"

"Hopefully not THAT early! I'm not due until December 20th!" Elena exclaimed in alarm.

"And did you ever tell Ethan?" I inquired curious.

"Wait - WHAT???

We all stopped to look at Ethan, who was just about to knock on the open door, and now looked utterly gobsmacked.

"Apparently not," I murmured, feeling bad for inadvertently telling him the news she obvious didn't want him to know.

"Ethan!" Elena exclaimed in shock. "What are you doing here?!"
"I was coming to ask if you had a dance class for two year olds - as my daughter seems to love dancing and I want to encourage that," he explained, now STARING at her stomach.

She turned away and pointed at a large chalk board that has a list of every class, the times they were offered, and who was teaching it. "Yes, we have two, actually, both twice a week, but one in the morning and one in the evening."

"Elena..." Ethan stated in a tone that suggested he realized that she was avoiding the much bigger subject.

She turned back to PEER at him. "Does your wife care that you want to enroll your daughter in classes at a school run by ME?"

He looked utterly confused. "Why would she care about that? She doesn't have a problem with you. In fact, she rather likes you, and now that our therapy has helped solved our biggest issues, we're getting along again, so there's... what's wrong?"

Elena was now glaring at him fiercely. She took a deep breath and exhaled a sigh that also appeared to dispel her negative mood. "Nothing. I'm just actually very busy at the moment. Why don't you go with Rodrigo so that he can enroll your daughter in that dance class."

"ELENA..." Ethan growled darkly, clearly not appreciating her trying to get rid of him *without* discussing the rather large issue he was still staring at.

She sighed and rubbed her temples to ward off a headache. "Look, there's nothing to talk about. I've already adjusted my life's plan and goals to accommodate this little one, so you have nothing to worry about. Just go on back to your wife and forget all about what you heard."

He was unsurprisingly glaring at her now. I pulled Elena into my arms and kissed her temple. "Listen love, you CAN'T shut him out now. I know that you didn't want to complicate things - and I'm sorry I did exactly that - but now that he knows, you have to let him in enough to talk and make decisions."

She turned her frosty glare on me. "What's there to decide? This baby is MINE!"

I gave her a look that clearly let her know that she was being stubborn. She sighed and rested her head on my shoulder.

"Fine, but I'm NOT going to be happy about it!" She grumbled.

"Well... looks like tea is out of the question for the moment, so, I should probably go get ready for my other class. Rodrigo! Don't you have things to do?" I questioned, looking over to find him giving Ethan a look that was just a hair shy of a hostile glare. He seemed startled to be addressed so unexpectedly, but then looked at me with a flush.

"Er, right! Definitely, I have a meeting with a prospective student in 10 minutes and I should probably go prepare," he stated, standing up and rushing off.

I kissed Elena on the cheek again and squeezed her hand comfortingly before saying goodbye. "Ethan," I said with a nod of respect as I passed him by.

He smiled at me appreciatively. "Lovely to see you again, Mr. Malfoy. Stop by the shop to pick up the hoard of instruments we have for you, when you get a chance."

"I will," I promised, a little dismayed that he had reverted to calling me Mr. Malfoy, but decided
that he was simply still trying to process what was happening.

At 6 sharp, I arrived at the Ministry Track to pick up my students. They seemed puzzled by my shirt, which now said: Excuses are for people who don't want it bad enough.

I have to admit that I was a bit puzzled myself, reflexively muttering: "Goddamnit Harry," before leading my students to the classroom.

After pairing them all up - old students with new - I demonstrated the move they were expected to practice today. Naturally, it was something the older students already knew, but rather dismayed the new ones. Straight up punching each other wherever they had an opening. This was actually meant to teach BLOCKING. Meaning that it was in the new students best interest to learn how to block and protect themselves as soon as possible.

My sole female student was once again dancing around with her partner, neither seriously trying to hit the other. I glared at him before crossing my arms over my chest and letting him know with a look that he had about 30 seconds to land a hit on her before I punched him in the gut. To his credit, he gulped in dismay and gave it a good try. He landed the hit, but it looked like a bunny could have hit her harder.

Still, I gave him a slight nod of acceptance before turning to watch HER attempt to land a hit on him. He's actually pretty good at defense at this point. Good enough that she would have to try a LOT harder to hit him than he'd tried to hit her, once he was actually serious about it. She waffled about for about a minute, clearly trying to SEEM like she was looking for a good opening while really hoping that I'd be fooled and go away before she had to hit him.

This was definitely NOT good enough for me! Before she could sense danger coming at her, I whipped her around and punched her in the gut.

"Sexist bastard!" She gasped out as she bent over and cradled her stomach.

I raised a brow at her in a near snarl. Apparently her definition of NOT sexist is a person who agrees that she CAN do an equal job as the men all while expecting to be treated like a Princess. Rather than correct her erroneous assumption - AGAIN - I simply whipped out my wand and cast: "Petrificus Totalis!" After that, I conjured a bodybag, zipped her up in it, and pointed at a huge brawler of a new student - who was already decently competent since he was already an Auror.

"You! Pair with timid mouse here! Make sure that he's not permanently injured or killed, but otherwise, challenge him to improve his skills! You, since you're brawler's partner, stand back and wait for an opening from EITHER of them, and then hit them wherever you can - even in the back - EVEN those pain spots I taught you in the previous session. The rest of you keep going; if I catch you slacking when I get back, I WILL PUNISH YOU THOROUGHLY!"

With that warning, I picked the bodybag up (the girl was barely a hundred pounds, which will probably be too much for me when I am farther along, but for now, seemed JUST within my limits), tossed it over my shoulder, and carried it to Robards office where I not so gently placed it on his desk.

He looked up at me in surprise and no small amount of suspicion. "What's this?"

"The first student to die," I stated before turning and walking away.

He sputtered in astonishment. "What?! MALFOY! Please tell me you're not serious!!"

I was already quite far away by this point, and only glanced over my shoulder as I called out: "Find
out for yourself!"

After that, class was actually rather pleasant. My students were strangely motivated to not fuck up.

Feeling only slightly tired but not wanting to push myself into exhausted, I had Muffy Apparate me home, directly to our suite where I could strip off, climb in bed, and respond to your email. I'm a little disappointed by our children's behavior, but thankfully my mother was on hand to rein them in. I'll make it a point to talk to them all individually tomorrow, address their concerns and answer their questions until they feel better about this pregnancy.

In the meantime, I look forward to you coming in here and snuggling with me.

Hanging by a moment here with you,

Draco
Chapter 71

Chapter Summary

Harry thinks Draco's going to end up putting him in the Janus Thickney Ward, and
Draco has a long and productive couple of days.

Wednesday September 14, 2016

My Dragon,

Your behavior and the things you find important to tell me about should really have stopped
surprising me years ago. But every time I think I've got you figured out you throw a brand new
surprise at me. Oh gee hun, by the way, I think a ghost might be haunting your son! But by the
way, I'm glad I bought chickens.


Or I suppose you're not completely sure about that. There's a chance there's no ghost and my
husband is having pregnancy induced hallucinations. Thanks, that's ever so much better. When our
grandchildren come visit Grandpa Harry in the Janus Thickney ward, can you please reference this
situation so they can have the full understanding of what drove me to insanity? Maybe print out
your email and frame it above my bed.

So I'm going to need a bit more info. Or I need to ramble all the thoughts that are running through
my head. Alright, my first thought? It could be his mum. I mean it would make sense since we've
not really had ghosts at the Manor previously so the logical conclusion is that their spirit is
anchored to Atreyu as opposed to an object or the Manor itself. If that's the case, that's very sweet
that she's checking up on him but I hope it doesn't scare him. Maybe he'll actually never see her if
she flees every time he seems to be awake and aware.

It could very likely be an Olivia/Viona situation. She can't care for him and she's checking up to
see him growing and to see that he's being loved and cared for. I obviously plan on living a very
very long time and not leaving any of our children to grow up without us. And if I was to pass I
wouldn't stay on as a ghost because I know that with our enormous circle there's no way our
children would grow up less than one hundred percent cherished and loved. But if I had been alone
and left my child without knowing he'd be safe? I imagine I’d feel the need to hang on and see that
he was cared for. Hopefully if this is the case, she's happy with the outcome. Merlin knows I love
that boy to the depths of my soul.

The other option is this is an angry ghost who's going to try and hurt or take our child. You know,
a Zaire's biological monster situation. But, hey, good news is we already know how to deal with
that situation!

Oh Zaire. I hope homeschooling is the right choice for him. He just has such different interests
than traditional schooling offers. But I know he was so looking forward to heading to Hogwarts to
be with Siri and Zwei next year. I know, I know, he hasn't decided yet whether or not he will attend
Hogwarts, so far the homeschooling is going to be specifically for this school year. I just see the
way he's quieter when his brothers aren't nearby and I hate the idea of him withdrawing into
himself. Ugh, I'll take the teenagers if you promise to handle all the emotional needs of the pre-teens, cool?

How did your talk with the older kids go? I didn't tell you what was said in an attempt to make you upset with them. I think with the exception of how nasty Viona got, they were pretty respectful and mostly just worried about you. And even Viona's nastiness was obviously covering up her fear. I hope you didn't give them TOO hard of a time.

I don't however, have any issues with Narcissa taking them to task!

I liked her taking ME to task much less.

You know, we've spent their entire lives teaching them to be who they are and make no apologies for it. We've taught them to be strong in their convictions, to try and be kind but that it's most important to be truthful. To stand up for what they believe in no matter the cost. Strength, independence, confidence. Just … could they have waited until they moved out to act on all of that teaching? I want you to have backbone with OTHER people, not ME!!

Damn children surpassing all my wishes for them.

Speaking of children moving out … have you heard from Elena concerning her conversation with Ethan? I have not wanted to wake the entity that is Tropical Storm Elena, so I didn't want to ask. But since you, er, caused the interaction I thought she may have messaged you to let you know what transpired.

It's her life and her business. And to be completely honest with you, I would be on her side even if she'd murdered the man. I should probably talk with Katja about my complete disregard of morality when it comes to the happiness of my family. It can't be healthy to condone some of the things I condone simply because I love my family more than I love doing the right thing. And I love doing the right thing! But I'm really glad Ethan is finally aware of what's going on. I really do think that while it might have been easier to keep him in the dark, it certainly wasn't right.

You know this means that WE will have to do the right thing by Dean don't you? I haven't said a word to him. You and I both know that baby is going to be half Thomas. When can we test for that and when do we tell him? This was so much easier when the other biological father was a criminal who had all of his paternal rights stripped. What do we do when it's a good guy we've known most of our lives?

I'm here at movie night at Unity. They haven't started the movie yet so I'm in the office writing to you. Any chance you'll get done with your classes early and I can snuggle up with you? There's a certain snuggly little boy who's ready to climb in our laps, pop his thumb in his mouth, and fall asleep in our arms. How can you possibly want to pass that up? We're watching Big Hero 6! You know how much you love Baymax!

Oh, they're about to start. I will make it worth your while when we get home!

Love,
Your Harry

P.S. By 'worth your while' I mean all the sexy times you can handle!!

Wednesday September 4th
Oh Harry!
I was SO bloody happy to have my two classes today!

To tell you why, I have to go back to yesterday morning. It started well enough. I was drifting awake shortly before noon, and being Tuesday, I didn't have anything planned. To my pleasant surprise, as I started making unconscious noises in response to the thoughts in my head, a pair of lips gave me a soft kiss.

However, I knew instantly that they weren't yours, and so, opened my eyes to make sure they weren't a nasty surprise - such as that time a certain someone tried to show her gratitude to me by getting naked and slipping in bed with me. Once I opened my eyes, I momentarily thought I was looking into a mirror, but then I arrived at a conclusion that made far more sense. I was simply in bed with myself.

"Good morning," Tiger murmured softly.

"Good morning," I returned with a smile.

"I heard the news - that you got pregnant during our playdate," he informed me. "I wonder if a child between us would look EXACTLY like us - like one of those muggle clones."

My eyes widened probably as big as they could get. "Oh... SHIT! We thought - we assumed! Oh Gods!"

He frowned in puzzlement. "Assumed what?"

"We assumed that it was Dean!" I blurted out. "But both you and Viper had me too!" I was now tempted to have Healer Rowe double and triple check that last womb to be CERTAIN there was only one in there!

"True, me and my Harry did actually talk about him being the father versus me, and maybe I just assumed that MY essence would beat out the others, because I was certain it was mine. Meanwhile, my Harry is dead certain that it's his, which would more or less be the same as YOUR Harry being the father. Neither of us gave any thought at all to it being Dean..."

I started rubbing my temples in alarm. "Would that even be healthy for the baby?!!?! Sort of like how a child conceived in incest CAN have a lot of health issues, what sort of issues might a baby conceived with MYSELF have?"

Tiger pulled me in his arms and rubbed my back. "Listen, I didn't mean to scare you. Just wanted to let you know that if it's mine or Harry's, we won't fight you or insist on custody or anything like that. We KNOW that you'll raise the baby with as much love as you have all your others."

I sighed and relaxed into him. "Yeah... and that's good. Honestly, we've been talking about telling Dean and I've been reluctant because I don't know how to handle the idea of sharing one of my kids with anyone other than my husband. What if - oh I dunno - the kid wants to be a circus performer, or something considered ridiculous for a child to devote themselves to, and Harry and I are as supportive as ever, but Dean and Seamus firmly insist that the child HAS to go to Hogwarts and become a proper witch or wizard?"

"They're Gryffindors," Tiger stated in confusion. "WHY would they suddenly change their House affiliation to argue AGAINST something brave and adventurous?"

"Fine, bad example," I admitted in a grumble. "What if our child is extremely driven and dedicated to becoming the next Percy Weasley, and Dean and Seamus WANT him or her to become a circus performer? Look what I'm saying is that what if we have a fundamental difference in parenting and
it causes strife in an otherwise perfectly lovely friendship?"

He stroked my back again. "If that happens, just remember that I'm a lawyer and can help permanently solve the problem for you - BEFORE your husband invites our aunt Kisa over to do it."

We both chuckled at that.

"Nah, I think Harry draws the line at disappearing friends over disagreements," I said, feeling better for some reason.

Still chuckling, Tiger proceeded to give me as good a wake up as one can get that ISN'T actual shagging. Just lovely kissing and a bit of wandering hands. No orgasms sadly because my stomach growled and Muffy popped into the room with my breakfast, which smelled so good that I couldn't stop myself from sitting up and moaning as I dug in.

"Must be losing my touch," Tiger remarked wryly, also sitting up and stealing a sausage off my plate. Lucky for him I had plenty more and DIDN'T hex his fingers off.

After breakfast, I did some yoga before taking a quick shower and putting on some lounge pants and one of those bloody tee shirts that are now overrunning our closet. The one that warns everyone that I'm a badass with a nice ass.

Tiger chuckled and said: "I'll say!"

We chatted a bit about his various cases as we flooed Hogwarts and got permission to come visit for the day. Minerva thought the request odd so early in the year, and right after we'd had the kids for the weekend, but saw no reason to deny me. When we arrived, she looked at us curiously, but since she's one of the few that know about Tiger and Viper - out of necessity since Viper's kids all went to Hogwarts - she didn't have to ask me to explain why there were two of me.

"I just need to have a quick chat with all of my kids individually," I explained.

"Anything important?" She wondered.

"In my opinion, yes," I stated.

"Alright then, here's a copy of all their schedules. Try your best not to disrupt their classes."

"Thank you, Headmistress," I murmured with a smile.

She put a hand on my shoulder and smiled in return. "It always makes me proud when former students grow up to be such wonderful parents, and your kids are such dedicated students."

"Thank you," I murmured, tactfully NOT saying that I think they all secretly HATE school, and so, are trying their best to get it over with as soon as possible.

We followed the schedule to Transfiguration, where Viona was capably demonstrating the lesson that the teacher wanted everyone to learn that day. It was actually impressive to watch because it was rather complicated - not JUST turning a large board into a blanket (which seems simple enough even for a Third or Fourth Year), but turning it into an elaborate quilt with an intricate design. It turned out beautifully, and while most of the students clapped politely (most seeming a bit jealous, I presume), I clapped at a normal volume that sounded rather loud comparatively.

"Dad?" Viona questioned when she looked up and saw us.
I smiled at her and then addressed the Professor. "I have permission to have a quick chat with my
daughter."

"By all means, Mr. Malfoy, I daresay she can afford to miss a few minutes."

Beckoning to her, I invited her to follow us out into the hall. Which actually had a good amount of
privacy with the majority of the students in one class or another.

"Dad...?" Viona asked warily.

I pulled her into a hug. "Listen, I heard that you were being rather upsetting to your dad at dinner.
I'm not mad, but I am disappointed. I KNOW that you're probably just scared and covering it with
a bit of Malfoy attitude, but please don't upset your dad like that."

She didn't say anything for a long moment, simply holding onto me. Then she nodded. "I'll Magi-
Skype him tonight and apologize. It's just... what if you actually die? Maybe a triple pregnancy
wouldn't be so hard if it was happening NORMALLY, but this is so not normal, what with you
being a man, and then the fact that there are THREE wombs to sustain."

I brushed her hair out of her face. "I know it's scary love. You think I'm not worried too? But we're
coming up with every possible contingency, and rest assured that if it comes down to a matter of
their lives or mine, I'll -"

She covered my mouth and shook her head. "Don't say it. It's enough to know it; I don't need to
hear the words."

I nodded in understanding. With one last squeeze, we kissed each other on the cheek and she
returned to class. I turned to give Tiger a relieved sigh.

"That went so much better than anticipated. I really thought Viona would argue more."

"Sometimes kids surprise you," Tiger murmured supportively.

Talking to the rest of the kids went almost exactly the same. Those that needed to apologize to
someone promised to do so, and those that had initially been quiet asked a few more questions, but
eventually, I was sitting and laughing with Zwei - who is still adamant that I need to have three
boys. I ruffled his hair and gave him a kiss on the cheek before heading back to the floo room to
come home.

"I don't know how you do this parenting thing so well," Tiger muttered with a shake of his head. "I
personally only have four kids and I almost always feel like I'm drowning and need someone to
come tell me what to do. Thankfully it is a bit easier when I'm talking with Harry about his kids. I
mean they are mine since I'm married to their dad, but they never fully bonded with me like they
did him, and so, when there's drama with them, Harry agonizes over it, we discuss it, I give him
helpful advice, and he deals with the problem. When I had drama with MY River, I had Rosalie to
help calm me down, and my Viona is... too reserved to cause drama. I really get the feeling that
she's just biding her time until she's old enough to live on her own."

I patted him on the back. "As my Harry says, Viona has a hard shell keeping everyone at a distance
until she feels that she can trust them. Once she does, she's the biggest snuggle bug. I suggest
taking her to a spa for a day, and then watch her favorite movie with her. Let her see that you're still
trying."

He sighed heavily, letting me know that he was silently weighing the pros and cons of taking off
time to follow my advice. After a few moments, he sighed again. "Alright. Anything is better than
constantly wondering if she's planning to disappear the moment she legally can."

I nodded in agreement, and then invited him to go running with me.

It may not sound like it, but yesterday freaked me out so much that I couldn't stop dwelling on the possibility that Tiger is the other father of baby C. Thus when Robards Owled me and ordered me to come in at 5 to have a meeting about yesterday, I jumped at the chance to get ready and leave early.

So, if you were alarmed by me sitting in bed last night and looking a tiny bit horrified, that's why. I was compulsively imagining all the weird things that could go wrong in a baby that was genetically closer than an incest baby. I was actually tempted to look up everything there is to know about those muggle clones things, because maybe they are usually healthy?

Fuck, I have to stop thinking about this again.

Anyway, so after my morning exercise and routine, I got dressed early and actually arrived at the Ministry at half four. I knew I'd probably have to wait, but for once, I felt like having some time to just sit and organize my thoughts would be beneficial.

At 5 sharp, Robards' office door opened and he called me in. As I calmly sat down and crossed my left leg over my right, he sighed.

"Listen, we've had a formal complaint filed against you."

"Oh?"

"A sexual harassment complaint..."

"REALLY???
"

He laughed. "Yeah, I found that a bit absurd too. So here's what happened, I had the head of Internal Affairs and the Head of Human Resources in a meeting last night with the claimant. She laid out her complaint and spent about an hour answering questions. Interestingly enough, the three of us felt that being punched, petrified, and expected to take the class seriously was NOT sexual harassment. She couldn't point out ONE TIME when you'd so much as looked at her funny."

"Well, not unless you're counting glares and expressions of mild disgust," I murmured with a shrug.

"This morning, the three of us called in the previous women from your class, and asked them if you'd ever sexually harassed any of them, and they were gobsmacked at the very idea. Each of them - separately - stated that you were a hard arse, sure, but that you always treated them EXACTLY as you'd treated the men, and that you never sexually harassed anyone - unless one counted the times that a very openly gay student groped YOU and you didn't take him to task for it."

I frowned in thought and pinched my chin. "You know, I actually think one of those women groped me at least once too."

He smirked. "Not that any of them admitted. But yeah, after reviewing the testimony, it was determined that the claim was patently false, and that she had two choices - either return to class and stop faffing about, or quit the Auror Training Program."

"That's almost exactly what I told her," I stated in agreement.
Robards nodded. "That said, the Head of Human Resources politely requests that you try to take your students feelings into consideration while you're teaching."

I snorted in amusement. "What did you say to that?"

"I said that I hadn't hired you to care about FEELINGS," Robards sneered. "I'd hired you to equip our Aurors and Future Aurors to remain alive in the hardest of battles - should anything ever happen. Honestly, while I do respect and admire your predecessor, his methods took a bit longer and didn't seem to fully prepare his students for the realities of the field."

I smirked a bit smugly.

"THAT SAID, please try to refrain from traumatizing your students so badly that they need Mind Healing before they're cleared for active duty."

I chuckled. "I'll see what I can do."

Knowing I had basically just told him what he wanted to hear, Robards shook his head and offered me some tea before I had to go teach my class. As we drank and chatted about quidditch, I received and read your email.

Harry... were you... hoping? ASSUMING? That I'd get fired??? You basically hinted that I'd be somehow done teaching my class - that starts at 6 - in time to watch a movie with you... that ALSO starts at 6. o.O

In any case, I had time to head to the Ministry track about 10 minutes before the start of class. To my surprise, my female student was running, and to her credit, she actually is athletic enough that this seemed easy for her. I decided to clear my head a bit by joining in on the run. When my friend the expert trainer blew a whistle signaling the end of the run, I led my students to the classroom.

Once there, they circled around and stared at my shirt, which now said: Sorry for the mean, awful, accurate things I said. Oh wait, no I'm not.

"Oh Harry, you know me so well," I murmured before deciding to charm the shirt black with white words, rather that the other way around as you had it.

I looked over my students for a moment, wondering how to handle girly so that she'd put in a better effort and not feel so picked on. CLEARLY, partnering her with timid mouse was the WRONG idea. I sized them all up and realized that she needed a partner who could motivate her to do her best and WOULDN'T be too shy to actually hit her. After a moment, I pointed at burly.

"You! I'm going to partner you with the Princess from now on. I know that you're both new students and I want the new students to pair with the returning ones, but I feel that you'll be the best partner for her," I explained.

"Sure thing Chief!" Burly agreed.

"Er..." girly droned, clearly finding the man intimidating. She glanced at timid mouse. "Why can't I just keep partnering with Tim?"

I frowned at her for a moment, wondering if she was referring to him by my nickname, until I realized that that might actually be his NAME. Huh...

Shaking that off, I shook my head. "Sorry but no. The two of you clearly need opponents who actually have the bollocks to hit you - if nothing else, forcing you to learn to defend yourselves.
Pairing you together was clearly a mistake." Then I smirked at her. "What's wrong? Don't you think a GIRL like you can handle an opponent like him?"

She glared at me, clearly not appreciating that I was using her own argument against her. Before she could decide on an answer - and probably still feeling a bit chastised from her meeting - I held up a hand to prevent her.

"Hang on a moment," I bade as I grabbed a piece of stationary and wrote a quick note. "Muffy! Deliver this to McGonagall, and then bring Viona to me."

"Yes Master," Muffy replied before popping off to do as ordered. About a minute later, she reappeared with Viona.

"Dad?" Viona asked in confusion.

I gestured to my darling daughter. "You, would you say that my daughter is about the same build as you?"

"Perhaps a tad... thicker..." girly murmured with a shrug.

This unsurprisingly activated Viona's temper. "Oi! Say that to my face, you bloody -"

"Viona..." I said in a low tone of warning.

I could see her twist her lips unhappily and change her words. "Daft cow..."

Giving her a look but letting the matter slide, I then pointed at burly. "Viona, my love, I need to prove another point. I need someone of your approximate build and your gender to spar with this student here."

She sized him up for a moment before nodding. "Alright." Then she gave me a shrewd look as she pulled off her Slytherin robes and tossed them off to the side. "Are there any rules? Any particular tactics I should use or avoid?"

"Just fight like a Slytherin and make me proud," I informed her.

She grinned rather evilly. "Sure thing daddy." She hopped a couple of times and rolled her shoulders before inviting him to attack her.

To his credit, he had the intelligence to wonder what I'd do to him if he hit my daughter, but after a glance at me gave Viona an opening to punch him in the nose, his attention was properly on her.

"Oi! What are you looking at? I'M your opponent, now shape up and bloody fight me before I kick your arse so hard you end up in St. Mungo's!"

Well... I DID say fight like a Slytherin...

Looking a bit impressed, he shifted into a defensive stance and actually put his best into the fight. Unfortunately for him, she's been practicing Krav Maga on and off since she was about two. Maybe three. Whenever Kisa came for a visit and had ALL the girls thinking that kicking arse was the best thing ever.

Also like a Slytherin, Viona sportingly let him believe he had a chance by being conservative, blocking all hits, and taking every opening he gave her. After just five short minutes, he looked like he was nearly ready to pass out, and that's when Viona went in for the kill, figuratively. She
used a left cross on his armpit, headbutted him, kicked his bladder (making him wet himself a little), and then threw him over her shoulder.

"Thank you, my love, well done!" I praised. Then I positioned myself in front of girly. "See? I am NOT being sexist in ANY way, shape, or form. I am simply expecting you to put in the same amount of effort as my daughter. No more and no less. Look at her. She's wearing high heels and couture. She has her hair and nails done, and didn't let ANY of that get in the way of the fight. Wear what you want. Look however you want. But remember that you are here to learn to FIGHT, so bloody well FIGHT!"

She looked down in shame. "Yes Mr. Malfoy..."

I bit back my expression of relief and considered that a major win. So, I decided to give her a little reward. "Fortunately for you, my daughter has incapacitated your partner. So, I want you to heal him a bit while the rest of the class finally gets to their lesson. As you do, get to know him better. Find something about him that makes you want to kick his bloody arse, and then do it!"

"I have a better idea," Viona stated. "Since I've already finished my homework for the week AND am missing out on dinner anyway, why don't I give her a few pointers and help her get in the right frame of mind?"

I held up a hand warily. "Right frame of mind to spar, or right frame of mind to go work for Kisa?"

Viona thought this over for a moment before shaking her head. "Nah, she doesn't have what it takes to work for Kisa. My dearest Great-Auntie would have to hang her from the ceiling and whip her into submission. Maybe even cut off her middle toes..."

"I thought she favored middle fingers to prevent her victims from flipping her off," I murmured in thought, trying to remember.

"Oh, she does that too," Viona assured me with a flap of her hand.

"Huh," I stated. "Well, by all means, see if you can properly motivate her."

Viona stepped in front of girly and burly, who was now looking rather terrified of our daughter. With a dismissive wave of her hand, she cast a healing spell on the worst of the damage, and then pointed at girly. "YOU, you don't look like much of an Auror to me, but you must want it badly enough to still be here. I don't like you. You think you are better than me, so I'm going to give you FIVE minutes to try to hit me. I'm going to tell you what a pathetic cow you are the entire time, and if that doesn't piss you off enough to punch me in the nose, nothing will. If you succeed, congratulations, you've figured out what you need to do in order to fight this bloke. If NOT... I'm going to do to you what I just did to him, only probably worse, because I expect you to represent the female gender to the best of your abilities and BE BETTER than him!!!"

Girly looked on the verge of crying, but for once, had absolutely NO grounds to claim any sort of sexism or unfair treatment. As much as I wanted to watch only them, I kept my eye on the rest of the students and encouraged them to kick each other and attempt to block the kicks. They were doing an okay job, but were obviously ALSO trying to watch Viona.

To my dismay, half the new ones looked in love with her.

About halfway through the rather amusing match where Viona blocked every hit with one hand and girly was practically on fire with the determination to hit her, a soft tune rang out through the air. Clare de Lune? Viona didn't even ask girly to pause a moment and simply pulled out her magi-
"Hi Alric, sorry I didn't call you on time. Is there something you need - oi! Are you going to give your CRIMINALS a lighter fight if THEY answer the phone while you're trying to arrest them?! What? No, I'm not talking to you, it's this weak woman trying her best to hit me and having a better chance of farting so hard I pass out."

"OI!!!" Girly protested indignantly.

"Shut it, I'm not talking to you. Go ahead Alric, uh-huh... If the expert suggests pricing it at a million galleons, then start with that. You can always - did you just stick your tongue out at me?! You're earning yourself an extra punch or three when your five minutes are up! You can always bring the price down if it doesn't sell. Are you planning to hold auctions like we talked about? I really - you are NEVER going to out trick a Slytherin! Stop feinting and waiting for an opening and bloody HIT ME! I really think you'd be marvelous at auctions. Yeah, go for it and - OH! I have to call you back, her five minutes are up and I have to break her arm."

"*Viona*..."

She sighed. "I mean NOT break her arm as I teach her a lesson she won't forget."

"Better," I stated, watching her stash her magi-mobile and tilt her head side to side as if cracking her neck. "So... Alric's doing well with the Import Export business?"

She was starting with some lighter punches in less hurtful places, clearly working up to the painful stuff. "Yep! It's like I said, he was BORN for it! He's already increased our profits by nearly ten percent. - Oi! At least TRY to defend yourself!"

I actually had to look away because I wasn't sure I could stomach the sight, but despite trying to keep up their sparring, the other students gasped a good two minutes later. I whipped my head around to find Viona licking blood from her lip and grinning like a mad woman.

"See? I TOLD you that all you had to do was get pissed off enough to fight back."

Girly looked positively fierce. She was heaving from exertion and had a few bruises, but nothing was broken and she didn't seem to be on the verge of crying or sicking up. I pulled Viona close and kissed her on the cheek.

"That's my girl."

She grinned at me cattily. "For dinner, you're taking me to Café Exquis and treating me to sushi and hibachi grilled calamari."

"Mmm, that sounds good," I moaned in anticipation.

"And THEN we're going to River's spa and having our hair and nails done while we chat about my wedding plans."

I chuckled. "Good news, class is dismissed early! Go spar at home, or stay here and spar to take advantage of the fact that the mats are still fairly cushy. Just remember, come Monday, we're learning choke holds! So best to practice on your dummies at home a bit first."

The rest of the night was delightful. I had the tips of my hair died purple to match all my nails. Viona is extremely organized with her plans, having an alarmingly massive binder full of ideas. My favorite is the dance she wants her brothers and sisters to perform as they walk down the aisle.
I mean main street of Hogsmeade.

After we were done, I sent her back to school and had Muffy bring me home, where I found you sitting in bed with Atreyu sleeping so his head was on your legs.

"I... I think I saw a glimpse of that ghost," you informed me, pointing at the wall off to the side of the bed. "A face poked through the wall, took a good look at our son, smiled fondly, noticed me watching her, and squeaked in alarm before disappearing."

"Sounds like you might be right about her being his mother," I said, pulling off my clothes so that I could climb into bed with you.

"Let's leave him sleeping on his own for a bit and go to the playroom for some privacy," you suggested.

"Mmm..." I moaned happily, nearly grabbing your hand and Apparating us, before remembering that I need to conserve my magic. To my delight, you gently shifted Atreyu off you and took my hand so that you could do the Apparating.

"I love you," I whispered into your mouth before kissing you.

"I love you more," you stated, provoking an argument that lasted until we were both drowsy from orgasms.

Once back in our bed, I was sleepy but not enough to sleep, while you were already passed out. So I wrote this email and am utterly SHOCKED that it's still before midnight. I would have thought it was coming up on 2 or 3 in the morning by now.

In any case, I ready to sleep now and I'm too tired to think of an appropriate lyric, Draco
Friday September 16, 2016

My Joy,

I neither assumed nor hoped that you would be fired. I know that sounds like something I would say and then follow it up with a "Fine! I did" however I truly didn't do either one. I did, however, think it was a possibility. And while I would have been upset for you and how it would make you feel, I wouldn't have been overly upset about you no longer teaching the class.

What? I think it's just too much stress for you. You are constantly frustrated with students who don't try hard enough and students who apparently make unfounded claims of sexual harassment against you. You had so many females in your last class, that cohort was fairly close to half and half if I remember correctly, there's no way - you would have been either sexually harassing them or treating a specific gender badly - and you just happened to start this session with the one female in the group?

I'm surprised she had the guts to show up even after her claims were shut down. I have a small amount of begrudging respect for that. It kind of makes me want to go from absolutely destroying her to just thinking she deserves YOU as a teacher. It's still pretty mean, but not quite as bad as the destruction I had planned.

So, speaking of deserving what a teacher can hand out … our children do not all hate school and want to get it over with. So far with all of our children, only River and Zaire have chosen to homeschool. And since we've allowed two of them the choice, the rest of them know it's an option. Are they bored with a lot of the classes because their pre-Hogwarts tutoring means they're advanced? Sure. But the best professors generally give them challenging content, often they end up with different projects than the rest of their classmates because it's a similar lesson while being within their ability levels.

Bored kids do not become, in Minnie's words, "such dedicated students" they generally become obnoxious arseholes. Take for instance, George and Fred when they were at Hogwarts. They weren't challenged, they were bloody brilliant, and they spent most of their time causing massive amounts of mischief and finding their own ways to challenge themselves.

Viona, for example, might be well ahead in Transfiguration, but she essentially gets to act as a Teaching Assistant and LOVES the chance to show off how smart she is with the added bonus of bossing around her classmates.

The Princess did call me and apologize, so thank you for talking to her. I can tell myself a million times that I know why she was so hurtful, but I am still a person and my feelings were hurt. I didn't feel like I needed the apology until I had it.

I am actually pretty certain the kids do hate potions because that class is stupid.
Or maybe I just think potions class is stupid because I had such a terrible teacher. No, I will not argue the point with you, I had a terrible potions' professor, YOUR potions' professor was great for you. It's unfortunate that they were the same person. I know, to a certain extent he was playing a role and couldn't treat me well with the part he had to play. But there is just no excuse for the outright bullying which cost me an appropriate education in an important skillset for wizards. He could have been mean and a hard-ass while still allowing me to learn something. He also could have stopped a certain blonde prat from sabotaging all of my work.

Ridiculously FIT blonde prat, but still an obnoxious potions saboteur.

Oh, Snape and his teaching methods. Concerning you teaching this Ferdinand or whatever his name is Legilimency, I wasn't concerned because YOU were going to be invasive and harm HIM! I know your teaching methods are nothing like Snape's. Every moment of lessons with Snape was painful and horrifying for me. After the war I read up on the subject and came to realize it shouldn't have been particularly painful. If done right, the worst that usually comes of it could be a headache. No worse than a muscle ache after an extensive exercise routine.

However, when I was pushed to my limits, frustrated at my inability to accomplish anything, I managed to smash my way into Snape's head. He was not prepared for it, and despite being bloody brilliant at mind magics, he was not prepared for my brash self slamming around in his head like a bull in a china shop. What if Francis gets frustrated he's not getting it and worms his way into your head? What if he manages to find out some Malfoy secrets? Then Fartson will have all your weaknesses at his fingertips.

So, I think we should head in to talk with Rowe today. I know we just saw her last week and shouldn't need to go back for another two to three weeks, but I am seriously panicking about the potential Tiger situation. I'd be less worried about incest, although much more grossed out, because incest generally only causes issues when it's happened generationally. A one-time incestuous coupling is not any more likely to have a baby with birth defects than any other birth. But we have no idea what essentially two genetic copies would create. I need to know if there's some way to find out the paternity prior to birth. I know muggles have ways of finding out potential health concerns before birth, so I assume there would at least be some way to figure that out.

I will say, I'm selfishly hoping it was Viper who fathered baby C. My genetic match seems like it would be the second best option, only slightly less preferred than if it had actually been me. You and I know from that night it's not exactly possible it was me however.

We don't have to go see Rowe right when you wake up like I would normally force you to do. I have plans all day anyway. The mums and I are planning Atreyu's upcoming birthday party! Two weeks from today is his birthday and we're doing the big family celebration the next day.

Why don't you join us for tea and biscuits whenever you wake up? I made you your own batch of the ginger garlic ones that you (and only you) like!

My heart is yours,
Harry

P.S. Your purple hair tips made me want to devour you whole. You're so damn hot you should be illegal!

Friday September 16th
My fire,

While you and our mums were taking advantage of the fact that Atreyu was still sleeping to plan his party, I actually woke up shockingly early - for me. See, Atreyu was snuggling me very possessively, which I normally don't mind, but he ALSO tends to create a lot of heat and I was starting to feel a bit overcooked. This made me open my eyes and see that ghost woman again. I didn't want to scare her off, so I didn't move or make a sound as I watched her.

This time, I wasn't even mildly alarmed to find a strange person in our room, and so, my breathing and heart rate remained calm. Wondering how I could get her to trust me and not run off, I decided to very softly offer a compliment. Focusing on him so that it seemed like I hadn't even noticed her, I kissed his forehead and said: "Such a beautiful boy, he must have made his mother proud."

To my surprise, I heard a whispered: "He does."

"It must have been hard," I murmured in sympathy.

"What?" She asked, a bit louder.

I risked looking at her. "Being pregnant and not knowing if he would be a wolf. You must have hidden that part of yourself from his father because why else would he be disgusted enough to run off - presumably when he found out. Were you hoping that Atreyu would be normal?"

She sighed. "At first... I hoped that having a completely non-magical father would make him a non-mag too. But then I held him in my arms and knew I would love him no matter what."

"And that's why you chose to remain behind and become a ghost? So that you could always watch over him?" I theorized.

"Yes, but I didn't want to confuse him. He knew I was dead, I didn't want him to see me and think that I was still alive and everything could go back to the way it was."

"I understand, it's hard enough to understand death without ghosts that can talk to you like they're still alive," I stated.

"I watched over him, my heart breaking every day because I wanted him to be loved and safe, but I also couldn't bring myself to get the attention of someone that could report him to child services. What if they found out that he's a..." she faltered, sounding rather emotional.

"A wolf who has no control over who he is or what he does when he's changed," I supplied for her.

"But you!" She burst out tearfully. "You and your husband KNEW what he was, and you took him in anyway. You LOVE him anyway!"

"We don't love him anyway, we love him, full stop," I assured her. "He's a very lovable boy."

"He is!" She sobbed. "My beautiful, lovable boy! Thank you so much! I can't - I can't ever repay you!"

"Lucky we have everything we need then, and so does our son," I murmured.

"Por qué lloras mama?" Atreyu asked softly, his head resting on my chest as one eye half opened to stare at her.

"Estoy tan feliz... Y triste..." she cried before spinning around and zooming out of the room.
Atreyu sat up and looked around the room. "I thought I saw mama..."

I stroked his hair and kissed his cheek, deciding to say nothing because I wasn't sure what to say. Instead, I said: "Why don't you go find daddy and see if he has something ready to eat?"

"Like pancakes!" Atreyu suggested happily, spending about 20 seconds smelling me all over. Then he ran off, presumably to the kitchen. Meanwhile, I had Muffy pop in and serve me blood sausages with sauerkraut. Mmm...

As I ate, I read your email and it occurred to me that you think my combat class stresses me out. It really doesn't. I have fun with it. I lament my students lack of self preservation skills, but that's what I'm there to teach them. But I take comfort from the fact that YOU also thought that any sort of accusation of sexual harassment was ridiculous. I only had 4 women in my last class, but they never once had a reason to complain about how I treated them - aside from the same complaints ALL the students had.

I really think that now that my current lone female student had made a bit of a breakthrough, this class will go more smoothly than it has been. But as for right now, I'm about to sign off, get out of bed, and do some yoga.

You'll be in my heart, always,
Draco
Chapter 73

Chapter Summary

Harry is worrying and Draco wants him to relax a bit.

Saturday September 17, 2016

Love,

Since we were too worried before our appointment with Rowe yesterday to really do much talking, I figured I would let you know how the party planning went.

I wasn't sure how we were going to plan this party. Usually we tend to do a theme for their big parties. Either we let the older kids just pick an awesome activity or we plan the younger kids' parties around their interests at the time. Zaire's first birthday with us centered around trains, as did most of his subsequent birthdays if we're being honest here. Viona had a number of princess themed birthdays. We've taken the Divas to fashion shows and fabric meccas. But there's not really anything Trey is definitely into.

For the most part, Atreyu is content to be surrounded by people he loves and if he's not being social he wants to spend most of his time outside discovering the world. As the mums and I were hemming and hawing about what to make the theme, we all kept circling around to how much he loves the outdoors. Well duh, why were we so thick? We can have an outdoors party.

His birthday being at the end of September means it's certainly colder than he was used to in California, but it's not so terribly cold yet. Perfect outdoor party weather. And if it happens to rain that day making outside not really ideal for a party, Narcissa promises she will deck the ballroom out to look like a rainforest so we can have an outdoor party indoors.

Now I kind of hope it rains!

We'll have the tables and the food all placed near our Park so we have a place to gather that the smaller kids will have plenty of space to play while being watched. But we also have a scavenger hunt planned and a couple of outdoor activities for during the party. And there's always the quidditch pitch if any of the oldest kids get really bored.

Now we just need to figure out what we can get him as a present from us. I have an idea, what do you think about asking Greg to build him a treehouse/clubhouse? As sad as it was finding him in the playhouse when he was still just our little trespasser, a little outdoor playhouse is obviously something he liked.

Unless you have a better idea.

I'm really thrilled his mum can see how much we love him. I always worry whether our adopted children's birth parents would be happy about the lives they're leading. Not so much the ones who had shite birth parents, but Olivia giving up Viona to ensure her the best life, or Elena's parents who were great parents to her before they died in that crash. It soothes something inside of me to know those we've had contact with seem to think we're doing an alright job.
Minus Zaire's birth monster, may he rot in Hell.

You know, I never put two and two together to realize that Atreyu had to have been a born wolf. It's just a part of who he is, so I never really questioned how he became that way. I assumed he had been bitten, because all of the children of wolves or wolf-like parents we know aren't wolves themselves. They don't even have lupine traits at all. And I've seen every inch of this little nudist with his baby butcheeks running all over outdoors, he doesn't have a bite mark.

I really should have noticed that huh?

But all the children of wolves like Teddy, or partial wolves like Victoire, Dominique, and Louis, their wolf parent was the Dad. Atreyu's wolf parent was his mum (or his Mama, that's so stinking cute, I love the way he says Mama and Papa). So maybe the were trait can be passed but only in utero? Hmm. Now I'm curious. I should ask my library if she's done any research on this.

Okay, so how are you feeling about last night's appointment? I'm not quite sure how to feel.

When we showed up, Rowe was a bit surprised because we weren't supposed to see her for a few more weeks, but it's us and we're a bit eccentric, so she generally just takes everything we do with a grain of salt. We told her our concerns about the possibility of Tiger being the other father. She seemed pretty confident that the baby would still be healthy even if he did turn out to be half Tiger, basically saying that even though you're the "same" person, your original existence being from different worlds means that much like your magic, his genetics could be different enough to not cause issues.

It sounded like a lot of "probablys" to me, so I asked if there was any way to find out for sure, then I would know whether or not I should worry about it for the upcoming months. She rolled her eyes a bit at my worry and said if we brought Tiger with to an appointment she would be able to cast the relations spell to see if he was the father of any of the babies.

I'm pretty sure she meant an upcoming appointment but I wasn't willing to wait that long so I sent him a message asking him to meet us at Rowe's office as soon as he could.

More eye rolling from Rowe. She sighed and asked, "Since we're apparently going to wait for him to show up, I may as well check out how you and the babes are doing."

She did her usual rotation of spells checking on your magic levels, your health, and the babies' progress. "Well, everything looks good, your magic levels are staying steady, the nutritive potions seem to be doing their job because your nutrient levels are all where they should be, your blood pressure is still a bit higher than usual but it's a bit lower than it was last week. They're obviously all different ages and so different sizes, but I'm not seeing any evidence of growth discordance so that's really good."

Wait what? "Can you back that up please? What's growth discordance and why are we checking for it?" I said in a very calm voice …

"Growth discordance is when one baby in a multiple pregnancy is significantly smaller than the other baby or babies. It's not something I'm seeing, but it's something I try to keep an eye out for in multiples pregnancies," Rowe said much more calmly than me.

I think I started squeaking at that point, oh good, another thing for me to worry about. And that's when Tiger was shown into the room. "Oh no, Harry's got his panicked face on, should I assume I'm here for bad news?"
You chuckled and put your arms around me. "No, he just found out multiples pregnancies come with additional risks and he's freaking out. It's probably because this is OBVIOUSLY our first multiples pregnancy. Oh wait."

Oh. Apparently this discordance thing is something you already knew about from your pregnancy with Lily and Caelum. I'm an idiot.

"Hello Draco, it's lovely to finally meet you. I'm Healer Rowe. You've been invited today because we want to test you against baby C to rule out paternity."

Tiger visibly relaxed. "Ah, that's not too bad; with Harry's face I assumed the worst, but I really shouldn't have been so surprised that the little guy is panicking. Cast away."

Rowe did the scans and apparently we got good news. Because the spell looks for relations based on magical signature - and yours differs from Tiger's - it was able to definitively disprove him being the other father. Your signatures are similar enough though that it did place him equal to a sibling of the father of all three babies. But he is equally related to all three. I suppose it would have been kind of nice to know we wouldn't have to share the baby with anyone else, but I'm mostly just relieved that I won't have to worry about baby's health.

So I'm torn on how I'm feeling about the appointment. On the one hand, thank goodness we're not going to have an exact clone baby with health issues. But now I'm freaking out about this growth thing.

Worriedly Yours,
Harry

Sunday September 18th
My adorable worrywart,

I hate to admit it, but I love that you worry so much because it means that I don't have to worry as much. I mean I do worry, but not AS MUCH as you do! And then there are times in which you worry just a bit TOO much. I'm still not entirely sure if you've been sleeping enough since before Hazel's surgery, and now with what's going on in my abdomen, I'm dead certain that you are probably not sleeping again.

So, to that end, I decided that YOU needed to have a bit of a stress free spa day. I planned the whole thing, so - not very surprisingly - it consisted of all my favorite things. I even had Pippa wake me up about 9AM - since I've been going to bed earlier due to a thing or three making me tire easily.

Our day started with me forcibly removing you from your stables by (having Muffy) casting a lightening spell and throw you over my shoulder so that I could carry you away. Then I had Muffy Apparate us to Café Exquis where you grumbled about not being hungry yet until I mentioned that I was ravenous, and then you gave in and decided that if I wanted to have breakfast with you, you'd at least have coffee and a bowl of fruit.

When I was finished eating my Alaskan King Crab and caviar, I took your hand in mine and kissed it so that you couldn't escape before Muffy Apparated us to River's Spa. You know, I've never really mentioned this before, but I still think it's rather clever of him to have named it River's Song - which brings to mind that soft and tranquil sound of water flowing through a peaceful forest.
Anyway, once there, you took a look around and got a bit curious, like you were wondering if we were there on business or pleasure. I'm sure it made sense to you that I'd pop in to check on the place on River's behalf - which yes, was a tiny part of the reason we were there.

I let them know that we were checking in for our day, and we were asked to head off to the steam room so that we could strip off and start with a bit of cleanse. Then we had body wraps followed by a mud bath, massages, a few minutes in the dry sauna, lunch consisting of chicken salad on croissants with orange juice (and my never ending cup of milk), facials, mani/pedis, and lastly, our hair was done.

You didn't really want much done with your hair, but suffered through a shampoo and trim. Meanwhile, I asked you what color you wanted me to dye the tips of my hair, and you asked for shocking pink. Amused, I agreed, and so now, I have neon pink tips to my hair - and I had them cast spells to change all my nails from the vibrant blue I'd originally chosen to the same shade of pink so that I matched.

Once done with the spa, it was coming up on dinner time, however, since I had been snacking on cherries most of the day, I wasn't starving yet. So, I took your hand in mine again and simply strolled through London with you. We stopped in at Ethan's parents' shop and picked up those instruments they always set aside for me (which I put in the pouch I made specifically for them). After chatting for a bit - they're a bit scandalized that their son got our daughter pregnant, but it sounds to them like the situation is being resolved rather peacefully, all considering - we continued our stroll.

You had gone from being anxious to get back to your stable to slowly relaxing over the day, until now you were actually in the moment, simply enjoying walking around hand in hand with me. Even so, I could feel all the little worries starting up again, and you sighed a little impatiently as if biting back the question of when I would be done monopolizing you so that you could get back to your rather full stable.

See? THIS is why I insisted that the elves be trained to care for them when you were gone. I knew you'd feel like you had to be there at all times otherwise - despite logically knowing that you don't literally need to be there at ALL times so long as they were receiving plenty of love, attention, and care. Which they are.

For dinner, we chose the Aqua Shard. I had braised lamb with a variety of root vegetables, while you had chicken over a bed of broccoli, cauliflower, and carrots. We kept kissing each other as we remembered how silly we both were for our first date.

After dinner, I took you to see that new play you've been wanting to go to. Honestly, at this point, I simply assume that there are plays playing and you want to see them. It doesn't matter if they are new or old, good or bad, musical or not. But I also know that you DO prefer new musicals. You even mentioned being a bit sad that I hadn't invited Shtara along for this part, and then excitement that her rehearsals were coming along nicely and opening night was coming up in October.

Our day ended with me bringing you back to the Shard - only this time, to the Shangri-La Hotel. I personally wanted to do nothing but kiss every centimeter of your body, but I KNOW you've been needing a good hard spanking for days now, and so, I started with that. After your arse was nice and glowing red, I started on my kissing. I kissed and licked the red, blowing gently over the wetness to help cool and soothe the heat of the spanking.

You were squirming by this point and I had so much more territory to visit. Exactly as I wanted, I kissed and licked you everywhere, even going so far as to restrain you when you started trying to tug me into place to shag you already. By the time I was ready to see to my pleasure, you'd already
had one orgasm and were looking rather desperate to have your second. That seemed like the PERFECT time to have you, and so, I slipped inside and had about two minutes of the most glorious pleasure ever, but sadly, I had perhaps overdone it just a tiny bit, and so, gave into the urge to finish right away so that I could snuggle up with you and pass out.

We both slept for probably an hour or two, but then I felt you moving around, and upset that you were having trouble sleeping after a day like that, I cast a sleeping spell on you. Then I was awake enough to write this email, but now I'm going to sign off, wrap myself back around you, and get as much sleep as I want before waking up and taking the sleeping spell off you.

You know the night will weave its magic spell when the one you love is near, oh, this is the night and the heavens are right, on this lovely bella note,

Draco

P.S. I'm extremely relieved that the Tiger isn't the other father and that baby will not have potential problems from too closely related genetic material. On the other hand, I'm also a little disappointed because I was starting to get rather curious about what that baby would look like. I mean I have sons (and a brother) that look nearly identical to me, but this baby WOULD be identical to me... unless he was a she... or the same genes expressed themselves differently. Who knows, maybe everything would be the same but he would be born with blue hair. But now I'll never know, and I'm sad about that even as I am entirely glad that I won't have to deal with missing cleft palates and extra fingers and toes, plus deformed spines and fragile bones and - SALAZAR! I have to stop before I actually DO start worrying!!!
Monday September 19, 2016

My Heart,

Thank you so much for this weekend. I didn't realize how badly I needed to relax and let you take care of me until it was happening. I know I get stuck in this headspace where I feel like I need to take care of everything. As soon as we found out you were pregnant, and especially after the decision was made to keep them, I put myself on caretaking autopilot.

As much as you do need extra help while you're pregnant, magical help while you're limiting your own magic, insistence on sleeping and eating enough, emotional support to keep your stress down, I forget that the way you own me, the way you care for me, is for you almost as much as it's for me. You need to own and possess me the same way I need to be owned and possessed by you. I always forget, because I need my submission for my own emotional needs, that the reason we work so well as Dom and sub, is because you crave it the same way.

I'm sorry for forgetting those needs of ours in an effort to do it all. I should know that nothing would keep my Master from giving me what I need. I love you.

When you woke me up yesterday, I felt so relaxed and sated. My muscles were all soft and relaxed and my bum burned. Gods you're so good to me.

I may have been a bit squirmy and hard enough to calm that you needed to cast a sleep spell on me, but I promise I have been getting enough sleep lately. Alright, probably not quite enough, but more than I was right before and after Haz's surgery. You'd think having a squirmy four-year-old in our bed would mean less sleep, but having him with us has actually forced me to sleep more than I otherwise would. I like to snuggle him to sleep, running my hands through his hair, and it has been causing me to get sleepy fairly early in the evening. And because he's a little octopus, I often find myself 'stuck' in bed after that. Somehow, telling myself I'm lying there for him means I will actually fall asleep and get a full night's sleep.

I'm sorry I kept getting so distracted by worrying over my horses. You were so sweet to plan a day out for us and I kept getting all antsy and squirmy. I'm sure I made you feel like spending time with you was less important than taking care of the rescues. I've been doing such a weird mix of taking care of you to an obnoxious level that I am sure you're annoyed with, and not actually caring for your heart by not spending enough time with you.

I think my thing with the horses in particular is that they are used to muggles, they're used to human care, and because they aren't magical, I don't want all their care done by magic. Either it will freak them out, or when they eventually find better homes they could miss it and be confused. But that's why I've planned on hiring some stable workers. With the money you made by ... er ... selling my services at Glasto-fest, we made enough to cover plenty of part time help for the next year.

Since I'm leaving the day after Lainie's baby shower to start my book tour, I need to have them all hired and trained up before I take off for days at a time. I already let my manager know my schedule will be wonky because I need to be able to get back for appointments, in case of emergency, and I will always want to be home for Atreyu's full moons. We just had one Friday night so we've got almost a month until it's an issue again, but since Atreyu came to us, I am much more aware of the moon cycles!
I decided to hire mostly squibs. They will essentially be forced to care for them the muggle way since they are without magic, but they know enough about magic that they won't freak out over the house elves, or if one of us accidentally uses magic in front of them, or your dad forgets to wear his cowboy clothes near the stables. Or if one of the littles starts using accidental magic.

They will still probably freak out when I start singing to the horses. And thanks to this amazing weekend with you, I have a whole new repertoire of songs to sing to them! Breakfast at Tiffany's was beyond amazing. Pixie Lott's voice? I could have cried just from her voice alone. Ok I did cry just from her voice alone. Cheesecake's favorite so far this morning has been Moon River. But my favorite song was most definitely Dying Day.

Thank you for taking me to a musical, I know you don't mind, but they're not exactly your thing the way they're mine. But you know me well enough to know it would make my entire night.

Speaking of songs … River's Song. Yes, I also love the name of it. Seeing as you're fully willing to watch geeky sci-fi things with me, but they're not your jam, you apparently completely missed the geekiness of the name. Sure, the river's song is beautiful, water moving through nature, such a lovely calming sound. And it being River's name was obviously a part of it. The idea of calming sounds of the river is such a good name for a massage parlor. But you have to know that it's named after his favorite character from Doctor Who! River Song? The kickass badass who rules the Doctor with a sassy smile and an iron fist?

You're adorable.

So, now that I am no longer freaking out about Tiger being the other father of C, I can backtrack to the day you spent with him. Before I read the part that freaked us all out where Tiger and Viper had put two and two together concerning their involvement, I could not help but get hard reading about him waking you up with kisses and touches. It made me ridiculously jealous. You are mine! Every inch of that body belongs to me! But every inch of that body is a body Tiger is more familiar with than even I am. He's worn the same face, those same arms, that gorgeous … hair, his entire life. Picturing the two of you rolling around our bed, skin to skin, gets me jealous which gets me hot, which makes me want you both.

Expect to come home from class tonight and get immediately jumped. I need you like I need air.

Anxiously,
Harry

Monday September 19th
Fuego de amor,

Today I had a little time - after waking and doing my morning routine, and then conducting my dance class with Zaire and returning to the Manor to change - to give Wojtek an examination to ensure that he's growing the way he's supposed to. He was about 2 weeks old when I got him - as far as the rescuers could tell - and that was 2 months and 6 days ago. He's gained about 10 kilograms (~22lbs) since then, making him quite a hefty baby. (At a total weight of about 25lbs.)

SO glad OUR babies don't grow that fast! That's nearly a full year of human growth - depending on the baby. I can still carry him, but it's better for me if he's either in the carrier on my back or toddling around at my feet. Also, now that he's definitely more 'toddler' than baby (in human terms, he's still very much a baby in bear development), it's easier for me to let him wander around.
Potty training him has been surprisingly easy... because I'm probably cheating. I ordered Muffy (and Shtara's elf Mada) to know when he needs to go and pop in to take him out at that point. Thus, he will definitely associate doing his business with a particular part of our yard because he doesn't have a choice in the matter. I actually think he's smart enough (or will be) that he'll remember and know later on in life that that spot is designated for him to go - NOT the house.

Also, because he's gotten bigger fairly quickly (and I'm told he'll reach 25 kilograms {55lbs} by six months!), I've been leaving him at home my last couple of classes, but I wanted to bring him with today. Mostly to give my students a bit of added challenge, but also to have basically one last day of bringing him to class before I stop for good.

Just like you predicted, each night when she comes home, Shtara takes Wojtek to her room and he sleeps in bed with her. At this point, as much as I wanted to be his human, I'm just going to have to let it be her. Our Manor and the grounds are safe enough that she has her elf take him out and let him explore the grounds during the day when she's gone (especially on days when I'm gone and can't steal him back, hahaha).

But as I was saying, I brought Wojtek with me to class. I was holding him when Muffy popped me into the classroom, and as I was running a bit late, my students had already come in from the track. My students looked at me curiously, probably wondering why I had my elf Apparate me rather than do it myself. Interestingly enough, since I had already mentioned health issues from the start of class, I think that some of them - my returning students - have been trying to figure it out in their heads. Also a big clue, I haven't punched them nearly as much, leaving most interaction for the old students to teach to the new students.

Thus, I daresay that one or two might actually be worried about me. After looking my class over, I held up Wojtek, who I was holding in front of me. He's freaking adorable, and I wonder if Elena has had time to come over and turn into a bear to play with him. Honestly, had I been thinking a bit more clearly (brain fog???) I *might* have asked her to take him once we got back from California, since she literally COULD be a mama bear to him.

But not the point! Focus Draco!

While holding Wojtek up, I said: "Alright, listen up, today while you spar, not only are you going to practice your submission holds, but my bear is going to be wandering around as he likes. The POINT of letting him do so is that he is an innocent. If you were on a raid, any person who is NOT a criminal or a suspect - such as a room full of children we discovered on a recent past raid - is innocent and needs to be protected at all costs. So say there's a bit of a hard duel going on and there's an innocent in the room, you'll need to know how to do your job and focus on defending YOUR life while still keeping an eye on the innocent so that you A: Do NOT accidentally hex him or her, and B: Can try to prevent the criminals from doing so. Understand?"

"Yes Chief!" Friendly exclaimed on behalf of everyone.

I set Wojtek down and when I stood up, everyone had their eyes on my shirt, which said: I was taught to think before I act, so if I smack the shit out of you, rest assured that I've thought about it and am confident in my decision.

Well... Accurate...

Wojtek was already exploring the room a bit like a dog, sort of sniffing around, but also just sitting and watching all the people for long minutes. Literally underfoot. Exactly as I wanted him. Meanwhile, my students wisely paired up, and considering all the drama of my last two or three classes, this one was rather smooth and low key.
Until Robards himself walked into the room and made all the students pause curiously. I narrowed my eyes at him warily. He looked utterly inscrutable, which in and of itself is quite the feat as I've had practice reading masks that cover genuine feelings my entire life.

"Hold this," he commanded, grabbing my hand and setting something in it. I looked down in confusion for several LONG seconds until I registered the fact that I WAS indeed holding a severed finger.

Suddenly, I was overcome by a vision. "Two men are fighting. It's a combination of a wizarding duel and a no holds barred brawl. One of the men seems desperate, and that's probably because the other man seems quite determined to murder him. Avid, eager, mad even.

"The lunatic is slightly taller than average, medium build, with blond hair and blue eyes. Desperate is a bit taller but also huskier. He has brunet hair and light brown eyes and is panting rather heavily from trying to run away as he casts shields. They're... in a random field with nothing that seems like identifying marks. Desperate grabs anything he can to chuck at lunatic, and lunatic occasionally catches desperate, causing a brutal scuffle that is clearly NOT trained in any sort of combat skill. Lunatic grabs desperate's hair and punches him in the temple, and desperate has managed to grab hold of a large rock and bash it over lunatic's head - and now he's running again.

"Lunatic isn't casting the relatively 'nice' Unforgivable Killing Curse, he's using blasting hexes and severing charms, and one that sounds like a blood boiling curse. These are mostly being blocked by the shield charms, but every now and again, something gets through, which is running desperate down. Oh! He just tripped. Oh..."

I had closed my eyes at some point, probably unconsciously trying to make the vision clearer once it started, even so, I am pretty sure I both flinched AND grimaced at this point.

"Desperate is trying to sever lunatic's wand hand, but only managed to get his finger - ah, so that's what I'm holding, ta ever so. Meanwhile, lunatic has abandoned his wand anyway and is now choking desperate and... huh! Kissing him and biting his tongue right out of his mouth, blech!

"Suddenly, he pulls a knife out of his pocket - I'm not clear actually if it came from his pocket or if he somehow managed to transfigure his wand into a knife. One of those utility knives that can be folded up and stored in a pocket or a holder on a belt. The knife is... I dunno, about 10 centimeters (4 inches) long and doesn't look particularly sturdy, but has a serrated edge. Lunatic has just plunged it in desperate's chest. Pulling it out and doing so again..."

I paused because it took several moments (and I think I'm probably seeing it faster than it happened in real life) for the stabbing to stop. "I counted seven or eight stabs, and I'm fair certain that desperate is now dead," I stated, assuming that the vision would end, but since I was holding the MURDERER'S finger, it didn't. "Ah. Lunatic is running off, but I think he must have been injured at some point too, because he's staggering and clutching his abdomen. He's running without really looking at anything and the scenery seems to be flying by in a blur. I can't tell how long he ran or where he ended up, but he must have passed out, because the vision goes black rather abruptly."

I promptly handed the finger back to Robards and held my hand out for Muffy to clean. Robards held out his other hand and flapped his fingers as he demanded: "Memory."

I nodded and took hold of my wand so that I could extract the memory of the vision for them to print up and analyze. Once it was free of my head, Robards held out a vial for it, spun around and left, calling out a gruff: "Thanks!" Over his shoulder.

After he was gone, I picked up Wojtek and sat on the cushy chair Muffy conjured for me. "Did I
say class was over?! Get back to work!"

Stunned, my students silently did as told, but it was clear that they weren't really thinking about what they were doing.

"Muffy, cast a stinging hex on anyone who doesn't seem to be focusing on their fight," I commanded.

"Yes Master," she murmured, looking a little eager to follow orders.

That did the trick, getting my students' minds properly back on their lesson. Meanwhile, I was not *physically* tired - nor mentally tired - just a bit numb and needing to sit for a few minutes. At the end of class, I felt fine except for a headache. I stayed late after dismissing them so that I could write this email and clear my head. Now I'm headed home to find you for some snuggles.

Though I try to hide it, it's clear, my world crumbles when you are not there,

Draco
Chapter 75

Chapter Summary

Harry threatens Robards, and Draco has a movie marathon with a couple of his boys.

Friday September 23, 2016

My Foggy Love,

This evening was lovely. We really don't spend enough time with Dudley and Donna. Between businesses and Hogwarts and having a million children, things seem to get so hectic that all of a sudden I realize we haven't seen them outside of big celebrations for a few months.

I suppose today was a celebration since it's Donnie's thirteenth birthday, but since it was really just us invited to celebrate with him, it wasn't a particularly big celebration. Although our family is definitely large enough that we make everything big just by showing up!

Donna asked me earlier this week if I could pick Donnie and Daisy up after their last class of today so they could come home for the weekend to celebrate the big One Three. It's just easier for me to pop over to Hogwarts than it is for them. Magic is so handy, did you know? Sorry, I know that's not funny, you've been sensitive to the fact that you're not supposed to use much magic and I'm purposefully teasing you about it. I'll stop now, I promise.

It was just a family dinner with cake and a few presents so we didn't bring all of the kids. Lainie and River are off doing their adulting thing. Shtara had a late rehearsal. Viona, Eri, Ori, and Haz told me they were "willing" to come "if you really want us to Dad" - which means they didn't feel like coming to a little kid family dinner when they could be hanging out in the common rooms with their friends. Orion at least has a pretty valid excuse, Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff's quidditch match is tomorrow and he wants to make sure he gets enough rest beforehand – to Captain them properly.

Siri and Zwei, being as close as they are to Donnie, wanted to be picked up at the same time as their cousins, so I grabbed the four of them from Hogwarts while you (Muffy) got yourself and the six smallest to Dudley and Donna's place.

We all had a really pleasant evening. Which I'm only telling you because you pretty much fell asleep on their sofa and didn't move for the rest of the evening.

Seriously sweetheart, you are still overdoing it. You are magically and physically growing three humans, you're teaching three classes per week, you have fifteen children (so far), and then you get stopped in the middle of class to latch on to A FINGER and have to have emotionally and magically draining visions. You. Need. To. Slow. Down.

Do I need to have ANOTHER talk with Robards? I mean. Should I talk to Robards for the first time concerning him expecting too much of you? I er, should probably introduce myself to him. Do you have his email address? Floo address? Home address? Asking for a Grandmama.

Alright, I like Robards enough that I am not currently planning on siccing Grandmama on him. I might send his address to Narcissa though. But Love, do you realize how brain foggy you've been?
I know you said something about the brain fog in your last email, but it's gotten really bad. You asked me four times this week alone what I had planned for the day. I've spent every day this week in the stables. You know what I have planned. I also smell like hay and have been wearing flannels and denims all day long. You are not normally this scatterbrained.

You need something else to convince you? How about the fact that you forgot our daughter's Animagus form? Lainie is a panther sweetheart. River's the bear. The two animals aren't even mildly related.

And you know if you tried giving Wojtek to River that Shtara might straight up assault you. She's sassy and dramatic, spirited and ridiculously talented. But she doesn't suffer fools and only a fool would try to remove that bear from Shtara. I can't be your bodyguard and follow you around all day to make sure our thirteen year old doesn't jump you from the shadows. I can't be everywhere at once!

Seph, Lissa, Cael, and Trey could not stop going on and on about all our horses and almost-horses to Dustin. So it sounds like Dustin might come spend a few days with us this upcoming week. Hang out with the horses and his cousins, he gets so lonely with his older brother and sister being at Hogwarts all year, and just stay through Saturday and go home with his parents after the party.

I figure I may as well call up Bea and Finn to see if they want to send Blake over for the same time. They all get along so well, it will be a fun week of shenanigans!

But I should probably sign off and join you and Atreyu in dreamland.

Loving You,
Harry

Saturday September 24th
My ardor,

Since we had Siri and Zwei home for the weekend, and since you had our feisty foursome plus Dustin, Blake, and Jaz out in the stables with you, I decided that I would watch a few movies with the boys - including Zaire.

So, we all got comfortable in - our bed, actually. I had Muffy bring one of the tellys in here, and then supply me with Chubby Hubby, lemon ginger biscuits, a bowl of honey fermented garlic, some Sanguinaccio Dolce, tea, my never ending cup of milk, and crisps and popcorn for the boys to share.

Once we were ready and comfortable - me propped up with a hundred pillows and them each snuggling pillows and blankets as they liked - we started the movie playing. The first one was the first movie in the Resident Evil series. Unsurprisingly, the second movie was the second one, and so on. We had a bit of a marathon.

Honestly, I'm liking this Alice character. My favorite line of the first movie is when the little girl voice of the computer says: "You're all going to die here." So ominous and delicious. Lovely!

Siri likes the battle between Alice and Matt. Zaire loves the lickers. Zwei wants to try and recreate the scene where Alice bursts through the window on a motorcycle. I actually really like the part where Alice is using a shotgun and a ton of quarters to shoot the juggernaut-like thing.

All in all, it was a wonderful day of just bonding with my boys and not doing anything strenuous -
since you are convinced I'm overdoing it.

What about you? How are the Thestrals doing? Last I was in the stables, one of the babies seemed fond of me, and I was thinking I might sneak him or her some apples tonight when I decide to stretch my muscles and go for a bit of a walk.

Let 'em say we're crazy, I don't care about that, Put your hand in my hand baby don't ever look back, Let the world around us just fall apart, Baby we can make it if we're heart to heart,

Draco
Monday September 26, 2016

My Dragon,

I am so glad you enjoyed your slumber party with your boys. Yeah, slumber party. I thought you were going to come out in the evening and see the thestrals, sneak them apples, stretch your legs, hmm? No, what do I find when I finally drag my exhausted arse into our bed? You, surrounded by a pile of children. It was so stinking cute, I took multiple pictures.

I'd say I was sorry to have missed it, but I was not. You can keep your gross movies! People dying, shotguns and quarters, and what the hell is a juggernaut? And what's a licker? You can't see me right now since you're at class, but I am making quite the disgusted face.

Oh Merlin, oh no, I googled it. I didn't want to sound like a moron who doesn't understand pop culture references. I started with "Resident Evil Alice;" well, wasn't she lovely? I should google the next thing. "Resident Evil Juggernaut;" ugh, that thing is freaky no thank you. But I couldn't leave well enough alone, could I? I'm a big brave Gryffindor. Let's google "Resident Evil Licker."

Bloody Hell! Why? Why would you watch something like that? And my baby boys watched it with you? They're just babies!

I'm going to have nightmares now! They obviously didn't have nightmares, they were sleeping in my bed just fine, but just the images are enough that I will probably stay up to watch you sleep tonight. Hope you enjoy the creepiness of that.

I will stick with amazing movies thank you very much. Yesterday, while you guys were finishing up your marathon you didn't quite finish the night before, my group of super cool kids watched a much better movie. Wild Hearts Can't Be Broken. Oh Draco, it was so good. It had everything; a cute guy, horses, courageous jumps, a cute guy, strong willed woman, overcoming physical disabilities! Oh! And there was a super cute guy in it.

Side note: all these sleepovers means I haven't had you in ages. Ages and ages and ages. I need you. Seriously. And I'm a little afraid of what is going to happen when you fall asleep tonight. I know you need your sleep, but between the oncoming nightmares and the fact that I need you like air, I am pretty sure I am just going to impale myself on you and ride to my heart's content even if you're sleeping. Cool?

And then when I'm done, I can lie next to you and touch your bump. You still seem so self conscious of it, but oh my Hell is it so cute. So, what better time for me to rub your sweet little belly than when you're sound asleep and won't bat my hands away?
I don't know, maybe I am way off and I won't actually be able to stay awake tonight no matter how many nightmares I am afraid of having. These kids have kept me running nonstop from dawn 'til dusk. I'm only able to hide in our rooms writing to you right now because I lied to them and said I twisted my ankle. I lied to the children! LIED.

It's probably a good thing that we have the unicorns, the thestrals, and more horses than just our Cheesecake and Fondue. Because I think even the animals are exhausted. The only way I can talk the kids into taking a break from riding the horses is to remind them they need caring for. They luckily care so much about the animals that the moment I tell them they are tired, they jump off and hurry to rub them down, get them treats, braid their hair. Yes, we have the prettiest ponies in all the land. Yes, I know they are not actually ponies but it totally worked with the alliteration.

I see how I rank in this house, Daddy says he's tired and it's a bunch of Malfoy eyebrows scowling at me, I say the horses are tired and they get a massage and pretty bows in their hair.

Blake is still madly in love with Cheesecake and insists she is HIS horse. No one has the heart to tell him otherwise. He came up to me all big puppy eyes and the popped bottom lip, "Grampa, can you take a picture of me with my Cheesecake so I can show my friends?" Why yes, anything else you'd like young man? Perhaps … anything you'd like because I am a sucker for a sweetheart who loves animals and calls me Grampa.

While the last few days have been physically exhausting, riding and caring for horses gives you plenty of time to let your mind wander. I got to thinking about how neat it is to see the kids' dynamics change in different environments. You can tell Blake is an only child because he wants to play with the kids, but he spends most of his time trying to talk with me or with the stable crew. You can tell he's around a lot of adults as he doesn't quite seem natural interacting with the kids.

And Dustin, oh my goodness is that little guy enjoying being the oldest of this group. He's so used to being the baby of his family. Too little to go to Hogwarts, too little to join the big kids watching scary movies, too little for anything fun if you believe a word out of his mouth. But put him as the big kid for a few days and he's walking taller. Trey has been following him around for days.

Oh! Did I tell you about the horse that has fallen in love with our Jaz? So this horse, Trinket, lived most of her life in a really disreputable circus of sorts. She spooks at any loud noises. This poor thing is so skittish. But Jaz just walked herself right up to this horse and I swear she didn't do anything but breathe and you could see the horse just melt. Jaz was the first person Trinket allowed to pet her at all. She's now taken to following Jaz everywhere. Seriously, while we have often found the kids asleep in the stables, I wouldn't be surprised to find this horse in Jasmine's bedroom tomorrow morning.

Oh no! Jiggling of the door knob! I've got to go pretend to be injured but slightly better.

See you soon!

Love you,
Harry

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Monday September 26th

Harry…

If I didn't love you more than I love myself, I might be tempted to murder you!
So there I was, walking into class, feeling a bit grouchy because I walked into my closet (after returning from my rather lovely class with Zaire) and forgot why I was there until Muffy popped in and cast a shield on my stomach so that I'd be protected during class. Oh right, I needed to get dressed for that. So, I pulled on one of my nice bespoke exercise shirts KNOWING that you have it so that it will somehow change when I get to class anyway.

Then I walked into class, having already forgotten that my shirt was going to change, so when my students looked a bit confused by my shirt, I couldn't figure out why for a moment. Until I read: Don't you dare lay a finger on my husband.

"Harry..." I growled, rubbing my forehead with three of my fingers for a moment.

Friendly chuckled at me. "What happen, Chief? You flirt with someone and make your husband jealous?"

I shrugged and shook my head. "No so far as I can remember."

Class proceeded smoothly. Everyone is making good progress and since I am only on week four out of 16, I'm not being too terribly hard on them yet. Also, with me encouraging the old students to teach the new ones, they are all doing quite well since it gives the old ones confidence in their skills, and the new ones don't have me punching them on a daily basis.

The only down side is that I'm having morning sickness that's determined to show up any time it likes. It's aggravating since I haven't really had a lot for morning sickness with my pregnancies, but this one has decided to be different in just about every way. So, not only am I experiencing morning sickness throughout the day, but it's later in the pregnancy than normal MS shows up - typically being between weeks 6 and 12, and for my first womb, it's already 13 weeks. Hopefully it's not going based off the last womb, because that's at only 7 weeks, and if I have nausea for the next 5 weeks, my students might well need to fear for their lives.

But the reason I'm moaning about my morning sickness is that I can normally manage it by using potions and drinking from my never ending cup of milk. However, it doesn't ALWAYS work. So, for example, about 20 minutes into class, I had to down a potion, and about 20 minutes after that, I ended up accepting a bin from Muffy so that I could vomit into it.

Even so, some splashed onto my shirt, and because I didn't want the smell on me - even if Muffy cleaned the shirt up good as new - I pulled it off to use it to wipe the sweat off my forehead, the vomit from my lips, and then catch the milk I used to rinse my mouth out. As I handed the shirt to Muffy to straight up vanish, I noticed that my students were watching me in concern.

"Nothing to see here! Keep sparring before I have to kick your sorry arses!" I warned seriously.

"CAN you even kick our arses?" A student that is usually so unremarkable that I don't even have a mental reference for him yet asked, making me glare at him.

"OF COURSE I CAN," I snarled. He shrugged, so I went over and proved it to him. As he was laying on the ground, panting and looking up at me, he frowned in puzzlement and read the shirt that I was now wearing.

IF YOU MANAGE TO LAND A HIT ON MY HUSBAND, I WILL MAKE YOU WISH YOU'D NEVER BEEN BORN.

I sighed and rolled my eyes. "Harry, I can threaten my own students, thank you very much."

Friendly was now staring at me with a concerned frown. "If you didn't make your husband jealous,
is your health so bad that he's THAT worried about you?"

"I'm fine!" I snapped. "Or do I have to kick ALL your arses before you believe me?"

Undaunted, Friendly smirked. "If there's nothing wrong, take off that shirt and let us read the next threat your husband has for us."

I sort of stood up a bit straighter at that. "I've never taken off two shirts before. I'm not sure if there IS another underneath." But since I'd also had Muffy glamour my stomach to hide the bump, I decided that topless might actually be better than unnecessary threats.

Upon taking off the shirt, I found that I DID have another one on. This one said: Hands off my pregnant husband.

I growled angrily, NOT wanting my students to know that yet, so I tore that one off to find ANOTHER, which said: Babies on board.

The next said: Precious cargo in here.

Handle with care.

My life is carrying new life.

Back the fuck off before I have to take steps to remove you.

I sense my husband is agitated enough to need me to come help him.

RUN LIKE DEMENTORS ARE CHASING YOU!

Sighing, I stopped trying to take shirts off as, CLEARLY, you have an endless supply. Besides, I didn't really have time to take another one off as you actually DID Apparate into the room, surrounded by a slight haze of your Rage Halo.

I made a noise that resembled something like: uuuuaaaauuuuahhh…

Then I stepped in front of you. "Oi! Darling husband, why the fuck are you here?"

"Why the fuck did the monitor charm on your blood pressure just go off so high?!" You growled.
I placed my fists on my hips. "Because YOUR fucking shirts have pissed me right the fuck off!"
"What's wrong with my shirts?!" You demanded, a bit of a wind now blowing about the room.
"They just announced that I'm bloody pregnant when I didn't want to tell anyone yet!!!"
"It's NOT like you can hide it forever, DRACO! ESPECIALLY in a COMBAT CLASS!!! If even ONE student managed to punch you in the stomach -"
"MY STOMACH IS BLOODY SHIELDED, AND YOU FUCKING *KNOW* THAT!!!"
"YEAH BUT WHAT IF YOU FORGOT THE SHIELD???
"THEN MUFFY WOULD REMEMBER IT FOR ME!!!
"I DON'T CARE, YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE -"
"IS ONLY THIS HIGH BECAUSE YOU'VE BLOODY ANGERED ME, HARRY!"
"THEN CALM THE FUCK DOWN SO THAT YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE GOES DOWN!"
"NO ***YOU*** CALM THE FUCK DOWN! YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY YOUR RAGE HALO AND THERE'S NO BLOODY REASON FOR YOU TO THINK YOU NEED TO POP IN AND RESCUE ME FROM MY GODDAMN CLASS!!"

That made you stop and think, but strangely, your fire sort of solidified as if you were now encased in a bubble of fire. Sighing in aggravation, I stepped forward, grabbed you by the neck as a small show of dominance to remind you who owns you, and then looked you in the eyes until your Rage Halo shrank a bit. Then I pulled you in my arms and held you tight - rubbing your back - for a moment before I pulled back to check on your Halo. It was still there, but only just.

"I'm fine," I assured you before giving you a kiss, which you moaned softly and melted into before pulling back with a glare.

"Did someone manage to punch you hard enough that you threw up?" You demanded.

"NO! I bloody had morning sickness!" I roared in frustration, throwing my hands out emphatically.

You immediately looked worried. "Oh no, are you alright? Do you need me to get you anything? Shouldn't you be sitting down? Let me conjure you a chair!"

"Oi! Stop panicking! Morning sickness is hellacious but fucking normal! And if you REALLY want to help me, bloody go home and let me get on with my class!"

You looked like a puppy that had just been kicked for no reason. I sighed in frustration and rubbed my head.

"Fine, I could actually use some biscuits, since I now have an empty stomach and am a bit peckish."

"Right!" You exclaimed happily. "Let me go make you some! Any kind in particular you want? Garlic? Blood?"

"Actually, yes, I could go for garlic and blood flavored biscuits. Ooo! With sushi on top! And caviar!" I blurted out hungrily, a hand covering my growling stomach.
You threw your arms around me and gave me a quick kiss before babbling: "I'll see what I can do! See you after class! Love you!"

"Love you too," I stated in return, smiling faintly and shaking my head at your antics as you Disapparated. But DON'T think that gets you out of a strong punishment tonight!

When I returned my attention to my class, it was to find them all staring at me in astonishment. I couldn't even begin to guess at which thing in particular they were gobsmacked over, and so, decided that it must be all of it. Sighing, I had Muffy conjure me a whip and promised to use it on anyone who wasn't doing their absolute best in the next five seconds and for the rest of class.

Thankfully, class ended SO much better than it was for a few minutes there - and by that, I mean that my stomach settled. It was still a bit hungry, but wasn't threatening to erupt. Better yet, my students now all had a healthy respect for my whipping skills.

So... what sort of punishment do you want?

Incoming!
Draco
Chapter 77

Chapter Summary

Harry is happily punished and Draco decides to reward his class.

Tuesday September 27, 2016

My Own,

Good morning my love! Isn't it a glorious day? The sun is shining, the birds are chirping, my arse burns like fire, could there be anything better than this?

I know I apologized last night, and was completely forgiven. I really love the closure our dynamic gives us, I get a punishment with a well-established beginning and end, with the promise of complete and utter forgiveness at the end. You never hold things against me long term because we clear the air immediately. It's really wonderful. But as I was saying, I apologized last night, took my punishment like a good puppy, and it's over, but I really do want to say again that I wasn't trying to hurt or embarrass you. I wasn't trying to out you with information you weren't comfortable sharing yet. I really should have made sure there weren't any pregnancy specific shirts in the cycle before you were ready to share.

I will say, your students seemed to think the whole 'don't lay a finger on my husband' thing was a jealousy issue instead of a safety issue. Since you've been foggy lately, I will assure you, I did not mean that in a jealous or sexy times way, I simply meant they shouldn't hurt you because you're fragile. And if you hadn't already been upset about the previous shirts you KNOW you would have loved the "Run like dementors are chasing you" one! That's one of my best if I do say so myself.

Alright, you thoroughly proved to me last night that you are not fragile. But I just worry about you so much.

Oh, and if it helps at all with the whole morning sickness and worry about it lasting, your C pregnancy is actually eight weeks, not seven! So if it lasts for the first trimester, then you only have four weeks left of nausea instead of five. Good news right?

Again I have to thank you for last night. I think with all the drama lately, I haven't been quite put in my place - into my headspace - like you and I both know I need. I've been a particularly bratty sub lately. I felt wrong in my skin. I've been so worked up about everything. But everything settled so perfectly last night.

Once all the kids were asleep for the night, you dragged me up to the playroom. You started by stripping me down and tying me up, taking your time, making sure I was tied as tightly as possible, the ropes scraping against my skin without being tight enough to lose circulation. You had me kneeling, my ankles tied to the backs of my thighs, my hands behind my back, ropes pulling my knees apart so I was completely on display for you. Once I was all rigged up, you suspended me from the ceiling and sat yourself in your throne. I was at a perfect height to stare right into your eyes.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk, I think I have a naughty little mutt who seems to have forgotten his place." Oh my
Gods you were going to kill me with that filthy drawl of yours.

"Now, normally when you've been this naughty, I'd gag that pretty mouth of yours so I can't hear your excuses. This evening, I believe I'd quite like to hear you begging. Make sure you watch that smart mouth of yours, you don't want to be in any more trouble, do you mutt?"

I was already so desperate for you and we hadn't even done anything, "No Master, please I just want to be your good boy again. I will be so good."

"I know you will, you are just a silly mutt who needs a firm owner aren't you?"

"Yes Master, you're so good to me, show me how to be good!"

You chuckled a bit, that does not bode well for me, "I will show you so much my naughty boy, don't you worry." That's when you began to undress yourself. You had already peeled off the dementors shirt I'd charmed, so you began by peeling your trousers off those gorgeous long legs of yours. "It seems you have some very nice charms set on me so you can know what I'm feeling, well I think that's just a lovely idea and I will let you feel everything I'm feeling. That sounds nice doesn't it mutt?"

"Anything you want Master, of course I want to feel what you feel. Please!"

"Make sure you remember you begged for this." That's when you cast a spell at yourself and then a second spell at me. Suddenly, I was feeling your fingers digging into my hipbones. But your hands were nowhere near me, they were on … your hipbones. "Ah, caught on have you? You will get to feel everything my body feels. All you'll be able to do is sit there watching and feeling but no touching at all."

You then spent the next … hell I lost count how long you edged me … torturing me by running your own hands all over your body. Notice I say you edged ME even though you were touching yourself. Because every time I got close to feeling the beginning of your own orgasm translate itself to my body, you cast something that paused the sensation for me while letting yourself topple over the edge, covering your own hand in your seed. At least every time you came you were kind enough to walk over to me and let me lick your hands clean. Thank you.

You must have come at least three times, I lost count a bit while in a haze of "wantneedminepleasehelpwantMASTER!"

Eventually you took pity on me, taking the spell off after you came one last time. It was so weird, I was insanely turned on, but as I hadn't actually been touched at all, once the spell released I was just regularly turned on and not frantic anymore. You stood up, grabbed the new paddle you'd gotten me, and told me "you've done so well my Love. Took your punishment like the good boy I know you are. You want your reward sweetheart? Hmm?"

"Yes please Master, anything, please I need it!"

With another dark laugh you said, "Oh I always know just what you need." You then loosely held my aching shaft in your left hand and had the paddle in your right. You were teasing, just lightly tapping my arse and barely touching my cock. "I am going to paddle you until you come luv. And because you've been so good, I'll even help you out by giving you my hand to rub up against. You don't need to count, I don't have a number in mind. I will just be paddling this pretty little arse until you're coming or you beg me to stop."

And you did. I don't know how many spanks I got, but judging by my inability to sit without a
cushioning charm this morning I am going to say it was a lot!

I love you with everything I am,
Harry

Wednesday September 28th
Mon Coeur,

I just had a lovely day. When I woke up this morning, I decided that since my combat class was doing rather well, they deserved a bit of a reward. So I immediately owled Robards and told him to send all of my students - unless they were busy with something important - to show up at Elena’s school at 2PM on the dot.

I then had Dibly waiting at the school to direct them to the right classroom. Thus, at 2PM when Zaire and I strolled into the room wearing our Zulu warrior costumes, it was to find our dance class students also already in costume watching my combat students curiously as my combat students looked at the dance students apprehensively. The returning students well remembered that time that I had them dance as a way to go easy on them, only to find that they didn't find it easy at all.

I let Zaire take the lead. He hopped in place in the middle of the classroom excitedly as he addressed everyone.

"My dad had a brilliant idea! Today's dance is a stick dance - or at least that's what the Zulu call it, but it's more like a fight in my opinion," he explained.

I gestured for Dibly and Muffy to pass out the pairs of sticks to everyone.

Then I continued the explanation. "And I decided that since my combat students are doing well enough, it might be interesting to combine the two classes today."

"So dad and I are going to demonstrate the steps, and then everyone is going to pair off and dance fight!"

One of the dance students raised her hand.

"Yes?" I pointed at her.

"I think your combat students should have to wear the traditional Zulu costumes too!"

"If I had extras for them, I'd agree," I stated, but since this was a partially muggle class and school, I couldn't just have new ones conjured. Muffy and Dibly appeared as dwarfish humans to the muggles, and thus didn't raise too many questions - suddenly creating something out of nothing would. "But since I don't, I'll give them all the choice to take off their shirts." Because it's NOT actually required to be topless in the class, even though all of my students have chosen to do so.

With shrugs, all my male combat students stripped off their shirts. The sole female gave it a bit of thought, looking over at the female dance students, who ranged from 8 on up to 25. There were actually 40 students in the dance class - as opposed to the 16 in my combat class – with about three fourths being girls. Thus, I suppose that girly decided that she'd feel weird being the only student with a shirt on. Once decided, she stripped her shirt and bra off and stood there a bit self-consciously.

But I was already moving on. Or rather, Zaire was. "My Zulu tribe elders would probably faint if
they knew we were teaching this to GIRLS, but I don't see why not. My sisters can all do far more complicated fighting stuff than this."

I chuckled. "The next time we pop down to Africa for a visit with your tribe, we should insist on bring all your brothers and sisters so that they can spar and make the Zulu warriors nervous."

Zaire snorted in amusement. "If we brought Kisa and Elena with us, the two of them could take down the entire tribe and get us banned for life!"

I laughed, but before I could respond, I heard Elena roar from the hallway. "GODDAMNIT ETHAN! I'M ONLY PREGNANT, ***NOT*** AN INVALID!!!"

"But Elena, you're teaching a very advanced dance class and I'm worried that the baby will be born far too early because of it!" Ethan cried out in protest.

The door flung open. "DAD!"

"Yes, my love," I replied in both curiosity and amusement.

"EVICT ETHAN FROM MY SCHOOL WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE BEFORE I LOSE MY SHIT AND AK HIM!"

"Ethan, I'm afraid you might want to leave for now and let Elena calm down," I suggested sensibly.

"But aren't YOU worried about her and the baby with her dancing like that?" Ethan argued.

"Not so much. I know that pregnant women can continue to do the things they are used to doing until it makes them uncomfortable, and if my daughter is still comfortable dancing, then she'll be fine. Her baby too."

"BUT she's SEVEN months pregnant! She should be taking it easy!"

I flinched just before Elena punched him hard enough to knock him on his arse. "BLOODY SAY THAT AGAIN, I DARE YOU!!!"

"Ethan, Elena is asking me to get you to back off because if she does it herself, you may not survive," I warned him.

"I'm just worried!" Ethan stated vehemently as he stood back up. "My wife teaches PIANO lessons, and SHE overdid it and had to be put on bed rest!"

"I am not your damn wife! So either back off and let me get on with my day, or I swear to MERLIN I will take back my agreement for you to be part of this baby's life!"

"Elena..." I murmured, letting her know that she was going a bit too far.

Ethan looked gutted. I walked over and put an arm around Ethan's shoulder. "Listen, go get some tea - or coffee if you can stand the vile stuff. Calm down. Let Elena teach her class. When you are BOTH in a better mood, try TALKING again." Then I looked over at Elena. "And perhaps you might want to let Ethan go with you to your next Healer's appointment so that he can hear for himself from a professional that you are fine and not endangering the baby's life."

"I'll consider it if he promises to stop trying to tell me what to do!" Elena compromised.

Ethan sighed. "Fine... I'll go get some tea, but I'll be back when my daughter's class is over, so I hope we'll both be ready to talk by then."
"We'll see," Elena murmured, not promising anything but already sounding so much calmer.

After Ethan took off, Elena stepped in front of me so that she could rest her head on my chest. "Can't you just Obliviate him for me?"

"No good love, he'll just find out again," I assured her, rubbing her back and kissing her temple.

Sighing morosely, she walked away, calling out over her shoulder: "Have a good class!"

"Yes Headmistress!" Most of the students exclaimed in response.

"Have fun in YOUR class, Lanie!" Zaire called after her.

She paused to smile at him. "You too, love."

After that, Zaire and I demonstrated the steps of the dance, which is a bit complicated in that the feet are doing one thing and the arms/hands another altogether. Basically, the feet are dancing while the arms are bashing the sticks - which are about the length and width of batons, but have wider, bigger, bumpier, and occasionally forked ends. The wood is solid, so they aren't fragile things that'll break with a good tap.

In Zulu culture, disputes between men are often resolved by fighting with the sticks until first blood, and if the dispute is grave enough, to the death.

But as I was saying, Zaire and I were demonstrating the basic steps, which once memorized, aren't that complicated if you can keep all your limbs coordinated. Thus, we got faster and faster as part of the reason for the dance is to show off skills and prowess.

Once we felt sufficiently warmed up, we turned to our students and had them go through it, correcting them as necessary. All in all, it was a great lesson.

Near the end, unremarkable asked what the point of spending the day dancing rather than sparring was.

I smirked at him. "The POINT is to move your body. You can't very well defend yourself by standing still like a moron. Running is intended to get and keep your body in shape enough to fight with a decent amount of stamina, dancing is to help you fight with grace - otherwise known as quick reflexes. Understand?"

He nodded. "Oh."

And with that, I dismissed class (which had run a bit longer than normal) and took Zaire out for a bit of a treat since he'd been so brilliant today.

But now I have my night free. That means I get to come to movie night with you.

Touch me, take me to that other place, teach me, oh, I know I'm not a hopeless case, Draco
Thursday September 29, 2016

My Heart,

Thank you for rearranging your day so you could join us for movie night last night. I know I know, it's because your class has been good, and because you think dancing is an important part of building reflexes, and blah blah blah. But two weeks ago, I was so sad that you couldn't join us for movie night at Unity, and then all of a sudden this week everything falls into place? I'm onto you, you spoil me.

It was one of my favorite movies; Book of Life. So so good. We've seen it before as a family so I didn't even think of it when Tabitha told me the movie choice. It's wholesome, it's lovely, good message. But I didn't think that with a certain little almost birthday boy who currently has his own Mama following him around in spirit form, it might be a little triggery. Atreyu didn't seem to think anything of it, but I assume all the looks you and I were sneaking each other over his cute little head meant we were both thinking it?

He at least seemed to really enjoy the movie. He definitely enjoyed being squashed in between you and I to snuggle up and watch. He's so sweet all cuddled up with that thumb tucked into his mouth. I am sure that someday I will not find it nearly as adorable. But for now, it's so stinking cute he can do it forever as far as I care.

I am a bit worried though, when we're at home and he's with his brothers and sisters, he is a nonstop force of nature. He runs and plays, eats everything in sight, talks nonstop. But every time we've been at Unity, here and in California, he's stuck to one of us like glue. The most he will venture away from us is if he has a sibling with him.

I guess I'm just nervous that if he's feeling this shy around people he doesn't know well, is he even going to enjoy his birthday party? He's been having a blast with Blake and Dustin at home this week, but our circle is an entirely different matter. I am saying it now for the record, I don't care if it makes us seem like the rudest hosts ever, if Atreyu is uncomfortable, I am sending everyone home!

I just hope it doesn't come to that!

Since we have a big day on Saturday and you've had a busy week with all of your classes, I'd really really really like it if you'd do me a favor and get some rest the next few days.

Please?

Yours,
Harry
Friday September 30th
My better half,

As requested and as I intended to do anyway, I have more or less stayed in bed. Yesterday, I got out of bed shortly after waking up to do my yoga; got back into bed to read a book; got out of bed to join the family for dinner and go for a light run with you, and then got back into bed to watch a movie about Hellen Keller with Jaz.

After the movie, the two of us simply chatted for a few hours until you came to bed and asked Jaz to go to hers. She promised she would after a quick check on her horse. Apparently, she hadn't quite realized how long she was with me and felt terrible for leaving her horse alone that long.

You and I had a long and slow session of just kissing and touching and eventually having each other before falling asleep. (I love that Atreyu also likes to sleep in the stables at times.)

Today, well, it's basically been a repeat of yesterday, but instead of having Jaz in here for a few hours, I had Persephone, Lily, and Caelum. They've been so focused on the horses, thestrals, and unicorns lately that they feel like they haven't seen me at all in days, and so, they came in to play a card game with me as they told me EVERY.single.detail. of their time in the stables the last few days.

I have to admit that I fell into a sort of trance, simply murmuring: "Mmmhmm," whenever it seemed like I was supposed to respond to something. Harry, our kids are only six, but I would SWEAR before the Wizengamot if necessary that they are literal EXPERTS on all things horse. This is not a bad thing and I'm not complaining, I'm simply saying that when it comes time to attend Hogwarts, they're going to be teaching Hagrid's class on certain days, hahaha.

But since I have given you almost every detail of my two days (not much, I know), I hope you'll be satisfied that I have indeed taken it slow and gotten quite a bit of rest. I feel like the only way I could get any MORE rest would be to have a sleeping spell cast on me for the duration of my pregnancy.

NO! You may NOT cast a sleeping spell on me if you think I'm doing too much!

In any case, I'm going to sign off and see if you or Atreyu plan to come to bed tonight. And also sneak some apples to the thestrals - which are rather gentle and loving creatures despite the fact that they do look a bit 'scary' - like skeletal horses with black skin pulled over them. I'm not certain, but I think the baby that likes me is a girl, and somehow, I'm not surprised.

You are the light of my life,
Draco
Chapter 79

Chapter Summary

It's Atreyu's birthday and then Draco has class.

Sunday October 2, 2016

Good morning my Prince,

The last two days have been amazing. A sweet day on Friday just with me and the birthday boy. Well, obviously there were siblings and cousins coming in and out of our space, but for the most part I got to spend the whole day in the sunshine with Trey. And then you came to find us in the stables and the three of us spent the rest of the evening feeding the animals treats, getting all of us squeaky clean in a bubble bath, and then bedtime snuggles while we read out little boy bedtime stories.

Per usual on Friday morning, I got up early and made up a big breakfast for the birthday boy (and everyone else of course). Zaire joined me in the kitchens to help. I love that he still loves cooking for me. He's so unbelievably sweet. Adores his family and would do anything for one of his brothers or sisters. He may be getting tall and strong, growing more mature by the day, but the kid is still a berry thief! His mouth stained in reds, purples, and blues trying to tell me he didn't eat half the bowl of mixed berries.

He really is a terrible liar!

I'm glad we didn't end up waking you up when we brought Atreyu his breakfast in bed. You absolutely would have woken up had he actually been in bed and therefor eaten in bed, but I had completely forgotten he was in the stables still. So Zaire and I trudged outside to the stables, steaming platters full of breakfast in our arms, to find the birthday boy.

He was so excited to have his birthday breakfast. We had Siri and Zwei's birthday breakfasts about a week after Atreyu came home to us, so he kind of had an idea of what to expect of a birthday morning. But we haven't had another family birthday since so I think he was pretty surprised. The only downside was he was wondering where his Papa was. Zaire explained very quickly that Daddy was in charge of birthday breakfasts and Papa was in charge of ridiculously over the top birthday presents and nighttime snuggles.

Trey looked at his big brother very seriously and finally nodded with a, "We NEVER wake my Papa!"

Ha! He's been in our lives for two months and he already has your number!

All in all, his first "actual" birthday with us was a laid back success. He got to play outside all day. Mostly got his Daddy to himself. And spent the evening wrapping his Papa further around his little fingers.

The day of the birthday party was a completely different story. It was still definitely a success, but it was not laid back. I swear, I love this boy with my entire heart, but by the time the party actually
started, he had asked if it was party time yet so many times that I thought about casting a sleeping spell on him until it was. He's a five year old boy excited about his first birthday party with his new family, I understand why he was so hyper about it. But yeah, really considered making him take a magical nap!

The best part of the party was the fact that he was his regular non-stop movement, motor-mouth self. All my worries about him not enjoying the crowds or hiding in our arms with his thumb in his mouth were blown out of the water. I guess he's just going to be that kid that everyone thinks is super shy because he only comes out of his shell in front of his family. Thankfully he was fully aware that everyone at his party is his family even if they don't live with us. I swear, he's going to head off to Hogwarts and the Professors are going to say something along the lines of "he's so quiet and shy" and our family members are going to laugh their arses off.

I think all the kids had a blast during the scavenger hunt. Minus Tristan who was furious about how filthy he got. You can tell someone lives in a nice clean boarding school and doesn't spell all his time in the woods and stables. Our feisty foursome on the other hand, looked like they had bathed in a mud puddle by the time they got back to the party. And knowing them, they might have done.

Molly started shooting cleaning spells at them before I even had a chance to figure out which mud-covered little monster was which. She was not about to have grubby little hands anywhere near her cake masterpiece!

Oh my goodness, that cake was insane. Decorated to look like a tree stump cover with grass and mushrooms and adorable little woodland creatures. And Atreyu was insanely adorable with how much he loved it. He helped his Grandma Molly serve everyone their portion, every couple of slices he'd remind people, "My Grandma made this for me!"

And it was as delicious as it was cute. It's too bad there were no leftovers because I could go for a piece of cake for breakfast.

The only real negative to the entire day was how Atreyu almost didn't get the one thing for his party that he wanted. After games and cake and food and gifts we were all sitting around groaning and loosening our belt buckles, but I could tell he was antsy for something. I called him over and asked him "So what did you think of your birthday party little buddy?"

He gave me one of his huge grins, dimple and all, "Atreyu loves it!" Oh good, I was so happy.
Until … "When we do the piñata Daddy?"

Shite Draco. I didn't even think of it. Neither did Narcissa or Molly or you. This little boy grew up in California. His birth family was all of Mexican descent. The kid had never been to a birthday party without a piñata. Fuck!

I felt so badly, "Sorry little man, we've never had a birthday party with a piñata, we didn't get one."

His little lower lip quivered and for the first time since he woke up he popped his thumb into his mouth. He mumbled around it, "Is okay. Don't need it."

I looked at you frantically. What were we going to do? I was quickly spiraling internally; we've ruined our little boy's first party, I've disappointed my son, forever he's going to remember that we didn't get him the one thing he wanted. You gave me a loud and quick, "Oi!" to get my attention. "Transfigure a piñata and we'll send one of the Grandpas to Hogsmeade to get some sweets to put in it. This is not a catastrophe Harry James!"

Atreyu giggled at the two of us, "Not a tasterfee Daddy!"

Eventually we got the piñata, filled it with sweets, and eventually figured out how to string it up letting the kids take turns whacking the thing. I may have transfigured it a bit too solidly because after all the kids had a turn there still wasn't a dent on the thing. Oops?

Viona shook her head at me, "Daddy, are you even a wizard?"

Oh, yeah. I shot a quick miniature blasting spell on it as Atreyu was taking his second turn. The thing exploded nicely, scattering sweets all over the yard.

Once everyone else's children were sufficiently sugared up, it seemed a good time to send them all home!

I think it was an immensely satisfying birthday celebration. Now we can relax until the next big celebration ….

In five and a half more days when we do Lainie's baby shower.

Why are our lives so insane?

In the madhouse with you,

Harry

Wednesday October 5th
The air I breathe,

The last couple of Wednesdays have been so full of drama that you might actually be under the impression that I stopped teaching Fierston Legilimency and just forgot to mention it. See actually, I've been requiring him to show up at my office at 5PM - when my other class is required to show up at the running track - which gives me time to stop in before my other class starts at 6PM and look deeply into Fierston's eyes.

I take a few minutes to wander around poking at his Occlumency shield, decide that he's not quite ready to have an official test on it yet, and then give him some advice and assign him to keep working at it before leaving. Thus, I've only been spending between five and ten minutes a week
teaching him - far less traumatic than you were anticipating, I'm certain.

However, today when I walked in at about half five, I determined that his Occlumency shields were strong enough for us to do a mini battle test. So, I told him to basically meditate and put some finishing touches on them while I taught my other class.

As for my combat class, they've been making good progress as well, enough that I decided to try revisiting the over the shoulder lesson, and since I DO have clearance from Rowe to do one or two myself, I decided to pick the two that were having the most trouble, figuring that experiencing it themselves could provide useful clues on how to do it.

That means that unremarkable and this one bloke that gives me twink vibes even though he adamantly insists to everyone who looks at him funny that he is as straight as a plumb line had the pleasure of me grabbing them and tossing them over my shoulder to the floor. Neither thought it was fun. Strange.

To my delight, by the end of class, several students (mostly the returning ones) had nearly got it. The only student who fully managed the move was - surprise surprise - girly. She not only tossed a bloke over her shoulder, but she tossed BRUTE, hahahahaha!

I'm damn near ready to give her her with honors status, but let's see if she can pass the class first.

So then it was time for me to return to Fierston. For the very first time, I stood back in a Duelers’ stance and invited him to resist the actual spell. As YOU probably know, the spell is not necessary once a person becomes skilled in the art, but for those first learning, it's rather important. Plus, when in a sort of duel like this, it can help the one learning Occlumency have a catalyst to close one's mind or quickly throw up a shield.

Also, doing it this way is less skill and more brute force, so it is easier to detect - even if performed nonverbally.

"Legilimens!" I cast and to my delight, Fierston had his shield ready to go. It was blatantly obvious and actually was weird because it was like a tiny version of me was standing in his mind while a tiny version of him popped in and stood next to me. I was able to point out where his shield needed work - such as not being so obvious - and he was able to see a bit more clearly what it felt like to have someone else in his mind.

Thus, the lesson was a rousing success! I would have invited him to a pub for drinks were I not pregnant, but since I am, I simply gave him enough money to cover a round on me.

All in all, I had an excellent day!

Incoming!

Draco
Friday October 7, 2016

My Alibi,

Elena is going to murder Ethan. Legitimately murder him. He will NOT stop hovering and trying to push himself on her life choices and into the pregnancy. I am not condoning murder by any stretch, especially on someone who I've known since he was a kid. But if he mysteriously disappears in the upcoming months? Uh … Elena had nothing to do with his disappearance.

So you know how I am not pregnant? How I'm not Elena? AND I am an overbearing, overprotective, hovering den mother of a husband? Yeah, even I think Ethan is acting like an absolute lunatic. He's taken to showing up at her school all week long with increasingly ridiculous excuses. First they were fairly understandable, I mean the only reason he even found out about the pregnancy to begin with was because he was at the school signing his daughter up for twice weekly dance classes. He would bump into her during those classes.

Then it was showing up to drop off some book or some tea or some other thing that he thought would be helpful, "My wife loved this book when she was pregnant with Jayden" or "This peppermint tea was super helpful during my wife's morning sickness."

But it's been escalating like you saw last week at class. He's taken to telling her she shouldn't be doing her job! Her job that her healer has said is just fine. "My wife teaches piano lessons, and she overdid it and had to be put on bed rest!" Well Ethan, as our Lainie so helpfully told you, she is NOT your wife. They are two different people. These are two different pregnancies.

At this point ELENA'S health and safety are NOT what I'm concerned about.

I know now that Fabio's Legilimency lessons are coming along you've been spending a bit of extra time with him this week so I should probably tell you about all the new drama our soon to be maimed Ethan has brought to the table.

Yesterday, the dumbass dropped off a copy of his wife's birth plan they used with their daughter. He thought it would be a super helpful guideline for Elena to make her own birth plan. He also went through and highlighted parts he thought would be most important like "no drugs" and "the father will cut the umbilical cord."

Dude. She hasn't even decided if she wants you in the room with her.

And someone seems to forget he knocked up a witch. She's going to give birth at St. Mungo's or at home, she hasn't decided for sure yet. She won't need muggle drugs, she'll have access to potions if she wants. And nobody is using janky old scissors on my grandbaby's umbilical cord.

Grandbaby. Not grandson or granddaughter … grandbaby. I say that because my Lainie-Girl hasn't announced the gender yet. She's planning on doing so tonight at the baby shower. But I'm currently
listening to Viona ream Ethan a new arsehole. Not Elena because she has barricaded herself in her old room and refuses to speak to him. He had the bollocks to show up here before the shower so he could explain to her that it's probably not the best idea to do the gender reveal. You see, ETHAN thinks waiting to find out will make the reveal at birth that much sweeter. ETHAN thinks Elena won't want to deal with people having opinions one way or the other. ETHAN thinks that waiting to hear boy or girl at birth is "one of the best surprises in life" and Elena will really regret telling everyone tonight.

If you get this while the smack down is still happening you should head over here. Viona is really at the top of her game right now. It's breathtaking.

Yours,
Harry

---

Friday October 7th
My reason,

So... It seems that I managed to save Ethan's life today.

I arrived home just in time to bring him to the white room and serve him tea before Elena or Viona murdered him. Then we had a nice long chat.

"Ethan, you know I have literally been pregnant before, right?"

"Yeah, which is still crazy in my opinion!"

"But you probably don't know that I'm currently pregnant again," I added.

"Er... You are??" He asked in surprise.

"Yes," I confirmed, even standing up and showing him my bump - which is already out of control!

"Whoa, WHY??" Ethan asked incredulously.

I chuckled. "Not on purpose, I assure you."

I gave him a quick recap of the situation, and then let him digest it a moment.

"So, trust me when I say that I can discuss pregnancy as an expert by this point," I said. "But I have ALSO been the non pregnant husband, so I understand where you are coming from too. All you want is for both mother and child to be healthy and happy. It's frustrating to think about everything that could go wrong, especially when the mother is as driven and active as Elena -"

"Right!" Ethan burst out. "Why can't she just slow down?!!"

I sighed and put a hand on his shoulder. "The point is that the pregnant person is still the owner of their body. How would YOU feel if your wife started telling you what you could and could not do? 'Ethan, don't lift that drum, you might strain your back.' 'Ethan be careful how you step, you might trip and fall.' - It's coming from love and good intentions, but it's annoying as fuck."

"I suppose it is..." Ethan admitted with a sigh.

"So instead of worrying out loud, try keeping it in your head, and if you want to be helpful, DON'T hover, but simply be on hand to help out when asked," I advised.
"Ugh, that is one of the things my wife and I fought about when she was pregnant with our daughter. She had to be put on bed rest and I wanted to do everything for her, and to an extent, she needed me to, but then it also drove her mad."

"Just keep in mind that Elena is a completely different person and she HATES not doing everything herself. I nearly got murdered myself when I hired her an assistant because she needed someone to help her when the baby comes. She did not like it at all," I explained.

Ethan looked a bit growly for a few seconds, and then sighed. "I can't promise anything, but I will TRY to be less... worried..."

"That's all we ask," I murmured.

At this point, Kisa had finished up the pre-party set up and announced that it was time to start. To be honest with you, I basically noticed the food and focused on it to the exclusion of everything else.

Fucking hell! Kisa brought some sort Russian dish that tastes like cold sauerkraut soup and I literally could not stop eating it! I actually fought Elena over it because she claimed Kisa brought it for HER, but we all know that the weird food is intended for me.

"But it's MY baby shower!"

"But I'M carrying three!"

"But I asked my BEST FRIEND to bring it for me!"

Kisa started laughing. "Silly babies! I brought more!"

I still don't think it was enough, but at least it was enough to share.

And then it was that time we were all waiting for...

Out of the blue, an enormous firework - almost certainly from George - blasted into the twilight sky, bursting into light and dark blue glittery bits that announced: IT'S A BOY!!!

I have no idea why, but I started having a bit of rain on my face and had to run to the nearest loo to compose myself.

Happily, you found me in the loo and sobbed your happiness on my shoulder. All in all, this was a perfect day :-)

I'm gonna love you forever,
Draco
Chapter 81

Chapter Summary

They find out for certain who the father of Baby C is.

Monday October 10, 2016

My Best Friend,

I miss you already. I just left this morning and I wouldn't be seeing you right now anyway because you're in class, but just knowing I won't be climbing into bed with you tonight has an ache in my heart.

I'm excited for this tour, but I am going to miss you like crazy. I'm sure a part of you will miss me but I wouldn't be surprised if you're going to enjoy my absence at least a little since you'll get a reprieve from my hovering. Don't think I couldn't read between the lines of your conversation with overbearing Ethan and hear that a bit of that frustration was directed towards me. I promise you, I am well aware that your body is your own and that at the end of the day, you have to make daily decisions about your health and well being that have nothing to do with me.

I'm working very hard on being okay with that!

I probably know exactly which parts of you will be missing me the most … that gorgeous cock, that perfect tight arse, and whatever part of your body the cravings come from since I won't be home to bake increasingly ridiculous biscuit mixtures.

I brought Jaz and the four littlest with me. Zaire didn't want to miss his classes with you and Shtara obviously has rehearsals she can't miss. Opening night is coming up so soon!

These five little monkeys have spent pretty much all day long in the pool. I was honestly a bit surprised that they wanted to come with me on this trip, I thought they'd refuse to leave their horses. And there were some tearful goodbyes at the crack of dawn as we were leaving, but the joy of traveling and the promise of swimming pools and new restaurants seemed to make up for it.

With Leah as Shtara's permanent nanny right now, I wasn't sure what to do about bringing small kids that would need supervision while I was at interviews or signings. Obviously they have elves that would be just fine to watch them, but then the muggles I'd come across on tour would be very confused how I would be able to leave a seven year old, three six year olds, and a five year old alone for hours. But when I was talking about it at Lainie's shower on Friday, Molly announced that she and Arthur would love to come with and watch the kids. Uh, yes please!

I went on my first interview after we settled into the hotel, leaving them in the capable hands of their grandparents, and I think it was a smashing success. I'm really excited to finally have the true story out there without any of Skeeter's embellishments or straight up falsehoods.

Per usual, they had me read the dedication …

-I dedicate this book to those who left us too soon. Dad, Mum, Regulus, Cedric, Florean, Albus, Alastor, Ted, Dobby, Vince, Fred, Remus, Tonks, Lavender, Colin, and Severus. We owe you
everything and miss you daily.
-To the friends that became family, the family a little boy in the cupboard never thought he'd get.
A family that includes brothers and sisters, Mums and Dads, and even the cousin he wasn't allowed.
-To my children; Elena, River, Viona, Eris, Orion, Hazel, Shtara, Siri, Zwei, Zaire, Jaz,
Persephone, Lily, Caelum, Atreyu, and any of my children who I've yet to meet. I hope you find
your place in the world and it fits you as well as mine has, and I hope you always remember your
first home was in my arms and there will forever be space for you there.
-As always, everything I do is because of and for the boy in the robe shop with the quicksilver
eyes. You are my past, my present, and my future.

I'll be home for a few days starting Thursday, I'll be there in enough time to make your
appointment with Rowe in the afternoon. I think it was at 2:00? Pippa already knows so don't think
you can get out of it!

I'll see you in a few days!

With empty arms,
Harry

P.S. A grandson! We're having a grandson!

P.P.S. Don't forget to give Eliza her birthday present and tell her I'm sorry I couldn't be there for
her family birthday dinner tonight. I'll bring her an awesome souvenir to make up for it!

Thursday October 13th
My zing,

I missed you so much while you were gone that you'd think you'd been gone more than just a
couple of days. You were not only back in time for my appointment, but in time to wake me up. At
first, I really thought the Viper was taking pity on me for needing you, but then I looked into your
eyes and saw YOU looking at me...

My body went from interested to absolutely having to have you now in about a second flat!

It's probably a good thing we had time to kill, otherwise we certainly would have been late.

I needed to kiss every part of you and flirt with your tattoos. I needed to run my hands all over your
body and reassure myself that I wasn't just having a very good dream. And then I had to take you
as leisurely as possible so that it wasn't over anytime soon.

NO! I was not having difficulties because of the awkward bump, I just wanted to go slow. I am SO
not looking forward to the time when I'm too big to shag you properly. Maybe I need to design
something to help us out - such as a special swing or something?

Anyway, after we were curled up in the aftermath of delicious orgasms, I was perfectly content to
go right back to sleep, but Pippa came in and reminded us that my appointment was in about 20
minutes. Thus I reluctantly got out of bed and let you help me get dressed.

You chose the shirt that said: My life is carrying new life. Since we were going to a Healer's
appointment for exactly that, I didn't mind.

Just before leaving, Viper popped into the room. You and he had talked and agreed that he would
come with to have a paternity test spell done.

Once in the office with Rowe, Muffy served me my breakfast of oysters, eggs, and criadillas sliced thin and fried with onions and garlic. The three were tossed together in a wrap and smothered in Gruyere. I was so busy chowing down that I don't remember any of the questions you asked Rowe, but from how long it seemed to take, you must have had a lot of questions.

But then it was time for Viper's test. I held my breath in anticipation, hoping against hope that he is the other father.

Nope, no such luck.

Sigh...

I guess we're going to have to eventually talk to Dean, huh?

Love,
Draco
Chapter 82

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco talk to Dean and Seamus.

Sunday October 16, 2016

My Dragon,

I feel as though I just got home and I'm already headed out again. More interviews, more signings, more traveling. Popping home for this and that, but I pretty much have a solid three weeks where every minute of my day is carefully scheduled. I really hope my taking the five smallest has meant you've been able to relax and not just given you enough time to plot new things to stress yourself out over.

Do you want to hear my insane couple of weeks? You can't stop me since this is email and you can't throw a silencing spell or cover my mouth? Good!

From today through Friday I have between two and four stops each day. Tuesday evening I have just enough time off so I can come have a family-plus dinner to celebrate Scor and Hyper's birthdays. I will be home late Friday night so I can spend all day Saturday with Lainie for her birthday. And I actually have all of Sunday free before I have to head right back out Monday morning.

That Monday the twenty-fourth I go out for the rest of the week, coming home Friday the twenty-eighth. They wanted to have me keep going through that entire weekend since Harry Potter and Halloween weekend was a huge draw. But there was absolutely no way I was willing to miss out on my little girl's debut theatre performance! Not for all the gold in Gringott's!

I will be going back out the Sunday though, big party Sunday night and interviews nonstop starting bright and early Monday since it's the actual day of Halloween. Oh, I will be leaving the littles home with you that week even though my schedule slows down a bit. I figure they will want to be home and spending time with their friends and playmates at Unity for any Halloween shenanigans that are happening. I pretty much just have two stops per day that week until that Saturday evening, fifth November. That is the big party. The last of my commitments for the last of my books. A big gala where I will be forced to rub elbows with upper crust snobs and dance the night away.

You'll be my date won't you my love? You can show off your amazing dance moves. I can spend the night in your arms. Please say you will?

So, if you'll notice, I will be popping back for three different birthdays and have one singular day off during the entire three week span. Sunday the twenty-third of October. Which will put your C pregnancy exactly at twelve weeks. You know, the time period in most pregnancies where even those strictest about not blurting the news too early feel enough time has passed to tell people. I have an entire day free on the day baby C is officially twelve weeks and we can tell people. Tell people. Tell person. So yeah, unless you refuse, I think I should see if Dean and Seamus are free that day. We can invite them over for tea and some catch up and while they're there we can drop the massive uterus-shaped bomb on them.
So I should send them the invite yeah?

I just saw you a few hours ago and I miss you already. A weekend was just not enough time with you. I am surprised you seem to feel the same way though. I would have thought you'd be thrilled that I wasn't home hovering over you and being an arse about you overdoing things. You must really love me then!

Ugh, off to another signing!

Keep my heart safe as it lives in your hands,
Harry

Monday October 24th
My love,

You naturally left this morning before I woke up, but I felt you kissing me goodbye. We had a long and... interesting weekend.

Our day with Elena was wonderful as she did her traditional birthday morning things with you - such as breakfast in bed and snuggling/chatting with her younger siblings as they gave her gifts in the morning - and then she went with me (and we dragged you with us) to River's spa so that she could be pampered. Then we went shopping for baby boy things - not that she truly NEEDED anything after her shower.

And honestly, we have enough baby/toddler clothing in storage for both genders that she could be having octuplets and they'd have plenty of clothes. But you know our family, never pass up an excuse to shop! Yes, all in all, we had a lovely day - finishing off her birthday with dinner and a show.

But then yesterday...

As you suggested, we invited Dean and Seamus over for dinner, a much smaller and more 'intimate' dinner in our suite - as opposed to a big old family dinner in the dining room with everyone else. After chit chatting for a while, Seamus grinned at you.

"So Harry, didja invite us over for more play time? Perhaps another chance to win that competition between us?"

I could see you bristle for a moment as if you wanted to do EXACTLY that, but then you let it go with a sigh. "No... we have something we need to talk to you about."

"Oh?" Both Dean and Seamus asked curiously.

You looked at me and I felt a brief moment in which I would have rather pulled all my skin off, but I took a deep breath and persevered.

"Once upon a time ago, I went undercover as an underage female prostitute," I began because it would be sort of weird to say: Oh hey, I'm pregnant and it's yours - WITHOUT first explaining that they're not ALL his. "And while undercover, I got pregnant. I hated this fact at first because I didn't want to be pregnant ever again, but now I'm tentatively looking forward to it."

"Alright..." they both murmured slowly, almost certainly wondering why we felt the need to tell them THIS bit of information.
With another deep breath, I continued. "And then for Harry's birthday, we used the Damsel Curse on me to turn me into a woman so that I could try having sex AS a woman with my husband... and got pregnant AGAIN."

You took my hand and kissed it. "Healer Rowe has done a bit of thinking about this, and has determined that the second time is BECAUSE of how the curse is designed. It's intended to be used by a wizard on an enemy, who would then claim the new Damsel as one of his victories/prizes, and thus, would probably want him/her primed and ready to bear a child. It's an OLD curse back when such barbaric actions were considered normal."

I rubbed my temples. "Which would completely explain why the curse didn't care that there was already a womb full of child in there." I sighed, took a long gulp of milk, and then finished up. "It's also why - when we used the Curse again - during our play night - that I got pregnant yet once more... with YOUR child."

Both men looked extremely puzzled for a long moment.

"Er... how do you know it's Dean's?" Seamus asked, looking at his husband with an expression of worry.

"Because we've already brought the OTHER Draco and Harry to our appointment with us and had them tested for Paternity," I explained.

"Oh..." Dean murmured and I could see him sort of pull a mask on to hide his thoughts as he mulled this over. Out of respect, I gave him privacy and did not read his mind. "Erm... I think... I think we're going to need some time to think this over. What exactly is it you want from us?"

We both shook our heads and gave him small smiles. "Not a thing. We have everything we need," we both said.

Then you added: "We simply thought the right thing to do was tell you and let you decide what YOU want."

Nodding in acceptance of this, Dean looked at his husband, who shrugged. "As I said, we need some time to think this over."

I smiled at him warmly this time. "Take your time. Believe me, I understand. I took about month to fully wrap my head around this situation."

Seamus laughed softly. "Probably didn't believe it was possible!"

"Nope!" I confirmed with a tiny laugh.

So that was more or less the end of dinner. Dean and Seamus took off to think things over, and you and I snuggled up and tried our best not to panic over the possibility that they'd want to simply TAKE Baby C from us. And yes, now that I've accepted things, that possibility does scare me a bit.

Which just leaves me with today.

It's the beginning of the eighth week of my combat class, and even though I didn't do any sort of midterm exam last time until the 12th or 13th week, I decided to do it now because my returning students actually seem to be doing VERY well this time around, and my new students - having basically one on one attention from the old students - ALSO seem to be doing very well.

But obviously, I couldn't spar with them all myself, so I invited my friend Ginger in for the day to
doing the sparring for me. She kicked all their arses, but as she did so, I was able to read their minds a bit and see them putting their lessons together and strategizing and basically USING the skills they're learning. Thus, they mostly passed their exam.

Everyone except burly. Strangely enough, he got extremely cocky as classes have progressed, assuming that he was already so good at almost everything that he was my star student. In point of fact, he is not. He WAS decently competent to begin with, and so, he HAS managed most of the lessons well enough, BUT he's not really improving.

So, when I got in front of all my students - after Ginger had wiped the floor with them - to tell them that everyone had passed their midterms except for burly, he got so enraged that he roared obscenities at me and came at me like he was determined to bowl me over.

Well, I had absolutely NO fear of him because I could read his plans in his mind like they were the Dark Mark emblazoned across the night sky. I shifted to a defensive stance and prepared to refrain from murdering him as I handed him his arse.

Only I didn't have a chance. Timid mouse astonished the bloody hell out of me by jumping in front of me and grabbing burly during his charge and THROWING HIM OVER HIS SHOULDER!!! He then stood over burly and kicked him in the bladder before punching him in the nose.

"What kind of bastard tries to attack a pregnant person?!?" Timid mouse demanded in a furious roar.

I stood there blinking at him - utterly impressed. "Well... It seems that you have just earned your with honors status. Congratulations, you've just passed the class with everything you need to go on raids."

It was now Tim's turn to stand there looking nearly overcome with shock. "I... I have...?"

I got in his face and patted him on the back. "Here's the thing, this class is to teach you to survive and defend yourself from violent criminal attackers. I expect you to do so in a way that also incapacitates them because I know that doing so during a raid helps move things along more quickly, but so far, you have focused on defending yourself and put very little effort into the part where you incapacitate the enemy. Now that you've proven you can do that, I am confident enough in your ability to defend yourself that I would very much bring you on a raid with me - once you become an actual Auror."

"Whoa! High praise there!" Ginger purred cattily as she also patted Tim on the back. He looked ready to faint.

I looked over to find that Muffy had cast a tempus charm and it was the end of class. With a smile, I tossed Tim enough money to pay for the first round of drinks, and then dismissed the class so they could go have fun. As they all filed out, I stood over burly, my fists sternly on my hips.

"You haven't failed the CLASS, you've only failed a single test. It just means that you have to show up and work harder, and make no mistake, I'm going to be riding your arse worse than ever.

Maybe because we were alone, or maybe he's just a person who freely shows his emotions, but he sat up, sniffed and wiped a few tears from his eyes, and then bemoaned: "This class is frustrating! It's the only time in my life that I've ever felt like nothing I do is good enough! I'm clearly better than others, but yet I'M the only one that has failed!"

I squatted so that I could look him in the eyes. "Did I EVER say that I was comparing you to the
"OTHERS in this class?"

"Erm... no?"

"No, I did not, because I don't care who's better than who, so long as you can defend yourself and take down criminals. Be the cockiest bastard in the world if you want, so long as you can back your words up with action. So far, I DO see potential in you, but you seem to think that you already know what you're doing and don't need to put any real effort in. Senior Auror Ginger JUST wiped the floor with you, and if that had been real life field conditions, you would have died. Prove to me that you won't die out in the field and I'll pass you, but until then, I'm just not seeing it."

He sighed and nodded, seeming like he might actually be thinking my words over. I then snapped my fingers twice and had Muffy Apparate me home before he burst out with any MORE emotional nonsense.

Unfortunately, that means that now I have nothing better to do than sit in bed and watch movies. I miss you and can't wait for that big party date we have to go dancing! I think I'll keep myself occupied while I wait by taking Zaire and Jaz out to the stables and making sure the horses, thestrals, and unicorns aren't lonely.

I must admit, it's rather interesting having the bigs in Hogwarts, the littles with you, and only the two middles with me. I suppose that this is probably actually good for all our kids because some of them get more time with you and some of them more time with me. I'll have to have you send the littles back to me a couple of times so that I can have quality time with them too, but even if I do, they'll probably want to spend most of it in the stables anyway, hahaha!

Every breath I take,
Draco
Chapter 83

Chapter Summary

Harry is panicking, worrying, and thinking about baby names, and Draco's having fun despite being grumpy about his size.

Friday October 28, 2016

My Rock,

Holy shite! In a few hours our daughter will officially be a professional actress. I mean, I know once she was hired she was considered a professional actress. And I know that she didn't have to be a professional for me to realize her talent. She's an actress, always has been and always will be. But Merlin Draco, she's having her stage debut on a London's West End stage.

It's really weird, before something big I have to do I am generally in a massive panic attack. Don't get me wrong, I am definitely having a massive panic attack right now, but generally I am freaking out that people will realize I'm a fraud. A little boy pretending to be a man. Someone who peaked at seventeen and has been hiding behind others more talented than him for the last eighteen years.

That is most certainly not what I am doing right now. I am panicking but I have no idea why. Because there is no doubt in my mind that Shtara is going to knock this performance out of the park. She lives and breathes for this. She has an insane amount of natural talent and then she works her arse off on top of that. She's a star, it's just taken the world this long to recognize her star power. I think I'm just having a hard time wrapping my mind around the fact that in a few short hours, my little girl's dreams are going to be coming true.

We have a few hours before we need to leave, I actually have two hours before I even NEED to get ready, so I decided to message you instead of sitting around working myself up to Hysterical Harry levels.

I may be able to wait an hour or two before I begin getting ready, but you started about ten minutes ago. This many years later and I still think it's hilarious that the most handsome man on the entire planet thinks he needs hours to get ready. You could show up in a potato sack, with your hair undone, and not having bathed in two days and you'd still be the most attractive person there.

I thought about taking a nap, it's been an exhausting few weeks for me. Even the nights when I technically had plenty of time to sleep before having to start all over again the next morning, I had a hard time sleeping without you. I miss you. I miss how you smell. I miss the feel of your arms around me. I know you have all your classes and can't join me all week next week, and I know you want to help the littles celebrate Halloween anyway. But do you think after your classes on Wednesday, or Thursday morning after you've gotten a good night's sleep, would you like to join me for the last few days of my tour?

You already said you'd join me for the big closing party, but we could do those last few interviews and signings together. You know the interviewers love your spontaneous serenades for me and can't get enough of plying us with questions about our marriage and our small army of children.
The insomnia thing I've had going this week has only been partially about missing you. I have to admit I am so worried about what Dean is planning to say in response to our conversation Sunday. I haven't heard a word from him or Seamus. And I tried to very subtly message our mutual friends to see if he'd contacted them. No one has really talked with either of them. Or our friends are really really good liars.

Hopefully he gets back to us soon. I don't know how much longer he's going to have to think about this. I know, I'm being unfair. We had what, seven weeks to come to terms with it before dropping the bomb on them? And he's had less than a week and I'm getting all antsy over not having an answer yet. I am being ridiculous. I at least know you love me unconditionally and won't judge me for being so ridiculous. Right?

Since I was trying to hard to not worry and overthink about the Dean situation, or on you and the babies in general, I tried focusing all my efforts into really paying attention to my fans at the signings. So of course, what I did was really listen when they said their name and then eventually think about if I would like it as a baby name. Because I'm a lunatic.

And then when I was sitting in my hotel room, snoozing kids in a cuddle puddle around me, I went online multiple times looking for baby names.

What? I'm excited alright?!? And I'm sure it's not flying by for you since you're the one pregnant and uncomfortable with what are essentially triplets, but I feel as though I just blinked and you're already seventeen, almost eighteen, weeks along with baby A. Which means we should be able to find out gender soon. Which means we can start seriously talking names!

So I was searching names and came up with a few I'd like to throw onto a list. For girls I was really in a Mythology or Shakespeare frame of mind. I love Morgan or Morgana, Ophelia, Guinevere or Gwendolyn, Selene or Selena, and Calliope. And the boys names I've been falling a bit in love with? They're a bit out there, so I promise I won't be upset if you hate them. I like Pan … but only as a middle name. I also really like Leander, Lennox, and Mercutio. And I've always liked, I think I've suggested them for every pregnancy either of us have had so far, Castor and Pollux.

What do you think? Any there you like? Any names you've been thinking of? Any combinations coming to mind?

You know, I don't NEED to get ready quite yet, but maybe I will come find you in the bathroom and distract you a bit.

Yours,
Harry

Saturday October 29th
My adorable little panicker,

Yesterday was so much fun. I took nearly three full hours to get ready, everything from my hair, nails, and moisturizer to my perfectly tailored clothes. Since the play was showing in muggle London, I wore trousers with a charm to hide my ever growing bump.

Ever growing! I swear, it's already bigger than the Manor! I nearly can't fit in our bed! We may need to have Greg build us a custom 'pregnant with triplets' sized bed!

I know Rowe said that there wasn't a way to charm extra room in there for the babies to grow in,
but I think we should try doing so anyway. It CAN'T be healthy for them to have three wombs taking up more space than they do!

Wait wait, I have to stop thinking about this before I start panicking myself. Stroke my komboloi… sigh...

Better.

So, as I was saying, I got ready and was looking rather good, if I do say so myself. I looked a bit like a modern version of Prince Eric. But with blond hair.

Once ready, I found you and realized that you were planning to wear a shirt that clashed horribly with your lovely trousers, and so, that had to go. After vanishing it, I picked out a much better shirt for you to wear - a verdant green to match your eyes. I also had you wear matching emerald earrings and a couple of tiny emerald clips in your hair. It WAS an occasion to dress up for, after all.

For exactly that reason, I was wearing sapphire earrings and clips - as well as necklaces and rings. Of course, I also had an elaborate brocade waistcoat done in shades of both blue and green, and so, we also matched EACH OTHER. All in all, I was pleased.

We got our entire family, plus as many of our circle as could make it, to the theater in plenty of time. We'd bought up the entire top box, but even so, we had to expand it a bit to fit all of us. And by we, I mean you and my mother so that I didn't use any magic that I didn't need to.

The play began about five minutes late, but it was such a powerful opening that I don't think anyone minded the extra wait - aside from you, who had been biting your nails the entire time.

Our little girl wasn't the main character, so she didn't appear for a few minutes, but when she did, she EASILY stole the entire show! Her voice...

Not only did our girl look utterly PERFECT as Ursula the Sea Witch, but her voice as she sang Poor Unfortunate Souls was... like a choir of naughty angels - all smoky and powerful and yet full of youth and innocence. Our girl with her slightly chubby black body and wild black hair really was perfect for this role. There is not a THING that another actress could have done better.

I will not be at ALL surprised if she's approached to star in movies after this. But if she is, I think I'll have to hire a different nanny for her as that may be a bit much for Leah - trying to teach Zaire and continue working with Jaz while traveling the world filming movies with Shtara? Yeah... I might need to put the advert out Monday, come to think of it.

But I don't need to go on and on about how gorgeous and perfect our amazing daughter is because you could probably actually go on more than I can, haha.

So... Dean and Seamus were at the play, and for the most part, they were like any other guest, simply interested in the play. But when I came back from the loo during intermission, I noticed you talking to them. The play started back up just then, so I didn't get a chance to ask you what you were talking about.

Good news? I hope...

After the play was over and the cast had a standing ovation - especially our girl. It seems that we aren't the ONLY ones who feel that she was easily the best talent there (and that's really saying something as they had some apparently big muggle names in the play). Anyway, afterwards, there was a huge party for the cast and their family and friends. A huge party that my mother helped to
organize, so you KNOW that it had this wonderful quality to it that NO ONE else can replicate.

The party itself was fun and gave me a chance to dance with you like there was no one else in the world, but the dancing itself led to us both being horny as fuck. To my delight, you Apparated us to our bed fairly early on and we spent the rest of the night simply having each other over and over until we passed out from sheer exhaustion.

But now it's Saturday and I'm unfortunately awake. I feel like I could legitimately sleep another 25 or so hours, but since I am awake, I'll get out of bed, do some yoga, get something to eat, and then find you for some long slow kisses to last me after you leave until I see you again. And then I'll probably spend the rest of the day perfecting costumes with our littles and middles.

True blue baby I love you,

Draco
Sunday October 30, or is it Monday October 31?

My Missing Piece,

I don't even know what day it is. I just left the big party for my book. Not the BIG big party, that one is next week, but A big party. I know it's technically Monday early morning here, but with the time change I'm not sure if it's still Sunday there. And I'm much too exhausted to try and figure that out!

I can't believe that I found out Dean and Seamus' answer about the baby on Friday night and your behavior was so unpredictable before I left earlier today/yesterday that I didn't actually get a chance to tell you what they said.

You did come find me Saturday, kissed me thoroughly and then in front of the little ones went all vampire on me! I had some serious Deja vu to when you were pregnant with Lily and Caelum. We probably should have thought of this as soon as we found out you were carrying three, but I think it's important that we have Sebastian brew up that blood magic potion for you again. Don't worry, you don't have to remember to ask him. I asked him and gave him enough of my blood to hopefully keep you for a few months.

I'm hoping he's been able to shorten the brewing process since last time. Especially since I'm not home for you to take directly from the tap.

I'm pretty sure Seph, Lissa, Cael, and Trey thought you were trying to murder me - once they realized you weren't just kissing my neck. That (the kissing) wouldn't have surprised them. Seph, Lissa, and Cael have spent their entire lives seeing our affection for each other and never would have been surprised, but even Trey has become immune to our normal smoochy behavior.

They were not immune to the blood drinking. Once you heard them all start howling and freaking out, you tried to assure them you weren't hurting me, but your very red mouth didn't seem to be something they were willing to focus on. Luckily ME assuring them I wasn't being hurt did the trick. They all looked at me like I was a lunatic and then eventually shrugged and went about their business. I am CERTAIN I heard Cael say "Dads are weird!" as they walked away.

He's not wrong, we are pretty weird.

You may be weird, but you are breathtaking. I know, you feel as though you're as large as the Manor. But you are so wrong. You are glowing my love. Your hair has that pregnancy thickness. Your skin has that additional pink tone to it that makes you practically exude health and vitality. And your gorgeous bump just reminds me what you're willing to go through for your family.

I do feel so badly for you though, I'm sure you're already so uncomfortable and it's only the halfway point for baby A. Your bump is already about the size it was when you were full term with Eris! Or as full term as you managed to get with Eris I should say. Remember, if this becomes too much for you, Rowe said she could do the womb transfer without a medical need as early as twenty-eight weeks if we want to. That puts you at just another two months and we can move the largest baby if we need to.

So my conversation with Dean and Seamus as Shtara's play …

Oh goodness her play! I knew she'd be a success, but I was initially a bit worried when they cast a
child for the role of the supposedly adult sea witch. I found out it was an all-child cast and THEN I was worried it wouldn't be as good as it could be if they were casting young unseasoned children.

I could not have been more wrong. About two minutes into the performance and I forgot they were children. They were mermaids and fish and all kinds of sea creatures. They all did so well! Obviously Shtara was the best by far, but her castmates were pretty darn entertaining.

Shite! Dean! I'm not intentionally trying to avoid the conversation. And honestly? It was pretty much the best case scenario we could have hoped for!

Dean and Seamus are our friends. They are our age. They've seen us in all stages of pregnancies throughout the years. They've been to many a Unity House Gala. They've been to a number of Unity Movie nights. They have access to the same fertility potions we do, almost the same ease of adoptions, and they've been together nearly as long as we have. And yet they remain childless. Why? Because they don't want to be parents. They've never been interested in being parents.

But not planning for it isn't the same as it never happening. Dean needed that time to think because while he never would have chosen this, it's something that's happening regardless of his feelings.

After rolling it around in his mind, nonstop talking over his feelings with Seamus - and Seamus rolling it around in his mind - they agree that they still have no desire to be parents. He said he'd feel differently if this had happened in some way that the other parent wasn't prepared to be a single parent, or if the child were put up for adoption without knowing they would go to a good, safe home. He didn't want to abandon a child to an unknown entity. That's just not the case with us. They both know that this child will have a huge loving family and two fathers who will love and adore them.

However, they do have some preferences and want to know what we think.

He essentially wants what they call in the muggle world, an open adoption. He will sign over all rights. He will not be the baby's father. But he would like to be able to see the kid, get updates, and be a person who's in their life. Preferably as fun Uncle Dean … and Uncle Seamus.

His only other request was that the child not be lied to. His exact words were, "I know you and Draco have always been honest with your children about their arrivals into the world. I'd like this child to be afforded the same honesty. If and when they ask about it, I'd like you to send them to me if they need to know my side."

So what do you think? I know it's a lot to take in.

Anxiously awaiting your thoughts,
Harry

Monday October 31
My much missed husband,

The littles all went to Unity House before I even woke up, so don't worry about them, they are having a kid appropriate Halloween blast.

The only kid that stayed behind in the Manor is Zaire because we had a class together today, and as usual, it went very well. Honestly, that kid is such a natural that I don't even know what I'm doing there - aside from dancing with my son and having a lot of fun. But even he went straight from class to Unity House, so I can only assume that they had some exciting things planned for today.
But the thing I wanted to talk about the most is how relieved I am about Dean and Seamus' reply. I really was worried about how they would respond. If they wanted to keep the kid, I might have been okay with that - for the same reasons, at least I know the child would be loved and spoiled as an only child. But if they'd wanted shared custody?

Yeah, I'm not really good at sharing. I'm sure you think I am because I positively LOVE to share you, but that's completely different. The only way I see shared custody working is if it's 80 percent us legally and physically having custody and control over all decisions, and 20 percent them having visitation whenever they want.

But honestly, this is even better. The kid is undisputedly OURS and they only want a chance to hang out with him or her on occasion. I like it! And of course we'd be open about it, it's really no different than when Olivia shows up once a year and wants to see and chat with Viona. I think the most that has happened is that they had lunch once about a year and a half ago.

I can't be certain, but I think Viona told her that she was happy and didn't need Olivia to come check up on her because she didn't show up this previous summer. HOWEVER, we WERE in California, so there's a chance she did and we just weren't here to notice.

I wonder if Viona wants us to invite Olivia to her wedding? She probably does but it's best to ask.

Anyway, I wanted to talk a little about my combat class today. It was hilarious, but before I explain why, I have to go back to the blood potion that Sebastian is brewing for me. NO, he can't speed it up any. Thus, he came up with a BRILLIANT idea.

It seems you gave him about 2 cups of blood, and since the potion only needs one cup, he only really needed the second cup in case something happened to the first. But THEN he wondered if it would work the way I need it to if he simply used a duplication charm on the blood. As it turns out, it DOES work!

Which means that I have that cup of blood in a mug that has been charmed to duplicate (and preserve of course) your blood so that the mug is always full. In essence, acting like a never ending cup of milk - only that works by having a charm on the container the bulk of the milk is being stored in so that it continually refills my cup as I'm drinking it.

In any case, as I was saying, I now have a mug of your blood that I can drink whenever I need a hit of your magic. WELL, even though I am not craving it like I was when I had PICA, I still like the taste of blood and decided to try sipping on the mug to see if taking small hits of your magic throughout the day will ward off the need to take BIG hits of your magic as I get a bit low.

So far, it seems to be working!

And now back to the hilarious thing. So, apparently when I drink from the never ending cup of milk, I am fastidious enough that there's no milk mustache. Plus, my students think I'm drinking coffee as the cup says, and so, if they DID see a hint of a milk mustache, they would probably assume that it's cream in the coffee.

With blood, however, it doesn't just leave a potential mustache. It sort of stains the entire mouth, highlighting one's teeth and clinging to the lips. Even mostly innocent like this is, drinking blood does make the mouth look rather gruesome. So, without me even giving any thought to how it might look, I sipped on the mug at random during class, and as time progressed, my students started staring at me with big eyes - looking wary and apprehensive.

I finally decided to demand: "WHAT???
Friendly smiled at me and chuckled a bit. "Nothing much, you just look like a vampire at the moment. It's kind of making us nervous, to be honest."

"Ah," I stated in understanding. "Actually, while I am NOT a vampire who needs to drink blood to survive and quench my thirst, I AM a pregnant wizard who happens to crave blood for a few different reasons, and so, I have a mug of my husband's blood to drink," I explained before taking a nice big sip and letting the blood stain my lips a bit more overtly before licking it clean - which made a slightly bigger mess until my mouth was clear enough to ACTUALLY lick it clean.

One of my 'manlier' students heaved twice and then sicked up all over the thin mat under his feet. A couple others slapped hands over their mouths and heaved as well, but nothing came up. Only girly looked like blood was no big deal. She basically ignored me and focused on the practice dummy.

I took another small sip and sighed happily as the two sips provided a noticeable hit of magic for me to enjoy. Still the best drug ever!

Then I decided to motivate my students to try even harder. "Back to sparring! And be warned, if I run out of my husband's blood, I think I'll take a donation from whichever of you is doing the worst job of defending himself! And NO, that wasn't sexist, that was me subtly saying that girly is doing a good enough job at the moment that it definitely won't be her!

She harrumphed with a proud smirk and continued her assault on the dummy. Her partner took the opportunity to try to attack her, but Viona really must have worked some magic on her, because she's been kicking arse ever since. I smirked at her and moved on to the pair of students I felt were doing the poorest job at the moment. The way I watched them sent shivers up their spines, making me grin eerily.

I have so much fun in these classes.

I've got chills, they're multiplying, and I'm losing control, of the power you're supplying, it's electrifying!
Draco
Chapter 85

Chapter Summary

Harry pisses Draco off and has to apologize.

Chapter Notes

Bonus points if you can figure out what exactly pissed Draco off ^_^

Friday November 4, 2016

My Vampiric Lunatic,

You know, I was angry for you when your student accused you of sexual harassment. You are flirty and ridiculous, but only ever with people who are one hundred percent willing and able to consent. With the exception of doing things with me while I sleep, but that has been explicitly consented to prior to it ever taking place, so that doesn't count. In all our years together there have been many people who think we are over the top with our PDA. And, to be fair, they're not wrong. But sexual harassment is a completely baseless accusation.

I do think your class has grounds for regular old harassment though! You made multiple students sick up! You almost made me sick up thinking about it! When you didn't realize what you were doing I can give you a pass. But once you realized what you were doing, you went all lip-licking serial killing weirdo in front of them. Not cool my Love, not cool.

Ugh, my stomach is literally churning right now.

You're a monster.

But I suppose you're MY monster.

I'm also quite relieved at how Dean wants to deal with the baby situation. I didn't want to give you my take on his response until you had time to process it yourself. I didn't want you to feel like you had to be relieved or like the limitations he set down. I wanted your completely honest reaction. Most of my crying that evening was due to our ridiculously talented daughter, but a small portion of those tears were Dean and Seamus shaped relief.

I didn't realize Olivia hadn't had her annual meet up with Viona this summer. It could very easily have been because we were across the pond, it could have been Viona suggesting she didn't need the visits, or it could have been Olivia withdrawing again - going MIA for a couple of years.

I think we should definitely see if Vivi wants Olivia at the wedding. I could see it going either way, I suppose we won't know until we ask her.

I just finished up my last interview for the day. Over the years, most of my interviewers ask at some point about our ever-growing massive family. Today was no exception. However, this was
the first one that had gotten the information that we are expecting three more. I have no idea how they got that information, but it's not like we've hidden it, so I couldn't be offended. They were careful to be polite and not judgmental, which doesn't always happen.

There have been times over the years where we've been compared to those "six million kids and then some" horrible reality shows. Like our huge family is some scam for ratings. As though the amount of children we have is inherently indicative of children who are neglected emotionally. As though we leave the parenting of our younger children to the older (usually girl) children. You and I, and everyone who really matters to us, knows that isn't the case, but it hurts to hear someone compare us to some of these families desperate for the limelight or to push their own agenda.

Sorry, I digress. They were very respectful but thought it would be fun to give me a "test" of how well I know my children. I don't know who prepared the questions, maybe you had a hand in it! Or more likely Pippa was able to put it together. But I had a minute to answer rapid-fire questions like "What is Caelum's favorite animal?" (his horse), "What instrument does Elena play?" (all of them!), and "What is Zwei's actual name?" (uhhhhh … just kidding! I know my son's name! It's Drake).

It was actually a really fun way to end the day. And I kicked arse if I do say so myself!

I have one more morning talk show tomorrow and then it's time to get ready for the Gala. Are you excited? I was already excited, I can't wait to see you full stop. But I really can't wait to spend the night in your arms.

But.

I found out something about the Gala that I didn't know and now I am anxiously awaiting tomorrow like a kid on Christmas Eve. They have rented out a huge chunk of King’s Cross! According to the Muggles, there will even be a "replica of the actual Hogwarts Express." Which means my agent asked Minnie if we could rent it for the evening and she agreed immediately. The only thing she asked for in return was an invitation.

I plan on dancing with you most of the night, but I need you to know that I will be getting in a dance with my Head of House at some point!

I should get some rest, tomorrow is another big day. I can't wait to see your beautiful face my Love!

You're already the voice inside my head,
Harry

Friday November 4th

-_-

Friday November 4th
My love,

I'm very very sorry.
Love,
Harry

Friday November 4th
Dearest Harry,

I have forgotten everything; why I was mad; what I was planning to write in my email; my name - everything!

You are forgiven,
That bloke you're married to

Saturday November 5, 2016

Thank you my heart,

I’m off to my last interview. I’ll see you tonight!

Oh! My stylist has an outfit picked out for me, but do you want to have Pippa show it to you and okay it? I’m not sure what you’re wearing and I love it when you dress me up.

In anticipation,
Your Harry

Saturday November 5th

My everything,

A while back, you had asked (practically begged) me to come to you the last few days of your tour, and I had honestly intended to do exactly that, but Wednesday after my class, I was a bit tired and decided to stay in bed most of Thursday and Friday. TODAY...

You had a morning interview for a telly program. It was early morning - even for those of us NOT accustomed to sleeping in until nearly noon. Thus, I'm dead certain you NEVER expected...
"We have a special treat today, ladies and gentlemen. See, Harry's husband - Draco Malfoy - has had to remain home this book tour due to health issues. But considering that this is the LAST interview Harry will be performing for this tour, we wondered if we could contact his husband and get him to record a little something for us to play for Harry during this interview. To our delight, Draco agreed!"

And after that little introduction, music started playing. You looked around (I imagine) hoping to find me, but all you saw was a large telly screen showing a band playing. As you were watching the screen, almost certainly thinking that I had prerecorded this for you last night or something, you DIDN’T notice a part of the stage rotating in a half circle so that something that was hidden became revealed.

Suddenly my voice rang out, and I could see tears streaming down your cheeks as you stared at the screen.

Ooohhhhh, my love, my darling
I’ve hungered for your touch
A long, lonely time......
And Time goes by so slowly
And time can do so much
Are you still mine?

I need your love......
I need your love
God speed your love to me

Lonely rivers flow
To the sea, to the sea
To the open arms of the sea, yeah
Lonely rivers sigh
"Wait for me, wait for me
I'll be coming home, wait for me~~~"

Oooohhhhh, my love, my darling
I've hungered, HUNGERED for your touch
A long, lonely time.....
And Time goes by so slowly
And time can do so much
Are you still mine?

I need your love
I need your love
God speed your love to me

By the time I finished the song, I'd walked all the way over to you, smiled at you bawling your eyes out, and pulled you in my arms. When I was done singing, you threw your arms around me and held me tight while we kissed as if our lives depended on it.

I'm fairly confident that the telly program is THRILLED with their ratings for that segment.
I need your love,
Draco
Sunday November 6, 2016

My Sneaky Love,

That was the best surprise ever yesterday morning. I was thrilled when I thought you had recorded yourself singing, what a sweet thing to do for me. But then you walked out and I melted! I know I asked you to come for the last few stops, but I was truly pleased that you listened to your body and stayed home to rest.

Seriously.

Coming out that morning, getting up earlier than you would on any other day, just to see me a few hours early and finish up my tour with me? I’m not sure how I keep falling in love with you. Every time I think I love you to the limits of my soul, you go and do something that reminds me my love for you has infinite space to fill. And that song? You know exactly what that song does to me, you deviant! We may have upped the program's ratings with the surprise and the kiss, but we also got dangerously close to getting them fined for indecency!

I wanted to lay you out on that stage and let millions of viewers see exactly how perfect I find every inch of you. To see me worship your skin. See me spread myself out and beg for you to claim me.

Wait, what was I talking about?

Once the program was over we made our excuses, we just had so much to do to get ready for the party that night. Yeah, in reality I had to have you that very moment, public indecency laws be damned! So I found a cupboard and popped us back to my hotel room where I could do all those things I wished to earlier.

Between the gorgeous singing, the enthusiastic snogging, and the flirtatious smirk you gave me when I gave excuses for why we had to leave immediately, I assumed you were going to jump me the moment we got into my room. That was not the case. You slowly walked around the room critiquing it with your posh voice while you very slowly unbuttoned your brocade vest. My one attempt at helping you undress was met with a mild slap to my hands and a "tsk tsk tsk so impatient." So I stood there, wringing my hands, waiting for instruction.

Eventually you were down to a halfway unbuttoned dress shirt with your black trousers unbuttoned, then sat down on the cozy chair set towards the end of my bed, crossed your legs up on the ottoman and instructed me to "strip!"

I ferociously started ripping my clothes off when I got a strict, "Oi, Mutt, slower than that, I've missed you and I'd quite like a show."

Oh.
I could do that. I took a deep breath and went back to undressing myself but much slower. Revealing all of your sub inch by inch. Standing there finally, completely starkers, awaiting instruction.

"There's a good boy, up on the bed now. Kneel facing me, spread those legs let me see my property, hands behind your head Luv." I did as you said, staring into those silver eyes I love so much. "So hard for me already, are you desperate Mutt?"

I nodded quickly. "Yes Master, I need you so badly, please!"

You let out a deep wistful sigh. "I'm just so tired; too tired to get you ready I think. It's too bad, I'd really love to bury my dick deep inside of you. But alas, I have no energy, what to do what to do?"

Oh Gods you were going to torture me. Or make me torture myself I suppose. "I can get myself ready for you Master."

"Oh isn't that so sweet. Alright then, turn over and spread yourself open for me. If I'm too tired to touch, I at least want a lovely view." I turned around and got on all fours at your command, spreading my legs wide for you. But it apparently wasn't enough. "What part of spread yourself open did you not understand? It seems like you must not really want this."

Nonononononono …

I should really stop being surprised that you can still make me blush. With all of the things we've done over the years, you would think I would be immune to the humiliating sexiness in following your orders, but no, once I realized what you meant I flushed to my ears. Dropping my shoulders to the bed, I reached back and spread my arse wide for you, letting you see my hole clenching in anticipation of you.

You chuckled. Fuck my life, that chuckle is going to kill me one day! "Such a pretty boy. Is that all for me? It's practically winking at me."

"Yes Master, it's for you! It's all for you, always."

"Well then, get it ready for me. We don't have all night you know."

I quickly cast a lubrication spell on my fingers and went to stretch myself out. Sliding two fingers in me, hissing a bit at the stretch.

"Tsk Tsk Tsk." Again? What was I doing wrong this time? "Slowly, we don't have all night but we do have plenty of daylight left. One at a time, I'll let you know when you can add more. Desperate little thing you are."

Yes, so desperate. But I listened, removing one of the two fingers I'd already buried in my arse. I fingered myself for a few minutes, whimpering at the tease, until you told me I could add a second. A third finger eventually allowed. A fourth commanded. I was afraid I was going to shoot without even having been touched by you. I was practically crying at this point.

Finally! "That should have you nice and ready for me, huh sweet boy? Why don't you come climb up on my lap like a good boy?"

Oh thank every deity! Not that I could think of any as my brain had turned to mush. While I had been fingering myself, you had gotten your shirt completely off and undone your trousers, but left them on. Your beautiful bump on display. I love that while you might be self conscious of your bump, you share it with me because you know how beautiful I find you that way.
Which of course made me even harder looking at you reclining back, waiting for me to straddle you. I climbed into your lap, pressing our hard shafts together, but again you stopped me. "You did much too good of a job getting ready for me, I won't waste all that hard work, hop on."

Fuck yeah.

I lined you up, sank down onto you, and rode you until we were both panting and sweaty and sated.

While you were still buried inside of me, coming down from our high, you seemingly changed mindsets. "Time to get ready for the party, I should say."

Oh, I thought we'd snuggle and enjoy the afterglow, but I should know my husband well enough that he'll want to get ready early for such a big and public event.

You smirked evilly at me, reaching behind yourself for something you'd hidden. "Lift off Mutt, I'll help you get ready." As soon as you were out of my arse, I felt the blunt head of my favorite plug up against me. "You're too needy, I have to keep you all filled up so you don't maul me in public. This should keep you calm, yeah?"

No, of course it wasn't going to keep me calm! You were going to spend all night torturing me! And you did, after we showered together - where you had me get you off again with my mouth - you continued dressing me up. Oh boy was I going to regret asking you to get me ready. You put a ring around my cock, linking it to my plug so the middle attachment sat right up against the outside of my prostate. Then dressed me up in the most sinfully soft lingerie under the suit you'd picked out for me to wear.

I honestly have no memories of last night's party. I'm sure we danced. I don't think I left your side all night. But all I could focus on was the pressure in my bum from the plug, the pressure against my prostate, the ring on my cock, and the satin sliding all over my body. Oh, I DO remember that you groped me constantly.

I have no idea how I got so lucky, what I did to deserve you, but I'd do it all over again for a single evening like you gave me last night.

Lovingly Yours,
Harry

Sunday November 6th

Mon Amour,

Spending all of yesterday with you in my arms was sheer perfection. I found it amusing how fans reacted to the sight of the 'replica' of the Hogwarts express. I was blown away by how many muggles asked if Unity House is real - having heard about it in several interviews over the years - and wanted to donate. Since you were captive to my torture, you probably don't realize how much money Unity House made yesterday.

So far, today has been a rather lazy Sunday. You're off playing with the kids and the horses. I'm laying in bed petting Amala. She's being rather lazy and affectionate herself. She's sprawled all over our bed insisting that I rub her tummy. I wasn't quite certain before, but now I'm absolutely sure. She's pregnant.

I did some research about Cheetah pregnancy, and it lasts 90 days, and since she had to have gotten
pregnant during that trip to Africa, she's due at some point around the 23rd of November. I'm so excited Harry! I'm going to have grandbaby Cheetahs!

I wonder if I should pick out names for them...

Speaking of names, you made quite a few lovely suggestions. I like them all but don't really want to think about or settle on any until we know all the genders. But that said, what do you think about Fuego for a boy?

You were going Shakespearean, but what about Mythological? Mabon? Taliesan? Cernnunos?

OH! I know!!! If baby C happens to be a boy, we can combine Dean and Seamus' names to make a new one just for him! Deamus Sheen! I love it!

As for my grandbaby cheetahs, they can all have silly names like Kitty, Witty, and Pretty, hahahahahaha!

Oh, but speaking of things happening at the end of November, Orion is super excited about his first match as Quidditch Captain. It's the Ravenclaw/Hufflepuff match. A win for him would set an excellent precedence for his term as Captain. As much as I always want Slytherin to win, I really am rooting for him (Slytherin's not even playing!) and hope that his team wins the match. It's traditionally the last weekend in November, so that puts it on November 26th - I really hope Amala has her babies before that and NOT DURING the match!!!

We are planning to attend the match, right?

Unless Amala's in labor. I can't imagine the horror of her having to go through that alone.

Oh, speaking of labor, Elena has decided - now that Ethan is showing some sense when it comes to her choices - that he CAN be in the room with her. Strangely enough, she got fed up enough with Ethan at her shower that even though my talk helped calm him down and back off, she went to his wife to complain about him the next day, and the two women have bonded over how neurotic he can be when he worries. So they're now practically best mates and SHE'S going to be in the room with Elena during labor as well.

MERLIN DAMNIT!! Elena better not pop early and go into labor on November 26th OR whenever Amala does!!! I can only worry about one labor at a time damnit! I don't think my heart could take worrying about two!

But as I was saying about Amala, she's insisting that I pet her tummy, and as I am, I not only feel a LOT of movement squirming around inside her, but I put my ear on her hard belly, and I can hear things swimming around in there. It's weird actually.

I love petting her. And then singing to her. She just seems to melt into my touch. Don't be jealous if you walk in and hear me singing: 'You are my Sunshine' to her. I'm not doing it because she literally is - that's you and always you - but because it's like a lullaby. Besides, I'm changing the words so that I'm actually singing: 'You are my cheetah, my only cheetah (for now).'

Oh, here comes Atreyu. He must be hungry for pancakes again because he's sniffing me all over while licking his lips. Ierm… I wonder if I have to worry about what might happen if he bites me when NOT transformed. I mean, it's not supposed to be contagious then, but... how many pregnant people have been bitten by non-transformed werewolves?

Ierm… I'm doing my best not to alarm Atreyu, but I'm going to have to have Muffy Apparate him to the kitchen to get a bite to eat before he remembers that Papa bit Daddy's neck and drank some
blood out of love and affection, and thinks that it would be okay for him to do so too.

Gotta go!
Draco
Chapter 87

Chapter Summary

Harry responds to Draco's name suggestions, which makes Draco think of more.

Monday November 7, 2016

My Home,

I cannot begin to explain to you how happy I am to be done with this book tour. With all book
tours actually, unless I write another book in the future. I am glad to have done it, I'm glad I got my
story out there, I enjoyed most of my experiences meeting fans and doing interviews and signings.
I'm just ready for it to be over so I can live my life without the constant weight of "Have you
finished the next one? Have you finished the edits? Have you selected the cover art? What's the
next title? Who's this one dedicated to?" Just knowing that the next time we travel it WILL be for
pleasure!

I enjoyed most of our time in California, but it was a trip for medical necessity. And obviously we
didn't know it at the time, but it was a trip to find our son! This recent traveling was for the book. I
just want to throw a dart at a random place on the globe and just jet off to discover somewhere
new. Shop at some little market, hike through environments I've never seen, and not worry for one
single moment that I'm keeping up with some pre-set agenda.

Don't worry, I am completely aware that it will probably be a year or more before we can make
that happen. I don't want to travel without you and you're a bit busy growing three people at the
moment!

One of those humans is now nineteen weeks along, which means next week we have your checkup
with Rowe and we should be able to find out what version we're getting! I am so excited! We can
start seriously discussing names. Not that I didn't just LOVE all of your suggestions. I just … uh
… they were all so lovely but I don't want to accidentally pick a name that one of our daughters has
picked out for their baby.

I think Fuego would be a lovely name for one of the baby cheetahs.

No. I have to be honest. I do not particularly like any of the names you've chosen. I am hoping you
were being silly with Fuego, but in case you were serious I have to say a solid "no thank you."

I do kind of like the idea of giving baby C a middle name for Dean and Seamus. Not a first name,
but after I said it a couple of times, Sheen is really growing on me as a middle name. And if baby is
a girl, Sheena.

Of course we will be attending the quidditch match! As long as the kids want us there I am always
up for a match. I usually wait until they ask me to go, I never want to be the parent that tries to
relive my youth vicariously through my children, so I only go if I know they want me to go.
Luckily, Orion has mentioned that he "can't wait to show you my new moves Dad" last time we
talked so I know I'm welcomed and wanted.
Things will change if Lainie goes into labor, and I know Ori will understand if that happens. For me, nothing will change if Amala goes into labor besides not having you standing next to me shouting yourself hoarse.

Oh my ridiculous man … Atreyu is not going to pass his lycanthropy to you or the babes. I promise. I've consulted with Rowe and I even spoke with my liaison to the werewolf community, Laila Marley, to ask about his ability to pass on his condition through bite. Having other children in our home, I needed to know the risks of infection to them.
1-He can only pass on lycanthropy while he's transformed. He only transforms on the full moon. So far he's always been sleeping through the moon with your potion.
2-The few cases that a were has been able to transform outside of the full moon and then bitten someone - or just straight up bit someone without being transformed (Greyback for example) - the victims never became full weres. They usually ended up like Bill with a scar and a penchant for rare meat. Also, Fleur has mentioned that Bill gets a bit … amorous … during the full.
3-Yes, he snuffles at you and it seems as though he's smelling you. But what he's actually doing is making sure you smell like him and like pack. The sweeter scent you're giving off during your pregnancy might remind him he wants pancakes, but he pretty much always wants pancakes! He's scenting you like a wolf would, he's not smelling you all over, he's making sure you're covered in his scent. It's to let others know you belong to him. He's claiming you, not checking to see if you're edible yet.

I promise, you and the little nuggets are fine!

Well, I am off to go play with my horses!

I mean, take care of my charges in a completely mature and responsible manner.

Love,
Harry

Monday November 21st
My darling husband,

You know, last week when we went to my Healer appointment, I really gave serious thought to NOT finding out what baby A is until we could find out the others too. It seemed like a bad idea to only know one. But then you gave me this hopeful pout and I knew that you NEEDED to know, so I agreed and let Rowe tell us...

Baby A is a girl. Well, that narrows down the name options, dunnit? I'm thinking things like Artemesia, Apple, Aaliyah, Aa, Asia, Athena, Antigone, Ardor...

What am I missing???

Oh! Xena!

What do you think?

Anyway, today marks the day when I start teaching my combat class the 8 pain spots. The returning students already know them, and so the new ones have probably heard of them at the very least, but it'll now be time to USE them, heh heh heh…

I'm quite looking forward to it. Off to terrorize my class! ^_^
Love you forever,
Draco
Wednesday November 23, 2016

My Dragon,

Zwei is going to be so mad! The first one we find out about and the girls are still in the lead!

I can understand why you wanted to wait until we find out all three so I really appreciate you being understanding and finding out A as soon as we could. At least we haven't told anyone outside of us and Rowe, so we can at least tell OTHER people all at once!

You know, everyone seems very curious to find out. The kids all have preferences. Your mother has this twinkle in her eye like she KNOWS something. I think we should cash in on this. What say you we make a betting pool of sorts? Certain points for guessing the right mix of genders, the big winner will be whoever can guess which baby is which. If you're going to be anxious and uncomfortable, we may as well make some galleons off it, yeah?

Just think, we already found out about A last week, and we'll find out about B in roughly two more weeks, then C two weeks after that. Within a month we will know all three! I can't wait!

And you know I have been equally excited with each pregnancy's reveal. Hell, I wanted to throw a party to celebrate finding out Hazel's true gender when she was four! But I am just so excited about another little princess! Maybe she'll have Lily's beautiful blonde hair, or Orion's gorgeous silver eyes, maybe River's pointy Malfoy chin and nose! Eeeek! I can't believe I have to wait fifteen more weeks to meet her! I am already so in love with her. With all of them really.

This is getting very real very quickly!

This time I do actually like your name suggestions. Particularly Athena and Xena. But uh, since I was playing around with names a few weeks ago, I really got one stuck in my head. And obviously this is something we have to decide together. So, no pressure I promise. But I er … I really feel like I already know her name. Like I've known she was going to be a girl since the day I started looking at names, intending on picking out boy names and just getting lost down the girls' names' rabbit hole. And yeah, I gave you a list of names I liked, but I mostly was hoping you would grab the two names from the list and realize it's HER name!

Really, no pressure, even if you hate that name you can tell me and I will only be a tiny bit crushed.

Morgana Guinevere Malfoy

What better name to befit the newest little Malfoy Royalty than the Queen of Magic herself?

Anyway, I have to sign off before I chicken out in telling you what I think her name is because I'm afraid you will hate it and think I'm stupid or be afraid of hurting my feelings and then we end up with a baby whose name you hate.

I'm off to drown myself in popcorn and Brave's Merida! Don't torture your class too much my love.

Yours,
Harry
Wednesday November 23rd
My fire,

You are brilliant! OF COURSE we should start a pool!

You are also brilliant when it comes to names. I'll admit that because we didn't know genders before, I wasn't really interested in names, but now that we KNOW we're having at least one daughter, seeing Morgana Guinevere Malfoy written out like that is sheer perfection. I love it and will accept nothing less for Baby A.

Today has been all around lovely for me. I was having a good time in class and was in an excellent mood. It's day two of the 8 pain centers, and as before, I'm demonstrating them on the students before having them practice hitting each other. On Monday, I started with the chin/jaw, but since I actually planned ahead this time around, I left 8 classes before the Final Exam, and so today, I taught the spot behind the ear.

To THEIR relief, I limited the demonstrations to only the new students, since the old ones well remember the spot. Thus, I had a blast (yes, I know I'm a terrible person, I don't care) punching all my new students behind their left ear. The good thing about ME doing this is that I have enough control to NOT overdo it. I use just enough force to give them a good bloom of pain, but not enough to knock them out.

Once the demonstrations were over, I had them all pair up and practice trying to hit each other in that spot. I'm not entirely certain what makes this class different than the first time around, but it seems that ALL of my students have been making loads of progress this time around, and so, these sparring sessions always get a bit brutal.

My frienemy the Mediwitch just loves to hate coming to these classes, but she hasn't missed an important one yet. She stood back, letting them get on with it and only healing up the hits that come across TOO enthusiastically. She likes to glare at me nearly the entire time, and it never fails to amuse me.

So, as I said, I was in an excellent mood to begin with - especially since I had stopped in my office earlier and tested Fierston's Occlumency shield to find it nearly perfect. He doesn't know it yet, but this means that he'll be starting his first actual Legilimency lesson next Wednesday. If he was ANYONE else, he probably wouldn't be ready to have his shields tested for another two or three months. I really lucked out in obtaining him as my first Legilimency student - NOT that I'm planning to have more, just that if I did, it will be frustrating as fuck compared to these lessons.

But back to my mood. I was having a great time calling out encouragement and giving tips on how to slip around a person's defenses and really wail on their pain spots. Suddenly, you stepped through the floo that connects this classroom to the Manor track.

"Don't be afraid to break his arm if you have to! Better that than - HARRY!!" I cried out gleefully when I spotted you, and MAYBE I'm having a particularly good hormone combination these last couple of days, but I've been really happy in general, and even happier than usual to see you. If not for the fact that I seem to forget everything the moment I walk into our closet, I'd call this the best pregnancy yet.

Thus, when I saw you, I not only exclaimed happily, but I ran over to you, pulled you into my arms, and gave you a swift hard kiss.
"Wise men say, only fools rush in, but I can't help falling in love with you," I burst out with as I rocked you side to side in a very simplistic dance.

You looked more than happy to hear me sing - and dearly wanted me to finish - but pressed a finger to my lips before I could continue.

"Draco, my love, as much as I LOVE when you sing to me, now is not a good time," you informed me with a wistful smile.

I immediately felt my heart drop into my stomach. "Oh no! What's wrong? Did Elena go into Labor? Is ERIS having unexpected problems?"

Whoa! I must have been channeling panicky Harry!

Chuckling, you shook your head. "No, they're both fine, it's just that AMALA has gone into labor."

I felt extremely panicked AND unbelievably excited at the same time. "Are you serious?!

You nodded even as one of my new students muttered: "Who's Amala?"

"His cat," an old student stated.

Another snorted in amusement. "His CHEETAH!"

I hugged you tight and practically bounced in excitement. "I'm going to have grandbaby cheetahs! WAIT!!! Is she alright? Is she in pain??? I have to get there!"

You laughed softly. "I thought you might feel that way; that's why I came to tell you in person."

I held up a hand and waved it around to indicate the entire class. "Excellent news! Class is NOT dismissed, but it's moving to my house where you'll all finish your sparring in my ballroom, and then can give yourselves a bit of a treat by relaxing in our Onsen."

"Erm... yea...?" A couple of them asked uncertainly.

I had Muffy Apparate me on ahead while you stayed behind to floo back and lead the class to our ballroom. I suppose that you ALSO felt like you should at least supervise them a bit. As I understand it, Shtara, Zaire, and Jaz were in the ballroom with Wojtek. It seems that Zaire had persuaded them to don traditional Zulu skirts and practice his next dance lesson with him, while Wojtek sort of adorably tried to mimic them.

I guess Shtara is training him already, hahaha.

In any case, you directed my students to not trip over our kids, but otherwise get to it.

Meanwhile, I was in our bedroom with Amala, who was laying on a BIG cushion I'd brought in here just for her about a week ago. She was panting and definitely in labor. I even arrived just in time to see the first one coming out. I stroked her head and told her what a good job she was doing.

Well, while I was busy helping new life come into the world, it seems that the Thestrals and Trinket got tired of waiting for Jaz and you to return to them, and somehow managed to open the glass doors leading from the ballroom out onto the Manor lawn - or from the lawn into the ballroom, I suppose, since that's where they were coming from.

"Want help getting the Thestrals back in the stables, dad?" Zaire asked, and actually, since he WAS around when his sperm donating monster died, I guess it's not surprising that he can see
them. I bet he might have been a tad young the first time, but then he watched him 'die' again as a
ghost, and that time, it probably hit home what he'd seen the first time around.

Jaz signed: "They just want to dance to the music too." And even though she can't SEE them, she
must be able to smell them or something, because she seems to know exactly where they are in
order to pet them.

Atreyu burst through the door and hopped on one of the baby boy Thstral's backs. "Persephone
and Lily love the Unicorns, but Atreyu LOVES the Thstrals! Te amo pequeño!"

"Can I go flying on the Thstrals with Atreyu, daddy?" Caelum begged as he and the rest of the
feisty foursome ran into the room.

"No you can't fly the Thstrals!" You burst out. "And what do you mean WITH Atreyu?!?!"

When telling me this bit, you said that Caelum's eyes got big as saucers. "N-n-nothing! I didn't
mean anything, daddy, I swear."

You put your hands on your hips and stared him down. "Uh-huh."

Looks like Atreyu didn't understand the concept of NOT incriminating himself. "The Thstrals are
REALLY easy to fly, daddy. You just tell them where to go and they take you there!" Atreyu
explained. "Like this: fly me around the North Fields, por favor."

The little Thstral he was on responded by running out the door and taking flight.

"Atreyu!!!" You called after him in alarm. And then squeaked when you realized that Jaz
Apparated herself right behind him - onto the back of a moving animal that she couldn't even see.
"JASMINE!!" Not that she could hear you.

Tearing at your hair in worry, you watched them fly perfectly fine around the North Field before
realizing that you had a good solution after all. "Blue!

"Yes, master Harry?" Jasmine's elf asked as he popped into the room.

"Go tell Atreyu and Jaz to come back here right away, and if they refuse, bring them back
anyway!"

"Yes Master," Blue agreed.

Shtara's elf Mada popped into the room to take Wojtek out to do his business, and then Zaire's elf
popped in at his command to bring him a smoothie to quench his thirst with.

Apparently you had a surreal feeling overtake you - as if living this life for years wasn't enough to
acclimate you to it. You shook your head a bit and muttered: "I live in a mad house... and I'm
missing Brave for this???

By the time order was restored - more or less - my students had finished sparring (as best you could
figure), and you were more than ready to take them to the Onsen and relax a bit.

"Hooray!" Our kids burst out happily at this news, racing ahead to strip off and jump in the Onsen.

And that's where I found you about two hours later. You, our kids, and my students were all
sipping on wine and chatting merrily in the nice warm water of the Onsen. I used the completely
non-magical stairs to emerge onto the roof, a sling style wrap circling me from left shoulder to
right hip. With a soft smile at you, I sat on the edge of the Onsen and dipped my feet in.

"I think it's over," I announced. "She seems to have stopped pushing out babies and gone to sleep."

"How many are there?" You wondered, looking at the sling because you knew I wouldn't have it if there wasn't something in it.

I slipped my right hand inside and stroked all the babies gently before scooping one up and pulling it out of the sling. "There are five total. Three girls and two boys, and yes, I'm naming one of the boys Fuego."

You used just one finger to gently rub the baby's nose. "Aww, so cute..."

Lily looked in love with the baby already. "Do I get to keep one?"

"We'll see," I murmured, not having given any real thought yet to what will happen to them when they're older.

You gave me a soft kiss. "Go on, go back and fret over Amala - like I know you want to. Bring these little ones back to their mum."

I kissed you in return. "Alright, no need to twist my arm."

You snorted in amusement and gave me another light kiss.

"I'm coming with you," Lily insisted, climbing out of the Onsen.

Shtara was now doing her best to pet all the babies still in the sling. "Oi, can I have one too? I think having a bear AND a cheetah would be perfect!"

I laughed and gave her a kiss on the cheek. "We'll see, love." I then winked at you. "Maybe I should rescue a tiger and a pair of lions next."

"NO!" You blurted out. "We have enough animals!"

"Or maybe an elephant," I added, smirking at you. "Just imagine a cute little helpless baby elephant that NEEDS us to take care of him or her."

You looked like you were utterly melting for a moment before steeling your resolve. "NO! Just focus on growing those three babies inside of you, and once they're out of diapers, MAYBE I'll consider getting an elephant, you absolute lunatic!"

I kissed you again. "I may be a lunatic, but YOU married me, so what does that make you?"

You roared with laughter. "It makes me a lunatic too! Now go on, I'll get these hooligans to bed, and then join you."

"I'm sleeping in the stables with my Unicorn!" Persephone insisted.

"Me too - with my Thestral!" Atreyu added.

"I may as well sleep with Lily and Amala," Caelum murmured, slowly getting out of the perfect water to wait with his sister.

"G'night dad," Shtara and Zaire said as they gave me kisses and got out of the Onsen.
Jaz signed: "Good night, daddy, I'm happy the cheetahs were born safely, and can't wait to tell the others about them this weekend at the game."

I smiled and signed to her: "I can't wait to tell them either, not to mention cheer on Orion. Good night, I love you."

She hugged me, kissed me on the cheek, and then signed: "I love you too."

"Buenas noches, papa."

"Buenas noches, Atreyu, dulces sueños."

After Persephone kissed me goodnight, I laughed and shook my head. "Perhaps it's a good thing that they're not ALL home right now. Saying good night to all 15 of them could take HOURS!"

You rolled your eyes at me, gave me one last kiss, and then took off with the ones that were planning to sleep in the stables - to make absolutely sure that they'd be safe in there overnight.

I looked at my students, still in an excellent mood. "You can stay here a bit longer if you want. Just let Muffy know if you need anything. Otherwise, if you're ready to leave, you can just Apparate away, or have Muffy bring you anywhere you need to go. I'll see you on Monday."

Girly smirked at me. "You are always such a hardarse with us, and we've seen a couple of your daughters come in and wipe the floor with us, so I think we all assumed that you must be a complete bastard to your kids, but you're really a big ol' softie at heart, aren't you?"

I laughed. "Maybe, but that doesn't mean I'll go any easier on you in class on Monday."

"I wouldn't expect you to," she stated.

With a last nod at all of them, I got to my feet, grunted a little as the shift in pressure made one of my wombs protest for a moment, and then carried my grandbabies back to their mother.

After tucking Lily and Caelum in - on the huge cushion with Amala and her babies - I crawled in bed and wrote most of this email before you joined me and told me about the parts I couldn't have known. You're currently looking at me like I'm a nutter, reading this as I write it.

And now you look interested in kissing me until we fall asleep - one way or another - and so, no fancy sign off, just me eager to snuggle with you,

Draco
Chapter 89

Chapter Summary

It's Harry's turn to inadvertently witness something, and Draco has tea with his best bitch.

Chapter Notes

Warning: there's a bit of het near the end.

Sunday November 27, 2016

My Soul,

You know, when you literally sat next to me and had me tell you all about my evening on Wednesday so you could email it to ME … I thought you had lost the plot a bit. I was literally sitting right next to you. And for the fact that I do like to recap our days even when the other was there simply for having something we can look on years later, I still could have just told you about it in my own email the next day.

Good thing you insisted since the next couple of days were a bit intense, now it's four days later and this is the first moment I've really had to sit down and write to you. It's almost like you get some good ideas every once in a while!

I kid, I kid. Obviously you have near constant good ideas and I feel like I am just scrambling around behind you trying to keep up as best I can.

Now I'm wishing you had sat next to me days ago and dictated our adventures because I'm afraid I am going to not do half of the things we did justice.

Thursday and Friday weren't specifically full of appointments or anything particularly time consuming or hard. However, since we were going to be gone for most of this weekend, we had to prepare things at the Manor for our absence. Since we were leaving Friday before dinner and we won't be home until tomorrow morning, we had plenty to do in the stables for sure and you had to prepare the cheetahs for their journey.

As you know, Friday late afternoon we sent Shtara off for her Friday night performance, we brought all of the kids (and Sirius) to Hogwarts where we exchanged them for Viona so we could have dinner together in Hogsmeade and talk Wedding Prep. Our kids are pretty well behaved and used to business talk, party prep, and other conversations happening at a dinner table, but I had the feeling Viona was going to have a LOT to talk about and didn't need all the little ones bored or chiming in where The Princess may not appreciate their assistance.

Which means Sirius, Zaire, Jaz, and the four young troublemakers spent the evening terrorizing the halls of Hogwarts while we had a quiet double date with our daughter and her fiancé. You know
how much the little ones adore "Miss Minnie" and she loves them all so much, but I was a little worried that our six (four) youngest would manage to turn the castle into a pile of rubble by the time we got back to grab them for the night.

Apparently those walls have seen much worse than our well-meaning mischief makers (specifically their fathers, their father's godfather, and their grandfather to name a few) because they were snuggled up in the Slytherin common room having hot cocoa and playing games with their siblings and their friends when we got back. Cael had actually fallen asleep with his head in Eris' (ever-expanding but don't you dare tell her I said that!) lap.

I was curious how they ended up in the Slytherin common room. We had Viona with us, so their siblings that were there were split two snakes, two lions, and an eagle. I guess they had a very serious discussion and decided since they were going to cheer on Ravenclaw the next day at the quidditch match, they would split their evening between Gryffindor and Slytherin. They sat with the lions for dinner then made their way to the snake pit afterwards for games and treats.

I think that was a very well thought out plan.

Sirius, on the other hand, sat at the head table with Minnie and then hung out with Siri and Zwei in the Lion's Den after dinner. He loves OUR snakes, but there is no love lost with Slytherin House for him. He has such a close relationship with Siri and Zwei that it was probably a nice evening for them to have him all to themselves anyway. I'm sure they talked bikes, brooms, and birds with their Uncle Sirius.

I was a little worried what the Slytherins were going to let our little ones get up to. I can imagine the ways they may try to fill the boredom of a Friday night. But then I thought: oh, well, my five year old rides flying invisible horses, so how much worse could things possibly get?

Honestly, Atreyu flies on the damn thestrals! And Jaz just pops herself right onto them as well despite NOT BEING ABLE TO SEE THEM! How is this even my life? I have no idea where these children get their complete disregard for their own safety in the name of bravery.

Shut it you.

Anyway, small children left to their own devices in an ancient castle aside, I had a lovely dinner with you, Vivi, and Alric. I thought there was going to be more wedding planning discussion but it was mostly Vivi gushing about how happy she is with all of the decisions that have already been made. It was nice to finally see a little more of her sweet side come out where Alric is concerned.

Initially I was panicked that somehow our sweet, yet completely stubborn and domineering, daughter had coerced this helpless man into marrying her. When I found out he had been a Ravenclaw, I was a bit less concerned. Not that being intelligent can keep you from being in an unhealthy relationship, but I'm pretty sure it gives you the brains to say no when someone you don't want to marry tells you you're marrying her.

After an evening with just the two of them, seeing how intelligent he really is, I'm starting to think he may have tricked HER into thinking this was all her idea. He looks at her like she hung the moon. And the bit of business talk we did proved that he's no slouch when it comes to his area of business. I think they'll be well suited once she realizes how completely head over heels she is for him.

Poor lamb, thinks she's running the show while he spends the next months wrapping up her affection for him with a neat little bow. She's not going to know what hit her when she realizes how much she loves him already.
After picking up the (little) kids, we spent the night in a very sweet little hotel in Hogsmeade. Viona and Alric were thinking of booking out a number of their rooms for the weekend of the wedding for people traveling from further away to stay. It made sense to have our insane crew stay overnight prior to the wedding as a test. Generally if a hotel staff can handle your insane demands and the chaos from our sheer numbers, we can pretty well assume they can handle a few out of towners for a wedding weekend.

All in all it was a very nice hotel. Was it spectacular and one of the best places I've ever stayed? No. But my spoiled self may not be the best judge of such things. I've stayed in a hotel treehouse in Singapore, there aren't a whole lot of places that are going to hit the top of my hotel charts.

We woke up fairly early Saturday morning, well pretty much on time for me - maybe even a bit later than usual - but VERY early for you. We got everyone ready, had breakfast, I popped home to pick up Shtara for the match, while you had a nice leisurely stroll to Hogwarts with the kids.

Luckily (for Ravenclaw) it was a fairly short match, since we had to get on a plane to St. Petersburg as soon as the match ended. I know that Ron, Hermione, Blaise, and Ivan would have understood if we were late to the November birthday party due to the match running long. Kisa and Pansy probably would have turned us into shoes. So I'm quite glad that our brilliant son caught the snitch so quickly. What a way to finish off his first game as captain! A win, he caught the snitch, and most of his family was there to witness it.

Oh! So you saw all the important bits of the match, yeah? A few scores from each side, Ravenclaw in the lead but not by much, Orion's awesome grab of the snitch. All that blah blah blah yay quidditch right?

Side note: isn't it funny that of all our children who have or haven't played quidditch, the one who's a fantastic seeker like his dad is also the one who wears glasses? Hmmm?

Okay, so you saw the game, we went and congratulated Orion, but then you got caught up talking with Hagrid and the Defense Professor, it was a very weird conversation where you talked about cheetah breeding, thestral care, and hand to hand combat training. I love you my darling, but you still teaching these classes is really messing with my panicking side. Also, YAY only seven more classes!!!!!

While you were chatting, I walked away because I just wanted to have a fun lovely afternoon and not think about your class. I walked towards the changing rooms, thinking I might catch Ori before he heads in with his team. Well, technically I saw him before he went in, but I did not approach him.

Because …

He was not with his team. Most of both teams had gone ahead to the locker rooms but he was straggling a bit. One of the Hufflepuff players caught up with him, the little redhead girl, I think she was the other captain? I figured there was going to be a bit of a congratulations type thing, shake hands, better luck next time and all that.

No.

I wasn't close enough to hear the exact words exchanged, but by the looks on both his face and the pretty bird who was yelling at him, I'm going to say it wasn't particularly pleasant. They were snapping back and forth to each other. I wasn't particularly worried, I've gotten mildly heated over quidditch myself, so I just observed from a distance. Until that tiny girl slammed our Orion into the outside wall of the locker room.
I had a moment of panic where I was trying to figure out if I needed to interfere. That moment of hesitation was exactly what she needed apparently. Don't worry, she didn't harm him. Unless you think snogging his face off was harming him. Yeah, angry quidditch snogging.

It was just for a moment and then she pulled back like she was surprised at herself. Ori lifted his hands, put them on her shoulders, and I assumed he was going to push her away. Yeah, not so much 'away' as he decided to push HER up against that same wall and snog HER face off.

Again just for a moment, then they both pulled back like they'd been burnt and hurriedly made their way to their own team's rooms.

I did not tell Ori I saw that. Do I say something? What do I do?

Okay I have to take my mind off of teenaged hormonal nonsense.

Blah blah blah, you know the deal, I got Shtara back home while you and Pippa got the rest of the crew loaded up on the plane with Mr. Lott. I met you back at the plane, we flew to Pansy's.

I am really curious though, what in Merlin's name did you bribe Pansy with so she'd let you bring your cheetah and grandbaby cheetahs to her home? I know we HAD a lot of money, but are we poor now after her payoff? Do I need to sell our emergency island?

The party was absolutely delightful. The entire Russian portion of our circle was there obviously. George's family was also definitely there since their Fred was the other November birthday we were celebrating besides the Russian side's Anastacia and Paige. Your parents had stayed home to help keep an eye on Shtara while she wasn't at performances, the Viper crew had stayed home as well, and I guess Charlie and Neville stayed behind since their Alice isn't feeling well. Otherwise it was like any other circle dinner. Kids running amok, adults catching up, Molly running the kitchens with an iron fist.

I think it's hilarious that she's not even related to her and Pansy is still terrified of Molly!

It's nice that the November kids are all pretty close in age, Fred turning eleven, Staci turning twelve, and Paige turning thirteen meant the entire party could be aimed at that middle kid age. It's harder during those months when we're celebrating a kid turning sixteen at the same time we've got a toddler smearing themselves head to toe with icing.

I loved catching up with our Russian nieces and nephews. I love that our friends are doing things that fulfill them and they live in a place they've really come to call home. It's amazing they're all so happy with their lives. But I miss my friends. I miss my nieces and nephews. I want to be able to just pop over and see them all a few times a week. I mean, our Rod and Bee are already sixteen. Sixteen Draco! When did they stop being infants hmm? They were supposed to stay our teeny adorable Godchildren forever.

I'm sure the Quartet as well as Pansy and Ivan feel the same way about our children. It's just so hard not getting to see them all the time.

Well, would you look at that, you'd think I was the pregnant one blubbering away over here thinking about all of these children growing up too damn quickly. I don't like it.

I am probably just being a bit greedy. We see them roughly once a month for a birthday or an event. Our kids and their kids are all thick as thieves, which you know they wouldn't be if they barely knew each other. I think I've just been extra emotional lately thinking about our babies who are having babies. Suddenly we're going from this stage of being young parents to becoming
grandparents (again!) I'm not quite sure how we got here so quickly ya know? It seems like just a short time ago that Pearl was screeching at us for being bullies and forcing Haz to be a boy, now these young women are sitting together giggling over crushes and pretty clothes.

It was so nice to see the littlest kids running around, being obnoxious and silly. Our four regaling their cousins with stories of the horses, the unicorns, and the (mostly) invisible thestrals. I have a feeling we're going to have another set of visitors for a week here or there. Tatyana was definitely giving Kisa the big doe eyes about visiting "Uncle Harry and Cousin Draco with the pretty ponies." Kisa seemed fairly stoic but then Tatya turned those eyes on Blaise and Ron … yeah, I assume she's coming to visit soon.

Those two are absolutely ridiculous with how their children have them wrapped around their fingers. No backbone at all I tell you.

Oh my goodness little Aleksei though? His pudgy little marshmallow arms. And his gummy smile? And he smelled so good! Maybe it's good we're having three more babies, because this is the first time in six years I've seemed to come down with a case of baby fever. If you weren't already carrying three, I might be inclined to beg you for "just one more" even though we were "definitely done!"

You poor baby. Were the big kids mean to you at the party? I tried not to laugh, but our friends and family are funny damnit! The amount of shite they gave you for having fifteen children and not only forgetting to cast the appropriate protection charms, but forgetting them on three different occasions. Haha!

You did get back at all of them by teasing them that we know what baby A is, we've already picked its name, we're going to find out about B and C, and maybe you won't tell any of them until they're born.

Which led us delightfully into setting up a pool. Basically since we already know A, we aren't allowed IN on the pool, but we are taking a nine percent commission on all bets placed.

Speaking of baby A and her name. Are you absolutely sure you're alright with that name? I just … er … it's her name. I love you for so many things, but I really love you for either playing along or for agreeing with me. I can't wait to meet her and her little brother(s) and sister(s).

Oh, and did you notice how weird Sirius got when people started teasing him about when he planned to settle down and start a family? It didn't seem like he was upset that he hadn't started a family yet, he just seemed super weird and cagey about it. I think I should do some sleuthing. Do you think he has someone special that he hasn't introduced to us yet? Do you think he's already gotten them pregnant? Or is HE pregnant?

Breathe Harry, Breathe. You're just being ridiculous and speculating. Phew.

It was a really fun party, we stayed up way too late, some of them drank way too much champagne, and we all crashed in one of Pansy's million guest rooms.

But now you are having a quiet lunch with just your best bitch. I hope you're having fun and whatever she forced you to bribe her with isn't too painful.

I almost forgot, thinking of Pansy allowing your cheetahs reminded me; you told both Lily and Shtara "we'll see" if you're going to give them baby cheetahs? First of all, we need to stop having wild animals!! Second of all, you know you're going to give them each a cheetah, why are you even pretending you have to think about it? You are the silliest.
Have fun with Pans, I'll see you on the plane!

Love you,
Harry

Sunday November 27th
My perfect husband,

First of all, Orion was kissing the Hufflepuff Captain? You wouldn't by chance be referring to that Farrah girl that he's always complaining about? I bloody knew it! I TOLD you, didn't I?

Well, I suppose it's probably still a bit too early to tell if it's just a quick and fiery passion, or if it's the first indications of something real that will last, but I... hmm... I have to wonder what - if anything - happened with Natalie? Wasn't he actually dating her. Like last week? And Friday night...?

Hmm...

But as for Viona, I actually think it's adorable that YOU still think they are PLANNING to rent the hotel for guests to stay in. I already told you a while ago, she asked me to book the ENTIRE town of Hogsmeade (including the hotel), and I did. Thus, it's not a potential plan so much as a reality. Still, the test stay was well worth it as now I am confident that they should be able to handle the wedding guests.

Also, I completely agree with your observations on our daughter's emotional state. I can see it clearly that she's trying to maintain her icy shell and NOT let herself get too attached to him in case it all goes to shit, but she's already arse over tits. I'm not quite as certain about your thoughts on Alric. I can see that he's smart and practically perfect for her, but I'm not sure that he's secretly manipulating her into thinking that this is all her idea. I think it's more likely that it *was* all her idea and he just took it and ran with it as much as possible because it's what he wants too.

As for Shtara having a baby cheetah, I really AM going to be thinking about it in depth, because she already has a bear - that's going to be getting rather big. I'm just not sure giving her a cheetah to care for as well is the best idea, and as for Lily, she's a bit young, don't you think? Although, you're probably right in that she'll bond with one and I just won't be able to refuse her.

Speaking of animals, I noticed that one of the new adult owls AND one of the young peacocks (the one that twisted it's foot somehow and had to be nursed back to health a bit) BOTH love Jaz. You were worried about Trinket sneaking in to sleep in her room, well, I'm pretty sure that those birds already are and that the reason you haven't noticed is that it's not unusual at all for the owls and peafowl to wander the Manor at random.

No, I am NOT just humoring you about Morgana Guinevere, I really do love it, and for the very reason you stated - the Queen of Magic herself. It's a beautiful omen for her future.

So... Sirius... You know, I don't actually know any dirt, BUT I will say that I caught the same vibe you did, that he's hiding something. MAYBE there IS something going on in that department. Maybe he got a bird up the duff and is ashamed of it for some reason? Maybe YOU should ask him...

But on to what I know you are waiting for. Earlier today, I was having tea and a lovely chat with Pansy. Before coming for this visit, you are right, she told me I had to promise her an unspecified
favor to be allowed to bring my cheetahs. During tea, she told me what she wanted - exactly - and I was rather intrigued.

Thus, you received an Insta-owl saying: Harry, my love, Pans wants me to have a full on play session with her as that very expensive 'bribe' for bringing my cheetahs with. Is this okay with you? Can I do it?

You replied almost right away: Do you WANT to do it?

I actually had to think about it, but I came to the conclusion that what she wanted sounded interesting and worthwhile, so: Yes, I do, but ONLY if you are comfortable with it. I'll tell her you want to watch or be involved if that's what you'd prefer.

I assume that it took you a minute or so to actually type up your reply, but it felt like you hesitated for ages before finally responding with: If you want to do it, then I am fine with it, so long as you are NOT doing anything to potentially harm the babies, and yes, I know that you can still do quite a lot of kinky things while pregnant. I DON'T want to watch because I'm having a good time chatting with my best mates, so have fun, my love, and tell me all about it later.

Well... with such generous permission, I felt justified in being eager to get right to it.

See, apparently Kisa told Pansy something that she's never had a reason to tell me, and once Pansy heard about it, it's taken over her mind and refused to let go. So, she asked her husband to do it to her, and he just can't. He's not a Dom - and usually that's Pansy's role in their relationship, but that said, like me, she DOES occasionally want to submit. Usually in rather painful way - also like me.

Now that I'd agreed to try it with her, she immediately called Kisa in. Lest you immediately jump to squicky conclusions, NO, it's not like that. We just needed Kisa to teach me the spell.

There's a spell that I'd never heard of before - and keep in mind that I have actually learned and used smaller versions of the Cruciatus Curse, but I had never even wondered if this was possible.


Once in Pansy's suite with us, Kisa cast a spell on my right hand - thus teaching it to me - that makes my HAND feel like a lesser version of the Cruciatus Curse. I didn't believe her at first, because *I* didn't feel any different. No pain or tingling or anything. But tapping my other arm with a finger proved that the spell was working.

I have to admit that I stroked myself rather sensually on my arms and legs for a few minutes because I HAVE used the actual full version of the curse on myself in the past, and while this wasn't the full thing, it was definitely more intense than something like my Violet Wand.

Kisa left, and then I took a few minutes to tie Ivan up in a tight shibari so I could safely suspend him from the ceiling. He wasn't part of the playing, but Pansy wanted him to watch and see that she's not nearly as fragile as the flower she's named for. Once Ivan was secure - and tying him up with one hand inflicting pain with every touch was interesting, to say the least. He seemed to like it...

Anyway, once Ivan was secure, I had Pansy stand still as I stripped her off. She shivered deliciously every time my right hand touched her bare skin, and for that first part, the touches were all brief and more accidental - or I suppose unintentional - than anything. Once she was naked, I circled her a few times - still fully dressed myself - as I took in every millimeter of her naked body. I may have seen her naked relatively recently at our play party, but I HAVEN'T had any sort of sex
with her directly in AGES.

So this really was a bit of a treat, and didn't feel like any sort of punitive bribe.

When ready, I reached out and pinched her left nipple, making her gasp sharply and bite her lips together to stop from whimpering or protesting. Then I soothed her nipple with my tongue, repeating the action on the other side. My right hand made long sweeping strokes down her sternum and abdomen, also followed by long swipes of my tongue. I caressed her neck, her back, her arse, basically her entire body EXCEPT for her womanhood.

At some point, her legs grew wobbly and we migrated to her bed - Ivan still having a good view of the situation. THAT was when I used my right hand - the pad of my thumb, to be specific - to rub her clitoris. She made the most interestingly delicious noises as she squirmed and cried. It was that good crying, the sort where part of it is from pain, but the majority of it is from being turned on and a bit desperate to finally have sweet relief.

When her cries turned a bit less good, I shifted so that my fingers were inside her as I replaced my thumb with my tongue. This was the magic key to make her squeal and thrash about frantically. I continued the torture until she was literally and desperately BEGGING me to stop. At that point, I was so turned on that I didn't even register any sort of pain when I accidentally used my right hand to guide my quickly uncovered shaft into her. It was pain, a sort of sharp stinging pain, but it added to the need to have her, rather than kill the mood.

I'd like to think that I had endless stamina and wore her completely out - well, actually, I suppose I had by that point - but what I'm getting at is that my pregnancy bump was in the way and made it hard for me to truly fuck her good and hard, and so, it ended within ten minutes or so. But don't think I'm complaining, because I'm not. The lead up was so hot that I nearly finished before I even got fully inside her.

However, lest you worry, don't, we both cast the protection spells a good three times each! And so, NO accidents shall occur.

By the time I returned to the room we were staying in, you were already asleep, so I wrote this email and am now about to sign off so that I can pull you into my arms and hold you tight while I sleep, and if I'm not snarling in my sleep from discomfort in the morning, please do that thing you did recently where you hopped on and simply rode me at your leisure as long as you wanted. But charm a pillow under my back first?

My life has a better meaning, love has kissed me in a beautiful way, oh you've got the best of my love,
Draco
Monday November 28, 2016

Draco!!

You don't know what went down with Orion and Natalie on Friday night? How brain foggy were you? Were you just distracted by the wedding prep, finding out what the littles did at Hogwarts, thinking about the upcoming match or the upcoming party? Maybe you were distracted thinking about the baby cheetahs.

Now that I've listed it all out, yeah you had a lot of things to be distracted by. I guess it's not so odd that you didn't notice.

Yeah, apparently they broke up Friday evening. Honestly, the story is so hilarious I almost worry that it's all a lie and our children made it up just to mess with us.

You see, Orion is very studious, very driven, very intellectually focused. Except where quidditch comes in. He takes being on the team very seriously, and being named Captain only increased that drive. I guess Natalie has been increasingly annoyed with him for spending his scant free time that wasn't dedicated to practice or revising on talking about quidditch incessantly.

This shouldn't be too much of an annoyance. However, leading up to this match he spent a LOT of time talking about how obnoxious Farrah was. I guess he was mentioning Farrah a ridiculous amount. From my anonymous sources it sounds an awful lot like two prats I know who couldn't keep the names "Potter" or "Malfoy" out of their mouths.

Seriously, how were we so oblivious? I could name maybe five other quidditch players I played against over my four and a half years playing quidditch. And yet, ninety percent of my quidditch woes revolved around playing against (and whooping) you. Pigtail pulling at its finest.

I guess Friday evening when Natalie thought she would get at least a little one on one time with her boyfriend, she went out and got all fancied up and listened to him rant about Farrah for an hour before she blew up on him. Said she was done watching him dance around his crush. According to my sources this happened in the Great Hall and he just sat there with the most confused look on his face.

And I'm pretty sure one of our daughters has not forgotten your advice from months ago because as she was telling me all about this public breakup fiasco (fine, this daughter you gave advice to may or may not be one of my sources) she smirked at me and told me not to worry about poor ignored Natalie because "I'll remind her girlfriends are really all you need." Then she winked at me! Winked.

Until I got this report though, I didn't realize the girl who snogged Orion was the Hufflepuff Captain and definitely didn't realize she was the infamous Farrah that he also complains to us
about often.

I should really ask your father what to do when my son spends most of our interactions complaining about a school rival. I wonder if he has any experience in that area? "Everyone thinks he's so smart, wonderful Potter with his scar and his broomstick!"

"You have told me this at least a dozen times already."

Somebody had a cru-ush!! Haha, you fancied me! You thought I was cuuuuuute!

I'm going out this week to start a bit of Christmas shopping. The usual ones I get done without you, presents for you, jammies for our kids, and the jammies and trunks for the Unity kids. But we should probably get our shopping done soon. Maybe make a day date of it some day soon? Shop the day away, grab some lunch at Café Exquis, stroll hand in hand giving each other newlywed smooches and being altogether nauseatingly in love.

Oh, newlyweds! Yes, I knew Viona had rented out the town (minus the fact that people actually live there and it's not like they are going to leave their homes for a spoiled rich girl's wedding) so obviously she had rented out the hotel already. But she hadn't decided prior to our testing whether or not she was going to actually utilize the rooms or just have them sit empty to avoid gawkers renting them up. Our run through was the deciding factor for whether or not she would tell her guests if that was a place they could or should stay.

I do occasionally listen ya know.

Unlike you listening to me. Well you seem to listen, but I think you just hear half of what I actually say and then fill in the blanks. I never said that I think you SHOULD give Shtara or Lily or any of the children a baby cheetah. If anything, I spent years trying to get rid of the Cheetah we already have. Remember when we "got" her and you said you were only keeping her until she was rehabilitated. And now you're breeding her and calling her babies your grandchildren.

Also, you promised when we got Wojtek that we were only keeping him until he grew enough to survive on his own and you know that damn bear is never leaving our house.

So I am not saying that I think it's a good idea to keep any of these wild predator animals. I'm not saying it's a good plan to give a wild animal to our small children. I'm saying I've met you and I don't doubt for a moment that our children are going to be able to EASILY talk you into giving them a baby cheetah to care for.

Your student certainly wasn't wrong, you're really a big old softie at heart. You ridiculous pushover.

Students! Wow, my brain is really all over the place today isn't it? You are so close to being done with this class. I am so ready to have you to myself on Mondays. I'm ready to have you to snuggle with again at movie night. I'm close to running out of shirts. I'm ready to have my husband back!

I am very proud of you and how much hard work you've put into these classes. You're amazing. But I'm excited to be able to see your awesomeness for myself instead of second hand.

I already had my morning run, so I guess I should get on that morning ride you talked about before you wake up!

Yeehaw!

Harry
Monday November 28th
My love,

I've had a rather long and exhausting day. Not physically, as you probably assume, but rather, mentally.

It started while I was still in bed, despite my morning sickness clearing up WEEKS ago, I still occasionally get a twinge. So, I was nauseous from the moment I was fully awake, but I ate some ginger snaps and drank some milk and a few sips of your blood that I still have in that mug (the duplication and stasis charms keeping the mug full and fresh as intended), and my nausea cleared up a bit.

But then I got up and did some stretches and light yoga on my way to the potions cabinet where I took all my nutritive potions, magic boosting/replenishing potions, that potion made from your blood, etc - and suddenly I was back to feeling nauseous again.

You had woken me up BRILLIANTLY, and took a light nap as I did my stretches, but were awake again and watching me as I heaved a few times and nearly vomited into a bin. Thankfully, I did not, and while the feeling didn't exactly clear up, it was manageable enough that I could finish my stretches and head into our bathroom to take a shower and perform my morning routine.

You must have been concerned about me, because you came into the bathroom to help wash my back, and then even suffered with an amused expression as I performed my routine on you too. It's mostly moisturizers and skin care potions, so even if you don't normally like to use the products, it's NOT like they'd hurt you to use them on occasion.

Actually, I wouldn't mind at all if you simply came into the bathroom to hang out with me each morning during my routine so that I can get these products on your face more regularly. But it's not just my face, and I'm dead certain you like watching as I rub them all over my naked body. Also, you certainly weren't protesting when I rubbed them all over YOUR naked body.

After rubbing moisturizers and the like into your body led to another round of just kissing and caressing each other, which led to a lovely frotting orgasm, I had no distractions to keep my mind off my nausea, and I heaved a couple more times - despite ALSO drinking a nice banana and orange smoothie made with freshly made kefir. But still, I didn't sick up, and so, moved to my closet to get dressed and ready for my class with Zaire.

You followed me to that as well, which was a very good thing as I started wandering around with NO IDEA what I was looking for. I was halfway into a weird skeleton costume that I always find morbidly funny before you cleared your throat and asked if I was planning to wear that to class.

OH! Right, class...

So then I stood there looking at you for a moment, trying to divine WHICH class I was getting ready for - all while NOT giving away the fact that I had no idea which outfit to put on.

You chuckled. "Well, Zaire DID say that you two were planning to wear different authentic costumes today, as you're no longer focusing on Zulu style dances and moving on to other tribal dances - is the skeleton costume a different tribal thing?"

"Well, more like a funny parody, but you're right, probably NOT what Zaire is hoping for today. I'll change to the one he's expecting," I murmured before doing exactly that.
I had a bit of a respite in dance class as I was able to lose myself in the dance, which kept my mind off everything else. But then I popped back to the Manor (had Muffy Apparate me) to change for my combat class. Once back in the closet, I honestly COULD NOT remember what I was planning to do. I mean I could infer based on the fact that I was in my closet, that I was planning to change clothes.

I wandered around for a few minutes trying to remember what I needed to get dressed for, having stripped off before even getting in the closet, so I was completely naked. Aside from my tattoos. I felt like dancing, and started to wonder if I could still bellydance with this enormous bump protruding a mile out from my abdomen.

I had just located a gorgeous Sari that I was going to wear while dancing when Muffy popped back into the closet to offer me a whelk and raspberry jam sandwich, smothered in sausage gravy. Ooo! I was ravenous! I had her conjure up a small table and chair set for me to sit and eat, and then - when I was nice and full and ready to go dancing - Muffy asked me if I was ready for her to Apparate me to my combat class.

OH! Right...

So, I had her cast a quick dressing spell on me to change me from my red and gold Sari to an appropriate exercise outfit.

Once in class, my nausea seems to have cleared up for good, but it was replaced with horrendous aching all over my body! I felt like I was being slowly crushed by a boulder, and actually sent an Insta-owl to Aya to come over and work on me when I got home from class.

Also, I'd forgotten the shirt thing, so when my students started staring at me weirdly, I had no idea why, until I looked down and noticed that I was now wearing a shirt that said: I don't know what I'm training for, but I hope it never happens.

Hmm... True, I suppose... "Goddamnit Harry..."

"Alright class, today we're, erm... going to learn... erm... oh! A pain spot! The one, erm... the one... right here," I pointed at the crease of my neck because I couldn't remember what it was called at that moment. Luckily, I had no problem remembering HOW to hit that spot to teach it to the new students. Then I stood back and let them get on with practicing it on each other.

Things were going well, until one of the babies - I'm assuming Morgana since she's the biggest and easiest to feel moving around in there - decided to kick my arse from the inside out. I held my breath at first to stop from gasping, but then pressed a fist to my mouth and took deep and even breaths until the kicking subsided. Only it didn't. I'm not sure if she simply wanted to prove she could participate in class ALREADY or what, but she was NOT settling down.

It got to the point that I seriously wondered if I'd just gone into premature labor, but I remember quite clearly that that comes in waves, but this wasn't waves, this was repeated sharp kicks and punches, as if she was fighting to break open an egg shell. So THEN I wondered if I had somehow gotten a BIRD in there that felt it was time to hatch.

The pain of it probably wouldn't have phased me at all had I been expecting or even asking for it, but since it was unexpected and not in my control in the slightest, it wore me down surprisingly quickly, making me press my lips together as I continued my deep breathing. My hands were pressed to this bloody gigantic bump, and I think I may have curled just a bit to try to pressure her into settling down.
Muffy - being ordered (probably by you) to not leave my side for a single second when I'm in class - was smart enough to see that I more than likely needed to sit down. She conjured a chair and gently insisted that I sit in it. Then knowing that I'd be concerned about my students NOT doing their sparring, she took over, telling them in her stern Malfoy imitation that they'd better get on with it before her Master ordered her to hex them painfully.

She looked eager to do it too, which made my students hop to rather obediently.

After class, I was thankfully free from overly energetic babies, and so, had relaxed a bit. That said, I still ached and had this feeling like any little movement I made could potentially trigger her to start back up again. So, I promptly got into a nice warm bath and stayed there until Aya came and massaged me with her magic table that can accommodate the bump and take all pressure off my spine.

I felt SO MUCH better after she was done with me that I fell right to sleep. She probably sat with me so I wouldn't fall off her table, but honestly, I don't think I so much as twitched. When you came to bed, you levitated me into our bed, and then snuggled me until we frotted our way to another wonderful orgasm. After which, you fell asleep and I decided to write this.

Tropical the island breeze, all of nature wild and free, this is where I long to be, La Isla Bonita, Draco
Chapter 91

Chapter Summary

Harry is having a bad day and Draco is finally teaching Legilimency.

Wednesday November 30, 2016

Draco,

I love you. I love our family. I love you and our family more than anything else on this entire planet. I just needed to start this out by saying that.

I don't know if I caught a terrible case of sympathy mood swings, or perhaps someone shot an arsehole spell at me, but I pretty much want to go on a screaming yelling rampage at anything that moves or makes noise today.

I tried going for a run this morning, but ended up slipping in a mud puddle. Zaire was with me and thought it was hilarious. In his defense, I am sure it was, but I saw red. I ended up staying as calm as possible just saying "I'm done running for today, I'm going to head in and get cleaned up." What I really wanted to do was start yelling at him for laughing at my less than graceful mud puddle landing.

I popped into our loo, thinking I would take a nice relaxing soak with some bubbles. Get myself clean while I had a bit of relaxing bubble bath comfort. No. Your daughter Shtara had brought that damn bear into OUR loo so she could give HIM a bubble bath. Ok, I am going to take that back. I've heard people do that, refer to a child as their spouse's when the child is being naughty. I thought it might be funny, but it just made me feel badly.

Because of course, why not, I like being reminded that at my heart I am actually a mean man and a terrible father. What kind of man verbally pulls away from their child when they've done absolutely nothing wrong? She could have used her own loo but she thought you might like to see Wojtek all squeaky clean and fluffy after his bath so she decided to cut out a step and just bathe him in ours. And now I'm the arsehole who decided to just call her your daughter.

Why am I such a shite dad?

Anyway, I decided to just take a quick shower in her loo, I didn't do the relaxing thing, but at least I was clean. I went to grab a snack and apparently grapes aren't in season right now and so the one thing I was really in the mood to snack on wasn't available. Again the guilt while I was unbearably annoyed at not being able to eat what I wanted when I thought about people who can't afford to eat whatever they'd like all the time. Or children that grew up like I did and barely eat at all. And I'm bitching and moaning because I had to have apples instead of grapes. You know, perfectly healthy and delicious apples.

I feel a bit like the boy in Atreyu's current favorite book. Alexander? You know, Alexander and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day. "I went to bed with gum in my mouth and now I have gum in my hair."
I have a head full of emotional gum right now.

Might be the weirdest metaphor I've ever used.

But the whole morning and early afternoon went on like that. I stepped in horse shite twice. Venus was NOT in the mood to cuddle me when I decided to try to relax with a cup of coffee in the sun room (not that I blame her, I am not particularly good company right now). But don't worry, even without my cat weaving in and out through my legs I still managed to splatter coffee down my front. Don't worry, it was definitely scalding hot and burnt like hell.

I got changed … again and when I walked out of our closet you laughed at me! You literally looked at me and burst out laughing. I mean, I get it, I looked ridiculous, but when the sight of you makes your husband break into hysterics? Not exactly great on the old ego. The fact that I was wearing YOUR shirt which meant it was much too big on me didn't help. But the fact that I also had it inside out really pushed it over the edge from silly to "what is wrong with you Harry?" covered in very manly giggles.

How did I even manage the buttons when it was inside out? Even if I am being a right prat and apparently walking around in an obnoxious, moody brain fog, how did the muscle memory in my fingers not tell me something was off?

So in case you were wondering why I burst into tears and immediately apparated away, that is why. I had a shite morning, I can't stand myself, and I can't stand anyone else. So I came to Molly’s where she fussed over me while I cried.

I'm sure I'll be home whenever this bout of obnoxiousness is over, but until then just know that I love you all but can't stand seeing any of you right now.

Sorry I'm the worst,
Harry

Wednesday November 30th
My darling,

My day started off on a confusing foot. To begin with, I was barely awake and headed into our closet to see if I still had that belly brace from near the end of my pregnancy with Lily and Caelum. I don't think I ever actually wore it, but Rowe'd given it to me to help support my stomach if I felt I needed it. I didn't actually make it IN our closet when you came out wearing one of my shirts. You looked so adorably ridiculous! My mild nausea cleared up instantly as I laughed, but instead of pulling you into my arms to give you a tender kiss, you apparated away. I was confused and didn't understand the problem, but then I went into our closet and couldn't remember anything other than my name.

You looked so adorably ridiculous! My mild nausea cleared up instantly as I laughed, but instead of pulling you into my arms to give you a tender kiss, you apparated away. I was confused and didn't understand the problem, but then I went into our closet and couldn't remember anything other than my name.

So I wandered around waiting to see if I'd remember what I was after. As I waited, I tried to reason my way through several options and decided that I was most likely supposed to get ready for my class, and since I have more combat classes than the others, I took a chance and assumed that I needed to get dressed for that class.

So then - once I was nice and ready - I emerged from our closet and couldn't remember why I was standing in our room. My stomach growled and that reminded me that I hadn't eaten or even done my morning routine yet. After calling for Muffy to bring me caviar with hollandaise sauce, I ate
and then walked into our bathroom to do my morning routine, except I stood there unable to remember why I was in there.

So I walked over to the toilet and did my business, figuring that was probably at least 90 percent of the reasons I usually went to the loo. Once done, I wandered out of the bathroom and had no idea what I was doing standing in our room, but this time, Shtara had apparently finished fussing over Wojtek - having taken him back to her room briefly because she'd forgot a brush, and so the two of us played with him for a good hour or so.

Also, we did some yoga with Wojtek trying his best to copy us.

At some point, Shtara heard the clock chiming and ran off because even though she'd had the day off classes, she still had plans to meet up with some of her classmates to practice something or other. That left me lightly wrestling around with Wojtek until one of the babies started kicking me - in protest, I'm almost certain. So, I had Muffy cast a weighing charm on him and found that he's now 23 Kilograms (~50lbs) and as far as I can figure - based off their guess when I first got him - today is his sixth month 'half' birthday.

When Muffy popped away with Wojtek to do his business, a good kick reminded me that I wanted to look for that stomach brace. So I went into our closet and wandered around for probably more than an hour. I honestly could not figure out why I was in there. I appeared to be dressed and ready to go to class. I didn't think I needed to change for any particular reason. And I wasn't in the mood to dance. So I started organizing a couple of piles that looked a bit messy.

ANOTHER hard kick FINALLY made me remember what I was in the bloody closet for! And since I had no idea WHERE I would have put the brace, I called for Muffy to get it for me. She helped me into it, and I sighed in relief because the brace actually did help my stomach feel less like it was about to burst and more stable. Except I think that the babies disliked having something put even a small amount of pressure on them, because suddenly, they ALL felt like they were squirming and trying to push something off them.

Before I could make up my mind over whether to take the brace back off, Muffy asked me if I was ready to have her Apparate me to my combat class. THAT'S when I remembered that I hadn't done my morning routine or even SHOWERED yet, but I didn't have time.

In class, I had to take a good long look around the room before I could remember what I was doing there. Especially since there are no longer any mats on the floor as a visual cue. But the practice dummy was an excellent indicator of what the room was for, and once it triggered the fact that it was my combat class, I also remembered what my lesson for the day was.

Except, my stomach growled and I realized that I was STARVING!!! You might recall that the only food I wrote about eating (because it's all I could remember while writing this, but I'm fairly sure it's all I ate) was caviar. And that was HOURS prior to my class.

So, I studied the practice dummy for a moment to let me know which spots I'd already taught. I blame it on pregnancy brain fog, but this time around, I started with the head/face spots, when I had INTENDED to start with the Solar Plexus again. But since I hadn't done that one yet, I decided that it was going to be the spot for the day, so I went around punching the new students there before instructing them all to practice trying to hit each other.

As they worked, I ordered Muffy to bring me a large plate of Escargot, not to mention that mug of your blood. And also, I suddenly NEEDED a small wedge of Sardinia's infamous Casu Marzu.

I think it might be safe to say that my students feel just about the same as you do when it comes to
my dining choices, hahaha.

When class was over, and my poor students looked positively rough at the end, I walked out of the class and stood in the hallway wondering where I was for a few minutes before an Auror in full robes strode past on his way to the Ministry track and said hi to me. That reminded me that I was in the Ministry, but not WHY. Shrugging, I figured that I might remember once I got to my office, or maybe I’d written myself a note.

Luckily, Fierston was in my office, and that in and of itself was enough of a visual cue that I was able to remember WHY. He was supposed to have his first actual Legilimency lesson last Wednesday, but Amala went into labor and made me cancel it. So, today, I sat next to him on a cushion on the floor, and made sure that we were NOT looking in each other’s eyes as we meditated for a bit.

When I felt certain that we were both calm, centered, and focused, I had us turn to face each other and gave him permission to GENTLY cast the Legilimens spell on me. I wouldn't have let him do it at all if I didn't trust that he had enough self control to NOT blast his way into my head, and I was right. He had never done it before, and so, was a bit more forceful than necessary, but nothing worse than a headache.

As is necessary for a beginner, he broke through a VERY thin and basic shield, and then I let him wander around freely for about two minutes, which was long enough for him to get a good feel for what it was like, but not so long that he could dig deep into the layers and so much as FIND my real Occlumency shields.

"NOW you will finally understand why I insisted that you get a pet," I informed him as he stroked his rabbit behind the ears. "I want you to get comfortable so that your rabbit is also comfortable and you are both looking in each other's eyes..."

I watched as he lay on his stomach on the floor and watched his rabbit watch him. I had Muffy conjure up a protective bubble around them - like an invisible fence. This was to prevent the rabbit from running off and getting stuck under my sofa or anything like that.

"In a minute, I'm going to have you cast the spell on your rabbit -"

"Herbert," Fierston murmured.

"Alright, Herbert - and what you need to know is that Herbert NEEDS to trust you a lot for you to even get into his mind. Because animals have minds organized completely differently than humans, it's a bit like a natural shield. When you cast the spell, even if you get in, you are GOING to scare Herbert. There's just no way around that. He will panic and try to get away - hence the reason I have you surrounded by a bit of a fence - and you will probably have to try rather hard to regain his trust. I recommend treats."

"How do you know that I'll scare him?" Fierston wondered with a frown.

"Because you've only tried the spell once, and that once was jarring enough to give me a headache," I explained. "Even if you try your best to be GENTLER, you're still going to be too much for Herbert."

Fierston sighed in defeat, clearly not liking the idea of scaring his pet. BUT he also steeled his resolve.

"Alright, when you feel ready, go ahead and cast the spell on him," I permitted.
It took him a minute or so to calm his mind and attempt to be as gentle as possible. He cast the spell in a soft whisper, and exactly as I said, Herbert screeched in fear and tried to run away. Extremely smartly, Fierston produced a handful of carrot slices and set them on the floor. After a few seconds of trying to get away and not being able to, Herbert discovered the carrot slices and apparently forgot his panic.

This left Herbert shifting position frequently so that Fierston couldn't look him in the eye, even as Fierston very gently used just a finger to pet his nose. When the rabbit was calm, I reached out and stroked his fur along his spine.

"It will get better," I promised. "I don't recommend trying again until you feel that Herbert trusts you again. That means doing whatever it takes to make him feel safe and loved. If that means spoiling him rotten with attention and treats, so be it. When he's ready to let you look him in the eyes again, try again. In the meantime, work on figuring out how to be subtle about it. So gentle that if you were caressing your girlfriend's leg, she'd complain you were nowhere near her."

He chuckled at that.

"Keep on practicing when you can until next Wednesday, but please keep in mind that if you do it too much, you can actually harm Herbert," I advised.

"Right," he stated with a nod.

But I wasn't ready to dismiss class just yet. "IF you manage to get into his mind and stay there for even just a minute, consider switching to nonverbal spellcasting. The longterm goal - especially for interrogations - is both nonverbal and wandless. You want to be able to slip into a mind without them noticing, and THAT'S why practicing on animals is actually ideal."

"Is this what they do in that 4 year program?"

I shrugged. "No idea, but I'd guess that the first year alone is probably simple meditation practice. In any case, whenever you need to let your rabbit rest or eat a treat, continue to work on your Occlumency shields. Next Wednesday, I'll be testing them again."

Fierston smirked at me. "For as much as you talk about how to make them stronger, I expected yours to be a challenge."

I laughed at him. "Do you actually think that was a real shield???"

His face fell. "Well... I did..."

Grinning, I shook my head. "Nope, I just threw up the weakest shield I could so that you'd have something to break through - as is necessary for a beginner."

"Oh..." he murmured in disappointment.

I put a hand on his shoulder. "Don't worry; you'll get there. Also, you are making FAR better progress than anyone else would be. You have a natural talent for this, and not many people do. I could teach every Auror in the department, and I doubt ANY of them would ever make it beyond the very basics."

He tilted his head side to side to acknowledge that I was probably right.

Chuckling, I dismissed class. "Go on, go home and get out of your head for a bit. Shag your girlfriend if you have one, and if not, go to a bar and pull a bird. Once your head is clear and you've
gotten some sleep, reassure your rabbit that you're not trying to murder him. Got it?"

He laughed. "I'm not sure I've ever had a teacher assign me shagging as homework before."

I let out a hearty laugh. "When I first taught my combat students how to kick a groin, I told my females to tell the males to show them theirs if they'd never seen one before, and this time around, I seriously considered telling two of my students to just go shag so they'd stop being awkward around each other."

After laughing a bit more, we said goodbye to each other before I had Muffy Apparate me home. Then I stood there wondering what it was I needed to do. Not certain, I read your email, and that let me know that I needed to try to help you feel better. It took me a few minutes because I decided that I needed to get naked first, and that meant removing the belly brace - which triggered them kicking and squirming all over again.

Once ready, I cast a Patronus and told it: "Tell Harry: Are you ready to come home yet, love? I'm waiting to snuggle you and give you a thousand kisses - if you want. Otherwise, perhaps we could come up with another way to make you feel better." My dragon nodded in understanding and flew off to go deliver the message to you.

Happily, you were ready to come home, and even though you didn't seem to want to talk, you DEFINITELY wanted kisses. And then a spanking. And then a bit of shagging. And now you're curled up in bed next to me as I write this - which I wanted to do before I completely forget my entire day.

But now that I'm done, I'm going to sign off, kiss your sleeping body, and possibly get a bit of 'milk' directly from the tap. We'll see.

You're a song, written by the hands of God,
Draco
Chapter 92

Thursday December 1, 2016

My Love,

Oh the difference a day makes. I woke up feeling well rested, snuggled up with you. I had a lovely breakfast with the early riser kids and a delightful run with absolutely no slipping in mud puddles. The animals in the stables were happy to see me, and I watched where I was stepping. I had a lovely shower all by myself in my own shower, then got dressed correctly.

Although I did end up wearing one of your shirts again. I did it on purpose this time and wore it correctly, it was just cozy and comfy and smelled like you. Besides your lovely arse, I had a list of bum kissing I had to do today to make up for my behavior yesterday. I know that everyone is allowed to have a bad day, and you'll notice that I'm not going to apologize to you for my strop. You have enough of an attitude that you are well aware of what it's like to throw such a tantrum for no reason.

The kids on the other hand needed a bit of an apology from me. Especially since they were all quite nice enough not to bitch back at my own bitchiness. I apologized to Zaire, who promised me that seeing me covered in mud was payment enough for whatever crabiness I threw his way. I told Shtara I wasn't really mad she had used our loo. I let Muffy know I was very sorry for blaming the lack of grapes on her, I offered to iron my hands (kidding obviously!) and she was not amused. I may have to apologize again to her.

And I apologized to the four littles for not coming home to read them their bedtime stories last night like I promised I would. Seph insisted it was fine since she's going to make me read at least five stories tonight to make up for it. Five seemed a bit excessive to me since I usually read them one joint story, but she replied with "Well, it's only fair, one story for each of us plus a new one for tonight." Hard to argue with that logic.

Atreyu snuggled into me and told me "Daddy smells better today." I assumed that was probably due to stepping in shite and being covered in mud and told him so. "No, yesterday you smell sad." Aww my little man. If pregnancy smells like pancakes to him, I wonder what my sadness smelled like? Probably brussel sprouts.

Once making up for yesterday's shortcomings was accomplished I had a chance to really think about everything you wrote to me last night as I laid snuggled up to you. I am quite concerned about the extent of your brain fog. Not concerned enough to drag you to the healers this moment. I mean, while I spent most of my pregnancies sickness constantly, brain fog has always been your body's favorite response to creating life. As though our brilliant children decided to temporarily suck up all your brain power while they had a direct link to you.

But when we go see Rowe next week for your regular check up and to see what kind of baby our B is going to be, we definitely need to discuss how bad it's gotten. You've always had what I like to refer to as Closet Amnesia. Even not pregnant, you tend to get distracted in there, the pregnancies only making it worse, but it's so extreme I'm a bit worried for your mental capacities right now.

I think it's time to put an elf on constant Draco Monitoring Duty. Similar to when Dibly was your elf-sitter during your pregnancy with Eris, except this time he's not trying to make sure you don't cast a single spell but to remind you to get dressed and tell you where you're going. Kind of like Pippa except instead of reminding you things like "your appointment with Headmistress
McGonagall is in an hour" he'll say things like "you came to the loo to brush your teeth."

The awesome thing about this pregnancy though is your magic is still holding nice and stable. Getting you on the magic booster and the blood potions preemptively seems to have really done the trick. I suppose the fact that you've (knock wood) not had a single episode where you felt the need to go to the crystal room and all of your current projects taking up your time are magic free have been helpful in that regard as well.

So, we'll have a lovely weekend of shopping and snogging and probably going to see another of Shtara's performances, and then Monday before your class we'll go find out about baby B and make sure your brain isn't leaking.

But for now I am off to the stables to take care of my animal babies.

Happily Yours,
Harry

Tuesday December 6th
My sanity,

Well... That was certainly an exhausting weekend.

It started when Viona popped home after her last class on Friday. She insisted that I accompany her on her Christmas shopping, but since she was using her own vault and knows how to Apparate, I'm assuming that she actually wanted to help ME do my shopping - since I'm having a hard time remembering things and Pippa's currently staying with her family for the weekend.

Speaking of, her family is throwing her a baby shower, and the only reason we weren't invited is that we see her literally every day and her family wanted her to themselves for a bit. Her baby's not due until February, but they wanted to have the shower before the Christmas hols take over everything. But lest you panic, don't. Pippa assures me that she already got herself a 1000 Galleon Gift Certificate to her favorite shop as our present to her.

Or in other words, we've already gotten her a gift.

But back to Viona.

Our darling daughter dragged me out to Hogsmeade Friday night where we bought a little bit of everything. Then we had a lovely dinner together before popping home to get a good night's sleep. She woke me around 10 AM and insisted on 'helping' me with my morning routine so that I was done in record time.

We did a bit of shopping in Diagon before lunch, then we went to River's spa for a nice long massage to bring my blood pressure down - as it had gone up just a little. After massages, we did some shopping in Knockturn Alley. Afterwards, we had dinner before coming home for the night.

Sunday morning, we went back to River's spa to get facials and mani/pedis. I had the color scheme set as bright pastel pink as a secret hint. Viona set her color scheme as gold, which looks rather good on her. After we were finished, we went shopping all around muggle London.

All in all, it was rather enjoyable.

Monday was a bit stressful because we (you and me, not Viona) went to see Healer Rowe. You
were concerned about the severity of my brain fog, but personally, I was concerned that they seemed to be fighting in there almost constantly, and while wearing a belly brace can help ease the ever increasing aching - that is slowly driving me mad - it seems like THEY hate it and kick all the harder.

Rowe assured you that the brain fog is a bit concerning, but ultimately normal. As for the kicking and body aches, it's also normal but also more alarming because I have a 23 and a half week womb in there, measuring slightly on the big side but well within normal parameters. Then I have a 20 week womb and an 18 week womb, and ALL of them are measuring normal or slightly on the bigger side of normal. Which means that I have three Quaffles - give or take - trying their best to fit in my abdomen.

Not ONLY does my bump look bigger than the Manor, but it's ALSO lumpy and bumpy! It's frankly ugly and I dislike it. I shudder when I think about how much BIGGER it's going to get!!! But that said, even though my magic is holding steady - on the low side of normal, but better than my previous pregnancies. Aside from Zwei - he's basically been my star pregnancy, a singleton with no real problems.

And he's grown up pretty much the same as he began. He's my little clone that looks like your father and doesn't cause me a lot of problems and he's always so wonderful and smart and brilliant and funny and - wait! Where was I going?

...

...

Oh!!! Right, I was talking about my pregnancy and how much it sucks that they're all crowded in there already and need to grow EVEN MORE!!! It's pulling on pretty much every muscle in my body, and that makes them all ache ferociously. They're ALSO pressing up into my ribcage, against my lungs, causing me frequent shortness of breath. PLUS!!! I can barely eat! I'm bloody STARVING and I can only eat like two bites of any given thing before I feel full!!!

The nutritive and magic boosting potions take up enough space each, that I have to take basically one each hour until I've taken them all, and that more or less replaces my meals, so it's a good thing that I'm craving that cup of your blood like it was that muggle drug - erm… Spot? Wedge? Tear? Shard? Oh!!! Crack! Yeah...

Basically, I spent probably an hour moaning about how much I REALLY wish they were all three in one bloody womb and I had a bit of room to spare in there! If not for the fact that Rowe cast a nice long and soothing healing spell on my stomach to ward off enormous stretch marks and, erm… complications???

Anyway, I felt warm and happy from the spell and nearly fell asleep. I may have actually fell asleep while you and her chatted a bit. I'm not certain.

After my Healer's appointment, I didn't even bother changing from the baggy exercise bottoms and oversized jumper I'd been wearing and went to my class with Zaire as is. Rowe still encourages me to dance as much as I want without pushing myself, but to be honest, I didn't want to MOVE - much less dance. I actually really wanted to go right back to bed and sleep another week.

Thankfully, Zaire had already anticipated these few classes before Christmas to be review and practice lessons, and so, didn't need me to help him demonstrate anything. Even better, he gave me a brilliant idea!
See, in my last class, I had one lesson in which I had all my students thoroughly exhaust themselves before taking potions so that they would learn why NOT to do that on the job. I hadn't built that into this lesson plan, so I decided to do that today.

My returning students were allowed to skip this lesson, as they well remembered the first time, which means they were actually on hand to help supervise the new students as they paired off and tried to Duel to the death without actually killing each other. They all seemed amused by the shirt I was now wearing, that said: My husband is doing WAY too much by growing three humans, and you need to go easy on him. In any case, between the veteran students and the Mediwitch keeping vigilant, I think I may have fallen asleep in my chair because I didn't need to pay as close of attention.

The reason I suspect that I might have fallen asleep is because there was a moment in which I felt a prickling up my spine and opened my eyes to find the Mediwitch casting scanning spells on me.

"Blimey!" She swore in awe as her scans presumably told her exactly what Rowe told us early - that I've got too many babies in there and not enough room. She already knew I was pregnant with three wombs - having confirmed it for Robards - but I think she assumed that we planned to selectively reduce the number for health reasons.

Remind me again why we didn't? And I don't mean that there's one in particular in there that I wish wasn't, just that I KNEW how bloody hard this would be on me, and I agreed to do it anyway. Why the fuck did I do that???

But thank all the Gods that today is Tuesday and I don't have to leave our bed to so much as go to the loo if I don't want to. I am blessed with two house elves hovering over me, offering me books, pain relieving spells, and vanishing spells on the contents of my bladder should the prospect of shifting out of bed prove too much for me.

If you need me, this is where you'll find me until I have to get ready for my class tomorrow. Chances are good that I'll be glaring at a large plate of food, because I am RAVENOUS and would quite like to eat the entire ocean, but cannot manage more than a bite or two before I feel full bordering on nauseous and have to wait a bit for my stomach to empty out again.

Maybe I'll get lucky and you'll think of a way to distract me until I fall asleep.

Love you!

You're the one I need,
Draco
P.S. So Baby B is a boy, making it a tie so far. I wonder if anyone is winning the pool?
Chapter Summary

Harry finds Draco already asleep, and Draco talks about his class.

Chapter Notes

May the Fourth be with you ^_^

Wednesday December 7, 2016

My Heart,

Good morning my love. I had a few ideas when I got your email as to how I could come and distract you until you fell asleep.

First, I thought about some form of shagging. Fine! First, second, third, and probably fourth I thought about some form of shagging. I can't help it, you're beautiful, you make me feel alive, your body is just begging to be worshiped. So when it comes to trying to take your mind off of worries or stresses, my first thought is always some sort of sexy times.

But realistically, you are exhausted and uncomfortable and not feeling particularly beautiful. While I'd love to try and show you exactly how beautiful I find you - always - you don't seem to be welcoming to that kind of thought process. I don't need to tell you I find your bump growing our children gorgeous, because right now you're uncomfortable and cranky. I shouldn't be treating you as though you aren't allowed those feelings. You can feel any way you'd like about your body. I personally still find it beautiful and attractive, but YOU are the one who has to exist within the body, so I will shush unless you say differently.

I'm not saying I won't be wanting you and initiating shagging, let's be real here, but please know that I will try and factor your comfort levels into anything we do.

I don't even need to get off. I could just kneel at your feet, rub your aching feet, your sore calves, rub lotion into your perfect skin, and keep going past comfort into pampering by painting your toe nails.

Ooh! Or we could leave you dressed if you wanted to, and I could be at your feet polishing your boots. Remember that time I polished your boots while you were wearing them and you ended up looking like posh perfection with boots that were practically mirrors but I was kneeling covered in smudges of polish?

What was I talking about?

Oh! Ways I thought about distracting you.

I also thought about sitting down with you and talking names for baby B. You know I have a
million ideas. I told you some of them a while ago, but I went back into my suggestions and none of them feel right. What was I thinking? Leander? Mercutio? I mean seriously, Mercutio? We may as well name him Punny GetsStabbedALot. Talk about a bad omen.

We just need the perfect name for this little angel. It's not coming to me the way Morgana's came to me. It's like I'm just sitting around waiting for some strong name to just fall out of the heavens or something!

Then I thought to myself, maybe I could fight with you. Yeah, fight. We were supposed to spend time together this weekend shopping and roaming around getting mani pedis and massages! I'd be furious if it weren't for the fact that you ditched me for one of the most amazing people on the planet who I happen to love and adore. Also, someone we don't get near enough time with during the school year. I was still willing to fight, but it wouldn't have been very heated on my end.

I briefly thought of distracting you with yummy food, but realized that was a TERRIBLE plan since you've been hungry with no room to put the food.

I finally settled on talking with you about everything you missed when you got sleepy and zoned out at your appointment with Rowe. Yeah, that sounded like a good plan.

Then I came to our room to do the distracting and you were already sound asleep. My sleepy sweetheart.

It was adorable, Atreyu must have gotten to our room before I could and asked you to read him a story. I walked in on him sitting up in our bed, petting your hair, and "reading" the story to you. Since he doesn't actually read any English yet (and only a handful of words in Spanish), he was just making up a story based on the pictures. Those big dark eyes gave me a very stern look when I came in, making sure to tell me, "Shh, my Papa is sleepin.'"

Sir, yes Sir.

I quietly climbed into bed with you both, took the book from Trey, and ended up reading until HE fell asleep wrapped up next to you.

Despite you falling asleep before me, I was still up before you this morning and you are still sleeping. I'm so glad you're getting rest. It can't be easy with those three little Krav Maga-ers in training beating the heck out of each other in there.

Since I lost the chance to tell you all about what you missed at the appointment, I suppose this is the best place to do it. Rowe and I started seriously debating the safety and timing of when to transplant one of the little monsters. She still sticks to, unless there is some sort of emergent issue, she wants to wait until Morgana is twenty-eight weeks to move her. Well, she would only move a twenty-eight week womb regardless of who we move, it's just that Morgana will obviously get there first.

Your weeks swap over on Sundays since as far as we can tell, you got pregnant on that Saturday or Sunday during the raid. What this means is that in just under five weeks, Rowe is planning on moving Morgana to me. Unless you've changed your mind and have some issue with it happening, you will be one baby short just after the new year.

Which means I will be going from nothing to third trimester overnight!

Eek!

Anyway, I am going to go play with the kids a bit. It's kind of gloomy and rainy so I was thinking
we'd skip movie night at Unity tonight and instead have a movie marathon at home all day. Stay in our jammies and snuggle up. I haven't decided on the movies but I'm thinking instead of a series, maybe we just do the movies with the very best music and have a massive sing or dance along.

Come join us if you're in the mood?

Loving you always,
Harry

Wednesday December 14th
My heart and soul,

Today has been relatively relaxing - compared to just about every day in the past few weeks. Simply waking up has been beyond me most days. Thank Merlin that Rowe approved a mild sleeping potion for me to use on days when being awake is more miserable than I can handle.

I feel like a volcano that is more than ready to erupt, and in fact HAS started to erupt, but someone put a gigantic magical lid on it so that it couldn't yet. I have definitely put on a lot of weight, and a good half of it is water weight that's making me look like a bloody puffer fish! According to Rowe at my appointment yesterday, I'm more than likely developing preeclampsia - also known as toxemia.

Basically, my body is being so stressed by my pregnancy that my blood pressure is definitely high, I'm retaining water to unhealthy levels, and I could have a stroke if this goes on too long.

On the other hand, I'm 24 weeks with Morgana, 21 weeks with Baby B, and 19 weeks with Baby C, who Rowe was able to get a clear look at and found that he's also a boy. Zwei will be so pleased! I forgot my point, sigh...

But speaking of points, I had a thought for baby B's name. Back when I was thinking of girl names, I suggested Xena, and that brought to mind Gabrielle, which I was going to suggest if we hadn't fell in love with Morgana. The more I've thought about it, the more it just feels right. So... Gabriel? And didn't you mention Pan as a middle name? Gabriel Pan? Or maybe Gabriel Draconis? Gabriel Harry? Ooo, I kinda like that...

Today was my last class before the Final, so, come Monday, my combat class will officially be over. Robards was having trouble finding a good replacement for me, and you might recall, he only offered the opportunity TO me because he couldn't really find anyone else who could do it (and apparently Ginger refuses because she believes that she'd be an even harder and more traumatic teacher than me because she has absolutely NO sympathy for others and would likely murder them all in cold blood). SO, I was actually the one to solve his problem.

Remember that Russian mobster I once 'bought' and still 'own'? Yeah, well, since I bought him for exactly this purpose, I decided that he's been retired long enough. He gets to come back to London and teach my class when it starts back up after the New Year, and continue to do so until I feel ready to come back to it. We're all assuming that he'll do the upcoming 16 week class, have a week or two off, and then do another 16 week class - at the end of which, I'll either be ready to come back (it'll be September when I start up again if so) or I'll take off an entire year and start back up next January.

In the meantime, Zaire will also be having a break from his class until after the first, then he'll finish out the last 4 weeks on his own. I was mostly an extra body in the class anyway, and he's
really doing beautifully on his own. If he and Elena agree, and IF there are enough students to
Teach, he'll have another class starting up in February and running until June.

But back to my combat class.

Today being the last class before the Final (on Monday), I taught the last pain spot - the throat. It
was a quick demonstration since I only had to lightly jab the new students throats with the palm of
my hand once each. After that, I gave them all plenty of time to spar with each other while my
friend the Mediwitch kept an eye on them all.

That said, I was in a beautiful mood; my shirt was amusing (I'm sorry, I don't take orders, I barely
take suggestions.) and I felt fully rested - I completely forgot to do any of my morning routine,
which was probably for the best as I woke up a mere 20 minutes before I had to get to class - and
was fully alert. Best of all, it seems the babies have all settled down a bit, because rather than them
fighting in there, they're only squirming.

All in all, it was a good day. The best part might actually be when it was girly's turn to practice the
throat punch on burly, and she decided that since he's so big and tough, she'd have to REALLY
wail on him for it to make a difference. She squared her shoulders, hauled back and PUNCHED
him in the throat with enough force that she legitimately killed him.

Or would have done had the Mediwitch not been RIGHT THERE to heal him right back up. It was
BEAUTIFUL to watch! And then girly was so mortified and horrified by what she'd done that she
squealed, fled from the classroom, and went running around the jogging track until she felt calm
again.

After combat class was over, I went to my office to work with Fierston for a bit. He has made an
impressive amount of progress in the past few weeks. He's now managed to figure out how to be
gentle enough that his rabbit not only lets him in, but doesn't freak out when he's in there. Thus,
when he cast the Legilimens spell on me and broke through a weak shield, all I felt was a mild
annoyance at someone else in my mind.

I let him wander around looking for my real shields for about 5 or 10 minutes. He actually found
one. One of my bigger and more overt ones. One I think I'd actually created when the Dark Lord
was still alive, and it was intended for Him to break through so that He could find minor secrets
and think He'd done an excellent job of reading my mind.

Fierston was able to find it and poke and prod it, but not break it. That said, the lesson of it was to
help him figure out how to create better and stronger shields, all while letting him practice his
Legilimency on me. When he was done, I felt a little tired, but also rather proud of him.

For his homework, I assigned him the task of finding someone - such as a girlfriend - who would
let him practice his skills on them. I warned him very strongly that most minds were disorganized
chaos, and that it could almost be more jarring to go into one of them than it is to go into an animal
mind. The disorder, while being in a more familiar human mind, was still hard to sort through, and
often filled with random thoughts that don't really mean anything.

For example, now that I am pregnant, a good half of my unorganized thoughts probably have to do
with being hungry, and I might even imagine hundreds of things I might like to eat, some of them
would probably even be things I WOULDN'T want to eat, and it would be a bit tricky to determine
which was which unless one had a LOT of practice.

Another, related, example is that I crave blood, and while I'm getting a near endless supply of your
blood - both from the potions that Sebastian has brewed for me, and from that ingenious mug he
made for me - I still have flashes of wanting to bite you and drink your blood directly from your neck. If someone were to read my mind that DIDN'T know this about me, they could easily mistake me for being a vampire, or perhaps a cannibal - since I ALSO have flashes of 'eating' just about every part of your body.

And now I'm horny!!! It's frustrating in that I'm so huge at this point that I not only cannot fit through ANY doors - and the Manor is going to have to be remodeled just so I can roll my way from room to room - and thus have little to no ability to actually shag you. I WANT to shag you so badly, but my stomach makes that basically impossible, grr!

Oi! I'm coming to find you, mutt, and YOU'RE going to figure out a solution to my horniness. Even if it takes all night! But after you're done, I'm going to basically go to sleep and stay that way until Monday!

I'd like to strike you down with bliss,
Draco
Harry is creative and Draco is sleepy.

Thursday December 15, 2016

My Sanity,

So, I may have just found out some devastating information that changes everything I ever thought about my heritage and what it means for our children.

I'm going to try and do the short version, but we've both met me and the short version is still going to be way longer than most people's long version. But hopefully it will be shorter than my usual rambling which often gets away from me. I don't understand why I am so rambly. You'd think with my childhood spent in silence and attempting to make myself invisible, I would either speak constantly but make it worth everyone's time with each word carefully measured, or I would be so used to being silent that I would not have much to say.

Not the case for your rambling ridiculous man. I could just babble away and still say nothing. Looking at the last paragraph, very easily without even noticing I've done it.

Last night was a very long night. I am not complaining, I got to spend all evening figuring out how to pleasure you and worship you, but it was a long night. First, I figured I could handle your horniness simply by topping. I could find a good angle and make you scream as I pounded you. You mildly enjoyed me prepping you, but when it came to actually get inside of you, you were insistent that you already had enough extra things taking up space inside your body. That was the end of that real quick.

Then I figured I would use my mouth on you, but I either couldn't get enough of you in my mouth to really make you feel good or when I did, I kept headbutting you in the bump. Not comfortable. Same thing when I tried using my hand, I just ended up punching you in the underside of your bump.

With how hard sucking you off or handling your cock was, I knew there was no way I could just ride you. All my bits would end up getting in the way and either putting pressure on or bumping into your uncomfortable midsection.

But there was one angle that I figured would work. It took a little finagling, but reverse cowgirling it worked! It was quite the workout since I couldn't lean back and balance on my arms, but hearing you squirm and sigh and moan in pleasure? Worth every single muscle ache this morning.

But all those attempts at quenching your cravings meant I didn't get to sleep until much later than usual. And since I didn't really have anything I had to do or anywhere I had to be this morning, I decided to take advantage of it and sleep in.

Which meant my usual breakfast - which normally just ends up me and the other early risers - ended up being me with Sirius and your parents and a few of the not so early risers, but definitely
not the super sleeper inners like you. I feel as though half of that last sentence was just made up nonsense words, but you know what I meant right?

So we're all sitting around and they were asking me if we had made any decisions about names. I didn't tell them anything we'd decided on except that A's name had been chosen and we were certain about it, as well as knowing the genders of all three. We talked about how seriously we've taken the naming of all of our children, it matters what it sounds like, but we also like a name with meaning. Wanting a name with meaning, finding a name that we both love and agree on, and a name that goes with Malfoy are some restrictions we need to work around, and the fact that we already have fifteen children means coming up with names we love is getting harder and harder.

To be fair, we haven't named all of them, some of these babies came pre-named! We've actually only named about half of them now that I think about it. Eight out of fifteen so far. Although we did give middle names to Viona, Hazel, and Zaire so I suppose it's more than eight.

Anyway, when I was talking about having to make sure their name sounds good with Malfoy, that's when Sirius dropped the bomb on me.

Remember when I was so annoyed at the fact that the Malfoy heir magic, the family grounds and the Manor itself, having specific requirements like being your biological child, born in wedlock, and being a son? Which means that even though Viona was first, Elena is oldest, and Eris was the firstborn of your blood, Orion is your magical official Malfoy heir. The fact that we all KNOW Viona is really your heir and our children will never want for money or love or home no matter their parentage is the only thing that kept me from throwing a bit of a strop about the sexism and blood purity requirements.

So …. turns out the House of Potter isn't exactly all that much better. When I mentioned having their names go with Malfoy, Sirius asked which kid was my heir. I laughed and said something along the lines of the Potter family not requiring everything the Malfoy snobs did (sorry Love, but you know you're all snobs) and Sirius got a very (hehe) serious look on his face. Yeah, I was acting all above the blood purity nonsense when in reality, the Potter family magics have similar requirements.

Sirius about had a panic attack when he heard that none of the kids actually carry the Potter name. Apparently he went through all of this with my mum and dad when they were expecting me. The Potter requirements are that the child be biologically related or blood adopted - although gender is irrelevant - born in wedlock, and that the child carry the Potter name. No big deal, my first child born that was biologically mine and not already an heir to another family is Eris. We can ask her if she wants the Potter heiress status (hehe, Eris the heiress) and just change her name, right?

Wrong.

Apparently since we have had dedication ceremonies to introduce our children magically to our world, Eris already has an official name according to magic. Since we have had those naming ceremonies with each and every one of our children, our only choices are to have me blood adopt one of our children and re-dedicate them or to have another child that is mine biologically and give them the Potter name.

Which would be a nightmare to choose between blood adopting a child that is already mine and then changing the name they've had their entire lives, or choosing to have another child for no other reason than to fulfill the family magics. But that lovely curse you took on, and the fact that B is mine, means that all we really have to do to satisfy magic is to give baby B the last name Potter.

So what do you think? I love your idea of Gabriel (although I am very curious how your brain took
you from Xena to Gabrielle) and when I was rolling Gabriel Pan around in my head I liked it but didn't know how well it flowed with Malfoy. Gabriel Pan Malfoy? It was good, but not perfect.

But.

Gabriel Pan Potter. Oh my hell, isn't that perfect? Please tell me you love it as much as I do?

Hopeful,
Harry
P.S. When I actually SAID out loud that Eris could be it because she wasn't already the Heir to anything, Sirius laughed and reminded me that she was actually the official Heir to the Black line. And that he remembers it very clearly because it means that HE *never* has to worry about being thrust back into the position of Head of the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black.

Sunday December 18th
My adoration,

I'm so happy that you managed to find a way to ride me and take care of my horniness. The sad thing about pregnancy is that it typically makes us both horny as fuck, but also, extremely awkward to actually have sex. I'm so thankful for your brilliance that made finally figuring out a way that worked possible.

Next time, perhaps we should get a few toys involved, such as a small plug that vibrates and stimulates my prostate while NOT actually penetrating me too far. OR maybe we could just use the Naughty Control and cast the instant orgasm on me a couple of times. Maybe with your mouth on me.

But as for now, exactly like I said I planned to, I've taken that sleeping potion - well actually, I'm taking it in small doses that last about an hour. That way, I can wake up, take a nutritive, magic, or blood potion, try to eat a bite of food, and then take a vial of sleeping potion so that I go back to sleep for another hour. That way, I'm sleeping through most of my discomfort, but still doing my best to eat enough. I even get out of bed and stretch so that I don't atrophy.

But before you worry, the reason Rowe approved THIS sleeping potion is that it does not cross into the womb - and she double and triple checked to be certain, this potion doesn't affect the babies. Thus, I can take it as much as I like to help manage the fact that I am far too big and there's no room left in there for them to grow.

That said, as I mentioned on Wednesday, it seems that the babies have settled down quite a bit. I feel them squirming every three or four times I wake up and get up to stretch or go to the loo, but aside from that, they must do all their moving when I'm asleep.

Tomorrow is my combat class Final, and I've talked with Zaire and he's agreed that I can basically show up to our class and say goodbye to the students - since I will no longer be teaching with him after this (they're not certain why, but know I'm having some serious health problems) - and then leave that class early to have Muffy and Dibly help me set up the Final.

After the Final is over, I plan to come right home and basically go right back to bed. Tuesday, we have our next appointment with Rowe. I'm going to beg her again - and offer her ANYTHING she wants - to cast an Undetectable Extension Charm on my abdomen to give them all a bit more space in there, and even if she is adamant that she won't, I'm seriously going to try casting it on myself.
But as for now, the sleeping potion is kicking in, and so, I'm... falling... slee...

Lub...
Dr...
Chapter 95

Chapter Summary

Something happens during Draco's last class.

Monday December 19, 2016

My Sleepy Dragon,

I am so unbelievably glad today is your last class! I think I did a very good job of restraining myself from popping into your class over the last few weeks and just throwing you over my shoulder to get you out of there. It's taken a LOT of effort!

With how sleepy you've been, I really thought you'd be too tired to go to class today, but I should have known you'd figure out a way to out-stubborn your exhaustion. I bet your students are thrilled at your sleepiness, it means you don't have the energy to properly assault … I mean train them.

I shouldn't have been all that surprised that you went today, it *is* your last class. I can't imagine you being alright with missing this class when it's the last time you'd be training them. Either they will graduate, or they will be continuing under Oleg's instruction. By the time you go back to teaching, they should either have passed the class OR - after two or three attempts - should just be aware that being an Auror is not for them.

No judgment, being an Auror was certainly not for me!

I am definitely looking forward to your appointment with Rowe tomorrow. We need to get you some relief from these babies. Hopefully she will have some answers or some suggestions. You can't keep going like this. You're so tired, so hungry, so horny. It's just too much, I hate seeing you unhappy.

Good luck at your class! Maybe we'll celebrate with some of your suggestions when you get home!

Love,
Harry

Tuesday December 20th
HARRY!!!

I, er, I don't even know where to start!

At the beginning, I suppose.

So, after saying goodbye to my dance students, I went to the Ministry to set up the Final Exam. Once again, I had an invisible top box for any official who wanted to watch. Also, same as the midterm, I invited Ginger to kick their arses while I evaluated them.

The excellent news is that all of my returning students obtained their with honors status. Less
excellent but still good is that my 'new' students all passed, but only girly obtained her with honors status, and so, the other seven will be required to take the class again. That said, they do have the option to wait a bit - which actually may have worked in fatty's favor, since he did NOT return this time and will be able to take the class from Oleg (who has years of experience teaching kids, and so, will probably be less of a hard arse).

The less good news is that it seems the MOMENT I finished telling everyone their results, you popped into the room. Keep in mind, this was while Kingsley and Robards and - for all I know - half the Ministry was still in the invisible top box watching the proceedings. You popped in all in a panic.

"Draco! Draco! It's now! It's happening!"

I wasn't quite on the same page. "Yes love, I'm nearly finished here," I assured you soothingly. But you were babbling so fast that I couldn't quite catch full sentences. Only phrases such as: "Baby girl," and "Baby boy!"

I smirked in amusement. "Yes love, we're having babies," I muttered grumpily while unconsciously stroking my ENORMOUS belly.

"NO!!!! OUR BABY GIRL ELENA IS HAVING HER BABY BOY!!!"

"What?" I asked in surprise. "Right now???

"YES!!"

"Sweet Salazar's slaggy mother!" I exclaimed in excitement, grabbing Ginger by the hand and yanking her over to me so that I could kiss her on the cheek. "You're in charge of what's left here!"

"I understand luv," she chuckled, returning my kiss on the cheek. "Go, pace and fret over your impending grandson."

You were already yanking on my arm, trying to pull me clear of extra bodies. "Too slow! We have to go! NOW!!!"

"Calm down, love," I tried to reason. "Chances are we have hou - OW!!" At that moment, I couldn't help but curl into a ball around my abdomen. "OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW!"

"OH GOD! WHAT'S WRONG?! ARE YOU IN LABOR TOO?!?!" You demanded, trying to get me to stand up straight again and shaking me a bit in the process.

"Something is TEARING through my gut!" I cried out.

This did something interesting to you. It seemed to invoke calm deal-with-all-emergencies Harry, which perhaps pissed off panicky Harry, because a bit of Rage Halo Harry showed up too.

"Right. St. Mungo's. NOW!" You snapped, as if I was trying to argue with you, but trust me, I WASN'T.

Grabbing my hand, you Apparated us to St. Mungo's before anyone else could react in the slightest.

"WE NEED HEALER ROWE RIGHT THIS SECOND!!" You shouted across the reception area for the Maternity ward.

"I'm here, love, what's the problem?" Rowe asked in return as she rushed out of her office and over
"Something's wrong with Draco," you explained, again eerily calm, still holding my hand and supporting me as I was once again curled over and trying to pant rhythmically to control the pain.

"Yes, let's pop into my exam room," Rowe stated, guiding us both in there as quickly as I could be moved. Once inside, she started scanning me before the door was even fully closed. "Oh... Well, this isn't good..."

"OH GOD, WHAT?!?!?!?!!" You wailed.

"What seems like the current emergency isn't really such an emergency," Rowe began the explanation, clearly trying to calm you down. "The - what I imagine must be a painful ripping or pulling sensation - it's being caused by the three uteruses each trying to grow and stretch, thus pulling on the ligaments holding everything in place. But because they're all pushing against each other, it's straining all the ligaments to the point of near detachment. That's easily fixed and not as alarming as it almost certainly feels."

She took a breath and consulted her readings again before nodding grimly. "The REAL problem is that because none of the babies have any room left in there to move, they've had no choice but to stop moving, and as the uteruses and babies are still trying to do their job of growing, it's putting an enormous strain on all of them, causing them to - well, in essence - slowly die. Their heartbeats are MUCH slower than they should be, and if we don't do something drastic soon, we may lose them all. And possibly Draco..."

"DO IT!!! I DON'T FUCKING CARE WHAT, JUST DO IT!!" You roared, apparently back in panic mode.

"Alright Harry, I will. I just need to call in another Healer and some assistants to help me. Can you do me a massive favor and try to remain calm for a few minutes?"

Your Rage Halo was as wild as I've ever seen it, but you yourself DID appear remarkably calm as you nodded in agreement.

Rowe rushed off to get back up, and then when she reentered the room, they quickly expanded it and rolled in a second exam/operating table. At that point, Rowe and her assistants were gently but FIRMLY 'helping' me to strip off and prepare for emergency surgery. At the same time, the second Healer and his assistants were doing the same to you - albeit much more warily and snappishly since your Halo isn't exactly easy to work around.

But it was probably less than five minutes later when I was laid out on the table - naked except for a scrap of a hospital gown over my chest (good thing I'm not shy!) - with my stomach split wide open and my guts hanging out willy nilly.

Rowe was sort of shaking her head. "I don't really have a choice. I WAS going to take the oldest baby out and transfer her into Harry, but as you can clearly see, SHE'S wedged up in there good and proper. I'd have to take the other two out just to GET to her!"

"Yes," the second Healer affirmed, making me look over (and rest assured, I was at least half out of it, but still conscious as the pain blocking spells do not render one unconscious) to see that you were now ALSO on a table with your stomach cut open. However, it seems that they knew they had a bit of time and a NEED to be more careful with your guts, and so, they were magically keeping them together but floating out of your body as the Healer's assistants were using spells to literally stretch your skin and sort of hollow you out a bit.
Apparently, even though Rowe swears up and down that one cannot cast an extension spell on a living person, what she REALLY means is that they can't do it unless they can open that person up and SEE what they're doing, because they were casting a modified extension spell on your insides to make room for not just ONE womb full of baby, but two.

And that's the kicker...

"With how poorly the babies are doing, and how stressed Draco's body is doing, I fully believe that the best chance for all of them is to move both of the smaller ones over to Harry. At this point, his magic is still at full strength, and he's in perfect health. I really feel that it will be best all around if we move the two smallest to him and give them a chance to recover and thrive before they are too big to fit inside him and we have to either find ANOTHER home for one of them, or deliver early," Rowe said, as close to rambling as I've ever heard her.

"Yes, that seems clear to me as well," the other Healer concurred.

And so, with not much delay (I gather they had to cast a few more stabilization spells on all five of us), they transferred Gabriel and Dylan - Don't ask my why I'm calling him Dylan, I have no idea why, it just came to me and refuses to let go. Anyway, they were now inside you, and the Healers were doing their best to not only make them fit, but also give them as much room as they possibly could WITHOUT giving them so much that they essentially bang about and kill themselves.

Yes, I know, it's amazing that I can recall so much detail, but I think that's because at one point, I felt really strange, and turned around to see myself lying on the table, vacantly staring at you. I could sort of float, and so, had a really good view of everything in the room. Including Rowe panicking, or something VERY close to panicking as she cast spell after spell on me.

Her assistants and yet ANOTHER Healer were now focusing on getting everything back inside me the way it was supposed to be and healing the gaping hole shut. For a few LONG and tense moments, in which I'm dead certain you were put to sleep (because you no longer had your Halo, your eyes were closed, and you seemed to be sleeping peacefully), nothing seemed to happen.

Suddenly, I felt a very jarring yank and a sensation like being flung to the ground. This made me gasp and jerk as if I was going to sit completely upright, but I had about a half dozen people holding me down.

"It's alright, you're fine," someone assured me soothingly, over and over until I relaxed a bit and stopped breathing as if I was trying to flee from dementors.

"Oh thank Merlin," I heard Rowe exhale in relief. She then panted a bit, probably from a combination of said relief and magical exhaustion.

"Harry," I murmured, trying to reach for you.

"He's fine," an angelic looking woman with ginger hair assured me as she wiped sweat off my brow and carded a hand through my hair - making me feel a cooling sensation, and so, was probably gently drying sweat from my hair.

"Harry," I insisted, trying a bit harder to reach for you.

Rowe sounded ragged even as she laughed. "Best shift the tables until they can touch each other," she advised, and then jabbed a thumb in your direction. "Or that one will sense this one's distress, wake up, and cause more trouble than any of us are prepared to deal with at the moment."

Chuckling but NOT arguing, they carefully moved the tables close enough together that I could
"What's going on?" I asked, once I was certain you were more or less fine.

Rowe gave me a watery grin. "We did it. We transferred babies B and C to your husband while baby A is quite stubbornly all nice and cozy inside you. Now that she has room again, she's stretching out and her heartbeat is slowly coming back to normal."

"Good. And Harry?" I pressed, still not 100 percent certain that you were doing well now that you had TWO babies inside you. After all, you'd only ever had one at a time before, and we both remember how terribly that went the last time.

Rowe squeezed my other hand. "He's doing better than you, actually. His magic is strong and steady, and so long as he doesn't accidentally exhaust it, he'll be just fine."

"Until he isn't," I grumbled, afraid that the babies would once again grow too big and YOU'D have terrible problems.

"We've done everything we can to make sure that won't happen," Rowe stated, squeezing my hand again.

"He's not nearly close enough," I growled unhappily.

Rowe laughed and shook her head. "Just give us a few minutes to prepare an actual room for you - a recovery one with a large bed. Once ready, we'll float you both over there and THEN you can snuggle up and sleep until you both feel better."

"Best cast a ten hour sleeping spell on Harry," I informed her even as I brought your hand to my lips and kissed it. And then I remembered something else that was important. "Elena?"

"Last I heard, she was only at 3CM and doing perfectly," one of the Healers I don't know replied. "I'll go check on her and let you know if there's any progress. Do I have your permission to tell HER what happened here?"

"Of course," I permitted with a nod, and then yawned. Despite using potions to sleep nearly around the clock lately, I was exhausted and could barely keep my eyes open. "And if she's okay with it, put her in our recovery room once she's had her baby."

"I'll see what I can do."

After that, I'm not entirely sure what happened as it felt like I blinked and suddenly we were in a cozy bed just big enough for both of us. Happily, I pulled you into my arms and wrapped myself around you - the best I could while we both had bumps in the way. And then I was out again for several hours before a growling stomach woke me back up. I was able to order Muffy to bring me a veritable feast of blood sausage, eggs, and passionfruit. Plus paté on sourdough rye crackers.

As I ate, I wrote this, learning that it was now actually about 2AM. You are still asleep, and I'm very glad as I can see some of the magic still doing it's work on you, shaping your stomach and sealing up the wound so that it positively will NOT tear open. And actually, it looks like it's not even going to scar, so by the time you wake up, you'll just look pregnant. Ironically, considering that I WAS collectively about 67 weeks pregnant (and LOOKED IT!!!) and am now only 25 weeks, I'm actually smaller than your collective 42 weeks pregnant. Thankfully, YOU only look about 7 months pregnant, so not TOO much bigger than me.

But now that I am full and not very sleepy, I'm going to sign off and just hold you as much as I can.
want.

I'd stare a lifetime into your eyes, so that I knew that you were there for me.

Draco
Chapter 96

Chapter Summary

Harry is both upset and relieved by recent events.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Wednesday December 21, 2016

My Life,

I have so many negative emotions going through me right now. Mostly I am absolutely, hysterically, frantically, terrified about the fact that I almost lost you. Not only did I almost lose you just from the danger you were in with the pregnancy, but from your description, I think you had a near-death, out-of-body experience.

You were hovering over the operating room watching everything happen and then felt a yank? Like your soul was being yanked back into your body? How dare you almost die on me!

But the fear that is still coursing through my veins is completely dwarfed by my relief that you are safe and sound and whole. I woke up in your arms, with you singing softly to me. I "fell asleep" not quite sure of your safety or the babies' safety, and I woke up to an enormous stomach full of two healthy babies, being held by my husband who was safe and also carrying our third safe and healthy baby. I can't tell you how relieved I am that we came through the transfer with nothing more than a scare and one more baby in me than we had planned.

I'm actually relieved that two were transferred to me. I thought, even though you were so uncomfortable, that if the decision had been yours, you wouldn't have had me take two. Proof of that is your concerned statement of "Until he isn't" when you were told I was doing well.

My love, a triplet pregnancy is significantly different than a twin pregnancy - which is essentially what is happening. I am carrying twins. And I haven't already had months of magic drain. I am full on magic, in great health, and once we separated the three, I am essentially starting from scratch but will only have to do half a pregnancy.

Is it weird that I'm kind of excited to carry these boys? I hated that you were uncomfortable, but I was a bit jealous that you were getting the last pregnancy. I tried talking to the babies every day, rubbing your bump, going to all of the appointments, but I really wanted to help in a meaningful way. And now I am!

It is a really surreal feeling though, going from a completely flat empty abdomen to carrying a 20-22 week twin pregnancy. Usually you have weeks or months that your body slowly transitions. Nope, gained two squirming, wild humans overnight! I stood up earlier and almost toppled over. I was not ready for the change in my center of gravity! Also had a few times when they seemed to be holding a football game inside "Harry Arena" when I had forgotten I was pregnant and freaked out that my stomach was moving on its own accord.
Speaking of these two little monsters, are we agreed then on Gabriel Pan Potter? You always said you wouldn't mind giving one of our kids the Potter name, and this one there's a legitimate reason. A pureblood nonsense reason and you were raised on those!

And Dylan? I love it. Dylan Sheen? We decided on Sheen right? And do we want him to have Malfyoy like his other sixteen siblings? Or should he be a Potter like his twin? I don't have a preference really, I'd be alright with either decision.

I'm not going to throw a fit or have a tantrum over you choosing his first name without consulting me. I have definitely been there where the name just comes you to. I've had my way with so many of their names, I'm not going to complain for a name as lovely as Dylan.

But Ethan sure found reason to complain about our teeny grandson.

Oh Draco, isn't he breathtaking? We never got to meet our Lainie when she was that tiny, and seeing her features in miniature on her son? I didn't know how much I needed to see that until those big brown eyes locked onto mine. Oh this little boy is going to have his Grandpa Harry wrapped so tightly around those little fingers.

You were quite the proud Grandpa holding our little guy. Trying to act all proper while your face leaked. And our Lainie girl, exhausted, but just glowing with that new mum joy. Fiercely in love with her son already. Ready to breathe fire to give him the best of everything.

The best, according to her, including the perfect name. And it's so wonderful. Rafael Rojas Malfyoy. Our grandson.

Ethan did not like the name. He tried giving other suggestions and Lainie got all stiff. You could tell she was trying to keep sweet, calming voices around her newborn, but was close to going full Tropical Storm Elena on his arse. Ethan kept insisting that Rafael was "too old" of a name for a little boy. Elena insisting he would grow into it; it's a good strong name.

My favorite part was when Ethan's wife came back (having gone home to be with her other kids when Elena's labor had gone over four hours) to meet her new step-son, walked in on the arguing, and immediately sided with Elena. "Oh Elena! That name is just perfect. Ethan don't be ridiculous, there are plenty of nicknames you can give him while he's little, and then he won't end up an adult with a little baby's name." She then cooed at Rafael, running her hands over his peach fuzzy curls, letting him curl his little hands around her finger.

Ethan seemed to realize he was not going to win against these two strong women when they team up against him, "I... suppose I will learn to love it. Welcome to the world little Rafael."

That's when Lainie started sniffling. "Hearing someone else say it like that. It's just... I wish my first dad could be here to meet his little namesake."

And that's when Ethan started arguing again! "Elena! That was your dad's name?! Why didn't you just say that to begin with?! I wouldn't have argued if I had known you were naming him after your father!"

They're all just so ridiculous. I can't wait to see how their whole story plays out.

Anyway, I have to sign off, I need to pee again.

Yeah, again.

Sigh,
Friday December 23rd  
My perfection,

Today is our last day of relative peace in the hospital before we go home. Well actually, we're being discharged in about an hour, but even though I am SO ready to go home to OUR bed, I will sort of miss the fact that HERE, I'm basically assured of 24 hour medical attention if necessary.

For example, even though Morgana is doing so much better now that she has room to stretch, she nearly strangled herself with her umbilical cord, and had we not been in here with monitoring spells on every square centimeter of us, she might have succeeded. But I understand that it's not likely to happen again and we're all fine; thus, there's no reason to stay here any longer.

Yes, we did have my parents and Molly and Arthur bring the kids to visit in small shifts - minimizing stress until we were beyond even the possibility of health concern - but it was still far more managed than if we'd been at home where they could come in whenever they wanted us. I'm not complaining about normal times, as I quite love our kids and enjoy when they come spend time with us, but the last few days, it felt like their constant presence would have been just a hair too much to cope with.

I was so happy to have Yesenia come in and talk with me. Even better, you had Katja come in to talk to you, and so we had a double session in which we got to hash out ALL of our feelings about what just happened. Then we each had a smaller after session to be sure there wasn't anything we felt the need to talk about but didn't want to say in front of the other. For the record, I had nothing that didn't come up in our joint session, and I won't pry about your solo session.

But anyway, you are currently in the decent sized tub in the bathroom connected to our hospital room. As I suggested, Elena is sharing our room, tucked in her own smaller bed as she nurses her gorgeous little Rafael. Just watching her is making me want to go home already and cuddle my grandbaby cheetahs. Oh! Here she comes to snuggle up to me so I can stroke his head as he eats and falls asleep.

Oh Harry, how did we get so lucky that this is our life?!  

Shut up Elena, I am NOT leaking!

Apparently Elena is insisting that I sign off and send this email so we can gossip and talk smack about people when they can't hear us - and NO that doesn't mean you (unless you think talking about how much we love you is talking smack, hahaha).

I am a man who would fight for your honor, I'll be the hero you're dreaming of, we'll live forever, knowing together, that we did it all for the Glory of Love,

Draco  
P.S. I know you WANTED to take some of the burden from me, and I know you are doing way better than me so far, but I still think it's important to tell you... THANK YOU for being amazing and doing what you needed - what we BOTH needed you to do in order to save these wonderful little parasites inside me, now us. I love you so much that if I could swim in my love for you like water, I'd be swimming in an endless ocean.

Chapter End Notes
Once again, Harry asked for Draco to confirm name choices, and Draco doesn't seem to reply ever, this is because he agrees and doesn't feel the need to actually write it down. Rest assured, they've actually talked about it in person, lol ^_^
Chapter 97

Chapter Summary

Just another family drama, I mean Christmas.

Saturday December 24, 2016

My Ridiculousness,

Per usual, I am awake on the night before Christmas, thinking about my life, thinking about how absolutely blessed I am. Thinking over my past and our family's future. Currently, I am stroking my belly, talking to our sons, and thinking about how amazing this entire situation is.

But before I get mushy ... Draco Lucius Malfoy!!! Watching your daughter nurse your newborn grandson made you want to … cuddle your cheetahs? You are a lunatic. My lunatic, but a lunatic nevertheless.

Beside actually having to wrap my mind around how drastically my body and lifestyle changed over the last handful of days, I can't help but be amazed at how wonderful I feel carrying new life. I was resigned to never feeling this again. And when you fell pregnant, I was resigned to trying to enjoy it vicariously through you and do my best to hide my jealousy. Instead I am now carrying MORE babies than you are! Plot twist!

I'm not going to tell you not to thank me for taking this on. First, because I know you like to do the opposite of what I tell you just for spite and I don't need to give you any ammunition. But secondly, because I am sure I would be doing the same thing and feeling the same way if you had been the one to take this on from me. We all know I have zero interest in sex AS or WITH a woman, so it's a moot point, but theoretically, I would feel the same way.

But you really don't have to thank me. You are my first priority at all times. I would do ANYTHING to keep you safe and healthy.

On to my Christmas Eve rambling...

It seems our lives have come full circle. Years ago when we first started our family, I decided to start the tradition of matching Christmas pajamas. For the first few years, even Elena as the oldest, played along or even liked my ridiculous pajama decisions. Snowflakes and penguins, jolly Father Christmas faces, cats with silly hats, polar bears, full footy pajamas that made the wearer look like an elf. The obnoxious pajamas were a hit. Then as the children got a bit older, they started putting their feet down about how silly they looked.

They all still love me enough to endure matching Christmas pajamas, but they were begging for plain cozy flannels instead of the over the top nonsense.

Now though, we have quite a few little ones who never got the magic of silly pajamas. They've only known the plain boring ones. And when I brought the feisty foursome out for a few hours to help me shop for the Unity Kids (since you ditched me for a day with the Princess!), they saw the absolute tackiest Christmas pajamas I've ever seen. And I have seen a LOT!
You obviously just saw them a few hours ago, I even made you wear them long enough to take a picture (and you’re wearing them for present opening as usual tomorrow morning. It’s tradition! So, I don’t really NEED to tell you about them, but I need to describe them simply because they’re so amazing I have to remember every single part of them.

Your youngest children (for now) insisted their entire family wear these for Christmas. Picture it: bright blue fleece head to toe onesie pajamas. Footie pajamas without actually having the feet covered. Then it’s covered in rainbow-haired unicorns flying across the fabric. But those unicorns weren’t alone were they? No no. They had a rider, a beloved Father Christmas riding unicorns carrying his sack of toys. That should be enough. But it wasn’t the end. Oh no. Then, on the arse, they had a bum flap that was not only bright red but commanded in bright letters that the wearer or the reader must, "Don't Stop Believing".

Have you ever seen anything so spectacular in all your life?

And I know you pretended to be a scrooge about it, but not only were your children lit up with joy at how fun they found these ridiculous clothes to be, it also turned into a giant family sing-along. And we all know how much you love a big family sing-along.

Especially since you’re feeling so much better after passing off Gabriel and Dylan to me that you had enough energy to dance around a bit while we all sang.

I usually go on and on about how these holidays or the eves before the holiday make me feel. I could do that. We have a brand new grandson snuggled up in his own tiny set of pajamas. A new son enjoying his first Christmas with us, finally having passed out in a bit of a sugar coma after his Grampy Lulu let him sneak way too many sweets. Another grandchild on the way, healthy and cozy in our Eris - who seems to be thriving during her pregnancy. We have three brand new lives on the way to joining our family. And through it all, you and I have each other.

But I think picturing our entire enormous crazy wonderful family dancing around in ridiculous clothes to make the youngest of the group happy, singing and hugging, laughter ringing out, I have to end with that because I can't think of anything more perfect.

Merry Christmas My Love,
Harry
Sunday December 25th
My dearest love,

Since a few of us are too pregnant to want to go anywhere - and yes, I realize that I'm now 'normal' pregnant and have been to rituals while pregnant before, I don't care, I'm still recovering! Anyway, since I didn't want to go anywhere, rather than go to the Hogwarts Yule ritual (which was technically while we were in the hospital anyway), we all just planned to have the kids come home this year.

As I understand it, my parents and their kids that have already graduated actually took all our kids to the ritual to keep them preoccupied while we were in the hospital. But where I was going with this is that *all* our kids are home at the moment, and we're having a lovely day so far.

It started up with me waking up in a decent mood just in time for the traditional Christmas morning walk. Yes, we ALL bundled up with a fuck load of warming charms and went for a walk down the road past our muggle neighbors, and actually had a chance to stop and chat with our local farmer - who is positively DELIGHTED that we've been ordering more than ever lately.

Then we came back to eat a veritable feast for breakfast - a full English fry up with everything including tomatoes and beans. I have to admit, now that the elves have gotten the recipe for baked beans from Molly, I really like them, whereas before, I kind of had to be in the right mood for beans.

After our family breakfast, we FINALLY (according to our littlest) gave in and opened presents. I lost all track of who gave what to who. In fact, due to my extreme brain fog while shopping, I'm not even certain what ***I*** gave anyone. Except you, I remember quite clearly that I gave you that, erm, thing, you really wanted. That thing thing.

Anyway, it really is more fun for me to watch the kids open presents than to open them myself, and even though we have EVERYTHING we could ever want or need, you still got me something. Actually, at this point, the present you got me is going to come in handy for both of us.

You bought a REALLY nice massage table, and then had Aya magic it with her lovely custom spells so that it can comfortably accommodate pregnant bellies. Plus spells to prevent falling off if one should happen to roll over in one's sleep. That just means that if I reach the too tired to get through the day stage again, I'll have this cozy little nest like table to lay on - which takes the weight of the pregnancy off the back - and just nap until I feel refreshed again.

I also promise to NOT sleep on the table instead of in bed with you each night.

Oh! Speaking of us in bed, I positively LOVED how we spent an hour or so in our playroom last night. Sure, it's still awkward to shag while very pregnant, but at least neither of us are so big that it's impossible. We just need to be creative about positioning, such as 69, which worked well enough. As did the whipping X - which we were able to adjust so that it didn't put any pressure on your bump while I spanked you.

Sweet buggering Merlin! It's been nearly two DECADES and I still feel like I could shag you a hundred times a day - were we not both pregnant and parenting a million kids, hahaha.

But back to the family gathering. It was pure, wonderful chaos! My parents were naturally there, but so were my siblings, ALL our kids - including Miles and his family; and Beatrix, Finn, and Blake. Tiger and Viper were here with their kids, meaning Viper's four, their two, and Tiger's River and Viona.
Side note, his Viona STILL seems to have a bit of an attitude against OUR Viona. I think that being raised so many years in a rather strict private school, has made her hard in a way that's just never going to soften. I feel a little bad for her, and actually gave our Viona a long hug and kiss on the cheek because I inadvertently imagined her having the childhood she COULD have had - had Olivia not given her up and we adopted her.

Viona rolled her eyes and shook her head in amusement before going back to sit on a chair so close to Alric that she may as well've just sat in his lap. They chattered on about the Import Export business (named Port Malfoy) he's running. Apparently, he's having a blast and doing really well with it.

Delphini was rather grumpy, now that she's 33 weeks pregnant and growing impatient for it to be over already. Part of it is the fact that she's been holding Rafael as much as possible, cooing over him and tickling his little toes, and part of it is that she's carrying her boy OUT - much like you did with Orion.

I find it inappropriately amusing that as much as Delphini SAID that she didn't want anything from my brother as the father, she's been nagging at him like they've been married for 30 years. "Sebastian, get me a pillow for behind my back! Sebastian, rub my bloody feet! Sebastian, brew me a mild pain relief potion!"

"OI!!! I'M NOT YOUR BLOODY BOYFRIEND, GET YOUR OWN DAMN STUFF!!!"

Sebastian roared even as he conjured up a plump pillow and shoved it roughly behind her back.

So... Were you as surprised as I was by the DRAMA?

Perhaps I SHOULD have seen this coming, at least partially. Sirius and Leah DID actually have a brief relationship. So, it makes a bit of sense that he might still occasionally have a booty call with her, despite trying to have real boyfriends here and there over the years. I think he's either just so set in his ways that he can't quite change enough to keep a partner happy. OR MAYBE he had a one true love already and just can't quite get over him (or her).

I imagine that if you were no longer in my life, I might TRY to find love again, but I'm also dead certain that I would NEVER find someone else I want to actually live with and marry, and NONONO! NO MORE KIDS!!! I don't care if I was suddenly soulmate bonded to a woman who'd never had kids and wanted some, NO!!!!!

But back to Sirius. So it seems that Leah was a bit oblivious, so focused on OUR kids (helping Jaz with speech therapy and homework in general, tutoring Zaire as necessary, and then keeping a sharp eye on Shtara at all times during the play), that she just never noticed that she was pregnant. To be fair, she doesn't really look it. Apparently she found out this morning and came out to cry about it to the whole family.

"YOU GODDAMN BASTARD!!!" She wailed, sobbing as if he'd just murdered the love of her life. He looked utterly baffled. "YOU SELFISH PRICK! ***FORGETTING*** TO USE THE PROTECTION SPELLS AND GETTING ME UP THE DUFF, I SHOULD BLOODY WELL MURDER YOU!!!"

"WAIT JUST A MINUTE NOW!" He roared in protest. "WE HAVEN'T BEEN TOGETHER IN ***MONTHS*** SIX AT THE VERY LEAST!!! AND I BLOODY WELL ***CAST*** THE MERLIN DAMNED PROTECTION SPELLS!!!"

"FIVE AND A HALF, YOU ARSEHOLE! WHICH IS THE LAST AND ***ONLY*** BUGGERING TIME I SHAGGED ***ANYONE*** IN NEARLY TWO BLOODY YEARS!!!
"OI! THIS IS ***NOT*** MY BLOODY FAULT! I BLOODY ***CAST*** THE BUGGERING PROTECTION SPELLS!!"

"WELL IT CERTAINLY ISN'T MY BLOODY FAULT!!!" Leah roared indignantly. "SINCE IT WAS ***YOU*** THAT GOT BORED AND ASKED ME OUT DANCING UNTIL WE BOTH GOT TIPSY AND CAME BACK TO ***YOUR*** ROOM AND KNOCKED ME THE FUCK UP!!"

I'm pretty sure we'd all asked our elves to serve us popcorn by that point and were silently watching in awe. I think you may have attempted to cast silencing spells on our youngest ones' ears, but since Leah was habitually signing everything she said, they all understood it anyway. Tiger was doing his best to cover BOTH of his youngest kids' ears, and curl them into him so that they couldn't read the signs, but I saw them both watching from under his arms anyway.

As shocking as the argument was - and it was plenty shocking - it had NOTHING on what came next.

Pippa marched over and punched Sirius so hard that he went tumbling a full circle before landing flat on his back. "YOU FUCKING WANKER!!! WHEN YOU TALKED ***ME*** INTO THAT ONE OFF, YOU Sware UP AND DOWN THAT YOU CAST THE PROTECTION SPELLS, BUT I GOT BLOODY UP THE DUFF ANYWAY!!!"

"I ***DID*** CAST THE SPELLS!!!"

"Do you suppose you simply don't remember how to cast them correctly?" Sebastian wondered from where he was watching this whole scene play out with almost maniacal interest.

"OF COURSE I BLOODY REMEMBER!!!" Sirius roared as he slowly rolled over and gingerly picked himself back up. He then stood there rubbing his jaw and neck until my mother took pity on him and cast a healing spell from where she was sitting with a smirk of amusement.

"THEN WHY THE FUCK ARE WE ***BOTH*** PREGNANT WITH YOUR CHILD?!?!?!?" Pippa demanded fiercely. Apparently she WAS content with being a single mother of a one-off baby until now, because she'd never once hinted that this was even a possibility.

"I DON'T BLOODY FUCKING ***KNOW*** WHAT HAPPENED, BUT I ***KNOW*** I CAST THE MERLIN CURSED SPELLS!!!" Sirius insisted.

You interrupted what would have been shouted next by laughing. Everyone nearly sprained their necks whipping to look at you. Sirius looked mildly offended that you were laughing at him at a time like this, but also, seemed to appreciate that your father would almost certainly be laughing his arse off if he were here.

"Is it possible that YOUR MAGIC purposely failed - despite casting the spells correctly - for almost the exact reason you told me recently? That YOUR magical inheritance - and I'm not talking head of the family or the Black vault or anything like that - but your actual MAGIC is trying to pass on its legacy?"

We all seemed to stop and think that over for a few moments of glorious silence.

"Er..." Sirius murmured uncertainly, because none of us knew for sure IF that was even possible. That said, it DOES rather explain things.
Both Pippa and Leah sighed and apparently decided that he might possibly deserve the benefit of the doubt. They walked over to a free loveseat and sat down to discuss how this was going to work now that they knew they were carrying siblings. With the drama now over for the moment, Sirius left the room - probably to think things through as well - and Viper followed him to give him an ear to listen and a shoulder to cry on if necessary.

And so, that's how our lovely day took an interesting turn before smoothing back out again and ending with the two of us snuggled in bed with MOST of our kids piled around us while we watched cheesy Christmas movies.

Where there is desire there is gonna be a flame, where there is a flame someone's bound to get burned, but just because it burns doesn't mean you're gonna die, you gotta get up and try try try, Draco
Monday December 26, 2016

My Gift,

Well, another Christmas season in the books. And another one well spent I'd say.

You know that while we have certain times in their childhood where we may spend more time with one child over another, or have more in common with certain children, I love each of them the same amount. Which I would say is roughly "all of the love." Not really sure how I can love soon to be nineteen (plus) people, each with my entire heart. I could run that idea through my mind forever and not come up with an answer. I could also drive myself mad, so I should probably avoid thinking too deeply on it.

But for me this holiday season, my absolute favorite part was having my River home to celebrate with us. He'd been moved out of our home for a while by the time he married and moved. Just like Elena, he wanted his own space and the ability to fly with his own wings. But he was still close by. I could pop over to his spa for lunch, he could come to dinner every night if he wanted, and when I randomly wanted to talk to him during the day I didn't have to figure out the time change and worry I might end up calling him in the middle of the night.

Somehow I thought him living so far away wouldn't really be all that different with our ability to talk whenever and the ease of travel magic affords us. Nope. I miss my sweet boy like I'd miss a limb if it were gone. But I'm so proud of him being brave enough to start over somewhere so far away. And I am so happy that he has found the love of his life and knew he had to move so she could follow her own dreams.

We raised a pretty amazing young man.

It was really great that he and Maha came home for the holidays. I wouldn't have blamed them if they had wanted to spend their first one together in their own home. I would have been devastated! But I would have understood. I would have been very careful to only cry about it when he wasn't able to witness it happening. They seemed to be happy to come here but they are definitely heading home before New Year's Eve so they can have a big shindig with their friends out there and ring in the New Year a bit more like a newlywed couple than part of an asylum.

Our "smaller" crowd yesterday at home was wonderful, but you know how much I look forward to Boxing Day at the Burrow every year. And as usual, it didn't disappoint.

I have to say though, I am so thrilled we all chipped in and forced Molly and Arthur to expand the House a few years ago. Six kids, one extra kid, nine spouses, and I believe it is thirty-nine collective grandkids—might as well be grandkids—and great grandkids. And we almost always have a couple extra stragglers in there; some years Miles and family come or Finn, Bea, and Blake - Teddy and Andromeda usually come - and often the older grandkids will bring friends or
significant others (such as Alric). That is a LOT of people to try and pack into one home.

We have a massive Manor and when everyone gets together, it can feel crowded. The Burrow was meant to be a cozy home, not an event venue. I thought Molly would put her very stubborn foot down and refuse the help, but I think we were all pleasantly surprised when she just went with it. She even laughed and said "You children are the ones creating this mob, you might as well help make some room for them all!"

I'm quite pleased with how it turned out. The original structure stands as is, but there is a nice sitting room and entrance off the back where the living room was that opens into a massive additional structure. It's like the event venue I mentioned them not having, but cozier. Comfortable couches and chairs scattered artfully around the room. Easily mobile for when we want to move all the seats around something like the tree for gift opening, but can be put elsewhere if we want smaller more intimate areas for mingling. It has a nice big play area off to one side so the littles can have something to do where the adults can still keep an eye on them.

But my favorite part is the wall of pictures. At one point during some party, I had dragged Molly into our room and showed her OUR wall of portraits. She fell in love and it was the one thing she insisted on when we were having the party room built.

At the end of the evening when the little ones started getting sleepy, I loved carrying Atreyu to look through all the pictures. Not sure why, but I've never made a point of doing so with the one we have at home. Thus he thought it was funny to see his siblings at various ages. But his favorite picture was the one from our wedding. I thought he wouldn't recognize us, as you said it's been almost two decades! We were just babies! But he knew us right away and called us pretty!

He was certainly half right! You are still the prettiest person I've ever seen in my life.

I'm excited to see which group picture from this year Molly decides to add to the wall.

Will she choose the first attempt, where a giggling River and Siri sat in between Atreyu - next to River - and Eris on the other side of Siri, the four of them right in front? You notice the ARSE immediately because River and Sirius couldn't stop laughing. But the smirking Blaise, Elena, Dominique, Lily, Anastacia, and Molly II was a bit more subtle. Which is why, when Molly first made the arse crew shuffle themselves, she let Bedlam continue on for a few more shots.

Neville, Angelina, Kisa, and YOU snapped up Eris awfully quickly when Molly made them swap around. All of you having fantastic poker faces meant there were also a lot of attempts that ended up NAKED.

We had a SCAMP, a FRANK (oddly enough using Fred and not Frank), our Weasley family picture also included a PRANK. When Persephone tried attempting a PRAT was when I think we could all tell Molly was hitting the end of her rope. She might not murder anyone, but I was pretty sure she was going to start taking away pudding privileges. I'm just glad no one has a W name because I really do think Molly would have cast some really uncomfortable hexes if we'd been able to pull off WANKER.

So that's when we went with the original (nice) plans and called out for everyone to "hit your marks!"

Some of us were just randomly placed, mature people sitting next to the naughtiest to keep an eye on them. But the very front row was …

Atreyu, Lily, Lucy … Tatyana, Hazel, Elena … Louis, Orion, Viona, Eris
Now, I am going to get some sleep. It was exhausting trying to hide my vomiting from a big group of people all day. I really thought starting the pregnancy from the end of the second trimester would mean I'd avoid the nausea. Haha! Nope!

Yours,
Harry

P.S. Don't think we are not going to Siriusly discuss the pregnant Pippa and Leah situations! I just wanted to avoid drama after how wonderful today was. I can't wait to freak out about it tomorrow though!

Tuesday December 27th
My wonderful husband who is still willing to be silly with me,

Yesterday's photoshoot was lovely, but my favorite part of the day has to be when we came home. We tucked all the littles into various places to sleep (meaning that they ALL wanted to sleep in the stables with *their* horses, unicorns, and thestrals), and let the middles and bigs do whatever they wanted so long as it didn't burn down the Manor.

Then the two of us went to our play room to play. I had certainly intended to spank you - as I KNOW you always want - and you had intended to get on your knees and worship me (as I almost always want), but that's not exactly what happened.

It was rather embarrassing! After all these years of being married to you, I still don't particularly like the fact that my body occasionally makes strange noises or... aromas... I always try to walk away a bit or go to the loo when I think it might happen. And if I can't get away in time, I try to cast silencing spells and air freshening spells.

But to my mortification, being pregnant is always a time when I not only CAN'T cast such spells, but my body does these things without warning. So I erm… made a rather loud... noise. So loud that it sounded a bit like a fog horn.

Naturally, YOU found this hilarious and were just HOWLING with laughter, which I did NOT appreciate. I WAS going to grab the Naughty Control and use it to cast a spell to quickly tie you up so I could punish you, but your face turned green so abruptly that I thought you were going to faint. Instead, you rapidly conjured a bucket and filled it with some of that excellent feast we ate. Now far more sympathetic than upset, I rubbed your back and hummed soothingly. At that point, sexy playing just didn't seem likely. Instead - once the bout of nausea had passed and Dibly had popped in to give you a stomach settling potion - I decided to try to cheer you up by tickling you.

Of course, you were NOT about to just let me get away with tickling you, so you tickled me in return, prompting me to try to get away, but all that really accomplished was us both tripping over and into the bed. Once in bed, we continued our feather light assault on each other, rolling and wrestling around until our laughter faded to kisses and wanking each other to a lovely conclusion.

What could have been traumatizing enough to send me to my closet to stroke my Komboloi for the night ended up being really wonderful and amazing. Especially when we simply held each other and drifted off to sleep.

But now it's 'morning' and I'm rather eager to find you and see if you are hungry enough to have breakfast with me. Now that I can eat again (not a lot, but still more than just a week ago), I want
to enjoy every bite while smiling at your gorgeous face.

All my love and more,
Draco
Chapter 99

Chapter Summary

An unexpected visitor pisses Harry off.

Chapter Notes

*** Trigger warning *** Draco has a vision that includes an open case of a missing child and all the traumas that can entail

Wednesday December 28th
My Love,

If I can't laugh at disgusting bodily functions with my husband, then what's the point of it all? Honestly, I have been inside of you … a lot. I have been there when children were removed from inside your abdomen. You and I have been in the loo at the same time, getting ready while the other one uses the toilet. How is hearing you pass gas possibly any worse than being in the same room while you pass the stuff that didn't make it into gas?

I sicked up and that is obviously much more disgusting than a little stinky air.

We so often have nights of lovemaking that are intense. Painful but orgasmic. Hot and sweaty, screaming and moaning, just insanely hot. And then there are nights where it's slow and sweet, we stare into each others eyes and I feel like I can see into your soul. Our bodies feel like they were two parts of a whole that finally came back home.

But those nights where we fall into bed laughing, tickling each other, or teasing each other. Where I call you "Malfoy!" in the same way I did when we were teenaged arseholes, and you call me "Potter!" with the sharp P and a sneer on your face. When we try a new position and our sweaty skin makes us slip and fall, or I get a glance of us in the mirror and the reflection makes it much less sexy than it feels. And I fall more and more in love with you.

You're my passionate love. You're my soulmate. But you're also my best friend. And if you can't be a lunatic with your best friend then who can you be a lunatic with?

Speaking of lunatics … what's going on with Sirius?!?

Good segue yeah?

I know, not one of my best, but these little guys are stealing all of my intelligence right now. You might get foggy and forget things but I feel like I need a calculator to figure out how many socks I need at a given moment.

Or maybe trying to wrap my mind around the magic/one-off/pregnancy situation is what's using all of my brain function.
So, first I thought maybe he just completely forgot HOW to cast a protection spell. I mean, for the most part he's been shagging a lot more men than women, and it's so unlikely for a man to get pregnant on accident.

How many accidental pregnancies have we had so far? Three? Four? I've lost track.

Anyway, not only does he tend to swing to the male side of his bisexuality, but he's also more likely to sleep with muggles than witches or wizards. He hates the notoriety his name gets him, used to be a playboy, then was a murderer, then an escaped convict, then he was dead, and now he's the guy who came back from the dead.

I wonder what it's like having a notorious name?

He pretty much finds it easier to have one-offs with muggles because they don't know him, he's just a fit guy. The few people in the wizarding world he's shagged, as far as I know, has been limited to Pippa, Leah, and Viper. And whether it's a preference or because of his trauma, but Viper is very rarely a "catcher" anyway. As far as I know, he's only willing to catch for his husband.

Hell of a pitcher though.

I figured the Black line hurting for an heir would be the only reason his magic would go all wonky. After we found out about Pippa AND Leah, Sirius went to Gringott's to see if there was any weirdness going on. Like maybe Eris being pregnant made her fall from being the official heir. Nope, Miss Eris Lyra Malfoy is still the next in line according to all the goblin's tests.

When I was giving you and your family a hard time about their ridiculous inheritance rules; the biological aspect, needing to be magical, etcetera, I didn't realize it was more than a matter of following the traditions of ancient arseholes. That Magic herself had a say in it all. I have always thought of magic as this natural resource, a beautiful gift from the Earth that I'm thankful for, but essentially a mindless tool to use by my will.

But from what Sirius told me about the Potter line, and the Potter Magic, it is practically sentient. If anything, WE are Magic's tools and we dance along to Her music. But if Sirius was really casting the protection spells, and why would he lie? He's a well off, handsome man, who's famous. If he really wanted a child, he wouldn't have to trick two people he knows and cares about into carrying one. So if the spells were cast, the only other answer that makes any sense is that the Black family Magic wanted a continue.

Now I have a million and one questions. What does this mean for magical theory? Has there been extensive testing on Magic's sentience and I've just never heard of it because my education was subpar? It brings up questions of fate versus destiny versus free will. Are we actually magical or did Magic just choose her puppets to play along?

I can't stop thinking about it. I can't stop coming up with new questions and paths I want the questioning to go down. Is this what it's like being in Hermione's brain all the time?

Scary.

I think I'm going to go drown my brain in ice cream.

Yours,
Harry
My beloved Harry,

I'm a tiny bit exhausted.

But before I get into our day, let me just back up a bit and state for the record that all these years later and you can still be a bit oblivious, hahaha. Yes, we HAVE shared the loo many a time, but you apparently didn't notice that the majority of those times are YOU using the loo while I look in the mirror so I can moisturize my face - or whichever part of my routine I'm doing. It is very very rare that ***I*** do business other than weeing with you in the bathroom, and if I absolutely have to because it's a bit of an emergency and I just can't wait for you to finish whatever you're doing, I always cast silencing and air freshening spells so that at the very least, ***I*** can pretend that you're assuming that I'm just weeing and too tired to stand up for it.

In any case, I know it's neurotic, but I just can't stand the thought that you associate my arse with anything other than shagging. Logically, I know that you know other business happens back there, but I do try my very best to ignore that fact and just pretend it doesn't.

That said, I will admit that us laughing and playing like kids the other night because of my rude bodily function was a memory that I'll probably cherish until I die. Ironic and incongruent, I know, but there it is. Shrugs.

Moving on.

So today, we were having a lovely and rather lazy day. All our kids were busy doing their own things - our younger ones happily entertaining Tatyana, Misha, and Tristan. Meaning that they were all out in the stables giving the equines so much love and attention that one or two of the horses might find themselves moving to Russia soon, haha.

Meanwhile, we adults were having tea. This means that you, me, my parents, Sirius, Pippa, Leah, Elena, Eliza, Della, Delphini, and Sebastian were, ahem, quietly and civilly debating things like the current Quidditch standings, possible candidates for Minister for Magic should Kingsley decide to retire, how deplorable the official - vague - sex ed in Hogwarts is, and:

"I still say that we should just TELL the muggles! We could help them with so many things! Potions for the common cold being the very least we can do," you argued.

"Don't be stupid!" My father countered. "If we TOLD the muggles about our kind, they'd have massive witch hunts - just like in the old days!"

"They might not, dad," Della stated speculatively. "So-called 'witchcraft' is a valid and legal religion in Britain these days. If our kind came out as real, I think we'd have more support from muggles than hate."

"Well now you're just being bloody naïve!" Dad roared. "Oh sure, we'd have those with enough brains to suck up to us like leaches for any bit of magical help we are willing to give, but even if 90 percent of muggles were on our side, that remaining 10 percent would secretly hunt us all down and murder us in cold blood, and don't think for a second they wouldn't!"

My mother demurely sipped her tea before sighing morosely. "I fear your father is right. This exact thing HAS been tried several times over the millennia, and there's a REASON for the Statute of Secrecy. Muggles cannot be trusted to know our secret."

"They are largely too stupid and boorish to know about magic!" Dad practically shouted, clearly
having strong feelings on this subject. "At best, they'd want us to do all sorts of magic for them, and all the while, they'd be plotting to destroy this thing they cannot control!"

"YOU'RE NOT GIVING MUGGLES ENOUGH CREDIT!!" Della rebutted passionately.

"AND YOU'RE THE DAUGHTER OF A WOMAN WHO TORTURED MUGGLES FOR FUN WHENEVER SHE GOT THE CHANCE! YOU'RE THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF A MAN WHO ONCE OR TWICE DID THE SAME THING!!! YOU REALLY THINK MUGGLES ARE GOING TO WANT ***YOU*** TO BE THEIR FRIEND?!?!?!" Dad shouted, standing up, his hand slammed on the table, as he stared Della down.

"IT'S NOT LIKE ***THEY*** KNOW THAT!" You yelled, defending our little sister.

As I said, a fairly normal conversation in our house. It probably would have gone on like this for quite some time - we DO love expressing our opinions after all - but one of our veritable army of house elves popped in just then to announce that we had a visitor come through the main floo for unannounced guests - right off the entryway, behind secure wards in case they were unwelcome.

"Masters and Mistresses, a Mr. Gawain Robards to see Master Draco."

"Mother fucking son of a bitch!" You exclaimed in dismay. "What does HE want?!"

I laughed and kissed your hand. "Only one way to find out," I murmured before gesturing for the elf to bring him to us.

A moment later, Robards strode toward us from where the elf had popped him into the room. "Malfoy, I HATE to do this, but I am more concerned with her safety than anything else. Thus, I need your help." He thrust a small stuffed dog into my hands.

You stood up very abruptly, and then winced as your bump protested the quick movement. Pressing a hand to your abdomen, you glared at Robards. "WHO gave you permission to use my husband however you like?!!"

But it was too late, a vision had overtaken me swift and clear.

"I'm standing in a child's room, a little girl's room? There's a LOT of stuffed animals, a small table with a tea set, and a few dolls. I assume this is a girl's room, but it could easily be a boy's. Perhaps a shared room for littles of both genders. In any case, it's dark and... there's a child sleeping in the small bed. Upon a second look around, there's only one bed, and so, not as likely to be a shared bedroom.

"The child is sleeping peacefully, and then the door opens slowly. Silently. A man enters the room; he's wearing all black and sticking to the shadows. He mutters a spell, and based on the color of the spell and the fact that it didn't seem to do anything overt to the child, I'm thinking a sleeping spell. He looks through the door to be certain no one is out there, and then strides over to the bed. Very gently, he pulls aside the covers and scoops the girl - based off her long pink 'my little pony' nightgown - into his arms and cradles her carefully as he turns to leave the room.

"I'm this little stuffed dog as I follow them. It seems to be late at night as all the open doors they pass show sleeping occupants. An older girl. A teen boy. A couple that must be their parents.

"Still as silently as possible, the darkly clothed man sneaks out of the house. Outside on the street just beyond a little gate, he pauses to look back at the house and cast wards. A standard array of home protection wards. I can only guess that he had disabled them to begin with and is now putting them back up so that the family thinks nothing is wrong."
"That much is true," Robards interjected. "The parents are frantic, thinking that their little girl must have accidentally got out of the house and got lost in the nearby woods. We've searched every millimeter of those small woods, but her presence must have been magically erased, because they can't find anything newer than a few days prior to the disappearance. Not even the trail leading out of the house. And there's no trace of anyone else entering the house either."

I could tell that he was talking more to himself than anything, which was fine because I had a bit of a wait while I followed the man carrying the girl. As he walked, I was able to describe scenery and any turns he took. I can't be certain where this is, but it reminds me a bit of Ottery St. Catchpole. It's a rural - nearly suburban - area that is primarily muggle with a good bit of wizarding families making up the population.

Beautifully, and very unlike most of my visions, this one walked me right past the man's address as he turned into his yard, and then into his house. That said, the vision ended abruptly as the wards around the house presumably prevented whatever magic allows me to see these things from following any farther.

"Right!" Robards called out grimly. "We've been looking for this girl since the morning of the 26th. For all we know, she could very well be dead and buried by now, but I'M going to assume that she's still alive and in need of a rescue. Which means that I'll be raiding that address. Are you coming, Malfoy?"

"Of course!" I stated as I stood up and handed the stuffed dog back to him.

"*Draco...*" You growled softly. "You. are. PREGNANT..."

I sighed. "Look, I'm not going to be anywhere near that house. I'm going to be safely tucked inside the Ministry, standing over my interactive map as my drones map the place out and let me know who is inside. I'll be coordinating the Aurors Robards brings with him. Rather then waste time arguing this, just come with me and see for yourself that I'm fine and safe."

You stood up and grabbed my hand as if I was planning to Apparate away without you. "Try and stop me!"

Smiling, I gave you a kiss before turning to look at Robards. "We'll floo over to my office in a tic, but you can feel free to Apparate away now and not waste another second waiting for us."

He nodded and turned to Apparate away on the spot.

My father looked ready to throttle me and my mother sighed in defeat. "Why must you always be so concerned for others, Draco?" She wondered.

I gave her a light glare. "Would you prefer I just let this little girl stay kidnapped?"

She shook her head. "All I'm saying is that you've done the most important part."

My father nodded in agreement. "There's no need to concern yourself further."

I turned my frosty glare on him. "Tough, I'm doing it and there's nothing you can do to stop me."

Della and Eliza stood up and kissed me on the cheeks. "Good luck! For what it's worth, WE'RE proud of you."

"We never said we weren't proud!" My parents protested in unison.
"Just... worried..." mum finished.

With a kiss to her cheek, I dragged you off to the nearest floo.

Once in the Ministry, we made a very necessary detour to the loo on the way to my office, where I grabbed my drones and other tech before heading off to the designated command center. Surprisingly quickly, the Aurors that Robards called in started arriving. I handed out my drones and helped them gear up as quickly as possible, giving reminders as necessary.

Tim (my timid mouse) was clearly jittery and nervous as this is his first raid after JUST making it as an Auror. I took him aside and let him know that he didn't need to be so concerned. There were going to be thick layers of wards to prevent all magic - and that because there was only one criminal (so far as we knew), and over a dozen Aurors going in, he was going to be instrumental in securing one of the exits so that if the wizard managed to fight his way past everyone else, I would know someone capable of taking him down without magic will be able to stop him.

This seemed to give Tim confidence because he nodded at me solemnly and vowed to be a credit to the department.

I think you were a bit amazed at how quickly they mustered and headed out. The entire team was going to Apparate to a designated point in town (the parents' house, I'm almost certain), and then carefully spread out and surround the crime scene without triggering any wards. This means that the ward specialists are going to be doing their jobs long before anyone else even gets close to the house.

I instructed the team to send out about half of the drones to map the area surrounding the crime scene, so that I could keep track off all the innocents that could potentially stumble into our path and inadvertently delay us. Part of the wards that were going to be set up were wards to keep everyone else in their house and not interested in us or what we were doing.

To your profound relief, this raid was conducted simply and easily. Once everything was ready and everyone was in place, more drones were let loose, mapping out the actual crime scene. I quickly determined that the only people in that house were the girl and the criminal. So, I gave the go ahead to Robards and Roche to head through the front and back entrances. Their teams were to secure the various rooms - ensuring that my drones didn't miss someone using evasive magic - while the rookies guarded the entrances to prevent escape (or innocents from wandering into the crime scene, despite wards to prevent it).

With everything so well trained and following protocol I'd helped refine over the years, it was a bit like a well-oiled machine. Aurors slowly secured every room in the house (including the basement and attic) before finally bursting in on the room where the man was in the process of battering the poor girl.

You burst out crying as the camera contacts gave us a clear picture of the crime. We could hear (via the ear buds) the criminal demand to know what was going on as he was roughly pulled away from the girl and placed under arrest. We could hear the girl whimpering faintly, and honestly, she was looking about half dead.

Your Rage Halo sprouted at nearly full force, but I grabbed you and shook you hard.

"Stop it!" I commanded in possibly my hardest, sternest, most steely voice. "This is why I hoped you'd elect to stay behind! We CANNOT afford you to waste your magic right now!"

"Some things are worth the drain," you growled stubbornly.
I gave you a soft and tender kiss - the complete opposite of my entire demeanor. "Oi, stop it. Calm the fuck down, pull on your capable of dealing with any trauma or crisis face, and then go call Rowe and ask her to meet the Aurors at that address. They have medics on hand, but I have a feeling they're going to need a powerful Healer there."

You closed your eyes and took a deep breath. Your Halo wavered before disappearing. Opening your eyes, you nodded. "Right."

You turned to leave, but I grabbed your arm to stop you. "Don't allow this to enrage you enough to put our babies at even the slightest risk. There is NO bloody sense in wasting your magic and potentially harming two children when we've already rescued a beautiful little girl that WILL have a good future - once she's had therapy and recovered from her trauma."

You nodded but didn't say anything.

I stroked your hair and rested our foreheads together. "I love you more than the rest of the world put together."

You kissed me and even your breathing seemed calmer. "I love you too. I promise, I'll call Rowe and return to your side without doing anything stupid."

You walked out of the room, pulling your Magi-mobile out and locating Rowe's contact details as you went. I returned my attention to the raid, which was now more or less over. Roche had already returned to the Ministry with the criminal and two teams of Senior Aurors to watch his every move. Robards was with the medics in the field hospital tent they'd erected during the raid.

"Robards, I sent Harry off to call Healer Rowe. I reckon she'll be needed," I informed him.

His video feed bobbed up and down as he must have nodded in agreement. "Understood."

Around a full minute later, Rowe popped in - the anti-Apparation wards having been taken down once the criminal was apprehended. A medic recognized her instantly.

"Perfect timing, Rowe! We wanted to avoid bringing her to St. Mungo's if possible in an effort to get her back to her parents as soon as we can, but she's a bit beyond our abilities."

Rowe performed an array of scans. She paled. "She's bleeding internally and needs emergency magi-surgery, but I'm not certain she'll survive the trip back to Mungo's. I don't need anything other than a sterile environment and a few assistants, do I have that here?"

"You do, ma'am," they assured her.

Nodding in acceptance, Rowe cast sanitation spells on her hands and arms, insisting that everyone do the same - even though they already had. No harm in being extra sanitized.

As she used a precise cutting hex to begin the surgery, it occurred to me to wonder why you hadn't returned to my side, as promised. I felt the blood drain from my face and my heart drop into my stomach. I hastily let Robards know that since the raid was over, I was 'going offline,' and then I ran out of the command center, PRAYING that I found you before you did anything too taxing on your magic.

To my relief, you were simply down the hall, in a little alcove, sipping on a cup of coffee. I'm dead certain that had you been a smoker, you would have been inhaling a cigarette. I nearly fainted in relief, forcing myself to remain calm as I walked over to you and put my arms around you.
"I love you," I reiterated, holding you tight.

"I called Katja over tonight. She'll be at ours in about an hour," you said.

I nodded. "Please call Yesenia for me? I just have a bit of paperwork - well actually, I'm certain that Pippa is in my office reviewing footage and compiling my report for me. I just need to go review it and sign off on it. It shouldn't take more than 20 minutes, and then I can come home. Do you need to wait for me, or would you rather go on ahead and snuggle our littles in an attempt to reassure yourself that most of the world is still a good place?"

"I'll go on home. Snuggling sounds brilliant. I'll see if I can't get ALL our kids to pile on top of me. Maybe even invite our dogs, my cat, and your bloody cheetahs. It's nearly impossible to be depressed when you have adorable animals trying to cheer you up."

I chuckled. "That it is." Then we kissed for at least five minutes, before Robards actually popped into the Ministry and passed us on his way to his office.

"For Merlin's sake! Go do that at home!" He commanded.

Smiling, you gave me one last kiss goodbye before heading off to the nearest floo. I chuckled all the way to my office as I walked next to Robards. He shook his head at me, and then sighed morosely.

"Hell of a day, huh?"

I nodded in agreement. "But it could have been so much worse. He could have murdered her ages ago. Instead, we saved her life. Or... will have done by the time Rowe finishes with her."

"True," he stated, sounding just a hair better.

"Go see your Mind Healer," I advised as we arrived at my office and I ducked in while he continued on.

"We'll see," he murmured, giving me a terse wave goodbye.

After that, I helped Pippa finish up my paperwork, signed off on it, and then sat down and wrote this email. Now I'm ready to sign off and come home to you so that we can have our individual Mind Healing sessions (unless you'd prefer a joint one), and then we can snuggle up in bed and let all the loves of our life cheer us up. Maybe while watching a movie?

My love for you overwhelms me so much that I almost can't breathe, and yet, I could never live without it,

Draco
Friday December 30, 2016

My Heart and Soul,

I think you are less than pleased with me right now. I feel badly that we're arguing. I hate that you feel like I'm trying to control you. I wish there was something I could do or say to make you realize that I'm not in any way trying to get you to be someone different. I'm quite proud of you. I don't want you to quit your raiding and auroring and all that.

Okay, that is a lie, a part of me has wanted you to quit from the first moment you began. But I don't FULLY want you to quit because I know how much joy and satisfaction it gives you. I know that you are stuck on feeling like you have to spend the rest of your life atoning for the sins of your youth. I HATE that you feel that way. You have gone so far and above anything you could have done in restitution that it's laughable.

Again, I don't think you need to atone, but I understand your need to attempt it. So, because doing these good deeds is so good for your emotional well-being I would never ask you to truly give it up unless I thought you weren't feeling fulfilled with it anymore.

Me wanting you to quit, or wanting you to slow down, or trying to control you is not what this fight is about. Me no longer being willing to allow Robards in my home is not about you.

Seriously.

No, I'm Sirius. Shut up Sirius! Now is not the time! Read the room before you make a joke.

I'm very sorry that you think I went behind your back. Well, I'm sorry you're mad about it and I am sorry I went behind your back. But I'm not sorry about the outcome. You seem to think that the end justified the means in Robards' behavior. It did not.

Perhaps I think the end result of my behavior justified the means. I didn't put anyone's safety in danger, I just pissed you off.

I tried bringing it up in the joint part of our mind healing sessions but you kept repeating that all of the actions were worth it because you saved that girl. You know how I feel about children, you know I've spent my adult life trying to make sure as many children as possible are safe, AND if Robards had given you the choice of whether or not to help I would have still been worried about
YOUR safety but I wouldn't have been mad.

But he didn't give you the choice to choose your own safety. He didn't give me the choice to perhaps make sure you were sitting or make sure we had Yesenia on hand to talk to, or give you a nutrient potion or a magic booster before you fell into a vision. He decided for everyone what was most important, and your safety was at the bottom of the list.

I felt you were so focused on the child's rescue that you had blinders on and couldn't see the issues with Robards' behavior. I wasn't about to waste precious time in the session having a big blow-up. So I went around you.

After our joint session we split into individuals. When I finished my solo session with Katja I went to your parents while you were still with Yesenia. I "calmly" explained how strongly I felt about Robards making your well-being a non-priority. I explained that allowing Robards and his complete lack of bodily autonomy in our home meant sending him the message that your body was his to do with as he pleased. Your parents wholly agreed and set the wards to not allow him entry from now on.

Perhaps if he rethinks his behavior and makes it clear that he will no longer physically force you to do his bidding, your parents will set the wards to allow his entry eventually. But for now, if he wants to contact you, he can do so at your office in the ministry, through some form of messaging like owls, floos, or magi-mobile, or he can perhaps send someone in his stead that can grasp the concept that you are not public property.

Maybe Tim because that timid little mouse kicked arse on that raid!

When I finished speaking with Narcissa and Lucius, I was all set to join you and the kids and the animals in our room for an enormous cuddle puddle. But alas, that was not happening. Instead of kisses and cuddles and smooches, I received a very terse "I won't be allowing anyone who tattles to my parents and makes choices for me into this bed."

Now it's the middle of the night. I'm tired, I can't sleep, I'm lonely. I wanted to send this to you so you could possibly see my side of things. I'm not trying to control you, but I don't feel safe having that man in my home. I wanted to send his home address to Grandmama and was very proud of my restraint.

He has spent years preying on your guilt and using you for his own agenda. I don't like him. I hate him in fact. He sees you as expendable and I won't have it. I will sleep in this damn room for the rest of my life if I have to. I don't want someone who doesn't see your value anywhere near the most valuable human being on the planet.

I love you. I miss you.

Yours Always,
Harry

Friday December 30th
Dearest Harry,

You know how early on in our marriage, I said: "Oh hey, I want to have my way with you while you sleep," and you happily agreed, and then I said: "And by the way, I'd like it if you had your way with me while I sleep too," right? Would you expect me to ask you for permission every
single night? Would you expect me to come to bed and say: "I might be horny while you're sleeping, and I might not, I'm not sure yet, but if I am, can I have my way with you?"

You wouldn't expect that because you already gave me prior consent.

I'm NOT mad about it seeming like you trying to control me - although basically banning a friend of mine from the house does feel a bit like trying to tell me who I can and cannot spend my time with. I'm mad because you ASSUME that his actions were unwanted or unconsented to. If I had not wanted to have a vision, I would have told the house elf to ask him what his business was before allowing him access to me. Instead, I assumed that he was here for something exactly like or at least similar to what he came for, and I granted him permission by telling the elf to bring him to me.

You reacted to my decision by jumping to the conclusion that I had no idea what he wanted and thus was caught off guard by his actions. Actions I fully expected. I am FURIOUS that you feel that I did not think all of this through before allowing him fully in the house, and I'm FURIOUS that you are using your unreasonable hate as an excuse to ban someone who did nothing wrong. I'm also FURIOUS that you feel that I don't care about him 'using me' because I am still atoning for the sins of my past.

Fuck you! Did it NEVER occur to you that I do these things STILL because they fulfill me? It may have started as a feeling of guilt and a need to atone, and in fact, that's exactly why I did the original undercover mission that nearly broke our marriage so many years ago, but now... NOW I do it because I enjoy it. It is something few people can do and I am really good at it. It makes me feel good about myself, and makes me feel like long after I'm gone, my name will live on - NOT just because I have a hundred kids to pass it on, but because people will still be talking about that bloke who was a right arsehole but did amazing things such as invent specialized hybrid magi-muggle technology so that the Aurors didn't have to be in such danger when they worked.

But no. Apparently I'm just always going to make you unhappy so long as I'm doing anything at all with the Auror department. So...

I give up. You clearly don't want me to work in any capacity with the Aurors, so I won't. I'll send an owl to Robards in the morning, apologizing for the inconvenience but I really need to quit my position as the Chief of Raids. I'll offer to train someone else in - and actually, I think Fierston has it in him. I'll still need to finish his training, as I made a commitment to train him fully, but other than that, I will have no contact with anyone in the department, and I'll make it known that this includes the combat classes. Rather than come back in nine months to a year, Oleg will continue on until they find the right person to replace him.

In the meantime, I will sit here in bed and do nothing until I have this baby girl, and then I will sit here in bed and do nothing but hold and feed her until she's old enough to wean.

With that decision made, come the fuck back to bed. I'd rather cast the Cruciatius Curse on myself than spend even one more minute attempting to sleep in this bed without you.

Just keep in mind that I won't give up working with Hannah on cold cases, and if you ban her from the house too, I might just - well, I don't like to say it out loud because it's awfully bleak and permanent, but there it is.

Still pissed, but too needy to care,
Draco

P.S. I mean that, I want you in bed and in my arms, but don't be surprised if I can't find any words to speak to you until I'm well rested - and possibly no longer pregnant. Bloody hormones, you
know?
Chapter 101

Chapter Summary

The boys are still mad at each other, but slowly, they’re working it out.

Chapter Notes

I got off work early today and decided that THAT and it being Mothers' Day were excellent reasons to post again ^_^

Friday December 30th
Oi fuck you very much Draco Lucius!

I specifically said I know doing the Auror thing brings you joy and satisfaction. I also said the only way I’d actually want you to quit would be if you weren’t being fulfilled by it. Which obviously implies that I know it does fulfill you.

I also never said you can’t be friends with that obnoxious prick. I did say that he had so many other ways he can talk to you, I named three of them in fact.

I didn’t even say you shouldn’t have had a vision. I’m not saying we weren’t all expecting it. Highlighted by the fact that I was pissed off when he showed up. If I thought there was a muggle’s chance in the wizengamot that it was a social call, I wouldn’t have been pissed.

But it’s never a social call is it with him? You know how Hannah comes to have tea with you or she invited you to her wedding? She’s your friend. You know how Kingsley comes to my marathons and asks you to have a drink with him on occasion when you’re in the ministry? That’s because he’s our friend. Robards does nothing but use you and he’s the only one you allow to do so. Why? What’s so fucking great about fucking Gawain?

And I would never need to ban Hannah. Because she has NEVER thrust something in your arms without asking first. Even when she was trying to talk you into doing more cold cases when you went through that ridiculous phase of trying to never make me the slightest bit upset, she tried talking you into it, she tried pleading with you, she thought you were being stupid, but she went along with your wishes.

HE walked into our home and thrust a vision inducer into your arms. I might fuck your arse raw while you’re sleeping or climb aboard and ride myself to climax, but I at least have the decency to make sure you’re prepped and lubed! Prior consent or not, you’d be FURIOUS if I fucked you dry and you woke up with a shredded up arsehole.

Yeah, you great bloody drama queen, me wanting a simple “Cheerio old chap, can you help me save a kid with one of your visions” is EXACTLY like me telling you I want you to sit in our bed nursing our daughter while you do nothing else for the rest of your life.
I am ridiculously proud of you. You’re fucking brill. You’re an inventor, a potions prodigy, you care more about other people than anyone else I know. You’re good at everything you put your mind to. The Auror department, hell the entire Wizarding world would be losing something amazing if you quit.

I know I talk about not liking it but I DO NOT want you to quit. I just want you to care about yourself half as much as you care about other people. Is that so much to ask? For you to give yourself half the consideration you give anyone else.

And quitting the combat classes? Besides wanting your belly shielded I haven’t said a single word against them except missing you when you’re there. I went out and bought a million ridiculous shirts to make you laugh and think of me when you’re teaching. I sat with a bowl of popcorn and watched you sic our children and your cheetah on your class. What part of that was confusing for you?

I’ll come to bed in a bit. I’m feeling pretty damn needy myself, but I’m so pissed off that I need to go cool off before I come to bed and say something I can’t take back. You know, something soul-crushing like hinting at and threatening to leave you.

But what kind of arsehole would do something like that?

I think I’ll go for a thestral ride. I’ll see you when I get back.

You still have all of my love,
Your Harry

Friday December 30th
SALAZAR DAMNIT!

You know just how to piss me off so that I feel like a bastard for being pissed off!!!

After flying around for at least an hour last night, you FINALLY crawled in bed with me, and since I was still up stewing, I was actually a bit relieved that I'd be able to get some sleep. I glared at you and you glared at me as I pulled you into my arms and gave you a kiss on the temple. Neither of us said a word, and it may have taken a few minutes, but eventually we were both asleep.

Now mind you, this was 2 or 3 am. Come just SIX or SEVEN am, you were already awake again and trying to pull free of me. I hadn't slept NEARLY enough and didn't want to let you go until I had. I was sorely tempted to cast a sleeping spell on you, but I decided that you were already mad enough at me and didn't need another reason.

I let you go and then tossed and turned for about an hour before giving up and going for a very light jog through the halls of the Manor as there's no bloody way in hell that I was going outside in this temperature. As I was running, you were apparently making breakfast with emphatic and somewhat violent movements - such as slamming mixing bowls on the counter and throwing the dirty dishes in the sink.

As I was jogging, if I passed anyone, they'd give me 'helpful' advice.

"Did you try apologizing?" Sebastian asked.

"Fuck you!" I snapped.
A few minutes later.
"Did you try apologizing?" Gavin and Eliza asked.

"Fuck YOU!"

A few minutes later.
"Did you try apologizing?" Our Divas asked.

"FUCK YOU!!!"

A few minutes later.
"Did you try apologizing?" Sirius asked.

"MERLIN'S BLOODY SPHINCTER!!! FUCK RIGHT THE FUCK OFF!!!!"

A few minutes later.

"Did you try apologizing?" My parents asked.

"HOW IN THE BLOODY F**K CAN ***YOU*** BLOODY ASK ME THAT?!!?!? ***I*** DON'T ***NEED*** TO BUGGERING APOLOGIZE AS ***I'M*** NOT THE ONE IN THE WRONG!!! YOU COMPLETE ARSEHOLES!!! IN ***FACT*** ***YOU*** BASTARDS ARE THE ONES WHO TOOK HARRY'S SIDE OVER YOUR OWN BLOODY SON, AND NOW ***I*** HAVE TO DEAL WITH THIS SHITSTORM AND EVERY BUGGERING PERSON IN THIS F**KING HOUSE THINKS THIS IS SOMEHOW ***MY*** FAULT, SO F**KING F**K YOU!!!!"

"He has your mouth," my mother accused my father, who opened his mouth to argue, but couldn't. He gave up with a helpless shrug.

A few minutes later.

"Did you -" Orion began.

"F**K OFF!!!"

"What? All I wanted to know was if you wanted to watch XXXHOLIC with me," he said, giving me a wary look.

"What? Oh... that sounds lovely, actually," I admitted, feeling a bit bad for biting his head off.

"Come on," he bade, grabbing my hand and gently dragging me to the entertainment room. Fairly quickly, the elves had us provisioned with all the snacks, macadamias, and caviar we wanted. I watched the first episode about half way through, it cheering me up because even though I've seen it before, it still makes me laugh.

After eating several crackers spread with caviar, I suddenly felt powerfully drowsy and lay across the sofa with my head in Orion's lap. He seemed to ignore this fact, except that he rested a hand on my head. I have no idea how long I slept, but when I woke up, I felt refreshed and had most of our older kids sitting on the floor in front of the sofa. It seemed to be about a season and a half later, and so, probably at least 6 hours later.

You were nowhere to be seen in the room, but a plate full of garlic lemon biscuits let me know that
you'd popped in at some point. I summoned my laptop and wrote this as I ate the biscuits - which were as excellent as ever.

Now that I'm feeling... better... I'm still angry, but I'm not as likely to snarl at everyone that crosses my path. Probably.

Anyway, I know it seemed a bit hasty and reactive, but I was actually serious. You have always expressed the opinion that you'd rather that I wasn't working with the Aurors. Yes, you calmed down and let me get on with it once I had official training, but you've never been overjoyed by my choice.

I thought about how we will once again have three babies in the house, and maybe I'm just getting old, but I suddenly felt like it would be too much. So I really am going to send in my resignation, pending training in someone to take over.

That's not to say that I'm never going to do any sort of work again, but just that I think I'll focus on the babies until they are old enough to sleep through the night, and then I'll think about what I might like to do with the next chapter of my life.

In the meantime, I'll not only help Hannah more on her cold cases, but I'll spread the word that I'm willing and eager to use my visions to help out anyone who needs something only my visions can give them. Say someone lost a very precious ring. I'm not certain I could get a vision of that without the actual ring to focus on, but I can at least try.

And who knows, maybe there'll be a lot of dark artifacts to fascinate me with their visions. I actually really hope there is as I would LOVE to look into their creation and the magic involved. But we'll see. For all I know, it'll be nothing more than missing children. There are a lot of them after all. Maybe I should start some sort of charity organization in which I take all those missing children pictures and try to find them all.

Salazar damnit! I'm out of bloody biscuits!

Off to see if I can find more and some of Kisa's sauerkraut soup to dunk them in.

In love and ire,
Draco
Chapter 102

Chapter Summary

As always, our boys can't stay mad at each other for too long.

Saturday December 31, 2016

My Own,

Ugh, I hate when we're fighting. I am sorry I went behind your back. I am sorry I'm not just giving in. I'm sorry I made you feel so terribly. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

I'm also sorry I've been such a hormonal, cranky, arsehole the last few days. Pregnancy hormones generally make me weepy. Most of my other pregnancies have been nine months of tears and vomit. But this pregnancy, and maybe it's the twin thing? Or perhaps it's the fact that I went from not being pregnant to being more than halfway through a pregnancy overnight? I don't know, but whatever it is, my moods have been insane. I find myself furious over nothing. Or I go out to the stables and with all the mindless work, my brain decides to think about every single thing I could possibly worry about. You know what's awesome? Spending three hours last week going over the pros and cons to magical prosthetics if I end up ever losing a limb.

Three hours Draco.

Do you know what I did yesterday when I was slamming mixing bowls and throwing dirty dishes? I sobbed while making you your favorite treats because I felt so badly about hurting you. In case you were wondering why your biscuits might have been extra salty, it's because they're full of my tears.

And then mid-sob, my mind would swing to how angry I am with you for trying to manipulate me with your whole "I will never do anything I enjoy ever again because Harry throws temper tantrums and I am a giant martyr." That's when the throwing and slamming would happen.

Honestly, you've spent our entire lives telling me that I have a hero complex and play the martyr. But it's YOU! You have to save the Merlin-be-damned world and then do nothing you enjoy for fear of upsetting me.

Am I actually abusive Draco? I know I have a temper but are you frightened of me? I keep thinking that your willingness to keep yourself from things you love to avoid my temper has to mean that I am abusive and unaware of it. Tell me honestly, am I emotionally abusing you? Have I made you afraid of me? Because that's the only thing that makes sense when you tell me you will sit in our bed nursing our daughter and do nothing else for the rest of time.

I don't want you to fucking quit! If you actually want to take a break because we will have three babies? That's fine and I will support you. But it sounds to me like you're quitting because of me and using that as a convenient excuse.

Again, I miss you, but I actually really enjoy you teaching that combat class. Are you going to give up on that one too? You loved it! You got to hang out with your best friend the medi-witch twice a
week, you got to terrorize students, you got to be annoyed with me, what's not to love about it?

You opened your email with "you know just how to piss me off …"

Um, duh? I've been pissing you off since we were eleven. No one gets under your skin like I do. I was born to annoy you for the rest of our lives. Is this brand new information to you. "Harry Potter knows how to piss off Draco Malfoy," and in other news; water is wet.

Actual new information; I kind of like when we are arguing because it means you hide from me and watch terrible telly that I would rather light myself on fire than be forced to watch. I hope you enjoyed ridiculous anime with your big kids yesterday.

I personally had an amazing time riding around the grounds with the littles. They have all gotten so good at … what's the word for horseback riding? Horse riding? Equestrianism? Dressage? Whatever you call it, they are naturals.

Oh! Side note completely unrelated to our current fight: I heard from 'Mione that horses can be a form of therapy for people with certain special needs. I think I am going to look into that a bit. Maybe we can add a program like that to the stables. I guess equine therapy is good for physical special needs such as Rett Syndrome or Cerebral Palsy, helping with muscle tone. And it's been proven beneficial for emotional or developmental disorders.

Maybe I could combine it with whatever charity you're thinking to help missing children. Offering recovered children this therapy? Just a thought.

Uh, at the risk of going all overprotective, controlling, monster on you. Can I make a request if you decide to open up a vision service? Can we make sure there are safety measures in place for whatever item or artifact is being thrust into your arms? I just worry that terrible people will use your enormous squishy heart as a way to get to you. Some sort of warding or an in depth scan before you touch it maybe?

I have to ask an enormous favor of you. I realize I'm not exactly your favorite person at the moment. I know you're still mad at me. I don't need you to change your mind or get over your feelings. But can we sideline our anger for tonight? It's been almost two decades now of being able to start and end each year in each other's arms. Midnight kisses to close out the old year and bring in the new. No amount of anger makes me change my mind about your arms being the place I need to be at midnight.

Please?

Well, if you want to talk or hug it out, I'll be in the sunroom giving our little Rafael an uncomfortable amount of kisses and cuddles.

Love,
Harry

Saturday December 31st
ARE YOU INSANE?!

Of COURSE you're not abusive! Fuck! If either of us was going to be accused of mentally abusing the other, it would be me! And more importantly, if you presented with abusive behavior, Katja would have told you a long time ago.
No, I am NOT afraid of you. I'm afraid of upsetting you. I'm afraid that you'll eventually realize what a giant prick I am and leave me. I'm afraid that you'll realize that I'm nowhere NEAR as lovable as you seem to think I am, but afraid OF you?

Ridiculous!

If I was afraid of you, would I calmly and without fear walk up and kiss you when you are surrounded by your Rage Halo? I know that anyone else is risking death by approaching you at that moment, but I am so confident that you would never hurt me, that I can place my hand on your neck and trust that even if you are literally on fire, you won't burn me.

So, I have decided to take a few days to write my letter of resignation. I wanted to be certain that every single word means exactly what I intend it to, and also, I wanted to think my decision through more thoroughly. To dissect it and nitpick every iota of it. Here's the thing: I love it.

I love every single moment of planning out a raid, of conducting a raid, of terrorizing students, of being a part of the process that stops crimes and brings criminals to justice. But...

I also love the fact that I can have visions. I still don't believe it's possible and always assume that I'm wrong until they go out and find that I was right about every single detail.

And I love having time to just sit quietly with our kids when they're sleeping. Or dancing with them when they can't sleep. Singing to them for hours so that they'll always know that I loved them from the moment I found out about them.

I want to do it ALL! I want to spend hours dancing and singing with our kids while bringing criminals to justice, but I physically can't. And that's not even mentioning the fact that there's so much more I want to do with my life! What if Kingsley really does decide to retire in two years from now? I COULD be the next Minister for Magic!

But obviously, I need to prioritize things so that I'm not trying to do too much and have time to do the things that matter the most. And so, I've decided to do this: I'm going to resign as Chief of Raids. I will continue to work with Hannah and ALSO consult as needed on cases where only a vision will help them move forward. Then AFTER staying home with you and the babies for up to a year, I will return as the combat instructor.

And if Kingsley ever retires, I'll seriously think about throwing my hat into the ring for consideration, but other than that, I'm not going to push myself to do too much. I relish having and want to keep the ability to just travel at the drop of a pin. I think that has become a little less frequent while I was conducting raids approximately once a month, as I'd didn't want to risk being away when needed.

All of that said, I'm still furious that you feel you have the right to ban someone from our house, not because they pose any sort of actual threat to us or our kids, but simply because you don't like him. You say you don't like him because you feel he uses me, but as I already tried to explain, I have given him permission to do so in the past, and also gave him permission to do so during his most recent visit. I do not feel as if he is USING me so much as *relying* on me to help him in ways no one else can.

But I suppose your ban has done one good thing; it's ensured that when he contacts me, I'll be able to send you an Insta-owl to let you know that I'm rushing off to consult with Robards, and you won't be on hand to get upset by the atrocities that are bound to come up in visions requested by a frantic and frustrated Head Auror.
And so, I suppose that I'm ready to calm down and accept - not your apology, because I know you are not sorry for taking what you felt were necessary steps - but your willingness to put this fight behind us. It's coming up on midnight and I'm about to sign off and hunt you down so that we can do nothing but kiss for the five or so minutes leading up to the New Year.

And if we're both feeling it, maybe we'll also start this year off with a brilliant shag.

All my love,
Draco
P.S. I'm sorry to have implied that I'd leave you if you banned Hannah, but at that moment, I felt so irate that it seemed like a perfectly reasonable response. But I think we both know that I'd rather you banned all my friends than ever actually consider leaving you, because without you, I have nothing, certainly nothing friends could make up for. I'll sing it to you again if you don't believe me.
The boys make up, and Draco's brain fog gets worse.

Sunday January 1, 2017

My Sanity,

Am I insane? Uh, pretty sure we have established my insanity ages ago. But we've also established that I know exactly who and what you are and love you because of all of the things that make you you. I am perfectly aware you're a giant prick sometimes.

I am also a big fan of your ... giant prick ... so there's that.

You are lovable and occasionally mean for no reason. You keep me on a calm even keel while you are an over the top drama queen. You are brilliant and arrogant. You are beautiful and vain. You are a philanthropist with intense spending habits. I know who you are and I love every bit of you even when you infuriate me. I am not going to leave you. I am not going to wake up some day and suddenly "remember" all these bad things about you.

You're a constant paradox of someone who fills every cell of my heart while also annoying me like no one else on the planet is capable of.

I think your plan to step down until further notice from raiding is a good plan. I know you love it, and I know you're amazing at it. But I've lived with you pretty consistently since you began and while I can tell it is good for you, it's not the happiest I've ever seen you.

The happiest I've ever seen you was during those early years of parenting when you were the full-time stay-at-home dad. I've never seen you prouder of yourself than when you could take our babies all over the world, showing off how brilliant they are. There's a sparkle in your eyes that is only present when you're dancing a baby around the ballroom or teaching a young child the importance of a skin-care regime!

I will support whatever your choice is, but I want you to really think about your life and would you feel more fulfilled conducting these raids or introducing these babies to Japanese food the way you did for Viona when she was tiny on our first trip to Japan? Are you going to feel more accomplished bringing in potions smugglers or bringing Atreyu in a few years to Mexico to learn about his heritage they way you took Zaire to Africa?

I'm obviously not saying that catching dangerous potion dealers or finding missing children is unimportant. It's definitely important. But so is teaching Trey about his heritage, it's just a matter of which one will bring YOU more joy?

I suppose the "full-time" is a bit off. You still had your inventions and business meetings on the side. You either brought the kids to Unity to play for the day or took them with you for the meetings. It's been a long time since you've really come up with another techie invention. I doubt it's because you've run out of ideas, it seems more likely that you haven't had free time in your
brain to come up with new things.

And when the time comes for Kingsley to retire and you throw your hat into campaigning for office? I will support you one hundred percent. You could enact real change, there's no doubt in my mind that you would make a fantastic Minister for Magic. Oooh! And then when you're elected and you get the big office with the giant desk, I can sneak in and work you up with my mouth while you have meetings. Just your own little cock warmer, sitting under your big important desk, exactly what you deserve.

Mmm, can you imagine spanking me over your desk. I want you to picture going back in time and telling young Draco that some day he will be Minister and will have a naked Harry Potter bent over in his office getting his arse reddened, ending in a good hard shagging.

Shagging!

Last night was delicious. It's kind of funny to me, I think the way we decided to play was a way to come together physically and emotionally, but also one of my less preferred activities and one of your less preferred activities. It was almost like we both decided we needed to be with the other, but didn't want it to be TOO good because we didn't deserve it.

We certainly failed on that regard. It was so good and we definitely deserved it.

You seemed to want to submit to me, whether you were truly in the mood for it or because you wanted to unofficially apologize for whatever wrongs you felt you committed, it doesn't really matter I guess. I don't normally take charge, it's not really in my nature. But I felt you deserved whatever you desired as an unofficial apology for my stubborn attitude and unwillingness to bend.

Either way, it was bloody fantastic.

I had you kneeling on the cozy floor cushions, knees spread, arms behind your back. All your pretty parts on display for me. Gods you're just so beautiful Draco.

I tied your arms where they were behind you with some beautiful bright red ropes I'd purchased recently. And I fastened a red and gold striped satin ribbon around your cock and bollocks. Your pretty shaft was laced up like a corset. Once you were suitably restrained I gave your cock a couple light pats saying, "There's my pretty boy all tied up for his Gryffindor's pleasure. Look at this gorgeous boy all tied up for me like a present. Ready for me to use as I see fit isn't that right?"

Your eyes had already gone a bit hazy just from the tightness of the restraints and you just nodded at me in response. "Mmm, that's lovely, I thought about gagging you but my little Slytherin Prince with the silver tongue doesn't have much to say right now. Since you don't have anything you want to say, I suppose I'll use that mouth of yours."

Which I did. I pushed my shaft into your waiting mouth, slowly and steadily. I didn't slam in, but I didn't stop once I started the long slide to the back of your throat. I slid my fingers into your silky blonde hair, and once I was fully taken to the hilt, I began to fuck that mouth. "You like this baby? Being a pretty little thing I can play with to get myself off? Want me to just take you how I want to?"

You stared up at me with those shining silver eyes just nodding and doing as much pleading as you could with your mouth full. That was all the permission I needed. "Keep staring into my eyes love, if you need me to stop just poke me with your Legitimacy, alright?"

Again with the nodding, but then I got a "yes please" nudged into my thoughts so I knew you could
do it.

That's all the safety and consent taken care of, so I really let loose. Gripping those platinum locks so tightly I'm sure your poor scalp is sore today. Not as sore as I'm sure your throat is though. I slammed myself down your throat for so long. I was so torn, I needed to come but I wanted it to last forever. Eventually the drool and tears running down your face while you smiled around a mouthful of my shaft was enough to tip me over the edge. Letting loose and coming deep in your mouth.

"You were so good darling, want me to take care of you now?" You gave me a soft smile and another nod, still either unable or unwilling to talk. I tied you up on our pregnancy modified spanking bench. Instead of being on all fours, it's more like resting your forearms like you're leaning on a counter, giving plenty of room for your bump while still giving me complete access to everything I want to take from you.

Your arms were still tied, except now they were in front of you on the armrest instead of behind your back. And your beautiful, hard, red, dripping dick was still all tied up. Like a candy cane. A delicious sweet just for me.

You seemed to tense up, I think you were expecting a spanking. But instead, I dove in and ate your arse like a starving man. Licking, sucking, and biting at your sweet little hole. Then leaning back for a moment and giving you five quick, sharp, smacks to your perfect little bum. By the time you'd even shouted your surprise, I was back to devouring that tight rosebud.

I did this for about an hour. I'm sure it felt like years to you though. You were crying and moaning, screaming and shaking. The only words you spoke the entire time were when I forced you to give me a safe-word color to make sure your shrieks were as good as they sounded. They were.

Eventually I added in fingering as well. You probably would have come if your bollocks hadn't been tied up so tight. Even with the ribbon, you managed to make quite the puddle under the bench. Eventually I couldn't torture myself any longer, I lubed myself up, lined up to your puffy, swollen, soaking hole and slammed home where I belong. I fucked into you for a while, the whole time you were begging and pleading to be allowed to come. When I reached around and started stroking you over the ribbons, you got even more frantic and creative in your begging.

Finally, just as I felt myself within reach of my own climax, I yanked the release on the ribbon. I could feel you clenching around me as you screamed out your orgasm - which tipped me over into finding my own.

Happy New Year to us!

Yours Last Year, This Year, and all the Years to Come,
Harry

Saturday January 21st
My love,

I have been so brain fogged and zoned out and sleeping at every opportunity that I haven't even written you in weeks. Weeks! It's now the 21st of January! It the day of the shared birthday party and -

Oh wait... I hear something. Shouting? Some sort of commotion.
Best go check it out, which is a good idea, really, as I had nothing to write but complaints that I had nothing to write. That, and reminders that I'm still pregnant and uncomfortable.

You've got the best of my love,
Draco
Chapter 104

Chapter Summary

Drama and more drama.

Saturday January 21, 2017

My Fellow Hostage,

Teenagers are insanity inducing. Good thing we've already gotten three of our children into adulthood! Even in the muggle world Viona will have hit adulthood this coming Tuesday. And then three more will hit wizarding adulthood in the next four months. That means we're close right? Just … TWELVE more kids to get through their teen years after that.

Twelve more Draco! Oh Gods the drama!

Yeah so it's definitely been weeks since we've emailed. I get it, you've been foggy, we're both exhausted, and we really haven't done anything outside of our normal day to day existence. I've taken care of the animals in the stable. Alright, I am uncomfortable enough that I've pretty much just gone out there to feed them treats and brush their tails, letting everyone else do the actual work for them.

You've gotten lost in our closets no less than once a day.

And then today we had the January birthday parties.

When I just checked my email and saw you had sent me one I was excited since, as we've established, it's been weeks. But then I saw how short it was and I have to be honest I was a little disappointed. Until I saw the reason you cut off your email was because you heard the commotion prior to the start of the party. Yeah, that would do it.

That explosion was essentially eight weeks in the making so it packed quite the punch didn't it? I have been having the mood swing and the nausea and the cravings, but I have not had the brain fog so I will break it down part by part for you in case you missed anything.

Let's set the stage shall we? Eight weeks ago was the big quidditch game. The night before the game we went out with Viona and Alric, the kids stayed with their siblings at Hogwarts, and Orion was broken up with spectacularly by an irate Natalie. The following morning was the game where our bigshot Orion stole the show then got snogged by his rival Farrah. Are you with me? While we were at Hogwarts, after the breakup, Hazel winked at me and assured me she would help prove to Natalie that all you need is a good girlfriend. Then after the game was finished and the kids were packed up we headed off to Russia for the November birthday parties.

Since then we've had a grandson, two womb transfers, holidays, a massive fight, found out Sirius fathered Pippa AND Leah's babies; suffice to say it's been a busy eight weeks. Which is why I didn't think anything of not really hearing what came from Operation: Snog Natalie's Face Off.

Come to find out, Eris had her own ideas and Operation: Get Hazel and Natalie Together was in full force.
Unbeknownst to Eris, Hazel was not actually interested in that Operative. Sure she was glad Friday evening during the breakup. And even more so when Orion got a thorough snogging after the game so she didn't have to feel guilty about crushing on her brother's ex-girlfriend (can't be worse than crushing on his current girlfriend which she had been doing for months!). Hazel made winking faces and wagging eyebrows at me when she talked about comforting Natalie (which made me want to bleach my brain a bit). However, by the time she was back in classes in the days after, she was less than interested in Natalie.

You see, Hazel mostly fancies girls. She told me when she was probably about ten years old that she did. I think she would have realized years earlier but those first few years after transitioning she was so focused on herself that I don't think she even thought about crushes or boyfriends and girlfriends. But once she started thinking about it, she's been pretty solidly on "Team All-the-way-Gay." Playing for that team myself I get it.

The thing is, she's had a crush on a particular girl for almost her entire life. She's had other random crushes since then, Natalie being one of them, but there's always been that one unattainable perfect girl for our Hazel. She never told me who it was, and I just assumed it was someone at school but it was too important to Hazel and she didn't want to mess it up by telling me.

The only thing she would ever tell me was that she loved this girl, and was pretty sure she always would. That she was the most beautiful girl to ever exist, even her flaws were adorable (apparently Hazel thinks this girls cute little upturned nose is the cutest!). But Haz always insisted that this girl was beyond unattainable. Perfection and grace, beauty and kindness, and most likely straight and NOT into Hazel.

And now after the unveiling of THE ONE, Hazel looked at me with shiny eyes and asked "How could I not fall in love with the first person to ever actually see ME?"

Our baby girl is in love. And unlike so many young crushes, I have the distinct feeling that as young as they are, this is it for Hazel. My perfect child, my little girl who's had to struggle so much, was seen for exactly who she is, and seemingly loved in return.

And oddly enough I think we have Natalie to thank for it! At the November parties, apparently Hazel was giggling and gossiping with her very best friend (after Eri) telling Pearl all about the breakup and how she planned to woo Natalie. And despite always having been supportive before, Pearl was furious. When Hazel and Pearl went missing for a few hours at that party? It began with gossip, included a very loud fight, and ended with Pearl telling Hazel in no uncertain terms: "She can't have you, I won't let her, you're mine and I'm sick of waiting for you to know it!"

Then my dad brain is going to pretend they gave each other a very soft hug and then possibly held hands.

Shut it you.

Well they decided to spend these past eight weeks constantly messaging … which they did most of the time anyway but they really talked about what they want from a relationship, and took things to the next emotional level. Fast-forward to today and I guess Eris, Hazel, and Pearl were sitting around talking when the subject of Natalie came up. Pearl and Haz were going to keep their newfound relationship quiet for a while (which was positively KILLING Haz not being able to tell Eri) so they sat through about forty-five minutes of Eris discussing her plans to get Hazel and Natalie together in detail before the screaming began.

I guess Pearl had had enough of hearing the plans and threw a fit, telling Eris exactly why Hazel would not be dating Natalie. Then Hazel started in on Pearl for blowing their secret and doing it so
tactlessly, then Eris was yelling at Hazel for not telling her something so huge, then Pearl was yelling at Eris for yelling at Hazel, and so on and so on. By the time you and I got in on it, most of the anger was gone and they were just angrily celebrating the news?

Teenagers are weird.

I can't wait to raise twelve more of them …

Yours,
Harry

Tuesday March 14th
The only person I can't live without,

It's been nearly two months since I've sent you an email, and that's because every time I sit down to try writing, my mind goes blank and I can't remember much more than my name. Even now that I'm only carrying one, I am still having the most ATROCIOUS brain fog ever.

If you hadn't ordered Dibly to follow me around everywhere and ask me what I plan to do each time I move so that he can tell me when I inevitably forget in five seconds, I'm not sure I'd remember anything at all. And so yes, I probably COULD just ask him to tell me everything I've done during a day so I can write it to you, but he can't tell me what I was thinking and feeling, so what would be the point?

And besides, we've been practically glued at the hip, and so, you either remember everything better than I do, or we're both forgotten everything together.

Today is completely different because there is not a magic in the universe that could EVER un-etch every single detail from my mind. Today... I almost lost you.

It started as normally as ever, you woke up long before me and went to the kitchen to cook or bake something. Probably both. You ordered all the elves to take off and go clean something if they weren't following an order, and so, you were all by yourself in the kitchen. I suppose you felt fine.

You were definitely NOT fine!

Your abdomen had reached a point with two fully grown wombs in it (or very nearly so), that it just didn't have any more room to stretch and grow. They'd filled up every millimeter of space the Healers had put in there for them. Rather than get squirmy and then slowly stop moving all together - like they'd done in me - your wombs somehow triggered labor without you noticing. As in every drop of your magic was funneling into the wombs in an effort to deliver them safely as soon as possible, only they obviously had nowhere to go.

Perhaps it was that same magic that made it seem completely normal, because you just continued on as if nothing was wrong until you collapsed, and none of us have any idea how long you were unconscious on the floor. All we know for certain is that I eventually woke up and got hungry and called for Dibly to go get you so that we could snuggle up while I ate breakfast.

He popped into the kitchen, found you on the floor, and performed a basic scan to see how bad off you were - because you could have just been sleeping - taking an unusual nap on the floor of the kitchen because the pregnancy was making you crazy. He learned that you were so low on magic that you were in a sort of protective coma.
He called for Muffy, who understood the situation instantly, confirming his instinct to bring you to St. Mungo’s while she came to grab me and bring me too. That’s how Rowe had the pleasure of seeing me in nothing but my dressing gown - that Muffy had basically summoned and spelled onto me so quickly that I had no idea what was going on until Rowe finished scanning you in the hall outside her office, looked up at me, and said:

"He’s not going to make it if I don’t deliver these babies as fast as I can."

"Do it!!" I exclaimed, feeling all the blood drain from my body into the floor under my feet.

She nodded and gestured for a pair of Mediwitches to levitate you into the closest open magi-operation room and begin preparations. Ever the best Healer on the planet, she took less than 10 seconds to scan me and assure us both that I was fine. A bit low on magic, but nothing so bad that I would suffer if I cast spells to conjure a cup, aim an aquamenti into it, and then heat it up for tea.

Not needing any sort of immediate attention, she sent me to the family waiting room and assured me that she’d have you delivered and everyone perfectly healthy in no time. A different Mediwitch took me in hand and gently guided me to the waiting room, reminding me that at 32 and 34 weeks, both babies were almost certainly going to be born healthy with maybe a touch of jaundice, but certainly nothing that they couldn’t fix in mere seconds.

I nodded in understanding because I knew she was right. I worried anyway. To distract myself, I made a long-distance magi-mobile call to Blaise. I told him that I know it was probably a pain in the arse to drop everything and obtain a Portkey, but that I could really use my best friend to tell me inappropriate jokes while I waited for my husband to make it through this current crisis.

Surprise surprise, Hermione had anticipated almost this exact scenario - given our track record - and had a Portkey all ready to go. She, Ron, and Blaise left all their kids with Kisa, kissed her on the cheek, and Portkeyed to St. Mungo’s in less than five minutes. They held my hands and kept my spirits up through those long hours.

It seems that you remained in the healing coma once the babies were removed, even after the Mediwitches healed you almost as good as new. What took so long was that they basically left you on the table sleeping as they fussed over the babies. It seems that Dylan needed a bit of work on his lungs to get them ready to function fully, and Gabriel had a small hole in his brain - that apparently just happens on occasion and usually fixes itself not long after a baby is born - but this was in a part of the brain that could potentially make life very difficult for him if it *didn’t* fix itself, and so, they spent some time helping it along.

Both spells were understandably delicate and need to be done gently over a longer period of time, rather than just blasted into the body like most normal spells. Perhaps you were tied to them somehow - magically supporting them even once no longer in your body - but it seems that the moment both were stable and ready to be held, you spontaneously came out of your healing coma, somewhat low on magic, but not so low that you needed to be put back to sleep.

You’ll still need to take potions, but you’ll be right as rain in no time. As will the boys.

The three of us were let into your recovery room just as soon as you were settled in. Our babies are naturally gorgeous! Dylan is creamy brown, probably lighter than he’ll be eventually, but still so so beautiful. His hair came out barely more than fuzz, but so tightly curly and black that he is almost certainly going to have hard-to-manage hair. Probably why Dean’s always kept it short, as far back as I can remember.

As for Gabriel, he’s another ginger. GINGER! I have no idea how this combination of recessive
genes - that's supposed to be rare - keeps surfacing when you and I combine our DNA. I'm not complaining, as we have plenty of OTHER looks that have been passed on as well, but... I dunno, I suppose I was hoping for another mini you - wild black hair and all. Or perhaps, if we were going to have another ginger, a girl one?

In any case, I'm exhausted and mildly traumatized by the fact that mere minutes separate this story of a happy ending from a very not happy ending at all. Had I not woken up just when I did and called for you, you would have continued to lay there on the kitchen floor until... Someone else found you. After it was already too late.

Salzar's shriveled prick! I panic just thinking about it! I seriously need to take a sleeping potion and go to sleep until morning, when I will hopefully feel better again. AFTER I go to the loo. Again. I'll probably have to have Muffy just pop in and empty my bladder every hour or so while I sleep!

Plant a seed, plant a flower, plant a rose,
Draco
P.S. You did absolutely nothing wrong, so don't you DARE blame yourself for having preemies again!
Chapter 105

Chapter Summary

Harry is very happy, and then Draco ends up in a bit of drama.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it's been a couple of days, I didn't mean to NOT post, I just had a few things come up. But on the plus side, today is my 18th anniversary with my hubby, and so we're spending it snuggled up ^_^

Friday March 17, 2017

My Pot of Gold at the end of the Rainbow,

Happiest of Saint Patrick's Days to ye laddie!

I took it too far didn't I? Oh well, I think it's fun and I just had two of our babies so I should be allowed to be as ridiculous as I'd like. You can't stop me! But you're also still so uncomfortably pregnant with one of them so you should probably be allowed to tell me to stop being ridiculous. It's a real catch-22 isn't it?

I know, none of us are believers of St. Patrick from a faith perspective, and as far as I know we aren't particularly Irish. But it's a fun day to dress up. So today, I had to get a picture of my little leprechauns wearing green! I got the sweetest picture out in the gardens with Cael holding little Gabe, both wearing bright kelly green, their red hair standing out over the colors of their clothes and the gardens all around them.

I love that we got a second redhead! And isn't Cael just so proud that his little brother looks like him? It's funny though, Cael is excited that he finally has a sibling whose hair matches his own but realistically they don't really look anything alike outside of the hair. Caelum looks so much like your side of the family; sharp features, light eyes, and his hair is a strawberry-blonde version of redheadedness. Our Gabriel, on the other hand, has a darker red, more of a coppery auburn, and I think he looks more like me. The darker blue eyes that look like they'll be on the green side, a rounder face with rounder features, he's even got my shorter square fingers.

But I'm certainly not going to say any of that to Caelum! He's always been a little sad about being the only redhead, although it helps that he has so many Weasley family members! He knows he's Grandma Molly's little sunshine and I've heard him whispering to Gabe that he'd share Grandma with him.

I'm so happy to have come home with Gabriel and Dylan today. I was worried with how early they were that we'd have to stay in Mungo's so much longer. They're obviously teeny tiny, but so perfect!
You were right about Dylan's skin being paler than it might end up. Just in the few days since his birth, his skin has already gotten a bit darker. Even if we wanted to lie to him, or if Dean never wanted to be honest about his paternity, it would be hard to hide Dylan's other biological father. I think he looks so much like Dean. It's a good thing Dean's such a handsome bloke huh? But Dylan's eyes are pretty darn light, they're actually lighter than Gabriel's, so I wouldn't be surprised if he ends up with your beautiful smoky eye color.

You'd think having been at St. Mungo's, having medical staff caring for me and the boys, I would feel rested. But I'm so tired. I didn't sleep well without you. And you know how important it is to me that the boys are nursed on demand at these important early stages. Being up feeding twins has been quite the drain. I love every moment of it, but if I could have every moment AND feel rested? That would be ideal.

It's been lovely that the original trio portion of the quartet came to help out. I think their beloved uncles and aunt visiting has kept the kids here at home distracted from worrying about me and the babies. When I was reading your description of what happened to me and how I was discovered, I was hopeful that only you and the elves were aware of how dire the situation was. But the kids must have heard you panicking or heard Muffy or Dibly tell you they found me unconscious and drained of magic because they all clung to me when you brought them to visit us in the hospital. I'm really glad they came out for you as well. I can't imagine how frightened you were and how powerless you must have felt waiting to find out what was going on with us. Hours you said, hours you may have spent alone doing nothing but panicking. Instead, some of our best friends came and held your hand, distracting you from as much of the worry as they could. We really do have the most amazing circle of people in our lives don't we?

I'm feeling a bit anxious at the moment. We decided with us being in St. Mungo's anyway, that the Hogwarts kids shouldn't miss class just to come sit in a cramped room for a few minutes. So any minute now, our older kids are going to come swirling in the floo insistent on meeting their two youngest brothers. I can't wait! But oh it's taking so long for them to get here! They were supposed to come after classes let out for the day, the last class ends at 4:00, and it's already 4:01! Where are they?

Ok, I suppose they needed to get from their class to their dorms to grab their things. Then walk themselves to the student approved floo. Possibly wait for Minnie to open the connection. Fine! It's almost completely unlikely that they even could be here by now. I just miss my babies and want them to meet their little brothers. Is that so wrong?

I know she's going to dig her heels in, hoping to wait until the last minute, but I think we need to convince Eris to just stay here and not go back after this weekend. She's what, a week away from her due date? I know it could be a few more weeks, and I know she wants to take in as much as she can, but can you imagine her going into labor while she's at school? Contractions making her knock over a cauldron, the pain making her yell loud enough to wake up those in History of Magic, her waters breaking in the Great Hall. Help me convince her to stay?

I suppose I'm just glad that little bugger stayed in there long enough for me to not be pregnant any more. This way, I can one hundred percent be able to help her and be with her while she's in labor and not have to worry about panicking myself into labor!

I'm relieved Pippa's and Delphini's labors didn't panic me into labor. Although neither of them are my baby girls, so I wouldn't have gotten nearly as freaked out as I'm sure I will when it's Eri's time.

Oh oh oh! I think that was a floo noise I heard!
Sunday March 19th  
My beloved Harry,

I'm pretty sure I do not have to help you convince Eris that she needs to stay home after this weekend.

So, there we were, Eris, me (wearing those pregnancy hiding trousers), Viona, Hazel, and Orion, out shopping in muggle London because Eris has finally hit the nesting stage and realized that she had 'nothing' for her baby once he arrives. Thus, we were in a handmade (and rather expensive) furniture store.

It didn't just have baby furniture, but what it did carry was sturdy AND gorgeous. Heirloom quality that can be passed down through the ages. Eris was buying a crib (despite being certain that she wants to co-sleep) AND a bassinet for naps the first few months. Plus a dresser and armoire for the baby, a changing table, and a vanity - even though he's probably not likely to be as interested in a vanity as a girl might be.

As she was shopping, Viona was buying an entire house full of things as she and Alric are planning to buy a 'small' house in London while they think about and look for a much bigger house in or near Hogsmeade.

Hazel was busy sketching out designs for baby clothes and curtains, rugs, and the like for both Eris and Viona, and Orion was actually pinching his chin in thought and squinting while studying some wooden chairs - the kind that could be set around a dining table, but also the same sort that are taller, as if the table was 2 or 3 feet higher. He really looked like he was trying to figure out if people would prefer sitting on taller chairs, or shorter ones. Plus he was poking all of them as if testing how plush the cushions were.

Ravenclaws! Sheesh...

Anyway, as I was saying, there we were, when completely out of the blue, we hear a very loudly shouted: "OH MY GOD, IT'S YOU!!!" A young man around Alric's age ran over to us, pulled Eris away from the rocking chair she was wavering on (it was a tight battle between a new style 'glider' and an old fashioned, intricately carved, wooden high-backed rocker), and hugged her exuberantly.

"Er..." she droned in utter confusion.

"I thought I'd never see you again! How have you been? ARE YOU PREGNANT?!?!?!!"

"Do I KNOW you?" Eris demanded with a wary expression, carefully pulling his arms off her.

He looked devastated for a split second before hardening into merely upset. "Wow... do you go to parties and fuck random strangers so often that you can't even remember them all?"

"Oh hey!" Orion blurted out, looking like a light bulb just went off over his head. "Now that you mention it, I DO recognize you as that bloke that my sister was snogging. What are you doing in London?"

The young man shrugged. "My parents took the whole divorce thing to a new level. My mom stayed back in California with her new husband, and my dad returned to Britain. I'm old enough to
choose who I live with, so I chose my dad, even though it meant moving across the world to a place I don't know anyone."

"Your new step-dad that bad?"

"Totally! He's an asshole lawyer and I have NO IDEA how my mom stands him, much less loves him."

Meanwhile, Eris was looking rather vulnerable as she stared at her feet. I had put an arm around her protectively while both Hazel and Viona stood slightly in front of her, to either side, and looked ready to make him disappear permanently at the slightest provocation.

It seems that the young man wouldn't let Orion distract him long enough for the rest of us to make our escape. He turned his attention back to Eris. Now he looked... cautious.

"I remembered you having a British accent, so I'd hoped and prayed I'd run into you, even though I knew the chances were zilch. I guess today was my lucky day, or unlucky considering that you look like you'd rather swallow live bees than be confronted by a one night stand. Probably don't want to have to test them all to see if they're responsible for that," he stated a bit harshly as he pointed at her abdomen.

She lost whatever vulnerability she was feeling to haul back and slap him full across the face. "You complete arsehole! Did it NEVER occur to you that I was so drunk that night that I don't even remember SHAGGING - much less what you look like! You gave me chlamydia, by the way, so thanks for that! And if you must know, that's the ONLY time in my life I've ever had sex, so there're no tests needed! Now go the bloody hell away so that I can get on with my nesting!"

He looked so pale all of a sudden that I thought he was almost certainly going to faint. "Wait... you mean... you mean... that I-I-I-I *I'M* the father..."

She looked away, appearing ready to hex herself for saying too much. Sure enough, he fainted.

I found this entire situation far more amusing than I would have had all of this happen the night she conceived. Back then, I was doing my best to be supportive, all while also wishing that I could use my illegal time turner to go back and fix things. NOW - I suppose that I've had time to not only get used to the idea, but find humor in the situation.

Chuckling, I carefully balanced so that I could squat next to the young man. I poked him repeatedly as not-so-gently as I liked in an attempt to wake him up. I eventually moved on to patting his cheek, before lightly slapping it. But he was definitely out cold. I seriously wished that I could conjure smelling salts - which are crystals of salt that are coated with odors so foul that they wrench people back to consciousness. I haven't ever been able to use them - that I can recall with this brain fog - and I always wanted to use them to wake our kids should any of them ever manage to out sleep me.

When even shaking him failed to rouse him, I told Viona to cast an Innervate on him. She did it nonverbally, but even so, I'm dead certain that she cast a stinging hex on him instead. He came to with a gasp that sounded like he'd been hit by the Cruciatrus Curse. Huh... as I write this now, I have to wonder if that's actually what she cast...

Anyway, Eris was not pleased by my actions. "What'd'ja wake 'im for, dad?!" She spat out.

"Let's just say that I don't think most blokes deserve to receive such enormous buggering shocks only to be abandoned - especially since you know he'd never be able to find you in a million years,"
'I explained.

"So..... What? You think I should let him be part of our lives?!!" Eris growled, clearly upset by this, but I'm not entirely sure why since she can't possibly know him well enough to know if he would be a good co-parent - or hell! Friend she occasionally spends a day with at the zoo.

Orion apparently took pity on the bloke, helping him up and leading him a bit away. "Oi, listen, let me help you with whatever you're in this store for, and maybe by the time you're done, you'll have had a moment to think."

"Uh... okay. I'm here to buy a bed set, since I couldn't exactly bring my old one with me."

With a nod, Orion led him toward the display beds.

That gave me and the girls the chance to talk to Eris. I pulled her into a hug.

"Are you alright love?" I asked in concern because she looked pale and nearly ready to faint herself.

She burst into sobs, and curious passerby were smart enough to notice Viona's fierce expression and move along.

"I don't know what to do! I was all set and ready to raise this baby by myself, but now the father stumbled his way into our lives and you and dad are going to want me to do the right thing, but what if he wants my baby, or what if he's a terrible bloke - WHAT IF HE'S A PEDOPHILE?!?!?"

Hazel nearly choked on her own saliva and hissed: "You can't just blurt things like that out in public!"

But Eris was now definitely channeling panicky Harry, as she was basically blubbering all over my chest as I rubbed her back and tried to make soothing noises. As focused as I was, it actually took me a moment to realize that she'd inhaled sharply and sort of curled a bit.

"AND IT DOESN'T HELP THAT THIS BLOODY BABY HAS BEEN KICKING ME EVERY TWO. MINUTES. ALL BLOODY DAY!!!"

I gasped at that. "TWO minutes?????" I couldn't help but blurt out, because while I do recall hearing her grunt quite a bit as we shopped, I hadn't realized that it was so often nor regular. I took a breath and held it as I pressed a hand to her belly, sure enough, around a minute and a half later, I felt the distinctive hardening that signifies labor. "Oh, erm..." I had to figure out the best way to handle things from here. Probably have Viona Apparate her directly to St. Mungo's, right?

Nope! Slightly too late for that, since:

"AAAAAAAH!!!!" Eris screamed, curled over her abdomen now as a rather strong contraction hit her and she almost certainly wished she was laying down.

"OH MY GOD!!! IS IT TIME??? IS THE BABY COMING?!!??!!" The newly discovered father cried out as he ran back over and bounced, shook, and waved his hands around wildly. "WHAT DO WE DO, WHAT DO WE DO?!?!?!!"

I pressed a hand to my forehead and sighed in mild aggravation.

"MY WATER BROKE!!!!" Eris wailed as she looked down, and sure enough, her lower half and the floor were now soaked.
I decided that I didn't give a damn about the statute and all the muggles covertly watching our every move. I had to take over and give commands like I was conducting a raid.

"Orion, cast a Notice-Me-Not. Hazel, hex this one unconscious. Viona, the moment the N-M-N ward is up, Apparate Eris to Healer Rowe. Hazel, now that he's unconscious, you can Apparate him to the waiting room in the maternity ward and stash him there while you rush to Eris. Orion, Apparate us to St. Mungo's - and nice job on the ward."

Orion grinned at me, waiting until his sisters were clear so that they weren't all trying to Apparate at the same time and accidentally splinching each other. He then winked at me. "You know, Hazel and I, we're not technically supposed to Apparate until we officially pass the test."

"Are you suggesting that you don't think you can Apparate the two of us safely?" I questioned with a raised brow.

"No, just that if I get in trouble, I'm blaming you," he stated with a cheeky grin.

"Ha! Well I certainly won't tell if you don't," I promised. Laughing, he Apparated us.

I had a quick conference with Rowe before settling in the waiting room and writing this to you. (Also, I sent you an Insta-owl, and so, you're sitting here watching me write so that you can just read it and not have to ask me a million questions. Although, you'll probably have a million questions anyway.) Basically, Rowe told me that she'd done a quick check on Eris and found her only dilated to 7, and thus, probably at least an hour from actual delivery.

Viona, Hazel, and even Orion have insisted on being in the room with her, leaving no room for us, so as much as you really wanted to be at her side, you just have to wait out here with me. That said, if it takes long enough, Eris herself might get tired of her siblings - who've never done this before - and kick them out so that she can ask for you or us to reassure her that everything will be alright. We'll see.

In the meantime, I'm going to sign off now and snuggle and kiss you until we both forget why some random muggle is watching us with wide eyes and just a hair shy of completely freaking out.

Give a little bit of heart and soul, give a little bit of love to grow,
Draco
Chapter 106

Chapter Summary

Eris had her baby and the family gets to meet the father.

Chapter Notes

I read a comment in which Chrissie suggested that I post twice, and/or post a link to a really good video - to make up for missing two day in a row - SO I'm going to do both ^_^ 

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday March 20, 2017

Grandpa Draco,

Thank all the deities, we have another perfectly healthy, beautiful grandson and an amazing daughter who brought him into the world and is also healthy and whole. And desperately in love with her perfect little son. I didn't think there was much that could top seeing our children hold their little brothers or sisters with love and awe in their eyes. But seeing our children holding their own children for the first time? Nothing but sheer adoration on their faces. It's on an entirely different level.

I was a bit out of it when I saw Lainie with Raf the first time, but since then, I can't get over how perfect she looks cradling her child. And Eris holding little Luka was just as beautiful of a sight. I worried a bit with her being so young that she wouldn't bond with him right away, possibly resenting his unexpected and disruptive existence in her world. But I really should learn to never underestimate my children. She is a natural and already deeply in love with that little boy.

Hmm, a Malfoy child who's good with babies ... why was I surprised?

I did receive a massive surprise of the father, Eric, coincidentally finding her randomly in muggle London and it happening to be the day she went into labor. As the child of a prophecy, I should really find fate a bit more believable shouldn't I?

And oh wasn't Eric a ridiculous surprise? By the time you finished your email and then handed me your computer to read it, he was just beginning to stir. The both of us decided - instead of being kind and compassionate - that we should immediately begin interrogating him upon regaining consciousness.

What? He gave our daughter an STD, then when he managed to find her nine months later, he had the fucking bollocks to slut shame her. I can be as mean as I'd like. He hurt my baby girl!

The two of us began rapid-fire questioning him.
"What's your name?"
"How old are you?"
"How often do YOU go around shagging strangers at parties?"
"Why didn't you use protection?"
"How many STD's DO you have?"

He moaned a bit, rubbing his face with his hands, looking around he asked, "Where am I?"

I didn't even care that the confused little muggle was struggling to figure out what kind of place he was in. "Answer the questions, pretty-boy, and maybe we'll tell you." What? For all that he hurt Eri, it's not like I'm not aware that he's a ridiculously pretty man. Not as pretty as you, but he's one of the closest I've met.

"I just want to know that the heiress is alright, she looked so scared. And maybe someone will tell me her name!" He was getting awfully flustered. Idiot apparently misheard and thought her actual name of Eris was just her being nicknamed the Heiress. "My name is Eric Madsen, I'm eighteen - I'll actually be turning nineteen next month. Uh, I've had a few one night stands, I suppose - I'm a horny teenager - but I *swear* I had no intention of the Heiress being one. But she was gone when I woke up and no one seemed to know who she was or where she lived. I just had the one STD, again stupid horny teenager. And I uh, didn't use protection because I don't actually know how to use a condom and my usual protection was uh ... not something I was able to use on her. Umm, kinda."

I took a deep breath, you and I have had to explain magic to muggles quite a few times over the years, but it never gets easier. "Listen Eric, I'm Eris' dad Harry. Yeah, her name IS Eris, E-R-I-S. That wasn't a nickname, it's her actual name." He looked relieved to finally know her name. "You are currently at a very special medical hospital called St. Mungo's. It's er ... well it's a special hospital for people like Eris. It's a good thing you're sitting down because this may come as a shock to you ..."

His face quickly morphed from relief at knowing her name to fear that I was about to drop some terrible information on him. "Eric, magic is real." He reacted so differently from when muggles usually hear that. There was no disbelief or shock, no begging me to do a spell and prove it. He just stared at me like he was waiting for the rest of the information. "Er, I can, uh, prove it. Magic really is real and Eris is an honest to goodness witch. I'm a wizard, and so is her other dad, Draco."

I pointed to you.

Finally, he got the shocked look on his face I was expecting. "Oh that makes so much sense now! I was so worried about casting a protection spell in front of a no-maj! I guess I didn't need to worry and should have just cast the damn thing. But then we wouldn't be here, I suppose."

Oh. Of all the blokes Eris could find on the other side of the world to have a one-off with, she ends up finding a wizard to do it with.

I ran my hands through my hair, trying to calm my flustered nerves. "Alright then, I guess we don't have to explain magic to you. That should make the rest of this easier. Eris is doing fine. Last we checked, she was progressing nicely, with mom and baby both doing well."

Again Eric had a shocked look on his face. What? He already knew about magic and the only thing I told him was that Eris was doing well, what was his problem?

"Fuck me! You're Eris' dad, Harry, and you've a scar on your head! Oh my God! Did I knock up Harry Potter's daughter?!? Are *you* Harry Potter?"
You laughed and interjected before I had the chance to respond. "He prefers Harry Malfoy these days."

"Oh hell! I'm such a huge fan of yours, Mister Potter, or um sorry, Mister Malfoy. I've wanted to meet you for so long. You're a hero and I owe you such a debt of gratitude!"

I dropped my face into my hands and groaned. Seriously? It's been almost twenty years, can people get over the fucking hero worship thing. I expelliarmused a broken man which turned his own spell on him. I'm so over being praised for helping a man destroy himself. But Eric continued: "I wouldn't be anything I am today without you!" Er ... what? "I was raised in the muggle foster system. My biological parents weren't thrilled about having a magical child, one too many accidental magics when I was a toddler had them abandoning me. I don't remember much about them at all. I was in and out of foster homes, some not so bad but some of them terrible, from the time I was about three until just before my eleventh birthday."

Oh Merlin, he wasn't talking about my defeat of Voldemort, our daughter managed to find Unity Royalty at that party!

He kept going. "I was brought to Unity House and my entire world changed. I wasn't punished for accidental magic, but given the tools to wield it. I wasn't an unwanted extra mouth to feed, I was a well-loved and cared for part of a community. I only spent about six months there before my parents adopted me, but it was enough to realize how it completely changed my life."

I interjected a bit. "But er, your parents, I thought things were hard?"

"Oh, yeah, they went through a divorce a while back. I can't stand my step-dad so I came here to live with my dad, but there's no doubt that both of my parents love me. And uh, I really hoped to find my heiress. Or, Eris I guess." Damnit! He's even cuter when he blushes. I couldn't help thinking about how cute this baby was going to be. And now, after he's here? Yeah, I was totally right, absolutely beautiful our little Luka is.

And that's about the time Eris wanted you and I in the room instead of her loving-but-completely-unhelpful-in-a-birthing-room siblings.

Seeing our grandson born was one of the highlights of my life.

Now I have some squeaky babies of my own who need feeding.

Love,
Harry

P.S. Really Draco? A son may not like a vanity as much as a daughter? Uh, have you forgotten that of every person in our family, YOU are the most obsessed with your skin care and beauty regimen? You're utterly ridiculous!

Tuesday March 21st
My cuddly snugglebug,

Thank you so much for indulging me in my need to do nothing but sit in bed (both last night and right now as I type this) and snuggle with you and the boys as you nurse/d them. I'm so uncomfortable that as much as I want to shag, I'm really glad you're a bit not in the mood at the moment either. Can you believe that I'm due in just 4 days?
Considering that this is the 4th pregnancy, I really expect to pop at any second now. Do you think I should have asked Rowe to just get it done while I was in the hospital with Eris yesterday? I mean, why wait? Right?

And if Rowe is serious about waiting until Morgana is 'ready' to come out on her own, I might just AK her! Seriously, I'm only carrying one and I still look like I'm carrying triplets!!!

Do you think Morgana is bigger than a baby should be??? Like maybe she's absorbed all that extra nutrition I've been having between the potions, the blood, and the seafood (I'm currently craving seal fat like it ruled the world!), and now weighs about 30 pounds all on her own! What if she comes out the size of a toddler?! What if she comes out full grown?!

Okay, wait, stroke the Komboloi… Phew! I'm less panicky now. Morgana is fine.

Morgana is fine.

Morgana is FINE, Merlin damnit!

Breathe, breathe, Komboloi.

Better.

Okay, so, did you find Zaire as adorable as I did today? It's River's birthday, and so any other year, we would have had a big family lunch or dinner, but this year, River didn't want to come all the way back home when him and Mahafsoun had plans that more than likely were very private. Thus I didn't expect anything special or fancy.

This just did NOT agree with Zaire, hahaha!

So, shortly after I woke up and snuggled with you - you were conveniently in bed nursing the boys - we received word that guests had flooed into the Manor, and that Eris requested both our presence in the Sun Room so that she didn't have to face them alone.

NOT that she would be less than perfectly safe in our home, but moral support, I suppose.

So we both hastily asked our elves to cast dressing spells on us and wrangle our hair into some semblance of order. Or well, my hair anyway. We even managed to make it to the Sun Room before Eris, Viona, Alric, Hazel, and Orion. Once everyone was settled and comfortable, we gave permission for the elves to bring our guests to us.

Eric looked rather amazed as he and his father looked around the Sun Room a moment later. "This place is HUGE!"

I chuckled because all he would have seen of it so far was the entrance hall and the Sun Room. Just wait until he's had a tour. "Welcome to Malfoy Manor, Eric. Mr. Madsen."

"Blimey! You're actually Harry Potter!" Mr. Madsen exclaimed in awe. "I was 5 Years above you, so I was out of school before you REALLY got popular. I always lamented having to miss the Triwizard Tournament."

As usual, you were less than thrilled by the adoration, but you kept silent.

"I was also a little disappointed that by the time my wife - EX-wife - and I went to Unity House in California to adopt, you'd already moved on," he continued, apparently perfectly content to keep babbling on all day.
Thankfully, Eric cut his father short. "How are you doing today, Eris? Can I hold Luka?"

"I'm well, thank you for asking. Luka's just eaten and can't quite decide if he wants to take a nap. Warning, he'll probably need a nappy change any moment now," she said as she handed her son over.

Both Eric and his father looked positively enamored by their little man. They cooed at and tickled him, making baby faces and doing their best to make him smile. Eris looked a little relieved.

"Look," she stated firmly. "Despite knowing that there was only one option, I had Healer Rowe cast a paternity test spell on you to be certain that you were telling the truth about being the one to, erm, *well*… because it's probably not hard to see how a bloke might hear the story of what happened and try to use that to worm their way into this family. Even once confirmed, I honestly wasn't sure I wanted to let you see us ever again, but you've managed to put my mind at ease. A little. So, I'm going to offer you shared custody on the condition that you always come HERE for the first year or so. As long as you don't do anything to harm any of us, and never try to take him away without permission, we'll renegotiate after Luka's first birthday."

Eric took a moment to think this over, and then nodded slowly. "Alright... I suppose that sounds fair. Better than you expecting child support while never allowing me visitation."

I took a sip of the tea that the elves had just served. "You're lucky in that Eris doesn't need monetary support from you. That said, don't push your luck. She's not going to be a bank for you either."

Eric looked extremely affronted for a moment before visibly swallowing his ire. After taking a purposeful breath and exhaling it, he nodded in acceptance. "I just want a chance to get to know Eris better while we raise our son. And just so you know, even though we're not THIS well off, we do have enough money that I can go to any college in the world I want and not have to worry about how to pay for it."

I gave a sparse nod of acceptance.

The solemnity of the situation was ruined a moment later when the glass doors to the outside burst open and the Feisty Foursome ran into the room. "DADS!!! Can we please ride the Thestrals?! The babies are positively mopey because they haven't been ridden in FOREVER!!!"

We both groaned and sighed. You threw your hands up in the air in defeat. "Why even bother asking? You're just going to do it even if we say no!"

"Well yeah, but YOU said we should always ask first!" Lily replied, all four of them were running around our chairs excitedly.

"Did someone give you sugar?" I wondered with a raised brow.

"NOPE!" Three of them assured us with innocent expressions and head shakes while Atreyu grinned and stated: "Grandpa gave us bags of rock candy from Honeydukes!"

I laughed and put an arm around Atreyu's shoulders, stopping him from running around. I lightly poked his adorable little nose. "You need to learn how to NOT incriminate yourself."

"Yeah well, we don't want him to LIE either," you said sternly, looking at the other three with an expression that let them know you were talking about them.

"No, that we don't," I agreed. "Just maybe not volunteer information that will get them in trouble."
You shifted your stern expression to me. "They can't ALL be Slytherins. We should try teaching them balanced views, such as understanding that volunteering information that can get them in trouble will get them in much LESS trouble than if they lie about it."

"That don't work!" Orion blurted out, and then blushed when he realized that we were both peering at him suspiciously. He rubbed the back of his neck nervously. "I'm just saying that if - for example, HYPOTHETICALLY - if one of us said that we'd supplied a bunch of alcohol for all our housemates to party with, I'm dead certain that you'd both ground that one for months."

I laughed. "You think we never partied and drank in Slytherin?"

"Hey!" You blurted out in protest. "When we partied in Gryffindor, we ONLY ever had butterbeer!"

I snorted. "That's because you were all goody goody Gryffindors. I'm SHOCKED that Fred and George never snuck in anything harder."

You stroked your chin in thought. "Hmm... You know, I bet they did and I just was too preoccupied with other things to notice."

Eris, Hazel, and Viona all had utterly smooth expressions. "We cannot confirm nor deny whether Slytherins still party with alcohol, but if they did, it would only be the finest alcohol."

"Naturally," I agreed with a nod.

You set one fist on top of the palm of your other hand. "We REALLY need to have a Hufflepuff so that we can learn all their secrets too!"

It was my turn to stroke my chin in thought. "Hmm... you have an excellent point."

That was when we were interrupted before any of us could say anything else.

"Mesdames et Messieurs," Zaire called out dramatically as he entered the room. He was dressed up in a VERY iconic waiter's uniform, like a black tuxedo but... slightly less formal and more utilitarian. We all looked over at him curiously.

"Whoa," Eric blurted out in shock. "I would NOT have expected the founder of Unity House to have a child of color as a servant..."

This made us all whip our heads to Eric in alarm.

"AHEM!!" Zaire cleared his throat very loudly. "I'm TRYING to do something important here!"

I smiled at him. "By all means, love, carry on."

Harrumphing in triumph, he did exactly that. "If everyone would follow me to the formal dining room, a leisurely luncheon will be served."

I checked my pocket watch. It was past normal lunchtime, but since I personally hadn't even eaten breakfast and had only had a few biscuits with my tea, I was fairly eager to dig in. A look around let me know that most of the people in the room had apparently forgotten to eat as well. Maybe Zaire had actually forbidden the elves to serve lunch as normal.

As we made our way to the formal dining room, Zaire had some of the elves round up everyone
else. Well, everyone in our 'little' family. It seems that my parents and siblings and the Viper's kids weren't invited.

I decided to make a quick and informal introduction. "Kids! Quiet down! QUIET!!! Lovely. This is Eric and his father. Eric is Luka's father, and they're here to meet with the family and work things out, so please try to go easy on them. Eric, as you are more than likely going to be visiting the Manor on a regular basis from now on, it would probably be best to have names to go with faces.

"This is our eldest daughter, Elena, and her baby Rafael. Elena, lovely to see you home for lunch and not overdoing it at school."

She laughed. "Ethan and Rose have made it their mission to stay by my side most of the time to prevent me from going into work before I'm 'ready' - which they don't think I am."

I smirked at her. "Good." I returned my attention to Eric. "Our oldest son, River, isn't here - which is ironic, since it's his birthday. Next is Viona, who apparently doesn't like a thing about you, so best to avoid provoking her as she she's not afraid to shout out what's on her mind. Next to her is her fiancé Alric; Eris you know, of course; Hazel, Orion, Shtara, Siri, Zwei, Jaz, Persephone, Lily, Caelum, Atreyu, Gabriel is in Harry's arms, and I'm holding Dylan. I feel like I'm forgetting someone... OH! And our son that's hosting this banquet is Zaire."

"Thank you for that introduction, dad," Zaire stated as if he was the most important person in the room. "I've gathered you all here today to sample this excellent feast and tell me what you think. I made everything myself with only a little bit of help from the elves. As you can see, it's traditional cuisine from around the world."

Shtara, perhaps mildly offended that Zaire was acting like he was more important than she is - being an actual star and all - interrupted him. She looked rather suspicious. "This sounds like a bloody business presentation."

Zaire grinned at her. "It is! Well spotted!"

"What's the business?" You wondered curiously.

Zaire gestured around at all the food. "A traditional and ethnic food restaurant. I KNOW we all love Café Exquis - and that CAN do any food you want - but I thought to myself that with people being so obsessed with food these days, and actually wanting to know where their food comes from, that it was ethically raised, and prepared using traditional methods, that there's a real market for something like I envision. BEST OF ALL, I can create it from the ground up, right here in Wiltshire! There are plenty of farmers around to supply the local ingredients, and then I can blatantly use my connection to Café Exquis to source all of the other ingredients - since they have a supplier to literally everything available on the planet."

I laughed, so proud of him. "Well, you certainly have confidence in this plan of yours, but what about the economics of it? Running a restaurant is EXPENSIVE, and I highly doubt that you have the slightest idea how to create a balanced budget - which I would require before approving any sort of business plan."

Zaire bounced giddily and grinned as he gestured at Viona. "I asked Vivi to help me with that - as she KNOWS full well that you'd expect me to hire a manager to actually handle those parts that I am weak in."

Viona smiled at him and pulled a THICK report out of her pocket - unshrinking it before handing it over. "Zaire and I talked business every moment I could spare for the last two months - most of it
over Magi-Skype. He has a pretty well-thought-out plan, and yes, I DID help him with the financial portion of the plan."

I took the plan and skimmed through it before holding it over my shoulder for Pippa to take - except that I forgot that she's still on maternity leave. "Bugger!" I exclaimed, sighing. "Looks like I can't have my assistant get to work on it, so I'll just have to trust that my brilliant daughter would NEVER hand me a bad plan. If Viona thinks this is worth investing in, then I have to agree. Congratulations Zaire! And by the way, this goat tongue taco is fantastic!"

Zaire positively beamed in pride. "It's one of my favorites!"

"Wait!" Elena interrupted. "Does this mean that you won't be teaching African dances at my school?"

Zaire flapped his hand at her and scoffed. "Of course I will. First of all, I'll need to wait until Pippa is back to work, or possibly until dad can hire ME an assistant. Then I'll need to scout for the perfect property, hire experts to plan out and construct the restaurant, and then have it equipped, supplied, and staffed before I can even think about opening it. That'll take months, and even then, my class is one day a week. I think even once my restaurant is open, I'll be able to fit a two hour class a week into my schedule, and if not, I *clearly* haven't hired the right manager!"

You roared with laughter. "Another brilliant child raised to do business the MALFOY way! Draco, perhaps you should try teaching a few of them to actually run their own business."

"I RUN MY OWN BUSINESS!!!" Elena, Viona, Alric, Hazel, Eris, and Orion all protested indignantly.

"Hell! I run SEVERAL of them!" Viona added huffily.

You immediately looked contrite. "Er... right. Sorry."

"And I act, which is even better," Shtara added with a playful wink at you. She then burst into an absolutely breathtaking rendition of Poor Unfortunate Souls, which the rest of us decided to sing along to.

Looking far more relaxed than I've seen her since she opened her school, Elena immediately started a new song the moment the first one finished: Bohemian Rhapsody. At the end, Eris was laughing so hard that she had to hold her sides.

"Well, there's no better initiation into the Malfoy family than a crazy and chaotic singalong!" She smiled at Eric for a moment before turning to grin at me. "Dad, sing a lullaby! An upbeat one!"

Never one to pass up a request, I shifted so that I could hold up the squishy and utterly perfect baby in my arms as if presenting him to our tribe.

May the good Lord be with you down every road you roam.
And may sunshine and happiness surround you when you're far from home.
And may you grow to be proud, dignified and true.
And do unto others as you'd have done to you.
Be courageous and be brave.
And in my heart you'll always stay
Forever young. (Forever young)
Forever young. (Forever young)
Draco
P.S. I really don't think Mr. Madsen was prepared to see the two of us as loving married men, because he looked downright shocked (or maybe disappointed) that we didn't argue or fight even once, hahaha!

Chapter End Notes

Here's a link to a video on youtube in which two really good looking gay guys dance in a church to Hallelujah, enjoy ^_^
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KDgA2sxQIn8
Saturday March 25, 2017

My Pregnant Husband,

I'm so sorry you're still pregnant and uncomfortable. I'm sorry you feel so enormous. I honestly think the reason you're carrying larger than you have previously is simply because you had all that space from before Gabe and Dylan were removed and so Morgana had a whole lot of space to stretch out and get comfortable. Rowe has taken readings and measurements remember, and Morgana definitely measures on the larger end of normal but well within normal standards. I promise you she is not toddler sized or fully grown.

If she's anywhere near toddler sized, it would at least be Persephone toddler sized where she was barely the size of the average one year old by the time she was three.

My guess for what it's worth? I am guessing she'll be roughly nine pounds by the time she makes her grand entrance ... in a week from now. I know, you're so excited to be closing in on your due date, but I think that stubborn little girl has set in and has no intention of leaving even then. We may have to smoke her out.

I thought for a moment when I was reading your email that I was having some weird out of body experience and reading my own writing. When did you become the panicky one who goes to extremes like "What if she comes out full grown?" What kind of rambling, incoherent, Harry-nonsense is happening? Are we having some Freaky Friday brain swapping insanity going on? Oh Hell, what if we really have magically swapped personalities or something and I didn't even notice? Am I really that unobservant that I don't even notice a personality swap?

Wait, still panicking. Nope, no swapping, just you catching a bad case of the Ridicul-itis.

Oh my goodness could Zaire have been any cuter with his whole presentation? With his little waiter uniform? He is constantly an enigma to me; he's grown so tall, he's so mature, but he's also got this infectious grin that lights up at the smallest thing the way it did when he was practically a toddler. He's like an old man, trapped inside a little boy, trapped in the body of a young man.

I'm so glad Zaire made a big lunch and presentation on Tuesday. I was missing my River something awful. Between the visit from the Madsens and Zaire's business proposal, it kept my mind off of being away from him on his birthday for the first time in years. Ugh, I thought teenagers were stressful, this having adult children thing is utter bull-shite!

I miss him so much Draco! I want to call him every day and beg him to come home. I want to fly to California, throw the both of them in a potato sack, and kidnap them back home where they belong. I want him back here where I can see him and make him birthday pancakes and visit him at work. I'm just having such a hard time with him so far away.
And the worst part is, I am so proud of him. I love that he knows exactly what his priorities are and that he's across the world making it on his own. Starting his life with his wife. He's wonderful and brilliant and I just want him to be happy. This is just so damn hard.

Okay, I have to stop blubbering. Yikes, if I thought the pregnancy mood swings were bad, this postpartum stuff is no joke this time around. I promise you I do not have post-partum depression. After the first mood swing, I actually really started analyzing my feelings and trying to catch it before it got bad. Nope, just good old hormonal spikes which cause me to swing from insanely happy to hysterically sad in no time.

I did have a really lovely magi-skype session with Maha this weekend before Eris went into labor. I asked her if she would be willing to humor me, and if they weren't coming for a visit, would she be willing to bring him breakfast in bed and sing happy birthday to him on his birthday? She was actually really excited that I was including her in our family's special tradition. Apparently she still worries that I don't care for her, which is ridiculous! I only ever cared about her well-being, and now that she's my extra daughter, I truly do love her. After assuring me that she would make him his birthday breakfast, we had a really nice long talk. We ended up hashing out some old feelings of jealousy or frustration, really getting to the heart of our relationship.

I have really high hopes that she and I are going to be much closer from here on out.

I know we've already decided to ask Dean and Seamus to be Dylan's Godparents, and we've never chosen one of our kids to be any of their siblings' Godparents. But sister-in-law is different right? Do you think we should ask her to be Godmother to either Gabriel or Morgana? I didn't say anything to her about it, so if it's not alright with you just let me know and there won't be any disappointment or anything.

And are we going to officially ask Dean and Seamus when they come for dinner to meet Dylan today?

How did you feel about the Madsens? Eric seems like a nice kid who made some stupid mistakes. Having my own nice kids who have made stupid mistakes, I would normally forgive just about any transgression. But he also hurt my baby girl. So I kind of want to make him hurt.

Luckily, Eris is being really mature about the whole thing. Her restrictions on basically giving Eric unlimited access to Luka but within the safety of our home is a really good compromise. We can be assured of his safety while letting Eric know his son. And of course Eric and his dad were enamored of Luka, he's absolute perfection. How could you not be in love with that little guy?

I'm less in love with Eric's father. I really hope he either almost never visits or gets over his nonsense hero-worship quickly. I've never been so pleased to have NOT been at Unity to meet with potential parents. Yeah ... it's so rough that you missed the tri-wizard tournament. That was an event to die for. Fuck, it wasn't a game! When will people realize it was a scary, horrible, unnecessarily dangerous contest designed to give Voldemort access to me?

And there's the rage mood swing. Lovely to see you old friend.

Well, I'm off to go check on dinner, feed the babies, and then hopefully grab all the babies in the house for pictures and a ridiculous amount of smooches.

Love you!
Harry

P.S. I know the trio headed back a few days ago so they could be home with their own babies for
the influx of March Quartet birthdays, but did you see Lainie huddled up with Hermione almost constantly when they were here? Do you know what that was about?

Saturday March 25th
My patience,

Thank you so much for keeping me calm. You may not even realize how helpful you are being. I woke up to you in bed feeding our boys, and that in and of itself kept my mind off my discomfort and on you and them. Then when I started thinking about how this is Morgana's due date and there's no sign she's planning to come out any time soon, I started getting anxious and trying to plan out ways to trigger labor.

Maybe you sensed my anxiety because you pulled me close for a kiss and then handed Gabriel to me, since he was full and Dylan was still nursing. I was able to focus on our adorable little boy, inspecting his fingers, toes, skin tone, soft hair, and eye color to see if he was perhaps turning blond, but nope, still a fiery ginger. Not that I'm complaining, just that it's weird to see our kids with red hair.

After both the babies were sleeping, you stroked a hand down my spine and gave me a thousand little kisses, which definitely kept my mind off the little dancer in my belly.

As I'm thinking about it now, I remember hearing that orgasms can trigger labor, so I'm hoping that from the time I wake up tomorrow - whenever our babies are napping or in the care of the elves or a family member - you'll accept my challenge to make me orgasm and keep on making me orgasm until my womb takes the hint and starts contracting on its own.

But before I forget, with my brainfog only slightly better than it was a week or so ago, I wanted to tell you about Elena's conversation with Hermione. I can't remember exactly if I had simply overheard it at first and eventually barged my way in, or if we were already sitting down and having tea when it started, but in any case, I found out that Elena has been asking Hermione all sorts of questions about polyamorous relationships.

See, Elena has always been friends with Kisa, and so, knows a lot about what it's like to be the last member added to a relationship, but what Elena wanted to know was how it felt to be part of the original couple when they first decided to be open, and then when they found someone that they were pretty sure they wanted to be with forever.

Hermione was surprisingly honest about her feelings. Perhaps honest is a bad description. Erm... in touch with and forthcoming might be a better description. Hermione said that she and Ron originally started playing around because they'd both been serious about each other from a fairly early age and didn't really have much experience with others. So, they wanted to sow a few wild oats before getting married. But then they had a threesome with Blaise and everything changed.

Hermione looked a little haunted when she talked about how Blaise was a notorious player, never settling down with anyone and shagging every single person that interested him in the slightest. They were both afraid that he would get bored of them - and to be honest, he usually never shagged a person more than two or three times before forgetting about them and moving on.

Hermione then went on to talk about how they resigned themselves to basically letting him be himself, even though it meant that he was just playing with them. They were confused that he kept coming back, and that he eventually started staying, but they couldn't let their hearts get TOO involved because they knew it was only a matter of time before he left.
Hermione was rather soft and vulnerable looking as she smiled. "We all know NOW that he was meant for Kisa, but that doesn't mean that he never had any thoughts or feelings of his own. He was nearing his 30s when she finally was of age and able to bond with him, and for all of those years, he was searching for her without knowing it. So, when he finally realized that he'd fallen in love with us, and we were able to admit that we'd fallen pretty hard for him too, it was a REALLY momentous occasion. I don't think a single one of us thought it would actually last beyond the honeymoon phase, but we were all committed to making it work as much as possible..."

Hermione trailed off and stared at her tea for a few long minutes while Elena thought this over and I also drank my tea. I'm not certain that Hermione managed to set Elena's mind at ease, but she eventually let us know why she was so curious.

Rafael ran out of milk on the one side and had to be switched to the other, but once he was settled again, Elena kissed him on his gorgeous head and returned her attention to us.

"See, this thing with Ethan and Rose was only ever meant to be a one off. I jumped at the chance because I've had a crush on Ethan forever, but then I got pregnant. I was fully prepared to do this all on my own, but then he found out and pushed his way into our lives. NOW he and Rose are SO supportive of me, and they're acting a bit like I belong to them, but not in a controlling way, more of a... hmm... I suppose you could say a: you're one of us now, and we always take care of our own - sort of way. Like they consider me part of their family, and considering how I was raised in a family that regularly adds new members, I couldn't exactly claim not to be used to this sort of sentiment."

She paused to take a long drink of water. "I think they might be trying to form a relationship with me that's more than just co-parenting, but I'm... I guess I'm a little wary because they were having marital troubles when they first invited me to play. What if they didn't fully fix those problems and ***I*** become the thing that breaks them apart completely? But when I tried to talk to Rose about being the 'other woman,' she just smiled at me, shook her head, and put her arm around my shoulders, murmuring something about us being permanently part of each others' lives because of our kids having the same father."

Elena sighed, shook her head, and then smiled. "I actually think that ROSE likes me. Like maybe that was a part of the problem - Rose liking women - and if that's the case, maybe that's why they thought a threesome would help. Because it would be giving her what she needs." She shrugged. "But I also don't quite know if I want that sort of relationship, or if I just want a Mononormative one. Like Rodrigo not so subtly keeps hinting he'd be very happy to have with me..."

I chuckled at that. "I *knew* there was some chemistry there!"

She rolled her eyes at me. "He's bloody fit! I'd have to be blind not to notice!"

"That he is," I agreed with a nod.

Hermione smirked. "My advice is to have a BRILLIANT one night stand with Rodrigo, making certain he knows that you are not looking to start a relationship, just want to see what you'll be missing out on, and then talk to Rose about her expectations. If you are right about her liking you and wanting to add you to their relationship, so long as you are not adverse to it, it'll more than likely be worth trying. Because if it works, your son grows up with his father and siblings and you all are happy. If it doesn't work out, at least you'll have tired and know it doesn't work for you."

I stroked my chin in thought. "You could always have both. A triad with Ethan and Rose, AND a mostly Mononormative relationship with Rodrigo. I can't promise it'll ALL work out, but so long as everyone remains honest and TALKS about their feelings constantly, it has a chance, I should
Elena looked speculative, but had more questions for Hermione. I personally had to go to the loo, but then I got distracted or lost in our closet and never got back to them.

As for today, I'd say things went rather well.

Dean and Seamus were over for dinner, and we were having a smaller, more intimate one with just them and us (and our babies) in our suite. Dean was holding Dylan and positively FASCINATED by how much they look alike. As you said, Dylan is almost certainly a mini Dean clone with a couple of my features. It would be IMPOSSIBLE not to notice a resemblance between them.

Also, yes, it's a good thing Dean is a good looking bloke, as it means his mini clone will be just as gorgeous as the rest of our kids. How did we manage to get so lucky that ALL of our kids are so gorgeous?

As dinner progressed and Dean and Seamus took turns holding Dylan (and Gabriel), they both got watery looks for a moment, until Seamus finally reassured us.

"We're still absolutely certain that we don't want kids, but we won't lie and say that we haven't been thinking about it a lot ever since we found out about this little man. Actually seeing him, and seeing how a child between Dean and me could look - with his features, but lighter. Maybe... maybe having a baby wouldn't be so bad after all. But then reality returns and we remember that babies are a lot of work and having one as we approach our 40s is going to be even harder. So as beautiful as he is - as much fun as it is to think about how a child of ours would grow - we are more certain than ever that we don't want to go through the reality of it."

That's when you and I smiled at each other and I nodded encouragingly.

"Well, how would you like to be Godfathers instead?" You asked with a warm smile.

They both looked so honored, giving each other watery looks before turning back to you and nodding vigorously. "We'd like that!"

And so, mission accomplished, I suppose. Little Dylan Sheen Potter officially has a set of Godparents, and Gabriel Pan Potter has Mahafsoun as a Godmother (or will soon enough). And you're right, even though we haven't made any of our kids Godparents yet, maybe we should consider it. Viona and Alric as Godparents for Morgana? If not... hmm... we've sort of run out of people, haven't we? Maybe our farmer?

AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Wouldn't that just shock him! 'Oi, I can't even remember your name, but how would you like to be responsible for one of our MANY kids should we happen to die?' Hahahahahaha!

No seriously, we need to stop having kids because we've run out of people to name Godparents. Or wait, did we use all my siblings yet? If not, they are probably just waiting for their turn. Viper's kids too.

OOO!!! I think I felt a contraction!!! ...... ...... DAMNIT! No... just a bit of gas... sigh...

I have loved you for a thousand years and I will love you for a thousand more,

Draco
Harry wants to know what Draco has against red hair, and Draco wants to trigger his labor.

Saturday March 25th
My Love who makes beautiful ginger babies,

Yeah, beautiful ginger babies. What in Merlin's name is your real problem with the red hair? I mean honestly. You think it's weird to see our children with red hair? Your son is six years old! You've had six years to get used to a child of yours having red hair. Are you saying my sons are weird looking? I love you, but I may have to hurt you just a little bit. And not the fun kind.

I didn't actually mean we should use our children as their siblings' Godparents. I was more explaining why it wasn't weird to ask Mahafsoun when we've not ever asked our children. And I realize we really have used up a LOT of our options. And even doubling them in some places. We do still have a few unutilized options.

We already know that Dylan will have Dean and Seamus. We already know that Morgana will have Mahafsoun. I think we should definitely have Gavin and Della for Gabriel, you can't use two of your siblings and not use the other two. There may be a mutiny! And you mentioned Viper's kids, but what about Viper's husband? Tiger is such a huge part of our lives, and Viper is already Caelum's Godfather. I really think we should have Tiger be Morgana's other Godparent.

Then we just have to figure what to do about Atreyu's ceremony. Obviously it's a bit late for a naming ceremony, but he needs an official welcome into the Malfoy family. What do you think about asking Teddy and Bill to stand in as Godfathers for him? Neither of them are weres but Bill has the traits and Teddy has had to grow up knowing he was the child of a were. I think those two men would be fantastic role models for our little boy.

I feel a bit selfish though, we're using up all the godparents before Eris and Lainie have a chance to ask anyone for Rafael or Luka. Not that I even have to wonder who they're going to choose. Well, I suppose I do wonder who Lainie's OTHER choice will be after Kisa. Maybe she'll let Ethan or Rose choose the other Godparent. There is zero doubt in my mind that Eris will be choosing Hazel and Orion.

Oh my sweet Lainie-Girl. What do you think she's going to do? I hate that she's struggling over this decision. And at this point it's not even a decision. She doesn't even know if they're interested in pursuing a triad type relationship. Although, they'd have to be absolute idiots to not see perfection when it's all but dropped in their laps. So she has to decide if she even wants to find out if it IS a possibility, then if it's a possibility she has to decide if she wants to pursue it. Why can't things just be easy for her?

I think of our own whirlwind romance - seven or eight years of constant fighting, a handful of snarky emails with barely veiled innuendo and flirting, a drunken marriage proposal, and BAM here we are almost two decades later madly in love with a small army of children at our disposal.
Our Elena is too wonderful to be so stressed about finding the right person or people to fall in love with.

What if she's the one who breaks them?!? Oh my darling girl, what if you're exactly what they've been waiting for? What if you fill in all of their brittle edges with your brilliance? How could anything not be better just by having her in it?

Just like my entire world is better for having you in it.

Maybe I should come find you and try to shag you into labor!

Yours,
Harry

Sunday March 26th
Dearest Harry,

Thank you so much for putting me to sleep last night, the blowjob was... stubborn, or rather, my shaft was. I imagine that must have been hard on your jaw, but at least it made me pass out and sleep relatively through the night - with only a trip or two to the loo.

As for right now, I'm a bit desperate for this labor to begin already. It's a day late! Our daughters may be brilliant Divas, but a full day late is more than just fashionably late.

So, I'm going to attempt a light jog all around the Manor and the grounds until the jarring motion starts my labor. Possibly interspersed with jumping jacks. Don't worry, I'll have Muffy with me at all times in case I pop whilst in the North Fields. Also, I'm not going to do it on purpose, but I do happen to know that tripping can work pretty well. Maybe I'll get lucky and not see a rock that makes me trip and triggers my labor.

If you need me, I'll be around here somewhere.

Tale as old as time,
Draco
Chapter 109

Chapter Summary

Draco is still pregnant.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the spotty updates this week, work was kicking my butt!

Monday March 27, 2017

My Sweetheart,

Another day gone and another day that Morgana has firmly dug in with no attempts at vacating her spot. It's just so backwards, we thought we'd be voluntarily having a scheduled birth for her at thirty-six weeks to hopefully keep Gabriel and Dylan in as long as possible. Hopefully able to go to 38 weeks for Dylan and the full 40 for Gabriel. Instead, they're already almost two weeks old (tomorrow) and she's overdue.

I feel guilty, I only had to be pregnant for three months, you've been pregnant for so long. And even though you're down to only one, the majority of your pregnancy was with triplets! I am so ready for Morgana to get here, I want to meet the youngest of our children, I want to see her (undoubtedly) gorgeous little face, I want these three babies back together like they belong. But mostly, I just want you to be done being miserable and uncomfortable.

I know it doesn't help the discomfort, but if it helps you emotionally, I need you to know that I find you insanely attractive right now. Your already normally perfect skin and hair have that healthy glow to them. Your belly, while you think it looks terrible, is smooth and gorgeous, you know I've always had a bit of a pregnancy kink where you're involved. Knowing you're carrying our children, sacrificing your comfort, holding them within your body, seeing you absentmindedly stroking your stomach with a fond expression of love, well it does some noticeable things to my cock.

My cock which is achingly hard right now. I kind of want to wank, but I feel so selfish trying to chase my own pleasure when you're so uncomfortable.

I probably shouldn't feel selfish since in the last twelve hours I'm pretty sure I've gotten you off, what, a solid ten times? I have to congratulate you on your stamina my love. Normally that many orgasms in that short amount of time would take assistance from spells or potions. But that was all you and your pent up frustration.

Gods you're just so damn pretty. We both wanted to hopefully jump start labor for you with a "few" intense orgasms. We didn't accomplish the labor, but judging by how you are currently sleeping like the dead, our night festivities seem to have at least made you feel good. Watching you writhe around the bed, letting me stroke your gorgeous shaft, hearing your voice begging and pleading, ungh the things you do to me Malfoy!
The first orgasm was fast, I just wanted to take the edge off. So I took you into my mouth in one fell swoop. Straight down my throat, I could hear you gasping and moaning above me. I just kept at it, twirling my tongue around any part I could reach while I swallowed around your cock in my throat. You blew so quickly. My poor neglected man. Had you been needing that for a while?

I gave you a minute to come down, but didn't let you fall all the way before I was back to playing with that pretty cock of yours. Stroking you slowly but steadily, gripping you as tight as I could, giving you that twist of my wrist at the head that you love so much. You took slightly longer to come the second time, but it was beautiful. You erupted all over my hand, your own stomach, and a little on my face since I had gotten close to watch you twitch and come.

I let go of your shaft, and proceeded to lick your essence off of my hand. You watched me in a haze, like you wanted to be turned on but were too strung out. Then I leaned down and cleaned you all up. Little licks until your skin was shiny from only my mouth. I sucked your bollocks into my mouth and proceeded to massage them with my tongue. You just laid back and allowed it until I moved up to take your dick into my mouth again.

"Harry, no, it's too much." you whined. I mean ... you said in a very mature and confident way.

"Of course it's not too much," I popped off to answer you. "This is just what you need. Get out of your head and have as many orgasms as you can handle. You'll take it all and you'll love it. Understood?"

You just nodded at me with those glazed over gorgeous grey eyes. Usually they're quicksilver, flashing heat, but they were more like smoke then. I went back to trying to harden you up, despite your insistence it was too much you got hard in very little time.

What followed was hours of me torturing you, orgasm after orgasm. Eventually you were coming completely dry, shivering and shaking, crying and moaning. But I didn't stop until you literally blacked out from the intense feelings around three o'clock this morning. It's now ten o'clock and you are still sound asleep. Not in labor, but apparently quite sated.

I'm going to stay here in bed with you, nursing Gabriel and Dylan (almost constantly, the little piglets) while I stare at the perfection that is my husband's face.

Yours,
Harry

Friday March 31st
Oi Mutt!

I feel like Rowe and Fate have teamed up to screw me over, and not in a fun way! It's been FOREVER since I was due!!! I count at least four or five separate eons!

I've done EVERYTHING I CAN! I've walked, I've run, I've jumped, danced, punched myself in the abdomen, and had you give me so many orgasms that I swear I will punch YOU if you touch me again in the next two months!

Alternatively, to relieve my frustration, I've taken to sucking you off because that's actually fulfilling my blood craving at the moment, and also, giving me lovely hits of your magic that I just can't get enough of.

Today was my appointment with Rowe, and I thought: "I don't care what it takes, I'll buy her her
own island in the Maldives if that's what she wants - ANYTHING to get her to agree to deliver me. RIGHT. NOW!!!!

But NO, she just has to be a professional Healer who wants to stick to the guidelines that a healthy pregnancy should not be disrupted unless something goes wrong or it's gone ***AT LEAST*** two weeks over the due date! BLOODY COW!!! I should fire her!!! Roast her over live coals!!!

And when I pointed out that this is not my first pregnancy, and that subsequent C-Sections are scheduled and performed BEFORE the due date, she laughed - LAUGHED!!! - and reminded me that this womb is new, created when I took the Polyjuice Potion, and thus, doesn't have any old scars that could potentially burst open - which is the only reason they schedule those subsequent births.

@#$%^&*!@#$%^&*!@#$%^&*!@#$%^&*!@#$%^&*!

I am literally spitting fire right now.

But to add INSULT to injury - sigh...

There I was, sitting with Delphini and her boy Balian Potter, discussing her business as she nursed - while Sebastian kept peeking into the room, obviously waiting for her to finish up so that he could hold 'her' son. To be fair, he *was* brewing a potion in the room just off the Sun Room, and thus, had a reason for not just hovering over her directly. When Balian finished up, Sebastian took him and gave him his first - or probably actually 10th or 100th - Potions Lesson.

I still find it amusing that a grandchild of both the Dark Lord and SNAPE managed to be born on Valentine's day. It amuses me enough to nearly cheer me up when I think about it.

Pippa waltzed into the room with her baby boy Pierre, wasting not even half a second before telling me that she is NOT back from maternity leave yet, but that she simply misses her home - as she's lived with us for half her life at this point - and can only stand her family fussing over her so much at a given time. She let me hold Pierre, who I treated like an honorary grandson, giving him lots of tiny kisses and singing to him softly.

That was when fate decided to play a REALLY NOT amusing at all trick on me. Leah burst into the room, panting heavily and clutching her abdomen. "I think... It's time..."

Pippa practically leapt into action, ordering me to keep an eye on her son while she rushed Leah to St. Mungo's. Leah seemed to be panicking a little at this point.

"It's not... time! I'm not... due... until April... 2nd!"

Pippa chuckled. "Close enough love, and if you're already this far gone, it's probably going to happen before we get settled into the delivery room!"

They popped off and I had to bury my face in Pierre's belly and blow raspberries to cover the fact that I think I was legitimately crying, possibly sobbing, at this turn of events. Within a half an hour, Sirius popped back home (an elf must have alerted him) to announce that he had another beautiful son. He handed out Cigars, which smell like they were made with marijuana rather than tobacco, and then raced back to the hospital to give Leah a present. A bracelet or some such.

I eventually had an opportunity to hand Pierre off to Orion, before slinking off to contemplate something drastic. Rest assured that I was able to logic my way through that terrible thought process by remembering that slitting my wrists would only be satisfying for about two minutes before reality returned and I started panicking. So I summoned my laptop and decided to write this
email instead. Now that I'm done, I think I might try casting a smaller version of the Cruciat
Curse on my womb to make it contract. At the very least, it might make Morgana a bit LESS
comfortable in there and decide to come out after all.

Next Friday is the day before my two weeks overdue date, and if Rowe STILL won't deliver me at
that point, I'm taking matters into my own hands and doing it myself, you hear! I'll expect you on
hand to hold Morgana once I get her out, but I've been reading up these last few weeks, and I'm
confident that I could cast all the pain blocking spells correctly, which would allow me to do the
rest of it without any trouble.

I've got my heart set on you,
Draco
P.S. If I ever get my hands on Fate, I'm MURDERING her!!!
Chapter 110

Chapter Summary

Harry is angry and worried, and Draco goes to see Healer Rowe again.

Saturday April 1, 2017

My Foggy Love,

I suppose I shouldn't really stress how foggy you've been because I got all caught up in your confusion myself. But, my love, my joy, my best friend in the world ... your due date wasn't last week ... it's today. I thought it seemed awfully "soon" for you to have been due after the boys were born, but I just assumed I was all mixed up from sleep deprivation, being up all night and all day with the boys.

Nope. I was reading through some of our older emails hoping to find a clue as to something I could do for you to help you feel a little less miserable. Maybe there had been a movie you'd mentioned wanting to see that we hadn't. Or a restaurant you'd been wanting to try. I was willing to do just about anything at this point to make you feel even the slightest bit better. That's when I stumbled across an email where we had been discussing the pregnancies by week and official due dates. That's where I saw Morgana's official due date is the first of April.

I have to say though, I totally understand wanting to try anything and everything to finish up a pregnancy when you KNOW the child is well developed enough to be safe and sound if born that moment. Do you remember my pregnancy with Orion? By the end, I was pretty sure he was some invader who had settled in for a long and bloody battle. I get wanting to be done. But Draco, you cannot, CAN NOT punch yourself in the abdomen! You CAN NOT cast cruciatus on your stomach.

When I read you had done the first and were contemplating the second, I actually had to run to the loo and vomit. I'm actually emailing you right now instead of confronting you because I'm so angry, I'm afraid if I see you right now I will say something I can't take back.

I understand that magic and a layer of muscle are keeping Morgana relatively safe, but you were literally so frustrated about something that you punched something holding your baby. You are debating casting cruciatus on the body part that is housing our daughter. If you want a gazillion orgasms, to go for a jog, eat spicy foods, or whatever else old wives tales remedies you can think of for inducing labor? You do whatever you think is healthy. But if you physically assault my husband and daughter again? I'm going to inform your mind healer and Healer Rowe and ask that they confine you to the hospital for the duration of your pregnancy.

You're obviously not in your right mind if you actually think this behavior is acceptable. I know we don't see eye to eye on everything, and I wouldn't want to. We are different people, we're not always going to agree. But I have to assume some hormone or chemical or something is going through your brain and making you insane, because the Draco Malfoy I have been in love with for decades would not be acting like this. I'm trying to be understanding, and I love you more than life itself, but I can't handle how angry with you I am right now.
I was hopeful that emailing you now would make me calm down. Getting my frustrations out often can get me out of a mood swing. But no, I'm actually angrier now than when I started writing.

The boys and I will be staying in the white room until further notice. I just can't trust you unattended around our children in your current state.

I miss you,
Harry

Sunday April 2nd
Dear Harry,

I'm writing this from St. Mungo's because I was so certain that you HAD to be trying to pull an April Fool's Day joke on me, that I went to Rowe and DEMANDED that she confirm that I was due last week. She did not. She confirmed that you were right, and that she specifically TOLD me that at my appointment on Friday, only I am so obsessed with having this baby already that I ignored her. I keep insisting that Eris' due date is mine, and...

Well, I nearly hexed her. She, erm, was expecting this and was able to disarm me before I could finish pulling my wand out, and then I shouted at her for long enough that she had to cast a sleeping spell on me. It seems that my threat to bloody do it myself if she didn't just deliver me already triggered her concern, and she did exactly as you threatened, confined me to hospital until I go into labor.

Harry, my love, my life, my very breath... will you please come here and untie me from this bloody bed? I REALLY need to get up and run around or something. Find a good hiding place away from Rowe. Deliver this baby. Things like that.

Love you forever,
Draco

Tuesday April 4th
HARRY!!!

Why the bloody hell won't you untie me from this Merlin damned hospital bed?!?! And what did you do to Muffy?!? She won't bloody follow my orders! She's MY elf, dammit!!! But the only things she'll do are empty my bladder and feed me - plus force a million bloody potions down my throat. When this is over, I'm going to have to order her to punish herself SEVERELY!!!

WHY ARE YOU ALL DOING THIS TO ME?!?!?!!!?!

--

Thursday April 6th
My perfect husband,

I'm so SORRY! I got a bit... mental. I think you were probably right, some combination of hormones and pregnancy chemicals - plus my history of mental instability during extreme stress - I really was going a bit insane. I know now how VERY bad all of my suggestions were, but at the time, they really did seem perfectly reasonable.
Thank all the Gods, the Founders, and even bloody Dumbledore that Rowe finally relented. You and Yesenia came in and had a conference with her, and it was agreed that with as frantic as I was getting, it was putting more stress on me, and thus Morgana, to make me remain pregnant now that she was definitely past her due date.

Thus on April 5th at 3:55 PM, Morgana Guinevere Malfoy was born. She was NOT happy about it. Rowe had to get a bit forceful to pull her out because it was a bit like she grabbed on and wouldn't budge. Then when she was pulled free, she was screaming bloody murder and wiggling so much that Rowe almost dropped her.

Coincidentally, one of the magical lights in the delivery room blew out at that exact moment.

Rowe handed Morgana to you to hold while she finished removing the womb and healing me up, and Morgana continued to scream and wail and throw an absolute strop until I insisted (unable to stand hearing her cry even a second more) that you hand her over for me to hold while I was healed up. The moment she was in my arms, she quieted down as abruptly as if you had cast a sleeping hex on her.

So... Our beautiful baby girl is finally here in my arms. She's hard to describe, considering that she's a newborn and has universal newborn features, but that said, she definitely has thick black hair and black eyes. Her skin looked a bit jaundiced to me, but Rowe assures me that she's in perfect health.

For all that I was a raging hot mess, I actually slept quite a bit while in the hospital - between potions and sleeping spells to keep me calm. Thus YOU are the exhausted one currently napping on my hospital bed as I write this. I'm letting you nap until Rowe comes in to do final checks before letting me go. One of those checks is talking to Yesenia. So, if you wake up while I'm dumping all my feelings on her, try not to wonder why I'm being so emotional and vulnerable, it's just a typical Mind Healing session, ugh.

Love you with every beat of my heart,
Draco
Chapter 111

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Friday April 7, 2017

My Love,

Welcome home my Dragon and our Queen!

I'm very sorry you were stuck in the hospital for so long. I wish there had been another way, but you had utterly lost the plot my love. From the part of your part of your session with Yesenia I witnessed, it sounds like you're at least aware of just how mental you were acting. And the good news is, whatever body chemical mixture was doing that to you seems to have dissipated. Now you just seem to be back to your normal lunatic behavior!

Thank you for bringing another perfect little life into our family. Isn't Morgana breathtaking? You know how I feel about big dark eyes, and they have the most beautiful almond shape to them. I'm pretty sure she has more hair than any of our newborns has ever had. Except for maybe Eris.

When I was digging through old emails the other day looking to cheer you up, I came across an email where I guess and wondered what Morgana would look like. My guesses included having blonde hair ... grey eyes ... and your pointy features. Yeah, she has none of those things! She has dark eyes, black hair, and the cutest little rounded features. Have you ever seen a cuter little button nose on a baby?

I do have one teeny tiny issue with our lovely daughter though. She's two days old, I am insanely in love with her already, are you ever going to let me help take care of her? I remember when we were originally discussing these pregnancies and you mentioned wanting to not co-sleep with them. I told you I would "happily" be the only one to get up with them if the other option was putting them in their own big dark lonely rooms. And yet since you both came home yesterday, you've done everything for her.

I'm trying to be very supportive of whatever you need. And I suppose it's not like I'm just sitting around twiddling my thumbs, Gabe and Dylan definitely keep me busy, but I'd really like to bond with my daughter as well.

Alright I'm done whining. Well, I have a little more whining to do, but don't take this as me pressuring you or anything. I promise I will take everything at your pace. When you were in the hospital and all restrained on Rowe's orders, I was so concerned with your safety that I didn't let myself think of it as anything other than keeping you safe. But now that you're safe and healthy, fuck Draco I want you so badly. You were bound and helpless, tied to a bed. I am granite over here thinking of you spread out in our bed, tied up and at my mercy.

Let me know the moment you're feeling well enough for your libido to have come back, yeah?

Our little Queen is awfully powerful already isn't she? I have the feeling, with how much work Rowe had to put in to get Morgana delivered, that you not going into labor naturally was Morgana's doing. She shattered a light during her birth. We've had some magically gifted children, but she might be displaying the earliest accidental magic of any of our children. She's going to be an
absolute powerhouse when she grows up. I’d stake my life on it!

Now that all of our children are here, can we schedule the naming/welcoming ceremonies? I was thinking roughly a month from now. Sixth of May. The weather should hopefully be just perfect, the gardens should be blooming. A month should give Maha enough of a notice to request time off in case they’re still shooting. And it should be enough notice that I can see if Julia is available for a portrait session. And the subsequent month should give all of us post-partum people enough time to not feel bloated and gross for family pictures.

Oh! Gotta run, my little Squeaker is doing his hungry cry again. I swear Gabriel eats twice as much and twice as often as Dylan. But even with Gabriel eating more and being two weeks "older" he's still much smaller than his brother. Maybe he's eating so much in the hopes of catching up!

Love,
Harry

Sunday April 9th
Harry! What'd'ja do to my baby?!?!

She was all nice and sleeping, and so I decided to take the opportunity to take a shower before the Birthday Celebration starts today, and I swear I was only in the bathroom for what? 20 minutes? And then I come back and you're holding Morgana and she was screaming as if you were shoving a pin in her foot!

...

Sorry.

I didn't mean to snatch her from you like that. I know you probably JUST picked her up and probably would have calmed her down again in no time, only I had a sort of irresistible urge to grab her and dance and sing her fussiness away, only - as before - she stopped crying the moment she was in my arms.

I went to hand her back to you, but you were gone, and now, I have to order Muffy to bring me a fresh bottle and change Morgana's nappy before heading off to the rest of the family. I promise to apologize profusely for being an arse, and also, I miss you.

The breath I breathe,
Draco
P.S. Bear just LOVES our little Queen! ^_^

Chapter End Notes

Please try to forgive Draco, he's not intentionally being an arse, he's just still a little emotionally unstable at the moment, but he's working through it.
Chapter 112

Chapter Summary

The boys are experiencing a rough patch.

Wednesday April 12, 2017

Draco,

Yes, it's quite clear how much you "miss me." I want you to think long and hard about how many days it's been since you've seen me. Go ahead, think about it. Have an idea in your head? It's been three days. Three.

After you yanked YOUR baby out of my arms, I tried talking to you for a full two or three minutes while you ignored me. You didn't reply at all. You were just murmuring and making shushing noises to the entirely calm baby in your arms. Ok, you're probably still running off of pregnancy hormones and a shrieking baby was setting your protective responses off. I totally get that.

Except you also didn't go anywhere near me for the entirety of the birthday celebration. I thought it was just a coincidence because I was all over the place, wearing Gabriel and Dylan, nursing them off and on, taking Luka for a while so Eris could enjoy her own birthday party without Luka in her arms the entire night. Talking with the family. Playing with the little kids. Dancing ...

No, wait, not dancing. Because despite the fact that there was music and dancing, you didn't attempt to dance with me even once. I kept waiting for you to start singing or to grab me up and haul me onto the dance floor. But you didn't. That was the first time in our entire marriage that we were at an event that had dancing and we didn't dance together. Even when either one of us was enormously, uncomfortably pregnant, we managed to dance together. Even when we had newborns or freshly adopted babies that couldn't stand to be out of our arms, we wrapped them up between us and danced anyway.

After the party wrapped up and the guests either headed home or off to one of the guest rooms, I went to our rooms to change and hopefully fill up these boys' bellies in the hopes of getting a few hours of sleep. Only to find you and Morgana smack dab in the middle of our bed. All starfished out. It was so cute and sweet that I couldn't help feeling my anger and hurt start to dissipate. How could I stay angry with these two pieces of my heart?

I laid the boys in the bassinet while I did my nightly routine, and then picked them up when I was done, intending on us climbing into bed and snuggling the both of you. Except when I tried sitting down, you snatched up the baby again, started mumbling "no, you can't" and rolled her over so you were in between the two of us. What? I can't what? Be next to my own daughter?

I couldn't help but start bawling. The entire day had been one big emotional slap in the face. You thought I was injuring Morgana. You barely looked at me and definitely didn't speak to me. And when I try to climb into my own bed, I'm treated like an unwelcome intruder. My crying upset the boys who began crying as well. Well, I certainly didn't want to wake either of you up and be accused of trying to harm you again, so the boys and I went to sleep in the white room again. Good thing it was still made up from when I slept there the night before you went into the hospital to be
captured by Rowe.

I got the boys relatively calm, nursed them to sleep, and then laid down trying to sleep myself except really just staring at the ceiling for hours. I did end up falling asleep eventually, but I woke up shortly after that feeling groggy and awful. I went about my day, checking in at the stables, playing around with the feisty foursome, stress baking. I kept waiting for you to wake up and come find me, thinking you'd be upset that I didn't sleep with you. Nope. Didn't seem to bother you at all.

Between my emotional state and my exhaustion, I thought maybe I was being ridiculous. I knew eventually you'd "miss me" enough to come drag me back to bed where I belong. I thought you'd at least come searching for the boys. Or maybe you would snuggle up with the kids and I to watch movies. Maybe you'd be interested in visiting the thestrals and you'd find me in the stables.

Nope.

And now it's been three days since we've spoken. The last words you directly spoke to me, "what are you doing to her?" were shouted at me three days ago. And the last email you wrote me included you assuming I'd hurt my little Queen in some way.

What is going on? What did I do that you're so angry with me? I didn't hurt her, you know that right? She had just woken up and begun crying so I picked her up. Am I not allowed to pick her up? You asked what I did to YOUR baby.

You know, we've had all sorts of children come into our lives throughout the years. Some we've adopted because they felt like ours to you, some we've adopted because they felt like ours to me. We both gave birth to multiple children, some planned, some a surprise. We've each had a child come into our lives that was only biologically one of ours and they've always been OUR children.

Do you not want me to be Morgana's father? I've spent months falling in love with her, telling her stories while she was inside of you, picking out teeny tiny dresses to put on her. And now I feel very pushed aside. I love her so much Draco, please don't take her away from me. I'm sorry for whatever I did to make you act this way.

Harry

Wednesday April 12th
My patient love,

It's been three days? I'm so sorry that I hadn't noticed that. For one, I've been busy trying to solve a problem. It seems that our little Queen is VERY attention needy.

Yes, in the past, we've had our Princess and our Divas who've demanded my attention enough to be called needy, but usually they would let me put them down and do things while they sleep, or play with their toes, or let you hold them.

Not so much with Morgana. It seems with her that I literally cannot put her down or she starts to cry. If she manages to fall asleep and I put her down to go to the loo, she ends up waking up and screaming after a few minutes. I've timed it and 15-20 seems to be the most that she can sleep if I'm not in the room.

Also, if she's awake and I want a break from holding her, she only tolerates this if I'm otherwise playing with her. So, for example, I can set her on the bed if I'm playing peekaboo with her.
I have to apologize all over again, I really think that my last email was a product of post pregnancy hormones. I got frantic and panicky that Morgana was crying and accused you of something that I logically KNOW would never happen. You love OUR babies SOOOOO much. You'd never harm a hair on any of their heads!

Now that you've brought my attention to how much time has passed, I'm going to come hunt you down and have you play with Morgana WITH me. Plus, I would love a few minutes to play with our boys.

But first, I'm going to apologize to you by giving you that dance that we didn't have the other day. Morgana is currently napping in a carrier on my chest, and that should hopefully give us plenty of time to dance and hold each other before she wakes up and demands all my attention again.

But before I do, and before I forget, have you seen Bear? She was being super adorable this morning, on the bed with us and giving Morgana a thousand tiny kisses, until Morgana had enough and started fussing. I shooed Bear away and haven't seen her since, so I assume that she went to cuddle with Zaire, but still, I wanted to give her a treat to reward her for being so good with our babies, and putting up with the fussing.

Unlike my grandbaby cheetahs, who are in the rough play stage and have to be kept away from our babies unless they are being held and controlled. But anyway, as I was saying, off to find you.

With every beat of my heart,
Draco
Chapter 113

Chapter Summary

Harry forgives Draco for being self-absorbed and focused on Morgana, and Draco learns something alarming.

Thursday April 13, 2017

My Dragon,

Waking up in my own bed this morning was wonderful. I wasn't wrapped in your arms, but with three tiny humans in our bed, it's not exactly conducive for nightlong adult snuggle times.

Our time together yesterday was even better than this. You came and found me in the stables and despite my objections that I smelled of barn and had hay on my pants, you weren't taking no for an answer. You WERE going to dance with me!

Instead of whisking us off to the ballroom, you decided to sing for us. And again, I must have been in just an awful mood, because I complained of my clothes and the hay and the lack of music. Instead of throwing a strop, or getting annoyed with me for not giving in to your request, you just began singing. Patiently waiting until the moment I gave in and found my way into your arms where I belong.

All it took was a deeply crooned, "At Laaaaast," and I was in your arms before you were able to finish "my love has come along." I snuffled into your neck, but was very careful not to crush the precious girl strapped to your chest. You didn't seem to mind the tears or the sniffling, continuing to sing our song to me and running your hands through my hair. Three days of sadness, anger, and confusion just poured out of me while YOU poured out that beautiful song.

When you finished singing, I stayed in your arms and you seemed content to just hold me until I was ready to talk. When I pulled my face off of your shoulder, I looked down at a set of gorgeous dark eyes staring at me. "Well hello little Queen, I've missed you." She just kept staring at me so I kept talking. "Daddy's been keeping you all to himself and this Daddy sure missed looking at your sweet face. Should we all go snuggle up and read some stories, hmm?"

She's obviously brilliant but hasn't started talking quite yet, so I had to just assume she was in agreement. I grabbed Gabriel and Dylan from their stable bassinet (yes we have a bassinet just for when they need to nap while I'm in the stables) and called to Atreyu that we were going to read some stories with Papa. I don't think he apparated, but he got to us so quickly it's not completely out of the realm of possibilities. If you thought I was missing you, it's nothing compared to how upset Atreyu was about missing his Papa. Seph, Lissa, and Cael followed at a normal speed behind him, anxious to spend time with you but not quite as frantic.

I guess Trey spent a little time with you the last few days, mostly when you were setting Morgana down to sing songs or chew on her tiny toes, but not nearly as much as he normally does. You demanded absolute silence any time she was napping and everything our little boy does is quite loud.
We walked together to the playroom, figuring the feisty foursome wanted to be with all of us but would also get a bit bored of nothing but silly nursery rhymes and intense games of peekaboo. Seph, Lissa, and Cael definitely went back and forth between us, their little brothers and sister, and the toys, but Trey parked himself right in your lap, popped that thumb in his mouth, and didn't move for hours.

Yes our little Queen is quite needy, she definitely wants to be held and demands attention on her at all times, but she was happy enough with me singing her silly songs or her big sisters and brothers being the ones to play peekaboo. You know what helps when you have a ridiculously needy baby? Letting other people help.

I might not be the baby guy, but I'm not useless. How about instead of trying to do everything yourself, you let me help? Or how about this; instead of over the top apologies for forgetting you have a husband for three days you .... oh let me think about it ... LET ME HELP!

I could be annoyed that your pampering of our daughter is as over the top as your apologies. Or I suppose I can try to remember who I married and realize "over-the-top" is his middle name. I can hear you arguing now, "My middle name is not over-the-top, it's Lucius!" But let's all be honest here, isn't it really the same thing?

I, however, have never been over the top in my life. So, that being said, I am kidnapping all of us. The kids come home tomorrow for two weeks off for Easter hols. I've already contacted Mr. Lott. No ifs ands or buts, we leave Saturday morning for Switzerland. I've rented us a chalet for the entire week. There are plenty of things to do near where we're staying if we want to sight-see. Or, the chalet is roomy and gorgeous and we can do nothing but sit around and be comfy cozy spending time together as a family.

It's been much much too long since we've traveled, and even longer since we've traveled for no other reason than to have fun exploring the world with our favorite people. So *pack your bags (*ask Muffy to pack your bags) because we leave in two days!

Yours,
Harry

Friday April 14th

My everything,

I have to start by saying that the sight of you wearing only a tee shirt and pants while you work in the stables does interesting things to me. Hay on your pants or not, you were a sight to behold. Were we not planning to spend time with the babies and our littles, I may well have dragged you off and ravaged you.

But on news that breaks my heart. I found Bear. As I said, I'd assumed that she went back to Zaire, but when I asked him if he had her, he said he hadn't seen her in a while, so I cast a tracking spell and followed it back to our room. It seems that Bear went to nap under our bed while she waited for another chance to play with our baby, and succumbed to old age. She was 2 years old when I got her in July of 2010, so that would make her 9 years old, which is actually pretty old for a dog.

It was just so sudden though. She's always been fairly energetic, and even when she was giving Morgana kisses, she was wagging her tail so hard that her entire body was shaking. She didn't SEEM like an old dog, but she was. I'm going to miss her so much! Also, I may need you to let me
bury my face in your shoulder for a bit tonight.

So... something happened. I really hope you have time to read this email before you come in from the stables tonight for reading bedtime stories and snuggling with our kids.

Shortly after I woke up and ate my breakfast, Morgana watching me contentedly from her carrier as I fed her - Side note, yes, I am completely and 100 percent certain that I am NOT going to nurse again. I know I said I probably would, but I also remember how much I didn't like doing so before, and since we actually do have plenty of milk in storage from that wet nurse I hired that we never actually used much. Anyway, I just don't feel the need to do it again, but I do LOVE the fact that you are. It will give you a chance to bond more completely with Morgana once we get her to the point that she'll let me hand her over to others.

But back to my point, shortly after eating, I got an Insta-owl from Robards asking if I would mind coming into the Ministry for a few minutes for something important.

Well, since I was full and Morgana was already in a carrier, I didn't see any reason why I shouldn't go. So, I cast a dressing spell and had Muffy Apparate me - as I didn't want to risk overusing my magic while still recovering from my pregnancy.

Once in the Ministry, I went to Robards' office, where he looked me over with a suspicious expression for a long moment before smiling and congratulating me on my newest baby. Then he invited me to sit.

"What's the matter?" I wondered with a frown. I'd actually expected him to have something on the desk for me to handle and get a vision from.

He sighed. "I'd like to start by saying that we THINK someone tried to frame you for murder."

I was so shocked that I couldn't speak for two or three heartbeats. "Wh... what?"

He nodded solemnly. "Only we were able to definitively clear you as any sort of murder suspect."

"Er... Thanks?"

He chuckled at that, seeming to relax. "So on Monday April 10th at around 11PM, a woman's body was found just laying on the floor of the Three Broomsticks - in the basement where they keep their inventory. The place was arranged to make it look like she'd been killed there, but not instantly. There was a bit of a mess to suggest a scuffle, and after receiving the killing blow, the woman fell to the floor and had just enough time to write most of the name of the killer with her blood."

I frowned in actual concern. "You say that the scene was arranged, thus I'm to assume that the partial name written is mine?"

He nodded, picking a photo out of a file and setting it in front of me so that I could see a woman's hand, covered in blood and having stopped after writing D-R-A-C - the C was very shaky and trailed off.

Chilled, I looked up at Robards.

He shrugged. "A team of forensic witches and wizards were able to determine her exact time of death, and it was Thursday April 4th at about 8 PM. The moment we had a time of death, we immediately sent YOU an owl asking if you would mind telling us where you were that day, except that it seems your house elf intercepted it and replied for you that A - at that moment, you
were resting from the recent birth of your daughter, and B - on the day in question, you were in St.
Mungo's hospital.

"Well, that was easy enough to confirm. Healer Rowe would not tell us any information other than
that which was literally required - that you were in fact confined to hospital at that time. Thus, you
were cleared of all suspicion due to the fact that there's no way you could have been committing
murder whilst you were in the hospital apparently in labor."

I chuckled as I could see by the expression on his face, that Robards would rather have all his nails
torn off slowly one at a time than have to go through labor. "Yes, and if the time of death should
happen to change somehow, let me just reassure you now that I was in the hospital for a few days
prior to the murder, and then once I actually had my baby and was released, I went straight home
and stayed there and my entire family can attest to it since they wanted to see the baby - NOT that
she wants me to let anyone else hold her, or even put her down."

He looked at the wrap carrier curiously. "Can I see her?"

I adjusted the wrap so that he could see her face, and she was giving him a look that I'd swear was
suspicious - if babies could have such looks at a week of age.

Smiling, he finally got around to the ACTUAL reason he'd called me in.

"See, the thing is that we have this case more or less solved. We were able to use a spell to track
her blood back to the actual crime scene, and there was enough evidence left by the killer that we
are very close to finding him and catching him. Can you believe that he apparently cut HIMSELF
and bled on her at some point? He - well we can't be certain WHY, but we think that he might have
been trying to imply that there was a second victim. Perhaps he was even planning to create a
second crime scene for us to find that ALSO framed you - for his death - only with no *body* to be
found, in essence, faking his own death in a way that could be rather convincing, back before we
had spells to detect things like time of death and to track blood," Robards paused to take a sip of
tea.

I smiled at him. "I - for one - am extremely grateful that we have these spells."

"Stop patting yourself on the back, Malfoy!" He snorted, reminding me that I'd help create them
after watching a muggle crime show.

"But as I was saying, the reason I called you here is that despite EVERYTHING that we know, we
cannot figure out who the murdered woman is. We've even put her picture all over both Hogsmeade
and Diagon Alley - and the Ministry. If anyone knows her, they aren't coming forward. So, I
thought - it's probably a long shot - but MAYBE you actually know her and that's why the killer
chose her and why he believed that we'd think you actually did it."

I took a look at the picture he handed over, and frowned as I analyzed it. The woman was in her
early 20s and not anyone I could recall ever meeting. At first. There was something about her that
tugged at my mind, and I wrinkled my nose and squinted as I turned the picture side to side. It was
hard to be certain of anything when looking at a picture of an unnaturally pale dead body, but it
managed to spark a memory. A memory of ME channeling a broody teenaged girl.

"NO... IMOGEN??"

Robards tilted his head in both curiosity and confusion. "Who's Imogen?"

"Imogen Hughes. My... distant cousin. She's my grandmother's great niece. She actually SHOULD
be on file with the Ministry as I had to help her when she was 16 and ran away from home," I explained.

Robards stroked his chin in thought. "I actually remember that - now that you mention it. I'm going to look into this further, since nothing came up as a match when we did a magi-search of our database. Either she managed to change her magical signature over the years, or her killer managed to obscure it - but that wouldn't make sense as he was trying to frame you - so far as we can tell - and would WANT us to be able to identify her."

I shook my head and shrugged since I had no explanation for it either. But then a thought occurred to me. "What if she wasn't fully dead yet when placed there, and it actually WAS her that wrote my name, doing so because she knew I worked with the Ministry and could help solve her murder?"

Robards shook his head. "If it was her, it's actually something of a miracle then, as she was definitely dead a few days before her body was placed in the Three Broomsticks. The staff are down in the basement several times a day, and her body wasn't there until shortly before it was found on Monday the 10th at 11PM, but as I've already said, her death was on Thursday the 4th. So, for her to write your name, she'd've come back to life for a minute or two several days after her death."

"Right," I stated, puzzled.

Feeling tired, I excused myself and came home to write this email. Now that I'm signing off, I'm going to take a nap and hope that you get a chance to read this before coming to wake me up and give me reassuring kisses.

Love you!
Draco
Chapter 114

Chapter Summary

Harry comforts Draco, and then the family has a relaxing day.

Saturday April 15, 2017

My Sad Love,

We are on our way to Switzerland for our getaway, and you took this opportunity to curl up in my lap and cry for everything that happened yesterday. Combined with how terribly you slept last night, that's all it took for you to fall asleep in my lap. That's probably for the best, get some rest my darling.

Before I get into the sad and worrying stuff, I have to say one thing; it was unseasonably warm yesterday, and I got mud all over my denims, so when I stripped them off, I didn't feel the need to put a new pair of trousers on. I don't normally work around the stables in just my pants.

Although if you really liked it that much, I could probably be persuaded to do it on occasion. I could do with a toe-curling roll in the hay. What do you say? Wanna do filthy unspeakable things with the stable-hand?

I'm sorry about the whole situation with Imogen. It's terrible to find out anyone has been murdered, but then to find out you know the person is even worse. Finding out someone tried framing you for the murder? That has to be traumatizing. I had a thought though, what if she did actually write your name? No, I am not accusing you of murder! I think you know me better than that. But what if as she lay dying she DID try writing your name, but not to accuse you. What if she knew no one would come for her in time but she was going to ask whoever found her to get your help? What if your name wasn't a "Draco did it" but more of a "get Draco on the case"?

But Harry, that doesn't explain why it showed up at the location of her body even though she hadn't been there that long? Ah, you bring up a good point imaginary Draco inside my brain. I have two theories as to how this could have happened. I only have the information you've given me so I could be completely wrong and it's exactly what Robards claimed, someone trying to frame you, but hear me out.

First possibility: as she lay dying, she writes out your name. Murderer decides to move her to the Three Broomsticks postmortem. But if a levitation spell locked onto her and she was touching the blood, the spell could have thought it was a part of her. Similar to levitating or apparating brings your clothing with you even though it's not a part of you. So murderer moves her body to the broomsticks, sees that her dying word came along, and decides to leave it since it looks like evidence against someone else.

OR ... what if she was never moved? What if there was some sort of concealment charm? Let's say she's at the Three Broomsticks, murderer gets her into the storage room or wherever she was, and she dies there. Murderer decides to flee the scene and buy himself a head start. So he sets some sort of intense concealment charm with a timer on it. Or sets a concealment charm that he knew would eventually fade. Or he canceled it when he got to wherever he escaped to. In this scenario, no one
found Imogen because of the charm, so she was there but they basically walked around her for six or so days.

I feel like I've said this nonstop for the ten days Morgana has been in our lives, but she's utterly brilliant. I'm sure whatever look she was giving Robards was intentional. He IS suspicious. Clever girl.

Yes yes my little queen, I'm talking about you. You just know don't you. Your other Daddy thinks these looks of yours are coincidental, but this Daddy knows better, doesn't he?

Shite! The dictation spell picked that up! Oh well, it's not like it's not true. I have the dictation spell on because shortly after you fell asleep with your head in my lap curled around Morgana, she woke up. Her Majesty deigned to allow me to pick her up, so I've been snuggling her all up while the dictation spell writes this for me.

You know, I think we're quite lucky that Gabe and Dylan are the most easy-going babies we've ever had because this would be our hardest set of almost triplets to date if either of them was even ten percent as needy as she is. You'd think with the two of them being preemies that she'd be the easiest of them. Hahahahahahahahahaha.

**Deep breaths**

B wahahahahahahaha

Okay, I think I'm done now.

Hahahahaha! Hee hee hee. Phew.

No, NOW I'm done.

Gabriel and Dylan are happily being played with by Zaire and Jaz. I think they're using their little brothers as a distraction from how heartbroken they are over losing Bear. I know you're traumatized, and I'm so very sad myself. But Zaire and Jaz took it the hardest. I should have suspected they would, my little animal lovers. But seeing Jaz's silent tears? Just cut my heart right out of my chest why don't you baby girl?

I think Siri and Zwei are almost as sad, I haven't seen Romulus or Remus more than five feet away from either of them since they found out about Bear last night. It's not unheard of for the pups to sleep with any of our kids, but they've been spending a lot of nights in the stables for the past few months. Not last night, the mischief twins made sure their dogs were curled up next to them.

It seemed like really bad timing when I first thought about whether or not we should still take off for Switzerland, but now that I'm thinking about it, I think this trip will be a fun distraction for all of us. Sightseeing and cuddles and time together as a family.

I'm glad Teddy was able to come with us for this trip. I would have hated to not see him today on his birthday. But this works out well, fun big cousin Teddy being along for the trip will hopefully be just another way for these kids to have a good time and keep their minds off their grief. And while we're here we can ask him about being one of Atreyu's Godfathers!

Oh! Mr. Lott just announced we're going to start the landing process. Better sign off.

Love you with all of my heart,

Harry
Sunday April 16th
My ardor,

Today has been beautiful and wonderful in every way.

It started shortly after I woke up with me eating breakfast with Eris and Eric - who were eating lunch. Our grandson Luka was being positively adorable, and Eris was laughing as Eric pretended to munch on Luka, which made him laugh. Not quite a month old, and this little baby has already learned to laugh in the sweetest way.

As I ate, Morgana was happy enough to sit in her carrier and be fed. She was giving Luka a look like she was thinking only an utter idiot would be so easily amused. When Eric handed Luka back for a feeding, he came over to me and - with permission from me - tried to tickle Morgana's cheek with his pointer finger. Morgana was NOT having it! She not only started screaming, but the three closest lights blew out rather dramatically.

Eric got the point and backed off, sheepishly apologizing for making our baby mad. She continued to glare at him, but stopped crying as soon as he stopped touching her.

Do you suppose that we have the reincarnated soul of the ACTUAL Morgana? I mean... she's a bit... erm... strong willed. She's not even two full weeks old, and I feel as if she could fully defend herself if necessary. NOT that she lets me put her down long enough for it to be even remotely necessary.

Anyway, moving on.

After eating, I sat down with Jaz and Atreyu to help him practice signing. He's such an active child - always on the go and usually out in the stables - that I didn't think he'd stayed still long enough to learn more than a handful of signed words. To my surprise, he's learned enough that he can ALMOST fully express himself to Jaz. It's a bit like him speaking English and Spanish, he can do both rather well, but ends up switching between the two depending on what it is he's trying to say and if the words come more naturally to him in one language or the other. So, he'd say something in sign language, realize that he forgot or didn't know a word, and so say it out loud as he thought about how to spell it, if it's a word he can spell.

It was adorable, and Jaz would practice her verbal skills by reminding him that she can read lips if she has to. This reminded me that I never have given her those contacts that I made for her so long ago. When I originally made them, I only programmed them to recognize English, but over the years, whenever we'd travel, I'd think to myself how unfair it is that she'd be limited to Sign Language and English, so I programmed them to translate most of the languages we might encounter regularly into English for her to read. It'll also tell her which language is actually being spoken - such as Zulu, Japanese, or Spanish.

After handing them over and watching her try them out for about an hour - she loves them but has decided to only use them when around others - who don't know BSL.

When Zaire came over to feed them things he'd just made that are traditional to Switzerland, I was suddenly struck by a BRILLIANT idea. Whilst eating some decadent triple chocolate pudding, I ran off to the suite we're staying in to have a bit of quiet to work out my idea. I took out a pair of my camera contacts from my field kit - you know, the one that I have on me at all times in case I run into a situation while traveling in a foreign country.
After scanning them with all my diagnostic spells - to ensure that they were still working properly, and to remind myself which spells I'd put on them - I carefully tried to layer the spells for Jaz's contacts onto them. This could REALLY come in handy in situations like I was in, in which I was undercover and could only use the absolute minimal gear.

Honestly, I'm not sure why I didn't think of this before.

Unfortunately, it took me several hours to layer ALL the spells JUST right so that they worked together, and that did get a bit frustrating, but since I was able to dance and sing to Morgana as I worked, it kept me calm and helped me to work through it easier.

Once done, I had to test my newest device. To my delight, it not only works, but the actual recording from the contacts has the words on the bottom of the screen, just as they appear on the bottom of one's vision while wearing them.

Feeling enormously accomplished, I ran off to give you a thousand little kisses as a reward to myself. Hilariously, when I reviewed the recording of that encounter, it lists your words as: Hi Draco - what're - mrmph! Mmm..."

Then I danced with you until the light next to us blew up. At that point, we played a rousing game of peekaboo with Morgana, who seems to have smiled for the first time. It looked more like she was pitying us for being morons, but it was a smile nonetheless.

It was about then that Pearl popped out of the floo and promptly disappeared with Hazel. I'm thinking that things must be going well with them. I'll not be at all surprised if they announce a wedding date of a month or so after Viona gets married in July, which is coming up so fast! The only good thing is that she's already made all her plans and ordered everything. It's all ready to go. Now let's pray that she doesn't change her mind a million times during the next few months.

That said, she and Alric seem to be getting on better than ever, and that's saying something as they've always got on rather well. They appear to have reached the stage where they hold hands and Alric is comfortable kissing her. Especially if they're walking along and there's another boy around showing even the slightest amount of interest in either of them.

After Viona and Alric took off on a walk, Eris and Eric went to lay Luka down for a nap, and I'm going to pretend they were having a very long and detailed discussion of things instead of getting to know each other in other ways. This left me with Orion, who looked a bit morose.

I smiled at him understandingly. "Wishing you could have invited Farrah along?"

He gave me a light glare. "NO! She's utterly HORRIBLE!!! Can't stand a thing about her! Why would I want her along?!"

I smirked. "Oh? So those rumors I heard about the two of you snogging every chance you get are NOT true?"

He growled and ran a hand through his hair in frustration. "I don't know WHY we do that! I promise myself that if I see her, I'll walk the other way, and then I ACTUALLY see her and suddenly, one of us has pushed the other up against the wall and we're snarling insults and warnings to leave the other alone, right before we mash our mouths together and forget that the world exists until someone brings us crashing back to reality!"

"Sounds like passion," I murmured knowingly. "It doesn't always make sense."

As we talked, Orion was keeping his hands busy by using shakers and the like to mix drinks. The
majority of what he was mixing was suitable for our feisty foursome, but occasionally, he added a splash of something harder to the drink. Zaire - for example - took a cup of lemon lime soda mixed with orange juice, cherry puree, and a splash of tequila so light that I'll be surprised if he could actually taste it.

I raised a brow at Orion. "So, erm… that hypothetical providing of alcohol to your housemates that you were talking about, any particular reason WHY?"

He sighed as if defeated in a major battle. "I'm sorry, I know you probably think I'm being stupid - considering that I'm a Ravenclaw and could be expelled if caught - but ever since I became Quidditch Captain, it seems like EVERYONE wants to talk to me, and hang out, and ask me for advice with ALL their problems. And I hate just standing there with nothing to do, so I've been pretending that I'm a bit like a bartender. I'll mix drinks, using alcohol like I know they want, but doing so in a way that shouldn't get anyone drunk unless they're chugging the drinks one after another."

"Alright..." I murmured, not sure how to feel because - on the one hand - I basically did the same at his age, but on the other, I am concerned about the consequences should he be caught. That said, it sounds like he's doing it as responsibly as he can, and honestly, if he wasn't, those kids would probably do it anyway, except much LESS responsibly. It's a conundrum to be sure.

He seemed a bit relieved that I wasn't shouting at him, but also, a bit closed off, like he was hiding something. Sighing, I decided to be supportive. I put an arm around his shoulders and kissed his cheek. "I suppose that if you are being careful and not getting drunk yourself, keeping an eye on your Housemates, things like that, I can't be too upset. As I said, Slytherin used to do the same thing when I was your age. Just... talk to your dad about this? I bet he has a better idea of how to handle this. Merlin, I really am shite with teenagers, even when I'm trying not to be!"

Orion chuckled and gave me a hug. "I dunno, you seem to be doing much better than you did when River was my age. Back then, you freaked out about EVERYTHING."

I snorted. "Yeah, well River seemed determined to shag the entire population at your age, and that's a bit hard on a parent to accept."

"Why?" Orion wondered with Ravenclaw curiosity.

I thought this over for a long moment before shrugging. "Probably because - as a parent - I want my kids to find the right person, fall in love, and be happy. And it doesn't seem logical that a person could be happy if they just casually shagged around - although I DO know that playing around can be fun and make a person happy, so I suppose that it's just one of those deeply ingrained beliefs that I just can't shake. That kids should grow up and find love before turning into utter slags. Also... I know that I was an utter slag when I was in school, and I know that the reason why was high amounts of stress and some trauma. I suppose that I associate teenaged playing around with that, and it hurts me to wonder if River - or you, or ANY of my kids - chooses to play around for those reasons."

Orion looked impressed that I was being so open and honest. He hugged me again. "River didn't exactly tell me everything, but I asked questions, and he told me that at 17, he just got so fed up with waiting that he wanted to stop thinking about it as much as he could, so he was basically shagging around as a way to keep his mind off Maha. I wouldn't call that particularly traumatic, so you don't have to worry about that."

I took a few seconds to think it over and decide if I REALLY wanted to know the answer, and then decided that I may not WANT to know, but I should at least ask. "And what about you? Are you
shagging around or waiting for the right one? - Drunken parties aside."

He winced a bit and looked rather guilty. "A little of both? I had lost it prior to that party - to a Seventh Year Ravenclaw who just wanted a bit of fun. Then after the party, I was with Natalie, and we did it from time to time. Not a lot, but we ALWAYS used protection. After all, we had Eris around always moaning about being pregnant to remind us why protection was a brilliant idea. But then..." He trailed off with a shrug, sort of rubbing the back of his neck and looking away. "Well, I'm REALLY popular right now, and LOTS of girls pay a lot of attention to me. I suppose that I'm a bit Slytherin in that I don't mind taking advantage of all the attention."

I sighed, a little disappointed, but also accepting of this answer. Like you said, I value his honesty far more than I dislike his answer. "Fine. Just please be responsible about it. We REALLY don't need you getting half - or all - your Year pregnant!"

He laughed. "You might be surprised to learn this, but after growing up in such a big family, I think I might want to have NO kids. At all. Ever. I am going to have a billion nieces and nephews someday, so I'm really VERY motivated to avoid mistakes."

This actually did put my mind at ease just a little, so I nodded and gave him another kiss on the cheek before taking my perfectly blended cocktail and wandering off to find a bit of sun to lay in - on a chair INSIDE next to a large window. Mmm... I think we might need to go to our Island soon so that I can soak up the sun until I'm as dark as Zaire. I kid! I know that's bad for my skin, but still...

Huh... you know, our son seems to have a real talent for mixing drinks, because this cocktail is better than many I've actually spent money on over the years. Has to be a Ravenclaw thing, perhaps an obsession with getting things perfect? Whatever it is, you should ask him to mix you a drink sometime and see what he comes up with.

You mean the world to me,
Draco
Chapter 115

Chapter Summary

Harry talks to Orion, and Draco is in the mood to shag for the first time since Morgana was born.

Sunday April 16, 2017

Draconius Maximus,

I feel as though mayhaps our young son may have a future in bartending. Or perchance he has a future in distracting his father from hard conversations.

See, I read your email and decided to come have a nice long chat with Orion Draco about his penchant to mix up drinks for his classmates. You even said you yours own self that he should talk to me about it. So I talked and then I talked and I talked a little more. But he was making me such yummy drinks the whole time. And he really does have a knack for it because I could barely taste the alcohol and yet just a few moments ago, I fell down. And uh, didn't get back up.

I suppose it's a good thing that we brought all of the elves because I think someone else is going to have to feed the babies this evening.

Because I fell down.

I think it's a possibility that I drank way too many drinks and that has something to do with my balance. But I don't understand why Ori decided I needed to drink so much because my talking wasn't lecturey or anything. If anything I was praising him for using his talents to keep his classmates from going elsewhere and possibly getting trashed in unsafe situations.

I wonder if the reason he's trying to take responsibility for keeping his housemates safe is because of what happened last year at the party where Eris blacked out. Like maybe he feels if he had been the one mixing her drinks and staying sober enough to watch her she wouldn't have ended up shagging a stranger.

And now that stranger is in my daughter's bedroom "communicating" about their child. Ugh, they're doing yucky grown up times aren't they? There's a gorgeous grandson of ours that proves that horse has been out of the barn for a while now, but I still don't want anything to happen. ANOTHER pregnancy is the last thing that girl needs.

Oh Hell! Maybe I should go slamming in there and ruin the mood if there's a mood to ruin!

Or wait! I could go find YOU and unruin a mood that isn't being mooded yet. Yes! I will find you, and pin you down. I will worship every inch of your skin with my mouth. Flirt with your tattoos and ...

Shut up your own mouth Ori! I'm trying to have a private email conversation with your fit as hell father. Mind your business!

What do you mean I shouldn't use a dickation spell if I want it to be private? I'm privately
dictating. And later I'm going to privately dick ... take.

Ha! Get it? I will take a dick but like instead of dictate I'm saying dick take? Ooooooh or I could change it to dick taste. Yeah, mmmmm.

Orion! Where are you going? I'm not done with the drinkering!

Your son is kind of being a tantrum throwing nightmare right now Draco. He just ran out of the room. Ugh, children, I swear.

I hope you're ready cause I need a dictate date.

Loving you and your naked skin and your very pretty penis.
Your Own Harry

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Monday April 17, 2017

Draco, could you call someone and ask them to turn off the sun? We have so much sightseeing to do today. We're supposed to go to Kapellbrucke all day and then spend the evening shopping in Zurich on Bahnhofstrasse. But I don't know if I will be able to do that if someone doesn't turn off the BLOODY SUN!!

HJM

Monday April 17th
My hilarious mutt,

Have I ever mentioned that I LOVE when you're drunk?

There you were, slurring and stumbling, but quite determined to have your way with me. It was actually the first time that I've definitely been in the mood since having Morgana, and seeing as how it's WEEKS before most Healers recommend having sex for post-natal women - who still have to heal up down there - it's probably best if we don't mention to Healer Rowe just how little time we could manage to wait.

It started with you emphatically mumbling an order to Muffy and Dibly to take care of the babies tonight, no matter WHAT it takes (and as I understand it, it took a rather strong sleeping spell on Morgana to get her to sleep peacefully while we were busy). Good thing elves can understand orders, even when given whilst completely inebriated.

Thus, with the babies gone and the littles being warned off by Orion to not disturb us, we had plenty of time to get reacquainted after my stay in the hospital. Taking full advantage of this, you tied me to the bed and licked every part of my body your tongue could reach. As promised, you flirted with my tattoos and worshiped me for HOURS - so long that I started to beg because it seemed like you couldn't remember what the goal was.

To shag me good and hard.

Or as it turned out, to shag yourself good and hard by riding me at your leisure. Just when I was about to cry from need, you shifted until you were straddling me. You were definitely still a bit drunk at that point, because you barely shot a quick prep spell at your arse before impaling
yourself on my shaft.

Slowly, inch by inch, babbling something about being able to take me mostly dry and rough, you made me disappear inside you. The sight still quite takes my breath away. I wasn't able to wait another second and exploded inside you with enough force to make me gasp and wonder if you'd be launched off me.

To my delight and dismay, you not only did not go flying off, you stayed right where you were and kept on riding me until you'd had YOUR pleasure, and it wasn't particularly quick either. You rode me slowly, stroking your own shaft almost absently, definitely keeping my attention on you.

I love the sight of you. Even if you're just standing there, fully clothed in something rumpled and dirty from the stables, I could just look at you for hours. But to see you riding me until your cheeks were flushed and rosy from passion. To see you use me for your pleasure, but at the same time, in no hurry. To watch you throw your head back and moan as you ground into me.

FUCK! I could watch you do that until we DIED and it still wouldn't be enough!

Since you were going at such a leisurely pace, you were able to really stroke yourself, your hand making little twists as it reached the end of your shaft. Eventually, I was begging again. I wanted SO BADLY to help your reach that glorious climax. Looking a bit dazed and drunk - but with passion now - you gave into my pleaded demands, letting me go so that I could roll you onto your back and pound you into the bed as hard as I could.

Amazingly, I reached my second orgasm before you even had your first. Not satisfied by this outcome in the slightest, I rested for only a moment after pumping you full, and then pulled free so that I could shift and take your shaft in hand and mouth. Perhaps that was what you were waiting for, because it didn't take long for you to fill my mouth.

And then you promptly passed out, giving me the opportunity to lay properly on the bed and pull you into my arms so that I could just hold you until - well, mostly likely until you woke up in the morning, since the elves were taking care of our babies. Sleep I'm damn certain YOU needed, and I could rather use myself.

I personally woke up feeling refreshed around my usual time, and immediately found that I had two emails from you. This led to me bringing you a very special potion with the ability to turn off the sun - or at least turn down the brightness to normal levels. You seem to be sitting in the dark of the bathroom in case your hangover makes you NEED the toilet, so I'm going to bring that potion to you now and help you drink it down, and then just breathe until it takes effect.

With all my heart and soul,
Draco
Chapter 116

Chapter Summary

Harry notices something he somehow missed, and Kisa comes for a visit.

Tuesday April 18, 2017

My Draco,

Thank you so much for the hangover potion yesterday and the additional potion tailored to sun sensitivity. The traditional hangover potion was enough to turn my hangover from making me want to claw my own eyes out to much more manageable levels. But I definitely wouldn't have enjoyed yesterday's sightseeing very much without the sunlight reducer. Or whatever you're calling it.

I have a very love/hate relationship with drinking. I am obviously not much of a drinker. It doesn't take me much to start acting ridiculous, so it's a good thing I only drink a handful of times per year. Obviously that's not counting the occasional glass of wine I enjoy paired with something delicious. I don't want to become some sort of alcoholic who ignores his family in an attempt to drink. I don't think that's an issue since our children, the few times they've seen me a bit sloshed, just giggle at me while rolling their eyes and occasionally taking pictures.

I will never live down the time my drinking made me wonder if I could actually make myself wee in a nappy. I wasn't drunk enough to actually be able to force myself to go, but it didn't stop the children from laughing at the image of me trying to wrangle myself into one.

But it does seem every time I drink you make some comment about liking it when I drink. I suppose the hangover is a good thing as it reminds me of why I don't drink that often. Then the hangover potions remind me why I'm once again thankful for being a wizard. And also very thankful for my brilliant husband who can brew all these important potions for me.

I did leave my arse alone though. I could have healed up the soreness since we did so much walking yesterday, but you know how much I love the sore reminder of a night well spent.

Oh I've missed being intimate with you. Snuggling our children, holding each other in bed, still having deep thoughts where we bare our souls to each other, these are all intimate things. And if something happened to one of us and we could never have sex again? I would still be madly in love with you. But physical intimacy is such an important part of our lives that I definitely felt something was missing these last few weeks. I like the soreness reminder anyway, but it was especially wonderful having the reminder when I had been feeling the absence.

I don't care what Rowe says! Morgana was twelve whole days old!

Okay, I do care what Rowe says, that's why I rode you instead of topping. Well, it's at least PART of the reason! What? Can you blame a guy for having a preference?

As hungover as I felt yesterday morning, I felt amazing just from having gotten uninterrupted sleep. I love nursing our babies. I love our middle of the night bonding time. They are our last babies
(damn they had better be our last babies!!) and I have loved soaking up every single moment with them. But I didn't realize how exhausted I was until I woke up yesterday morning having slept the entire night through. I think I should probably have the elves handle the boys every so often so I can avoid losing my mind from exhaustion. Maybe once every other week or so.

I'm not ready to give up any more time than that for now!

You know, it took me a solid two days to realize all the extra people that came along on our trip. Good thing I booked a chalet with enough space! I am always quite aware of the needs of the underaged children. I know how many we're bringing (sometimes we aren't able to bring Shtara because she has a performance), who might have some special needs to worry about (always paying attention to when the full moon hits so we have the right space and potions for Atreyu). I make sure the translation devices include all local languages of our destination. And now that you've altered the contacts so Jaz can "hear" the local languages, I make sure those are programmed with the local languages.

But sometimes I feel a bit like Arthur that first time he saw me sitting at his breakfast table; "Huh, what? Did we get a new child I don't know about? This one doesn't even have red hair!"

As we're all packing up to head to Kapellbrucke, I start doing the small child count. And I realize we've two too many young children. I've stopped counting the teenagers, so we should have had six walkable children aged eleven or under, plus our three wearable babies. One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight. Wait, that can't be right, did one of them move while I was counting? Let me try again, one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight. Hmm, still the wrong number. I know they're highly advanced babies but none of the newest set of triplets has started walking yet, right? Nope, two strapped to me and the Queen is strapped to you.

Oh! It's Ethan's Joel and Jayden! I didn't realize Elena had brought them along. Oh! There are Ethan and Rose. I didn't realize Elena had brought THEM along either. I've lost the plot haven't I Draco? I've sat down to breakfast and had full conversations with them since we've been here haven't I?

When you put me in the Janus Thickey ward, will you promise to occasionally visit me?

Who else was here that I hadn't noticed? Oh, Pearl never left after she came to visit the other day. I swear, one of these days I think you and I should get shirts made that say: "Not a tour group we just have an extensive child collection."

Well once I decided to be observant of my surroundings, it seemed I noticed EVERYTHING! We seem to be rubbing off on our children, because there were multiple sets of couples walking around holding hands and giving public kisses the entire time we walked that beautiful bridge. I had such mixed emotions. Hrmph that Eric kissing my daughter ... holding their baby. And then seeing Hazel and Pearl so happy? My daughter and a girl I love like a niece looking madly in love? Someone loving my daughter exactly as she is? How can I not love that? I've gotten used to seeing Vivi and Alric being affectionate, but it still hits me in the gut when I see my stoic and strong daughter blushing from a sweet kiss on the cheek from her fiancé.

But seeing the secret smiles, the slight brushing of hands, the lingering hands while they passed the baby between them? I am so hopeful that Lainie will find her happiness with Rose and Ethan. And the fact that we weren't able to frighten off Ethan, Rose, OR Joel and Jayden? Very promising!

The day was perfect, loving family, beautiful artwork, a ridiculous amount of shopping ... what
more could you ask for?

But for this morning, I think I am going to go cook up a big enough breakfast to feed an army. Maybe an army and a half!

Yours,
Harry

Wednesday April 19th
The flame of my desire,

I swear, whenever we end up taking a bit of a break from shagging - for whatever reason, but it's usually related to having children - it seems like when we get back into it, we both act like it's urgent and almost 'now or never' when it comes to wanting to do it all the time. We not only had Monday night, but LAST night, we were all over each other for a few hours.

Thank MERLIN we have elves to take on feeding duty.

Unfortunately, Morgana was NOT having a second full night in a row of being tended to by the elves. Sometime round 2 am, she broke through the sleeping charm Muffy put on her, exploded the lamp on the bedside table - that you automatically shielded us from the debris - and started screaming bloody murder until we broke apart and fawned all over her until she was full and ready to go back to sleep.

Thankfully, we'd reached our climax and were simply kissing and caressing each other in a quest to see if we were going to go again. Thus all she really interrupted was the possibility of a third round.

Before talking about today, I just have to roll my eyes, shake my head, and pet your silly little head. I KNOW you are shite with potions, but seriously? A potion that can reduce the brightness of the sun? *snorts in amusement* That was simply an extra strength hangover potion since the first CLEARLY hadn't done a full job! My lovable little moron, you were THAT drunk that you needed TWO hangover potions, the second one as strong as possible, hahaha. I love you, my silly mutt!

Anyway, today was all around lovely. Shortly after I woke up and joined those of you who were eating lunch, so I could feed Morgana while I ate breakfast, Kisa arrived with all the Quartet's kids, minus Aleksei - who apparently has a bit of a cold and stayed home with Blaise.

Roderick and Bianca immediately sat with our older kids, while Veronica and Anastacia sat with Shtara, Zaire, Jasmine, Siri, and Zwei, leaving Tristan, Misha, and Tatyana to huddle up with our Feisty Foursome.

After introductions were made (Eric looking like he couldn't decide if the crowd was too big and overwhelming, or if the fact that they went out of their way to be friendly to him was enough to set him at ease) and everyone had a half an hour or so to catch up and finish eating, Kisa stood up and announced the reason for her visit.

"Alright, Lanie, the platonic love of my life! Stand the fuck up and get over here! It's been enough time since you had your adorable Rafael that you should be back in shape!"

"It's only been 4 months!" Elena protested hotly. "And I've been stretching and dancing, so I'm NOT completely OUT of shape!"

"Yeah, but you're letting yourself slide, and don't you try to argue with me!" Kisa insisted, making
Elena tilt her head side to side as if admitting that Kisa might have a point.

Kisa clapped her hands sharply. "Malfoy sprogs! Listen to your Great Auntie and get your arses over here. Now!"

I heard Caelum telling Atreyu: "Better do what she says, before she strings us up in her dungeon and tickles us to death!"

It took surprisingly little time for all of our (and Kisa's) kids to form four perfectly spaced lines in front of my favorite Aunt. This left me chuckling in amusement as you sat next to me laughing. Ethan shrugged and told his wife everything he remembered about Kisa, while Eric looked confused and not sure if he should join in, that said, he was holding Luka, and so, stayed put.

"Oi! NEPHEW!" Kisa roared. "You too! No excuses!"

Sighing but not entirely adverse, I gave you a quick kiss and cast a shield charm over Morgana before joining the empty space across from Eris. It was almost too much to keep track of, but the 24 of us paired off with Kisa versus Elena, me versus Eris, Hazel/Pearl, Viona/Bianca, Roderick/Orion, Shtara/Atreyu (as neither of them have more than the most basic of skill), Zaire/Veronica, Jaz/Anastacia, Siri/Zwei, Caelum/Tristan, Misha/Lily, and Persephone/Tatyana.

Eris and I were naturally going VERY easy on each other, as we're BOTH less than a month from having a baby. Kisa seemed to be serious about murdering Elena if she couldn't keep up, but almost certainly went a bit easy on her too. The rest of the combatants were giving the sparring their all, aside from Shtara, who was doing a rather good job of helping Atreyu learn and practice the few moves she knew that he didn't.

Joel and Jayden didn't quite know what to do, since neither had ever learned any sort of fighting skills. Plus, Jaden is still only two - or did she just turn three? I have a hard enough time keeping track of my OWN kids, hahaha! Speaking of, you stopped counting the teens and adults?? NOT ME! When we're out in public as a family, I'm CONSTANTLY doing a head count of ALL our kids, despite the fact that Elena, Viona, Eri, Ori, and Hazel are all technically adults and can do whatever they want now. It drives me MAD! There's always at least one missing whenever I do a count, and then I have to recount and realize that they weren't missing, I just didn't see them standing in the back - or whatever threw the count off.

But back to our day. After some rather lovely sparring, Kisa called for staves, which allowed even us recently pregnant ones to get a bit more vigorous, and THAT naturally evolved into dancing, which evolved into getting naked and lighting things on fire while we danced, which evolved into you in my arms kissing me while everyone else groaned and told us to get a room.

As I was saying, a perfect day.

And now, I am dead certain that Eric realizes that Eris can defend herself if necessary, which is useful information to know if he was even slightly planning anything. But that said, they are getting on surprisingly well. I wouldn't think two literal strangers could work together so well to co-raise their baby, but it's like you said, I should REALLY stop being so surprised by fate.

Speaking of getting along so well, they were the first to make an excuse that allowed them to slip away. Which prompted Hazel and Pearl to make their excuses. Viona and Alric went shopping or sightseeing, leaving Orion alone to entertain Roderick and Bianca, but since he showed them his bartending skills, I'm positive they enjoyed themselves.

The rest of the kids - aside from our babies - were happy enough to keep each other playing
energetic games in the yard. Which means that we were left 'alone' to go to our room as suggested and play with our babies while trying to sneak in quick shags while they were napping.

You remind me of the babe,
Draco
Friday April 21, 2017

My Best Friend,

Happiest of birthdays to our wonderful Persephone Hikari.

I know each of our children is a perfect little miracle. I can't imagine living without any of their existences. But there's something about our Seph that I am constantly remembering just how much of a miracle she is. All that time spent in St. Mungo's. Trying to keep her inside of me as long as I could. Battling through magical exhaustion and increasingly dangerous side effects. Tears and sweat and all other manner of drains. And then she was so unbelievably tiny when she was born. I remember looking at her and just thinking of how tiny and fragile she was.

And now, while she's still very small, she's definitely not fragile! She's packed in a massive amount of personality in her tiny body. She's full of sass and fire. She loves with all of her heart. I just can't imagine our lives without our little Light. And every birthday she has is a reminder to me to be thankful she's safe and sound here with us.

I imagine I will feel this same tug of thankfulness and fear of what could have been when our Gabriel and Dylan start having birthdays as well. Seeing as they're only a little more than a month old, I have some time before I have to start worrying about that.

But time flies ever so much faster than we want it to. It won't be all that long before they hit their first birthdays. And then their second. Eventually heading off to Hogwarts. And then graduating Hogwarts and getting married and moving halfway across the world!! And then they'll be gone and I'll just sit alone in our big empty Manor crying about how I never see our children and you will get sick of seeing me whine and cry and you'll kick me out of the Manor. Then I'll have to rent some dingy room at the Hogshead and eventually I'll be that creepy old man the Hogwarts kids warn all their friends about!

Breathe Harry, breathe. There's a chance those events may not take place.

I suppose I am a bit ridiculous sometimes. Like when I am confused about potions. Alright Mister Malfoy! I didn't actually think the potion dimmed the sun. I just thought maybe it did something to my pupils to temporarily allow less light through or something like that. I might be a bit thick but I'm not THAT much of a moron!

I enjoyed introducing some of our newbies to our birthday traditions today. Eric, Ethan, and Rose were up early enough to wonder what I was doing in the kitchens that early. They each enjoyed helping out, and Eric even mentioned loving the idea so much that he was going to talk it over with Eris and see if it's a tradition she wants to see repeated for Luka when he starts having birthdays. Ethan and Rose quickly jumped on that idea and mentioned bringing it up with Lainie about continuing it for Rafael.
As usual, Zaire insisted on helping prepare and present the birthday breakfasts. And we had enough people excited about the tradition that we practically had an entire choir singing Happy Birthday to Seph. Good thing she's one of our happy wakers. Can you imagine the look on Shtara's face at a dozen people in her bedroom singing before she'd had a chance to rub the sleep out of her eyes? There'd be a birthday murder!

Instead, your daughter is busy trying to decide between two options for her birthday activities at the last minute. What a rough life our little Seph leads, spending her seventh birthday in a chalet in Switzerland. Her biggest concern is whether she wants to go kayaking or hang gliding for her activity. I honestly have no idea why she's actually trying to decide between the two. You and I both know she will be choosing hang gliding. If it's an adrenaline rush and high above mountains, it's right up Seph's alley.

Are you going to want to go with? Or do you want to stay back with the babies and the kids who don't feel up to death defying stunts? We can both go, so don't feel like you have to stay back if you want to come with. I know Éris is not interested in either option, and I think Lainie was only interested if Seph chooses Kayaking. So there will be plenty of responsible people staying back to watch the babies.

Better run, Seph is calling me, maybe she's finally made a choice!

Yours,

Harry

Friday April 21st
My greatest love,

I've said it before and I'll say it again, our Morgana is STRONG-WILLED. I don't know where she gets it! Shut it you.

This morning (afternoon, whatever), you were helping me to wake up and get ready to go more quickly than otherwise. It was then that we discovered that Morgana WILL actually let me put her down, while awake, for longer than a second, so long as she is on her tummy looking at her 'twin' brothers.

Well, I suppose that they actually are twins, being born at the same time, but I meant that SHE'S supposed to be their triplet - their older sister who somehow managed to be the youngest. They were all on the bed, with you cooing at them and petting them almost like dogs - which was adorable all on its own - simply looking at each other and making tiny little infant noises that I'm sure is the beginning of their very own secret language.

This allowed me to get dressed without a baby in my arms or strapped to my chest.

I also had time to eat, at the table in our suite, all by myself. This was nearly heaven after 16 days of having her in my arms nearly every moment of the day. Plus, I loved watching you make silly faces at all of them and tickle their tiny feet. When you gave them kisses, even Morgana made a sound reminiscent of purring.

So then we were ready to go and I called Orion and Hazel, which brought along Pearl, Roderick, Bianca, and Kisa, to watch the three babies while we spent the day with Persephone. Orion picked up Gabriel, while Roderick and Bianca were playing with Dylan. This left our sweet and gorgeous Hazel itching to hold her tiniest sister, only Morgana was NOT having it. She immediately started
screaming. Now, if she was a bit older - say six months - I MIGHT have considered just leaving the room and letting them calm her down and reassure her that she's NOT in any danger of being harmed.

That said, it's almost impossible to leave and/or purposely 'ignore' a two week old when she has the ability to blow things up when she's not getting her way. For example, Kisa decided that SHE could calm Morgana down by taking her and giving her a firm look while saying: "There now, love, your Great Auntie has you, and I will NOT tolerate fussiness."

Morgana responded by blowing up three lights, half a dozen knickknacks, AND Kisa's left hand.

I was already reaching to take Morgana, which was a good thing as Kisa almost certainly would have dropped her. As I made shushing noises, which were unnecessary as Morgana stopped crying the moment I had her, you performed a nice Healing Spell on Kisa's hand. You may not have learned all the different Healing Spells to give you a bit of finesse over the result, but you are DAMN good at the one you do know, and your power is strong enough that you had her good as new in no time.

Kisa looked a little bit spooked as she thanked you, giving you a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

"Sorry about that," I apologized. "This one doesn't seem to want anyone else to touch her yet."

"Consent IS everything," Kisa murmured, shaking her newly healed hand to ensure that it worked properly.

I summoned my favorite wrap carrier and tied Morgana to me so that she was nice and cozy, and more importantly, could NOT fall out. You looked at me like you were seriously wondering if I planned to bring her with us.

"What?" I asked defensively. "It's not like I can leave her behind. We'd come back to the Chalet on fire and everyone in it injured."

You heaved a great sigh of defeat and sort of shrugged and nodded as if acknowledging that I was right.

After that, we gathered up Persephone and headed off for a wonderful day of Hang Gliding. The first hour or so was us taking a refresher course since it HAS been a while since we've done this. Then we chose our gliders and got into the harness. I chose the traditional cocoon-like harness, which made it necessary for me to shift Morgana from my front to my back, and - of course - cast every safety charm known to man on her before getting into the harness and preparing to glide.

Meanwhile, you chose a sort of half cocoon harness that would allow you to glide in tandem with Persephone harnessed to your chest. To her EXTREME disappointment, she just doesn't weigh enough or have enough upper body strength to control a glider all own her own yet. That said, she would much rather ride with you than not go at all, so gliding we went.

These top of the line gliders can actually glide for HOURS if the wind has enough updraft to it, and thankfully enough, these mountains do have lots of perfect winds for gliding as much as we wanted. Also, we're wizards and have the ability to cast spells to sort of smooth it all out so that it's more like one long perfect flight, than a bunch of ups and downs based on the winds. That said, the ups and downs are more fun, and to no surprise, Persephone kept encouraging you to do 'tricks' such as rocking side to side.

All in all, it was an amazing way to spend the day. One day soon, we're going to have to go gliding
again, and bring ALL our kids (that want to try it) with us.

Fly me to the moon,
Draco
Chapter 118

Chapter Summary

Harry thinks Draco is a lunatic, the restaurant is spinning, and Draco wants to shag on a gondola.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Saturday April 22, 2017

My Lunatic,

You took our daughter hang gliding.

You ... took our daughter ... HANG GLIDING.

Okay, to be fair, I also took our daughter hang gliding. But I took the seven year old daredevil. YOU took a two week old baby! To be fair, I saw it happening and did nothing to stop it. Also, she was warded from the tips of her beautiful jet black hair to her teeny tiny toes.

She's unbelievably beautiful, isn't she Draco? You know, if we never know a single thing about her other biological make-up that's fine. But you know how much I want our children to know as much of their heritage as possible. And not that it matters TO ME in any way, but I have been staring intently at our Morgana's features, hoping for some sign of where half of her comes from. And the more I stare at her - the more she grows into her looks - the more I'm realizing I'm pretty darn certain she is of possibly Pacific Islander or Asian descent.

As dark as her hair and eyes are, I didn't notice it right away. It probably comes from me being very used to seeing black-haired babies, thanks to my own hair and skin tones. And the fact that she's half Malfoy seems to have made some of her features less obviously Asian. But I'd be very interested to know what her background is. Again, not that it matters for me, but it would be nice to know so that we can introduce her to that part of her heritage the way we've been able to with the rest of our children.

Well, so far. We've not really had the chance to do much with Atreyu and his Mexican background. But he has been with us for less than a year, so it's not like we've been dropping the ball or anything! I know we're literally on vacation as we speak, and we have a huge wedding coming up much too soon, but I'd really like to have our next just for fun trip to be to Mexico to start introducing Trey to his cultural background. And there's the whole "we'd be on a super awesome trip to Mexico" part of the plan that would be great too.

This trip has been just wonderful so far. I'm already dreading going home tomorrow! Not that there's anything wrong with being home, we have a wonderful home and I miss my horses, I've just really really enjoyed being out here. I think maybe it's just been way too long for my wanderlust to have gone without traveling.

I think one of my favorite parts has been introducing the newbies to the craziness that is holiday-
ing with the Malfoys. Ethan wasn't particularly overwhelmed, we may have never taken him on holiday, but he spent enough time with our family growing up - and so much time at Unity House - that his threshold for large groups being overwhelming is pretty high. He's probably spent years telling Rose about his time with Unity House; I'm sure experiencing it was different than being told about it secondhand, but she was expecting some craziness. Poor Eric on the other hand, it seems like every few minutes something made his eyes bug out of his head.

I'm pretty sure Eric is now thoroughly wary of what Eris could do to him if he fucks this whole thing up. So, in other words, I am really glad Kisa made an appearance. I would be anyway, you know I adore our Kisa, but even more due to the side effects.

Oh! We need to leave for dinner now. I am so damn excited for this place. I don't even care if the food is edible, we're going to a rotating restaurant on the summit of the Shilthorn! Eeeeek! Piz Gloria here we come!

Anticipatorily yours,
Harry

Saturday April 22nd
Imzadi,

Harry, what do you suppose the staff of a popular restaurant at the TOP of a panoramic mountain says when they see a group of nearly thirty children and adults plus a few babes in arms walk in all hungry?

My bet: "Wonder what sort of tour group they are? Skiers? Bond fanatics? Extreme Foodies?"

NOPE! Just one big and crazy family! Hahaha...

Good thing you made reservations. I wonder if they believed you when you said 28 plus several babies? We basically ordered everything on the menu, hahahaha! Not to mention several bottles of their Bollinger Champagne.

I may have gotten a bit tipsy...

My foodie children were a tiny bit disappointed that they didn't have anything 'exotic' on the menu (such as tongue, mmm), but that said, everything was really tasty. Or at least I assume everything was, as my Veal in Mushroom Sauce was utterly delicious. You had the Chicken Breast with Creamy Curry Sauce, and Persephone - our newly turned 7 year old adventurer - had Escalope of Salmon.

The view as we slowly turned a full 360 degrees - or rather, I mean the restaurant did - was BREATHTAKING!

But - and I know you didn't intend this - BUT the best part might just have been after dinner was over and we migrated to the ENORMOUS movie screen that continually plays clips of the exciting stunts from a muggle fictional character called Bond. That and the Bond World interactive exhibit. It was a pretty brilliant way to relax and finish up drinking all that champagne we'd opened.

Our Divas certainly agreed with me, they and Orion helping me finish up the (2 or 3) bottles that needed to be drank up, all the while discussing how good looking this Bond fellow is. It seems we all (including you) agree that he's pretty fit.
I suggested that we go skiing while we were conveniently up at the top of a Mountain. Well, it seems that you were playing sober responsible adult, because you told me that was a TERRIBLE idea with me so tipsy that I couldn't walk a straight line. That said, those of our kids who were under the legal limit (I can't quite remember if they had a measuring device or if someone cast a test spell) who wanted to go skiing got the chance to go.

Meanwhile, you insisted that I and everyone who couldn't or didn't want to ski get on the gondola going back down the mountain. Probably best that you were on the gondola with me, because I was so convinced that it was a BRILLIANT idea to jump off mid trip and go flying on my broom - that I didn't actually have on me - that you needed to distract me by thoroughly snogging me the entire way down.

Too bad we had far too many people in that gondola with us groaning about how disgusting it is to watch their dads kissing, hahaha. Had we been alone, I daresay we would have shagged the whole ride down.

So... want to Apparate back after the place is closed for the night and shag in the gondola anyway?

Yours forever in love and lust,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

They probably did, lol ^_^
Chapter 119

Chapter Summary

Harry receives a request for help, and Draco overhears something... squicky...

Sunday April 23, 2017

My Dragon,

I uh, got a strange email today from...

Well, I suppose it wasn't so much strange as unexpected. I haven't heard from Oliver Wood for years. Probably at least five years, maybe more? We didn't have a falling out or anything, and we were never the very best of friends, so when I stopped hearing from him all those years, I just kind of assumed it was a childhood friendship we'd all outgrown.

So when I got a random email from him - I noticed it while you were trying to get the littles down for some naps so they'd sleep away our flight home - I just assumed it was going to be a: "Wow, it's been so long, we should get together," kind of catching up email. It certainly mentioned how long it had been, and it included wanting to get together, but it was definitely not a casual message.

You'll remember that Oliver was married to that Edmond fellow, remember him? Kind of plain and easily forgotten? Alright, that was mean. Not untrue, but unnecessarily mean. We met him when he and Oliver came to Unity to adopt Cassie and then later to adopt Parker (who are now eighteen and nineteen! Yikes!) but he never really came to any of the followup events we invited the Unity Royalty to. No Movie Nights or Halloween Parties.

Anyway, don't strain yourself trying to remember this guy, it doesn't matter anymore, because he's dead.

So, Oliver was....

You know, maybe I will just copy and paste Oliver's email and you can read all the dirty details for yourself. And then tell me what we should do.

---------------------------

Dear Harry,

Hello, it's been a long time since we've spoken. It's my own fault, and please know I have missed your friendship immensely. I have been a terrible friend these past years, if you even still call me friend. I will completely understand if you don't respond to this message, I would even understand if you respond with anger at me attempting to contact you after all this time.

I had to use up all that's left of my Gryffindor bravery to write this, I am hopeful you have some Hufflepuff levels of loyalty and are willing to hear me out despite my neglect of our friendship.

My husband Edmond died yesterday. It was expected, but the fallout has been more of a shock.

I loved Ed desperately when we first married. Our first few years together were blissful, our
adoption of Cassie and Parker only added to our happiness. I was very wrapped up in my sweet little family. It was wonderful. Until it wasn't.

About six or seven years ago, Edmond started changing. It was gradual, so perhaps it started even longer ago than that. I went from wanting to spend all of my time with our family to being required to. I was never explicitly told that I wasn't allowed to spend time outside of our home or family, but the interrogations I received when I got home made me quickly decide it wasn't worth it. Was he controlling me? Or was I isolating myself? Eventually I came to realize he truly had become this controlling man.

But I was in too deep, still too in love, still wanting to be a family and raise our children together. So I allowed the controlling behavior to continue. Except it wasn't him. I mean, it WAS him, but it wasn't his fault. You see, a year ago, we went to St. Mungo's for his annual checkup ... yes I went along, I never went anywhere without him by that point ... and his inability to remember his own medical history was a red flag to his healer. Edmond was diagnosed with an aggressive strain of magic-resistant dementia.

We would have possibly been able to magically treat it if we'd seen the signs all those years ago when his behavior changed, but it had advanced to such a level that all we could do at that point was wait for the inevitable.

The inevitable happened yesterday. After myself and our Cassie and Parker said our final goodbyes, my Ed took his last breaths and let go. The children and I cried and held each other. We contacted Edmond's parents shortly after he passed to let them know it had happened, and invited them over to begin planning for the funeral and etcetera.

They came over immediately. Unfortunately, they did not come to help me plan my husband's funeral. They came to evict me from their home. They came to tell me I was to blame for his death since I should have seen the signs sooner. If I had only been a better husband, a better man, I would have seen the early signs that could have made his dementia treatable. I screamed and cried and told them to leave my home if they were going to be hateful while our family grieved.

No, I had to leave. You see, I was a well-controlled house husband. I had no idea that our home was actually one of my in-laws properties. I had no idea our entire Gringott's vault was actually in my in-laws' name. I haven't a sickle to my name. I'd already lost my husband ... when I lost him years ago to his illness and a second time when his body gave up ... and now I was going to lose my home.

The monstrous people I once held so much love and affection for, told me in no uncertain terms that me and "those children you forced our Edmond to adopt instead of having children of his own" had twenty-four hours to vacate the property.

I spent the last twelve hours debating messaging you. How could I possibly dare beg a favor of someone I've ignored for so long? But I am desperate. I am without pride. My children and I have nowhere to go. Do you have anywhere we could possibly stay? A guest house? A cabin? A stall in those stables I've heard about? I can work off my debt to you.

Please let me know if you have space, or if you know of anyone else who may have space for a homeless grieving widower and his two mostly adult children. I wouldn't ask for myself, but my children shouldn't need to lose one more thing right now.

Sincerely and Apologetically,
Oliver Wood

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I understand if this is too much to say yes to my Love. We have three newborns and a veritable army of children. But can we find space for Oliver, Cassie, and Parker?

Loving you always,
Harry

Sunday April 23rd
My compassion,

Today turned out to be rather draining, didn't it?

The flight from Switzerland to Wiltshire wasn't overly long, just long enough to take a nap, and so, once I'd gotten all the littles down, I wanted to lay down for a bit myself. Once I got all snuggled up and comfy with Morgana and a blanket, I saw I had an email from you and read it. At that point, all thoughts of napping completely fled my mind.

I sent an Insta-owl to you to reply to Oliver, telling him to meet us at Malfoy Manor in about two hours, and bring his kids. The flight is only an hour and a half long and we'd already been in flight for a good 20 minutes, so I felt that 2 hours would give us plenty of time to get home and make sure everything is ready for them. That said, I also ordered Dibly to Apparate on ahead and prepare the guest cottage for use since it hasn't been used since shortly after Sirius arrived.

Aside from us shagging in it randomly throughout the years.

Once home, we explained to our kids that we were going to have guests, and while most of our kids expressed good wishes, they just weren't old enough to care about a couple of essentially strangers, so they ran off to do their own things. That said, Viona and Orion stayed with us because they are friends with Cassie and Parker from school. Parker may be graduated now, but he was a Gryffindor Quidditch player, and so, had a friendly (an actual friendly, not the same sort of heated or hateful we initially had) rivalry with Orion. Meanwhile, Cassie is still finishing up her last year and - despite being in Hufflepuff - apparently studies with Viona fairly frequently and is one of her minions.

We were happy to have a pair of our kids on hand to help make this less awkward. When Oliver and his kids arrived, he seemed to fall completely apart, throwing his arms around you and sobbing - far more emotional than I'm certain he planned to be. Viona and Orion were not flustered by this and simply rubbed Cassie and Parker on the back before guiding them on a tour of the guest cottage.

I stood there as a silent rock of support as you - also sobbing because that is just a beautiful part of who you are - held onto Oliver and let him get out all the grief, hurt, and anger he could. After quite a bit of time, Oliver seemed to pull himself together a bit, and pulled back so that he could wipe his eyes.

"Sorry," he apologized in embarrassment.

"Nothing to be sorry for," you assured him, now holding his hand as a show of continued support.

I pretended that nothing was out of the ordinary as I swept my hand out and began the tour of the cottage. "This might seem a bit small when looking at it from the outside, especially after you've seen the Manor, but looks can be deceiving. This was originally a hunting cottage, but it hasn't been used for that in over a century. Thus, it's been remodeled to project a sense of cozy rustic
comfort. There are four bedrooms, a full kitchen - which I've had stocked with the essentials -'

You interrupted with a snort of amusement. "MALFOY essentials, meaning that you probably have
caviar and a full wine cellar in there, not to mention a house elf. Hmm... which house elf?"

"Dibly," I stated matter of factly before continuing. "And I'm certain you'll discover all the quirks
for yourself, but the one I want to specifically point out is this glorious fireplace. It's perfect for
staring into when you can't sleep at night."

"Thanks," Oliver murmured, staring through the fireplace as if it was an alien creature and he
wasn't quite sure if it would bite.

I sensed that he could use a moment alone to gather his thoughts, so I was relieved when Viona and
Orion returned with Cassie and Parker. I patted Oliver on the shoulder and murmured: "We'll leave
you to get settled in. If you need ANYTHING, just tell Dibly and he'll get it for you."

You gave Oliver a last hug for the moment. "If you need to talk - even if it's the middle of the night
- just Insta-owl me. I'll probably be up feeding my babies anyway."

He forced a bit of a polite smile. "I'll keep that in mind." It was obvious that he didn't want to
impose any more than he already was. Mark my words, he'll take you up on that around 2 AM.

With nothing more to do for the moment, we excused ourselves and walked back to the Manor,
thanking our kids for being brilliant as we went. They shrugged and murmured something about it
just being part of what it means to be our family. This reminded me about all those years we
traveled around setting up Unity Houses, and how our kids really did get used to helping others no
matter what. I KNOW that often, people think our family is stuck up because of how much money
and privilege we have, and yes, we can all be demanding arseholes when we want, but that's really
near the surface and built on a strong foundation of giving and compassion. And love.

Harry, how did we manage to luck our way into raising our kids to be so wonderful?

Once in the Manor, you immediately disappeared into the kitchen so that you could cook up a
comforting feast for our guests. This left me wondering if I could talk some of our kids into joining
me in the ballroom. Thus, I walked around intending to ask them, but the first room I approached
happened to be Hazel's, and since the door was open, I overheard this conversation that completely
derailed my plans.

"How can I help if you won't tell me what's WRONG?!" Pearl demanded.

"NOTHING IS WRONG!" Hazel insisted.

"Something bloody well is!" Pearl shouted.

Hazel roared in frustration. "FINE!!! But it's not something you can fix! I simply have to work
through it myself!"

"WHAT??!!" Hazel insisted.

Hazel sighed heavily, and I was so concerned that I stood frozen outside the doorway, not
INTENDING to spy like a creep, but unable to move so much as a millimeter.

"Look... I didn't..." she sighed again. "Back before I had my surgery, one of the last days before
school let out, I had a girl show interest in me. She seemed to imply that she could handle ALL
aspects of me, and I thought: 'fuck it, why not?' which led to my first and ONLY time before my
"Alright..." Pearl stated warily, sounding not exactly happy to hear that, but not exactly upset either. "And...?"

"And it was - I dunno - normal, I suppose. After my surgery, I had a very in depth conversation with my Doctor and the nurses, and they all told me that orgasm and sex would be very different. I UNDERSTAND this, that it's going to feel different, but..." she faltered and looked away.

"What?" Pearl asked softly, now holding Hazel's hand and looking very supportive.

"But it's not just different, I feel like I barely feel anything most of the time. I feel like something is wrong, and I don't think it can be fixed," Hazel admitted morosely.

"Maybe it can and maybe it can't, but I think you should at least contact your doctor and discuss this, in case something is SERIOUSLY wrong." Pearl suggested, holding Hazel now. She kissed our girl on the cheek. "And besides, I love you. If sex just isn't part of our relationship, I'm still going to love you and want to be with you."

Hazel started crying at that point, hugging Pearl and blubbering about loving her SO much too. I decided that I REALLY didn't need to be a part of this conversation at all, and so, silently shut their door before wandering off to ask our OTHER children. To my relief, Zaire, Jaz, Siri, and Zwei were all eager to dance with me, and so, if you need me, I'll be in the ballroom.

I would. die for. you, yeah, darling if you want me to, you!

Draco

P.S. So... should we bring Hazel back to talk to her doctor?
Chapter 120

Chapter Summary

Harry is laughing and Draco goes undercover to solve a minor mystery.

Tuesday April 25, 2017

My Confused Boy,

Oh my goodness you should have seen the look on your face this morning! Or was it last night? In the middle of the night/early this morning. Either way, it was hilarious.

That first night Oliver, Cassie, and Parker got here, you thought Oliver would end up taking me up on my offer to talk any time day or night. You told me to mark your words. Well, I marked them and he didn't show up in the middle of the night Sunday night, two a.m. or not. I think it's likely that the last few days of stress had caught up with him and he was sound asleep before his head even hit the pillow.

I'm so glad he skipped over his pride and reached out to us for help. I didn't actually sleep much that night because I was assuming he would want to come talk. That's why I ended up taking that nap yesterday. Oh, did you not realize I took a nap? It's probably because I ended up curling up in a ball in the stables. I woke up covered in hay.

But back to this morning. I was feeding Dylan and - surprisingly enough - Morgana as well. Can you believe she finally gave in and is nursing? It's taken a few weeks to get here, but I think she's going to be a Daddy's girl eventually! I mean, we all know she's already a Daddy's girl, but I want her to be THIS Daddy's girl. A Daddies' girl preferably! I love these babies of ours so much!

Anyway, there I was, nursing Dylan and Morgana while Gabe kept snoozing away, when there was a knock on our door. Per our pre-birth agreement, I was taking care of the babes with a silencing spell on you. Okay, that's a bit misleading, in the time since the kids have been born, Gabe and Dyl in March and Morgana earlier this month, you've gotten up almost every night. But last night with all the drama that's been going on, and the fact that Morgana was finally letting me care for her, you had me cast a silencing spell so you could get a full night's sleep.

You obviously know by now but it was Oliver at the door. He asked if he was bothering me, and when I assured him I was feeding two hungry little monsters - and the third would likely wake up for a turn soon - he came in to talk. Sunday when he basically climbed into my arms and cried, he cried out his fears and sadness and pretty much every other terrible emotion he was feeling. I joined him because, well, it's me. But last night, he wanted to pour out all of those feelings in actual conversation.

He talked through Dylan and Morgana's feedings and subsequent settling back to sleep. He talked through Gabe waking up and eating, and then also him settling back to sleep. He ran out of steam right around the time Morgana started fussing for another middle of the night feeding. Oliver did that head nod, jerking yourself awake thing, mumbling something about going back to the cabin to
go to sleep. I shushed him and told him our bed was obviously large enough for him to feel free to pass out. He gave a pathetic attempt at saying he should really head back to his own bed, I shot him down and pushed him over.

I eventually got Morgana fed and back to sleep, giving me hopefully a few hours before my brain told me it was time to get up for the day. I woke up just a bit after sunrise to Ollie still sound asleep in our bed. I got up and started doing my morning routines, figuring I would let you two keep sleeping as long as I could. You both obviously needed it. But at some point, I think while I was brushing my teeth, you started spooning him in your sleep. It was really cute and innocent, so I just left you to it while I got dressed.

However, at some point your body must have gotten the memo that you were holding a fit guy in your arms. I heard a softly whispered "Harry," and thinking you were just trying to quietly call me, I responded with "Yes Love?"

Merlin's beard! Your eyes shot open about as wide as I'd ever seen them. You looked at me, and then it seemed to finally register that I was responding from across the room while you were grinding up against whoever you were holding.

That set me off to start laughing hysterically, which ended up waking the babies and Oliver. Sorry about that, I really am, but the panic on your face was too much for me!

Anyway, I called Hazel's surgeon a little while ago to ask about coming in, and I'm just waiting for a call back. Her nurse that I talked to earlier asked a few questions and seems adamant that we don't need to trek all the way back to California unless Hazel is only comfortable talking to her original surgeon. So the call I am waiting for is a recommendation of who in the UK would be good for Haz to talk to about this issue.

The good news is they assured me it was common during MTF surgery recovery for a woman to not quite know how to reach physical satisfaction. Unfortunately, there are a ton of misconceptions, rumors, and assumptions out there. The chance that she will not be able to achieve orgasm or feel sexual satisfaction is almost completely nonexistent. The reality being it's just going to take some experimentation and willingness to try different tactics until something fits.

I guess it's a really common problem in the trans community. Not the inability to still have a satisfying sex life, but to not really know where to turn to when "good luck with your new parts!" isn't enough. Long story short, we'll have her talk with a doctor, they should be able to give her tips and tricks to try, and I will never have to think about my daughter's sex life ever again.

Which is what I really and truly want to happen.

Although how much more do I love Pearl now? What kind of teenager loves someone enough to be willing to forgo sex if it means being with the person they love? Pansy and Ivan sure raised a wonderful young woman.

And yeah, we've raised some pretty wonderful young men and women ourselves. We really are the two luckiest blokes on the planet aren't we?

The luckiest of all,
Harry

Monday May 1st
Merlin buggering Salazar!

Harry, how is it that our children are so bloody wonderful and caring and compassionate, but then go back to school for ONE bloody day, and we're already being called in to have a 'discussion' with the Headmistress?!

Sigh... I'll handle it since I'm awake and just finished with my morning routine. I'm sure it's probably nothing serious anyway, just one of our kids being particularly strong-willed. You currently have your hands full of hungry babies anyway.

I have Morgana with me (naturally), but you have Gabriel and Dylan out in the stables with you and Oliver, who apparently finds it therapeutic to work with the horses too. I can't actually hear the boys demanding their post-lunch/pre-dinner feeding, but since it's about that time, I'd be surprised if they weren't throwing a strop. Morgana is drinking from a bottle, but she's giving me a look like she'd rather have you nursing her.

But speaking of Oliver, I'm a bit curious as to what you would have done had I not called out for you, nor fully woken up before trying to have my way with my bed partner - that I would have assumed was you. Although, I do recall thinking something was off, which was probably part of my confusion when I woke up to find you across the room and someone else in my arms. I was temporarily flashing back to times in the past when others had crawled into my bed to seduce me before I woke up.

In any case, I'm fairly certain that it had been a while for Oliver, because even in his sleep, his body was reacting to the warmth of a pair of arms around him, and a needy prick rubbing up against his arse. That *could* have gone into definitely NOT innocent territory very quickly. Probably best all around that you found the scene so hilarious that you laughed and killed any sort of amorous mood.

But back to today, I'm off to visit with McGonagall and see what has a Blast-ended Screw in her robes. If it requires both of us, I'll send you an Insta-owl.

Love,
Draco

-  

About 2 hours later

As you once said, my Co-Captain on the S.S. Crazy,

Well... it seems our son is full of surprises...

So, having rushed to Hogwarts to see why we'd just received an owl asking for one or both of us to visit the Headmistress in her office at our earliest convenience, I was sat across her massive desk as she looked me over as if scrutinizing MY behavior for wrongdoing. I bristled for a moment before squaring my shoulders and preparing to use every ounce of my Malfoy superiority if necessary, when she finally spoke.

"I've called you here today to discuss Orion."

"Wait, what??" I blurted out in confusion.

Her mouth softened just a hair as she cast a tiny smile at Morgana, who was keeping a wary eye on the stranger.
"What about Orion?" I questioned, now rather concerned. 

"I'm not certain, to be honest. His grades are as excellent as ever, and he's performing his duties as Quidditch Captain admirably. He's giving NO indication of being in trouble or having emotional distress. Thus, I can't figure out why he's claiming the need to go home each night. At first, I gave him the benefit of the doubt, but then I realized that he wasn't flooing to Malfoy Manor as he claimed, but rather, well, I'm not sure where he's going."

"Huh..." I murmured speculatively. "Does... he have a girlfriend?" I asked myself more than her because I didn't think she'd know this if it was a girl OUTSIDE of Hogwarts.

She snorted in amusement. "Not quite yet, but he and Farrah are bickering so much that I feel it'll only be a matter of time."

I chuckled. "Yes, I suspect the same."

She shrugged. "In any case, since you have given him permanent permission to floo home as he likes, there's nothing I can technically do. After he leaves the castle, I don't truly know where he's going, the only reason I know he's not going home is that I've checked the floo logs and he's flooing to the Hog's Head, presumably so that he can Apparate somewhere else once he's beyond the castle wards. He leaves each day after dinner, and stays out until about 2 in the morning."

I frowned because with a schedule like that, I have NO idea how he can manage to keep up with his homework and Quidditch duties.

"Alright, I'll go to the Hog's Head in a fully covering cloak. As I recall, that's the sort of patron that frequents the place, so I shouldn't raise suspicion. Then, when Orion comes through the floo, I can see if he Apparates away and be ready to stop him with an Anti Apparation ward in place. I'll solve the mystery and discipline him if necessary."

McGonagall smiled faintly at me. "Seeing as he's of age and has permission to leave the castle, I don't think there should be any punishment necessary on my end, I didn't call you here because I think he should be punished, I called you here because I'm concerned that IF something is wrong - or if he's in some sort of trouble - you and Harry would want an opportunity to help him out."

I nodded in agreement. "Thank you, Minerva. I really appreciate this. Orion has always been quiet and a bit secretive. I feel like I am never quite sure how to get him to open up to me, and if he's told any of this to Harry, he must have sworn my husband to secrecy, because Harry hasn't mentioned a word to me."

McGonagall shrugged. "Some children just feel the need to carry the weight of the world on their shoulders, no matter HOW many supportive people they have willing to share the burden. Hopefully, you'll find that it's nothing more serious than a girlfriend you knew nothing about."

I took a moment to think this through, and then sort of bobbed my head side to side as I nodded. "Well, yes, I suppose he's old enough that a girlfriend WOULD be the least of my worries."

She nodded, stood, and shook my hand so that I could leave to implement my plan. It was about 2 or so when I'd gotten her letter, and so now - even despite having some tea at Madam Puddifoots to kill a bit of time, I still have a couple of hours to wait before Orion finishes his dinner and leaves Hogwarts.

About 6 hours after the first email
Dearest Harry,

I am now wearing a fully covering cloak and feeding Morgana as I sip on a Butterbeer and wait for our son to make his mysterious entrance. I've warded this place to the teeth, and so, no matter WHAT might be going on, he and I - and Morgana - will be safe. The Hog's Head looks different than I remember it, NOT that I ever really came in here. It was a shady place and I tended to avoid shady places when I was in Hogwarts, or at least the ones so close to the school.

Anyway, as I was saying, it WAS a shady place, but now, it looks... trendy?? A hell of a lot cleaner and full of patrons actually ordering food and drink like this was an ordinary pub. The waiter tending to me even looked me over and shook his head before mumbling something like: "Those sort STILL think this is that sort of place..."

Curious, I sat back and watched a couple in their twenties dancing to a slow and sensual song on the dance floor - which is also different, as I'm dead certain this place never played a note of music back when we were in school. Nor had a dance floor.

Oh! There's Orion! Hmm... he's not immediately trying to Apparate away, so... Weird... He put on an apron and rushed behind the bar to take an order. Alright... this part is not such a big surprise. He DOES have a talent for mixing drinks. I'm just not sure why he decided to take on a low paying job. If he NEEDED money, A - he has his own business (Orion's Belt Macadamias) and it's doing well, and B - The kind of money he can make part time here is so low that he could probably just ask me for that amount and claim it was so he could buy one of his sisters a present, and I'd give it to him without a second thought.

Thus, I'm really confused right now. I'm going to go ask him, wait... The doors just opened and a LOT of people flooded in. He's so busy right now that I don't want to interrupt him and get him fired if he genuinely needs this job for some reason.

- About 7 hours after the first email

Goddamnit Harry!

So, after waiting for him to help serve the enormous influx of people, I heard THIS interesting tidbit announced over the loud speaker:

"Good evening Witches and Wizards! As you all know, here at the newly remodeled and repurposed Hog's Head, we have a different theme every night of the week to keep you all interested and entertained. Tonight's theme is male dancers - which we affectionately call our Monday Men! Keep in mind that this is NOT the Full Monty, and if you forgot which day it is and were hoping for some female breasts, Titty Tuesday is tomorrow."

I was now intrigued, to say the least. You know how much I love a good burlesque show. I was frankly impressed that someone had the ingenuity and sheer business savvy to turn a more or less run down and unsavory establishment into a real money maker.

As the music for the first act started, I peeked under my cloak to check on Morgana, who was now sleeping soundly in her carrier despite the blaringly loud crowd and music surrounding us. She had one ear pressed to my heart and didn't seem to care about anything else in her slumber. I kissed her precious head before looking up to watch the show.

The first act was well done, but after having seen Bobbie Burlesque, I wasn't entirely impressed. Still, not EVERYONE can be great right from the start.
The next act was promising from the moment the dancer walked onto the stage. He was wearing a fully covering Belly Dancer's outfit. And by fully covering, I mean that it had to be a Dance of the Seven Veils because his head, arms, and stomach were covered by veils. As he performed his dance, and it was VERY well done, he pulled the veils off to reveal a lithe body in a vibrant blue pant/skirt - a sort of shoulder harness providing decoration to his chest. Plus a little swirling body paint.

If he didn't look so young - even with his face covered, he looked barely legal - I MIGHT have been attracted to him. But despite not being attracted to him, I will admit that the boy could DANCE. I was dying to know if he'd been a student at Elena's school.

At the very end of the dance, in which he stripped down to a tiny but fully covering pair of black silk knickers, he FINALLY pulled the veil off his face. IT WAS ORION!!!

I whipped my head to look over at the bar, certain that I was seeing things and he was actually still there mixing drinks, but no! OUR SON was ACTUALLY standing up on a stage, bold as brass and nearly naked, collecting an enormous amount of money for his admittedly excellent dance.

I'm not sure whether to congratulate him on a job well done, or MURDER him for... I don't even know what, to be honest. He's technically of age in the Wizarding World, and so, is not doing anything WRONG, and now that I know it's him, I only have myself to blame for teaching him to dance so well. Who knows? Maybe if I stayed incognito the entire night, his next act will be firedancing.

I'm going to go talk to him and I DON'T CARE if I get him sacked, or worse, embarrass the fuck out of him in front of everyone here.

-

About 10 hours after the first email

Well... I was not expecting that in the slightest. So, after saving the draft of my email I was composing to you, and double-checking that Morgana was still asleep - and only barely glancing at the fit as hell bloke that was now dancing rather crudely on the stage - I marched over to where our son was now standing behind the bar and wiping sweat off with a soft and fluffy white hand towel.

He looked at me curiously as I approached the bar. "Give me a mo and I'll make you a drink," he promised with a happy smile, which made me pause for a full three seconds before pulling the hood down on my cloak so that he could see who I was.

"Care to explain yourself?" I asked with a look that would not allow for any excuses.

"DAD!" He blurted out in astonishment bordering on horror. He flung his hands up in the air as if surrendering, and then waved them back and forth as he stuttered: "I-i-i-it's not what you think!"

My expression darkened. "Oh? So I DIDN'T just see my son strip off on a stage in a crowded pub?"

He flushed a bit but also squared his shoulders and stared me down with determination. "How is that really any different than supporting and encouraging Miles to go up on stage and sing and dance while dressed as a sexy woman?"

"Miles doesn't strip down to his knickers!"

"Maybe not, but he HAS stripped some. I watched a couple of his routines that start out in full shimmering ballgowns only to end up in lingerie," Orion reasoned.
My next point, that Miles is a fully grown adult, remained in my mouth because I knew that he started practicing for his chosen career at 16, and that also, Orion would simply claim that HE was a fully grown adult too. Taking advantage of my slight pause, Orion stated his case.

"Look, it's like I said, it's NOT what you think. Come, I'll show you," he insisted, and before I knew it, I was in the back office. He pointed to a chair on the visitor side of the large desk before sitting in the plush and cozy chair behind it. He then turned the large book on the desk so that I could read it. "This place was losing money so badly that the owner was spending far more to keep the place running than he earned. Back when this place was owned by Aberforth Dumbledore - or so I'm told - he never cared about how much money he made because he only ever bought the place to be near his brother. But Aberforth died a few years back and left the place to the only barkeep that ever worked here longer than a month or two."

I was confused but not unwilling to hear him out. "Alright..."

Orion continued passionately - in fact, probably more passionate than I've ever seen him. "That bloke, Garret Hornsby, also never really cared about earning money. He'd had a bit of a fortune and was an utter drunk. The only thing he actually cared about was having a place where he could drink as much as he liked where others could come and drink and give him a bit of company. Well, eventually, he was so massively in debt because of how much money this place was losing, that Gringott's was threatening to take the place and shut it down for good.

"I just so happened to come in here one day - out of curiosity - when the representative from Gringott's was trying to explain the situation to Mr. Hornsby, and I didn't think it was fair to close down and demolish a perfectly good place with so much potential, just because the bank wasn't getting the money they demanded. So, I offered to buy the place. Suffice it to say that since I was only 16 at the time, I needed to have one of our lawyers come in here and actually deal with the bank and write up all the contracts to add this to the many Malfoy holdings, but I bought it with my own money, I remodeled it with my own money, and from the moment it opened up, it's been MAKING so much money that I've already paid myself back and am considering upgrading by converting the mostly unused Inn portion of the place into mini event venues for private parties and the like."

Since he was busy rapidly trying to fill me in on everything I didn't know, I took the time to look through the book he'd shifted for me to see. It was the business ledger, starting from when he'd bought the place and keeping track of all the income and expenses right up until the previous night as - presumably - Orion doesn't update the book until after the place closes and he's had a chance to count everything up. As he'd just said, his earnings were astonishing and (don't tell Viona I said this) even more lucrative than River's Song AND a few of her lesser earning businesses.

Actually, he was out earning a good half of MY businesses!

I wondered if there was a mistake in the accounting, but after pouring over it for nearly an hour, I could clearly see that he really was doing well, and as much as I hated to admit it, the majority of the income was derived from avid interest in his theme nights. Sighing, I set the ledger aside and looked him in the eyes again.

"Fine, so you own a business. That part I don't have a problem with, aside from you keeping this a secret," I stated with a stern frown. "But WHY do YOU have to do the dancing yourself? You have a talent for the bartending, and you have a few other dancers who clearly entertain the audience. There's no need for you to -"

"To what?" He demanded fiercely. "To DIRTY myself? To let unworthy barbarians see my nearly naked body? To WORK a job I can delegate to others? To what, dad?"
I sighed, feeling caught between a rock and a hard place all of a sudden. "To - yes - show off your young and nearly perfect body to a room full of strangers who are going to think that you are SELLING YOURSELF, and might even get dangerous if you tell them no."

He sighed and shook his head. "Dad, I've got this placed warded to the teeth! The first thing I did was hire ward experts to make sure that no violence could be done in this place. I want people to feel safe and HAPPY here. I can't very well offer that without some serious security, can I? And besides, I do have a few actual Security Wizards working here that deal with patrons who get out of hand. Usually, all they have to do is cast a sobriety charm on the troublemaker to restore their reason and get them to calm down, but if that doesn't work, they firmly show them out."

The next hour or so was going over all his security measures. Until I realized that he hadn't actually answered the question.

"Stop," I commanded, holding up a hand. "I don't want to hear another word unless you're explaining WHY you're doing this."

He sighed heavily and ran his hands through his hair - a gesture I've seen you do so many times that I've quite lost count.

"Dad... I don't know how to explain it. All I know is that when I get up on stage and dance, I feel more like myself than at any other time. My mind goes blank and I just FEEL... It's a better feeling than even winning a Quidditch match. And then when I'm not on stage, I get to make people happy by making them the perfect drink. And best of all, I've turned my happiness into a business that I can see me running until I die."

It was my turn to sigh heavily because I had no idea how to argue with that. "Fine... I'm going to go home and - well, finish writing my email to your father, who's almost certainly asleep by this point. He'll likely wake up for a night feeding before I even fall asleep myself, and at that point, I'll be able to talk to him in person. I'm going leave this matter up to him, because I am a businessman, and I'm impressed by this business. I do not think I can separate out the businessman in me long enough to be a good father, and my first reaction as a father is to shut this place down, but then I really can't figure out why because it is a good business, just not..." I shrugged helplessly. Orion nodded in understanding and gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek before I Apparated home.

- 

About 11 hours after the first email

If this was ANYONE else simply running one of the MANY Malfoy businesses, making this sort of income, and doing something they clearly have a passion for, I wouldn't hesitate to support it. So... Why am I having such mixed feeling about this? I once said that I'd support our kids in leaving to explore the universe, so logically, isn't owning a lucrative business right within easy visiting distance a MUCH better alternative?

BAH! Now I'm thinking in circles as I write this. I'm going to sign off and down a mild sleeping potion - since Morgana just had a nice long feed - and hopefully sleep until morning. If you happen to read this during a night feed, and especially if you need help with the babies, feel free to wake me and tell me what to think and feel about this situation.

Love you with every beat of my heart,
Draco
Chapter 121

Chapter Summary

Harry talks with Orion and Draco talks with Robards.

Tuesday May 2, 2017

Love of my Life,

The happiest of eleventh birthdays to our sweet Zaire! His birthday is always a bit different than the routine I keep for the other kids' birthdays. He has been adamant since that first birthday with us that he wanted to be in the kitchen helping me put together his birthday breakfast. So, instead of my usual pancakes (or crepes or waffles or whatever the birthday kid's favorite is) delivered to their bed, I just make sure our cupboards are well-stocked so Zaire and I can whip up just about anything his little heart desires.

He came to the kitchens prepared! I may not be allowed to bring him breakfast in bed, but I still refuse to do anything until I've sung to him. He blushed and let me finish squawking before he told me his new recipe ideas. I'm honestly not sure if I should be thrilled that he's discovered Pinterest, or terrified.

Who am I trying to kid? You ate his breakfast creations this morning; thrilled it is! He decided to do an altered version of french toast. Stuffed French Toast. But what were we going to stuff it with? That was going to be tailored to each individual person. We had a lot of cheesecake stuffed french toast options; strawberry cheesecake, blueberry cheesecake, cherry cheesecake. Some with a cinnamon oatmeal mixture, coconut cream, Nutella, apple pie filling, we even did a peanut butter and jelly stuffed french toast for our little Caelum who has decided PBJ variations are the only thing he's willing to eat right now.

Zaire even made a few ... irregular ... choices and put them in stasis for you. Obviously he made you a caviar one, a lemon-garlic, but I have to say I surprisingly really liked the one he made for you with Gruyere and mustard greens. I wasn't expecting to like the savory options, but there was something about that one that was delicious!

Zaire and I didn't make any requests, we just took a square of each type. He and I having a taste-testing platter as our breakfast. I have to say the blueberry cheesecake with the blueberry compote? Mmmmm, might be my new favorite breakfast. I could have honestly just eaten a bowl of the blueberry compote with a spoon and been a happy camper!

I expected that after breakfast, he would pick something to go do. Maybe something with trains, perhaps a show, maybe there was a new movie out that he was interested in going to see. No, he wanted to spend the day the way we spent the morning, trying out new recipes. I'm always up to spend a day in the kitchens, so I certainly wasn't averse to the idea. I just knew at some point you'd need to have an elf pop you in with us since you can't find the place on your own. That spell is still the weirdest use of magic I think I have ever or will ever hear about. Imagine being so fragile in your feelings of superiority that you had to set a spell to disallow your heir from finding the kitchen.
You have some weird arse ancestors my love.

He and I had an amazing day in the kitchen cooking up a storm. It was a bit of an experience for me, I enjoy cooking, but my talent and preferences lie in baking. The morning's french toast was the closest we got to baking today. I used a lot less fruit than usual, and I think my hands are permanently tinged green from all of the vegetables I chopped, diced, minced, julienned, and whatever other way Zaire ordered me to do.

We had quite a few visitors coming in and out; you and Morgana came in a few times, the feisty foursome must have put up a charm of some sort, because they perfectly timed their visits for when some new creation was fresh out of the oven. Gabriel and Dylan spent most of their day in a warded play pen in the kitchen. Jaz spent quite a bit of the day with us as well; Zaire and I were blasting music while we cooked, it must have been really loud or really bass heavy because Jaz said the vibrations drew her into the room.

I'm so glad the house elves let us destroy the place! I'm even happier that they allowed us to clean up as well. Remember the first time I used the Manor kitchens to cook? I tried cleaning up after myself and I thought Muffy was going to have a heart attack. After a day of experimentation in there, I would have felt horrid leaving that mess to someone else to clean.

I was surprised by two of our visitors.

Shortly after dinnertime, Orion floo'ed home and had his elf pop him into the kitchens. He was certain you had told me all about his business venture and he wanted the lecture from me sooner rather than later. "I know you have a lot to say Dad, just get it over with so I don't have to worry about it for weeks. I barely slept last night when I got to bed, I was so worried about how you were going to take the news."

Well I am quite disappointed in his behavior and I told him so! "I just can't believe you Orion. I'm shocked and a little hurt." His handsome face crumpled. "I thought your father and I raised you better than this."

He straightened his spine and began yelling. "Now wait just a damn minute! You've spent a lifetime telling me to do what I love and be who I am! This is something I'm good at, something I love, and who I am!"

After a few false starts, I managed to interrupt him. "Of course you're good at it, and you're stubborn and self-assured enough to only do something you love. I raised you to know all these things about yourself, but I also raised you to know that there is nothing you could do that would ever change my love and support of you. You are an adult. You are brilliant. You have a mind for business. You've turned into quite the handsome young man who seems to feel comfortable in your own skin. Why in Merlin's name did you think you had to hide this from us?"

"Wait, what? That's what you're upset about? Not the stripping or the dancing?"

I could not help laughing. "Ori, Ori, Ori, Ori ... I helped Miles become one of the most successful Drag Queens in the country. I've performed in charity burlesque shows. I am a gay man with an unhealthy obsession with musical theatre. You think you can shock or offend me by stripping down to your shiny knickers in a bar? How long have you known me?"

I don't think I've ever seen him at a loss for words before. "But, but, erm, uh, Dad seemed upset about it!"

"Oh my sweet boy, your other father is one of the proudest nudists I've met in my life. He thinks
everyone should strip off and shag indiscriminately however they want, but when it comes to his babies, he is remarkably a pure-blooded prude. His instincts war with each other; he wants you to have no shame in any of your desires, but also wants to keep you an infant for all time." I just shook my head in amusement. "He's an enigma that I still don't fully understand after almost two decades together, and I hope I never fully understand him, keeps the magic alive." I winked at him.

He just rolled his eyes at my antics. "So... you're really not upset? I'm not going to get a lecture."

"The only lecture you deserve is the one where I tell you how disappointed I am you didn't feel comfortable telling us. I'm proud of you, it sounds like you're running a fantastic business that fulfills you." That's when I remembered something else. "But I DO need to ask, your father said you did a dance with veils and I haven't been able to find my old belly dancing veil costume in probably a year. Did you take my costume?!!?"

"Oh, look at the time! I have to get to the bar in time to set the safety wards for the Tuesday night entertainers! Love you!" And off he popped.

The other surprising visitor you already know about, since his discussion was something I knew you'd want to be involved with, so we had you meet us in the sun-room. The timing worked out perfectly anyway, it was about time for the almost triplets' bedtime feedings. I can feed any of them in wraps or on a chair in the kitchen when needed, but their bedtime feedings I like really topping off their tanks as well as cozy snuggling to get them deeply sleepy.

So you, me, the three babies, and Kingsley all settled in for a long discussion. I don't need to do a sentence by sentence reiteration, you were there and your pregnancy brain fog has cleared itself up! But the gist of it was, today was the nineteenth anniversary of the Battle of Hogwarts. Nineteen years Draco. Holy shite! How are we that old? I wasn't even nineteen when it happened, that means I've officially lived longer without the war than I lived during the war.

Wow.

Anyway. With this year being nineteen, that means next year will be twenty. The ministry is planning an enormous celebration. A week long festival almost. There will be days devoted to celebration, one full day devoted to mourning and remembering those we lost, and different events honoring the changes that have happened within the wizarding world since the end of the war. They want to do some event at Hogwarts honoring the new studies, things like extended muggle and wizarding studies as well as the rituals. They want to do something at Unity and/or Traditions to honor the changes to the lives of wizarding children.

And they want to close out the week long festival with a massive gala. Which they want me to do one of the speeches. Ugh, there's just no way I can say no to any of this can I? I like the idea of helping plan for every aspect of this celebration. I think it's a great thing that twenty years later our community is ready to celebrate without a dark cloud hanging overhead. But do I really have to give a speech?

I do, don't I?

It's a year away, but there's so much to plan and organize that Kings wants to start the process already. It seems so far away, but you and I both know how quickly time just flies by. It will be here before we know it.

Now I'm suitably sleepy from this long day. I'm ready to climb into bed with my soft, warm, cozy husband and our three smallest babes, and drift off to see you all in my dreams.
Forever Yours,
Harry

Wednesday May 3rd
My favorite person in the world,

I've had a rather busy day. I mean I'm sure you have too, as you spent it in your stables with our younger children and Oliver, caring for a bunch of new arrivals. I'm not saying either of us was busier than the other, just that we were both busy in different ways.

For me, it was taking Zaire out to finalize his purchase. See, I'm not certain when - it was probably during those months of brain fog that I can only just barely remember, but I managed to hire our Zaire an excellent assistant/manager for his restaurant. She's nearly as brilliant and capable as our Pippa, but she does have one major flaw...

She can't actually LEGALLY sign paperwork for Zaire. Thus, now that he and Callista have found the perfect place for his restaurant, they need me to come in and inspect it and actually buy the place. I looked it over with a critical eye, and more importantly, looked over the professional inspection reports to see what needs to be fixed, and what planning permissions the place has. After verifying that everything was in order, and also seeing why Zaire loved the place so much, I signed the papers and sealed the deal.

Now Callista just has to get a few bids on the work that needs to be done and come to me to look them over and ensure that they're making the right decisions at every step. Until then, let me just say that Zaire picked the place because it has a large area for a top-of-the-line kitchen AND a nice area in the back that he can use for an OUTDOOR kitchen. After all, some of the best traditional methods of cooking ARE outdoors.

The seating area is spacious, and again, there's a perfect place to the side of the restaurant that will allow for outdoor seating when the weather cooperates. I'll bet that we can work a few subtle charms into the area to extend the outdoor seating experience to not-quite-as-perfect weather days as well.

But because I have insisted that Zaire do this the right way from the very beginning, it's exactly as he said when he pitched the idea, it's going to take months to get everything ready for the Grand Opening, and so, he's taking as much time as he needs to be confident that his vision will turn out as planned.

I'm rather proud of him!

After dropping him back off at home, I received an Owl from Robards asking if I had a bit of time to meet with him, and so, I double-checked that I had everything I needed for Morgana, before heading through the floo. As it happens, Jaz was a tiny bit mopey that I haven't truly spent any time with her since coming back from Switzerland, that she wanted to know if she could come with me. Unable to say no to those gorgeous pleading eyes, I brought her with me.

Robards took Morgana's presence on my chest in stride - probably assuming that an infant wouldn't understand a word we said anyway - but was rather flustered by Jasmine's presence. He tried to be subtle as he indicated her, mouthing something like: But we're going to be discussing MURDER.

Jaz smiled at him softly and shook her head in amusement. "I'm deaf, but I can read lips, so I probably understood that better than my dad."
I stroked her hair lovingly and gave her a kiss on the cheek. "Do you want to stay by my side whilst I talk murder with Mr. Robards?" I signed and asked aloud at the same time. "Or would you prefer to wait out in the hall?"

"I don't mind staying," Jaz signed at me. "You've talked about your cases enough that I've 'heard' about murder before. I like knowing that you do what you can to help bring justice."

I smiled at her and nodded before signing: "Alright, you can stay, but if you start feeling even a tiny bit upset, please go out in the hall and wait for me there, yeah?"

She nodded. "I will daddy, I promise."

I turned my attention back to Robards. "Harry and I have never believed in shielding our children from the harsh realities of life. Oh sure, we do regret a few things, such as bringing our older kids into an active war zone when they were too young to fully understand it, but that's how we got our Jaz here, so she knows full well that life isn't always sunshine and daisies."

"It's your kids," Robards said with a reluctant sigh. Then he seemed to go into Head Auror mode and ignore her presence altogether. "So, I just wanted to give you an update on that case in which someone tried to frame you. I did that digging I talked about, and I did it MYSELF - since I didn't want to risk missing something a rookie might deem unimportant. Well..." He sighed and ran a hand through his hair in frustration. "I found something alarming. The entire record belonging to Imogen Hughes is missing."

I gave him my infamous raised brow. "Oh?"

He nodded, sighed again, and then pressed on. "See, our records are a... bit of a mess, to be honest. We've always had a rather successful system in which paper records are kept in a massive and secure vault. Records can be accessed by summoning them using the right magical code word, unless they're restricted - which these weren't. The codes are kept in a log that everyone can access. There's an Archive Witch to maintain the security of the restricted files. She stays in the secure vault at all times during the hours its open, and only has two trusted assistants helping her."

"I know all of this," I stated in puzzlement.

He nodded in understanding. "I was just reminding you because when I went looking for HER file, I decided to take a look at YOUR file, to see if there might be any other clues in it, as the killer CLEARLY knew of your relation to Miss Hughes. Well, your file - which IS restricted and requires a rather high clearance to access - is ALSO missing."

"What?" I couldn't help but stupidly ask.

"That's exactly what I thought," Robards stated in amusement. "See, I had my suspicions that whoever wanted to frame you must be, erm... an insider with some sort of vendetta. That said, that could be ANYONE in the Ministry, or even someone NOT in the Ministry with a higher up contact in the Ministry. The thing that concerns me is that when someone wants to access a restricted file, not ONLY do they have to request it from the Archive Witch, but they are only ever given a copy - to protect the original - AND that access is recorded in a massive log. SO it should have been a simple matter for me to find out who was the last person to access - or even request access, whether granted or not - your file. And if that same person ALSO requested Miss Hughes' file, then I'd have a fairly good idea who the killer is."

"But things obviously weren't so simple," I stated with a sigh.
"Correct," he confirmed. "As I'd already said, the files SHOULD have still been there if requested, but were MISSING. Thus, there's no record of who accessed them as they must have been stolen. I'm still working out how to catch the thief."

Even though I knew it was a long shot, I had to ask. "And you're certain that it's not the Archive Witch?"

"She's too loyal to the department to do that, but yes, we subjected her to questioning under Veritaserum, and she passed. She's innocent and is ALSO very irate that her security has been breached," Robards assured me. Then frowned. "But my point in all of this was that I assumed that the killer must have somehow altered Miss Hughes' magical signature, since her dead body didn't match records in our archive, but NOW that I know that her record is missing, there wasn't anything TO match, and thus, her murder may well have gone unsolved - her IDENTITY unknown - if YOU hadn't recognized her. Thus while I DO still believe that this was a bad attempt to frame you, it's being done so subtly - and frankly confusingly - that I can't even begin to GUESS who is doing it or why."

"So that blood trail you were tracking turned up nothing?" I asked in concern.

"Not a thing. It... well, we assume the killer must have hidden behind powerful anti tracking wards, because the vibrant trail vanished suddenly, and we haven't been able to get the spell to lock onto anything again."

I held out my hand. "Alright, hand it over. You obviously want me to get a vision off something so you can solve the case."

He shook his head. "Well, I do, but I don't HAVE anything for you to get a vision from."

I sighed in disappointment. Jaz patted my face. "Cheer up daddy, you'll catch him eventually."

I smiled at her and gave her a kiss on the cheek. "Thanks love." Then I looked at Robards again. "What about the other murder? The one where the two men were running and fighting and the murderer bit the victim's tongue right out of his mouth?"

He smiled, looking relieved that he had at least one case solved. "Yeah, that one turned out to be rather easy. We followed your vision to where it went dark and found the body of the murderer. He'd basically gotten mortally wounded during the fight and died while trying to flee the scene of the crime. Thus, as tragic as that was, both men are beyond our jurisdiction."

I sighed, also feeling a bit relieved. "At least that's one less insane murderer on the loose."

Robards nodded in agreement. "There's that."

After that, I stood up and shook his hand. "Good afternoon."

Jaz was adorably precocious as she also shook his hand and quite solemnly - in her distinctive deaf 'accent' - said: "Good afternoon, sir."

Proud of her, I brought her home so that we could play with Morgana and just talk until it was time for dinner.

You are my sunshine,

Draco
Chapter 122

Chapter Summary

Harry is worried about the missing files, and Eris receives an unexpected invitation.

Friday May 5, 2017

The Beat of My Heart,

Our little Queen is a full month old today. It's been an entire month since she was born! If it were up to you she'd probably be two months at this point and if we'd left it up to her she'd probably still be in there. I think her being a month old is a lovely compromise. She's already grown and changed so much. There's something about knowing she's our last baby-baby that is making me painfully aware of how quickly she's growing up.

I know, I am absolutely ridiculous, she is literally a month old, she's not heading off to Hogwarts any time soon. But I blinked and she's already been here a month. Her brothers have been here over a month and a half. That just happened yesterday in my mind! I'm terrified to blink and then all of a sudden the three of them will be fully grown and left the house.

I'm working myself up again aren't I?

Well, it took me less than a month to get that little girl wrapped around my finger! And by that I mean she's had me wrapped around HER teeny tiny fingers since the moment I knew about her and she's finally realized that I am a worthy enough minion to be allowed to worship her. It's really a win-win for everyone involved; I get my little girl to love her Daddy Harry, Morgana gets a dedicated minion to have at her disposal, and you occasionally get to put her down and sleep while someone else feeds her.

I have absolutely zero shame, I feel nothing but pride at being considered worthy of such royalty! It's probably her doing that we named her after the Queen of Magic herself, with all of her accidental magic and the fact that as soon as I said her name out loud I KNEW it was the one - I bet she imperiused me from in the womb. I'm not even susceptible to imperius!

We've had a Princess and now a Queen, I think this little one is going to have quite the personality just like her big sister Viona. *I know exactly what I want and when I want it and why don't I have it already?* Gods I love a strong woman, I'm so proud of how strong our young women are becoming. With all of the amazing female role models in their lives, how could they be anything but?

Uh, speaking of women in their lives ... why can't Zaire's Callista legally sign for anything? Is it just because he's a minor and only his parent or guardian can sign for things? Or is there some reason she can't sign for things? Is SHE a minor? Or is she like in witness protection and so her name isn't her real name and for legal purposes she shouldn't be signing official paperwork with an alias? Dude, did you hire an undercover spy to manage our son's restaurant?

Ok, I think I have been running all these Auror cases around in my brain too much because I am taking tiny information and trying to find hidden subtext and clues when it's most likely that she
just can't sign things because he's a minor.

But speaking of the current Auror stuff. I have about a million and one questions. I tried to keep my nose out of it, but dammit you're my business and this is about you so I'm making it my business. If you want me to butt out just say the word, but then maybe you should stop giving me so much information about the cases you're working.

I know that you and I rarely shield our children from much. We try not to shove their innocent noses into things much too adult for them, but like you said, when we brought half of them to a war zone, it's hard to summon the energy to check out movie ratings. But my concern with Jaz being aware of the current situation is how connected this is to the people who matter most to her. While the cases you work are very real, and the victims are family and friends and loved ones of real people, they're not always real to us. But if you're being framed for something, and your (distant) cousin is being murdered, then maybe this one hits a bit close to home and maybe we should try to keep Jaz out of the line of info.

Also, I think people underestimate her ability to understand a situation, between her ability to read lips and the fact that not hearing means she relies even more on body language and subtext, maybe she's picking up TOO MUCH of what's happening.

Anyway, I trust you, I'm not mad, I just thought I would give you a bit to think about that you may not have thought of before. At this point, it might be a bit too late to put that horse back in the barn.

So, aside from our daughter, I did have some questions, comments, concerns, etcetera over what's happening.

I know our Auror force isn't completely incompetent, so I have to assume the obvious suspects in Imogen's murder have already been cleared right? Like her douchey step-father maybe? We've surpassed obvious and we've moved onto the perp is not obviously connected to her.

We're looking at someone who didn't want information on her being found and took her file out of the ministry. Despite heavy warding and a witch who's apparently married to her job, this guy managed to get around that. But Imogen's file is low priority, this person managed to get your file. So we're talking someone who's either extremely magically powerful to cover their tracks OR someone high enough up in the ministry to get away with it. Any obvious hatred towards you? Mediwitch? Someone you sicced Amala on? Someone whose robes you insulted? Robards?

My other question ... who else's files are missing? Because it seems unlikely that they would have gone to all that trouble to take exactly two files, one heavily classified and one that is seemingly unimportant in the grand scheme of things. Is anyone else involved with the Aurors missing their file? Any other cases you've assisted on missing their file? Do I have a file? Is it missing?

I had better head back out to the stables. I left both Dylan and Gabriel out there with Ollie so I could make lunch .... and write to you. Shhh, no one else needs to know I'm multitasking!

I have to thank you for letting Ollie come stay here. I just haven't realized how much I've missed having close friends nearby. We see Ron pretty darn often for how far away he lives, and Neville and Charlie hang out all the time (especially since Alice has discovered we have ponies!) but they all have families and jobs and some of them live in Russia. It's just been so great really catching up and getting to know Oliver all over again.

You're just the most amazing husband who's ever existed. Now come wake up and have lunch with us!
Friday May 5th
My beloved husband,

The first thing I did upon waking today was check my computer and read your email while feeding Morgana her bottle. She was too eager to eat to wait for me to get out of bed for any reason - even go to the loo! So, while I was still in bed, I realized you had an excellent point and sent this Insta-owl to Robards:

Robards, my husband wants to know; who else has their file missing? For example, is HIS file missing? He didn't say it, but it brings to my mind the fact that other missing files COULD be suspects... or they could be potential victims if word gets out that I'm not even a person of interest. Curiously,

Draco Malfoy

The moment Morgana indicated that she was full by turning her tiny little button nose up at her bottle, after burping her, I managed to get to the loo, and then skipped the majority of my morning routine so that I could join you for lunch. I thought that you meant you, the littles, and Oliver, but I probably should have realized that Zaire, Eris, Eric, and their baby Luka, plus a few of my siblings and my parents, AND Parker were all at the table eating a nice lunch.

I gave you a kiss and sat my alarmingly plump rear end (I must have gained weight in my arse while pregnant, and it's refusing to go away like it should now that I'm NOT pregnant) in the chair next to yours. Seeing Zaire reminded me about your question, so I told you that once the restaurant exists, Callista will be able to sign any and all paperwork as the manager, but that right now, she can't sign the paperwork because Zaire is a minor and technically can't OWN anything, and so, it's all in my name for now. Hence me being required to buy the property and insisting on reviewing the bids for remodeling and the like.

Speaking of, Zaire was actually surprised that we didn't just hire Greg and Millie outright, and I told him that's because they've been busy with other work to the point that I'm not sure they'd have time, but he sent them an Owl asking if they were interested in taking a look. They responded that they were, and so, will probably take the job.

Anyway, I think I was rambling on about the various things that Callista (hmm... I wonder what it would be like to ACTUALLY hire a spy...) can and can't sign, when an Owl arrived. Eris took the letter with an expression like she had no idea who would be writing her via your hybrid muggle-magic post office. She petted the delivery owl and gave him a treat, his maroon ribbon and the gold medallion bearing your post office's insignia assuring us that he didn't need payment for the delivery. Happy enough with his treat, he flew off and we all turned to look at Eris.

She was scrutinizing every millimeter of the rather plain envelope, but it held no clues other than an indeterminate return address. Curious, but also looking rather suspicious, she opened the envelope and pulled out a rather fancy and ornate looking invitation. She barely had time to speed read it when she was already gasping and squealing, leaping out of her seat (good thing Eric was holding Luka) and running around the room while pumping her fists in the air.

She thrust the invitation into my hands, still squealing. "Daddy, read this to me so that I know I'm not seeing what I want to see!"
Clearing my throat, I read: "Dear Misses Eris and Hazel Malfoy, we here at London Fashion Week have consistently been impressed with your work and would like to cordially invite you to be part of our show this year, held Friday September 15th through Tuesday September 19th. Please respond at your earliest convenience if this opportunity interests you."

"OF COURSE WE'RE INTERESTED!!!!" Eris shouted, now doing a bit of a victory dance next to us.

"Congratulations love!" You and my mother cheered in unison.

"I've got to floo to Hogwarts and tell Haz!" Eris cried out in a tone that implied this was a life or death situation.

"You might want to consider changing before you go," my father remarked dryly, pointing out the fact that she was basically in an oversized rumpled track suit.

"Salazar's nappy beard! I CAN'T be seen in this!!!" She blurted out in horror before rushing off to change - presumably.

Eric held up Luka and kissed him. "Looks like we're waiting for mommy right here, huh little man?" Then he looked over at you. "What's all this about a fashion week?"

You chuckled. "I guess Eris must not have mentioned it, but she and Hazel own their own Fashion Label and have been making clothes aimed at teens and preteens since..." You paused to think this over.

"Shortly after going to Hogwarts?" I murmured, not exactly certain either, since it FEELS like they've been doing it since they were born.

You must have decided that kissing me was more important than figuring it out exactly, because you leaned over and got lost in kissing me until someone groaned and insisted that we NOT ruin their lunch. It was probably Zaire, as he's definitely in that age now where parental affection is 'gross,' hahaha!

A tiny, barely heard gasp from my other side caught my attention, making me feel a tiny bit bad for a moment when I realized that Oliver looked like he was desperately trying to hide falling apart inside at the sight of our easy affection. My guess is that he's still mourning his husband, despite everything that happened, and seeing us be so in love and lovey-dovey with each other must trigger his grief.

I was only half finished eating, but since Morgana was happily laying with her brothers in the bassinet next to you, I pretended that I was finished eating. "Oi, Oliver, I've been meaning to show you something, come on."

He looked extremely relieved to have an excuse to escape the crowd. "Er, yeah, sounds good."

I led him out into the yard and walked in silence until he managed to regain his composure. Then I patted him on the back and pointed out over the North Fields. "Harry probably told you this, but the North Fields are extensive and good at maintaining privacy. The kids have taken to riding the Thestrals there. It's the perfect place to play Quidditch, don't you think?"

He looked confused bordering on utterly baffled for a long moment. "Er... yeah, I suppose it is."

"Harry and I only play the very occasional Seeker's Game, and so, don't need a full Quidditch Pitch, but we do have everything we need as the kids like to play during the summer. I was going
to set it up in the middle of June, when they're close to coming home, but I can set it all up now, and you can just challenge the Feisty Foursome to an interesting game involving sheer chaos and invisible horses, any time you just feel like having a bit of fun."

It took him a moment to think this over, but then he smiled a tiny but genuine smile. "Yeah... I think I'd like that. It's been AGES since I played."

"Maybe Harry and I can even be persuaded to join in," I suggested, not entirely certain I WANTED to play quidditch so soon after having a baby, but that said, I DID just complain about my arse getting fat, so maybe I SHOULD be playing Quidditch whenever I get the chance.

That said, I spotted you headed off to the Stables and Apparated myself over to you so that I could Apparate you to the bed in our playroom. You like pretending to protest, or at least I THINK you're pretending, but your protests always stop the moment I get your pants off and wrap my hot mouth around your shaft. I may be sympathetic to Oliver's plight, but that is NOT going to stop me from having my way with you whenever I want.

Would you like to swing on a star, carry moonbeams home in a jar, and be better off than you are? Draco

P.S. I suppose this never got mentioned before, or perhaps you forgot, but Imogen once sent me a package that she had received from my dearest Grandmama – after she was no longer staying in Unity House. Let's just say that the package immediately went into the secret dark vault, and I am quite certain that her douchy-step-father CANNOT be a suspect in Imogen's murder.

P.P.S. What in the bloody hell did you do with Morgana???

PHEW! She's sleeping in the bassinet with her brothers under the watchful eye of my mother.
Chapter 123

Chapter Summary

Harry has some interesting news and Draco thinks it's the perfect time to celebrate.

Monday May 8, 2017

My Heart,

I just got home from a most interesting meeting. Possibly a hugely interesting meeting. One could even say a life-changing meeting. But I am not sure how I feel about it. I'm not sure how you'll feel about it. I'm not sure how our children, both young and old, will feel about it. To sum up: interesting meeting, help tell me how to feel. I'm honestly torn, it's something I think I'd be really good at, something I'd find fulfilling, but it would completely upend our entire lives!

Not that a big decision of mine hasn't ever upended our lives. I mean, our decision to build Unity Houses across the world certainly altered our lives from our initial plan. And our multiple decisions over the years to add to our family through adoption or biologically has certainly put us on a path I don't think either of us expected. And I suppose when I think about it, even the negative things that have happened in our lives still ended up having a huge positive impact as well. I mean, going to build a Unity in a war zone helped countless lives and got us our perfect Jasmine.

Our most recent trip to California ended up having our teen daughter fall pregnant and catch an STD, but it also gave us our sweet Luka, our wonderful Atreyu, and the consequence we planned for - Hazel feeling right in her own body.

I woke up this morning thoroughly exhausted and refreshed from our weekend. Exhausted because I pushed my body harder than I think I have since having the boys, but it was all completely fun family time, so it emotionally recharged and refreshed my attitude. I got a solid run in both Saturday and Sunday mornings, of which Zaire joined me for both and the feisty foursome joined me for about forty-five minutes of my Sunday morning run. And then we spent both days thoroughly getting use out of the Quidditch space.

I think the kids had a blast and Oliver was thrilled at the fun we had getting his mind off of things, but also overwhelmed by just how boisterous our family can get. Good thing the really competitive children are off at Hogwarts right now. Can't you just imagine the competitions we'll have when he goes toe-to-toe against Vivi or Ori? Terrifying thought that.

As I was doing some stretches, trying to alleviate a little of the muscle soreness from overdoing it on a broom all weekend, I got a message from Minnie. She wanted to know if I had time today to come in and talk with her. I had nothing planned, just the usual taking care of our small army of children. The littlest set of almost triplets were fed and wide awake at that point, so I decided to just wrap them all up and take them on their first out of utero trip to Hogwarts. I figured with how tired you probably were from the weekend, that we would be back well before you woke up.

I was not expecting to spend roughly ten hours with Minerva! It's a good thing I left you a note on your nightstand letting you know I had taken the babies, or you may have flown into a hysterical panic. As it was, Muffy popped in to the Headmistress' office around two in the afternoon to take
Morgana off my hands. She honestly hadn't even started fussing, but it's probably the longest
YOU'VE been without her since ... well since she's existed, I suppose. She was doing just fine as
she had her favorite food source at her constant disposal and her little/big brothers to smile and coo
at.

Muffy proceeded to have two of our other elves pop in to bring Dylan and Gabe to you as well.
They'd been stuck in this meeting with me since early morning, so they probably enjoyed having
new faces to look at and new sights to vaguely see.

My meeting may not have actually needed to take a full ten hours, although even if we had
immediately gotten down to the business at hand, we would have needed a solid six hours I'm
guessing. The beginning was quite a bit of time spent letting Minnie coo and cuddle and love on
our babies. Well, two of them, Morgana had very little interest in being touched, giving a shriek
when Minnie extended her hand towards her. Luckily, she is one of the rare adults who takes
children's preferences into account and immediately pulled back at the shrieking. "I'll just admire
her from here I suppose!" Laughing at the reality of having another stubborn Malfoy child
eventually become her responsibility nine months out of the year.

Dyl and Gabe were much more free with their affections, giving her all sorts of smiles; Gabe even
giving her some adorable baby babble. Eventually, our talk turned to how our other children are
faring at Hogwarts. Highly skilled in everything they love, less so in things that disinterest them,
the usual for our stubbornly brilliant children.

Sirius in particular, for all that he looks like you, is quite the stereotypical Gryffindor. Apparently
he sees no need to give any effort in potions as "I have so many potions masters in my family,
when will I ever need to know how to brew my own pepper-up?" No amount of detentions or stern
talking-to's will change his mind or get him to give any more than bare minimum effort.

Zwei on the other hand, is also not doing particularly well in potions, but his is due to his complete
inability to sit still long enough to stick with a single brew from start to finish. He tries so hard, he
really wants to learn, but he says there are too many interesting distractions and his arms and legs
literally won't stay still long enough.

I know I should really be a more stern parent but honestly, these kids are required to sit still for
much too long. I can't blame him for needing to feel his muscles pull and stretch and do what
they're supposed to be doing. He was raised with an entire forest at his disposal to run through,
climb around, and explore. He's not going to do well sitting still for two hours just stirring and
chopping. Even at home when he helps me cook or bake, he generally does it standing, and often
jumps around in between steps and stages. It's not completely unheard of for him to actually do
cartwheels from one end of the kitchen to the other while waiting for me to finish stirring so he can
add the next ingredient.

Not that I blame the potions' professor. Cartwheels in a classroom full of bubbling cauldrons
doesn't exactly shout safety!

Orion is doing well in all of his classes and in Quidditch despite how much he's overextending
himself running his own business in the evenings. You didn't give him the illegal time-turner, did
you?

Viona ... oh my Princess ... my sweet Vivi. She is doing great in the studies where she's basically a
TA with the authority to teach and instruct her classmates. Luckily, being a seventh year, there
aren't many classes she's forced to take if they don't interest her, but the few classes that are
required that she couldn't care less about? Not so good. The funny thing is, she's feisty and a bit
argumentative, constantly asking the professors that obnoxious arsehole kid question of: "When
are we ever going to need this?" But when it comes time for exams, she's acing every one.

I think we may have made a mistake letting these kids get so damn smart!

Haz is doing well enough, certainly not a Ravenclaw trying to learn as much as possible, completely content to do what's required and focus the rest of her time on her loved ones and her preferred activities. Each of the kids popped into Minerva's office at some point while I was there just to say hi except for Hazel. I guess since Eri came on Friday to tell her about Fashion Week, she's spent every spare moment sketching. No time for her old man! Kids these days, I tell ya!

So, after cooing at babies, catching up on our children's antics, and visiting a few moments here and there with aforementioned children, Minerva finally got down to business.

When I get home and snuggle up with you, I can tell you all the specifics that we spent hours hashing out. And just know that even with that much negotiation and discussion, I haven't given her a definitive answer. I can't make a decision this big without you.

Minerva McGonagall, Headmistress of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry has extended an official job offer to me. At the end of this school year, the current head of the Muggle Studies Department, Head of Gryffindor House, and Advanced Flight Instructor, Professor Merle Collins is retiring. With my own mostly Muggle upbringing, my time spent creating Traditions, and the sheer amount of time you and I have spent traveling the world in both Muggle and Wizarding areas, Minnie thinks I would make a great Muggle Studies Professor. She says I'm the perfect blend of being Pureblooded enough to not alienate those kids raised exclusively in the Wizarding World while being Muggle enough to not scare off the Muggleborn.

It would require we either move completely into Hogwarts, or at the minimum, I would need to spend three overnights per week at the school. If I were to accept the Gryffindor Head of House position, I would need to be there full time. But accepting the professorship is not reliant on also accepting the Head position.

Alright, now that I finally wrote all of that out, I think I will go for a run. Hopefully, by the time I've run off the anxiety, you'll have read this and I can come find you to talk. Maybe in the Onsen? With a glass of wine?

Yours,
Harry

Monday May 8th,
Onsen and wine,

You've got two of my favorite words right there!

So, before I get into your meeting and our chat in the Onsen, which was near constantly interrupted by questions from the middle seven, let me just tell you something I forgot to mention in the Onsen. At one point earlier today, I'd say around 4 or so, I had just finished up feeding Morgana while the elves fed the boys, and I had my grandbaby cheetahs in here.

It was SO freakin' cute, Harry!

With me and the elves here to magically contain the young cheetahs if necessary, I let them smell and rub up against our babies. The boys seemed to absolutely love it, making happy noises and trying to grab the cheetahs' fur in their tiny fists. Morgana was ambivalent at first, seeming to warm
up to them after a few minutes. She even smiled a bit! But then she must have had enough because she grunted unhappily, looking like she was going to start wailing, but I picked her up and calmed her down before she could even start. I ordered the elves to take my grandbabies back outside to their mother, who has been taking her duties as a mum seriously, hunting our local wildlife population aggressively to feed her babies, even though we feed them more than plenty.

Now that my brain fog has cleared up, I'm going to have to spend enough time with the cheetahs to get a good feel for their differences in both looks and personality so that I can name them. When they were born, I couldn't concentrate long enough to actually name them, but I think that might actually work in my favor, as now I'll have more to go off of than just baby fuzz.

Anyway, so, back to your meeting. There we were in the Onsen, I'd read your email and summoned an excellent bottle of wine, because in my opinion, this was an excellent reason to celebrate. I actually brought two bottles of wine because I knew our kids would each want about half a glass, and what's a celebration if only two of us are celebrating?

You were already in the Onsen with all the kids, except the three babies that I had with me. (Also minus those still in Hogwarts.) I stepped into the Onsen and kissed you before doing anything else.

"Congratulations," I murmured, kissing you again before pouring out glasses of wine and handing them out. Once everyone had a glass, I clinked mine with yours and toasted: "To new opportunities!"

Our kids are basically used to us doing things like this, and so, didn't really question things too hard, but Oliver looked confused. He tilted his head to the side and frowned. "What new opportunities?"

You blushed. "I didn't want to say anything until I'd had a chance to talk it over with Draco."

I kissed you again. "My wonderful husband has been offered the position of Professor of Muggle Studies and Head of Gryffindor House."

"And Flying Instructor," you added almost shyly.

"So... you'll be AT Hogwarts next year?" Eris questioned, looking rather intensely interested in knowing the answer.

"Well, yeah, IF I accept," you replied with a tilted nod.

Eris started chuckling almost menacingly. "Siri and Zwei are going to HATE having our dad as their Head of House!!!"

"Why?" You asked, looking a bit hurt to hear that.

"Because they won't be able to cause half as much trouble!" She stated gleefully. "Probably a good thing Ori recognized their skill at Quidditch and persuaded the Gryffindor Captain to make them both Beaters, otherwise Zwei in particular might just go crazy with pent up energy."

"What sort of trouble?" I asked in concern.

"Oh... the sort that I won't tell because I'm not a bloody snitch!" Eris informed me matter of factly.

I raised a brow and stared her down, but she wouldn't give in. "I guess you'll just have to find that out for yourself, my love."
You gave me a bit of an intense look, sort of quiet and pensive. "You're talking as if I've already accepted and have packed everything up to move in tomorrow."

"Well," I paused to take your hand and place it over my heart. "I've already proven that I will follow you to the ends of the Earth and back, so if any part of you at all actually wants to do this, I will follow you there too. I actually think it's a bit poetic for our journey through life to lead us full circle back to Hogwarts for at least a little bit. I can do exactly as you suggested and be more involved with our kids until they're old enough to actually attend classes. But we're still going to need all our elves on hand to keep them in line - especially when I'm off taking care of other business."

"Yeah, but what about -"

That was one of those times when the kids asked a bunch of questions and derailed the subject for a bit. Things like: would they be allowed to bring their thestrals, unicorns, and horses with? Would they be able to play tag in the halls between classes? Would Shtara be able to stay in the dorms in Elena's school since she's A: a muggle, and B: already planning to audition for another major play the moment her current one finishes.

Among other things.

After answering that barrage of questions, you managed to finish asking yours. "What about your plans, Draco? You mentioned so many things you might do. How would this work if you actually DID become Minister for Magic - should Kingsley ever actually retire."

"He's been threatening to do it for nearly a decade now and hasn't yet. I really don't think he plans to retire before he dies, and if he does, I may or may not try for his position. That really depends on all the OTHER things I'm doing at the time. If our youngest are less than 5 years old - should he happen to retire - I don't think I would do it anyway, as I would miss out on too many of their firsts. So don't you dare base your decision on the mere possibilities of what I MIGHT do in the future."

"Well, I'm not certain I want to do all three," you demurred, looking solemn. "It feels like I'd be taking on a bit too much."

"So don't do all three," I stated with a shrug. "Pick the one or two that you want to do most and do them."

You smiled and kissed me. "You make it sound so simple."

"It IS simple. Either you want to do it or you don't," I informed you, prompting you to kiss me again. The kids started asking more questions, and you answered them from my arms. Or rather, arm, as I had one curled around you while the other held my glass of wine. You drank your wine as you answered the questions.

I don't know about you, but I notice a light slowly grow in Oliver's eyes. He seemed to be lost in though at first, but after a while, he was staring at you in excitement. "Wait, the Flying instructor is ALSO the one that referees the Quidditch matches and helps the teams learn if they need help, right?"

"Well yeah," you answered with a shrug as you probably assumed he knew that better than you.

"I miss Quidditch so much! And now I'm a bit too old to get back into playing professionally. Maybe I could do something like open up a school to teach flying AND coach junior Quidditch," Oliver suggested, looking nearly on fire with passion now.
You smiled at him. "Or you could just take the position at Hogwarts. I already said I don't want all three, and I think you would be a better fit for Flying Instructor anyway."

He was rather speechless, sort of shaking his head as if he didn't believe that McGonagall would offer him the position anyway. Neither of us could say for sure if she would, so we basically remained quiet but supportive.

Until I unconsciously started pressing kisses to your neck and you tilted your head to give me better access so I could lightly suck on your neck in between kisses. Our kids groaned in disgust, and you turned so that you could kiss me and ask: "Play room?"

"Definitely!" I agreed with a huge grin. "I can congratulate you in any way you like. In EVERY way you like."

"Go set up the play room and I'll get this lot to bed," you said, to which I nodded in agreement and kissed you before Apparating away to set things up. It seems that Morgana didn't notice me leave, still snuggling in the bassinet with her brothers, and so, I not only had the time to set up the play room, but I ALSO had the time to write this email. But now you've just popped into the room, and so, it's time to begin.

Yours in every way, especially love and lust,
Draco
P.S. Hmm... so THAT'S why I haven't seen my time-turner in a while. I didn't even realize it was missing until you mentioned it and I went to look, and sure enough.
Tuesday May 9, 2017

My Own,

Oof! Today was a long day! And a long day on very little sleep at that.

I woke up this morning just KNOWING that I had to get my arse to Hogwarts and accept at least one of the positions. And knowing myself, I had to do it that moment or I was going to completely chicken out. I know how weird and negative my thoughts can get when I spiral. You were on board with whatever I chose, the kids seemed to be on board with ALMOST anything I chose, there are so many positives to this that I needed to go say yes before I worked myself into an awful state.

I took a quick shower instead of a relaxing soak like my sore muscles wanted me to. I didn't even go for my usual run. Just a shower, brushing the teeth, feeding the babies, and heading off to Minnie's office. Don't worry, Muffy forced a banana and a muffin on me so I didn't go hungry. And of course, when I got there, Minnie plied me with tea and biscuits. I also drank plenty of water. Don't worry my love, I am staying well-fed and hydrated, keeping up milk production for three babies is a hungry and thirsty business.

So, I know I kind of went back and forth, not sure if I was going to take any of the offers. I definitely wasn't going to accept anything until I had your emphatic okay, which I got last night for sure. But did I want all three positions? Not so much. And then knowing someone like Ollie, who would definitely be better at flight instructing than I would, was interested? Saying no to the flying was a no-brainer.

Well, again the Headmistress and I had a long discussion about my concerns, my hopes, my preferences. After a LOT of discussion and a bit of negotiation, I officially accepted the position of Professor of Muggle Studies for the upcoming 2017-2018 school year. For the next month or so before this term ends, Minerva wants me to come in a few times per week, sitting in on at least one early (1st-2nd year) class, one mid-range (3rd-5th year) class, and one advanced (6th or 7th year) class. I also need to sit down with him once a week to talk over how he sets up lesson plans and how he's been grading his classes.

Once I officially accepted the position, she invited the retiring professor to the meeting where we discussed specifics for the next six or so weeks. I looked at the current schedule and I can either do four days, with one type of class per day plus prepping, or I can do two days. Since Thursdays happen to have one of each class, I could just do one long day and then a second day for classroom prep, or I can spread it throughout the week. I don't have to do the same schedule every week either, in fact we thought it best if I don't that way I can get to know all the classes and not just the ones that happen to meet that Thursday.

Once the school year is over, they'd like me to be part of the final grading and classroom placements for the upcoming year. Once that is settled, I am free for the rest of the summer hols -
besides any preparations I want to make. Obviously I will need to set up my classroom and our living space, but other than that, I can do whatever I'd like until a week before fall term starts up.

So that's that. I'm signed, sealed, delivered. I am an official member of Hogwarts's staff. I'm a teacher Draco! A real professor. I have to get tweed jackets with suede elbows. Maybe a few cardigans for casual Fridays. I suppose I can get teaching robes as well; I probably should for some of the more formal requirements, but that's the brill thing about being the Muggle studies professor, it's almost preferred that I wear cozy Muggle clothes. I should probably avoid ripped denims that show off my lack of pants though!

Once we got all of that settled, Minerva questioned me about the other two positions. I asked her how long I had to make a decision about the Head of Gryffindor House. I told her my concerns, primarily that two of my children are current Gryffindor students - which I think could make things awkward not only for them, but for potential favoritism or inability to look at things in an unbiased way. There are two other staff members who were former Gryffindors, as well as a professor that didn't go to Hogwarts - and so, is not house affiliated - that could fit the position. Minnie's just always had such a soft spot for me that she wanted to offer it to me first. Basically, she thinks my concerns are valid, but is willing to give me until the end of term to make my decision.

Then came the discussion on flying. Gods Draco, you *know* how much I love flying. I just don't think I'd be the best instructor. I don't think I'd be rubbish or anything, but flying has always come so naturally to me that I worry how I would do with students that are having a harder time. I know how to be supportive, I know how to let kids know that trying is the goal even if they never get off the ground, but how can I possibly understand a child who can't do it? What do I say? "Have you tried just doing it? Maybe my husband can come and bully someone you want to stick up for? That's how I did it."

She spent most of the discussion assuring me I'd be wonderful, while I spent most of it assuring her I wouldn't. Finally she commented, "I just don't know how I am supposed to ignore the fact that you're one of the more brilliant Quidditch players that came through my house? I don't want to play favorites, but between us, you know I want one of my Gryffindors at the helm of Hogwarts' Flying!"

Ooooh, perfect opening for my devious ulterior motives.

"Minnie - Headmistress McGonagall..." Her eyebrow quirked up at my formality. "What if I told you I could give you your Gryffindor Flight Instructor? Not me, it's someone who's much better than I ever was at the instruction portion of flying. I know you'd agree since you were the one to hand out his Captaincy."

"What do you know that I don't know, Potter?" Oooh, she's Potter-ing me, this is getting serious.

"Draco and I recently added to our household by three."

She interrupted with an: "Of course you did, I cooed at their sweet little faces just yesterday."

"No, even more recently than that. I'm sure as Headmistress, you are well aware that one of Parker and Cassie's fathers just passed away?" She nodded for me to continue. "Well, Oliver has been staying with us since the day after the passing, Parker too, and Cassie when she's not been here. I went home and talked to the whole family about my job offers last night, and you should have seen the longing in his eyes as I talked about the Flying position."

That's when Minnie got the most gleeful look I think I've seen on her since I caught that damn snitch in my mouth! "Oh Harry, I do love you so much! That would be perfect. Do you know if
he'd be free later today or tomorrow to come in and discuss the position?"

So now, after I get done with this email, I am going to find him to tell him the good news. I have to
figure out how to start the conversation though. After last night, I worry me showing up wherever
he is and saying 'Hey Ollie, can we talk?' Is probably just going to make him panic.

So... last night was crazy, yeah?

As you were finishing your email last night, you're right, I did pop into the play room at that
moment. Your kissing had gotten me ecstatically in the mood. Just being in your arms in the onsen
got me in the mood. Who am I kidding? Being anywhere near you puts me in the mood. But
especially the fact that you love and support me, the fact that you're the best husband to ever exist
would have been enough to get me ready to go.

I wanted you immediately, but I wasn't necessarily in a rush to get to the main event. I didn't even
really care what you'd set up, I just walked to where you were sitting and climbed in your lap,
kissing you softly and slowly. I'm not sure how long we just stayed that way, no groping hands or
grinding hips, just sweet kisses while breathing in each other.

Obviously we were both already naked, but other than that, it was completely innocent kissing.

"Innocent."

Alright, eventually the kissing moved from soft and sweet to sloppy and wet. Eventually, soft arms
holding each other turned to roaming hands clutching each other. At some point, the naked hips
sitting still next to each other became a grinding dance. Our soft breaths of love became panting
moans.

And the silence surrounding us became a shouted, "Shite! Fuck! Hell's bells. I'm so sorry mates. I
can't believe I just walked in on the two of you. I know better than to just walk into your room, but
this is the play room. I thought play room meant like gobstones, or exploding snap and a chess
board, maybe some muggle darts, not this kind of play. I'll just get out of your way; again, so sorry.
I'll not come in here again without knocking. Or ever, sorry I mean I won't ever come into your sex
room."

For someone who was stuttering and rambling and apologizing profusely for walking in on
"private" sexy times, he certainly wasn't taking his eyes off of us or moving very quickly towards
the door. Or moving at all towards the door, come to think of it. I know I'm not always the most
observant, but even I noticed that.

"Ollie, I can promise you we're not mad. Look at my cock, for Merlin's sake! Hasn't flagged a bit
since you've walked in. You didn't know what we're doing." He nodded as I talked, looked down
where I'd gestured, and that's when he started inching towards the door. I gave you a look. One of
those looks that married couples give each other that's an entire conversation in a moment,
consisting of nothing but eyebrows and subtle smirks.

Once you gave me a short nod, I started talking before he could leave the room completely. "Hey
Oliver, I can't help but notice your trousers are a bit tight. And I also couldn't help but notice you
can't take your eyes off of what you're seeing. And that you're moving awfully slowly to make your
way out of the room. If I didn't know better, I'd say you want to join us."

"I'm not getting in between a married couple! Are you mad???

You decided to make your feelings clear. "Oliver, I assure you that if you'd like to get in between
us, we'd very much enjoy that. Or behind one of us, either of us. Or in front. Under. Behind. Really, the positioning is up to you. We've played with others for years." He took two hesitant steps towards us while you kept talking. "You do not have to stay and play with us, but if you think you're up for it, you're more than welcome."

When you said the words 'up for it' is when he hesitated. I could see sadness coming into his eyes where before it was just arousal tinged with embarrassment.

Oh! Of course! He just lost his husband, I can't believe I didn't think of how seeing us together could be hard for him ... and not in the fun way. "Ollie, mate, if you're not ready, don't push yourself. I promise you, if you're interested but not ready, this won't be the only chance to do this. And if you never want to play around with us, it will change *nothing* about how much we care about you and how welcome you are to stay here as long as you want or need."

He took a deep breath and steeled his shoulders. "I think you're right, I'm not ready to have sex with anyone else right now."

Oh. When he stood straighter and didn't walk away, I assumed this was going somewhere different. "That's completely fine mate, but if you're not going to join or watch, I really do have to ask that you let us get back to things. The idea of playing with someone I've crushed on since I was old enough to know what my dick was for has gotten me a bit desperate!"

He nodded and started to leave when you called out: "You know, leaving or joining in aren't your *only* options."

Wait what?

Oh...

"You can stay here and watch me turn my Harry here into a desperate mess. He's awfully pretty when he begs. You can just sit there and enjoy the show if you'd like to." You summoned a cozy chair to pull up next to him, he hesitated for half a second before dropping into it.

"Alright, that's that all figured out. Harry Love, turn around and sit your arse back down in my lap facing our Oliver." I complied as quickly as possible, probably completely gracelessly, but I wasn't lying when I said I'd had thoughts of a fit as hell Oliver Wood for decades. "There's a good boy. Do you want the ring, the spell, or do you think you can keep from coming until you're permitted?"

I was definitely going to need help to keep from coming and I told you so.

You put a ring on me, the spell has the effect of keeping me from getting all the way to the edge and maximum desperation, so it seemed like you wanted to really give me a work out. "Now, I'm going to open you up, get you ready to ride me, and you're going to stroke that beautiful shaft for me aren't you?" I nodded, which resulted in a sharp smack to my arse. "Words, Harry James."

"Yes Sir, I can do that for you."

"Much better, but not just for me, right sweetheart? Look at how much our guest is enjoying the show so far." And he was, straining even more against the zipper of his trousers. "You may not be ready to join in, but feel free to get as comfortable as you'd like. Our playroom is your playroom tonight."

Oliver stopped palming himself through the fabric, unbuttoning and unzipping but not removing himself from his pants quite yet.
You began working me open one finger at a time, all the while ordering me to keep stroking myself. Every time you could tell I was getting close - I'm sure I was clenching my arsehole around your fingers - you'd order me to slow down but never to stop. All the while you kept up a litany of filthy orders and sweet praises. You did that thing I love so much, that makes me feel so humiliated, and sexy, and wanted, and perfect, where you talked about me. Around me, like I was a pretty piece of artwork at your disposal.

"Isn't he gorgeous all flushed and stroking himself, hmm? He's perfect, he'll take anything I give him and beg for more. I could shove my entire fist in this arse and he'd take it with a smile. I could leave him desperate for release - and if it's what I wanted - he'd be satisfied. Isn't he just the prettiest little pet you've ever seen?"

Oliver had snuck his hand into his pants to stroke at his own cock while you fingered me open. And when you ordered me to lift up and then had me drop down onto your perfect cock in one smooth slide, he seemingly couldn't handle it anymore and pulled himself fully out.

"Oh my Harry, look how hard he is seeing you riding me. I bet just the sight of it is making your mouth water, hmm?"

"Yes Sir, yes, it looks so good."

"How about you Oliver? I know you're not ready, but you're thinking about it now, aren't you?" He was nodding as you kept talking. "Thinking about his pretty pink mouth wrapping itself around your shaft. He doesn't even have a gag reflex, he sucks better than anyone I've ever known. My little Gryffindor, just goes for it, he's all in when he gets a dick near his mouth."

I was stroking myself lightning fast, hoping maybe just this once I could force myself to come despite the ring. Oliver was picking up the pace as well. But you, you just kept fucking up into me slow and steady.

"You can keep stroking yourself, you can come sitting in the chair watching me fuck him, or you can come over here and finish on him. The choice is yours." Not a single millisecond of hesitation and Oliver was standing up and walking over to the two of us. Once he got about a foot away, it took only three more quick tugs before he was shooting out hot ribbons of cum all over my chest, splattering onto my stomach, a little dripping onto the tight grip I had on my own cock.

You tutted in my ear. "What do we say to Oliver, Harry?"

"Thank you Ollie, thank you thank you, ungh ungh ungh." As I was thanking him, you really started fucking up into me.

"That's it Love, keep squeezing that hole around me. You don't want to be too messy, best clean yourself up." Oh yeah. I started using the hand I wasn't stroking myself with and pulling fingers full of his cum up to my mouth. Moaning around the bitter wetness.

I was starting to hit the point of hysteria. "Please Master, please please Sir, let me cum please. I need it, I want to come for you. For both of you. Please!"

You slammed into me harder and faster. "I'm almost there my Harry, then I'll let you. You've been so good for me, for us. You deserve it." Right before I felt you stiffen up and start unloading inside of me, I felt the ring open up. I came. And came. And just kept cumming for what felt like forever. I fell backwards, letting you hold me up.

I smiled up at Oliver. "Thank you for sharing this with us!" I crooked my finger at him so he'd lean...
in, then kissed him on the cheek. "Night Ollie."

He blushed as he tucked himself away, giving us both kisses on the temple and telling us goodnight.

I snuggled into your lap for a bit, just relishing in the afterglow.

Unfortunately, it wasn't long before parenting duty called. So we went to bed, fed our babies, and drifted off to sleep together.

All in all, definitely tired today, but definitely worth it!

You're still the one,
Harry

Wednesday May 10th
My wonderful Harry,

Congratulations again on your new career!

I'm dictating this as I help Amala find her baby that's playing hide and seek. I've got a bit to tell you about the missing files. Sadly, no update on the murderer trying to frame me, but as for the files -

Oh wait, I think we found her. See, Amala had five cubs, and that's actually quite a bit for one mum to look after, but since our property has been warded for ages so that only certain things can get in or out, I know for certain that the missing girl has to be on our property somewhere.

I specifically added a ward so that the cheetahs couldn't EVER get out and accidentally terrorize the neighbors!

The two girls and two boys that aren't playing hide and seek are actually wrestling around with each other as Amala and I look, but as I said, I see what has to be the missing cheetah laying next to the pond. Must be taking a nap.

Hey girl, wake up. Your mum is worried... Girl?

What the? Bloody hell!!! HARRY!!! One of my grandbaby cheetahs is dead!!! I'm a horrible grandfather! How did I let this happen??! HOW did this happen?! Did I let her starve??! Did I not see that she was sick? Or injured? What did I do wrong???

*At this point, the dictation spell can't get anything coherent from Draco, who is a blubbing mess, and Muffy discretely sends the message so Harry can read it and come comfort Draco.*
Chapter 125

Chapter Summary

Harry comforts Draco and Draco has to think about anything else.

Thursday May 11, 2017

My Heart,

It's just before sunrise and I think I've finally gotten you calm and sound asleep. The sound of your tears just about broke my heart last night. Don't get me wrong, I don't want you to hide your feelings to keep me from sadness. At the risk of sounding completely selfish, I don't love when you are hurting like this - I would give anything to make it stop - but the silver lining of you being so upset is seeing your complete willingness to let me comfort and soothe you.

I'm just so sorry you and Amala lost one of the cubs. I wish I could make this better, I wish I could wave my wand and make the cub come back. But if I had power over death itself, I'd have made use of that power long ago. Unfortunately I've nothing I can do for you besides hold you while you cry and wipe away your tears.

I've also set up a bit of a ceremony for later. I know you and while you're distraught and not really thinking fully clearly right now with your grief, I know you'll want to do something to honor this little life you lost too soon. I found a lovely spot near the woods, next to the gardens, under a willow that will be perfect for your little grand-cheetah to rest. Whenever you wake up, I've got tea ready for you, we can feed you up with a little breakfast, and we can head out to the lawns to put her to rest.

I assume it will be many hours from now since you just fell asleep. You're obviously sleeping soundly enough that my typing doesn't seem to be bothering you, but you're still doing that hiccuping snuffling that would tell anyone listening that you had just stopped sobbing. Don't worry, I won't tell anyone you cried. Not that it would be embarrassing or inappropriate for you to be crying. You just have this weird obsession with pretending you don't have functioning tear ducts. You're so upset right now that I will play along.

For now, I will see if I can catch a few hours of sleep myself. I'm sure we're in for a long day.

I love you my Draco,
Your Harry

Thursday May 11th
My stability,

I have to keep myself occupied. I have to think of other things. Such as those missing files I was planning to tell you about. Robards checked and found that there ARE other files missing. Yes, yours is one of them, and your file is ALSO highly classified, and so, if it hadn't been stolen, it wouldn't be accessed by nearly anyone.
You have access as it's YOUR file - although, you would have to request it through official channels if you wanted to see it. I have access as the Chief of Raids. Kingsley, Robards, and the Deputy Head Auror are just about the only other people who have access to it, aside from the other departmental heads if they have a valid reason for requesting it.

But as I said, it's a short list, and so, I have to wonder if the murderer took all of these files BECAUSE some of them - such as yours and mine - are restricted, and thus he wanted to make a nice profile of our lives, OR if he was just taking every file he thought was connected to me so that he had plenty of people to choose from when trying to frame me.

Because so far, all the other missing files are those of my students. Every single student I've had has had their file stolen. I'm quite worried, actually. Because IF this murderer IS looking to frame me and the first attempt has already been unsuccessful, that means that you and all my students are potential victims.

For one insane paranoid moment, I actually considered the possibility that the murderer somehow snuck onto our property and killed my grandbaby cheetah in an attempt to unnerve me - or just plain hurt me - but I've triple checked all the wards, and they're all in working order with no signs of tampering, and so, no one would be ABLE to have done it. Plus a scan showed, well nothing really. There is a really faint magical signature that could simply be me petting the cheetah, or any of our kids petting her - or using accidental magic on or around her. But as far as the scans show, she simply lay down for a nap and died. No foul play involved.

I'm not the only one concerned about my students though. Robards has taken steps to ensure that they're all being monitored by security spells when not on duty, and paired up with senior Aurors when on duty. So, for now, we have to believe that everyone is safe.

Especially you, as you'll be here at home behind centuries of wards, or at Hogwarts, which is arguably even BETTER warded.

But on to better things.

I'm currently typing this as I watch you play with our three newest triplets. It's utterly adorable to see all four of you on your tummies on the floor, looking and cooing at each other. Morgana looks perfectly happy to gnaw on one of your fingers while kicking her feet. Meanwhile, Gabriel and Dylan are holding onto your other hand and blowing bubbles.

I honestly never want to have babies again, but moments like these remind me why I love them so much.

Oh! Looks like Dean and Seamus just popped through the floo. … Sounds like Dean wants to take Dylan over to his parents house for a couple of hours to introduce them to their little grand-godson. It seems he explained the situation to his parents, and while they understand and support his decision to NOT be a father to this little accidental miracle, they DO want to be allowed near-grandparental rights to see him on occasion.

Hmm... we hadn't considered this, but honestly, it's not much different than Dean being allowed to spend time with Gabriel as his Godfather. I don't really see a problem with it, and actually, him having access to Dean's parents means that they will be able to teach him things about this heritage that I wouldn't know. Perhaps they're immigrants from Africa, or perhaps they've been British citizens for generations. Either way, it's a good opportunity for Dylan.

But... Perhaps we should go with this first time, just to meet them and see with our own eyes that they're good people.
Loving you with every breath I take,
Draco
P.S. Thank you for that beautiful ceremony, it helped more than I expected.

P.P.S Speaking of ceremonies, I know the one for our babies had to be pushed back from the 6th, but it's still on track for this weekend, right?
Love of my Life,

I have so many things I want to talk about I don't even know where to start.

First, yes of course we are still on for the naming ceremony this weekend. We pushed it back, not because we couldn't do it last weekend, but with Tiger being one of the Godparents and them planning on coming tomorrow for Hazel and Harrison's birthdays it just made sense to celebrate their birthdays tomorrow and then do the naming ceremony on Sunday. Anyone coming in from out of town, like the Russian parts of our circle, or from out of the Universe like Viper, Tiger, and crew will be able to do two celebrations for one travel.

Two birds with one stone and all that.

There are just too many birds from this criminal who's trying to frame you. Or too many stones? Alright, that was a failure of a segue AND a failure of a metaphor. I just don't understand what this person is trying to find out, or hide, or I just ... even though I didn't go into the Aurors I feel like I often can get to the bottom of a criminal's motivation. I think it comes from having Voldemort in my head for so much of my life. But I can't understand how all these pieces are related. Are they coming after you? After me? After your students?

At the risk of causing a serious fight, especially knowing we have such a busy, and what should be fun-filled, weekend ahead of us. A weekend that we are going to spend welcoming our newest family members to our circle, to our community. A time that should be spent filling the space with as much love as humanly possible. But ... looking at recent events, and past events, and who has access ... is there any part of you that thinks this might be the work of Robards?

My only other thought is the medi-witch. She really doesn't like how you treated the students and now their files are missing? I mean the only other student-based person who held any sort of a grudge was the one that turned you in for harassment, but then she totally came around and ended up kicking arse and seemingly glad for the opportunity to learn from you.

Ugh, I can't keep dwelling on this. We just have to stay safe, keep our children safe, keep you safe, and I need to stop wallowing in everything I am afraid of.

Yesterday with Dean's parents was lovely. I know you mentioned wanting to go with to make sure they were good people. I just didn't think that was necessary. Well, not so much unnecessary to go with, but unnecessary to figure out of they're good people. They raised a wonderful young man. They've loved and supported him through being magical despite both of them being Muggle. And the fact that they are "his parents" while his father is technically his step-father? Any time I hear of unconventional parenting that is treated like unconditional loving parenting with no limits, I know the person has the capacity to love no matter the circumstances.

Maybe you didn't consider his parents wanting a relationship, and I suppose knowing how rambly I am and the fact that I never brought it up would imply that I never considered it either, but I almost assumed his parents would want to get to know his Godson. Hell, even if Dylan was ONLY his Godson I would think they'd like to know him. But the fact that he's also biologically Dean's?
Yeah, knowing what I know about how supportive and loving his parents are, I would be more surprised if they didn't want a relationship with Dylan.

Gabriel being Dylan's twin, and Morgana being essentially their triplet, they should probably know Dyl's extra set of grandparents. As much as having to "share" our babies isn't ideal, I love that Dylan will have this extra set of people ready to love him. Dylan will know you and I are his fathers, he will know his siblings are his 100% siblings, he will know love from our entire circle, how can it be anything less than wonderful that he has a third set of grandparents ready to love and adore him?

At least I waited until the end of the visit to ask Mr and Mrs Thomas to join us for the naming ceremony on Sunday. I knew you had to feel comfortable with them, see they were trustworthy with your own eyes, before you were willing to let them inside Manor wards. But I think it will mean so much to them, and subsequently so much to Dean, to have them with us when doing Dylan's welcome ceremony. I think I saw Dean tear up when we asked them to join us to see Dean (and Seamus) make promises to be Dylan's Godfather.

His mum was so sweet, much like Dean himself, she oohed and ahhed over Dylan, but made sure to give Gabriel (not so much Morgana since our Queen wasn't really having it) plenty of cuddles and attention. But her first view of Dylan? When she saw just how much he looks like Dean? I think she was both in love and a little heartbroken at the idea of this perfect little tiny person looking so much like her oldest son being here but not fully being hers or his. I hope seeing our willingness to allow her in Dylan's life will ease her sadness.

Anyway, better get stuff ready for our arrivals; the influx of Hogwarts kids for the weekend and the influx of Universal travelers.

Love you with all of my heart,
Harry

Friday May 12th
My fire,

Today, presumably after getting everything ready for our many home-comers, you were in our bed feeding our three perfect little angels as I was waking up. Thus I drifted awake to the sounds of coos and soft grunts as they took turns drinking from you. One of the things I've decided to do - instead of nursing, but that will allow me to sleep more - is to wear the breast harness thing we got a LONG time ago while sleeping, so that Morgana can nurse on demand all night long, now that she can definitely squirm just enough to find it again should she happen to lose track of it.

Plus, I can simply wake up enough to shift positions and let her latch on if necessary, a whole lot easier than it is to wake up enough to obtain a bottle and sit up and hold her while feeding.

But as I was saying, as I was drifting awake, I realized that you were feeding Morgana, because the soft grunts she makes as she eats sound somehow different than either of the boys, and that means the baby I could feel nursing from the harness had to be one of the boys. Sure enough, I woke up to find Gabriel drinking rather greedily from the replica breast. Smiling, I poked his cherubic little cheeks and tickled his tiny toes.

Dylan and Morgana finished up their feed first, and you simply held them and let them kick each other's feet as Gabriel continued drinking. But eventually, even he was done, and we decided to levitate them over to the playpen off to the side of the room so that they could get some tummy
time and bond with each other while the two of us had a chance to kiss and cuddle.

Or in other words, there's no way in bloody hell I was going to let you back out of bed so soon, even though I had to cast cleaning charms and breath freshening charms (and a certain vanishing spell) on myself to make up for the fact that I hadn't even had a chance to go to the loo yet.

To our delight, we were only really about 20 minutes into a lovely heavy petting session when our other selves arrived from their world for the weekend. They grinned and chuckled when they found us already in bed and in the mood. All it took was a quick order to Muffy to bring the playpen full of babies to my mother for a bit, and we were ready to go.

Things started off slowly with the Viper and Tiger joining us in bed, sort of crowding us as they both tried to kiss us both at the same time. We were definitely having fun and no one seemed to be in any sort of rush. I magicked the breast harness off so that it wasn't in the way and let my hands roam over everyone's bodies, even as hands were caressing me.

Tiger seemed to be interested in flirting with my tattoos, probably since he doesn't have any - doesn't really want any - but finds it weird and fascinating to see them on me, and thus, his body. Meanwhile, I'm certain that Viper was having fun dominating you. There's just something for him about being with you. The two of you are the same but different, and because of that, have similar pain tolerance levels. You are naturally submissive where he is naturally dominant, thus he can REALLY put you through your paces and basically go as far as he wants, and you almost never tap out.

As for you, knowing that I was in the room and COULD put a stop to things if you needed me to, you basically surrendered to him and completely let go as he got rough with you. He definitely spanked you, but he also pinched you, smacked your arms a bit, and - when you were VERY close to orgasm - choked you the 3 or 4 seconds it took to push you over the edge.

I know there was more happening, but honestly, aside from glancing over to make sure you weren't being pushed too far, I was mostly focused on what was happening with the Tiger. He was ALSO in the mood to be rough and dominating. Lucky for him, I hadn't been truly submissive in long enough that it was exactly what I needed.

But - long before anything got started - it was Tiger who insisted that we ALL cast all of the protection spells on each other - in essence quadruple checking that they were done properly. "No need to take any risks. With YOUR luck and apparent high fertility, anything less than four separate protection spells is likely to leave you pregnant!"

I harrumphed but didn't argue because getting to the playing was far more important than pointing out that we'd never gotten pregnant without some sort of potion or special circumstance.

Once protected, Tiger conjured ropes and tied me up in my favorite dragonfly harness. Once I was secure, he delighted in tickling me and making me perform silly tricks - such as begging him to let me deep throat his perfect shaft. The tickling was accomplished with a leucistic peacock feather, which he alternated with sharp stinging shocks from my Violet Wand.

He soon had me begging for release, but even though I didn't notice him do it, I think he had cast a denial spell on me, because I could not go off for nothing!

Hilariously enough, Viper's kids must have known exactly what we were doing - or rather, been able to make a fairly accurate guess, because Tiger's Viona and River plus Scorpius and Hyperion were off with them - BUT they were getting impatient for us to finish up. After all, we had other things to do - such as an enormous family dinner. SO, Tommy and Bellerophon 'innocently' asked
Oliver, not quite believing that there were two of each of us (sadly, Tiger and Viper haven't been coming to our universe nearly as often as we want them to, simply because Tiger is back to working like a maniac at his law firm), despite the very real evidence of Viper's kids (who he's gotten to know a bit since living here). Anyway, Oliver didn't think that there was a reason why there would be two sets of us in bed playing around. So, when he got to our door, he knocked, probably assuming that we'd shout at anyone to go away if we were busy.

But I think we both know that we'd only shout at our kids to go away. Well, them and my parents and siblings, but what I mean is that we're not shy about letting others into our room when we're having sex. So when Oliver knocked and cast a spell so that we could clearly hear him asking if he could come in, I cast the same mild sonorous in return letting him know that he could come in our room if he wanted. He fell for the bait, standing in the main room of our suite, gaping in shock through the open door to our bedroom as he could clearly see FOUR of us having a bloody good time.

"BLIMEY!" He blurted out in shock. "There really ARE two of you!!!"

This made us all chuckle. You beckoned to him with the hand that wasn't currently bracing against the headboard. "You can come join us if you want, Ollie."

"Or if you're still not ready, you can simply watch again," I added.

He was tilting his head side to side as he seemed to unconsciously drift closer. "How can you tell which one is which?"

"Usually by clothes, but once naked, the differences are really obvious," I remarked with a grin, doing my best to point at one of my tattoos while bound. "I have an enormous family of dragons all over me, while my doppelganger is as pristine as ever."

"True," Tiger confirmed, looking Oliver over with an approving eye.

Viper even went so far as to moan in longing. "Fuck! Oliver Wood has featured in my wank bank since I was old enough to have one!"

"Right?!" You asked and agreed at the same time.

Oliver looked torn between VERY interested and reluctant to join in on a full on kinky play session so soon. Honestly, I'm not sure if he's EVER had a kinky play session; I keep forgetting to ask. Slowly, he seemed to come to a decision and nodded in agreement with himself.

"Alright... How's this? I'm not ready to fully shag anyone, but it HAS been so long since I've had anything other than my hand on me. I... I think I'd like... a blowjob?" He informed us hesitantly.

Viper grinned a bit maniacally. "Oh, that sounds like the perfect job for my subby Harry here. He's FANTASTIC at giving head, especially when he's got a bloke spanking him at the same time."

Which led to you doing your best to figuratively blow Oliver's brains out as Viper lovingly smacked and caressed your arse. Once again, I think the Tiger cast a covert denial spell, because Oliver had stamina to spare and seemed astonished by it. Right about the time Viper decided to pound your arse with his gorgeous shaft, was when Tiger reminded me that I had my own playing to pay attention to. He lay on his back and 'forced' me to ride his shaft until he was well-satisfied.

This situation had the promise of lasting hours, but Viper's kids - or more likely ALL our kids - got
fed up with how long we were taking, and started casting Patronuses to come in and harass us into hurrying up. Either I was right about Tiger casting denial spells, or otherwise, the impetus of the Patronuses was enough to set us all off with erotic cries and squeals.

We lay panting in the aftermath, Viper somehow gathering the energy to cast a Patronus threatening to project this entire memory across the entertainment room wall (where all the kids presumably were) if they didn't stop casting Patronuses and leave us the bloody hell alone for five minutes.

Thankfully, this did the trick and we were able to get dressed in peace. Well, you three got dressed and rushed off while the two of me went through my morning routine, caching each other up on everything that had happened since we last saw each other. Eventually, I was ready - not to mention bloody STARVING! And so, I'm going to finish dictating this email - to Tiger's amusement (Hi there other Harry!) and come join what's bound to be a chaotic family dinner.

Let's hope it's drama free!

'Cuz I love you more than I could ever promise, and you take me the way I am, 
Draco
Saturday May 13, 2017

My Heart,

You know, for a Malfoy/Potter-Malfoy dinner, last night wasn't particularly chaotic. It seems as though everyone was pretty much on their best behavior. I'm not sure if it's because some of the most likely to poke at each other are finally getting a bit older, or perhaps it's because people have learned not to touch Miss Morgana if she gives you the look, it might even be that the reason we're all together this weekend is a bit of a sacred one with all of the naming ceremonies. Whatever the reason, last night's dinner included minimal teasing and bickering, only two sing-a-longs, and a fairly low volume for the sheer amount of humans we had in the dining room.

Is it weird that after all these years I'm almost ... disappointed? Knock wood, but seriously? We got the two Viona's together and nothing? Hazel and Harrison are having to "share" their special weekend with each other AND with the four children having their naming/welcoming ceremonies.

The closest thing we had to any sort of an event was the moment Parker seemed to realize that Oliver didn't just check on us and come immediately back. He took in his dad's flushed face and then subsequently mine and Viper's flushed and happy faces, his eyebrows pretty much got lost in his hairline. But he didn't say a single word! Obviously that kid did not grow up in a Malfoy house!

Obviously our playtime was a bit rushed since it was the middle of the day and the kids were sending all those patronuses, but wow wet dream material right there. And I'm feeling like quite the spoiled boy, all of you got to watch the fun, but I was the only one to get my hands, or mouth I suppose, all over Oliver. Which was cool enough in the moment, but now it's actually feeling almost TOO big. I'm the first man besides his late husband to touch his cock in ... twenty years?

Holy shite! What if I didn't do it well? It took forever to make him come and you seem to think it was a denial spell, but what if I'm just not any good at giving head? I know YOU think I'm good at it, and Viper, and Tiger, and I guess Ron and Blaise have both said I do a good job, and those few times we've played with Greg, Charlie and Neville have never complained either, but what if everyone is just being nice and they secretly think I'm bad at it. They could just be humoring the sad little cock slag.

Okay I have to get my mind off of my possible terrible oral skills.

Oh! Wasn't it such a fun surprise that River and Maha showed up last night? I thought the earliest they were possibly going to be able to get away would be this morning, and it was more than likely they wouldn't get in until later tonight, there was even a small possibility of them not coming in until tomorrow just a few hours before the ceremonies. That really would have messed with my
anxiety! One of the Godparents not getting there from halfway around the world until an hour or two before we're set to start? I probably would have gone into full panicked Harry mode!

Instead, we were halfway through the soup when I heard the floo go off, and then the two of them storming into the dining room. Our River, ever the little boy, shouting "Oi! Who's a guy gotta bribe around here to get himself a bowl of Muffy's famous leek and potato?" Which of course was followed by shrieking, squealing, and excited tears. I'm not sure how anyone else reacted though. I would have knocked over an old lady to get to my little River!

Once whoever was emitting that ungodly shrieking calmed himself down, Viona started up our first song, belting out: "It's just an old piece of wood - on top of four legs - It's got a few coffee stains - and a thousand marks from God.Knows.When!"

Never one to be upstaged, Lainie took over: " Ain't too many things, that could stand the test of Tiiiime - But this family table's held togetheeerrrrr - By a LOVE that never dies!"

By the chorus, pretty much everyone joined in: "So won't you COME.On.In? - Supper's almost done go ahead and caaaaallll your friends - 'Cause we got room for EveryOne! Let's make some memories 'round this Nine.Foot.Piiine! - Pull up a chair and stay a while .... At the family table!"

I think we would have gone on to more songs if we hadn't had a small horde of hungry little monsters. When Muffy popped in to let us know her mincemeat pies were ready, everyone got quiet and settled down REAL QUICK!

I guess I lied a bit earlier when I said we had two sing-a-longs. We had one song we all sang to, and then Shtara amazed us with a song I think she expected us to follow along with, but we all seemed so in awe of her that we just let her finish the whole song. Her run as Ursula coming to an end means our little star is on the hunt for her next great role. With Hamilton coming over here at the end of this year, I think she's hopeful they will cast her despite being only fourteen. Her argument has been "I'll be fifteen less than a month after opening night!" Yeah, my love, I still think fifteen is a bit young for any of the roles they're looking to fill.

But Merlin the pipes on our baby. Hazel and Harrison were teasing each other a bit. I don't even know what Hazel said to him, but Eris burst out with a quick "Ooh burrrrrnnnn!"

Barely a second passed when Shtara pipes up with "That reminds me ..." and bursts into song. "I saved every letter you wrote me ... From the moment I read them I knew you were MINE, you said you were MINE, I thought you were MIIIIINNNNNEE!"

She busted out the entire song, but I thought my heart would just break when she practically sobbed out, "I'm burning the memories, burning the letters, that might have redeeeeed you. You FORFEIT all rights to my heart! You forfeit the place in our bed, You'll SLEEP in your office instead. With only the memories of when you were Miiiiinnnnee! I hope that you .... burrrrrrrnnnn!"

To hell with the casting director, I don't care if she's only fourteen, my girl can do anything she sets her mind to!

I swear I heard her singing in my dreams last night. I know she's muggle, but our girl's voice is magic.

Anyway, I timed this perfectly. I have the breakfast bake just about ready to come out of the oven and then I'm off to do birthday breakfast in bed for Hazel and then Harrison! Our little adults.
I'm gonna love you even if my heart would break,
Harry

Saturday May 13th
My everything.

Did you love Hazel and Harrison's dance as much as I did? I know it was a surprise collaboration between them to entertain us and celebrate their birthday, but I was honestly surprised. I didn't think they'd spent much time together lately, but apparently they've been hanging out whenever Eris has been busy with Eric and Luka. So, quite a bit, haha.

Anyway, they are - in essence - twins, and so, this dance wasn't one of those passionate erotic dances that we so love. Instead, it was a little bit Vienna Waltz mixed with a little ballet. Obviously not any of the truly difficult ballet maneuvers, as neither of them have taken or been interested in taking ballet lessons. But they were able to perform an absolutely GORGEOUS dance that still managed to demonstrate the fact that they not only CAN work together very well, but ALSO how much they do tend to bicker and annoy each other.

I found it hilarious how they blended their bickering into the dance so smoothly.

Anyway, as I was chatting with various people throughout the day, Leah came over to tell me that the director of the Little Mermaid has already started finalizing the next play he's putting on, which is the Princess and the Frog. He's decided that there's NO ONE better suited to the lead role of Tiana than our Shtara, and so, he wants her to convince us to let her accept the role.

I laughed and told Leah that there's really no need to convince us. We know that Shtara won't let us tell her no if it's something she truly wants. And bonus, having the lead role in this play could help if Shtara decides to audition for Hamilton. I have a feeling that our girl is going to star in EVERY play she wants right on up until she decides to switch to movies, haha.

Speaking of plays/playing - alright not MY best segue - but you honestly think you're terrible at oral? Did the gobsmacked and punched-with-pleasure look on Oliver's face NOT reassure you? He looked like that was the best blowjob of his life! Probably was, if he's been monogamous with a controlling man who slowly lost the battle with a serious disease. In all honesty, if I were him, at that point, I'd probably be eternally grateful for the world's worst blowjob, but I assure you that you could win awards for your oral skills and therefore do NOT need to worry.

My adorably silly little mutt ^_^

But back to our perfect 'little' family.

It was apparent from almost the moment they arrived that River and Mahafsoun had big news to share, but perhaps didn't want to upstage anything. That lasted until the end of our enormous family dinner, after Hazel and Harrison's dance. At that point, it seemed like they just couldn't hold it back anymore.

River stood up rather abruptly and shouted out: "Mahafsoun and I are going to have a baby!"

This effectively shut everyone up for a few seconds.

Mahafsoun smiled and nodded. "Yes, we timed it so that my pregnancy can be incorporated into the show after summer break - and actually was incorporated into the last show of the season we just finished filming - and then when I'm due, I'll have time off for the midwinter/season break."
The writers have come up with ideas for some of the other characters to have an arc in case I need MORE time off, but then I'll be back and ready to go in plenty of time to finish up the season."

As Mahafsoun was trying to explain all of this information that I'm sure is important to them, the rest of us had broken out into cheers and basically swarmed the two of them to hug everything in their vicinity, including them, hahaha.

After getting a good hug or two in, I felt so overwhelmingly in love with you and everything in my life that I pulled you into my arms, kissed you rather possessively, and then sang a happy and cheery song:

I got you to hold my hand, I got you to understand, I got you to walk with me, I got you to talk with me, I got you to kiss goodnight, I got you to hold me tight, I got you, I won't let go, I got you to love me so, I got you babe,

Draco

Chapter End Notes

Family Table: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ic9CqnOCcI4&fbclid=IwAR3fuy6XRPutQ8aYY02L08CFtmgpOt_juQnFR4E6h1b4z0-sl7RltZp4

Burn: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cYU-34Cmzj0&fbclid=IwAR1Z-W6hBAbxzFrhJHzkyrKG55q4aaxQuH6la5D7bPLjU1jkG40sIw5nEB0
Harry talks about the naming/welcoming ceremony, and Draco is inappropriately amused.

Sunday May 14, 2017

Love of My Life,

Wasn't today beautiful? This is likely (knock on wood) our last naming ceremony for any of OUR children, so it had that bittersweet feeling we've had since these babies have been born. As though I'm glad I will never have to be pregnant again, but then I get a bit teary-eyed thinking I will never be pregnant again. Brains are weird, I tell ya!

But we will have many more chances to welcome beloved people into our ever-expanding circle. Grandchildren ... Hell, we have Rafael and Luka's ceremonies that their Mums scheduled for next month. And with Maha being pregnant, we'll have another one sooner rather than later. It just won't ever (again knocking wood) be OUR children being blessed and welcomed. So I had to cry extra hard every time I thought about it.

Although it could have been residual crying from being so excited about River and Maha's news. I am so excited for them. Again, I feel like I should send flowers to our parents to apologize for dragging their grandchildren all over the world. I already feel so sad that I won't be there for every moment of their baby's life because they live so far away. I've loved having Rafael and Luka so close, able to babysit and snuggle and smooch away at their sweet little faces.

Look at me being an emotional sap about a baby that isn't even born yet when I have my own three infants to smooch, two grandbabies to love on, and three extra circle babies in Leah's Leon, Delphini's Balian, and Pippa's Pierre. I am a bit of a spoiled prat when it comes to being surrounded by babies to love on. I should probably not be so ridiculous. I just hope that River and Maha REALLY like long weekend visits from their Dad/Father-In-Law!

I'm sure, even with a baby, they'll end up coming here a few times themselves. If we let Shtara take the role of Tiana (Bahahahaha, if WE let HER!!) I just know Maha will need to see it at least twice. Even being all the way across the world, she's made sure to see Shtara perform in the Little Mermaid ... twice? It may have even been three times if I think about it. Both of those young women feel pretty strongly about the performing arts. I love that a few of our kids all have that in common. It's nice to have such a huge link to each other that will hopefully follow them through life, helping to keep their sibling bonds strong.

Honestly, as much as she would ROCK any part in Hamilton she set her mind to, I hope she takes the role of Tiana and holds onto it for a while. She's only fourteen, she's mature and saw a lot of things as a young child because of her circumstances, but she's still a little girl. I'd like to keep her as childish as possible for as long as I possibly can. I mean, I'm almost thirty-seven and I have yet to grow up! Hamilton sounds amazing, we haven't been able to see it in theatres yet - since we didn't make time to do so when we were in the States and it won't be coming across the pond until the end of this year - but I've listened to every single song about a million times. It's a very male-
heavy musical, and it's very adult. I'd much rather my sweet girl stick to childish fairy tales for just a bit longer.

Not to mention, as a female in that cast she'd be a supporting role, but as Tiana, she'd be taking her place as a rightful star!

But I think we all know that if it comes down to it, I will let her take any role she wants because she's the star and deserves every dream her heart wants to follow.

This morning, I went to find our Atreyu to have my traditional "talk" I've had with all of our children on their big day. "Shockingly" I found him in the stables! I dragged him to the sunroom to cuddle and talk. I told him that with or without this ceremony, he's been my little boy his whole life, it just took us a while to find each other. I explained to him that he was already a solid part of my heart but that today was extra special because we were screaming from the rooftops that he is ours and we are his. That is when he quite seriously reminded me "You should stay off roofs Daddy, unless you ride the festrals up there. They like the roofs."

Excuse me? He likes to ride the thestrals up to the rooftops? My little boy is flying sometimes invisible skeleton horses to the rooftops of the Manor? Good Gods! We're raising a daredevil!

Breathe Harry, Breathe!

Then I sent Trey off to get himself ready, I had laid his little robes out for him, and made my way to the littlest set of almost triplets. Now I like to talk about how our babies are all brilliant little geniuses that are well ahead of any other baby, but I honestly get that the babies don't have any idea of what I'm talking about. They react to the tone of my voice, they like when I smile at them, but when I tell them all about how special today is, they have no idea what I mean. They currently don't care about anything beyond a clean nappy, a tummy full of milk, and snuggles.

But... am I insane or does Morgana kinda get it? Like, she stared at me while I explained how important today was. And I even spoke directly to her at one point, trying to stress the importance of letting her Godparents touch and hold her. She stared at me without blinking and then she ... have I lost the plot or do you think there's a chance she nodded at me? I was very hopeful after having our conversation.

I shoved you into the loo, got the babies ready, checked on Atreyu ....

When I finally got him out of the stables, hosed him down (kidding, it was just a quick shower) and into his robes, everyone else had gotten ready and were waiting at the ceremony site.

The beautiful site our Mums had per usual outdone themselves on. A circle prepared by our Dads.

The six of us then began our walk to the circle, I held Gabriel and Dylan, you had Morgana, Atreyu walked along next to us, and we met the eight soon to be godparents halfway. Bill picked up Atreyu and Teddy walked along next to them, while Dean, Seamus, Gavin, Della, Mahafsoun and Tiger walked alongside you and I. We walked to the altar and our circle closed around us. As our tradition with all of our ceremonies, the area was covered in lilies and narcissus. We also used the candles from yours and my naming ceremonies, as well as new candles specifically for each child.

You opened our ceremony. "We call to the Gods and Goddesses, we call to Apollo - the God of the Sun and of Music. We call to Hestia - Goddess of home, hearth, and family. We call to Pan - the God of the wild. We call to the first magicians, Merlin and Morgana. We ask you to join us today, to welcome our children to our community and to the larger community of our world."
"We gather today to bless these children, new lives that became part of our world. We gather to give names to these children. To call something by name is to give it power, and today we give these children that gift. We welcome them into our hearts and lives and bless them with names of their own."

Then you. "To be a parent is to love and nurture, to lead our children to be good, to follow the right path, to both teach them and learn from them. Reining them in, and giving them wings. Smiling through their joys, and weeping with their pain. Walking beside them so that one day, they can walk alone. Being parents is the greatest gift we give ourselves, and the greatest responsibility we will have."

Since Atreyu is a bit older, we modified the ancestral welcome ceremony the way we did for Zaire's to fit the naming ceremony. "I Draco Malfoy call to my Ancestors - to Abraxas Malfoy, to Cygnus Black, to -" quite a ways down the line.

"I Harry Potter Malfoy call to my Ancestors - to James and Lily Potter, to Fleamont and Euphemia Potter, to Remus and Nymphadora Lupin, to Grandmother and Grandfather Evans and all the rest of my Ancestors in all lines who care to join us here."

"We've called you here today to introduce you to our son, Atreyu. He's not our blood and so you may not have noticed him yet, but he is our heart, so we ask you to accept him into our family and watch over him in the same way that you would us," you entreated beautifully.

"Please guide him, advise him when necessary, and help him to become his best self - reaching his full potential as he grows into an amazing man," I added.

You turned to Bill and asked: "You stand beside us, for the love of this child. Tell the Gods who you are."

Bill replied: "I am William Arthur Weasley, chosen to be Guardian for this child." And when you asked what it meant to be a Guardian: "To show guidance and counsel, to help assist him when making choices, and be there for him when called upon."

Asking the same questions to Teddy, he responded: "I am Edward Remus Lupin, chosen to be Guardian for this child." Answering with the same description of Guardianship.

Sitting Atreyu up on the altar, you anointed his head with the oils from the chalice, and said: "May the Gods keep this child pure and perfect, leaving all negatives far beyond his world. May you always have good fortune, may you always have good health, may you always be joyful with love in your heart. You are known to the Gods and to us as Atreyu Miguel Malfoy. This is your name and it is powerful. Bear your name with honor and may the Gods bless you on this and every day. I honor you Atreyu Miguel."

We passed the cup with wine and the cup with milk around the circle and followed with Atreyu so each person could welcome him into our lives and our family by name. It was beautiful as usual, hugs and kisses we went around the circle. The cups made their way back to Bill and Teddy, they drank and recited together: "Welcome Atreyu Miguel Malfoy, to our family and to our hearts. Your parents love you and we thank them for bringing you into our lives. We ask the Gods to watch over you, Atreyu, over your fathers, and over your brothers and sisters - we wish your family love and light."

We then moved on to Gabriel. Asking the Godparents the same questions. “I am Gavin Mitchell Malfoy, chosen to be Guardian for this child.” “I am Della Andromeda Malfoy, chosen to be
Guardian for this child.” That same definition of Guardian all of our children’s Godparents have recited since the beginnings of our family.

Laying our smiling Gabriel on the altar, you anointed him with the oils from his chalice, saying: “May the Gods keep this child pure and perfect, leaving all negatives far beyond his world. May you always have good fortune, may you always have good health, may you always be joyful with love in your heart. You are known to the Gods and to us as Gabriel Pan Potter. This is your name and it is powerful. Bear your name with honor and may the Gods bless you on this and every day. I honor you Gabriel Pan.”

For the second time, the refilled chalices of wine and milk went around the circle, we followed with Gabriel in our arms. At the end, Gavin and Della saying: “Welcome Gabriel Pan Potter, to our family and to our hearts. Your parents love you and we thank them for bringing you into our lives. We ask the Gods to watch over you, Gabriel Pan, over your fathers, and over your brothers and sisters - we wish your family love and light.”

Then our Dylan had his turn. “I am Dean Robert Thomas, chosen to be Guardian for this child.” “I am Seamus Patrick Finnegan, chosen to be Guardian for this child.” You speaking: “May the Gods keep this child pure and perfect, leaving all negatives far beyond his world. May you always have good fortune, may you always have good health, may you always be joyful with love in your heart. You are known to the Gods and to us as Dylan Sheen Potter. This is your name and it is powerful. Bear your name with honor and may the Gods bless you on this and every day. I honor you Dylan Sheen.”

More wine. More milk. More beautiful welcomes from our circle for our Dylan. Dean and Seamus saying what the Godparents before them had said. “Welcome Dylan Sheen Potter, to our family and to our hearts. Your parents love you and we thank them for bringing you into our lives. We ask the Gods to watch over you, Dylan Sheen, over your fathers, and over your brothers and sisters - we wish your family love and light.”

It was just so wonderful to see Dean speaking over this little boy. Promising him to be what he needs. Not a dry eye in the group. Especially Dean's Mum.

Finally, closing out with Morgana, who I would have thought would be upset at being last in line. But she seemed to be giving a regal "ah, you've saved the best for last" attitude. Her Godparents answered the same questions: “I am Draco Lucius Malfoy, born in another world yet honored to be chosen as a Guardian for this child.” “I am Mahafsoun, chosen to be Guardian for this child.” You spoke: “May the Gods keep this child pure and perfect, leaving all negatives far beyond her world. May you always have good fortune, may you always have good health, may you always be joyful with love in your heart. You are known to the Gods and to us as Morgana Guinevere Malfoy. This is your name and it is powerful. Bear your name with honor and may the Gods bless you on this and every day. I honor you Morgana Guinevere.”

The final rounds of milk and wine went around. The wonderful people in our circle gave the same loving welcomes as Atreyu got at the beginning of all this. Ending with her Godparents. “Welcome Morgana Guinevere Malfoy, to our family and to our hearts. Your parents love you and we thank them for bringing you into our lives. We ask the Gods to watch over you, Morgana Guinevere, over your fathers, and over your brothers and sisters - we wish your family love and light.”

I held Gabriel, you held Morgana, Dean held Dylan, and Teddy had Atreyu, Gavin, Della, Seamus, Maha, Tiger and Bill around us, the children were held up to the skies, our circle walking away, us closely following, and the grandfathers as always closing the circle.

Perfection.
I love you my Draco,
Your Harry

Sunday May 14th
My darling,

Do you know, I'm quite certain we've become known among our friends as that crazy family who jumps on any excuse to hold a full blown party, haha. Personally, I feel that we don't necessarily jump on ANY excuse, we just so happen to have a lot of excellent excuses to throw a party. Such as naming/welcoming our gorgeous children.

For the same reasons you had, I was also feeling a bit emotional over the fact that this is GOING to be the last time we do this. (Harry, if either of us has baby fever EVER again, let's make a pact here and now to straight up murder that one, okay?) I was nearly overwhelmed that we have so many wonderful people in our lives willing to step up and be godparents to our horde. I was even a bit misty-eyed as I stood there looking around at our amazing circle of family and friends.

Thus, when one of the house elves popped up to inform me that we had an unexpected visitor to the Manor waiting in the default floo room, I leapt on the excuse to leave and compose myself for a few minutes. I *walked* to the floo room so that I had time to check my reflection in a mirror and repair any imperfections. Upon arriving in the floo room, I was surprised to find:

"Farrah, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mr. Malfoy," she replied respectfully. Then she squared her shoulders. "I argued with myself all day yesterday on whether or not to come over here -"

"You want me to bring you to Orion?" I stated more than asked, but to my surprise, I was wrong.

"No, I specifically told the house elf that I wanted to see Orion's dad," she informed me. "See, I discovered something horribly wrong, and I thought I should tell you about it so that you can DO SOMETHING about it."

"Oh?" I asked in concern.

She nodded. "See, on Friday, after dinner, those of us who are of age and have permission to leave the Castle set off for Hogsmeade to get tea at Madam Puddifoot's. After eating our ice cream, someone suggested checking out the newly remodeled Hog's Head -"

I wiped a hand over my face, already dead certain that I knew where this was going.

"And found - well at first, it was rather fun. They were having a theme night called Full Monty Friday."

I raised a brow at that.

"And the first act was an astonishingly fit bloke, so I suppose that we didn't really think too hard about what was actually going on," Farrah explained, looking like she expected to be punished for her actions. "Then there was a woman who got up on stage that made us all wonder if it was right to be cheering on and supporting people GETTING NAKED for money. I mean that while it is a bit fun to watch, the woman was not much older than me, and in fact was a Seventh Year Ravenclaw LAST year, if I remember correctly, and so, only a year out of school. None of us thought that was fair - for a young woman to be degrading herself like that just to make a living."
I held up a hand to stop Farrah from going on and on, but she was talking in such a rush now that I don't think she could have stopped herself if she tried.

"But THEN - after we were all already filled with hesitation on the morality of the place - a different woman came up on stage. She was older, setting our minds at ease for a moment, but almost immediately, we noticed that Orion was standing off to the side of the stage. And he was looking rather brilliant in a full bespoke suit. Holding a microphone, he started singing a song that the woman danced to."

"Farrah..." I tried to interrupt.

"As he sang, she stripped off to reveal a full body costume of paint - orange and black like tiger stripes - AND THEN she used what were probably fake claws to SHRED his suit to pieces, leaving him starkers on stage in front of EVERYONE!!" She was quite distressed by this point, gesturing emphatically to make her point. "I couldn't BELIEVE that the club would allow a BOY still in HOGWARTS to dance like that! Isn't it against the law?!?!"

Smirking at her passionate outrage, I took advantage of the fact that she finally seemed to be finished talking. "Farrah, I understand your concern. BELIEVE ME, I understand! I also happen to feel much like you do, alarmed and concerned and more than a little upset over Orion's career choice. THAT SAID, no, he's not breaking any laws. He's of age and has permission to be leaving Hogwarts each night, thus, he's not even breaking any school rules."

"BUT!" Farrah tried to protest, only she fell silent again when I held up my hand.

"And despite not LIKING the fact that my son is stripping off in front of a large audience, I've gone over every aspect of the business and have come to the conclusion - along with Harry - that he's found a business that he loves and is good at. More than anything else, we have ALWAYS supported our children in doing whatever makes them happy, and owning the Hog's Head is making Orion happier than we've ever seen him."

"BUT HE'S A RAVENCLAW!!!" She roared in protest. "HE'S SO UNBELIEVABLY SMART!!! WHY IN MERLIN'S BUGGERING ARSE IS HE DOING SOMETHING SO PRIMATIVE AS STRIPPING - WAIT! DID YOU SAY HE ***OWNS*** THE PLACE?!?!"

I chuckled. "Yes, he OWNS the place, meaning that he's doing exactly as he likes, and he's NOT doing a thing he doesn't want to."

"SO YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT HE ***SANG*** A SONG CALLED MAN EATER AND HAD A BINT SHRED HIS CLOTHES TO BITS BECAUSE ***HE*** THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A BRILLIANT IDEA?!?! LET ME AT HIM, MR. MALFOY, SO THAT I CAN GIVE HIM A PIECE OF MY MIND!!!"

I was more than a little amused by this point. "Muffy, bring me a Calming Draught."

"Yes master," Muffy replied as she popped up next to me and held out the requested item.

"Farrah, allow me to give you just a drop of this potion. It'll be just enough to help you stop shouting, but not so much as you stop being upset completely, yeah?"

Sighing in aggravation, she nodded, probably because she could see Morgana giving her a rather dark glare from my chest, and probably felt that shouting (more) around babies was not the best idea. After she'd taken the drop, I invited her to follow me back to where our entire circle was partying on the South Lawn. Honestly, by the time we'd gotten there, she was looking a bit
overwhelmed by the size and 'richness' of our home, and perhaps even intimidated.

By this point, Orion was acting a bit like a naked heathen, in the pond with pretty much ALL the kids, splashing and sparring each other quite vigorously. In fact, he'd just picked Bianca up and was about to throw her back in the water even as she screamed bloody murder and her twin brother roared with laughter. Bianca landed in the water and recovered remarkably quickly, popping back up, slinging her hair out of her eyes, and promising to murder him by drowning him. This prompted Lily, Persephone, and Caelum to let out a warcry and rally to his aid.

Which led to Misha, Tristan, and Tatyana rallying to aid THEIR sister. Or in other words, the entire group devolved into a bunch of heathens trying to drown each other. It was sheer chaos at it's finest. I couldn't help but laugh as I watched.

And also subtly check to make sure that the charms to prevent drowning were still working to their full effect. I glanced over to find Farrah looking positively murderous as she watched Orion, Bianca, and Roderick wrestle around under a pile of littles. Deciding that it might be time to attempt to break up the battle, I clapped my hands and called out (probably a bit more gleefully than the situation called for):

"ORION! YOU HAVE A VISITOR!"

He was so surprised by this that Bianca succeeded in drowning him for nearly three seconds before he recovered and Apparated to my side.

"FARRAH!!!" He shouted in astonishment upon discovering her next to me. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!"

She was still very much riled up, and I'm not certain the Calming Drop was helping in the slightest. She hauled back and slapped him across the face. "You disgusting pig!"

And with that, she Apparated away, presumably to her own home, leaving Orion standing there, holding a hand to his cheek and having NO IDEA what he'd done wrong. I was most definitely inappropriately amused, laughing as I hugged him and gave him a kiss on the cheek. But rather than tell him what the problem was, I wandered back over to you so that I could give you kisses and just generally bask in your presence.

I adore, mi amor,
Draco
Monday May 15, 2017

My Own,

Today was the best day! It's only day one for me, but I totally get why you loved teaching your combat class and your dance class. I just, giving knowledge to eager minds, I can't even describe how awesome it was.

I'm going to try anyway!

Despite our beautifully long day yesterday, I was up and raring to go just after sunrise. What? I can't help it! I was just too excited for my first day teaching. Well, technically not my first day of teaching, because I'm just the assistant right now. Also, probably not my first day since I did the DA while we were still in school. But I think that was maybe less teaching and more tutor? Leader of a club? Leader of a vigilante gang? But I suppose I did teach them, so I could probably be considered a teacher because I wasn't just helping them expand on something they'd already been taught, but literally teaching them new skills. Then again, if teaching new skills is the only requirement for being called a teacher, then everyone is a teacher because at some point everyone will teach a new skill.

But I digress.

I got to Hogwarts in plenty of time to have breakfast in the Great Hall. Obviously, I went to school here myself for six years, and over the years of having kids in the school - plus the rituals we would come for - I've sat at all the different house tables. But today I sat with the teachers. Let me tell you, that was really weird. I actually went to sit at the Slytherin table with Vivi and Haz when Minnie cleared her throat and reminded me the Professors sat up at the head table.

Why the Slytherin table you ask? Well, Ori generally doesn't make it to breakfast in the Great Hall since he's up so late most evenings. And one of the classes I was teaching today was actually Zwei's class, so I figured I'd already be spending time with my Gryffindors and should shake it up by sitting in the snake pit.

I had first and second years today for the two classes I sat in on. The little firsties are so cute I could just die. Were we ever that small Draco? Carrying around books that are practically half their size. Their teeny tiny little robes making them look like toddlers playing dressup in their parents clothes. Asking the most adorable questions. Luckily I've had a lifetime of fielding what seem like insane questions about Muggle life from Arthur. What's the function of a rubber duck indeed!

I'm glad they have muggle studies (obviously since it's now going to be my job!) but I'm glad they have it separated and kids who grew up Muggle aren't in these classes. Only kids who grew up in the wizarding world take these classes. And the kids who grew up Muggle or in a half and half
house take Wizarding studies. I normally like things to be fully integrated, it's what makes Traditions so special. But it's also good to have a safe space for learning where children don't have to feel embarrassed asking questions. I fielded quite a few questions today about things that seem so basic - like refrigerators and cars - and I'm sure if these children had been in a class full of kids who already knew the answers, they might have avoided asking the question as to not appear stupid.

Zwei's class was definitely interesting because he and his friends were in it. Zwei, and a lot of his friends, were raised in the wizarding world. But we've spent so much time around the world, often in Muggle areas, that Zwei knows more than your average pure-blood. Which means he's also exposed his friends to a lot of things Muggle. His class was just as inquisitive, but they had much more specific questions. Where the first years were asking about what a telly is for, the second years were asking things like why telly programs were so different in different areas of the world.

This could very possibly just be because they are finishing up their second year of studies and happen to have more knowledge to expand on, but I really do think Zwei had something to do with it. Especially since one of the "different" telly programs that was brought up was some weird anime you guys watch!

Oh! I went to lunch in between the two classes and managed to see Orion. You know, he has always been such an observer, sitting on the sidelines and taking everything in. I quite forget he's half drama queen! He had a bright red handprint on his face yesterday from Farrah's slap. I assumed he would have healed it since it was just a tiny bruise (obviously a big one for only having come from a slap, but still.) Nope. Your son left it in all its glory, and then spent the entire lunch period glaring daggers at Farrah from across the Hall. Farrah glaring right back at him.

Those two ridiculous children are going to be the death of me!

Anyway, I had better get back to work ... unless your read this and think it's really really important to come distract me ...

I'm putting together some ideas for tomorrow's classes. I have Siri's class and I have a feeling they're going to ask me all about dirt-biking, surfing and some of the other extreme sports we like to do. I'm putting together a power-point presentation! I figure even if they don't ask about the sports, hey I can talk about power-point!

If you wanted the moon I would try to make a star, but I would rather you let me give my heart, Harry

Tuesday May 16th
My dearest sanity,

You know, this past weekend, when Viona mentioned that she was getting a bit frazzled because her wedding is in less than two months, I thought: "Oh how cute, she has a tiny bit of Harry in her after all."

OH *NO*.... It has only been TWO DAYS since then, and I've been getting Insta-owls nearly on the hour saying things like: "HAVE YOU DOUBLE CHECKED THE FLOWERS???") and: "HAVE THE ELVES BAKED THEIR TEST CAKES YET???") and my favorite one I'm receiving no less than every three owls: "PLEASE KEEP IN MIND THAT MY WEDDING IS JULY NINTH!!! THAT'S LESS THAN TWO MONTHS!!"
My dear Harry, how in the fuck did you pass your panickiness on to our stoic and level-headed daughter?!??!

At this rate, I'm going to murder one of the three of us before the big day.

FOR MERLIN'S SAKE!!! She's had EVERYTHING fully planned out, ordered, and fine tuned for at LEAST six months!!! Argh!

Deep breath in... and sigh...

Alright, I can't let myself be dragged into her madness.

In better things to think about, I love how much you loved your first day. I hope I made that clear by pouncing on you the moment you returned and Apparating you straight to our playroom for all your favorite punishments/rewards. Despite ordering Muffy to keep Morgana asleep until we finished, you'd barely passed out in a thoroughly sated puddle of goo when I was called back to deal with a baby that was steadily destroying the things in our room. This I can handle, especially when all it takes is picking her up and giving her a bottle.

You know, eventually, we're going to have to come up with a way to keep her calm when she wants me and I legitimately cannot drop everything to go to her. At least she hasn't figured out how to Apparate to me like Jaz did. Let's PRAY she doesn't figure that out!

As for Orion, I would never tell him this out loud - it's why I didn't explain anything after Farrah slapped him - but I think the only solution to his 'problems' with that girl is to just shag her and see if that resolves the UST. Otherwise, he just needs to give in and date her - and probably marry her, if we're anything to go by, hahaha. That said, if she's is genuinely THAT upset by his ownership of the Hog's Head, I can see how that would make for a difficult relationship, bordering on impossible, and more than anything, I'd like to spare all of our children from heartbreak. Perhaps things will get better after they graduate.

But erm... I'm not certain Orion will stay in school next year. After all, he doesn't NEED any of his NEWTS in order to own/run his businesses, and so, at this point, school seems to be a bit of a drain on his time. I did finally manage to get him to admit that he's been using my time turner to get enough sleep each night, but even that can't be healthy for too long. Right?

Also speaking of Orion, and Farrah I suppose, I noticed that she seemed to become unreasonably jealous when she watched Orion wrestling around in the pond with Bianca, then I thought that maybe she mistook the fact that they were all basically naked as some sort of sexual thing despite the fact that there were CHILDREN involved in the naked water wrestling. But after giving it a bit more thought, I think she might actually be right. Bianca and Roderick have been awful flirty with Orion since he played bartender to them in Switzerland, so... maybe Farrah had a reason to be jealous?

I bet our quartet would LOVE if their kids and our son (or other kid) formed a longterm relationship. I know I would like that, as I feel their kids are rather lovely and worthy of ours. But also, the more I interact with Farrah, the more I kind of like her too. SO glad I don't have to worry about dating!!! I am married to the other half of my soul and it's going to stay that way for the rest of eternity if I have my druthers!

But as for now, Caelum just came over, sat in my lap, and gave me the biggest puppy dog eyes. Apparently, it's been 'forever' since I brought him riding on your motorcycle, so I guess I'm about to take Caelum and Morgana out for a nice long ride.
We didn’t start the fire (but we might as well have),
Draco
P.S. You still are that small.
Thursday May 18, 2017
My Love,

As I told you Tuesday when I got home, day two of teaching was a success! Teaching third and fourth years was quite a bit different than first and second years, they ask very different questions and are old enough to understand things on a different level than the little ones. A year or two makes such a huge difference.

But on that same note, a year or two makes a hell of a lot of difference when they keep aging up as well. My classes with the seventh years today were actually really hard. Not because they're basically a month away from graduating and already checked out. No, far from it. These are passionate, brilliant, young men and women. And because of that, they asked hard questions. Not hard as in I didn't know the answer - like when a fourth year on Tuesday tried to get me to explain how a carburetor works.

No, these kids were asking real questions about political discord within the muggle world. They talked about their fears for the planet due to pollution and climate changes. The rampant inequality in the world; be it based on class, gender, race, sexuality, you name it. They wanted my take on how we as wizards and witches could help promote change without completely outing our society. They were angry and ready to take on the world while still maintaining a childlike innocence and wanting to think the adults have it all figured out.

Gods, I wish I could have it all figured out. I really thought I'd have everything figured out and feel very much an adult by now.

Or I thought I'd be dead. No in between.

I was worried the older kids were going to ask about things like how to find porn or if I thought pot could get you as high as gillyweed. I think I would have preferred the drug and porn questions.

Despite the shock, it really was a great class. I know our kids are amazing, and our nieces and nephews, but I think I had this idea that our worldly children who care about things outside of quidditch and friends and drinking games were the exception not the rule. I was pleasantly surprised at how insightful these young men and women are. I'm really even more excited about full-time teaching next year than I was earlier in the week.

Until I did prep work today. Ugh ... grading essays, marking papers, planning a set curriculum? That is definitely not going to be my favorite part of teaching. It's obviously important, I need to have a schedule otherwise the kids would have me going off on insane tangents every day and no one would ever learn anything. But it's just not fun. It reminds me of when I was fully running Unity House; I loved playing with the kids, reading bedtime stories, cooking meals, drying tears, but the weekly regular paperwork as well as intake and outbound paperwork? The worst.
I can already tell that I am going to teach so differently than Professor Collins. I don't think he does things wrong, but it's definitely not my style. He made it very clear that the mostly student-led classes we had this week were for my benefit and to get all of the students nonsense out of the way in one fell swoop. He prefers a fairly rigid schedule to avoid the children running away with the lesson.

Alright, I can understand that line of thinking. I know I am easily distracted and it's not exactly hard for kids to get me going off on a rant, lecture, or tangent. But why is that bad? As long as it all pertains to muggle studies, why should the kids be forced to learn about pop culture from 1975-1982 if something in the lecture sparks a completely different conversation that they're actually interested in? Obviously if it reminds them of something wizarding and they don't learn anything Muggle it's a problem, but do they really need to learn about that specific lesson if what they really want to know is how World War II changed Muggle culture?

Kids are always going to be more eager to learn if the subject matter is something they care about and can connect to.

Oh! Speaking of my personality quirks like tangents. Yes, Viona is stoic and level-headed. But I think you forget that I am very often level-headed. I spent years taking care of terrified children coming into a scary place. I worked my arse off at being a calm refuge in a life of upheaval. I might be rambly, but I am also pretty mellow and go-with-the-flow. But when my temper comes out or my panicking comes out, it comes out big. I know you like to think Viona, because she has your business savvy and has been a foodie since she was six months old, that she's all you. But I want you to think about why she's your favorite. It's because she's actually the MOST like me of all the children.

Think about it. She's highly competitive. Prefers the most dangerous of sports. She loves her family and children and is fiercely protective of those chosen people. And when her temper or panic hits, she loses her damn mind. Remind you of anyone?

I actually HOPE Morgana starts taking after her sister Jasmine. Jaz just apparated whenever she wanted you, Morgana blows things up. Do you actually prefer the shattered bits of our possessions?

Weirdo.

I'm going to go feed the babies and hopefully get to sleep early. It's been a long week for me getting back into the work force and I have an early morning tomorrow making breakfast for Lissa and Cael's birthdays.

Yours,
Harry
P.S. Not small where it counts! ^_-
year!

But as I was saying, the match was INTENSE!

It started out normally enough. The Captains shook hands and the teams were off in the air. The Chasers got to work earning points while the Seekers peeled their eyes for the snitch. As I understand it, Ravenclaw needed to win by at least a 200 point lead if they wanted the Cup, and Gryffindor was in the lead and wanted to catch the snitch as soon as possible so that Ravenclaw couldn't get their needed points. Normal.

But then Siri and Zwei were doing such a good job keeping the Ravenclaw Chasers away from the Quaffle that Ravenclaw was becoming a bit desperate, and that led to Orion ordering his beaters to take the boys down, if possible. Presumably without seriously hurting them. It quickly turned into a fierce battle, that let Ravenclaw gain some much needed points.

I suppose that Siri and Zwei got a bit frustrated that their own brother was 'working against them' and decided to retaliate by targeting him. I swear I could hear Farrah in the stands cheering them on with a rousing: "Go go Gryffindor!" Apparently, she's taking sides in this minor war, haha.

At one point, I was dead certain that McGonagall was going to have to intervene and order our three boys to stop trying to murder each other, but she was clearly also rooting for Gryffindor. You tried to hide it, but I could tell you were too.

I was completely impartial. Alright fine, so I was hoping that Orion would win his potentially last match as Captain, as I strongly suspect that he won't be back next year. And I am more sure of that than ever after what happened. It was probably, oh... about two hours in. Perhaps three.

Orion was flying astonishingly well, managing to evade both his brothers AND the Bludgers they kept hounding him with, when suddenly, it seems like Gryffindor House decided to employ some Psychological Warfare. They started heckling Orion every single time he passed their stand.

"Oi! Malfoy! I thought you were supposed to be RICH, but then why do you have to work such a menial job?!"

"Do your DADS know what you're doing?!"

"Not such a wealthy snob now, are you?"

"What happen, your dad lose the family fortune?"

And the worst one of all was when they started chanting something along the lines of: "Orion takes it off for money!" And: "Go on Orion, take it off, I've got a Galleon!"

I bristled, and this is EXACTLY why I was concerned. Well, partially, my bigger concern is that people will try to buy him for an hour or a night, and that... well, I mean it's not exactly conducive to healthy consensual sex. But also, there are certain connotations to his chosen career that might make it harder for him to live a normal life - should he ever change his mind.

I'm really not sure if he thought this all through, and what to do if his classmates found out what he was doing. But to my surprise, he either DID think it through, or he has the ability to accept sudden criticism and embrace it without shame. Because he did one of the LAST things I expected from our quiet observer - the boy who may have been raised in a nudist household with no shame, but has STILL usually been more of a follower (with our girls being the leaders) than an attention seeker. Oh sure, he sings and dances with the rest of us, but he's NOT the one to start the giant singalong.
Anyway, he didn't even flinch when he finally caught on to what they were saying, he simply stopped to hover in the exact center of the field, cast a Sonorus Charm on his throat, and then proved that he gives no fucks about what anyone thinks of him.

"Don't you want me, baby? Don't you want me, O~~~~H!" And - while singing rather impressively - he flew around the field flirting with the worst of the hecklers.

Things might have gotten back on track rather quickly had everyone simply realized that he wasn't going to let them get to him - and lucky for him, the Gryffindor chasers were too busy gogging at him to take advantage of the fact that he's the Ravenclaw Keeper and was NOT guarding the goal posts in the slightest. However, someone (and I'm half certain it was Farrah, even though I can't prove it) shouted: "MALFOY IS A NASTY PIG!!"

Well... that certainly didn't go over well with a good half the school. No wait, it just FEELS like we have that many kids at this point. Orion may not have even heard it, because he was still singing his line over and over, but Siri and Zwei must have assumed that their Housemates made the rude remark, because they commandeered the Bludgers to attack the Gryffindor stand, provoking Hufflepuff to come to their aid.

And then - and I'm honestly not certain how it all happened, it happened SO quickly! Suddenly, Orion was ordering Ravenclaw to defend his brothers, Gryffindor the House was in a bit of a brawl with our sons, and the TEAM came to defend THEM from their own beaters. Eris handed Luka over to his father, rolled up her sleeves, and co-led Slytherin (with Hazel and Viona) over to defend their brothers (all three of them), and before anyone could say so much as Oi! Even Ravenclaw (the House) entered the fray and students were literally brawling on the Quidditch Pitch.

That takes me back to Fifth Year...

Anyway, I was torn between being SO PROUD of our kids for kicking arse (and even Shtara, Zaire, and Jaz were joined in by this point) and also being embarrassed and a bit obligated to try and help put a stop to things. I slouched down in my seat a bit and made a show of holding onto Morgana and Gabriel (Dean was actually holding Dylan), leaving you free to look like you were about to jump in and take sides.

Suddenly, the entire field froze, literally incapacitated by an Imobulus Charm cast by one seriously upset McGonagall. I thought for sure at that point that the entire game would have to be forfeit, but nope! It seems our son really is brilliant and good at strategy, because while he and everyone else was involved in a fight that even the Commentator was watching like a hawk, the Ravenclaw Seeker had (been ordered to and was) quietly done her job and caught the snitch and simply held onto it until the brawling was over. Thus, as everyone was frozen on the field, the sun seemed to catch on the gleaming snitch, bringing it to our attention, and thereby declaring Ravenclaw the winners.

I must admit that I laughed my arse off at that turn of events!

But that was Saturday and today is still Monday for another few minutes, I'm sure. It wasn’t particularly long or trying for me, but I feel exhausted by it anyway.

So, there I was, sitting in bed feeding Morgana from the breast harness full of breast milk stored back when we still had a wet nurse on staff here, when I... Well, I was naturally looking at her, scrutinizing her every tiny feature and trying to see if I could remember ANYONE from that time undercover that could be the other half of her heritage, and honestly, nope. Not a single one of them made an impression on me. I can't recall anything more detailed than a feeling of boredom and impatience to get the job done. The ACTUAL job, not just the prostitution part, but that too.
And the more I stared at our gorgeous little girl, the more I WANTED to know who in the fuck helped make her. NOT because I want that arsehole anywhere NEAR our life, but because I want to know her heritage. I want to be certain when she asks questions like: "Why do I look different than all of my brothers and sisters?" Rather than say, "I dunno, you were a bit of a surprise with an utter stranger," I can say: "Well, this and that happened for reasons, and so, you have a specific heritage from a specific man - who's a lowlife arsehole and you don't need to know anything about him. BUT your culture is this."

Know what I mean?

So, when I received an owl from Robards saying that he wanted me to come in for a bit when I felt it was convenient, I decided that it would not be a bad idea at all to go in and make a trip to my office while I was at it. I brought Morgana with me because I wanted the Manor to still exist when I got back, but I hadn't anticipated bringing Jaz again, until she popped in as if she'd known for years what I was planning to do today.

I didn't actually want to bring her, as you had pointed out that perhaps I SHOULDN'T let her listen in on the 'daddy-is-being-framed-for-murder' conversation, but she gave me her prettiest pleading puppy dog eyes, and I STILL haven't figured out how to say no to those. So... she came with me.

Don't judge! I'd like to see YOU say no!

Once in the Ministry, I stopped in to see Robards first. And lest you fret, yes, I DID my morning routine and got all pretty before leaving the house. Jaz actually joined me, proving that she does remember a good skincare routine to help keep her looking young for as long as possible. Morgana strangely doesn't like me putting anything on her face yet though.

But back to Robards, he raised a brow when he saw both Morgana and Jaz again, but then shrugged because he correctly assumed that I knew what we were going to be talking about and brought them anyway. Gesturing an invitation to be seated, he got right to the point.

"So, as we previously discussed, I've had all your students paired up with Senior Aurors while at work, and also required them to stay with their Auror Partner for a few weeks, at least long enough to be reasonably certain that none of them are in danger. All was going well, and I was nearly ready to let them free again. But then... well..." he sighed heavily and shook his head.

"Diiiid one of them get murdered?" I asked not only hesitantly but very reluctant to hear the answer to that.

"Thankfully, no," Robards denied with a shake of his head. "That said, Gillian Walters was attacked and -"

"Who?" I interrupted him with an extremely confused expression, I'm sure.

"One of your students..." He replied slowly, looking at me as if he couldn't believe I had to ask.

"Hmm... name doesn't ring a bell..." I murmured, honestly trying to recall who he was talking about. There've only been five female students, so it shouldn't have been THAT hard, but nope, could not put a face to the name.

Robards looked practically gobsmacked. "She was your ONLY female student during this last class!"

"Oh! Girly!" I exclaimed in enlightenment. "I actually rather like her."
Sighing, Robards rubbed his forehead for a moment before pressing on. "As I was saying, Miss Walters had a bit of a date on Saturday night and she'd convinced her Partner to drop her off with the promise that she'd Insta-owl when the date was over. The plan was to be picked up and return home safely. However, Miss Walters decided that 2 AM was a bit late to be expecting a pick-up when she could just Apparate. The only problem was that she had to leave the muggle building and find the nearest Apparation Point - out of CCTV range, you know? To preserve the Statute of Secrecy, since most muggle places have security surveillance."

I gave him a look to let him know he was rambling a bit.

"Right, anyway, as I was saying, Miss Walters only had to walk about two blocks, and at some point during her brisk walk, she was grabbed from behind, had a Blinding Spell cast on her, thrown up against the wall of the alley, and choked. She says she would have died had her training not kicked in and - despite being effectively blind - she kicked her attacker's arse and may well have incapacitated him had he not Apparated away. And she knows for certain that it was a he because she punched him in the genitals at one point and got a good feel for them."

I chuckled softly, glad to hear my classes have made a difference for at least one of my students. Two, counting my Timid Little Mouse.

This made Robards take a breath, exhale his frustration, and chuckle too. "Yes, I did find that a bit poetic."

Getting serious, I frowned in concern. "So... it seems there IS someone out there targeting the people whose files were stolen."

He nodded solemnly. "Yes... and I must point out that this is the student who filed harassment charges against you, and so, it COULD be argued that you had motive."

"Ugh, the ONLY motive I'd ever care to act on would be defending any of my kids - or family in general, I suppose. ESPECIALLY Harry, but I think we all know that he's MORE than capable of defending himself," I pointed out.

"There is that," Robards agreed with a chuckle. "My point is - first, where were you Saturday night at 2AM?"

I grinned, appreciating the opportunistic approach whenever I see it. "At home, in bed with my husband, and at that point, I KNOW he can confirm my alibi as we'd either just finished up feeding our three babies and decided to put each other back to sleep in a fun and satisfying way, OR we were in the middle of a *glorious* simultaneous orgasm."

"DAD! I DIDN'T NEED TO KNOW THAT!!" Jaz protested via emphatic sign language.

"Oi! YOU'RE the one that insisted on coming with me!" I reminded her aloud and in BSL. "If you don't want to know squicky details, then DON'T come with me to meetings with the Head Auror!"

She sighed in frustration but didn't argue.

"My point is that there IS someone out there, and I STILL think they're trying to frame you. I have no idea if they know that you're NOT a suspect, and if so, what they think about that. I would guess that they probably don't know, because obviously, if they did, they'd try something else. I mean short of fixing it so it looks damn well exactly like you killed someone and then killed yourself, I'm not sure how they can incriminate you in a way that you CANNOT defend against."

Jaz gave me a questioning look, probably wondering why Robards was so certain that I couldn't be
"First of all, keep in mind that we have a whole team of excellent lawyers to ensure that anything less than clear and definite proof will be dismissed out of hand. BUT there's ALSO the fact that I PERSONALLY have helped to create a lot of the methods used to catch criminals. After watching muggle telly - crime shows - I created spells or invented devices to bring Magi-forensics into the current millennium. I also spent a great deal of time planning out how best to CATCH criminals - in groups no less. So honestly, WHY would I want to BE a criminal? I tried that once when I was no better than a boy and came to the realization that I was shite at it!"

Jaz laughed and signed that I was babbling.

"Right. Thanks love!" I praised her, returning my attention to Robards. "It seems that this criminal is smart enough to know SOME of the things we Aurors do, but not everything. For example, he apparently chose an unmonitored alley, and attacked from behind so he couldn't be seen, but then used his magic, which leaves a signature we can try to track."

Robards nodded in agreement. "Plus, he's targeting people that point back to YOU, which means that he knows enough about you to do so, has something against you that motivates him, AND can somehow manage to steal files from highly secure Ministry Archives."

I stroked my chin in thought. "Hmm... well... the only thing we can be CERTAIN of is that girly is NOT the criminal. And if she's to be believed, the criminal is definitely male, which rules out ALL the female students and Aurors. Maybe we can use that to our advantage and swear them all to secrecy before arming them with Camera Contacts. Wait, first, I have to test them to see if they're affected by the blinding spell. I don't think they should be, but if they ARE, I might be able to ward them so they're protected from it. And then also equip them with the ear buds - which I can either charm to look like regular earrings OR make invisible. Tiny? Maybe a clear flat disc that sticks to this part of the ear," I suggested as I pointed to the part of the ear that is NOT in the canal, but is inside the... ear...

Robards rolled his eyes and said: "I always glaze over when you start talking weird tech. Do what you have to do, I'll leave that part of it up to you, and I agree, keeping the male Aurors in the dark - FOR NOW - is a good idea until we can be certain which ones are definitely not our criminal."

"So you think the criminal is a male Auror?" Jaz asked via signing.

I shrugged. "Well, if he's not an Auror, he DOES seem to have access to Aurors or someone in the Ministry to help him get in and steal files without being detected. I personally think that only someone with general clearance to access the Archives could get in and steal files, maybe while legitimately accessing non-classified files that aren't related to this."

"I must admit, I thought about that, but I don't think it's possible. Especially NOT for restricted files. That takes something else. I currently think that someone somehow obtained the security credentials from one of the Archive Witch's assistants, and used the credentials to visit the Archive after hours. The good news is that THAT would be recorded in some magical log somewhere, so we can potentially figure out WHEN it happened. The bad news is that we don't know how long ago this may have happened, and so, it could take some time to sort through all after hours visits - or find the only one if it happens to be more than a few months ago - to find out WHEN it happened, and from there, see if we can find any sort of security logs showing who was actually in the Ministry at the time."

I stroked my chin in thought again. "Hmm... you know, it being someone inside the Ministry DOES rather explain how the criminal managed to evade the blood tracking spell. Simply being
INSIDE the Ministry puts him behind wards strong enough to protect him from that spell.

Robards abruptly smacked himself on the forehead. "Merlin Buggering Bloody Hell!!!" Then he flinched and glanced at Jaz a bit guiltily. She purposely looked confused and I - smirking - said: "We didn't let her learn any of those words."

She pressed her lips together and looked really very convincingly innocent. She's been taking acting lessons from Shtara, hasn't she? It makes sense as I'm almost certain that Jaz takes care of Wojtek when Shtara's not home. Speaking of, I'm going to have to go find my bloody bear in the morning and make sure that he's being well taken care of and is growing as he should be. NOT that I think our daughter would neglect him, just that I haven't seen him with my own eyes since before Morgana was born, and I'm now feeling a bit guilty about that.

Anyway, Robards recovered from the mild embarrassment of swearing in front of a young girl and finished his thought. "I honestly don't know how those fancy new spells work, and so, I wasn't thinking about WHERE a criminal could hide from them, but I'VE been saying since the beginning that I think this is an insider! I never even THOUGHT about how to use the blood sample - hmm... Physical comparison? Rather than track the blood, could we come up with a spell to compare the actual blood with the PEOPLE inside the Ministry?"

I sighed heavily. "I'm not sure. That might just be beyond me - Wait! I wonder..." I trailed off with a bit of a maniacal laugh. "Paternity test!!"

Robards looked confused. "The Paternity Test Spell compares magical signatures..."

I nodded with a grin. "Right! So, we use a simple doll and glamour it to look like a real baby. Maybe I can make it sound and ACT like a real baby for an hour or so. And then we tuck the vial of preserved blood into the doll and go around - or actually, best to have a professional Healer do this part. Have a Healer go around testing the 'baby' against all the men in the Ministry for 'Paternity.' You know... because the mother INSISTS that some not-quite-sure-who man who works here fathered the babe, and we want to prove her wrong."

Robards shook his head even as he chuckled in amusement. "You know, I've actually always believed in you. I see in you a man who genuinely wants to make the world a safer place - for all your MANY children. I don't even need to be a Legilimens to see it, just a good judge of character. That said, I'm EXTREMELY glad that you AREN'T a criminal! I have conversations like these with you, and I'm always left wondering how you can be so... dare I say CRIMINALLY smart, and yet, you put that brilliance towards CATCHING criminals."

I harrumphed a laugh. "Well, as much as I hate to remember it, my family did TRY the criminal route, and not only were we TERRIBLE at it, but it nearly destroyed us all." I shook my head. "I'm NEVER doing anything like that again!"

To my surprise, a little snow globe of Rome, that had been randomly flickering white this whole time (and actually, is ALWAYS in Robards office and so, is ALWAYS flickering white), that I always dismiss as an odd decorative charm, anyway, it suddenly flashed a brilliant white that practically blinded me.

Robards jabbed a thumb in its direction. "My trusty lie detector. The more sincere the truth told, the brighter the light. It flashes shades of red when people lie, but most people assume that the red flashes represent the Christmas lights in the globe."

I had no idea it could flash red...
Well, with the meeting more or less concluded, Robards told me to give him a few days to think things over a bit more, and maybe come up with a plan. Meanwhile, he wants me to do as I suggested, and give the female Aurors - especially my former students - any tech I deem useful; tweaking it if necessary first.

So, I stood to leave, but I had already made a hasty half baked plan before arriving, and now that I had time, I wanted to...

"Jasmine, my love," I murmured as I pulled her close and kissed her temple. "Can I tempt you into inviting girly and her Auror Partner to tea in the cafeteria for a bit - or preferably just going home - while I do something important to me that I simply CANNOT let you see."

She looked devastated, making me feel apologetic for being a concerned father. I hugged her. "Look, it's going to be a rather long session of me reviewing ugly footage - things you aren't old enough to see. And so, I will NOT give in on this. I would pay for you to have tea with a couple of Aurors while you wait, but I think this will take me long enough that you're better off going home."

She sighed in disappointment, but then agreed to go home. I'm not sure what she'll want to be when she grows up, she loves helping animals and people, and I always thought she'd be a Healer of some sort, but considering how interested she seems to be in my participation in the Ministry lately, I'm currently wondering if she wants to be an Auror or... Head of the DMLE?

Happy that she was cooperating, I called in her elf Blue to bring her home, and then headed into my office where I had a copy of all the footage captured by the Contact Cameras during my undercover mission. I didn't need to watch it ALL, and so I basically skipped to each new customer, paused long enough to determine ethnicity, and wrote down anyone who seemed like a possible fit.

There were a few that looked vaguely Asian - like one of their grandparents might have been Asian. I noted them because it was a lead, however unlikely. There were two that had black hair and eyes but fuck if I know what their actual ethnicity is. They could have been ANYTHING - even Caucasian! But looked... like everything???

After going through all the footage, I eventually came to the conclusion that there is actually only one man that CAN be the other father. Not only was he the only one that was *fully* Asian, but she actually LOOKS like him. It was really weird, if I'm honest. To look at the image of a grown man and see the features of a baby I love like she was a literal piece of my heart.

So... after staring at him for a good 20 or 30 minutes, and arguing with myself back and forth, I finally decided to cave into the curiosity and... see if we had a record for him. As it turns out, we do.

Akahito Naganata. Unless it's Naganata Akahito. In Japanese, the family name is listed first and the given name second, which would make the Japanese version - as far as I can tell - Naganata Akahito, and the way it's listed in the archive our British 'translation' of Akahito Naganata.

Not important.

So, you might be wondering why he's listed in the British Wizarding Archive. Is he a foreign exchange student? A Japanese expat? A businessman doing so much business here that a record was created at some point?

No. He is not. He is a part of the Ministry Record System because he's a Yakuza - the Japanese equivalent of the mob. But not just ANY Yakuza, a BOSS. Like Kisa, I suppose, so I am forcing
myself not to automatically assume the worst of this man. That said, he comes to Britain whenever he needs to lay low. And while in Britain, he apparently likes to pay underage girls for sex - hence Morgana.

SO, I don't care if he's a mob boss with a heart of gold - like my dearest auntie. I NEVER want him less than a 100 miles from my daughter! If I should happen to ever see him in real life, I will consider him a definite threat to the safety of our family and take steps to have him made NOT a threat. I'm actually giving serious consideration to asking Kisa or Grandmama to 'somehow' get his skull for me so that I can put it in the dark vault with the rest of the collection.

But I will resist. So far, this man has no reason to ever suspect that I'd quite like him to be dropped into an active volcano. And if I have my way, he never will.

That is the LAST time I will EVER mention him. So don't worry about that.

That said, I'm a little excited that I now have an excuse to bring Morgana to Japan and go a bit overboard buying Japanese things for her to grow up with. I'm thinking a nice marathon session of Cardcaptor Sakura is in order - in the original Japanese, of course. Ooo! I should get a bunch of Japanese lullabies!

And wouldn't she look utterly ADORABLE in a teeny tiny yukata?!

Ugh, but I should probably sign off and try to get a bit of sleep before one of these snuggly little babies wakes up and wants a feed. But before I do, and speaking of feed... What do you think about arranging to have a dinner with just us and Oliver to talk about things such as your new job, his new job, all of us moving to Hogwarts in September, how he's feeling now that it's been a few weeks, and...

I sort of want to persuade him to let me set my team of expert lawyers on his in-laws. Logically, I understand the law as it relates to property and inheritance and the like, but the fiery core inside me HATES that they were able to leave him with NOTHING!!! He was a PROFESSIONAL Quidditch Player, for Merlin's sake! He had to have made MILLIONS! Potentially, but still, definitely more than NOTHING!

I don't care who this Edmire or Edger or Edwhateverthebloodyfuckhisnameis - I don't care WHO his family is, because I can almost GUARANTEE that they don't have as much money as WE do, and if it came down to a matter of who can afford the better lawyers, we're going to win that battle 100 out of a 100 times!

Damnit! Now I'm riled up! I'm going to sign off and ravish you!

Once you get it, you're in an awful fix, because after you've had it, you never wanna quit,
Draco
Chapter 131

Chapter Summary

Harry thinks he is the world's best Quidditch player, and Draco obviously disagrees.

Wednesday May 24, 2017

My Dragon,

My current schedule for spending time at Hogwarts prior to the end of term is pretty consistently going to be Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays. That's what I did last week. And it's why we decided to have our grown-up men dinner last night, knowing I wouldn't have to get up early this morning to head to classes. But I woke up early anyway.

Ha! Woke up early! I think the real thing that happened was that I just didn't sleep much at all last night. I finally gave up around six this morning. Went for a run. That didn't turn my brain off. So I decided to head into Hogwarts anyway to hopefully get my mind off my overthinking.

Except when I got here I realized I hadn't left you a note so I decided to send you a quick email to let you know. But now that I'm writing I'm thinking maybe I need to write to you instead of trying to ignore what I'm thinking.

But I suppose before I get into what I'm thinking, I should probably reply to some of the things you mentioned in YOUR last email before I forget. I can just see this happening, "Draco, I TOLD you what I thought about that!" "Harry, I would remember that!" "No! It was right after that night we went to dinner ....." Oh.

I suppose, first of all, I am not going to talk about the quidditch match. I have no opinion. I am thoroughly toddler-ing this situation, sticking my fingers in my ears and "La-la-la-ing" my way through.

Except I think I might sic Vivi and Eris on that Farrah bint. Taking things WAY too far. I mean honestly, it was a quidditch match! You and I never even got that extreme while playing quidditch, and we were an absolute nightmare to each other.

Well, mostly just you being a nightmare. I didn't have to intimidate you, I just won all the time. It's easy enough to not feel the need to intimidate when you're the best seeker ever!

Oh, and speaking of Orion ... what do you mean you THINK he's not going to Hogwarts next year? He's not. He already told us. He told McGonagall. He is taking his NEWTS this year with the seventh years. With how far ahead he started out and where his studious nature got him, he's already far ahead of even the advanced seventh year curriculum.

He still wants to take his NEWTS because despite not specifically needing them for his current career, he doesn't want to hinder himself by not having them if he decides on a different career path in the future.

How do you not remember this? He sat us down at dinner, told us how he felt. I can even remember what we were eating, I was having a big bowl of fettuccine alfredo since I'd been craving
pasta like crazy and you ... Oh!!! Now I know why you don't remember! He told us while we were both pregnant! Your brain fog was at its thickest. Whew, I am glad I figured that out, I was starting to think I had gone crazy or something.

I KNOW I've gone crazy, I just didn't think I'd gone there in THIS situation!

So our little Queen is part Japanese? As much as I don't like thinking of her having a different biological donor, not because I hate the idea of her having a different biological parent - I obviously have no issues with any of our children's genetics - I just hate that this creep is out there buying access to vulnerable underaged girls. But I suppose the silver lining of him being a creep in the system is having somewhere to work from when introducing Morgana to some of her heritage.

Uh, yes, our Morgana would look adorable in a yukata. But let's just be completely honest here, what would she NOT look adorable in? Did you see how cute she was in the pale pink romper Molly knit for her last week? With the matching bow? I can't believe she let me put the bow in her hair. She gave me quite a look while I was dressing her, but I also spent the entire time I dressed her telling her how unbelievably beautiful she looked. So I think she was willing to allow it as long as she received praise as is her due.

Oh! You went to the Ministry the other day, that's how you learned about the Bio. I just want to check over something with you real quick ... lest I fret I should know you primped and got all pretty for Robards? This helps me not fret how? Have you met me? Are you new? Have you recently consumed lead paint or fallen and hit your extremely hard head?

I swear, you used to be smarter.

But hey, on a completely different subject, and I suppose it doesn't actually matter it just piqued my curiosity. Why didn't Robards' snow-globe lie-detector go off when you lied about Jaz not knowing the naughty words? Or was it just a small enough lie that he wasn't paying attention? Or do you think even though you specifically were lying, you worded it just so that it wasn't technically a lie. You said "we didn't let her" learn those words. Technically we didn't let her, or specifically teach her them, but she certainly learned them and we're very much aware of it.

It's my fault really, I have a potty mouth when my temper flares unfortunately. I'd apologize but honestly, they're just words. And I'd rather have my kids say "Merlin buggering bloody hell!" in surprise than call someone "dumb" even though one of those phrases is considered worse.
I think I’ve avoided the elephant in the room long enough.

Last night.

The problem with last night is that there was no problem. And I feel like that's a problem.

So, we left the babies with your mum, and ... You know, as hard as it is for you to find time away from Morgana, and the fact that usually that means she's firmly attached to me as second runner up, she really does adore her Grandma Cissy. Especially if she has her almost triplet twin brothers with her. Her former multiple-womb-stomach-mates.

It was just guys' night out. But instead of pubs and greasy chips, we headed off to eat a late dinner at Cafe Exquis, and then went for a walk around London. We have two regular tables at Exquis; our huge back room family table that fits all of us, or our tucked away corner date booth. Well, with three of us, the giant table didn't make sense, and even though it was only a Tuesday evening, it was otherwise packed, so we went with just adding a third chair to our usual spot.

It was a lovely dinner, the food was wonderful, the conversation flowed, and we were only a teensy bit scrunched with three at a table for two. Hands brushing, feet tangling under the table, shy smiles any time one of us would bump another. It was actually really reminiscent to me of our first dates.

Except we had another person with us.

I'm absolutely fucking terrified right now. I've uh ... well we've played with so many friends over the years. It's never changed anything. I may have enjoyed taking Blaise up my arse, sucking Ron's cock, or playing puppies with Charlie, but it's always been sexy times. How does brushed fingers reaching for the champagne bottle somehow seem more intimate than humping Neville's leg?

I suppose after almost 18 years of marriage I should know this, but I have literally never had this feeling. Is it normal to have a bit of a crush while still being madly in love with your husband? I've just never had a crush like this since we got married. I thought maybe I had consumed some sort of potion or had my mind messed with, but I am still thoroughly, madly, deeply, in love with you. How can I feel that and also feel butterflies thinking about the completely chaste cheek kisses you and I gave to Ollie when we dropped him off at his cottage last night?

I'm so sorry my love. I thought about not even saying anything. I figured it was silly and I was being ridiculous. Especially considering I've RECENTLY had his dick in my mouth. But then I remembered how badly things go when you and I are less than one hundred percent honest with each other. So, as much as I feel like the worst human being on the planet, I have to be truthful. I love you more today than I did yesterday, more than ten years ago, more than the day we married. But I am having really conflicting and weird feelings about Oliver.

Please don't hate me. Please know I love you with every ounce of my soul. If you need me to never speak to him again, it will be hard, but I will do that for you. Just, please don't give up on me?

I'm sorry,
Your Harry
If you still want me to be your Harry

Wednesday May 24th
My lovably silly little mutt,
You know, you frequently say things like: "I swear, you used to be smarter," Or: "Thank Merlin you're pretty," while simultaneously questioning or having me explain things that are obvious. For example, you KNOW that I tend to take about two hours to get dressed and ready to go each day. You find it amusing that I need so long when I'm 'naturally gorgeous,' and also love that I only ever let you and our family see me all undone.

But when I assure you that I performed my routine and got all pretty before leaving the house - thus donning my 'armor' against the rest of the world - you still manage to worry because you think I got pretty *for* Robards?

Sometimes I SWEAR you are dense and didn't used to be so dense, sigh.

You most definitely are NOT the best Seeker ever! The only reason you won most of the matches against me is that I was too busy looking at YOU to notice the bloody snitch. Had I ever put my head in the game where it was suppose to be, I would have definitely kicked your arse across the pitch AND castle grounds!

But thank you for reminding me about Orion. Yes, I must have DEFINITELY been lost in a fog that day, because I don't even remember feeling alarmed that our son wanted to take his NEWTS an entire year early, despite not having a clear reason why at the time. NOW I understand that he's just got so many demands on his time, but back then, he was keeping his nightlife a secret from us.

But honestly, I should have noticed the signs much sooner. I mean the day that Eris went into labor, I mentioned being baffled that Orion was looking at chairs - tall ones that just so happen to be a good - comfortable - alternative to the usual bar stools. That should have made me wonder, at the very least.

I'm actually relieved that our son is taking his NEWTS, even though he is my Heir and will NEVER have to work a day in his life - if he doesn't want to. We somehow managed to raise all our kids to know that simply having money is NOT an excuse to slack off their entire lives. It might have something to do with me dragging all of them to business meetings at some point or other, hahaha.

My beloved, my fire, the love of my life, fear not, I am secure in the knowledge that you are madly in love with me. All it takes for me to know this is to get my hands on you, and after a few feigned protests of being too busy at the moment, you never fail to melt with me and forget everything else for five or ten minutes. Or the rest of the day, as the case may be.

So, don't work yourself into a frenzy thinking that you just even remotely hinted that you are done with me. I KNOW you are not. I am not afraid of you falling in love with someone else. I've always said that my only fear is that you'll someday realize what a terrible person I am and leave me for things ***I*** did. So long as I don't fuck up enough to completely break us, I am confident that NOTHING could tear us apart.

So you don't have to worry about that. That said, I DO appreciate you being honest with me, and you are right, bad things happen when we are less than 100 percent honest with each other. Even so, you didn't actually have to tell me. I could see it plain as day, written on your face.

My all-time favorite past time is watching you. Why do you think one of my biggest kinks is pairing you up with someone else and simply watching as that person makes your face flush with pleasure? At those times, I am not even slightly distracted about doing anything to make you feel good; I am simply taking in every single minute detail, drinking you in like the nectar of the Gods, and basking in your perfection.
It's still my FAVORITE drug - which I occasionally prove by drinking your blood and getting a tiny bit high off your magic. I am utterly addicted to you, and I could see myself EASILY falling into Oliver's situation in which I remained married to a controlling man for the rest of my life - and not even realize it because I am so addicted to you that I don't even notice.

STOP!!! I did not just say that you are controlling, I said that you *COULD* be and I wouldn't even notice - or care, if I'm honest.

But back to you looking gorgeous while flushed with puppy love for Oliver. I understand the appeal. He is DAMN good looking considering that he's a couple of years older than us and hasn't exactly been in a position to stay in top shape the last few years. That morning that you laughed your arse off at me snuggling up against him and rutting like an animal in my sleep, I have to admit that he smelled really good and I've allowed myself to fantasize about what could have happened had I just kept my mouth shut and taken advantage of the situation.

But then I feel extremely guilty for fantasizing about taking advantage of a man who is CLEARLY still in mourning for his husband. I know we were both overjoyed when he admitted during dinner that he's been working pretty intensely with a Mind-Healer to help overcome his issues. I don't think he's ready to attend a full on orgy with our entire circle this weekend - should we have planned one (which we don't) - but he seemed ready to at least do a bit of playing around as part of his therapy.

But before you get TOO excited, try to keep in mind that if we do that - take on and fulfill the role of the person/people that help him recover from and get past his abruptly and tragically ended marriage - it will be one of those, erm... Rebounds? That's the term, right? A therapeutic relationship that helps a person move on that almost never lasts more than a couple of months.

So please try not to get TOO attached to him.

That said, I do not mind the idea at all. I rather like the idea of being one of the people who help him remember that the world is still a good place full of loving people. I think he needs that right now. We can work at his pace, healing him and opening him back up to the possibility of love, and then if he happens to find it again, we can watch him bloom with a sense of pride.

And in the meantime, we might be so lucky as to shag him dirty rotten!

Oh! I think I hear you coming home to feed the babies. I'm going to lurk just out of sight, stalk you and watch you like a creep, and then the moment you are done and are able to lay them down for a nap, I'm going to kidnap you and bring you to our playroom so that I can tie you up and torture you in the best possible way. Mmm... I might even drink a bit of your blood.

I'll stop the world and melt with you,
Draco

P.S. Since Oliver basically shrugged and didn't agree OR disagree with my suggestion of talking to our lawyers about his in-laws, I'm going to take that as permission for ME to talk with them, describe the situation, and see IF there's anything that CAN be done. If there is, and once they've come up with a solid plan of attack, THEN I'll arrange a meeting with Oliver, let him hear them out, and then decide if it's something he wants to pursue.
Chapter 132

Chapter Summary

Harry is overreacting, and Draco manages to smooth things over.

Thursday May 25, 2017

Oi Malfyoy!

That's it! This weekend, you and I, seeker's game. Best two out of three, that way you can't argue luck or distraction. We'll answer once and for all who the best seeker is since apparently six years at Hogwarts didn't answer it well enough.

Thank you for the clarification on getting yourself all dolled up to head out. I was being quite dense, wasn't I? All I saw was you telling me you got all pretty to go somewhere else. I've lived with you for long enough that I think I've quite forgotten how you wear your Malfyoy armor for the rest of the world. I think that's why I don't understand your beauty regimen, because I really do find you the most beautiful exactly as you are. Soft hair, cheeks flushed with happiness, that big smile you save for your family. It's less a beauty regimen and more you steeling yourself to be around those who don't love you unconditionally. I promise I will try to keep that in mind the next time I think you're taking too long getting ready.

Speaking of you being all soft and flushed and beautiful when you're home. Thanks so much for the awkward problem in my pants reading your last email left me with! You fantasize about what could have happened with you and Ollie when you woke up that morning? If you had just kept grinding yourself into his pert little arse. If you had just thought he was me, stayed half asleep, andrutted up against his cleft with your beautiful shaft. Eventually wandlessly prepping him, slipping his pants down, and slamming home in one fell swoop.

Then the two of you would have softly fucked away, him thinking he was dreaming, you assuming you were having your way with me. All the while making sexy moaning noises. I'd be watching the whole thing, desperately wanking myself while watching these two fit blokes shagging, but trying to stay quiet so I don't disturb either of you.

Eventually you'd reach around him, grabbing his cock to stroke him off, but when you get your hands on it you realize it's different than mine. Your eyes pop open, you look down and realize you're buggering Oliver instead of me so you shout his name. This startles him enough to wake him from that dreamy middle ground where you're mostly awake but everything is still shiny with a dreamlike quality. His eyes pop open as well, and that's when you both realize I've my own cock in a death grip watching my husband bugger someone else in our bed.

When you both realize I'm aware of what's happening, and instead of being upset, I'm intensely turned on, you turn up the heat. No longer content to slowly shag the morning away, you begin fucking him hard and fast, pumping his cock at the same time. Your increase only fuels him on to start begging and screaming for you to go harder and faster.

Oliver comes first, the double pleasure from being buggered and being stroked getting him there quickly. Him clenching down on your dick sends you over the edge to come deep in his arse. And
seeing you two gorgeous men blissed out and covering each other in cum means I'm quick to come all over my own hand.

Or, you know, something like that. If I'd thought about it .... a lot ... at length.

I may have thought so much about it that I'm pretty sure it's what kept me from seeing my crush for what it was. I was so focused on how unbelievably sexy I found the whole finding him waking in your arms that I didn't realize I was developing this emotional attachment.

But now you're telling me that YOU noticed my crush. Which means I was probably being obvious. And if you saw it, then it's probably pretty likely that Oliver noticed it as well. So now he thinks I'm this shitty husband who parades his lovers in front of his husband. Maybe it looks like I'm just the kind of controlling nightmare you said you'd be willing to put up with. Oh Gods, oh Hell, what am I going to do if he realizes I kinda like him? He's going to move out, go live in some crappy room above the Leaky to avoid the awkwardness of being stuck in a home with me.

And whoa whoa whoa, hold your horses there buckaroo. What do you mean if we take on the role of reintroducing him to love? That I should avoid getting too attached since our relationship would just be a rebound relationship. Relationship? Love? I ... I just have a crush! It's probably nothing at all. I, er, how would that even work? Is that something you want? I just wanted to be up front about having the butterflies!! I don't want you to get into some sort of poly-amorous relationship just because I can't keep my feelings under control. I mean, do you even have feelings for him?

I didn't realize how close I'd gotten to him, ya know? We spent so much time in the stables together. And he's an early riser like me, so we have breakfast together quite a bit. And we spend a lot of time talking in the middle of the night when I'm feeding the babies.

Did you know he's been helping with the babies most nights? Yeah, I felt bad and made sure to tell him he wasn't obligated to help just because he's staying with us. But I guess he loves it. Parker and Cassie were both toddlers when he adopted them, so he missed out on the baby stage with both of them. He's just been eating up the gummy smiles, milky smell, and sweet coos and giggles.

And now I've scared him off, I'm sure. He found some joy in caring for these babies and now he's going to feel so uncomfortable and I've ruined this for him.

Can you talk to him? I'll stay home with the babes tonight, you can take him to dinner under the guise of telling him what the lawyers had to say. And then whenever you can fit it into the conversation, explain to him that I'm emotionally stunted and that I promise I won't bother him or make him uncomfortable.

Yeah?

Panic-Stricken but always yours,
Harry

Thursday May 25th
My panicky little worrywart,

I have not yet had a chance to take Oliver out to dinner. In fact, It's barely past lunch time for most people and I haven't even gotten out of bed yet. That said, I HAVE talked to him.

See, apparently in your neurosis, you avoided running into him altogether by taking the boys for a long field trip/nature hike. Not simply through our North Fields, but through a bit of the Wiltshire
countryside. And so, you with Dylan and Gabriel in carriers led the Feisty Foursome on a bit of a scavenger hunt (and yes, I had to ask Muffy where you were in order to find this out), a hunt that was designed to have so many things to find, that it might well take you a couple of days.

But as I said, I had a chance to talk to Oliver because he came into our room to find you, confused that you hadn't yet popped into the stables for even a moment, that the kids weren't in there, AND that you weren't in the kitchen - your other surefire haunt. He entered our suite to find me feeding Morgana and singing to her, and softly snickered at how different I am at home from when I'm NOT at home.

Apparently, I threw an epic strop whilst still pregnant - that I don't quite remember due to my terrible brain fog - but it was legendary enough to make the front page of the Prophet, with wild speculation about me being nearly ready to take up the position of the next Dark Lord.

Side note, perhaps I SHOULD take up the position of the next Dark Lord. CLEARLY, our kind doesn't quite know how to live without one, and as the new Dark Lord, I could intimidate people into learning how to play instruments while singing and dancing. While lounging naked in Onsens. And drinking wine. It would be rather sophisticated, don't you think?

But back to my point.

I invited Oliver to sit on the bed with me as we chatted, and also, Amala was in bed with us. I think she's about to go into heat again, because she was practically being a slag, cuddling up to me and giving me so many kisses that Morgana apparently got jealous and blew up a few lights. That said, it's far too soon for a 'new' mother cheetah to be going back into heat, and so, perhaps she was simply escaping her duties for a bit and attempting to socialize and commiserate with fellow parents.

I was TRYING to stick to neutral topics such as tea and the weather, when Oliver jumped straight to the matter on his mind. "Where is Harry, and is he avoiding me for some reason? Did I do something wrong?"

I chuckled and even though I had no idea where you were at that point, knew enough to answer: "My husband is such a worrywart that he creates gigantic problems in his mind, and then convinces himself that they are real and that he's just blown up his entire life, when in actuality, the rest of us don't even understand what he's worrying about."

Oliver was definitely confused. "Er...?"

With a flirty smirk, I hinted: "Let's just say that Harry is afraid that he's pushing you to work through your grief too quickly - for somewhat ulterior reasons."

Oliver blushed and looked away. "Actually, although I don't think either of you are serious about it in the slightest, the subtle flirting and innuendo have been... It's felt REALLY good. I can't remember the last time I actually FLIRTED. Early on in my marriage, I suppose. Things started out wonderfully, and they stayed wonderful for so many years, but then... everything changed, and it did so in such a gradual way that I honestly can't put my finger on when it all began. But by the end, I can think of at least ten years in which I didn't flirt, we had VERY little romance, and I'm not entirely certain what kept me so attached and in love. I think we stopped having sex about five years ago..."

"FIVE YEARS!!!" I blurted out in a combination of shock and horror.

Rather than be offended, he laughed. "I genuinely didn't think that was odd until I realized that you
and Harry have been married nearly two years longer than I was, and still seem to be so passionately in LUST with each other, that I bet you don't even slow down when one or both of you is heavily pregnant."

"Ha!" I snorted a laugh. "You'd be surprised. When I had all three of these ones still inside me, I was so uncomfortable that I didn't want to move, much less be touched. But granted, that didn't last overly long; perhaps a few weeks - before two were moved to Harry and I had the ability to feel passion again."

"Yeah, still, what's a couple of weeks compared to a couple of years?" Oliver pointed out.

"True," I admitted with a tilted nod.

Now Oliver is NOT the densest person on the planet, despite being a Gryffindor, so he was able to work out my practically blatant hint. "So... Harry likes flirting with me, has shown a clear willingness to give me a blowjob, and is afraid that he's pushing me too hard. He... *likes* me? And you're not upset?"

I shook my head. "Not upset at all. It may sound insane to someone who prefers a fully committed and monogamous relationship, but Harry and I have always been willing to explore every aspect of our kinks, and one of mine happens to be seeing him with others. I can't explain it, but seeing him in the throes of passion, and having the space to simply WATCH every tiny flicker of emotion on his face, it drives me wild with passion! It's..."

He quirked a faint smile. "Well, I suppose that it does make some sense - if one takes into account that you ALWAYS had your eyes on him. I graduated before it really got intense, but I've heard from underclassmen stories of how you used to glare daggers across the Great Hall so often that no one has any idea how you managed to feed yourself."

I roared a laugh at that. "Well, I can't exactly deny that, although I really thought I was more subtle about it!"

"So then... what did the two of you have in mind?" He wondered with an interested and somewhat sly expression.

I smirked. "So far, I think the best plan all around is to let YOU do all the 'having in mind,' while WE take our cues from you. For example, if I had my druthers, the three of us would be shagging so often that you'd feel quite corrupted and debauched in no time, but I understand that you are still working through your grief and cannot just jump into bed with us for the next two months before taking a breather. You'll probably need to get back into things slowly, taking enough time to listen to your feelings and consult with your Mind-Healer every step of the way."

"Well, I dunno if I need to take it THAT slowly," Oliver grumbled with a blush, his eyes looking just a bit glazed over from my suggestion. "But... I just... I'm not quite sure I can wrap my head around this whole married but playing around thing. You... And Harry... Well, neither of you seem the type to be anything less than extremely possessive."

I grinned. "Wait until you catch Harry on a jealous day! Simply LOOKING with interest at a person can provoke him into bursting into flames and destroying the whole world, and I LOVE watching him do it!"

"You're nutters! The both of you!"

"Guilty as charged!"
"So... how do I get Harry to stop avoiding me?" Oliver wondered curiously. "Because I really enjoy simply working in the stables and chatting with him. I'd HATE it if he works himself into such a panic that so small a joy becomes awkward and impossible."

With a flirty wink, I suggested: "The next time you see him, give him something from me."

"Oh?" Oliver asked, intrigued. "What's that?"

To answer him, I leaned over and gave him a quick but full smooch on the lips. "That. Give him that and he'll relax and melt, understanding that you can't possibly be ready to move out and never speak to us again if you're interested in kissing him."

He was quiet for a long moment. "All...right... so... where can I find him?"

That's when I called for Muffy and asked her to tell me where you were. At that point, I gave him my blessings to conduct a scavenger hunt of his own, with you and our kids being the sole item on the list.

Then I typed this up, figuring that if he hasn't managed to find you by the time you receive this, then perhaps you should make things a bit easier for him and let yourself be found.

Hopelessly devoted to you,
Draco
Chapter 133

Chapter Summary

Harry is surprised when Oliver finds him, and Draco has a day with Viona.

Friday May 26, 2017

My Dragon,

We haven't had a spare moment to ourselves since I got home from evening lesson planning with Professor Collins. I got home and you had just put the smaller kids to bed and were watching awesome (terrible) telly with Zaire and Jaz. I joined you, nursed the babies to sleep. And once they were out, I figured we would snuggle up in bed and I could tell you about my afternoon. But then Atreyu woke up with a bit of a nightmare and wanted to be distracted from whatever in his dream freaked him out. So I read him stories until you fell asleep, him falling asleep shortly after that.

Then I got up this morning, went for my run, tried to fill up my morning to make the time move faster so I could come talk with you. But I got so in the groove that I decided to run a full marathon length run. Well I definitely filled up my morning, because by the time I got back into the Manor, you were not only awake, but you had already headed off to wedding prep with Viona for the afternoon.

Well, I'm almost exploding all over the place now! There's no way I can wait with this information until you get home. I must get this off my chest...

I'm not quite as explodey as I was yesterday afternoon though. So, after reading your email, I now know you had some sort of inkling as to what could have happened, but at the time, all I knew was I had something I needed to share with you, not only in the interest of full disclosure, but because you're my best friend and you're always who I want to talk to about everything.

Except when I want to complain about my husband thinking he's better than me at seeking.

Anyway, so there I was, working my way back home from our ridiculously long scavenger hunt. Fine! I may have taken them on an extremely long hunt in an effort to avoid being overbearing with Oliver. I just wanted to make sure he had space and I wasn't making him crazy uncomfortable. Per usual, I drastically misread the situation and it was my avoidance that was the problem. Instead of pulling back to not be pushy, I ignored my friend and hurt his feelings. I'm just really glad he is more courageous than I am and went to you to ask what my problem was.

I suppose in hindsight it was pretty obvious I was avoiding him. It's not as though it seems very realistic that I had suddenly discovered a dislike for my horses - or something else equally ridiculous - which would have explained my absence. "Avoiding you? No! I've just developed a new obsession with six hour hikes with preschoolers and don't like horses anymore. Why do you ask?"

Argh! I got sidetracked again! I was working my way back home when Muffy popped Oliver to where we were wading through a creek looking for flint gravel or watercress. By the way, we actually found a really nice growth of watercress, so we packed up a fairly reasonable amount to
bring home. I know how you like it for your salads. It can't get much fresher than having your children yank it right out of the water!

I was standing in water up to my knees, carrying two increasingly fussy babies, and trying to make sure the feisty foursome didn't accidentally drown each other with their antics. I think I just stood there gaping at Muffy and Ollie for a solid minute before Muffy took charge. "Muffy will take the young masters and mistresses home to get cleaned up." She popped away with the four and then was back a few moments later to take Dylan and Gabe. "Muffy knows Master Harry should have put these babes to nap an hour ago." She gave me a *look,* and then popped away with the boys. Leaving me to stand there awkwardly staring at Ollie, still in the middle of the creek.

Again, Harry the Coward just stood there while Courageous Oliver had the guts to do something. "Harry, I just spoke with Draco, he asked me to give you something."

"Er, um, alright. What is it?" I was very confused at that moment.

Until he strode right up to me, splashing through the water, put his right hand up to cup my face while his left hand steadied my hip. And then he kissed me. Like KISSED kissed me. I was so surprised, my eyes got real wide. Oliver had left his eyes open so he could gauge my reaction, I'm sure, and when I squeaked, he smiled up against my lips. But he didn't pull his mouth off of mine. Instead, his hand moved from my face to the back of my head, gripping my hair and my hip hard enough I might have bruises. But then softly began moving his lips against mine. The harshness of the grip and the sweetness of the kiss were a gorgeous contradiction of feelings.

Yeah, you weren't wrong when you told him I'd melt. Right into a gooey puddle I went. Eventually I pulled back to breathe and read his face. He laughed at me a little - not meanly, just amused. "Harry, you haven't scared me off, I'm not going anywhere - unless you and Draco ask me to leave. Just don't ignore me again, alright? I missed you."

Not helping the tummy full of butterflies situation.

"Now, will you come home finally?" He asked with that grin of his I haven't seen since his quidditch captain days.

I pulled all the way out of his hold and sighed. "No, I really can't." He opened his mouth to argue, but I held up my hand. "I have to get to Hogwarts to do my weekly prep with Professor Collins, I swear! I'm not avoiding you ... erm ... anymore." I grabbed his arm, looped mine through his elbow, and tugged him along. "But I think I have just enough time to walk the rest of the way back to the Manor with you. You can catch me up on my horses. Do they miss me?"

It was a really nice walk back. I feel so much better for talking with him. I don't think I'm very good at avoiding situations. I should probably Gryffindor up and just talk to people instead of getting stuck inside my own head.

Oh! Before I forget to tell you and you make plans, I made reservations for us to have a late lunch at the Shard on Monday for our anniversary. I was going to make it for dinner time, but uh ... there's a thing that night. A um, thing that is happening. So uh, we'll just have an evening of snacky foods at home that evening. I know it's a bit disappointing that we're not going on a big trip, but I think you know as well as I do that Morgana barely allows us away from her for more than an hour or two at MOST. She's not giving us a weekend or even an entire night away.

Eighteen years my love. The eighteen best years of my life.

I love you more today than yesterday, but not as much as tomorrow,
Dearest Harry,

I think I got so utterly tired yesterday that I died and my body just hasn't bothered to stop functioning yet. I know, I'm not quite THAT old yet, but days like that make me think I am. So, as you said, I was off helping Viona with wedding prep.

What's that? You're wondering what could possibly be left to prep? Well yes, she has it all planned and paid for, so perhaps it's not prep so much as finalization. Reconfirmation?

It seems that the Council of Hogsmeade wants to start organizing the town now so that they have a week to fine tune the plans and then six weeks to make sure the town is decorated and prepared according to plan. To that end, there was a good four hours of reviewing the plans, arguing semantics, and having Viona make decisions if necessary.

Mind you, they're using this as an excuse to have certain shops implement repairs if necessary to bring them up to the still rather lax magical building codes - on the Malfoy Sickle, naturally.

Then, after the meeting, the council asked Viona to do a walkthrough so they could all see about how long it would take for her wedding procession through the town, not to mention decide on pacing for the honest-to-Merlin parade that's going to precede her. The committee in charge of the parade wanted to show her samples of the floats so that she could see in miniature what the designs look like, and if she thinks they are as good in tangible format as they were on paper.

After putting in a full eight hours in at Hogsmeade - funnily enough, Orion was actually part of the secondary meeting at one point, as the various shop owners each came over to verify that they had the correct plans for their businesses. He'd bought the Hog's Head after I engaged the town for the wedding last year, and so the plans for him were rather simplistic and the absolute LEAST the previous owner could get away with agreeing to. So, he actually submitted an updated proposal to her to make MUCH better use of his facilities, which she positively LOVED, giving him a big ol' hug and kiss on the cheek for being brilliant.

Hilariously, I heard a couple of the other owners eagerly wonder if she would reward them ALL like that if they pleased her. A cheeky grin rounded a circle, along with some wagged brows. Amused - and keeping a FIRM grip on the urge to rampage - I called out:

"Oi, Orion! It's rather Slytherin of you to host the Hen Party for your sister AND MAKE ME PAY FOR IT!"

"DAD!" They both growled. "You can't expect things for free JUST because we're related!"

I laughed and hugged them both. "I wasn't saying I expect it for free, just that I find it supremely unfair that HE gets to throw you a massive party, and ***I*** have to pay for it. He should chip in part of the expenses as your wedding present."

Orion stroked his chin in thought. "I COULD do that..."

Viona harrumphed. "Well, if you DO, at least throw in a lovely pair of earrings so I have a lasting memento of your gift."

But as I was saying, after a full 8 hours in Hogsmeade attending to wedding business, it was about
9 o'clock and the only reason we weren't starving is that businesses provided us with samples of the foods they wanted to serve on the day. Even so, I was more than ready to go to Café Exquis and treat myself and Viona to cheesecake and wine. Alas, we still had something important to do.

As WE had been handling things in Hogsmeade, Alric was doing his part by reviewing the Prenuptial Agreement with our team of lawyers. They were all still waiting for Viona and I to show up and finish things up, more than happy to charge me extra for keeping them waiting.

Upon our arrival, after being served some lovely tea and biscuits, Viona was reminded of the main points of the agreement - that SHE had originally hashed out with the legal team to begin with. These were things like:

- Alric has agreed to take the Malfoy name rather than have Viona take the Avery name.
- For the first year or so, they will maintain separate vaults.
- Should they happen to amicably (or less than amicably) divorce before 5 years, Avery is NOT entitled to any part of her fortune.
- Should they happen to remain married for at least 10 years and THEN divorce amicably, Viona will pay Alric spousal support. The amount of which goes up incrementally the longer they're married.
- Should they successfully have children, Alric has agreed that he understands that their children will be her heirs in the event of her death before him. (Same for him if the situation happens in reverse.)
- Should they NOT have children and she predeceases him, he has agreed that her fortune will go to one or all of her siblings.

But lest you think that she is anticipating things going badly and him turning into the most rotten of husbands, she DID also include this lovely bit (among a ton of things I don't think need to be listed out in full during this email):

- Upon their marriage, Viona will transfer Malfoy Imports to Alric's sole ownership, and thus, his income derived from it will be solely his in the event of a divorce. And considering how well he's been doing with that business, it's a rather nice income.

Basically, our careful daughter is trying to ensure that she will not be destroyed if everything goes wrong, but at the same time, ALSO trying to make it clear that she's trusting him and ensuring that they are both equals in the marriage, able to support themselves alone if necessary, but clearly MUCH better off together.

I basically kept my mouth shut since Alric had just spent HOURS going over every tiny detail and was fully aware of and in agreement with all of the stipulations. But if I HAD said something, I would have advised cutting down a lot of the extraneous stipulations.

Once Viona was satisfied that Alric understood the Prenuptial Agreement, she gave him permission to sign it, which he did. She signed it as well, thereby making it well and truly legal.

After that, the three of us went out for a celebratory drink.

Which is why I arrived home bleary-eyed and rather rough looking. Not that you saw that, because I immediately stripped off and got comfortable enough to watch an episode of CardCaptor Sakura with Zaire and Jaz. It's also why I couldn't make it through story time with Atreyu. Sorry!

And then - of course - you wake up long before me and let me sleep in as much as I like. It's a bit funny, in my opinion, that our kids know approximately when I wake up each day, and since it usually coincides with when you're in the kitchen making lunch, they'll come into our room while I'm having breakfast and feeding Morgana and performing my morning routine. Especially Atreyu.
The funny part is actually that they pop in and out of the room with me, telling me things that YOU’VE done during the morning, and then almost certainly run to you to tell you the things that I'm doing as I get ready to face my day. The things they tell me about you are always exciting and adventurous: "Daddy nearly got run over by a frightened new horse, but he stood his ground and patiently talked him into calming down!"

Whereas the things they tell you about me are probably boring as fuck: "Daddy sang Sweet Child of Mine to Morgana while feeding her, and then did a bit of yoga before going to the loo. Oh! And he ate all the crumpets you made him!"

But now I'm officially out of bed and ready to go join the rest of the family for Saturday Shenanigans. I think I'll start by finding you and giving you a kiss to make you melt, and then - if I'm feeling it and the both of you are feeling it too, I'll claim a kiss from Oliver that's MUCH better than the quick smooch I gave him to give you.

But before I go, I do need to apologize and explain something. See, I *knew* based off of your crush on Oliver, that you would not mind if I told him to break your one hard limit - no kissing on the lips. It was a big and risky gamble, as you COULD have rejected even a tiny smooch, but I had a feeling that it was exactly what you needed in order to feel assured and at ease with Oliver's continued presence in our life. Thus, I am EXTREMELY glad that you are not mad I told him to kiss you. I'm also glad you are not mad at him for doing so, but by the way, if you should happen to be a little mad but just not saying anything because it worked out, keep in mind that I told him to give you a quick smooch. I would NOT have told him to not just break your rule, but throw as far away as he could like that.

So, long - and potentially rambly - apology short, I am sorry. I know that you are probably conflicted because you liked and melted into the kiss, and may even need to meet with Katja to clear up any issues you may have about what happened, but I truly and honestly did NOT intend for this to be anything other than a clear way for Oliver to show that he wants to stay part of our lives.

That said, based on your reaction, I think I was right. This one is different because how you feel about him is different, and because I suspected/knew that was the case, I took a risk with the intent to give you what you want. I hope you can forgive me.

When I see you smile, I can face the world, oh oh, you know I can do anything,

Draco
Updated Kids List

Chapter Summary

Updated Kid List as of June 1, 2017

Oi Forever Facts
Ages as of June 1, 2017

Harry and Draco Malfoy:
Elena Rojas Malfoy:
- Age 26
- Birthday October 22, 1990
- Ravenclaw (Graduated)
  • Rafael Rojas Malfoy
  • Birthday December 20, 2016
River Lewis Malfoy: Mahafsoun Malfoy
- Age 21
- Birthday March 21, 1996
- Hogwart's House unknown; assumed Hufflepuff
Viona Skye Malfoy: Alric Avery
- Age 18
- Birthday January 24, 1999
- Slytherin about to graduate 7th year
- Godparents Hermione and Greg
Eris Lyra Malfoy
- Age 17
- Birthday April 9, 2000
- Slytherin about to graduate 6th Year
- Godparents Pansy and Luna
  • Luka Malfoy
  • March 19, 2017
Orion Draco Malfoy
- Age 17
- Birthday April 9, 2000
- Ravenclaw about to graduate 6th Year
- Godparents Ron and Blaise
Hazel Storm Malfoy
- Age 17
- Birthday May 13, 2000
- Slytherin about to graduate 6th Year
- Godparents Neville and Luna
Shtara Malfoy
- Age 14
- Birthday January 6, 2003
- Muggle
Sirius James Malfoy
- Age 13
- Birthday July 30, 2003
- Gryffindor leaving 3rd Year
- Godparents Charlie and Millie
Draco Lucius Malfoy Jr – “Zwei”
- Age 12
- Birthday July 30, 2004
- Gryffindor leaving 2nd Year
- Godparents Dudley and Donna
Zaire Langa Malfoy
- Age 11
- Birthday May 2, 2006
- Godparents Kisa and Sebastian
Jasmine Kamaria Malfoy
- Age 8
- Birthday February 9, 2009
- Godparents George and Angelina
Persephone Hikari Malfoy
- Age 7
- Birthday April 21, 2010
- Godparents Miles and Eliza
Lily Narcissa Malfoy
- Age 7
- Birthday May 19, 2010
- Godparents Sirius and Ginny
Caelum Arthur Malfoy
- Age 7
- Birthday May 19, 2010
- Godparents Viper and Yesenia
Atreyu Miguel Malfoy
- Age 5
- Birthday September 30, 2011
- Godparents Bill and Teddy
Gabriel Pan Potter
- Birthday March 14, 2017
- Godparents Gavin and Della
Dylan Sheen Potter
- Birthday March 14, 2017
- Godparents Dean and Seamus
Morgana Guinevere Malfoy
- April 5, 2017
- Godparents Mahafsoun and Tiger

Pansy and Ivan St. Peter
Pearl St. Peter
- Age 16
- January 10, 2001
- Draco’s Goddaughter
Paige St. Peter
- Age 13
- November 30, 2003
Narcissa and Lucius Malfoy
Eliza Lestrange Malfoy
- Age 21
- October 10, 1995
- Birth Parents Rodolphus Lestrange and Gina Mitchell
- Slytherin Graduate
Sebastian Snape Malfoy
- Age 20
- September 10, 1996
- Birth Parents Severus Snape and Gina Mitchell
- Slytherin Graduate
Gavin Mitchell Malfoy
- Age 19
- January 30, 1998
- Birth Parents Lucius Malfoy and Gina Mitchell
- Ravenclaw Graduate
Della Andromeda Malfoy
- Age 19
- March 8, 1998
- Birth Parents Bellatrix Lestrange and Rodolphus Lestrange
- Slytherin Graduate

George and Angelina
Phillip Moss Weasley
- Age 26
- August 4, 1990
Mackenzie Campbell Weasley
- Age 23
- February 1, 1994
- Hufflepuff Graduate
Fred Weasley II
- Age 11
- November 12, 2005
Roxanne Weasley
- Age 9
- July 7, 2007

Harry Potter’s – The Viper
Delphini Lestrange Riddle Potter
- Age 19
- March 8, 1998
- Biological Parents Bellatrix Lestrange and Voldemort
- Hogwarts Graduate
• Balian (Snape) Potter
• Birthday February 14, 2017
Tommy Riddle Potter
- Age 18
- February 20, 1999
- Biological Parents Harry Potter and Voldemort
- Hogwarts Graduate
Bellerophon Riddle Lestrange Potter
- Age 17
- August 22, 1999
- Biological Parents Bellatrix Lestrange and Voldemort
- Hogwarts Graduate
Harrison Riddle Potter
- Age 17
- May 13, 2000
- Biological Parents Harry Potter and Voldemort
- Hogwarts about to graduate 6th Year
Scorpius Potter-Malfoy
- Age 5
- October 18, 2011
Hyperion Potter-Malfoy
- Age 5
- October 18, 2011

Dudley and Donna Dursley
Daisy Dursley
- Age 17
- February 28, 2000
- Hogwarts 6th Year
Donald Dursley
- Age 13
- September 23, 2003
- Hogwarts 2nd Year
Dustin Dursley
- Age 8
- June 29, 2008

Percy and Audrey Weasley
Molly Weasley II
- Age 14
- August 15, 2002
- Gryffindor 4th Year
Lucy Weasley
- Age 9
- March 4, 2008

Blaise Zabini – Hermione Granger – Ron Weasley – Kisa – The Quartet
Roderick Oliver Weasley
- Age 17
- March 22, 2000
- Assumed Ron’s biologically
- Godparents Harry and Draco
Bianca Evangeline Weasley
- Age 17
- March 22, 2000
- Assumed Blaise’s biologically
- Godparents Harry and Draco
Veronica Zabini
- Age 14
- March 12, 2003
- Assumed Blaise’s biologically
Anastacia Zabini
- Age 12
- November 19, 2004
- Assumed Ron’s biologically
Tristan Matteo Weasley
- Age 6
- March 31, 2010
Misha Rurik Zabini
- Age 7
- April 2, 2010
- Biologically Blaise and Kisa’s
Tatyana Zabini
- Age 4
- February 15, 2013
- Biologically Blaise and Kisa’s
Aleksei Zabini
- August 18, 2016
- Biologically Blaise and Kisa’s

Bill and Fleur Weasley
Victoire Weasley
- Age 19
- May 2, 1998
- Hogwarts Graduate
Dominique Weasley
- Age 14
- August 26, 2002
- Hogwarts 4th Year
Louis Weasley
- Age 10
- December 24, 2006

Miles Meaney and Colm O’Brian
Samantha Meaney
- Age 15
- June 7, 2001
- Ravenclaw 5th Year
Charlotte Meaney
- Age 6
- July 1, 2010

Greg Goyle and Millicent Bulstrode
Mason Goyle
- Age 12
- December 17, 2004
- Hogwarts 1st Year
Greta Goyle
- Age 10
- September 3, 2006

Remus and Tonks
Edward Remus Lupin
- Age 19
- April 15, 1998
- Gryffindor Graduate
- Godfather Harry

Neville and Charlie
Frank Weasley-Longbottom
- Age 8
- December 6, 2008
Alice Weasley-Longbottom
- Age 3
- September 7, 2013

Ginny and Viktor
Keisha Krum
- Age 8
- October 1, 2008

Finnigan and Beatrix
Blake Gerald Fawley
- Age 7
- March 17, 2010

Yesenia
Diego Garcia
- Age 7
- May 9, 2010

Pippa
Pierre Middleton-Black
- February 28, 2017

Leah
Leon Caughey-Black
- March 31, 2017
Chapter 135

Chapter Summary

Harry thinks he won the private Seeker's challenge and Draco feels that Harry only proved his point.

Sunday May 28, 2017

Dear Second-Best Seeker,

I won! I won! I won fair and square! Best two out of three, Harry James Malfoy winning the first and third Seeker's matches makes him officially the best seeker!! Fair and square Draco!

Alright, since I can already hear you arguing with me. The rules were we play three Seeker's games with the man who won two games being declared the winner. In the official rules, there was no talk of official uniforms. It is not my fault that eighteen years of living with me has diluted the Slytherin in your blood and increased the Slytherin in mine. You had every opportunity to attempt to distract me based on what you were wearing. You chose to wear fairly standard seeker gear, form-fitting and light for ease of movement and lessening wind resistance. I chose to do the exact same thing, I just so happened to decided that green satin lingerie was the best to accomplish those goals.

Speaking of ridiculous behavior, I am terrified about Viona's wedding. Look, she's my princess, she's always been my princess, I want her to have everything her heart desires. But this is epic levels of extreme weddings. Renting out an entire town? How did the Hogsmeade Council approve this? Are they that hard up for someone to step up and pay for upkeep? A parade Draco? With floats. A literal parade of floats proceeding her through town? I love her, I obviously do, but this is possibly the most horrifying idea I've ever heard.

Floats.

I won't tell her this, and I would really appreciate if you didn't either. But I find this level of: "look at me, look at me! I'm the queen of the world!" to be possibly the most ridiculous thing I've ever encountered. Gods but I love this child. And my love for her is really the only thing keeping me from sitting her down and telling her that she needs to not have a narcissistic Princess parade through town. Well, my love and my very real fear of her rage. And that whole, I want everything for her that her heart desires.

Heart's desire. Huh. You are my heart's desire. I love you more than life itself. I uh, was really shocked by your apology. Mostly because I didn't think I needed an apology for you sending Oliver to kiss me.

I have my own explanation and apology to make for that. I uh, didn't actually realize anything wrong had happened. How did I not realize it? What's my one rule, my ONE rule? Always that no one but you can kiss me on the mouth. Not only did you minorly but intentionally break it, but I *forgot* about it as well. I just melted into the kiss. I got my first kiss from only the second man to ever be allowed to kiss me, and I didn't even realize it was happening. I mean, I definitely realized it was happening, but I didn't realize what a big deal it was.
How are you apologizing to me? I should be apologizing to you! I broke our rule! I guess I broke my own rule. So I should be apologizing to myself maybe. Okay, this is weird, no one has to apologize for anything.

I do think you're right and I need to talk to Katja. I already called her; I'm heading in to her office as soon as I sign off. So if you're looking for me, that's where I went.

I love you,
Harry

---

Sunday May 28th
My co-conspirator for this thing called life,

I hope your chat with Katja was productive. While you were taking care of necessary mental health business, ***I*** was busy doing that thing I told you about - in which all of the female Aurors received Fidelius charmed notes throughout the week summoning them to a secret meeting.

That took a bit of work, because I had to make each note so that the RECIPIENT could read it, but no one else could, and so, I had to make the secret password for each recipient their own name on the front of the envelope. Thus, only THEY could see their name on the note, and that allowed them to open it and read it, but since the information itself is under Fidelius, they CAN'T talk about it with anyone. Well, I suppose that the flaw in the whole thing would be that they theoretically COULD tell someone who shared the same name, but since that's unlikely...

Anyway, the secret meeting was set for Sunday at 2PM. And Robards himself had to come up with a bogus reason why all their partners wouldn't find it strange that they wanted to be alone for a bit without a good reason why. So the partners were invited out drinking with Robards so he could chat with them about minor but real issues in the department - having also assured them that the women would be able to take care of each other for a few hours.

Now, as you probably assume, we COULD have met in an official meeting or conference room - or even an incident room - and warded the place to ensure COMPLETE privacy - but I decided that it would actually be better to meet in a place that is unlikely to be 'bugged' or watched by the killer. The second floor ladies' loo.

We went in and swept it for 'bugs,' then warded it against spying and added a Notice-Me-Not to prompt other female Ministry workers unfortunate enough to work on a Sunday to go elsewhere for the time being.

When it was time to get down to it, the ladies all stared at me with smirks of amusement.

"What's this, Chief? Are we organizing a raid on a convent or something where men aren't allowed?"

I laughed and shook my head. "Nope, although, that COULD be fun..." I trailed off, letting the hint - that me and a couple lesbians/bi women running loose through a convent could be very interesting and entertaining indeed - remain incomplete.

Then I sighed heavily, the matter at hand rather sobering. "Girly here was recently attacked, and even though Robards didn't say it directly - to HER - it's for the same reason that all of my students have been paired up and staying with Senior Auror Partners. All he said when he gave those orders was that he has strong reason to believe they were all in danger, and so, you've all been accepting
of the matter."

I could see curious, confused, and intrigued looks circling around the room.

"See, the real reason is that we have reason to believe that SOMEONE is trying to frame ME for murder," I explained, my expression almost certainly rather grim. "The first 'clue' was when my distant cousin was murdered and her body arranged so that it provided very little in the way of obvious evidence, except for her writing my name in her blood with a finger."

A few of them gasped while others moaned in sympathy. Ginger even patted me on the shoulder and rubbed my back.

"Sorry, luv."

I gave her a wan smile. "Thanks. After some digging, Robards discovered that a few files have gone missing from the Ministry Archive, and all of them lead back to me in some way or other."

"Oh!" Girly gasped in understanding. "Potential victims! THAT'S why we were suspected of being in danger!"

I nodded. "And considering that you were attacked, suspicion confirmed."

She bit her lip and looked shaken for a moment.

"BUT," I continued. "You ALSO managed to get a good enough feel for your attacker that you're certain it was a he."

"I DID!!!" She excitedly burst out in confirmation. "Punched him in the bollocks good and proper!"

I sighed and ran a hand through my hair. "So unless he was a she Polyjuiced into a man, we're going to work with the assumption that the killer is a man. And honestly, we have so little to go off of that we HAVE to start somewhere, and this is what we've decided on."

Ginger was biting her lip with a frown of thought. "So... we're not just assuming he's a man, but an AUROR...?"

I gave her a tight smile and a curt nod. "Yes, unless you can think of anyone else who could obtain enough access to the Archives to steal files, hide behind STRONG wards, AND knows just enough about Auror procedure to obscure his tracks, but not so much as to leave us no clues at all..."

They all thought this over with various personality quirks, such as hums, scrunched faces, bit or pressed lips, or even pinching their chins. But no one could come up with a good alternative, for which I'm actually grateful for. The last thing I need is MORE potential suspects.

As they thought, I opened a case I'd brought with me and set it up within easy reach for me to work from. "So here's what we're going to do for the foreseeable future. I've got my Camera Contacts and my Earbuds - Audio Recorders. I took some time over the last week to ward them against Spells to Blind/Deafen - and actually, I HOPE I managed to ward them against WARDS - so that even if the killer erected an anti-spying/surveillance ward, I think they should still work. For example, here in the Ministry, which is LAYERED with all sorts of wards."

As I explained, I handed the contacts out, and then fell silent for a few minutes as I gave each Auror a pair of Earbuds quickly charmed to look like the earrings they were already wearing - as a replacement. Those who weren't already wearing any got to choose a design and the two that didn't
want ANYTHING like that on them, I did as I'd suggested and turned them into flat invisible disks that could be placed on the inside of the outer part of their ears.

"So, this is like a raid in that you all now have the mission to help us flush out the murderer. However, this is UNLIKE any of my raids in that it's going to have to basically be completely unplanned and spontaneous. Continue on being Aurors and Aurors in training. Do the things you'd normally do, but at the same time, try to keep your eyes and ears open for anything that might be a clue. Anything out of the ordinary."

That's when I pulled out my newest bit of tech. Alright, not exactly MY tech...

"THIS is a simple Galleon. It's fake, so please try to avoid spending it. They're all charmed so that they can send messages to each other covertly. If you should ever feel that you are not safe sending an insta-owl to one of us - or discover something that ALL of us need to know right away - 'type' it onto this coin, and it'll be sent to all the other coins - which will then get warm enough to mildly burn to alert their bearer that there's a message to be read."

One of the Senior Aurors grinned and laughed. "Harry gave us some of these back in the D.A.!!"

I smiled at her. "Good, then you'll be able to teach the others how to use them if necessary."

At that point, there was about a half hour or so of inserting contacts and making sure they all worked - which they did. Then I verified that the earbuds were working, and fiddled with the half dozen or so that didn't automatically sync up so that they recorded the video and audio at the same time.

A few asked questions to clarify what I already knew, and then came up with an impressive amount of suggestions on how they could work together and still be subtle enough to NOT be one of those odd things they're supposed to be looking for.

Before I dismissed the meeting, I ended with this last bit of information: "Robards is going to rearrange a few of you so that you can play to each other's strengths - or conversely, so that anyone he's not certain of can be observed. But the reason I'm telling you this is that you MUSTN'T react as if you expected this. Maybe make a light protest, or a mild question of the wisdom or reasoning. DON'T just be like: 'Oh? We're being reassigned again? Yeah, I was told this was going to happen by the Chief.' Yeah?"

"Got it!" They all agreed.

"Alright, meeting dismissed," I stated, waving everyone off except Girly. Ginger also stayed behind, probably out of curiosity.

Girly gave me a wary look.

"So, since you were already attacked, it makes sense that the killer is going to try again. Not only did he think you were worth attacking the first time, but now he's got the added incentive of paying you back for kicking his arse. Once you're reassigned - and I'm half certain you're actually going to be paired with Ginger here, but if not, it's going to be one of the female Senior Aurors that was here today - anyway, once you're reassigned, work with your new partner and plan out how you can do things that seem careless - NOT bloody stupid as fuck - but JUST enough to let the killer try again. For example, if you happen to stop for tea after work, maybe one of you goes to the loo and leaves the other alone. Or 'accidentally' get separated."

"Right," Girly agreed with a nod of understanding.
"And personally, I think you should give it a bit of time, but then go on another date, but this time, instead of walking alone at ANY point, make a loud public show of trusting your date to protect you instead of your partner and walk with him - or her, as the case may be. Maybe the killer will take a risk, despite the second person with you."

Ginger grinned. "Except her partner WILL be watching her. I might even be able to arrange it so that a couple of us strong and smart female Aurors just so happen to be doing things along the path she walks - and don't worry, it'll be subtle. Even if the killer notices a bunch of random Aurors in the area, all he'll see is them eating dinner, grabbing tea - or coffee - and shopping. None of that sketchy just sitting there reading a newspaper!"

I kissed her on the cheek. "Thanks luv! I feel much better knowing that you're involved."

She nodded matter of factly and kissed me on the cheek in return. Then the three of us left to do our own things.

Which for me, means stopping by my office and having a chat with Fierston. I know that I had to put a hold on his lessons while I was in the Land of Atrocious Brain Fog, but that DOESN'T mean that he stopped practicing. In fact, I'd assigned him to KEEP practicing on his rabbit, other animals, and a girlfriend or trusted friend. So, I wanted to check on his progress while I was in my office. Also, I suspect that my office might be bugged.

I honestly hadn't thought about this possibility before, but as I was working on my tech, it occurred to me that my office was the OBVIOUS place to bug if one truly was trying to frame ME. Rather than do any sort of scans or disabling charms, I decided to work off the assumption that I'm right, and use that to my advantage.

But before those potential future plans, I decided that having my 'lesson' with Fierston anywhere else would tip off he killer, and so, held it in my office with NO security precautions. You know, like I had no reason to suspect anything was wrong.

That said, I didn't exactly make it easy on the killer, if he is watching.

"Fierston, good evening my lad. Tonight, rather than do anything strenuous for a lesson, I just want to check your progress. But before I get into it, I want to challenge you to a silly, old-fashioned, staring contest."

Giving me a smile of confusion, Fierston shrugged and sat across the desk from me. We did exactly as I said, staring at each other in complete silence. After a few seconds, Fierston slipped into my mind and we were able to have a private conversation in which I took a major risk and trusted him - since I've traipsed all over his mind in the past and am reasonably certain that he doesn't have this sort of devious plotting in him. I explained what was happening and asked him to help out if he could, which he agreed to.

He was utterly blown away by what was happening, confirming my trust in him.

After that, he managed to find a few of my ACTUAL Occlumency shields, which he couldn't quite penetrate, but the real payoff of all his practicing is that he's good enough at slipping in that most people probably wouldn't even realize it's happening. We have plenty of time to work on getting through strong shields later. For now, he had the subtlety needed to employ the skill in questioning, which I'm dead certain Ramsey will LOVE.

When Fierston returned to his own mind, he sort of jerked, making me crow with triumph. "HA! You broke eye contact first, and so, I win! But I'm feeling generous, so here's a Galleon to buy a
drink. But DON'T spend it all in one place, haha!"

Fierston caught the coin I tossed and smiled sheepishly, a bit embarrassed to have lost despite the fact that it hadn't been a real challenge. But also, he knew that the Galleon was fake, and that I was actually reminding him not to accidentally spend it. He pocketed the coin with a nod and stood up.

"Clearly, I need to practice a bit more. I'll just be on my way then, shall I?"

I nodded. "By all means, I REALLY want to go home and do naughty things to my husband. Tomorrow's our 18th Anniversary, and I expect he's got something special planned."

After about five minutes of saying goodbye peppered with heckling each other, we finally went our separate ways, and I felt the need to go to a quiet tea shop and type this up before coming home, but now that I'm done, I'm on my way.

Incoming!

Let's get it on,
Draco
P.S. All you did by using lingerie to in our private Seeker's Challenge, was prove MY point. You're not better than me, you're just the ONLY thing I want to pay attention to. Ogling you was far more interesting than the bloody snitch! Or didn't the fact that I snatched you the moment you won that third game and dragged you off to our playroom for a thorough spanking NOT tip you off to what my REAL goal was?
Chapter 136

Chapter Summary

It's the boys' Anniversary ^_^

Monday May 29, 2017

Love of my Life,

Happiest of anniversaries to you my Draco. Eighteen years of being madly in love with you. Eighteen years of having the privilege of sharing a life with the best person I know.

Alright, before I blubber all over myself, I want to get down everything we did today before I forget. I'm currently feeling as though it was such a wonderful and memorable day that I could never forget a moment. But time puts a soft filter over all of my memories and I want a crystal clear remembrance of this special day so I can fully remember the feeling.

The best part of today I think was that until the evening's festivities, it was a fairly boring day. I think that came out wrong, I hope you understand what I mean by that. It wasn't boring, but it really wasn't anything much different than every other day of our life. And it happened to be one of those regular days completely void of some of our drama we can get.

We stayed up so late last night doing those naughty things you spoke about that I slept in a bit longer than usual. So our perfect anniversary began with us waking up in each other's arms. In each other's arms surrounded by our three beautiful babies. We snuggled and played with the babes. You got yourself ready while I fed the littles. I feel a bit like some muggle assembly line machinery sometimes. Once you were fully ready we took a nice walk through the gardens, our kids joining us for moments of the walk and then sprinting off to Merlin knows where.

Just a completely ordinary morning of sleepy kisses and cuddles, beautiful children, walking hand in hand through gorgeous flowers with my best friend. This is really my life, a day of perfection is completely normal and expected. I want fifty-thousand more days just like it.

We just wandered in and out of the garden. Talking about everything and nothing. I caught you up on everything that had happened at Hogwarts the past week. You went into even more detail than your email concerning your giant Auror undercover murder case. We talked a bit about the upcoming fashion week for Hazeris which ended in us bickering over whether or not skinny jeans are ever an acceptable clothing choice, which then led us to discussing man-buns and the unfortunate come-back of some 80's clothing styles. You know what really needs to make a comeback? Comfy flannels and baggy denims. I could just talk with you forever even if we didn't have anything but nonsense to talk about.

Eventually as lovely as the sunshine and smells of flowers and grass were we needed to make our way to London for our lunch reservations. There are a million different restaurants and places to try. Places with exotic foods or new takes on traditional favorites. But you know that I am a sentimental mushy crybaby, so I liked the idea of having our anniversary lunch at the same restaurant as our first (public) date. I suppose I could have planned a picnic, but when I told the kids my idea for a picnic, they all quickly shut me down. They insisted you'd prefer something
fancy as opposed to sitting on the ground.

I don't know, you are of course still a snob, but you've never been snobby enough to turn your nose up at a cozy picnic. But they were so insistent and it's not like I don't love The Shard anyway.

Again, just a lovely lunch. You looked ridiculously fit in your three piece suit. That deep blue tie somehow bringing out the silver in your eyes. I couldn't take my eyes off of you. You've always worried so much about your appearance, keeping the Malfoy mask of perfection. You have mentioned to me that you're worried about how your skin or hair or whatnot will hold up as you age. I think you've only gotten more handsome as we've gotten older. Your face smiles all the time, your beauty regimen means your skin is probably softer than Gabe, Dyl, and Morgana's! Your hair has gotten softer, and your near constant dancing has your body in amazing shape.

Your (beautiful) eighteen year old self I married couldn't hold a candle to you now. He was the beginnings of a heady wine that continues to become more magnificent with age.

I was by far the luckiest person in that restaurant, having you on my arm, calling you mine. We ate delicious food I don't remember, you made me laugh about a gazillion times, we smooched often enough to nauseate everyone there. Or turn them all on I guess, depending on what gets them hot under the collar. I spoonfed you some delicious pudding, which you insisted was going to go straight to your arse. I happen to pretty much worship your arse, so I'll take it!

Just as we were finishing up, we got a message from your mum that Morgana was probably about ten minutes away from shattering things, so we paid up the bill and headed to the closest apparition point.

I'm sure Morgana would have eventually gotten into a strop, but your mum was a liar! She was part of the kids' devious plot ... to give us something sweet and wonderful for our anniversary!

We got home and you quickly made your way, me on your heels, to .... a soundly asleep Morgana? What in the world Narcissa? Why am I surprised?

She had us grab a sleeping Morgana, a half asleep Dylan, and a wide awake Gabriel, and bring them out onto the south lawns. Where the rest of our children had set up a beautiful picnic near the gazebo. Oh! You sneaky little shites, that's why they didn't want me to take you on a picnic, they had a picnic set out for us.

We certainly weren't hungry yet since we had just finished lunch, but they had my favorite white wine chilling and the most beautiful performance I've ever seen in my entire life ready for our viewing pleasure. I laid in your arms, like I did on our first date, but instead of watching the sunset, I watched the family we've built tell a beautiful tale of love.

What followed was a year by year, event by event, adoption by birth by accidental baby acquisition story of our love. All of our children were there, the ones we legally adopted, the ones we adopted with just our hearts, the ones we made, even River and Mahafsoun - who weren't able to be there in person - were on a magi-skype call with us the entire time. We were covered in babies, our three smallest and our two little grandsons taking up a lot of room on our picnic blanket.

The older kids ran the show, but they were so good about making sure the little ones were heavily involved. I definitely think Lainie's experience putting together shows for her students of all ages and talent levels really came in handy.

Viona began by talking about our whirlwind romance and our quickly executed wedding (teasing
us about not taking enough time to plan a proper wedding!) and then talked about the most important event in our marriage ... her arrival. After her siblings threw popcorn at her, she giggled off the gazebo/stage (she obviously wasn't mad I am sure that was scripted) and Lainie took over. She talked about that next year, her joining the family (officially) and those early days when there were only a "few" of us. Dealing with pregnant and hormonal you and I at the same time.

Then River took over from the screen, talking about the time spent at Unity House, how important spending time there was for him when he was growing up. Then the kids read us letters from Unity Royalty throughout the world. They even had some letters that were simple enough that the feisty foursome could read their way through them with a little help. I was a blubering mess from the start, but when Eric actually joined in and read us his own letter? I think I've officially decided to not hurt him.

You remember the whole thing I'm sure, and Ori even recorded it for us in case one of us (me) needs to go back and rewatch it when there aren't tears blurring his vision. They went through all of our travels, did several dances from the different areas of the world we've visited. And Siri had a beautifully heartbreaking poem written to talk about our time in Iran. Did you know he'd been writing poetry? He's amazing. A lifetime of mischief and otherwise sitting on the sidelines quietly observing the world has given him such beautiful insight.

How did we luck into this life? We have the most amazing family. I have the most wonderful husband. Little Harry in the cupboard has come such a long way.

Hopefully me writing this was enough time for you to set up our playroom. Are you ready for me?

My dream that I can call my own,
Harry

Monday May 29th
My everything,

So... based off your very vague clues, I knew that we were going to be having lunch at our Original Date Spot, and then having a … thing... But that the thing would be during the afternoon/early evening and require snacks rather than a full dinner.

To be honest, I was sincerely hoping for a bit of a playnight with a few friends. I know, I know, we don't like to have others involved in our Anniversary lovemaking until AFTER we've had at least one good session of just the two of us, and even then, we tend to stick to very light playing, rather than full on orgies. But still, I was half convinced that you'd arranged a play party involving all our favorite playmates - such as Neville and Charlie and/or Tiger and Viper - although, to be fair, we DID play with those two recently.

That said, since you didn't give any sort of hints specifically referring to nighttime activities, I decided to arrange something. Something that I had a feeling would make you weep with joy. Something you can't get enough of and often beg for more.

So, as you apparently wrote me an email, I 'went to the playroom' and 'got it ready for our night.' In actuality, I prepared a nice and obviously bespoke outfit for both of us. Mine I put directly on, but yours was laying out on the bed. When you finally came in to see what I had in store for you, you saw how I was dressed and grinned.

"Mmm, I get to serve my well-dressed master as a naked slave boy tonight?" You hypothesized.
"Well, let me dress you in your costume and see, shall I?" I drawled with a smirk.

Nodding, you dropped to your knees, probably assuming that I was going to cast stripping spells on you. Which I did. Right before I cast dressing spells on you. Once done, you were looking glamorous in a crisp emerald green button up and black silk-lined linen trousers. I was wearing matching trousers, a sapphire blue button up, and a gold waistcoat.

You quirked a brow curiously as I held my hand out and helped you to your feet. Then I gave you a quick but demanding kiss before pulling back and smirking again. Making a big show of it, I pulled out my gold pocket watch and checked the time.

"It seems we have JUST enough time to Apparate to our destination, my love," I informed you. "Had you lingered any longer, we'd've missed 7:30."

With no other explanation, I Apparated us to the Duke of York Theater and cast a slew of charms to help get us to the front of the line, hand over our tickets, and then get to our seats before the show started. You were giving me a confused look as all the signs and adverts for the show warned over and over that there was rude language ahead.

"A comedy show?" You asked.

"Mostly, yes," I stated, still not spoiling it.

"Called Our Ladies of Perpetual Succor? Isn't that a Catholic thing?"

Alright, either you were REALLY playing along and pretending to know nothing, or else you ACTUALLY hadn't heard of it before, which I felt unlikely considering our daughters Elena and Shhtara probably told you about the show at some point. Still, perhaps you didn't want to ruin me thinking that I was actually bringing you to a show you'd not seen or heard of before.

In any case, the play began and six young women came out on stage to talk about how they were in a choir competition for their Catholic school - in Scotland. Oh how their brogue takes me back to my school days, in which quite a few of our classmates were from Scotland, not to mention McGonagall - who can really boggle the mind when she slips into her nearly indecipherable colloquialisms.

The first twist came up nearly right away as - right after they sang an angelic hymn-like song - they revealed that their actual goal was to FAIL the competition and spend the day just having a lark back home, but also in Edinburgh - which is a huge city and has so much more to offer than their small town.

Hilarity and shenanigans ensued. I loved it for the comedy, the drama, and the strong all-female cast. Not to mention the frequent foul language! You loved it for the songs, naturally, the powerful singing, and everything else, basically.

The best part of all was we got to literally sit up on stage - as the tickets I bought weren't JUST front row - with my arm around you and your head often resting on my chest. While sipping cocktails. Mine was made with champagne and dry brut and it was surprisingly lovely. I'm not sure you actually drank any of yours because you were so engrossed in the play.

As a bonus, apparently some of the songs were originally by ELO, but the only one I recognized off hand was Don't Bring Me Down. Which I now have stuck in my head...

When we got back home, we took advantage of the fact that our parents (and Muffy) were keeping our kids well occupied. I brought you back to our play room, but rather than do any of the kinky
things it was designed for, we simply kissed and caressed each other until...

Until I took a page out of your book - took my time turner back from Orion for a bit - and joined us for a threesome in which I got to take you while you took me.

Sheer bliss!

Perhaps we should make this a tradition on our Anniversary EVERY year, haha.

Love you for now and for always,
Draco
Tuesday May 30, 2017

Husband Mine,

Since I took yesterday off from my current teaching routine to enjoy our anniversary together I ended up coming in today. I probably just should have done extra classes on Wednesday or Thursday instead. I am so horribly embarrassed right now and I don't know as if I will ever recover.

So, last night was wonderful in so many ways. I was really excited when I thought we were going to play naked slave boy and posh Master but you took me to the theatre? It was amazing! I loved every single moment; the music, the humor, the sitting in your arms with my head on your chest. The awesome show more than made up for the slight disappointment at not serving you. But coming home to our new tradition of time-turner threesomes with our actual selves? Yes please!

We tried a few variations of shag positions, but I think you know my very favorite one. Yeah, when the both of you took me at the same time. What's better than having an arse full of my husband's gorgeous cock? Two of my husband's gorgeous cock! Riding you, staring into your beautiful face, then other you sliding in me from behind, kissing my neck, reaching around and joining you in stroking me. Oh wow, I should probably stop thinking about how delicious it was since I'm sitting at my desk frighteningly hard.

Being hard at my desk would be the second most traumatizing thing to happen today. I got to Hogwarts nice and early, sitting down to a delicious breakfast in the great hall. You know how much I adore making breakfast at home, feeding my family, I get such a rush of pride knowing I've fed my family delicious and hopefully healthy filling foods. But there's something so nostalgically wonderful about eating breakfast in the great hall. This is the first place I ever actually got to eat until I was no longer hungry. These are the first breakfasts I ever got to eat without having accidentally burnt it first.

Anyway, so I'm sitting at breakfast, squirming a bit because my arse was sore. I know I know I know, I'm a wizard I can easily heal that. But why would I want to when it's only sore and not painful? It's a constant reminder of the double love I received from my husband. Except it wasn't only a reminder for me. Apparently my shifting and squirming was quite telling. How do I know it was obvious to others? Because Headmistress McGonagall, a woman who's known me since I was eleven, practically an extra grandmother or at least auntie to our children, my Minnie .... took a look at me, smirked hard enough to put even a Malfoy smirk to shame, and said, "Looks as though someone had a very, ehrm, thorough anniversary celebration last night."

So I'll just send this email and then I'll be off to our hidden emergency island. It's been a lovely eighteen years, I'll miss you ever so much, I will probably come back when the embarrassment fades. I'm guessing at least a decade. Don't hold your breath.

What? You think it's a ridiculous reason to run away and hide from the world? Fine! I'll stay!

If you're still wondering about my very vague clues I suppose I should clue you in to why they were vague or weird. I had no idea what the children had planned for us. About two weeks ago they cornered me, told me they wanted to do a song and dance for us but were worried I'd overly schedule our day. Which, to be fair, I probably would have. I guess they needed to give me just enough information that I would block off a window of time for their amazingly beautiful tribute,
but without ruining the surprise. It worked like a charm, we had that lovely picnic, and still had plenty of time for the show in the evening.

It's the day after our anniversary and I'm still riding the high from our wonderful day.

Or maybe that's the orgasm high!

High on you,
Harry

Wednesday May 31st
Mi Corazon,

Let me get a bit of business that you probably already knew out of the way. I'm going to blame the atrocious brain fog I had for not knowing/remembering these things. But here's apparently the way things stand for our original set of almost triplets.

Orion owns a successful business and does not plan to attend Hogwarts next year, and so, is taking his NEWTS a year early. Eris has just had a baby and has also decided that she doesn't want to be going back to Hogwarts and leaving behind a toddler, and so, SHE is going to be taking her NEWTS a year early. Which leaves Hazel NOT wanting to be the only one of the three going to school next year, therefore naturally, SHE is going to be taking her NEWTS this year as well. Last but not least, Harrison absolutely DOES NOT want to be *not only* the last of his siblings but the last of his 'almost siblings' going to school, so HE'S going to be taking his NEWTS too.

Oi! Which means that in just three weeks (less if I decide to bribe the examiners again), we're going to have no less than FIVE students graduating and wanting a party. Thank all the Gods that Eris and my mother have been on top of planning that for a couple of months now, because I'm not certain I could survive planning a huge party on top of planning (or rather, listening to Viona freak out about) her wedding, which: "IS IN JULY, DAD, JUST FIVE AND A HALF WEEKS AWAY!!"

Sigh...

In any case, because they've done all the planning and DON'T want to conflict IN THE SLIGHTEST with Viona's wedding, this is how it stands: The last day of term this year is Friday June 23rd, with the Seventh Years and our four not-going-back Sixth Years participating in the graduation ceremony that morning. The entirety of the Castle will then be scrambling to finish packing up to be on the Hogwarts' Express headed home by about midday of Saturday June 24th. Which means that they have been spreading the word for weeks now that they're going to have their graduation party here at the Manor on Saturday night, lasting until at least lunch on Sunday, possibly until dinner if enough people stay rather than pop off to do whatever they might need to do now that they're free young adults let loose on the world.

Speaking of which, I know that Viona plans to move in with Alric the moment they're married - they've even bought their house. But I suppose that Eris, Orion, and Hazel will probably want to continue living in the Manor. Or MAYBE Orion will do as he 'jokingly' suggested and live in a flat in the Hog's Head. Eris and Hazel have talked a little bit about maybe getting a flat in London and opening a design studio/clothing boutique. Harrison is not technically ours to worry about, but since Delphini has very recently expanded the Potter Bed and Breakfast into a full on hideaway/resort complete with a house for all of them, he's probably going to be moving in there with the rest of his siblings and take a more active role in helping that business be as successful as
possible. OR he might actually move in with Orion and learn bartending.

I guess we'll see, won't we?

The point is that with you teaching next year and all of us moving to Hogwarts, they'll all have their living situation sorted, and we won't 'have' to worry about them. The middles will be IN Hogwarts - except Shtara, who'll be staying in the Dorms in Elena's school - and the Littles will probably be bored as fuck in the Professor's quarter's that we'll be living in, but it'll be easy enough to bring them back to the Manor any day the boredom gets to be too much for them.

UGH!!! I have GOT to stop thinking about all of this before I lose the last of my thinning hair to stress!

So, moving on to my day yesterday. While you were dying of mortification, I managed to FINALLY have that meeting with Oliver and our Lawyers. What took so long was that the legal team wanted to be absolutely certain they had a rock solid case, and so, took the time to patch up any potential holes. I personally did not want Oliver to feel intimidated, so I booked a private room at Café Exquis, a room with a much smaller table than our usual family sized one.

For nearly two hours, we all ate light things like caviar and escargot while sipping on excellent Albarino. The team did an excellent job of explaining what they could do, and Oliver slowly changed from practically stubborn and dead set against any of this to... tentatively in agreement. He still maintains that he does NOT want to cause strife to a family he quite loved for many years. That said, the lawyers stressed that they were able to compile clear records of everything Oliver earned when he played quidditch professionally, and also clear records of how those earnings were deposited into a joint vault and remained there for many years, until about five years ago, that exact amount was transferred from the joint vault to a vault owned by the family - leaving only Edmond's monthly stipend from his family.

It seems that considering the fact that they lived in one of Edmond's family properties (which he apparently already lived in when Oliver married him, and so, Oliver always thought Edmond owned it outright), and they had very little for expenses, the money Edmond received for being the Heir to their family meant that he received more than they spent, and actually, could have survived quite well WITHOUT any of Oliver's money at all. Hence the reason it was able to remain in the vault in its entirety for so many years.

But I digress as that's not actually relevant.

Basically, our lawyers won Oliver over by promising to go after those earnings and *only* those earnings. In essence, NOT attacking the in-laws, but rather legally asking for the return of his property. Income, whatever. The fact that he and his children have been staying with us will only play into the Wizengamot's sympathy, as I'm certain Oliver is probably a favorite of at least some of them, being a famous Quidditch player and all.

So, after the legal team left, I could clearly see that Oliver A: didn't want to go home yet as he probably wanted time to think without being interrupted by Parker - or any of OUR kids. But conversely, DIDN'T want to think about/dwell on it. And B: hadn't eaten (or even pretended to eat) anything while listening to the 'pitch,' and so, must be at least a little hungry.

Smiling encouragingly, I ordered a real lunch for both of us. I naturally asked for hibachi grilled calamari, while Oliver seems more of a fish and chips bloke, and since he wasn't paying attention, I figured he'd either eat it and not even notice, or not eat it and it could be packed up and brought home for later.
Happily, he managed to finish his thinking while I was still chatting about the weather and recent Quidditch scores. Thus, when I was ready to move onto my exasperation over my oldest children - well NEARLY oldest, he was paying attention again, and seemed grateful for something else to think about. We had a nice long chat that turned from lighter topics to increasingly more serious topics. Such as yours and his upcoming jobs and move to Hogwarts.

At some point, my inherent flirting just kicked in and I didn't even realize it until Oliver blushed and muttered: "Merlin!"

"Sorry, too much?" I asked in concern.

"Not so much too much as... well, I'm still getting used to flirting and being found attractive," he admitted with a shrug.

"You CLEARLY didn't leave the house much as I'm dead certain you still have millions of fans ready to reassure you that you are utterly fit and wank bank material," I replied with a grin, making him blush again.

Then he shook his head. "I logically understand that you and Harry are open, and that you both seem to be attracted to me for some reason, but I... I just can't help... I STILL have a hard time accepting that you're suddenly on a cozy lunch date with me, and Harry has no idea what you're doing. It's like you're going behind his back or something..."

Rather than feel any sort of guilty, I decided to read bits and pieces from an email of yours - to him.

"Thursday May 25th - Harry ends his email with: 'Can you talk to him? (Referring to you, Oliver.) I'll stay home with the babes tonight, you can take him to dinner.' I stopped there rather than reveal that you wanted to use a legal meeting as an excuse for chatting him up. Which is basically what happened, huh...

Oliver chuckled. "Yeah, but, what would he think if his suggestion of a simple dinner turned into a whole lot MORE than he likes?"

"Oh? You mean you don't think he knows what could potentially happen?" I challenged with a smirk, and then proceeded to read him the earlier part of the same email in which you described what might have happened had me and Oliver continued to cuddle in bed rather than be woken up by my confusion causing you to howl with laughter.

By the time I was done, Oliver looked like he'd just been punched by a fist full of Amortentia - or actually NOT Amortentia, which is a love potion, but rather a LUST potion. Er... maybe a bit of both. The important part was that he was quite woozy looking and not opposed to the idea at all, which made me slide so much closer to him and stroke his cheek.

"That reminds me, Harry got to kiss you so much more thoroughly than I did..." I trailed off before giving him a kiss to remember. When I was done, he exhaled in a soft tone of awe.

"Fuck... NEVER in my life did I imagine that I'd be kissing that bratty Seeker from the Slytherin Team!"

I smirked mildly evilly. "Can't say the same..."

He chuckled as I tossed enough money onto the table to pay for everything, and then stood and held my hand out to him. "Come, let's return to the Manor and terrorize all those stablehands Harry hired for his rescue. I want to be certain that they can handle the operation once he's working full
time at Hogwarts - especially since I talked him into taking the Head of Gryffindor House position and he'll need to be there five days a week minimum."

"I'm only going to be the Flying Instructor and Quidditch Referee (plus occasional coach as necessary), and so, I won't need to stay in the school quite as much. I'll be able to pop back here and check on them each day," Oliver promised as I tucked his hand in the crook of my arm and prepared to Apparate us home. We both paused our conversation until after the Apparation was complete, but then continued on, walking toward the stables as we talked.

"I know Harry will be relieved. I'm honestly surprised that he hasn't devolved into panicky Harry yet, and he may well do so as September draws nearer, but I think the fact that he hasn't already means that he trusts his staff implicitly, and probably even feels like they know more about what they're doing than he does. He's always preferred to be more of a fun uncle than the main caregiver."

"But that's incredibly amazing too!" Oliver exclaimed passionately. "Harry has the inspiration and motivation - not to mention sheer tenacity! - to help improve lives, be it children or animal. He gets the Quaffle going, and then sees to it that others have the skill and ability to keep it in motion while he moves on to the next thing that needs him."

"That he does," I agreed. "And the very first thing he saved and nurtured and loved was me, and I will never stop loving him with every beat of my heart and every breath in my body. Not even death will stop me from loving him."

Oliver looked a little gutted by those words and I immediately felt like a bastard. "I'm so sorry, I didn't mean -"

He cut me off by shaking my head. "No, I know. You didn't mean to imply that I was a rotten husband because I'm already moving on from my husband's death. But... part of me can't help but feel that way."

I nodded in understanding, stopping outside the stables and holding his hand. "Listen, since I clearly stuck my foot in it, why don't you go chat with your Mind Healer while I have fun running amok in the stables thoroughly alarming all the employees."

Oliver laughed. "Why do you say it like that?"

"Like what?" I asked innocently, then grinned. "It's because I know how to use any tiny mistake listed in an employee's file to fluster them, and by doing so, can gauge whether or not they're efficient at their jobs, and more important, confident enough to tell me that they know what they're doing and I can kindly bugger off."

Laughing again, Oliver kissed me on the cheek before waving and promising to come see how it went when he got back. After he Disapparated, I rolled up my sleeves and got down to business.

On that note, I'm so sorry if one or two of your employees came crying to you hysterically. I might have - perhaps - gotten a tad overzealous. I didn't actually fire anyone, merely implied that I might if they couldn't explain their actions more coherently.

I'd stare a lifetime into your eyes,
Draco
P.S. Perhaps we shouldn't mention to Oliver just yet how important that kiss between the two of you was. No need to make him go running back to his Mind Healer a mere day later. We'll tell him if all this flirting bears actual fruit, yeah?
P.P.S. Can I just say without provoking extinction level wrath that I sort of, kinda, maybe just a little, LIKE Oliver. You know me, I love flirting with almost anyone - NOT on the same level as Blaise, who can flirt with EVERYTHING, but still. So that's all I thought it was at first, having fun flirting and being just serious enough to be there for Oliver exactly as much as he needs. But now...? I... Well... for example, simply walking arm in arm with him while chatting was... thrilling. There wasn't a solid prospect of shagging and I still quite enjoyed that simple walk. I just pray you don't think this means I love you any less as I was deadly serious with what I said to Oliver about loving you. I am by no means a stranger to open and polyamorous relationships, but I have to admit that this thing with Oliver... makes me feel like I should probably have a chat with my own Mind Healer.

P.P.P.S. If I'm not back before you get home, you can find me at Yesenia's.
Chapter 138

Chapter Summary

Harry is curious about Draco's need for a session, and Draco ends up with a magical problem.

Wednesday May 31, 2017

My Heart,

I just got home a little while ago, you must still be at Yesenia's. I decided not to come find you there, but let you have as long as you need. I suppose I am just a bit curious as to why you feel the need to be there. You know I always think talking things over with our mind healers is the right thing to do, I just wonder what set you off that you found it necessary tonight.

I read your email, so I suppose I know what set you off. I guess I'm just confused as to why this is something traumatic or life-changing enough that you needed an immediate discussion with Yesenia. You knew I was developing a bit of a crush on Ollie, and that didn't seem to upset you in the slightest. But you realizing you like him is upsetting you in the slightest. But you realizing you like him is upsetting you?

I know I haven't had a real crush since we've gotten together, but I didn't realize you hadn't. Or have you had smaller ones and this one is just bigger? Or is it the fact that you and I are both crushing on the same person that makes it feel more real? I just don't know what could be different about now that is hard for you to wrap your mind around emotionally.

Well, I suppose it really doesn't matter what part of this is hard for you, you did the right thing in going to talk with Yesenia. I'm thinking I'll just stay here at home and cuddle you all up when you get back instead of searching you out. I think you could have some time to yourself with her, and maybe later this week or next week we can have a joint session if you'd like.

If you get this and read it while in your session, please know that I know how much you love me. And just like you accepted and loved me through admitting to my feelings, I love and accept you through admitting your own. Can I be completely honest with you? It sounds like you're afraid of my wrath? You're afraid of my jealousy, my possessiveness, my whatever negative feeling you were expecting. Don't you think that would be awfully hypocritical of me to have extinction levels of rage for you doing the exact same thing I am? Truly though, I'm actually so unbelievably relieved that you're having feelings as well. I was feeling so badly, despite your assurance of continuing love and support, for my own feelings. I was having a hard time wrapping my mind around how I can love you unconditionally while having these feelings. I thought you were doing that thing where you give up everything you want in order to appease me. I thought my feelings were breaking your heart and you were hiding it under your Malfoy mask and feigned understanding. To find out that's not the case? Knowing that what I felt was an indiscretion is actually something we're both feeling? I'm so so so relieved.

But I suppose this is probably what you felt the need to discuss with Yesenia. We've always known exactly where we've stood when it comes to our relationship with each other. We are romantically monogamous while having a policy of sexual openness under a set of rules and understandings.
This is not sex. Or not JUST sex. Hopefully it includes sex.

Actually, I have no idea what to hope. We're discussing this with each other. And we're being open with Ollie that we are having feelings. But the more I think about his reactions to all of it, the more I think he assumes we're flirting in an attempt to play with him. That we care about him as a person and look forward to shagging if and when he's ever ready. But does he realize that's not what this is? I didn't realize that's not what this was until you admitted to that romantic thrill while just walking with him. All of this is completely irrelevant if he's not ready for a relationship, if he's not interested in any sort of non-monogamy, or if he's not actually interested in us the way we are him.

Oh Merlin, all this introspection and this could all be a moot point. What if he's mildly flattered because he's feeling unattractive and unwanted, but has absolutely none of these feelings we've been churning around and around? Well, I suppose he at least has some of the sexy-type shaggy feelings. He watched us shag, joined our other-universe doppelgangers and took a blow-job from me. And he was apparently all turned on at my fantasy involving the two of you from my email.

You read him my email?!? He knows I've been fantasizing about him! I've been using my images of my friend to get my rocks off and ... and ... well, and he seems to like it. I guess it's not so bad. But if he had not taken it well, you would be in some massive trouble Draco Lucius! Well he now knows I fantasize about him, he knows I wouldn't mind seeing the two of you together, he knows I tried getting you to take him out, so basically he now knows I'm an utter slag. Ta ever so for that.

Oh, before you panic, I am not actually upset with you. I understand that he was worried about my feelings and you showed him exactly why those worries were unfounded. You made the right decision. I just don't know how I feel about him knowing exactly what a pervert I am.

I really do feel so badly for Oliver. He feels as though he's rotten for moving on too fast from his husband? His extremely controlling husband? The man that (medical excuse or not) abused him for years? A man who, if the lawyers are to be believed, allowed his parents to steal from his husband? I hope his mind healer is adamant that he's in no way required to mourn for a specific period and there's no need to feel guilty for wanting companionship or even a down and dirty shag. He hadn't had sex for almost five years!!! I can NOT imagine that. I can't imagine going five days unless there was a medical need like pregnancy, I can't even imagine going five weeks WITH a medical need!

And even in a regular marriage, where one of the partners wasn't abusive, a year between diagnosis and death is completely different than an unexpected death. In those situations, the family begins the grief process when they learn of the upcoming death. That means for all that he's "only" been gone for a little over five weeks, Ollie's been mourning for over a year. That's not a short amount of time.

He nursed his abuser for a year after diagnosis, he's a right to some happiness if he can find it! He has a right to a lot more in my opinion! If I were Oliver, I would take those in-law douchebags for all they were worth! Okay, I know myself, I wouldn't. I'm not good at that kind of confrontation. But I definitely think HE should! At least he's willing to allow our lawyers to try and get back what's rightfully his. I can't believe they think they have the right to his earnings. If the lawyers don't get on top of this situation ... should we call a certain beloved Russian grandmother?

And his poor children, they lost their father, they lost their home, they lost what they thought were loving grandparents, I want to go full Rage Halo Harry on those monsters! Oh! Cassie. So, we've Viona's graduation, and Ori, Eri, Haz, and Harrison's early graduation, but what about Cassie? We should make sure Ollie AND Cassie are not only told about the party and asked to attend, but Cassie should be one of the graduates the party honors don't you think? We can let her know she
still has people who love and support her even if her shite grandparents won't. She can invite all of her friends. I just think it's important we show those kids that they are not only free to stay as long as they need, but that they are wanted and welcomed.

Even if we aren't living there officially. I already talked with your mum, and your dad will just do whatever Narcissa tells him to do anyway, to know if Oliver and his kids or the Viper crew would still be welcomed and have a home here even if we weren't here all the time. She, of course, looked at me like I was an absolute moron and told me they were of course welcome as long as they'd like. I think Narcissa had a lifetime of silent halls and echoing empty ballrooms. She loves the noise and chaos and love that comes with a massive family. If anything, I think she'd be displeased if they all tried to leave just because we weren't there.

Obviously you will be bringing our small children home to the Manor often since you think they'll be bored being in our quarters. And that's great because I have a feeling Grandma Cissy won't want to be very far away from her grandchildren. But do you think they're going to be forced to stay within our quarters? Do you think they'd follow that rule even if it were enforced? I spoke about this at length with Minnie. They will need to stay out of the Forbidden Forest unless accompanied by one of us, and they need to make sure they're not disrupting classes, but other than that, they will have an entire castle grounds to discover. I think they may even end up with more outdoor spaces to explore than the Manor grounds!

And since Oliver won't be staying at the castle as often as we need to and has already promised to pop into the stables often, I am certain he will take the feisty foursome with him. We can't keep our littles away from their horses, thestrals, and unicorns. I don't know if he should bring YOU though since you make my stable employees cry!

What did you do to Alex? I spent probably twenty minutes trying to dry those tears! Be nice! Don't make me sic your mum on you!

I think I heard the floo, hopefully that's you coming home because I could use a smooch!

Always Yours,
Harry

P.S. Do you think I could talk the two of you into doing a re-enactment of that kiss?

Friday June 2nd
My most patient and understanding husband,

So, I erm... I'm in St. Mungo's again as it seems that our children were playing a round of hide and hex - or perhaps magical tag - and during an accidental tumble or collision, a combination of spells hit me that forcibly turned me into a... sigh... an Anteater. Thank MERLIN I can still type! Please do me a favor and make sure Morgana didn't blow up the Manor the moment she realized I was gone, yeah? Thanks!

Eternally your unlucky bastard,
Draco
Chapter 139

Chapter Summary

It's Draco's birthday.

Monday June 5, 2017

Happy Birthday My Love,

I'm so happy you're here to celebrate your birthday with your family. And not stuck in St. Mungo's still from your ... incident. The incident we're never talking about again. Ever. No matter how hilarious it was. Sorry, not hilarious, uhm, erm, horrifying. Terrible and embarrassing and bad. Bad bad bad.

But oh my Hell it was hilarious. The funniest thing to me is when I walked into your room, I immediately knew the anteater was you. Besides the fact that you had told me you were an anteater, and the medi-witch (not YOUR medi-witch, a different one) told me it was your room, it was so obviously you. How did you manage to look like a posh, annoyed, snob whilst transfigured into an anteater?

You were really only stuck that way for a few hours short of a full day. It should have been easy enough to swap you back, probably easy enough to not go to St. Mungo's at all, except it wasn't one spell or hex or whatever that did it. It was a combination of three casts at varying power levels that caused your ... unfortunate condition. They had to carefully unravel and remove the spells instead of just casting a finite. They were layered awkwardly, it was a bit like a tangled rope left in storage to long, just yanking on it might have tangled it all the more so it had to be carefully unraveled in the right order.

Luckily for all of us you were only there for the 22 hours then. Not only could you have missed your birthday if it had been a couple of days, but Morgana may have ended up leveling the Manor!
Actually, I was pleasantly surprised that she was pretty much fine. I don't think she would have been if we hadn't gone above and beyond to keep her happy, but she didn't even blow anything up! She did make a couple of angry faces at each of us, but that seemed to be the extent. If she gained a lot of weight in the last few days I wouldn't be surprised, because I pretty much fed her nonstop. When she wasn't nursing, she was playing with her brothers. If they weren't available, all of us (but mostly me) took turns singing her silly songs, playing peek-a-boo, and basically acting ridiculous for the Queen's amusement!

As you'll recall, I also brought her and her boys to come visit you. I think her amusement at your circumstances canceled out all rage at your disappearance.

So, I just finished a mile-high stack of crepes, served up a ridiculous portion of berries, ginger, garlic, and caviar, and I'm about to come wake up my birthday boy. Don't worry, I'm coming alone .... and in a few minutes you'll be coming alone too!

Thank you for being born,
Harry

Monday June 5th
My adoration,

Today started out perfectly. Aside from the fact that I still have a strong urge and/or compulsive need to search for pictures of ants on the internet, I'm feeling like myself. You woke me up in my favorite way - an orgasm followed by snuggling followed by food.

After that, we took advantage of the fact that the babies were apparently content to be playing with each other somewhere else. I can only assume you woke Morgana up and gave her a good feed while you were cooking my breakfast, because she was not causing any destruction yet.

But happy morning times didn't end with our snuggling. You pampered me as I ate, giving me a foot massage and devoting yourself to me as my naked manservant. I had you kneeling next to my side of the bed, holding my glass of pomegranate juice, and was just starting to pet your head and give you praise - thereby turning this into a bit of a puppy play session - when we had a guest arrive.

"Harry! Draco!" Oliver called out softly as he entered our suite but was still outside of our bedroom. "Are you in here?"

"Come here," I bade, still petting your head, which was making you melt even as you were trying to maintain a rigid enough posture that you didn't spill my drink.

He walked into our room with a smile that very quickly turned to mild curiosity. "Whaaat are you doing???

I chuckled. "It's my birthday and Harry is treating me like his King for the day. Anything I so desire, even the slightest whim, is mine to have at his procurement."

"Uh...huh..." Oliver cleared his throat. "That's actually sort of why I came in here. I wanted to give you a card from Cassie, Parker, and me. I know it's not much - or anything really - but -" He stopped when I held up a hand to cut him off.

"I don't need more THINGS, Oliver. A card is perfect for me. Hand it over."
He handed it over and I read what turned out to be three pages of babbling gratitude from them. Smiling, I ordered Muffy to set the card on the small shelf of knickknacks on the same wall as our photos. Then I invited Oliver to sit on the edge of our bed, and he was a bit hesitant because you were naked on your knees and I was naked in bed with only a crisp white sheet preserving my 'modesty.'

Once he was sitting on the edge of the bed, I smirked at him. "Harry has wondered if he could talk the two of us into demonstrating that kiss we had for his viewing pleasure."

You gasped eagerly. "Yes Please!"

Oliver quirked a brow at you for a moment before chuckling. "Alright..."

To be honest, this wasn't exactly a reenactment because that first kiss was mostly me showing him a bit of my skill, this kiss was him leaning over to reach my mouth and then giving as good as he got, and since I was ALSO giving as good as I got, we were quite hot and heavy in no time at all. You were making a soft sound of enjoyment that I'm almost certain you didn't realize or notice you were doing.

When we pulled apart, the sheet was tented to show that I was DEFINITELY back in the mood. You were still kneeling next to the bed, so I couldn't exactly see it, but I'm willing to bet my last galleon that you were as hard as Chinese arithmancy too. Oliver was fully clothed, but his trousers looked painfully tight.

All in all, I thought it was an excellent time to push my luck.

"Harry, my love, put that drink on the bedside table, move this tray as well, and then climb into bed please," I commanded. You were already finished and in bed before I could take three breaths. You kissed me, wagging your firm and shapely rear as if you had a tail. I think you were still at least a little bit in puppy mode, or at the very least, not in the mood to speak.

"This King for a day commands you to kiss our Oliver so well that he can't breathe - can only pant with desire."

Oliver looked rather amused by our antics, but most definitely stayed put to play along. You kissed him enthusiastically, inadvertently bending him backwards over my lap, which was exactly perfect in my opinion. I stroked a hand down along your spine repeatedly, thoroughly enjoying my birthday present.

Still, I couldn't involve Oliver in our playing much more without his express consent. "Oliver, Harry and I are obviously worked up a bit much to just quit now. So we need to know what you are comfortable with. Perhaps something small? My Harry can give you another blowjob, or he can wank you - just you or both of you together - OR he can simply keep on kissing you until you frot to a lovely climax."

I had so many other options I could have given him, but I didn't want to overwhelm him with choice.

"Erm..." he droned in thought for a long moment. "Yeah, actually, I would probably love some kissing and frotting. But what about you? It's YOUR birthday, shouldn't YOU be the one having all the fun?"

"Oh believe me, watching IS my fun, and besides, there will come a point when I just *have* to have my husband - as watching him will have driven me mad with lust, and at that point, you'll
receive quite a show in return."

"Mmm..." you purred in anticipation.

Stroking your back again, I ordered: "Strip Oliver off, Harry, and be sure to lick or kiss everything as it's uncovered."

Oliver inhaled sharply as you did exactly that. Since he was still bent backwards over my lap, I took advantage of the proximity by pinching his nipples. We KNOW it's been a while since he's had anything other than a wank and that blowjob you gave him, so I felt it prudent to cast a denial spell on him for at least a few minutes.

You eagerly and somewhat roughly yanked his clothes off, kissing, licking, and gently biting everything that was uncovered. When you reached his shaft, you made a long delay on the trip to his feet, demandingly getting your mouth and hands full. Poor Oliver! If I hadn't cast that denial spell, I'm almost certain he'd be done already! He had a look on his face that let me know he was downright gobsmacked that he hadn't gone off and passed out yet.

After giving you a few minutes to do your best to suck him dry - the denial spell holding - I tapped your head expectantly. "Oi! Finish stripping him off and get back to what he asked for!"

You made a soft grunt of understanding and agreement and resumed your journey to his feet before making the return trip to his shaft - which you once again gave a good suck to - before finally arriving at your destination of his mouth. Once you were settled nicely atop him and snogging the breath right out of his body, I cast a couple of lubrication charms to make your mutual frotting even better. You were perhaps eager to show him a good time, because you had your hand between you, helping out by wanking you both just a little.

I let this continue on for quite some time, enjoying every moment of it, but Oliver eventually started looking a bit overwhelmed, and since he almost certainly had nothing for stamina, the enforced version from my spell must be harming more than helping at that point, so I impressed myself by casting TWO spells at the same time, both wordless and wandless. The one on him took off the denial spell, while the one on you brought on instant orgasm.

Or in other words, I wanted you both to have a clear and glorious conclusion to your playing.

But of course, that wasn't the end. ***I*** still had an erection just begging for attention. So, I smacked your arse and bit your shoulder. "Oi, mutt! Hop on and ride your Master!"

Well now, weren't you eager?

After you rode me for quite a while, my own unaided stamina was reaching it's limit. So I looked at Oliver, who was watching us with an almost innocent curiosity by this point, and asked: "Which would you prefer? Watching me pump his arse full, or having me pull out and pump it all over you so that he can clean it up with his tongue?"

"Merlin!" Oliver exclaimed with a blush. "That's such a dirty idea! I haven't the foggiest why it sounds so appealing, but won't that just turn into me all hot and bothered again? Sounds a bit unfair to Harry too."

Grinning, I smacked your arse. "Harry, hop off and get ready to clean him up!"

A moment later, I'd shifted so that I was kneeling, aiming directly at Oliver's chest. When I started my orgasm, I sincerely wished that I could write my name with my spunk, but since that sort of precision is impossible, I simply splashed a bit as evenly over his chest, abdomen, and groin as
"There you go, love, clean it up," I reordered.

You were every bit as eager as you had been to begin with, and so, I was definitely enjoying the view. At this rate, playtime may have lasted until the last moment of my birthday, except that it was abruptly interrupted by a very large and VERY determined Owl, who landed close enough to positively GLARE at me, and was likely a heartbeat away from biting or pecking me if I hadn't taken the message from him.

I took it and read it as quickly as possible so that I could send a reply and get rid of the Owl.

"Bloody hell!" I exclaimed in dismay a moment later. Grabbing you, I gave you a swift and hard kiss before edging toward the side of the bed. "It seems that they've caught that murderer that's trying to frame me, and my presence is requested right away. I'd have dropped everything to go anyway, sorry love, but you know I would've. But by all means, keep this going! In fact, I'll make that an order if I have to, keep right on exhausting each other until you pass out! Bonus round if you're still going when I get back!"

You sighed and slumped a bit. "Merlin be damned Robards," you growled almost inaudibly. "One of these days, I'm going to have to have dear sweet grandmama go pay him a visit..."

"Don't you dare!" I commanded in alarm from where I now stood next to the bed. "Robards is NOT the problem. The PROBLEM is the murderer! Let me just go do my job a bit and I'll be back as soon as I can."

"That's not even your job, Draco! You conduct raids and TEACH self defense. This is going to be interrogation and case building," you argued.

I yanked you close enough to kiss, another swift and hard one. "Fine, so not technically MY job, but I need to be there anyway."

You grumbled something I couldn't quite hear, but I guessed what it was anyway. "And NO! You are NOT going to be allowed to be alone with this bloke for five minutes so that he can mysteriously disappear."

"But he's threatening the love of my life!" You roared.

"Was. Trying. Badly," I corrected, kissed you again, and then rushed off to get dressed. "I mean it Harry! NO trying to sneak into the Ministry! Also, keep playing with Oliver - which is a FAR better distraction than worrying about me when I'll be FINE!"

You grumbled petulantly and lay down in bed to fume until I was dressed and gone. I raced into the closet, cast a slew of cleaning charms on myself, and then threw on the first suitable things I came across - which happened to be my favorite pair of silk-lined trousers and one of those bloody T-shirts you got for me. This one said:

I'm silently judging you.

On the back, it said:

Fuck you, and have a nice day - but the fuck you formed the shape of a fist holding up its middle finger.
All in all, rather fitting, I presume.

As I rushed out of the closet, amazingly NOT having gotten lost in there for even a couple of minutes, I found you pacing the room, Oliver watching you from our bed, where he looked half asleep - probably from post-amazing-sex-lethargy.

I took a moment to jog over to you and pull you into my arms. "Look, they caught him. He can't POSSIBLY murder me or anyone else from a magic suppressing holding cell. I'm going to be fine, and I'll be back home as soon as possible." I gave you a kiss. "So if you can't at least relax enough to enjoy a willing playmate, please go bake me some biscuits in combinations you think are atrocious. I look forward to eating them as soon as I return. NOT that my arse really needs more biscuits! Have you seen it recently?! It's nearly the size of a Quidditch Pitch!"

"Yes I've seen that arse, I'd play on that Quidditch Pitch ALL DAY," you assured me with a leering grin.

I kissed you again. "There's the man I love.

"Go on then," you bade. "The sooner you leave, the sooner you'll get back." And with that, you gave me a last kiss and pushed me toward the floo.

However, since I was able to Apparate - my magic fully recovered from my pregnancy - I decided to simply do that. But first, I gave Oliver a quick kiss on the cheek. "Keep an eye on my worrywart for me, yeah?"

"Alright," he agreed with a chuckle, eyeing my shirt in amusement.

Once in the Ministry, I went directly to Robards. He looked rather grim and invited me to sit. "Sorry to call you here on your birthday. Tea?"

"Yes please," I accepted. After it was served and we both had a single sip, Robards sighed.

"I waited until I thought that not even YOU could possibly still be asleep, but I couldn't wait any longer because I knew you'd want to be called in as soon as possible. Last night, Gillian Walters
was attacked again, but due to your secret planning session with her, she and Senior Auror Ginger Astaire were ready and able to catch him. Thus, at five minutes to ten o'clock, Marcus Braun was taken into custody for the attack on and attempted murder of Ms. Walters - twice - and the possibility of the murder of Ms. Hughes."

"Who the bloody hell is Marcus Braun??" I asked in bafflement.

Robards sighed and shook his head. "I had a feeling that you might ask that, and so, I have a picture ready to show you." He tossed said picture onto the desk in front of me.

I picked it up and looked it over, feeling the blood drain from my body almost completely. "... BURLY?!?! But... WHY??"

"I have no bloody idea yet as we haven't gotten two words out of him," Robards admitted.

I felt like I couldn't quite breathe and needed some air, so I excused myself and went to my office where I could think in peace and write this email to you. Now that I'm done, I'm going to go back to Robards and be involved in every step of the way until we have answers. I'll email you again - or just return home - when I'm done.

You~~~~~~~~~~
Draco
Chapter 140

Chapter Summary

Harry misses Draco and Draco drowns his sorrows a bit.

Monday June 5 ... or is it Tuesday June 6 ... Nope, definitely the 6th

My Constance,

I have a million and one questions for you concerning your interrogations. I have too many things I want to know about every single incident that happened. How did he gain access to such confidential files? Did he have accomplices? Are you sure Robards isn't in on it? But what I really want is permission to come have a little chit chat with this person who dared threaten my love. Unfortunately, you specifically asked me not to do that, you even tied up the loophole of letting me call Grandmama or even potentially make him go missing. So I can only sit and wait, hoping that justice is served.

Instead of asking all of those more specific questions concerning the case, I will just wait until you email me or get home to tell me all about it. I'm up in the middle of the night, feeding our demanding babies, and as you're still not home, I'm having trouble falling back to sleep from worrying about how everything is going. What better time to write a rambling email?

Well you know what happened earlier today when I woke you up. You're also well aware of your lovely afternoon with me kneeling at your feet serving you. And I'm assuming you remember all the lovely details from when Oliver came in to give you your card and stayed for a lot more. What you aren't aware of, because you've been Auror-ing for hours and hours and hours, is everything that happened after you left.

Or, erm, is still happening technically. So, Ollie stayed a bit longer so I could fulfill your parting commands and he could keep an eye on your worrywart. We ended up joining the family for meals. I fed the babies ... a lot. We checked out the stables. And then I went to put the babies to bed but they were all three being almost Morgana levels of needy. So, unsurprisingly since the man is in love with babies, Oliver ended up helping me put them to bed. And then chatting for a while. And then falling asleep.

Which means that there are extra bodies in your bed when you get home. Don't worry, we left a big cozy spot full of the best pillows and blankets right in the middle for you to snuggle into as soon as you get home!

I hope it's not going to be upsetting for you coming home and finding a bed full of Gryffindors. Please please please let me know if I'm overstepping. I think I'm just so overjoyed that you're feeling cute and flirty and romantic that I'm forgetting how to not plow in full steam ahead.

First of all, I am very sorry I tried arguing with you about you going in to work on the Auror business. I was still kind of in subspace, not full subspace but I was definitely in a submissive headspace and my head was a little foggy. Now, don't get me wrong, under normal conditions I would have been furious that you were being "forced" to spend your birthday doing something that isn't even your damn job!! But this is a completely different situation. This is someone who was
your student and has now possibly murdered one person and attempted to murder someone else twice all in an effort to either frame you or hurt you or something. This is not some random case they called you in for, but one that you are directly affected by.

As much as I wish this case hadn't touched you at all, wish it hadn't come to a head on your birthday, wish I could remove this stress from you completely, I understand your need to see it to the finish. Take as much time as you need, but please make sure you at least eat a bit and get some rest. Come home safe to me.

And don't worry, I messaged Minnie and even if you have to be at the Ministry all week she is fine with me not coming in for the classes this week. If you're just a bit late coming home today I will probably just go in for the entire day on Thursday, get all my required time in in one fell swoop.

Shockingly enough, Morgana has been accepting your absence. Again, everyone has been very keen to keep her content and amused. If we weren't all trying so hard, half the Manor would be in shambles, but for now everything is still standing and in one piece. But I have the feeling as soon as you get back, be it soon or later today or tomorrow, she is going to accidental magic herself a permanent sticking charm to your arms.

Gabe and Dyl on the other hand, are fine. Actually, little Mister Gabriel has been solidly on Team Oliver. If I weren't his only source of food I think I'd never see him! Good thing my Dylan is his Daddy Harry's boy. Yes he is, isn't he my little man? You're Daddy's boy aren't you? Yes, you are going to have the best pony ever, who wants a broom huh? Daddy's boy wants a Firebolt!

Oh, FYI, Dylan just woke up for a feed. In case you're wondering why I was nonsensically baby-talking to myself.

Ugh, I am trying to be patient but can you get home already? Please? Or at least shoot me another message letting me know you're alright?

Anyway, after you left, I did as you asked and took care of Oliver's revived ... interest in the situation. I gave him an epic-level blow job. When he finished (quite quickly I might say, because I suck cock like a BOSS!) he offered to return the favor. I was excited that he's gotten far enough to want to do something that requires him to be a bit assertive. Most of the things we've done with him have been fairly passive; watching us shag, receiving oral, letting me frot us together while kissing, and with the exception of launching himself at you for a kiss, he's allowed us to happen to him. A small (or not so small, heh heh heh) part of me wanted to accept, but I can't imagine you being anything but disappointed to find you'd missed that.

So, I assured him I didn't want to come again until you got home, but that I truly loved taking care of him at your demand. Which got us into a long discussion about your and my dynamic. It's funny, so many people assume this was something you pressured me into, but realistically I think I talked you into it! You love dominating me, but literally collaring me yours wouldn't have been on your needs list if I hadn't needed it so badly. Unsurprisingly, people who don't live this way often assume the Master is controlling, but you and I both know that my submission is on my terms and at the slightest change in my happiness it could all go away.

Case in point: me arguing with you multiple times when you told me to stay and finish up while you headed off to the Ministry.

I miss you. Come home to me soon?

Loving you with everything I am,
Harry
Tuesday June 6th
My harling Drarry. Dairy. Hairy. One of those!

I'm durrently crinking. LOTS of Crinking! My STUPID stew-de-dent-person made STUPID cedisions! Ne hearly MURDERED girly girl, the sparkly princess powder-puffity one! I'm mo sad I could fit spire!

Sug!

Me, girly, roach, myself, Gingin, Ramses the second, Robardy gawainigins, and I are all dinking. Lots and lots of dinking. Dinking??? Rinky dinking? A skinnamarrinkidinkidink, a skinnamarrinkidooooo!

I post my loint.

Stupid head foncessed to murder attempterizing girly girl. WHYYYYYYY?!!?!?! Se haid s'cuz he HATES me!!! I parently didn't pay nuff tension to'im! Se haid I SEDERVE it!!!

LEMME AT 'IM!!! I'LL SHOW HIM WHO SEDERVES IT'!!!

Hy Marry, WAS it my fault? DO I SEDERVE IT?!!!?!!!

HICCUP.

And AND! Ce Nonfessed to do-in my cuzin! Buh THASTARD! Se haid 'e wriiteded NY mame - Draco the brilliant - in ber hlood! Hlood Barry!

I don't unnerstan why! """"-O-"""

Nee... hu-blech! hu-blech!

*At this point, the dictation device cannot make heads nor tails of the sounds coming out of Draco and sends the email*

*Ginger takes pity on the poor boy and brings him home to Harry*

*Harry cleans him up and puts the passed out drunk to bed*
Chapter 141

Chapter Summary

Harry reassures Draco that it's not his fault, and Draco describes what happened.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tuesday June 6, 2017

Hey now Draco you will listen to me right this minute dammit!

You are not responsible for the reprehensible, criminal actions of a murderous crybaby! Wahhhhh! I'm used to being big and strong, boo hoo, I'm used to being the best! Deep sobs, I didn't even try my hardest and got my arse handed to me so now I need to MURDER PEOPLE!

Get the fuck out of here with that bullshite!

You are neither responsible, nor did you deserve any of this. Poor Imogen did not deserve any of this. Gillian didn't deserve this. The only one who "deserves" anything is the monster that did this. He deserve a nice visit in Azkaban. And when I say "visit" I of course mean he should be somewhere that I and/or some of my friends or grandmothers can visit him.

I'm here at Hogwarts on a small break between classes. If you hadn't been home before I had to leave I probably wouldn't have come in today. But since you were in bed safe and sound when I woke up I felt like I could take off for the day. If you're having a rough day or have to go back to the Ministry for whatever reason don't hesitate to message me and let me know. I already let Professor Collins and Minnie know it was a possibility so it would be no trouble at all.

As it was, I already got here late enough this morning to not be able to join the school for breakfast. Good thing Muffy keeps me well fed and I had already slammed a banana, an apple, and she packed me an entire bowl of yogurt and homemade granola. Yum!

Why was I late you ask? I was dealing with a bit of a stubborn animal situation this morning. Did you know there was an octopus in our bed? It seemed to latch onto Ollie, wrapped its appendages around him, and refused to let go. It was kind of funny to be honest. It literally took the two of us to unwrap the gorgeous creature and allow Oliver enough wiggle room to escape! I grabbed one of the limbs with my left arm, hooked my left foot around another while Ollie managed to push one of them upwards while he shimmied his way to freedom.

As soon as he broke free, I ended up entwined by those same appendages immediately after. I didn't mind being caught so much, I could have stayed wrapped up all day. But alas, I had JUST sent a message to Minnie telling her since you were home I'd be able to come in for at least a short time. I had an easier time extricating myself on my own, I think it's because I'm a bit smaller so it's easier for me to escape confining spaces.

What? You find it hard to believe there was an octopus in our bed? But doesn't my description of the events sound exactly like some cuddly creature with a mass of strong tentacles, or maybe arms
and legs, was there? Well, it may not have been an octopus, but the rest of the description stands! It was you!

I was just starting to stir, I could hear the babies making those sweet wake-up noises. You know, the ones where they're not quite awake but they probably will be any moment? The first sight when I opened my eyes was your gorgeous broad back, normally playful dragons having a bit of their own rest, that gorgeous head full of platinum hair on the pillow. I was so happy to see you had gotten home and were sleeping so sweetly.

I gave a small kiss to that spot I love right on your spine between your shoulder blades. I got up, grabbed Gabriel who had fully woken by that point, noticed Dylan was awake enough to grab and feed while I was at it, then sat down on the rocker to feed them and stare at your gorgeous face. Which is when I noticed Oliver was tucked very tightly in your arms. Gabe, Dyl, and my wake-up noises must have been enough to wake him up as well. We chatted softly for a bit, both of us quite glad to see you were home. Until he had to stop snuggling and make his way to the loo.

Which he could not do. It took us a solid five minutes to figure out a plan to get him out of your clutches. And it was so hilarious because every time we'd move your arm, you'd wrap your leg, or the other arm. At one point, you even hooked your chin over his shoulder. It set me off into a fit of giggles, unfortunately. For Oliver, who still needed to use the facilities. I was a bit worried we were going to have a bed-wetting situation if he hadn't gotten free when he did. (I forgot about the emptying charms until he was well into his morning routine.

So, you're a little monkey, you've been a dragon, an anteater, and now I think we can officially add octopus to the list!

Your Catch,
Harry

Tuesday June 6th
Sweet buggering Merlin!

Harry, PLEASE come home and cast an Avada Kedavra on me! My head hurts SOOOOOOO bad! Only death will bring relief at this point...

Oh thank the Gods! Muffy handed me an extra strength Hangover Potion and it's already kicking in. One moment please...

So much better!

Alright, so, here's what I know you're dying to know - I haven't even had a chance to read your email (or reread the one that I vaguely recall replying to last night) - but I know you want to know what happened at the Ministry yesterday.

After coming to terms with the situation in my office for a bit, I went back to Robards' office to ask him what he wanted to do. It seems that he and Ramsey had already tried interrogating Marcus Braun twice, and both times, he simply remained silent. He didn't even ask for a lawyer; all he did was cross his arms over his chest and refuse to talk.

Ramsey had Fierston in with them the second time. They arranged it so that Fierston - who is well-known in the Auror Department as the 'good cop' - was across from him and acting his usual friendly self. He offered tea and just generally chatted for a bit, advising Braun that it really was
better to cooperate. But nope, Braun would not respond to anything.

In private - in a loo two floors away, after warding it to ensure that it STAYED private - Fierston told me that he honestly tried getting in Braun's mind, but Braun had something very like a shield up. A STRONG one! But that - in Fierston's half-trained opinion - it WASN'T the sort of shield one creates during Occlumency. It was messy and jagged, more like what might come up if someone was repeating something like: "lalalalalalala," in their mind to keep calm and prevent from cracking under pressure.

Or in other words, Braun was very likely chanting nonsense in his mind to keep his focus on remaining impassive, rather than let himself focus for even a moment on the Aurors.

So, after a spot of tea, Robards, Ramsey, Fierston, and I all went into the interrogation room where Braun was being held in magic suppressing restraints. The moment I walked into the room, the rest of the occupants could have evaporated - for all the attention Braun paid to them. Also, we could have been in front of the entire Wizengamot for all he cared.

I took the seat across from him, Robards on my right, Ramsey on my left, and Fierston standing right behind me in an attempt to see if he could follow me into Braun's mind - should I happen to get in there.

"So, did they figure it out, or did they simply decide to bring you in because you might have rapport with me as a former teacher?" Braun asked.

I looked him in the eye, remaining calm and at ease. "Do you mean did they figure out that you're trying to frame me for murder?"

He smirked and I could see in his mind that the last vestiges of that natural but not deliberate nor intentional shield was melting away.

"Well, at first, I wasn't trying to frame you for just ANY murder," he replied.

"You wanted to frame me for YOURS," I stated in all certainty.

"Yes," he agreed. "I wanted you to be charged with my murder and sent to Azkaban for the rest of your life."

"But you changed your mind?" I asked curiously. Then I watched him think over some memories.

Memories of me repeatedly handing his arse to him in class - seemingly without even trying. Me being a prick and dismissive or even mean to him when he was frustrated. Basically, me not coddling him. He mentally admitted that I was at least fair in this aspect by not coddling ANY of my students, but even so, he felt that I should have been able to read his mind and understand that he needed more praise and attention so that he could learn the skills quicker and better.

I heard Fierston snort softly in amusement and could only assume that he was right there with me.

Then his thoughts changed from how he wanted to be the best at everything to him standing over himself - naked and battered. This took me back at first. I was confused because I wasn't sure how he could have a memory of literally standing over himself, but he clearly did. Then 'his body' started writing my name in a pool of blood.

Sighing, he ran his hand through his hair in frustration. "At the very beginning, I planned to off myself, but as I was planning out how to convince everyone that YOU did it, I realized that it would be stupid to off MYSELF - even if I succeeded in landing you in Azkaban. With me actually
gone, not ONLY would I NOT be around to enjoy your justice, but you probably wouldn't even know WHY you deserve to be punished."

"I don't," I stated flatly.

"You do!" He exclaimed emphatically, and if he could have, I'm certain that he would have leapt to his feet and towered over me.

"Oh?" I asked curiously. "So, because YOU couldn't master self-defense, I'M an arsehole who deserves to rot in prison?"

"YES!!!"

"Fascinating," I murmured dryly, understanding at this point that he was clearly mentally unstable. "Tell me, why does someone like you enter Auror Training?"

He immediately got a sly and secretive look on his face. "I wanted to be an Auror, of course."

In his mind several scenes flashed. It was a progression, the earliest of which was him as a small child acting silly for his parents' praise. And it didn't matter what he did, they always praised him and called him a good boy. As he got older, they slowly replaced their smiles with rewards. Treats. Insincere and somewhat bored praise. Finally money. Marcus Braun had once told me that he was always naturally good at everything, and that seems to be true.

The problem is that being consistently good at everything eventually stops being amazing. Or so it was for his parents. They continued to give him money and the things he wanted (within reason, they weren't wealthy) until recently. It seems that when he first told them how he was struggling in my class, they actually SMILED and looked relieved. Then, rather than tell him that he simply needed to try harder and that he would get it eventually, they said:

"Don't worry son, you CAN'T be brilliant at everything. We don't know why you want to be an Auror anyway."

"What's that supposed to mean?" He had demanded angrily, and his parents gave each other a LOOK that he couldn't understand.

"That's it? You wanted it, thought why not, and entered training on a lark?" I pressed.

Still with that disconcerting expression, he shrugged. "I had my reasons, I suppose."

It was then that his reasons flashed across his mind. A slightly older girl when he was 13 or so. A boy who had teased 15-16 year old him in Hogwarts. Me squatting next to him as he lay on the floor. These scenes looked bright and 'normal' at first, but then got shadowed over as he (and this took me a bit to work out) IMAGINED himself strangling or beating them to death.

Fierston made an unconscious sound like a VERY soft ugh.

I decided to move on before Braun wondered why I was suddenly looking repulsed. Besides, since they were graciously letting me take point in the interrogation, I should really get to the matter at hand. But first, I took a small break by looking down and taking a sip of my tea.

"I'm told that you attacked and tried to murder Gillian Walters - twice," I said as I looked him in the eye again.

"Oh yes," he admitted readily.
"I would like to remind you that you are under caution," Ramsey interjected. "Anything you say can and will be used against you."

Braun simply shrugged, not taking his eyes off me for a moment.

"I don't know the details, but since you seem so willing to tell me how everything is my fault, go on and tell me how you did it. How did you get close to her while she was being protected by a Senior Auror Partner? Twice."

He grinned. "I dated her. It was really easy after having class together. We ended up sparring a lot, and whenever she'd complain, I'd sympathize. So, after it was discovered that there was a potential threat against everyone you taught, I thought it might be hard to do anything to her. But it was easy!"

I frowned at that. "Oh? How?"

He snorted and shook his head. "Both our Auror Partners gave us 'free' time to go on dates - since we'd be able to protect each other. The first time I attacked her, she had just left my flat. It was about 2AM and I realized that she wasn't planning to immediately contact her Partner - just like *I* had planned to take a shower and get the smell of shagging off me before returning to my Partner. So I quickly followed her, cast a blinding spell on her, and tried to -"

"Murder her," I cut him off with a glare.

"Yes, but not right away. You see, it's only because she had filed harassment charges against you, and I thought that MAYBE I could actually arrange it to look like you did it. I'd done more digging and realized that I'd need to actually kill her at a TIME when you had no alibi. I figured that with you being up all night feeding babies, it's possible that 2 or 4 am would a good time when you COULD have gone to the loo, Apparated away for five or ten minutes, done the deed, and gotten back home before your husband noticed you missing. I had a hair of yours that fell on me during class at some point, but I REALLY wanted something a bit more concrete, and I didn't think that using the techniques you teach would be enough proof."

He fell silent and we stared at each other for a moment.

"But I didn't have a chance because - even blinded - she was able to use those lessons you taught to defend herself," Braun added with a careless shrug.

I shook my head and raised a brow, unsurprisingly confused by that half-baked logic of a madman. "Fine, so you tried to kill someone who had a potential motive against me - or me her - and you considered killing YOURSELF and framing me for it, but WHY in that Merlin-cursed cabinet would ***I*** kill my own cousin??? How did you think killing her would lead to framing me??"

He gave a half smirk and a soft chuckle. "She was serendipitous. We'd gone to Café Exquis to get some takeaway, and as we were waiting for our respective orders to be made, we got to chatting. She'd asked what I did for a living, and when I told her that I was in training to be an Auror, she smiled and said she had a cousin who was sort of an Auror - who had saved her life once."

I took a cautious look around his mind at that moment, because I DIDN'T want to see the actual murder, but I wanted to see if I could see what were probably Imogen's last moments. Thankfully, all I got was a picture of her standing there looking pretty and innocent. And happy.

Braun continued. "I sort of laughed and complained that I hadn't had a CHANCE to save anyone yet. And then, I'm not quite certain how, but I got onto the subject of your class, and I complained
that YOU - and I called you by name - were such an arsehole, and before I finished getting my sentence out, she practically jumped in excitement: 'That's my cousin!' So I invited her back to mine so that we could chat about you."

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath in an effort to maintain my composure. "That doesn't answer the question. WHY would I kill my cousin? How did you think that was going to work well to frame me?"

He snorted. "I DIDN'T. The plan at that point was still to frame you for murdering ME. I just had to make her LOOK like me, and have my blood."

That's when I saw the scene of him giving her some tea, her taking barely a sip, gasping, and turning into HIM, and practically the moment she was fully turned, he attacked her and strangled her until she passed out. Then he dragged her/his body to an empty alley near a construction site - basically, a place with privacy and no connection to him. After getting her there, he beat her up a bit before slashing himself and covering her in his blood. I *think* he was trying to transfigure her blood into his blood, but we were both distracted when Fierston made a soft groaning noise before vomiting on the floor - away from me but apparently on the hem of Ramsey's robes.

"What's the matter with you?" Braun asked in concern.

But Fierston could only shake his head, slap a hand over his mouth, and rush out of the room. Ramsey vanished the mess, and then gestured for me to continue.

"So... if you are training to be an Auror, HOW did you think anything you were doing would work? PERHAPS you might have been able to obscure YOUR tracks - so long as your file was missing and there was nothing to match your blood to. But you HAD to know that it would be pretty close to impossible to successfully frame me," I pointed out.

He nodded in agreement. "Yes, that took some doing. And that's why I ended up Petrifying her body after she was fully dead. I needed to figure out the details that I'd overlooked in my haste. But after several days had passed and all I'd managed to do was steal some files, I decided that the risk of someone finding her/my body before I was ready was too high. So, I countered the Polyjuice and dumped her body and arranged it to look as close to you being the murderer as I could with limited resources - and I didn't want to waste your hair on her just yet."

"Wait!" Ramsey interrupted, busy taking notes on the entire session. "Did you mention that you'd Polyjuiced her body into you?"

Braun rolled his eyes and gave Ramsey a look that said: DUH! "Not in so many words, but I assumed that it was obvious."

Ramsey reviewed his notes, tilted his head side to side, and then shrugged. "Carry on."

Sighing and rubbing my forehead, I tried very hard to sound like I had the patience of a Saint. "Alright, so, we've established that you've killed my cousin Imogen and TRIED to kill Gillian Walters. What was your plan if you succeeded? And I don't mean in framing me. I mean in killing Walters. What were you planning to do next? Run to your parents and tell them to praise you for mastering another task you'd set your mind to?" I meant that last bit as a sarcastic arsehole joke.

He grinned very creepily at me and didn't really say anything, but I don't think one had to be a Mind Reader to interpret that smug look. Also, I got a 'front row seat' to the rest of the scene from earlier, in which his parents questioned why he wanted to be an Auror, and he responded by punching them, incapacitating them so that they couldn't escape, and then strangling them. I placed
a hand over my stomach, but otherwise took deep breaths to stop from being alarmed, and it's probably a good thing I did that because he wasn't paying attention to my hands, continuing to stare deeply into my eyes.

Thus, I got to see as he eventually dragged their bodies down into their basement where he apparently had a secret room UNDER the basement. Once he had them in there, he dug them shallow graves... right in the middle of several other graves - unless he had a habit of creating body-sized mounds of dirt and marking them with simple white crosses for no reason.

I closed my eyes and rested my head on my arms on the table, SO done. I didn't even want to be awake anymore! If ONLY I could have ACTUALLY woken up just then and been relieved to find it all some horrible dream.

What I had known but hadn't given much thought to until that moment, was that Ginger, Gillian, and a couple of other female Aurors were in the observation room. Fierston had inadvertently joined them when he rushed away. Ginger had intercepted him, cast a stomach settling spell on him, and then insisted that he tell her what had made him queasy all of a sudden. So, he - in his unsettled state - confessed that he'd slipped into Braun's mind and had seen the actual murder. It seems that KNOWING these things have happened is vastly different than SEEING them.

Ginger had never been told explicitly that I can do Legilimency, but I'd bet a small fortune that she knows anyway. Thus, when I looked like I'd suddenly given up, she decided that I must have seen a lot more in his mind than the murder of my cousin, and more importantly, that I needed to get out of there and process everything before trying again later. She burst into the interrogation room, pulled one of my arms over her shoulder, and insisted that Ramsey help carry me out of the room, except I was perfectly capable of walking and simply leaned on her for support.

The moment I was out of the room, Braun clammed up again, and since they CLEARLY weren't going to get anything out of him without me, Robards and Ramsey followed us out of the room. Robards sent off a summons to Roche, but stayed in the observation room with the rest of us as I said just one thing:

"Find out where his parents live, and then go check UNDER their basement."

At that point, I felt utterly exhausted and didn't have the energy to even TALK, so Ginger helped me over to a hastily transfigured sofa and set me in it so that I could rest. From there, I could hear Robards order Roche to go ahead and process Braun for the murder of Imogen Hughes. Half a breath later, he was asking the women in the room if they wanted to join him on a little field trip.

Thus, I was left alone in a nice and dim room until - can you guess? Uh-huh, the MEDIWITCH came in to give me a lovely bar of dark chocolate with sea salt and almonds, and a heavenly cup of tea.

"I got both from your office," she confessed in a soft and sympathetic voice as she carded a hand through my hair. I was already starting to feel better. Then I suppose she felt that I was her captive and had no choice but to listen to her. "Don't you go blaming yourself! I KNOW that he's trying to frame you (she WAS part of the all female team after all), but no matter his reasons, YOU *aren't* to blame."

"I know," I murmured in a near whisper.

"Do you?" She challenged. "Because sure, you were hard as fuck on him and the rest of those students of yours, ***I*** loathe your methods and still wish I could hex you for them, BUT they are inarguably effective AND they're a prime example of the medieval barbaric thinking that still
pervades this Ministry. We're British so we must keep a stiff upper lip and solder on and all that cock and bull. It's bullshite, but it's the cornerstone of the muggle military and the wizarding self-defense division. Just WAIT until you get students from the Department of Mysteries! THEY'VE REALLY been put through some shit!"

She growled in frustration until she exhaled a long suffering sigh. "My POINT is that if YOU were to blame for his actions because of your teaching style, then EVERY self-defense teacher the Ministry has ever had - except for your direct predecessor - would be guilty of the same.

I sighed - nearly as long suffering as she had. "I know. I learned a LONG time ago that NO ONE is to blame for a psycho's actions but HIM. Or her, as the case may be. I was forced to take a life to save that of me and my daughters, and I've been in therapy ever since." Then I gave her a faint smile. "Since you are CLEARLY here to keep an eye on me until the others return, you may as well come to my office with me. I have to write up my report and print up my memories of it."

She looked intrigued. "You are the only, erm… Official? Who regularly uses the memory printer - since it's not legally REQUIRED to give copies of one's actual memories unless absolutely necessary. Why is that?"

I smirked at her. "Probably because I invented the device and find it to be the EASIEST way to ensure that my reports are truthful and omit nothing."

She looked impressed for a moment, but then quickly erased it to roll her eyes. "Bloody know-it-all!"

This improved my mood enough to chuckle a little. I printed up my memories and completely finished my report just in time for Robards and the others to return. But first, Pippa popped into my office to ask me if I wanted her help with my report. She had Pierre sleeping in a carrier on her chest.

"Oh? So are you back from maternity leave then?" I asked curiously.

"Even if I wasn't, I'm getting a bit bored. This little man's an absolute ANGEL, and even tagging along with Leah as she tutors Jaz and looks after Shtara hasn't quite kept me as busy as I like," Pippa informed me.

I laughed. "As my shadow, I'm not certain you ever had a NOT busy moment!"

She kissed my cheek and let me hold little Pierre. I firmly believe that one should NEVER wake a sleeping child, but I couldn't help but pinch his adorably squishy cheeks and tickle his tummy, then pretend to munch on it.

"He's so big compared to my three," I said, even though she's seen ours and knows this.

The Mediwitch was looking at me incredulously. I rolled my eyes at her.

"What? He's like an honorary grandson. Sometimes I feel as if every child on Earth is my honorary grandchild - or son or daughter if they're older."

Her expression changed to suspicion and disbelief.

"That reminds me," Pippa began and then cut herself off as she read over my report. "MERLIN BUGGERING BLOODY HELL!!! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME SOMEONE WAS TRYING TO FRAME YOU FOR MURDER?!!?!!"
I was genuinely baffled. "You mean you didn't know? You're my SHADOW! I NEVER tell you things, you just KNOW them!"

"I'VE BEEN ON MATERNITY LEAVE!!" She argued. "GOD BLOODY DAMNIT! I LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR ***THREE*** BLOODY MONTHS AND YOU GO AND GET FRAMED FOR BUGGERING MURDER!!!"

But before I could do much more than laugh, Robards et al returned and called me into a meeting. I gave Pierre a last kiss and handed him over to his mum - who left with him since he was now awake and starting to fuss. It seems that - after finding and carefully dismantling a few wards - they found a nice big graveyard FULL of bodies under Mr. and Mrs. Braun's basement. So, that'll be a job for tomorrow, er, today I suppose. But thankfully not MY job.

I debriefed them, showing them my memories, and they debriefed me. Fierston was still feeling rather queasy from his trying day - probably best that he wasn't still in Braun's head at the end there - and so he excused himself and went home. As for the rest of us, since it was now rather late, Ginger suggested that we all needed a good stiff drink, and so, we headed off to the Leaky, and considering the utter nonsense of my last email, got completely and truly blinkered.

Hence my ferocious hangover at the beginning of this email.

But I'm now awake enough and motivated enough to roll out of bed, crawl over to the loo, and take care of the rest of my morning business. And if the look on Muffy's face is anything to go by, eat something eggy and delicious. If I happen to see Oliver, I'll apologize for nearly smothering him (I read your emails in between writing this one and drinking my tea).

_Don't wait for the world to be ready._

_Draco_

P.S. I'm going to be spending most of today snuggling our babies and probably chatting with Yesenia in some form or another. While eating those biscuits you made me. The ones with the gruyere melted over them might just be my favorites at the moment. Love you!

Chapter End Notes

I've inserted a link to today's lyrics to a gorgeous music video for the song Don't Wait by Joey Graceffa. If you like boys in love, totally check it out ^_^
Chapter 142

Chapter Summary

Harry is concerned and Draco is not happy about it.

Wednesday June 7, 2017

Draco,

I don't know what to do. Good bloody Merlin, I think there might be something seriously wrong with two of our babies. I know you're in a session with Yesenia, and I really don't want to interrupt that. After the week you've had, finding out a student you taught was not only unhinged but murdered multiple people and attempted to frame you for murder.

But this is big. Like, BIG big. For both of them. Or, I suppose one is possibly big and one is big if I'm right.

Alright, could I possibly be more vague? I'll stop that I promise. I am writing this out while the babies nap and as soon as they wake up I am taking Gabe in to go see Rowe. I don't know if you've noticed, it's hard to notice I think, because he's a small baby and he was a preemie. Being so little, it's pretty normal for him to not really focus, or fall asleep randomly, or be milk drunk after a good feed. But I've noticed a few times that he will be in the middle of cooing and playing and very quickly become sleepy or unfocused.

This morning was something much bigger. He makes cute little humming noises when he nurses. I find it adorable. But after he fed I was talking to him and looking into his eyes when I almost felt him vibrating? Not quite vibrating but it was this light buzzing or humming feeling. I guess vibration is still the closest word but it's not quite right. So, as that was happening, his eyes seemed to lose focus for just a moment and then it was like something cut the strings and his eyes weren't looking any specific direction. I started calling to him and trying to figure out what was wrong.

It felt like an eternity, but was probably thirty seconds or so, and he was back. He was grumpy for a few minutes, although that could have been because he could feel my fear and I kept dripping my tears on him. He's been fine since then. He played a bit, nursed again, and now he's napping. But Draco it was so scary. I felt so powerless and had no idea what to do!

And then there's Morgana! Draco she -

Oh! They're waking up! I'll keep you updated if something happens. Hopefully Rowe will just call me overprotective and send us home.

Love you,
Harry

Wednesday June 7th
HARRY!
How dare you tell me that our babies might have something seriously wrong with them, and then just NOT explain anything?!?! I'm reaching nearly Panicky Harry levels of concern here!

Fuck it! I need to keep my mind off this until you get home and explain yourself. So - that said, I'm taking our granddaughter Sammy out for a bit of a birthday date, and while we're at it, we're probably going to Magi-Skype with Mahafsoun and wish her a happy birthday too.

Lucky for Sammy but unfortunate for our vault, she's probably going to be the recipient of my excessive stress shopping.

Love and anxiety,
Draco
Chapter 143

Chapter Summary

Harry explains his last email.

Wednesday June 7th
My Draco,

I know I know I know, I'm sorry! I was going to tell you what was going on but then the babies woke up and I thought getting Gabriel to Rowe sooner rather than later was most important. I would be so furious if I got half a panicky email about something being wrong with my kids and then no information. I am so so sorry I did that to you!

So, here's the deal, if you don't get this right away I will just send you an insta-owl asking you to come to St. Mungo's, but I'd rather you read this and have the entire description so you don't fully panic. I figured if you had my last email and then a one-sentenced "come to St. Mungo's" you would have a mini heart attack. So I am going to send this with the information I have and hopefully you have your alerts enabled. If not, I will be sending you the insta-owl in about ten minutes.

Gabriel is fine, we think. Well, kind of fine. His vitals are good, he's alert, all the spell-work came back without any super obvious issues. But based on my description of the event, Rowe thinks he had a seizure. He's visually tracking, he's responding to stimuli, he even gave us a few gummy smiles, so she's not afraid there was any residual damage. A one-time random febrile seizure is not completely uncommon and likely not cause for much concern.

But since Rowe didn't witness the event, she'd rather not take any chances and wants to keep him at least overnight for observation. Especially since I mentioned he occasionally seems to lose focus. That could be normal infant behavior or they could be frequent absence seizures. If that is the case, he may continue to have them and it could be a serious medical issue.

So, as of right now, we're just all cuddled up in the hospital room, nothing going on but the healing staff checking on us and they're going to hook Gabe up to some specialized monitoring charms.

I'm just so scared. I hate to ruin Sammy's birthday more than I already have, but I need my rock here. Can you bring her home and get here soon?

Terrified,
Harry

Thursday June 8th
My Harry,

Sleeping in a hospital is surprisingly hard when one is not being medicated with sleeping potions or influenced by sleeping spells. We're not supposed to disrupt Gabriel's sleep, but since his natural sleeping habits depend on us (and his two almost triplets) being in bed with him, that's what we're
doing. I think it's probably not surprising to you either that they are sleeping just fine, and we're not.

That said, you also know how much I hate it that you don't sleep enough, so I cast a mild sleeping hex on you to ensure that you get at least some sleep. Whereas I will probably be wide awake with my eyes closed until Gabriel wakes up and Rowe hopefully has answers for us.

Until then... I'm at least going to try.

Here's to a night full of interesting dreams. Hopefully.

Yours forever,

Draco
Chapter 144

Chapter Summary

Draco blames himself.

Friday June 9, 2017

Draco,

Our son has Epilepsy. My tiny little man with the gummy smile, a voracious appetite, and an extreme attachment to his Morgana and Dylan, has Epilepsy. Our little Gabriel has this BIG thing inside his tiny body.

And there's no fucking cure! We're wizards! We can create potions that create an artificial womb. We can transfigure just about anything into anything else. We can just pop off from place to place in a moment with apparition. But I can't fix the electrical storms inside of our son's head. I feel so defeated. So powerless. So useless. I can't rage or power our way out of this. I can't call Grandmama and have her take away the seizures.

I can't do a damn thing except sit around and wait for his brain to do this to him over and over and over again!

FFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCC!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Okay breathe Harry, breathe.

There are things we can do. There are treatments. I can't wave my wand and make this disappear but I can listen to Rowe's recommendations. We can take him to that specialist in France she mentioned. If the wizarding world can't do enough we can take him to a Muggle Neurologist or Epileptologist. We can do this. We WILL do this. For him.

This is just something we're going to learn everything about. Learn how to help him to the best of our ability. And we will continue to live and love exactly as we always have. We've never let any of our conditions slow us down or sit around wallowing in misery. When we knew Jaz was deaf, we just all learned sign language and went about our lives. When we brought Atreyu into our family we had to pay attention to the cycles of the moon and make sure he had a safe place to transform, but then we kept on living our lives as we always have. We've got this!

I am a professional worrier, so you know I am not going to be able to turn off my fears for Gabe. But the fact that he's lying next to me as I write this, giggling away at his toes, reminds me he's my son, he's a baby, and he's going to be fine. If he can giggle his way past this bump in the road then I sure as hell can give him things to giggle at.

Oh! In case we didn't already have enough to worry about... Morgana. I'm sorry, I completely forgot that days ago I told you I thought something was going on with Morgana as well. I got so flustered and terrified for Gabe that I completely forgot about my guesses on what's happening with Morgana.

I need to preface the upcoming conversation with: I love her with all of my heart and soul. She is
perfect and wonderful and beautiful and brilliant and powerful and MINE. Nothing she could ever do would change my love for her; NOTHING.

I think she almost killed one of my horses.

I know what you're thinking; but she's an innocent little sweet baby, how could she possibly be hurting anything? I know you're thinking that because I refused to believe it myself. Except it makes sense. She's been using "accidental" magic to get her way since the moment she was born, possibly before if her refusal to leave your womb is any indication of her wants and her power. She has blown out knickknacks and light bulbs. She broke Kisa's hand.

But this one was not so easily healed. I think if the horse had been less healthy, or if we hadn't happened to have a vet on site for a regular checkup anyway, she might have killed the poor thing. We have this sweet little colt who seems to be very touch or attention starved. When we were playing around with the horses on Sammy's birthday I had the three babies out with me. They were lying in their little cot but wide awake. They were happy enough to play with each other so I let them lay there for a bit so I could give Sammy some extra attention. Well Cory, the colt that was OBVIOUSLY not named by one of our crew since he has a completely normal name, was nosing around the babies. He's so gentle I had no worries at all that he would hurt them so I just kept an ear out and let them be.

I heard a squawking screech coming from Morgana, and I went to shoo Cory away since he had obviously gone from entertaining them to annoying/upsetting them. But he had already started walking away. But he was walking a little weird. Slower than he usually does. He normally has so much energy, it's funny he kind of looks like a toddler skipping when he moves.

A few minutes later I noticed him lying down which is very out of character for him to do in the middle of the day. Luckily the vet noticed at the same time and went to check him out. His poor little heart was skipping beats and slowing down. I have no idea what the vet did, but he was able to get his heart working correctly again. I think he shot a spell of some sort at Cory, maybe some sort of defibrillator like the muggles use with those electric paddles. Within a few minutes Cory was up and bounding around again, although he definitely was giving the babies a wide berth.

It's just too much of a coincidence to not be connected don't you think? He annoyed Morgana and all of a sudden his heart is freaking out?

That's when I brought them inside. I figured I would feed them, get them down for a nap, send you an email telling you all about it, and get back out to Sammy. But that's when Gabe had his seizure and everything went to Hell. Sorry it took me days to tell you what happened, I was going to tell you that first night in St. Mungo's but then you shot a sleeping hex at me so THAT ONE is not my fault!

What are we going to do?

Exhaustedly Yours,
Harry

Friday June 9th
The best other father for our kids,

I'M THE WORST!!! I DID SOMETHING WRONG AND SCREWED OUR ADORABLE AND PRECIOUS AND OTHERWISE PERFECT BABY BOY UP!!! I DIDN'T EAT ENOUGH, OR I
DIDN'T TAKE ENOUGH NUTRITIVE POTIONS! I HAD TOO MANY IN THERE AND NOT ENOUGH OF WHAT THEY NEEDED TO BE HEALTHY! I DESERVE TO BE DROPPED INTO AN ACTIVE VOLCANO!

I'm either going to be in the Crystal Room, or at Yesenia's if you need me. Possibly both. I love you so much, but I think I'm going to need you to beat me the fuck up tonight or tomorrow.

I'm an asshole (he's an asshole, what an asshole), I'm an asshole (he's the world's biggest asshole), A-S-S-H-O-L-E,
Draco
Harry calms Draco

Friday June 9th
My everything,

You are not responsible for Gabriel's diagnosis. Sometimes these things just happen. Sometimes life throws a pile of shit at you and you can either figure out how to deal with the shit or die trying. This is an absolute load of it, a huge depressing unfair load of something our tiny perfect little boy doesn't deserve. But we WILL get through this.

You blaming yourself is not the way we're going to get through this. Believe me. I know from personal experience. How? Because I've spent the last few days blaming myself. You think *you* somehow did this? It's obviously *my* fault. I refused to do the transfer earlier because it could put you at risk. We let your pregnancy with all three progress until it got to the point where it couldn't be ignored anymore. That was MY decision. Then I had the boys for the last three months of their incubation. Maybe I exercised too much. Perhaps I ate the wrong things. Or not enough, because that far into a pregnancy, most bearers are done with morning sickness, but I had it for quite a while.

I'm also the one who passed out and almost killed us all, luckily we didn't die but I caused them to be preemies. Did you know that premature birth can be a factor in Epilepsy? Yeah, I've been scouring the internet for as much information as I can get my hands on. So obviously if it's anyone's fault, it's mine. I laid on our kitchen floor wasting precious time that the healers could have been stopping the labor or getting me magic replenishers or something.

I've met you and I know you better than anyone else. I know you are reading this and calling me an utter moron for thinking for a single moment that this is my fault. But why Draco? I have more reason to believe this is my fault than you could possibly have. If you can believe I didn't do anything to cause this, then you need to believe you didn't either. And when it comes down to it, it doesn't matter if there was a cause. It doesn't matter if it was your fault or my fault or some higher power's fault. It is something we're going to live with. We are going to love each other and our little boy through learning about this condition, learning to live with this condition, and healing each other.

You're currently in the Crystal Room. But you've gotten to a point where you don't seem to be smashing anything at the moment. How do I know? I came to find you, but my own guilt and fear means that I haven't let Gabriel out of my sight since Wednesday. I didn't feel right bringing him into the room, flying bits of crystal are not particularly good for babies. So I've just been sitting here on the ground, my back against the wall, listening to your roars of frustration and the shattering noises. Crying my heart out because I'm so scared, I know I can't do anything to take away your own fears, just the powerlessness of it all.

Roughly an hour ago, Oliver came and sat next to me. He didn't say anything, just sat with me listening to me cry and you rage. Then, after probably twenty minutes of silence, he just began talking.
"I love Parker and Cassie with all of my heart. But adoption wasn't our first choice. Edmond and I tried to have biological children first; as you know now, his parents were really pushing for biological heirs." I felt the usual rush of anger whenever his former in-laws come up but kept quiet so he would keep talking. "He never blamed me, even when the dementia took his personality, but I blamed myself. Perhaps I wasn't powerful enough magically, maybe I spent too many years with a broom between my legs and I had damaged my bollocks. Was it because of all those fad diets I put myself through to stay in top quidditch condition?

"Maybe it was Edmond's fault. He was an only child, so obviously his parents - who are dead set on heirs - were only able to have the one child. Maybe infertility ran in his family. Maybe, maybe, maybe.

"And when he got sick? When he was controlling? I thought I deserved his abuse. I must have done something to have earned that treatment. I should have caught on that he was ill. His parents are right and I'm to blame for not catching it.

"Blame is an ugly spiral Harry, it will drown you if you let it. Whether it's blaming yourself or putting the blame on someone else, it will drag you down. When I talk with my mind healer, we bring up my grieving much less often than I thought we would. We talk about my remarkable ability to place the blame for everything squarely on my shoulders. But I'm learning to stop trying to take all the blame, or to really feel the need for blame at all."

That brogue of his tapered off and we sat there for a few more minutes. "Want me to take Gabe for you so you can go in and talk to Draco?"

I clutched Gabe to me a little tighter. "That's a sweet offer Ollie, but I don't think I can let him out of my sight just yet."

"Then how about I go in and talk to Draco hmm?"

All I could do was start crying again and nod. He ruffled my hair like I was a toddler, threw a shield around himself just in case, and went in to talk to you.

Here's hoping you listen to him. I'll see you soon. I love you with all of my heart.

Yours on this crazy journey,
Harry

Saturday June 10th
My heart and soul,

Thank you so much for last night. I know it took a LOT for you to let my mother watch our kids for a bit, but you understood how much I needed you to help me. Oliver thought we were both certifiable, but he stood back and watched us get on with it.

To begin with, he had come into the Crystal Room to talk to me a bit. By that point, I was already mostly calm and ready to let go of my anger and blame, and move on. I just needed that last little thing. So, to that end, I cast cleaning charms all over myself to eradicate all the shards and fine crystal dust, and then I emerged from the room and hugged you and Gabriel for about five minutes straight, all the while murmuring into your ear how much I loved you both and how much I plan to figure this out and be there every step of the way as we help our little boy be the best he can be.

Then I talked you into letting my mother take the kids for a bit - and I am extremely glad that
Morgana loves her grandmother, at least enough to tolerate being watched by her for several hours.

Then you, me, and Oliver went into our playroom. I spanked you in every way possible until you had your cathartic release, then I kissed, cuddled, and held you until you recovered, eating plenty of chocolate in the process. Once you were ready, you strung me up and beat me as I needed. So much that Oliver got rather queasy and had to stop watching for a bit. Thank you so much!

Just as I know that you needed some form of actual punishment in order to let go of your feelings of being to blame, so did I. Now that we've both been punished, we can put that firmly behind us and move on with the next step of figuring this out.

And even better, we had Oliver there with us, holding us both, rubbing our backs, and comforting us as much as we needed.

All my love, yesterday, today, tomorrow, and forever,
Draco
P.S. Yes, I'm keeping my bruises!
Monday June 12, 2017

My Dearest Love,

I am so exhausted! So tired and I still have a class to go. And as many classes this week as I can fit into our schedule. With Gabriel's seizure activity and subsequent diagnosis last week, the murder investigation and capture this past weekend, your birthday celebrating, your hospitalization with anteater-itis before that, and our small anniversary celebration, I've barely been doing my classwork to prepare for the upcoming end of term at Hogwarts.

I feel so terribly. I promised I'd do three classes and prep-time each week and I've technically gotten that done every week, but last week I've been doing the bare minimum and I am not like that! I hate that I'm showing the school, the children, and the Headmistress that I'm unreliable or that I don't care. It looks like my work ethic is absolute rubbish. This is not the impression I wanted to make!

Obviously there were extenuating circumstances, but I still feel like a prat. Although Headmistress McGonagall (It took me years to stop calling her that and then I finally get the hang of calling her Minnie and now I have to get back into the habit of propriety!) has insisted that I stop apologizing and trust that she will tell me when she thinks me taking time off is actually detrimental to the students or bordering on unprofessional. She gave me quite the stern talking-to in her lovely accent, telling me that of course our Gabriel should be my priority.

Also, me sitting through these classes this year was something we talked about that would help me and the students transition. I am supposed to keep in mind that "Professor Collins hasn't retired yet, Professor Malfoy, the children are not going without their learning while you're caring for the wee one!"

Oh my heart it was so hard to leave that wee one this morning. You saw what a hard time I had Friday when we left him with Mum, and that was just to go to a different area of the Manor. I went to a completely different country today Draco! It helped that I left him with his other Daddy. I could NOT have done it if I'd had to leave him with Narcissa again. You know it's absolutely nothing against her, she's an amazing woman and a fantastic grandmother. I trust her with our children's lives constantly. But this whole thing with Gabe is so new and scary. I don't know if I'd even trust leaving him with Rowe right now and she's MORE qualified than either of us to care for him!

Oh my little Dylan, my steady, calm, breath of fresh air. I hope he's been getting the attention he needs! Between Morgana's high-handed neediness and Gabriel's medical concerns, I hope he's not getting pushed to the side. My little sunshine.

You know who else has been a breath of fresh air and sunshine? Ollie. Wasn't he so sweet Saturday trying to stay strong through our play, trying to comfort us, even through his own discomfort? I think he was surprised but not upset during my spanking. My spankings generally turn out therapeutic and hard enough to feel but definitely on the "sexual" end of our D/S dynamic. Yours - on the other hand - is just a slightly safer form of your own insistence on punishing yourself. It breaks my heart every time I have to do it (please don't think this is me complaining or refusing), but I have seen your relief and release afterwards. I don't think I could do it often, but knowing how much better you feel afterwards allows me to get through it.
That was not the case with Oliver. I'd say he'd never seen anything like it. If he didn't see the absolute trust and love between us, I think he would have fled in a panic immediately. The fact that I was calm even though my actions didn't seem it was helpful though. I spoke in a calm, loving manner. I had multiple monitoring charms on you to make sure all the hurt stayed surface level.

Oh, the time just ran away from me, I had better head to my last class of the day. This is the first time I'll be teaching a class with Viona in it. Wish me luck! I'm not sure if she's going to embarrass me, if I'm going to embarrass her, or if we're going to horrify the entire classroom. Maybe all three!!

Love,
Harry

P.S. Please give every one of my babies you're near (yes, even the ones who refuse to admit they're still my babies!) hugs and smooches from me? I miss them so much, this will be so much easier when we're all at Hogwarts next year!

Monday June 12th
My fire,

It sounds like you've had a long and trying day. Please please PRETTY please tell me about class with Viona! I NEED some amusement to entertain me!

I've also had a busy day. After you set Gabriel in my arms and gave me a kiss, I did as you instructed and kept him safe, warm, and loved no matter what. You'd left before I usually wake up, so after feeding all three, I was able to get them to go back to sleep a bit longer so I could finish. Once I was awake for the day, I fed them again while I ate breakfast, and then went to the larger of the Patio Dining Areas.

To Eris' amusement and Eric's bemusement, I followed your instructions and kissed her and let her know in great detail how she will ALWAYS be our baby girl, no matter how many children she has or how many things WE need to deal with. She gave Gabriel a kiss and rubbed his soft head.

At this point, you might be wondering how I was carrying all three babies, so let me remind you that I love layering the wraps so that one is on my back and two are on my front. In this case, Morgana was on my back where she would have a good view of everything in the room - being situated so that her head can rest on my shoulders if she likes. Gabriel was on my left, and Dylan was on my right.

I know it's completely my own fault since ***I*** tend to focus on keeping Morgana happy and leave the boys to your care, but they are not as content to be in my arms. Gabriel couldn't really help it, I suppose, as he went unfocused for a while, but did not seize - as far as I could tell. Dylan - on the other hand - kept squirming and giving me looks to let it be known that I was NOT the right daddy.

But back to my day.

After kissing Eris, I moved on until I was able to kiss and hug ALL of our kids that were home, and basically apologize that we've been freaking out and somewhat unavailable the last few days. They all understood completely, even Atreyu - who said that he is just happy to finally know why Gabriel sometimes smells like slightly burnt cake.
You know, I quite forgot he could smell things in ways we don't realize.

I spent a half hour or so carefully sitting him on my lap and just generally chatting with him. He told me a whole bunch of self-incriminating anecdotes, such as apparently finding an EXCELLENT spot to dig up worms, which he apparently put in Shtara's bed, but Shtara thought that Zaire had done it, which explains why those two - who normally get along excellently - were glaring daggers at each other across the table.

But eventually, I wanted to get to actual business, so I set Atreyu on his feet and gave him permission to go to the stables with Oliver and the others. I gave Jasmine, Zaire, and Shtara enough money to do a bit of shopping in Diagon Alley - with Leah, who's watching her and Pippa's babies, in carriers just like I'm wearing. And then Pippa and I went into the Ministry.

In the week since my birthday, Robards and Ramsey had no luck getting any more information out of Marcus Braun. In frustration, they let Gillian sit in on an attempted interrogation, and since they've dated and apparently shagged, this should NORMALLY be against every rule in the book. That said, following the rules was getting them nowhere. So, they brought her into the room with them. (This was yesterday.)

Marcus lit up at the sight of her. Apparently, part of his psychosis (or whatever you want to call it) involves getting a kick out of taunting or 'mentally sparring' with his victims. It's almost certainly the reason he talked to me, and it's the same reason he talked to her. She was supported by Ramsey and Robards on either side of her, but even better was Fierston right behind her. SHE'S not trained nor naturally talented in Legilimency, and so, Ramsey wanted Fierston in the room to do exactly as he had last time.

Thus, they were able to clarify a bunch of details that were still fuzzy. Such as something I had actually jumped to the conclusion of in my mind, but turned out to be slightly wrong. At one point, I'd said that I saw an image of Braun standing over himself and the body writing my name in blood. In my drunken email, I'd even stated that he confessed to writing my name in my cousin's blood, but in actuality, the blood was HIS, and he talked Gillian through the entire event, including how after trying to transfigure her blood into his and failing, he was looking at 'his' dead body, and realized that it would at least point a finger in my direction if HE wrote my name.

Thus Marcus Braun - the still living murderer - used a spell to make the dead body of my cousin (Polyjuiced into him at the time) write my name with his/her own hand. It's confusing, but also sort of clears up the minor mystery of why the name written in blood was brought to the Three Broomsticks with the body. He WAS staging it to make it look like she had written it, either to imply I'd murdered her, or at the very least, a way to get my attention.

Considering that I've talked to Yesenia a lot recently (she was on Magi-Skype with me for a bit when I was in the Crystal Room), I've had a chance to talk about Braun, and she thinks that part of what he was looking for - both in killing people AND in joining the Aurors - was a parental figure who wasn't afraid of telling him that he was doing something wrong. She obviously can't talk to his parents, but she speculates based on my description of the interaction before their murder, that they had some awareness of his instability, and that what started out as genuine and well-earned praise may have shifted to less sincere praise because they understood that their son might become extremely difficult if they didn't give him things when he did something right.

Of course, they probably DIDN'T realize he'd actually murdered people. More like suspected that he COULD if provoked. In any case, the poor Mind Healer who will have to work with him - as assigned by the Ministry - will definitely have his work cut out for him. Or her.

Another thing that came up in Gillian's interrogation was the files. This had only been VERY
briefly touched on in my session, but basically, after Braun murdered my cousin, while he was still trying to figure out how to make her convincingly him and frame me for HIS murder, he decided that he needed to learn more about me to frame me successfully. So he charmed (naturally, not magically) and then shagged one of the assistants to the Archive Witch during a lunch break.

After shagging, he hexed her to sleep for a bit, took her credentials and Polyjuiced into her. That gave him full access to the Archive. He went in there specifically to take my file, but figured that while he was at it, should probably take Imogen's file, YOUR file (since we're married and there might be relevant information in your file about me), and then, basically on a lark, he took the rest of the files that he could think of that could be linked back to me. When specifically asked, he admitted that he was already planning out a second murder in an attempt to frame me should the first not work out the way he wanted it to.

Which it didn't.

So, after obtaining all the files he felt necessary, he returned to the assistant and waited for the Polyjuice to wear off (redressing her in the clothes he'd borrowed and giving her back her credentials), and once it had, woke her up, implying that she had dozed off slightly after the shag, which she accepted as plausible. So, she returned to her position and went on with her day as normal.

When asked, all she said regarding the time difference was that she didn't notice it because when she returned and apologized for taking so long, her boss had assured her that she hadn't taken long at all, and so, it never occurred to her that more time had passed than just her lunch break. Although the end of the day had arrived amazingly fast that day. Meanwhile, the Archive Witch had not noticed an impostor, and so assumed that she was simply returning from a loo break, rather than a forced nap after a lunch break shag.

In the FOREVER that the Ministry and the Archive have existed, this has never happened before - so far as anyone has noticed. I suppose that in theory, it could have happened in the past and no one ever realized that files were missing. But my point is that despite being a bit of a flaw in the security system, the fact that it is so extremely rare means that it might not be worth changing security protocol. I mean, how would YOU like having to prove that you are not a Polyjuiced imposter every single time you returned from a break or going to the loo?

Sigh...

Thankfully, it's not MY job to review and rethink security measures.

So, after chatting with Gillian and being brought up to speed on her interrogation, I had Pippa help me go over the known security measures to the Ministry and certain departments, and write up a plan for how to improve them or potentially patch up weak spots. You know, suggestions for Robards to ponder should he be so inclined.

After dropping my suggestions off with Robards and chatting a bit about the case and what they know so far - they found 13 bodies in the Braun house, including his parents - I took the babies for a walk through some of the more pleasant parts of the Ministry so that - despite being too young to remember any of it anyway - they'd know that the place wasn't ALL murder and mayhem.

At some point, I ran into a group of my former students, who've also had a chance to chat with Gillian (not to mention been informed via a general announcement to stop rumors and misinformation), and they wanted to commiserate as a group, and so I was invited to join them in the cafeteria. I wanted to decline, but I was reluctantly obligated to conform to social expectations. Thus I had tea and biscuits with them. The biscuits were utter shite, too damn sugary and the
chocolate didn't taste like chocolate, and the tea was swill, but it was a surprisingly good bonding experience anyway.

Other Aurors joined us, most of whom have been a part of at least one of my raids. At one point, I realized that they’d all gone silent. Curious and a bit apprehensive, I looked up and around to find them all staring at me as I fed Dylan and Gabriel from bottles in my hands, all while using wandless nonverbal magic to levitate a bottle for Morgana. This is nearly second nature to me by now since we HAVE had three sets of almost triplets, but apparently it’s quite an amazing feat.

"What?" I asked defensively.

"I've been practically holding my breath WAITING for you to ask for someone to help you with those sweet little babies," Mediwitch stated. "But somehow, you’re managing three of them better than I’ve ever managed just one!"

"Practice," I informed her dryly. "Lots and LOTS of practice."

"Well... would you LIKE us to help?" Gillian asked, clearly eager to volunteer.

I pressed my lips together and thought this over. "Well... Morgana almost certainly won't let anyone else hold her. And Gabriel... well he seems to be fine, so... Alright, hang on a mo."

They watched as I carefully used wandless and wordless magic to levitate Gabriel and Dylan out of their carriers and over to volunteers. I gave Gabriel to the Mediwitch, figuring that if he started having an episode, with her training, she'd not only notice, but know what to do. That left Dylan for Gillian, who I barely introduced before she was snuggling like they were Auntie and Nephew.

Meanwhile, I was able to switch Morgana to my front and burp her before giving her a few tiny kisses. Everyone was naturally curious - as they rubbed the boys' heads - about their story. It was known that I was pregnant, but not everyone knew I had triplets. And with their different looks, it was understandable for some to assume that we'd adopted two of them. So I explained what had happened, which actually lightened the general mood considerably.

They even dared try to take the mickey out of me!

Eventually, my timid little mouse gathered up the courage to try to stroke Morgana's gorgeous hair, and since I hadn't thought he'd try - despite being right next to me on my left - I hadn't had time to gather up my wits before his hand was on her head. For a split second, I thought everything would be fine, but then she opened her mouth and let out a high pitch shrill that exploded quite a few lights and apparently stung Tim's hand enough that he had the Mediwitch take a look at it, just to be sure.

The moment Tim pulled his hand away, she stopped shrieking, leaving everyone in astonished silence.

"Pippa," I ordered.

"Right," she confirmed with a nod, calmly casting spells to restore the lights to brand new.

Then I gave Tim a tiny and only slightly apologetic smile. "As I said, Morgana won't let anyone else hold her. Or even touch her."

At this point, apparently Gabriel was getting fed up with milk from a bottle and not a breast, so he started fussing.
"Muffy? Is Harry still occupied with his classes?"

Muffy popped in two seconds later. "Master Harry is currently having a shouting match with Mistress Viona about muggle stuff."

I grinned and decided to solve the situation with a definitely unprofessional solution. "Muffy, pop Gabriel over to Harry. He's probably more stressed about our babe than whatever Viona's on about anyway. But don't disturb him if possible, simply magic Gabriel and his carrier onto my incorrigible worrywart, and then leave them to it."

"Yes Master," Muffy replied, taking Gabriel from Mediwitch and grabbing the carrier from me before popping off.

Meanwhile, Gillian was cooing with a silly expression on her face. "Aww! He's sleeping! I love how handsome and sweet his little face is!"

Our sleeping son was passed around the circle at least twice before Robards and Roche got fed up with not being able to find any of their Aurors and came looking. They got caught up in holding the baby for a few minutes before ordering everyone to get back to work, which left me free to go home.

And think obsessively about Marcus Braun. Sigh.

Tell Sanchito that if he knows what is good for him, he'd best go run and hide, Daddy's got a new 45, and I won't think twice to stick that barrel straight down Sancho's throat, believe me when I say that I got something for his punk ass!

Draco
Chapter 147

Chapter Summary

It's graduation time!

Friday June 23, 2017

My Own,

Wow, it's been almost two weeks since we've emailed. Probably because the last two weeks have been a haze of me being at Hogwarts pretty much every moment that wasn't spent sleeping, playing with the kids, feeding the babies, or at Healer's visits.

Today though, today was wonderful. We watched four of our babies, and two kids who may as well be my own with how much I adore them, graduate from Hogwarts. I cried so hard. You ... erm ... leaked? No, you cried. You held two of our smallest babes while you watched four of our oldest walk across that stage and take their diplomas. Don't worry, I doubt anyone else noticed. You were solidly in the middle of the Malfoy family personal cheering section. And cozied up between Ollie and I who were definitely not being discreet with our happy tears.

If you hadn't had your lap full of gorgeous babies, you may have been able to slip completely under the radar. Unfortunately for you, our children are too stunning to not be noticed by anyone and everyone everywhere they go. Not that you aren't too beautiful, you obviously are the most attractive human to ever live, but enough of the public already knows how beautiful you are that they've trained themselves out of staring.

The public has had no such luck training themselves out of looking at the perfection that is our family. Luckily Hogwarts keeps anyone without an invitation out of the commencement ceremonies. I assume we're releasing a graduation announcement shot of us with our four graduates to the Prophet as we did with Lainie? Keep the vultures at bay with a few crumbs so they don't sneak in and take the entire moment.

Oh! Sometime tomorrow before the party begins, I invited Julia to come over and take some portraits. Not quite a full session that sometimes takes hours, but there are a few pictures I really want sooner rather than later. I figure we'll do a huge session right about the time the triplets are six months old so they're sitting up, not wobbly, and fully interactive. You know, like a zoo exhibit! But I definitely want an individual portrait of each of our graduates, an updated family portrait that includes all of our newest arrivals, an updated kids portrait that includes all of the aforementioned new arrivals, and when I was talking about this happening Ollie overheard me and asked if he'd be able to get a picture of him with Parker and Cassie and one of Cassie all on her own.

He offered to help pay for the session to cover the extra cost. He offered to pay us Draco. Do you want to punch him or should I?

When is he going to realize he belongs here, our home is his home, our photographer is his photographer?

How much we care about him.
He and Parker were just wedged into the crowd with our family and no one batted an eye. Rafael got fussy partway through the ceremony so Lainie passed him around to help alleviate his boredom. Little Man got snuggled up by Oliver just as lovingly as he got squeezed by Grandma Molly. Can you believe he's already six months old? He's looking more and more like Elena every day. His hair is finally growing in and it's going to be a riot of deep dark curls isn't it?

Honestly though, Oliver keeps acting like we consider him this outsider. Everyone in the family has accepted him and his kids. When I went to talk with Narcissa, Viona, and Eris a few weeks ago while they were planning the big grad party to ask about including Cassie as one of the honorees, they looked at me like I was mental. I had a whole argument in my head on why she should be included when Eri stopped me short, "Why do you think we haven't already included her? Of course she's a part of this, she's one of ours."

Probably unsurprising to you, that made me cry as well.

He offered to pay us to let our photographer take a family picture of him with his children. I just can't quite wrap my mind around that nonsense.

The planning of the party, the hiring of Julia, the immense amount of time I've spent at Hogwarts these past two weeks has all been a part of my plan to keep so busy I can't think about the fact that four more of my children are growing up and heading out on their own. Maybe it's time to revisit that age pausing potion again. You wanted to avoid the teen years, I just want to hold on to my children a bit longer!

I suppose the avoidance is probably why I had that fight with Viona. I mean, I would have argued with her regardless, but it probably wouldn't have been quite as passion-filled if I hadn't already been on the edge of falling into a full panic over their growing up. Yeah, I definitely would have argued with her either way. Do you know what that girl did? Does? Has done and will continue to do?

She takes off the safety charms I put on her when she does extreme muggle sports. Yeah, she's been a surfing queen, an adrenaline junky, bungee jumping, dirt-biking, terror on all activities extreme. She's been doing this since she was very very young. I allowed it the same way I've allowed Seph to follow in her big sister's footsteps; by casting safety charms at the beginning of every event. Mountain climbing, hang gliding, surfing, etcetera. I guess I used all that magic for nothing!

So here's what happened. Unsurprisingly I'm sure, Viona's class during Muggle Studies brought up some of the extreme events Muggles have come up with that mirror wizarding activities. Like hang gliding can give the same feeling of flying as riding a broom, stuff like that. During the discussion, safety of those things were brought up because Muggles obviously don't have cushioning charms or slowing spells in case of a fall. I mentioned that they have come up with ways to stay as safe as possible without the aid of magic. Like harnesses for safe rock climbing or life jackets while water-skiing.

That's when I brought up the fact that as wizards, we get to be twice as safe because we can utilize the Muggle safety measures while adding our own spells and safety charms. Our Princess, our darling Vivi, teeny tiny first child love of my life, says loud enough for me to hear but *under her breath* "Yeah, unless you learn how to take your Dad's charms off."

What's that now? You do what the what?

I managed to stay completely calm** until the end of class when I pulled her to the side. "Vivi, don't tell your classmates to take off safety charms! You don't actually take them off do you?"
She smirked at me, damn Malfoys and their damn smirks. "Of course I take them off but it's fine! Have I gotten injured or died yet?"

I took a deep breath, "Well no, but you have gotten lucky, when you were little or trying new activities, that could have been really dangerous!"

She laughed at me. LAUGHED AT ME! "Mum-Dah, you are just the cutest, I learned to take the safety spells off when I was seven. I haven't kept one of your charms on in over a decade. The adrenaline rush just isn't as good if the danger isn't real."

That might be when the shouting started. Or at least when it got louder. It's probably a good thing you sent Gabriel with Muffy when you did. I don't think it would have been good for a Professor to be kicked out of Hogwarts before his first official day teaching!

Anyway, I am going to come to bed, tomorrow is going to be a LONG day I need to feed the babies and hopefully get a full night's sleep myself.

Forever and Always,
Harry

**Actual levels of calmness may not be as advertised**

Saturday June 24th
My heart and soul,

As you know, we've spent the last couple of weeks with Oliver in our bed. He never intends to just straight up sleep with us (sadly, not in the fun way), but he's been coming to our room each night to help with the babies and chat with one or both of us until he gets so tired that he just falls asleep in our bed.

I think he's actually *unconsciously* seeking out the comfort of a bed partner - as he is used to sleeping with his husband. It probably feels strange to sleep alone. I can certainly understand that as - the few times I've had to stay in the Hospital or whatever the case may be - sleeping alone has utterly sucked bollocks. I have reason to believe you feel the same way.

In any case, whether he's unconsciously seeking comfort or honestly just plain falling asleep before remembering to go back to his own bed, the result is the same; he's been sleeping in our bed. Aside from Parker being mildly scandalized when he stops to think about it, no one seems to question or have a problem with this arrangement.

However, because the majority of the time, we're all occupied with feeding babies or rocking them to sleep, we haven't been shagging Oliver dirty rotten at every opportunity. I suppose we are adult enough to keep our libidos in check when necessary. Either that or we're all just too damn tired from having three babies keeping us up nearly all night. I CAN'T WAIT until they're old enough to sleep through the night!!!

I personally find it adorable that we seem to unconsciously take turns snuggling with Oliver in our sleep. Or perhaps he unconsciously takes turns snuggling with us, because it seems like every time I wake up for feeding duty, the two of you are snuggling, but then you continually tell me that I'm snuggling with him when you wake up. Maybe he is just the sort to toss and turn and we're opportunistic enough to take advantage of it when he gets near us.

MERLIN! It's a good thing our bed is MASSIVE!
But getting back to my point.

So after the three of us watched our kids graduate earlier, the two of you sobbing shamelessly while I tried my best to remain dignified (but apparently failed at least a little, ugh) - I had my hands full of babies but I could feel the two of you holding hands behind my back. For Oliver, it's his last child reaching this huge milestone, and he'll probably only have a few months to possibly a few years at most before his both leave the nest for good. I can understand him weeping with both pride and a bittersweet wistful longing for the 'good old days.'

Meanwhile, you (and me too, if I'm honest) were having the nearly opposite situation. It's our - well not exactly first child to graduate, but our first adopted child plus our first naturally (magically, whatever) born children graduating. We had that same bittersweet feeling of pride, but I suppose ours was tempered by the knowledge that we get to do this a hundred more times.

Incidentally, the Viper was also rather stoically misty-eyed as he and Tiger watched Harrison graduate as well, but perhaps because he hasn't been able to spend as much time with Viper's kids, my Doppelgänger was truly dry-eyed. They naturally had to rush off for the graduation ceremony in the other world for their Viona, but promised to be back tomorrow (later today, whatever) for the party. At least part of it. It seems that Tiger is FINALLY making progress in his relationship with his Viona, and he's also throwing her a rather large party.

Anyway, after the ceremony, and then returning home and having a bit of a feast with our family - our kids not wanting to stay and come home on the Hogwart's Express with everyone else - Viona and our Divas volunteered to watch the newest set of almost triplets tonight, and I have no idea why, but Morgana seems to like her: "Big sister Vivi, don't you my gorgeous little girl?" So, we DEFINITELY took advantage of a full night's sleep.

Or well, almost.

With no babies to dominate our attention, we had a chance to chat more with Oliver about how he's feeling and what he's ready for. It seems that he has fantasized almost obsessively about my birthday playing (and he's not the only one!), and is dying to explore a bit more. Apparently what he had with his husband was mostly vanilla lovemaking that was exactly what he needed at the time, but now that he's had his eyes opened to how depraved we can be (such as beating each other up), he's curious to expand his horizons and give a few things a try.

But first, he rather wanted to start with the basics. Rather than jump head first and blindfolded into bondage and domination, he wanted to simply try regular sex with someone other than his husband for the first time in nearly 20 years. I guess they must have dated for several years before getting married, because they were married around two years after us, but have been together about two years longer than us.

You looked to me, clearly eager to get to the shagging, but also wanting me to fulfill my part of our dynamic by taking charge. Which was probably a good thing as you seemed about half in puppy mode, meaning that you didn't really feel like using words, but also, weren't on your hands and knees barking. I smiled and stroked my hand along your spine, coming to the decision that you deserved every reward I could think of for being the best husband ever.

"Oliver, I'm not certain I've ever asked: were you the top or bottom?"

He shrugged, pretending to be a little indifferent. "I've done both. Back when we were trying to conceive, I bottomed almost exclusively for a year, but when I had no luck conceiving, I topped him for about a year. Obviously, he had no luck either, and at that point, he asserted his preference as the top - about 90 percent of the time. On occasion, if he was in the mood or I was REALLY in
the mood, he'd bottom for me."

"So... then you are probably expecting one of us to top you, yeah?"

He chuckled and nodded. "Yeah, after getting used to it, it's what I actually prefer. Or did. Everything's different now."

I stroked your spine again before nibbling your shoulder and giving you a kiss. "Harry, my love, I want you to undress him in that way I just love, where everything comes off slowly and you worship each part as it's revealed."

"Mmm," you moaned in anticipation.

Oliver grinned. "You know, I still have a hard time wrapping my head around the whole Dom/sub dynamic. I dunno why, but I always thought of it as an utter arsehole taking advantage of a gullible schmuck. Yet, every time I'm involved in your playing, I can clearly see that you may be giving orders and dominating him, but it's obviously in ways he really wants."

"He also loves when I talk about him as if he's an object - like we're doing right now. It's a sort of sexy humiliation that turns him on," I explained. "So yes, I DO spend a lot of time ensuring that the playing is exactly what he needs, and in return, it's exactly what I need. And if it's not, he'll intuitively understand and turn it around on me until it IS."

"Mmph!" Oliver responded in surprise when you got tired of him not offering himself up for your hands and mouth, and 'attacked' him with a kiss. Your hands were inside his shirt, feeling his skin and pinching his nipples.

I lay on my side, my head propped up with an arm - my hand cradling my head - just watching events unfold. As I did, I'd run my other hand along your back, flirt with your tattoos, pinch your nipples, smack your buttocks, and just generally try to distract you WITHOUT actually distracting you. At the same time, I'd caress parts of Oliver's body that you either were currently licking or had already uncovered and were neglecting in your quest to strip him off... eventually.

When you reached his shaft, I noticed that it was already leaking so much that it almost certainly wouldn't last long. But that wouldn't do! We had HOURS to play still. Thus, I cast a denial spell on him.

"I both love and hate when you do that," Oliver grumbled between gasps of pleasure from you sucking on him. "It's a bit frustrating to be RIGHT on the edge of climax and apparently incapable of it, but at the same time, bloody fucking Godric! I end up lasting HOURS!!!"

I smirked at him almost evilly but didn't say anything. Instead, I watched as you fished stripping him off, and then set your mind and fingers to taking him apart and making him squeal. In the process, you prepared him so well that he *might* have been able to take Blaise. Well, probably not Blaise, seeing as how massive that man is, but you know what I mean.

When you were at the point that Oliver looked like he might well have a heart attack and die a happy man if he didn't finish soon, you looked over at me with a clear question in your eyes, which was: Shall we take pity on him and deliver him from this denial spell by shagging him into the bed?

I grinned at you as you were apparently reading my mind. "Harry, climb up on Oliver and slide that gorgeous shaft of yours into his well prepared hole. Unless you object, Oliver."

"FUCK NO!!" He blurted out in a rough and haggard voice. "If someone doesn't shag me soon, I
might literally die!"

"You heard him," I stated with a knowing grin. You seemed hesitant all of a sudden, probably having assumed that I would be the one to do the deed of 're-deflowering' Oliver, but as I watched you, the fiery challenge in my eyes seemed to give you the je ne sais quoi you needed to proceed. Your eyes were suddenly glowing with determination. You climbed back onto Oliver and gave him a demanding kiss that left him breathless, even as you used a hand to oil your shaft and line it up for entry.

"Wow!" Oliver gasped. "You must have kissed a LOT of people to be so good at it!" He exclaimed in awe as he ran a hand through your hair. You faltered, looking to me because I'd suggested that maybe we should keep that tidbit to ourselves for a while, BUT as you'd said in your email, it seems as if Oliver doesn't quite understand his place with us yet.

I gestured for you to get on with it, then caressed your pert and firm arse. Bloody hell! MY ARSE is getting enormous but yours is still as perfect as ever!

As you returned your attention to entering Oliver, I replied to his statement. "Actually, Harry refuses to kiss or let ANYONE kiss him but me. It's a hard limit."

Oliver gasped, probably for more than one reason. First of all, you were FINALLY working your way inside him, and considering that it had been five years for him, even a shaft much smaller than yours would have likely felt huge. As it is, yours is the perfect length with a pleasing girth and a gorgeous bulb at the head. That bulbous glans alone can get me off even when you're just trying to tease me by not quite fully entering me. Oh sure, when you remain shallow and teasing like that, you're not hitting my prostate, but fuck if I care! I love it anyway!

But as I suspected, Oliver was ALSO surprised bordering on shocked by that revelation. "Wait! But..."

You kissed him and whispered: "Shh..."

He responded by biting his lip for a moment, and then exhaling and melting under you. His hands clutched your arms before winding up to your neck. He then smiled and seized your lips, fully understanding at that moment how truly special the privilege is.

I purred in happiness as I watched you two get lost in each other for a long while. Then I decided it was time to interrupt.

"I can tell that Harry's not even close to finishing yet. I've rather forced him to cultivate a LOT of stamina. As he once tried to explain, I'll occasionally put a denial spell on him, work him up to nearly frantic levels, and then just leave him frustrated and unable to wank himself for HOURS - until he attacks me," I added with a delicious smirk. I honestly LOVE when you just HAVE to have me. Which reminds me, I might just have to do that for your birthday, heh heh heh...

You purred from fond memories, and maybe the thought of doing so again soon.

Oliver chuckled. "I'm beginning to think you're a bit of a sadistic bastard..."

"You have no idea," I confirmed, my smirk turning a bit evil again. "But as I was saying, because Harry's got stamina to spare, I'm going to take the denial spell off you and let you have a glorious orgasm, and then suffer a bit until Harry's ready to pump you full to bursting."

Oliver seemed to like that idea, because he grunted rather primal or animalistically at that. A low grunt that turned into a soft, rumbling growl. Taking that as permission, I did exactly as suggested
and took the spell off. Almost instantly, Oliver was clutching you as if your weight could prevent him from spinning off into space, at the same time, he was crying out so erotically that my shaft not only twitched in response, but nearly came with absolutely no stimulation!

This seemed to trigger the urge to speed up in you, to POUND him into the bed. I bet he felt tight and oh so good. The look on your face was very close to pure bliss at that moment, and as I love more than anything, I got to watch every second of passion racing across your eyes. Your face flushed and covered in sweat. Your entire body practically glowing from a delicious sheen of sweat. I shifted until I was able to run my tongue up your back from your sacrum to your neck, and this sent a delicate and erotic shiver through your body. You made that noise I adore, the one that signals that you are in the very beginning of your orgasm.

I took advantage of your bliss by sucking on your neck and casting a very precise cutting hex to let me drink your blood with the absolutely smallest amount of damage possible. You probably didn't even feel it in that moment. As always, your blood and the magic it contains gave me a high that's better than any other drug or method I've tried.

I lay back down to purr and enjoy the rush of bliss running through my veins. As I did so, I had a hand on your back - or perhaps arse, I wasn't exactly looking - so I could feel a tiny bit of the last second or two of your orgasm. You were breathing heavily, already laying on Oliver to rest and recover. I think he might have actually passed out, his breathing also fast and rough.

It didn't take long, perhaps 5 or 10 minutes, but eventually you lifted your head off his chest and looked at me.

"You drank my blood, didn't you?"

I laughed and shrugged, not confirming or denying. You lightly brushed your hand over the tiny but deep scratch on your neck, gathering the last drop running from the already scabbing over wound. Shaking your head and rolling your eyes, you wiped the small stream of blood away with your pointer finger, and then shoved it in my mouth.

"You're an absolute lunatic, but you're MY lunatic," you 'grumbled' with a wry and loving smile.

I licked your finger clean, and then kissed your palm.

Then you frowned and tilted your head in thought. "So far, you keep having ME play with Oliver, but I KNOW you want him too, so why aren't you playing with him directly?"

I pressed my lips together and rolled away. I could feel you and Oliver shifting, sitting up to look at me curiously. You rubbed my back with a hand, and then laughed.

"It's the Hufflepuff thing, isn't it?" You correctly guessed.

"Hufflepuff thing?" Oliver asked in confusion.

"Yeah," you confirmed. "Draco hates being seen as anything remotely fluffy or soft like a Hufflepuff. When we first got together, he couldn't even say the phrase I love you, he had to say other things, like I Hufflepuff you."

"Hush you!" I commanded, trying to swat your hand away from my back.

"And now he's annoyed because he's feeling vulnerable," you explained.

"I said hush!" I ordered, turning over like a bolt of lightning striking so that I could tackle you to
the bed and cover your mouth. "No spilling all my secrets, dammit!"

You pouted and gave me a pleading look until I melted.

I relented with a sigh and let your mouth free.

"My dragon... don't you WANT Oliver to know what he means to us. Isn't that what you were trying to prove here tonight?"

Feeling like a bastard, I sat with my knees pulled against my chest and absently doodled patterns on the bed with a finger. "Yes. Alright, I'll be a Hufflepuff for five minutes, but after that, none of us are ever talking about this again, got it!" I snarled.

You laughed. "He means we'll end up talking about it all the time until we're all sick to death of the subject."

I glared at you and didn't deign to correct you. "Alright, so, when I first realized that I was not just attracted to Oliver, but had... *feelings* for him, I freaked out and ran to Yesenia."

"His Mind Healer," you reminded in case Oliver had forgotten (or didn't know) that tidbit.

Oliver quirked a brow in amusement. "You've talked to your Mind Healer about me?"

"Yes," I growled unappreciatively. "It's like you said, Harry. I'd never actually had a crush before. Or well, to be more accurate, I have ALWAYS and ONLY ever had a crush on YOU. That crush started probably the day we first met, even before Hogwarts, and lasted until we got together and it could turn into proper love."

"Yeah," you said supportively, now holding my hand as I looked at my toenails - which clearly need to be groomed as the dark metallic blue paint on them is starting to flake a bit.

I sighed and continued. "Well... We've PLAYED, right? Almost since the very beginning, as soon as we'd talked about it and felt ready, we started playing, and while nearly half of it HAS been with friends that I love - the rest random strangers that looked like an interesting shag - NEVER have I EVER been with anyone else that I felt ROMANTIC love for. In fact, never have I FELT romantic love for anyone else. I didn't think it was possible. I assumed that every drop of romantic love I had in me was being poured all over you, and that was perfect and exactly what I wanted. But then..."

You purred in sympathy and kissed my hand. "You had a bit of a dinner date with Oliver and realized that you had feelings for him and that scared you into running straight to Yesenia."

I glared at you because sometimes I wonder why you insist on us talking so much when you can clearly read me like a neon billboard blazing across a night sky. I hate it and love it and hate it and - bah!

Oliver looked stunned. "Wait! You're saying that you BOTH like me, but not just LIKE me, but..."

I gathered up the courage to dare to look him in the eye. "I'd say that for me, what I feel is the legitimate beginning of what can become real love, if I choose to pursue and nurture those feelings."

"Me too," you informed him. "Although I'm a rash Gryffindor running headlong into danger, so I'm probably a hell of a lot closer to full love than 'just a crush.' Which I bet you could probably guess with all the blatant clues I've been dropping."
"Like the kissing thing..." Oliver murmured. He bit his lip in thought for a moment, and then looked at me. "So... is that the answer to Harry's question? You've been having HIM play with me because you're not quite certain you want to be all 'Hufflepuff' with me?"

I tilted my head side to side. "Yes and no. It's not that I don't want it, it's that I don't want to take that last step until I'm certain you're on the same page."

Oliver ran his hand through his hair. "You have no idea how confused I've been since moving here! I've spent HOURS talking to MY Mind Healer because I'm falling for a damn married couple! How does a very monogamous widower just move on AND fall for a couple as fast as I have been?! Hyacinth - my Mind Healer - she thinks it's because I had such a long and drawn out ending with Ed. The relationship was dying long before he actually did. Without realizing it, I did a lot of my mourning and healing and moving on before the actual end came." It was his turn to sigh. "But then I was afraid that even if I HAVE feelings for you two, that they'd end up burning hot and bright... and quick. A rebound."

I nodded in complete understanding. "That's what I said to Harry. That we needed to be here for you to help you heal and learn to love again, but that we shouldn't get too attached, because this probably won't last."

You nodded in agreement. "He did. He even used the word rebound."

"So now what?" Oliver asked, looking back and forth between us.

"Now..." I drawled hesitantly before taking a breath and committing to a course of action. "Well, I suppose we can only see how far this goes. We can go into it with the best of intentions, and if it works, it's a win for all three of us, but if it doesn't work, at least we can feel confident that we tried and it just wasn't meant to be."

You nodded, raising my hand to your lips and kissing it. "Yes, exactly. Because I really want to try. I don't think I could STOP myself at this point."

We both looked to Oliver, waiting for him to decide. Slowly, a big grin formed across his handsome face. "Does this mean I get to shag Draco?"

You got a look on your face that made me wary. "What?"

"Oh sure! ***I'm*** the one who loves to bottom, yet you had me top him, and now he wants to top YOU," you pointed out.

"Does this upset you?" I asked in concern.

"No! I look forward to seeing it - IF you agree, that is. I just, I think I assumed that it would be the other way around; you topping him and then him topping me," you clarified.

I smiled and kissed you. "That's exactly why I had you top him. He's just getting back into it and he needs to experience everything until he finds what he likes. But he's USED to bottoming, so that's where he needed to start. And YOU needed to be the one to do it, for all the reasons I just mentioned that we are never mentioning again."

"OR mentioning all the time!" You contradicted with a far too innocent smirk.

I rolled my eyes. Turning to Oliver, I took his hand. "Let me make a deal with you. If you promise to understand and be patient should it happen to take me a long time to feel comfortable using the L word with you, I'll let you do anything and everything you want to me right now."
"Oh God!" You groaned in clear lust, those words apparently putting an immediate end to your refractory period.

Oliver laughed at the glazed over and lusty look on your face. Then he turned back to me, put a hand on the back of my neck, and pulled me close enough to kiss. "Deal!"

You know, for a man who was so amazed and impressed by your - admittedly VERY good - kissing skills, he's not half bad either. He kissed me and stroked my body until my clothes somehow disappeared. I'd lay good odds that you used magic to either intentionally or unconsciously make them evaporate. Good thing they weren't my favorites!

Once I was naked under him, he turned to grin at you. "It's been a million years since I last had to prepare a man for entry, Harry. Care to remind me how it's done?"

And with that, the two of you seemed to make a bit of a contest over who could lick and finger my arse open better. Dear Gods! The PLEASURE!!! I'm quite certain my mind melted and oozed out of my ears within about five minutes and didn't return until - just before I started writing this email, actually. I'd been passed out, but apparently my body didn't get the message that we are baby free tonight, because I woke up and could NOT go right back to sleep, thus a 3 AM email to recap our night.

But lest you feel disappointed that I'm skipping over the 'best' part...

So, with my mind a melted puddle of goo and two lovers determined to ensure it stayed that way for good, I had no presence of mind to cast a denial spell on myself. Also, it seems that YOU specifically wanted me to orgasm as many times as possible, and so also did not cast the spell on me. I'm still not certain how many times I climaxed, but I do remember that the first time was when Oliver was inside me and hitting everything just right, and the last time was powerful enough to make me black out completely.

So... congratulations on a bloody FANTASTIC shag! Next time, we're going to have to introduce Oliver to the lovely world of sandwiches.

Swee~~~~~~t Emo~~~~~~tion,  
Draco  
P.S. We might just have to make a commitment to insisting that someone else watch the babies EVERY Friday night so that the three of us can... 'bond.' ^_^
Chapter 148

Chapter Summary

It's the grad party, and then Viona's wedding.

Sunday June 25, 2017

My Sleepy Love,

Wow, it's the second day of the party and if my ears aren't lying, it's still going hard. I can't believe you're sleeping through this nonsense! Oh, I suppose when I cast a silencing charm around the babies I must have included you as well. Or you are just THAT sound of a sleeper.

I wanted all the kids at the party to be well aware there were adults on the premises (or adultier adults than the ones that had already hit "adulthood") and that we COULD stop in at any moment. But for the most part, I really wanted them to have the space and freedom to let loose and be themselves. I mean, I don't care if there's a ton of drunken idiots singing too loudly and dancing too lewdly. I do worry that these young people are getting trashed enough to potentially be making babies or getting STD's (yeah, I'm looking at YOU Eris and Eric!). I don't really care if two seventeen-year-olds find a cupboard and get their shag on, I DO care if someone is being coerced into doing something they don't want to do. It's not my business if people are drinking and throwing up (as long as I don't have to clean it up) it IS my business if kids are getting alcohol poisoning or decide to go swimming while inebriated and drown.

So, after the amazing photo shoot, the two of us, your parents, Ollie, and even Elena, Ethan, and Rose made sure we were seen, we mingled, we danced a little, but then we headed out of the party piece by piece. We did have a bit of a rotation set up though, Lainie's crew stayed a bit longer, your parents checked in a few times late into the night, I was in charge of early morning checks, and you will probably start shooing them all out when you wake up at lunchtime!

No drunken graduates heading to St. Mungo's to get their stomach pumped on my watch!

I can't wait to get the photos back from our photo shoot! I thought Julia was talented when she first started taking our portraits all those years ago. How long has she been doing our family's pictures? Seventeen ... eighteen years? Well the first sessions were absolutely gorgeous but she has only gotten better as she's practiced and perfected. And I think it helps that she's known us and our children for long enough that it's not a stranger coming to do our pictures but a family friend.

The priority for the photos was the graduates and an updated family portrait. I definitely wanted a group shot of just our children, and Oliver wanted a nice shot of him with Parker and Cassie. There were quite a few other pictures that would have been nice to have, but not necessary if we ran out of time or patience. Luckily we ended up getting all the needs, all the wants, and some of the extras! I'm not sure what we'll ever do if Julia decides to retire.

Our four grads and our two extra grads got individual portraits and two different group shots (our four kids together and then all six together). I am always worried others will feel badly when we break into smaller groups; will Viona feel badly if the triplets want a group shot; will Orion feel left out if Eris and Hazel want a picture together, will Cassie or Harrison feel as though they are
loved less because we want a picture of "our" graduates. However, no one blinked an eye at any of the smaller breakouts. If anything I was a bit surprised, again like their performance on their birthdays, that Harrison and Hazel wanted one of just the two of them.

I still can't get over them being from different worlds, having only one parent in common even if they were from the same universe, but they're otherwise identical down to the mole patterns on their shoulder blades. I should offer to send these pictures to Haz's surgeon to use as a before and after transition example. Okay, I wouldn't actually do that, but I bet most people would believe it.

So they each did two outfits, something a bit more classic wizarding with dress robes and then a casual (yet very fashionable!) outfit. While they were changing their outfits from formal to casual, Julia did her usual sneak around and get some candid shots. She of course got a few sweet shots of the littlest babies, and what I'm sure will be a really sweet shot of Jaz and Zaire dancing around holding hands to some rhythm no one else could figure out. Those two: different ages, different genders, such different looks, and yet from the moment they locked eyes the best of friends.

We got our family portrait, I never doubt Julia's skills but it's a lot of people to get all looking the same direction let alone looking their best. She manages it every single time.

So, obviously the family picture was my favorite. There's never any doubt that seeing the beautiful family we've built all huddled together in one image is the most beautiful sight for me. But the picture I wasn't expecting to take, that I wouldn't have thought to ask for was probably a close second. When the oldest kids went to change from their photo outfits into their party outfits, the middle kids went to grab their bags for their sleepover with Grandma Molly, and the teeniest were sleeping off the exhaustion from an exciting afternoon of pictures, your (very secretly) sweet self asked for just one more.

You refuse to admit your Hufflepuff feelings, you say you'll talk about it for five minutes and then never again, but the very next day you ask Julia to take a picture of the three of us. It was just a simple shot, but subtly perfect. The three of us were still in our dark denims and pale sweaters, mine in an olive green, you with your trademark blue, and Oliver wearing a slate grey. We stood in front of and slightly to the side of your favorite sycamore, I was in the middle front ... not because I'm so important but apparently the shorty always gets the front of the group shots! You were behind me to my left side, a possessive hand on my left hip, Ollie had his hands in his pockets which left his elbow for me to loop my right arm through, and your right hand was playing with the soft hairs where his hairline met his neck.

When the two of you ran to check on the fussing Morgana and Dylan, Julia showed me how that one turned out. The one where we are all looking at the camera and smiling was just lovely. I can't wait to put it up on our wall. But until we completely figure this relationship out, the best one of the bunch may need to stay somewhere private. Julia obviously understood why we were all three getting this together, or as well as anyone really understands I suppose, and to break a bit of the tension, instead of asking us to shout cheese or something else obnoxious she told us to shout out what part of the sandwich we identify most with.

That's when her photographer's eye managed to catch something wonderful. I started blushing and bit my lip, Ollie was chuckling and looking at me like I was adorable for being embarrassed (probably thinking it was ridiculous that I could still blush with how depraved I can be) and you are looking at Ollie look at me with the softest adoring smile on your face. You go ahead and tell yourself whatever you'd like about how far into "crushing" or "liking" you are, I have quite the damning photo that says a different story.

Between that lovely conversation we had Friday night and how sweet you were yesterday, plus the
admission of my kissing rule and subsequent breakage of that rule, I'm hopeful that Oliver is quite aware of how real our feelings are. That we're not messing with him, we're not just out for a quick shag, and that he isn't harming OUR relationship in anyway. And I think last night when we took our leave from the party to have a party of our own was eye opening for him to see even more that our D/S dynamic is definitely NOT an arsehole and a gullible schmuck.

With the reminder that your toenails were flaking, and wanting to really prove how much I love my sub role, I decided it was time for naked, kneeling, slaveboy Harry caring for his men. The two of you relaxed in the playroom, not fully naked but in dressing gowns and sitting at the table. While I was completely naked, on my knees, giving the both of you foot rubs and painting your nails, or at times just waiting patiently for the two of you to ask something else of me.

You both seemed to enjoy all of it, including teasing me with that humiliating objectification that I love so much. But my favorite time was when you couldn't pretend to be unaffected for even a moment more, threw me over your shoulder, told Ollie to come help you show me my place, brought the three of us to the big bed, and did exactly as promised.

Which is why I may end up napping after my shift as party chaperone is over, I'm quite exhausted from our private party.

Yours Always,

Harry

Sunday July 9th
My Sanity,

Today feels like it has been the LONGEST day in history, and yet somehow, the clock still says it's a half hour until midnight. Harry, please remind me upon waking tomorrow to give my mother the biggest bouquet of flowers AND a hug and a kiss and an apology. OUR wedding was a whirlwind affair that was over quickly, and I was perilously close to being a 'Bridezilla.' Now that I've been through a wedding even more fussy, regal, and precise than Pansy's once was, I COMPLETELY understand how stressful our wedding must have been on my parents.

You should probably give a bouquet and all the rest to Molly.

So... the day started extremely EARLY compared to my usual. I think it was about normal for you. There we were, sound asleep and snuggled up - you in the middle with Gabriel in your arms, Oliver on your left with an arm around you and Dylan in his other arm. Me on your right with my head touching yours even as I held Morgana in my arms between us.

When suddenly, the door to our bedroom slammed open - I'd swear she used a spell to not only blast it open, but to ALSO make the bang three times louder than it should have been.

"DADS! IF YOU DO NOT GET YOUR ARSES OUT OF BED AND HELP WITH THE LAST MINUTE PREP, I SWEAR TO MERLIN THAT I WILL HEX YOU BOTH - ALL *THREE* OF YOU - AS PAINFULLY AS I POSSIBLY CAN!!!!!"

Well, even if she hadn't just threatened us most egregiously, I daresay the mini-heartattack I suffered from the abrupt wake up would have made it impossible to go back to sleep.

"We're up, we're up!" You hastily assured her.

"Dad! I need you to ride the elves arses until they have the seating and decoration and ALL the
details perfect! And DAD! I need you to go to the kitchen and stay there until you are satisfied that ALL the food we're responsible for providing is ready and up to the exacting Malfoy standards! AND THEN when the elves bring it to Hogsmeade, inspect all the catered food and be certain that all of it is up to our standards as well! If so much as a crumpet fails, I'll have all their bloody heads on a rack! Oliver love, if you'd be a dear and help keep my dad on track and stop him from panicking to death, I'd be ever so grateful, ta!"

And with that, she spun around and Apparated to whatever tasks she'd set for herself to do. Her voice lingering for a few seconds after she was gone: "And don't you DARE be late to the Bridal Party Spa Prep at 11, DAD!"

I sighed in relief, happy that I would at least get to have my hair, makeup, and nails done before I had to get dressed and ready for the ceremony. Groaning from extreme reluctance to get out of bed, I kept a firm grip on Morgana as I shifted toward the side of the bed. Then I nearly fell out of bed before regaining my balance and managing to land on my feet. You may have actually cast a stabilizing spell on me, and if so, thank you so much for preventing my untimely death - along with Morgana's, who was still asleep and almost certainly would have been squished by me.

Knowing that I would be doing my official dressing later, all I did was go to the loo to do the most basic of business, cast a couple of cleaning charms on my body, spelled my hair up into a hasty and rather messy man bun (I know, any other day and I wouldn't be caught dead in a man bun, especially a messy one!), and then summoned a comfortable pair of track bottoms and the tee shirt that said: Sweat Dries, Blood Clots, Bones Heal, Suck it up PRINCESS!

Not only do I LOVE that shirt, despite the coarse and common materials it's made out of, but I felt that it was a perfect and not so subtle warning to our daughter that she's already on thin ice with me today.

Muffy was once again the smartest elf in all of creation as she made me a cup of extra strong tea, waited patiently for me to drink it (by this point, you and Oliver had already used the loo and pulled on the first things you'd found - which I actually think was your dirty laundry from yesterday, but at least it wasn't ratty and ragged denims from 20 years ago), and then when I seemed marginally more awake, handed me an utterly delicious smoothie for me to drink as I worked.

I then spent about 4 hours terrorizing not just the elves working on the last minute decorations and finalizations, but also the HUMANS doing the same. I was NOT in the best mood - lacking in my normal amount of sleep and SO ready to murder our high stung and exacting daughter. She actually popped in about once an hour to ensure that I was overseeing everything correctly. I'm dead certain she popped into the kitchen and whatnot to do the same to you.

FINALLY it was time for me to pop over to River's Song to join the Bridal Party in the long process of 'getting ready' for the wedding. Thank all the Gods that Viona had set the parade start time for 4 o'clock, as I'm certain we would NOT have been ready any sooner, and thankfully, all the time I spent that morning terrorizing people and elves had paid off, as every detail was perfect by the time I was done, right down to the flowers on the floats.

I don't know about you and Oliver (who were part of Alric's Stag Do with all the boys - minus Orion - and Alric's mates of both genders) but half the reason I was so sleep deprived was that Viona's Hen Party last night was WILD! Oh sure, it was at Orion's bar, and so lacked the brawl that happened during Mahafsoun's Hen Party, but that's only because Orion had a LOT of semi naked entertainment to keep us all occupied. Not to mention a LOT of alcohol. Our shenanigans were more along the lines of singing at the top of our lungs and dancing like heathens. Fire may
have been involved...

I have now not only accepted Orion's choice of business, but come to accept it as a rather nice place to be when one HAS to party in mostly responsible ways.

So back to the spa. Happily, River had left strict instructions several times over the last few months (and again before heading off to the Stag Do last night), that every single employee was to have all hands on deck. The entire Bridal Party was to be treated to massages, facials, mani/pedis, makeup, and hair styling. I think THIS is the only reason any of us made it through the day without an actual murder taking place.

By roughly 2PM, the Bridal Party had moved to that sweet little Hotel in Hogsmeade that Viona reserved for all the out of town guests - such as River and Mahafsoun. The biggest suite was not quite large enough for all of the ladies who needed to get ready as a group, and so, the Event Room (which was moderately sized but nowhere near as big as our ballroom, but then again, most weddings the place hosts are NOWHERE NEAR this big!) was designated as the Bridal Party Prep Room. Dresses from all the best haute couture designers were ready and waiting - along with my dress robes. Hazeris had naturally designed not only their dresses and that of their younger sisters (and a couple of their brothers) but they'd also been the only designers that Viona trusted to get her dress just right.

Apparently, Viona's wedding dress is going to be one of the dresses modeled at Fashion Week, with Viona doing the modeling as none of the three of them ever want that dress to be worn by ANYONE short of one of Viona's daughters (or nieces) in the future.

Her dress is GORGEOUS!!! Eris and Hazel have clearly outdone themselves! See, normally they have a fairly unique style in which most of the designs are youthful. Eris likes to favor shorter dresses that are not only stylish, but fun to wear, while Hazel positively ADORES all things full length and frilly, being perfect for formal events like dances, Premiers (such as Shtara's plays), and even High Tea with the Queen.

Thus, to see them not only design a dress for Viona but ALSO manage to capture all the aspects of her personality, was amazing - even to me. The dress has a long and regal train. The dress itself is rather 'severe' with features such as a high neck and a tight collar, but at the same time, it has feminine grace in the shape and decoration. The bodice and the front of the skirt have a gorgeous 'floral' swirling pattern of lace motifs running down the length. The hem is entirely covered in the same lace, but the rest of the skirt is plain. HOWEVER, that high and tight collar I mentioned is actually a full length (same length as the long train) veil of sorts that doesn't cover the face or head. The veil is bejeweled - with real diamonds as far as I know. Giving it a light but noticeable sparkle that turns what could have been a 'school marm' look into a 'Princess' look.
To compliment it all, Viona's hair was a combination of severe and feminine. It was a long braid arranged and decorated into a bun that almost looked like a bouquet of flowers. Sort of reminiscent of Elsa's hair during her coronation in Disney's Frozen.

If I described every single dress worn, I would be at it for HOURS! So I'll recap the most notable in my mind. Eris had a beautiful knee length light blue dress decorated with white butterflies edged in dark blue, in clusters that also looked a bit like bouquets, along with solitary butterflies around the skirt. Hazel wore the exact same dress, except hers was full length and the skirt had lines of butterflies that seemed to be flying up to her waist. I always love how these two can take the exact same outfit and imprint their own personalities on it.

Mahafsoun had apparently instructed her favorite designer to make her a gown in vampire black with lighter edged in darker red butterflies all over it in the same pattern as Hazel's dress. I assume that Hazel must have sent her design drawings early on for the copy to be made from.

The last dress that I specifically want to describe out of ALL the gorgeous ones, was the one that Morgana wore. As a baby of only three months, it's not so easy to dress her up in formal wear. Obviously, form fitting gowns are not only inappropriate, but practically impossible on a body that is still squishy and adorably all baby fat. Well, mostly. So she was wearing an excellent compromise. The top was sturdy yet lacy and as form fitting as is practical. The entire dress was
white, with the skirt being made up of layers of fluffy, floaty tulle, and best of all, the waist was encircled by a gorgeous glittering gold bow that seemed perfect for our little Queen.

The dress was probably really simple - considering that it's tiny and made for a baby - but I feel like I could go on and on about it. Instead, I'll skip to the beginning of the ceremony.

The live band - that had been playing various lively music all morning to set a good mood for the whole town and all the MANY guests that were flocking to the town from all over the world (as naturally, Viona had invited Unity Royalty that she's bonded with over the years). In fact, the pre-wedding celebration/party had been in full swing since around 11AM when the various shops opened to sell things like tea, lunch, and souvenirs. Yes. Viona had made (or at least approved the making of) official souvenirs for her wedding.

But as I was saying, the live band took a small break at about a quarter to 4 with the announcement that the parade would be starting soon. This gave them a chance to obtain refreshments and go to the loo before playing music for the parade.

I know you were there, but it seems like the entire time, you were in sheer disbelief of how massive the whole event was, so I'll recap it for you so that you can have a written record that YES, it was a full blown parade through the relatively small town of Hogsmeade.

You and I met up about ten minutes to 4 so that we - along with Oliver - could get settled on the very first float. The parade was organized so that it began in an otherwise empty field on the North side of the town. This field is separated from the actual town by a barrier of trees, a forest that had been growing there for centuries - if not millenia.

When we were settled on the float, the three of us holding our three youngest, we had a few minutes to wait until the band started back up, signaling the start of the parade. Our float, which was an interesting design containing the Malfoy, Black, and Potter Crests, all depicted in intricate detail using real flowers of varying colors, had a rather simple task. We were simply the first float, and thus, not SUPPOSED to be wild or entertaining, just eye catching.

I think Viona also assumed that most of the guests were holding their breaths for a glimpse of you, and wanted to give them what they wanted right away so that the rest of the parade could distract them from the fact that you were now sitting at the end of the line in ANOTHER field at the South end of town.
But I'm getting ahead of myself. Our float - exactly like ALL the floats - was being drawn by thestrals from Hagrid's well-maintained and well-cared-for flock. The same ones that bring the carriages back and forth at the beginning and end of each year. Or in other words, the perfect animals for the job.

Once the music signaled the start of the parade, our float was pulled along at the same pace a normal human taking a leisurely stroll uses. Slow. This gave us time to wave to all the people crowding along the main street. The invited guests were near the end of the parade, close to where they would be seated. The REST of the people were simply people who have been reading about the upcoming wedding in the Prophet and other publications for MONTHS - who were curious to see the wedding for themselves and happened to have the time and money to take a bit of a holiday to Hogsmeade for the weekend or day.

THIS is why the town was so willing and eager to agree to host the wedding, no matter how exacting Viona wanted it. I think they were able to foresee just how big the event was going to be, and how many tourists they would be able to attract for the weekend (as pre-wedding events were hosted by all the shops yesterday. My favorite being the chocolate tasting event at Honeydukes).

At this slow pace, it took about a half an hour for our float to get from the North end of town to the South one. But then, our float (and only our float) was given the honor of being parked at the official end of the line for the parade - off to the side - so that we could watch the rest of the floats pass by until Viona herself arrived on the last float.

The floats were spaced so that there was about two blocks between each one. This was to avoid problems should one thestral happen to go faster than the one before it, but they are well trained enough that THAT did not happen. The other reason for the spacing was to allow everyone time to fully enjoy one float before the next grabbed their attention.

The band itself played music - sort of general orchestral music - during the parade. However, after our float made it to the finish and was pulled aside to watch all the others, the last two blocks were designated the zone the band focused on, and so, as each float passed through that zone, the music was changed to reflect whatever the theme of that float was.

So, for example, the float after us was dedicated to the Feisty Foursome, and they were rocking out (both singing and dancing in their adorable formal wear) to Born To Be Wild.

Once again, I'm not going to talk about ALL the floats - since that would probably take longer to do than it took to WATCH. But I will describe the last two.

The second to last float was River and Mahafsoun's. Like everything Mahafsoun does, it was vampire themed, and actually thrilled the crowd of spectators as they mostly recognized her from her show and called out a large and LOUD amount of love and support for her. As the crowd was going wild for her, she was bellydancing to River singing - which like all the floats that had their own theme playing, repeated every couple of minutes until they reached the last two blocks - which started the final performance until the end of the parade.

But as I was saying, River was singing on his float, and I positively LOVED it because he's literally the ONLY person (other than Elena, who had her float go before his for this reason) that COULD sing this particular song to Viona.

White Wedding.

You know: "Hey little sister, it's a nice day for a white wedding."
Now one might think that with each of the floats basically having their own mini show to entertain the guests, that that would be enough, right? That the moment Viona arrived on her float, she'd step off it and walk down the Aisle to Alric, who had actually been sitting in a plush and comfortable chair of honor so he could watch the entire parade at the end of the line, right next to where our float was eventually parked. Basically a bit like a King on a throne waiting for his Queen to arrive.

NO...

So, the moment Viona's float reached the last two blocks and the official band changed what they were playing to match the music emanating from her float to the song that she was singing, Alric's chair was moved to the actual Altar. At the same time, all the participants in the wedding, meaning ALL our kids - including Miles, Bea, Finn, and Mahafsoun, plus Sammy, Charlotte, and Blake - except for the literal infants in our arms, were gathering at the beginning of the Aisle, effectively blocking Viona from Alric's sight until the moment she stepped onto the Aisle. So, he could probably hear her singing, but couldn't see her.

Surprisingly, our daughter had chosen to be vulnerable as the song she had opted to sing was Fear.

"But I **FEAR**, I have nothing to give, I have so much to lose here in this lonely place, tangled up in our embrace, there's nothing I'd like better than to fall... but I fear... I have nothing to give..."

The moment she stepped down off her float, I gave her the strongest and most comforting hug that I could - until you pulled her out of my arms and gave her an even tighter one, haha. As her float had passed through town, all of those lining the streets packed in behind her and walked en masse - with surprising decorum - so that once her float reached the end of the line, the official guests could walk to their assigned seats, and the unofficial extra guests could crowd around the rest of the field until everyone was ready to watch her walk down the Aisle.

Oliver obligingly took both Gabriel and Dylan in their carriers to his spot up front near my parents, his kids, Viper, Tiger, THEIR River (Rosalie) and Viona, and their Scorpius and Hyperion. I might have given Morgana over to my mother, but she was in full NO ONE ELSE HAD BETTER DARE TOUCH ME mode, so she got to stay in my left arm as I linked my right arm with Viona's. You had your left arm linked with her right one, and unsurprisingly, were sobbing rivers of happy tears as we waited.

As Viona had once stated, she had a special dance that the ENTIRE wedding party - minus us - danced and sang down the Aisle, rather than do anything so boring as simply walk. This song was a lovely, amusing, and rather appropriate: **Marry You**

"It's a beautiful night, we're looking for something dumb to do, hey baby, I think I wanna marry you. Is it the look in your eyes? Or is it this dancing juice? Who cares baby, I think I wanna marry you!"

And my favorite lyric: Don't say no no no no no, just say yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah, and we'll go go go go go! If you're ready, like I'm ready!" Which is Viona's way of saying that she's NOT just marrying her favorite minion, ^_^

Then - THEN - it was FINALLY time to walk Viona down the Aisle! In all of this planning and major production, Viona had left just ONE thing up to Alric's sole discretion, and that was the song that she was actually going to walk down the Aisle to. So, we were all a bit surprised when the usual suspects did NOT begin. Not the Wedding March nor Bridal Chorus, nor even Canon in D. No...

Alric's nervous but steady voice rang out over the pop music: "She blood, flesh, and bone, no tucks
or silicone, she's touch, smell, sight, taste, and sound, but somehow I can't believe that anything should happen, I know where I belong, and nothing's gonna happen, yea-ah... 'Cuz she's so HIIIIIIGH high above me, she's so lovely, she's so hiieeeiiigh, like Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, or Aphrodiiiiiteeeee... do do do do do... She's so HIIIIIIGH high above me..."

You know, I really think Viona had a tear or two escape her immaculate made up eyes. She was certainly holding her breath and determinedly maintaining a warm smile in an attempt to prevent any unauthorized leaking BEFORE the ceremony was over and she had an excuse to look less than perfect.

You and I escorted our gorgeous daughter up the Aisle to her husband-to-be, arriving in perfect time for the end of the song. At the Officiant's prompting, we each gave her a hug and a kiss and handed - literally placed her hand in his - over to Alric. Then you swamped him in a messy, blubbery hug and he whispered his thanks in our ears, promising to never take her for granted.

We had a few seconds to make our way to our seats where Oliver greeted us both with a sweet little kiss, and you took Gabriel back into your arms. At that point, the wedding became surprisingly like any other. The blessings were normal, and the vows were utterly traditional. At the end, the newly married couple was given permission to seal their vows with a kiss, which they did - both blushing rather hotly at doing such a thing in front of SO MANY people, hahahahahahaha!

I love how Viona managed to star in a PARADE - for Merlin's sake - and sing a very vulnerable song, but it was the KISS that made her blush. She's adorable!

After that, it was HOURS of feasting and celebration. Dancing, singing, more dancing, and massive amounts of drinking and eating. I think I gained 2 stone! That said, I bet you could easily guess what my favorite part of the day was. Yep, that's right!

The father daughter dance. Both of them. You and she had practiced a lovely and slow waltz at some point, which kicked off the dancing portion of the evening. And you managed to be every bit as graceful as she was. But then it was my turn, and at first, we started with that same Waltz, but within about 20 seconds, the music changed and we went through a progression of dances from different eras and styles of music. It was so much fun! I hope ALL our kids want to do something like this in the future, and maybe we'll even manage to teach you to dance just a suavely ^_^

But eventually, I was just too exhausted to take another step, and that's when I joined you and Oliver - who had dropped from exhaustion an hour or so previously - in our massive bed so that I could, sigh... HAVE to write all of this down before my brain would shut off enough to go to sleep, which I have now done and am about to zonk!

Here is to the best other father for our children and many more weddings in the future. May we survive them all!

Draco
Chapter 149

Chapter Summary

Harry is happy how the wedding turned out, and Draco is terrified of Pansy.

Chapter Notes

I remembered to add the pictures of the dresses and links to the songs if anyone wants to go back to the previous chapter and check them out real quick. Sorry I forgot to post them originally, I posted the chapter right before work and wasn't thinking about anything other than getting it posted, lol :-)

Monday July 10, 2017

My Heart,

A year's worth of preparations and stress, drama and anticipation, planning and for our sweet Viona learning to really fall in love with her fiance. All of that, and it was over in a flash. I feel as though I barely blinked and I woke up this morning with it all over. I think yesterday was perfect for our Vivi, but I think our whirlwind wedding was exactly perfect for us. Just enough time to have everything at the ceremony our hearts desired but not so long as to make my anxiety stick around for longer than a handful of weeks.

As over the top as this wedding was I am so unbelievably happy that our Princess had the wedding of her dreams. I would have hated a wedding that invited people I barely knew to stare at me for what felt like hours. Sitting on a float and having to wave at an adoring public. The only thing that allowed me to overcome my hatred of public pageantry and ride on that damn float was knowing it was for my daughter's happiness.

I will admit that once our part was finished and I was able to sit to the side and just watch the rest of the parade from our float I was able to enjoy myself. It's funny, normally when you describe an event I usually have to add in something you forgot as my favorite part. But you definitely described my favorite part of the parade (besides my Princess of course) River singing White Wedding to his sister. I love that for as regal as Viona was, she also added so many fun and lighthearted parts to this wedding. It had the potential to be a very stuffy and boring affair but instead it was just a day of fun and romance.

Oh! There was one aspect you hadn't described, I'm not sure if you were aware of it or not actually or if there was just so much to talk about that this didn't make the cut. Many many years ago, when we had Viona's naming ceremony, Hermione and Greg got together and made the decision to save some items from her ceremony. You were almost correct, there was very little to this wedding that wasn't directly decided by Viona, but she also had no say in her bridal bouquet. All those years ago, her Godparents knew they wanted to have a hand in all the special moments in Viona's life. So, on the day of her ceremony, they took a few of each of the flowers from the circle and put them in stasis. They also cut strips off of their own robes to make beautiful ribbons.
As Viona was getting ready, Greg and Hermione presented her with a beautiful bouquet made up of the lilies, narcissus, verbena, pansies, and sunflowers. All of those tied up with pale blue and yellow trailing linen ribbons.

Walking our little girl down the aisle? That was something dreams are made of. That and our Daddy-Daughter dance were one of those events that I've pictured since she was a baby. How will I feel "giving away" my daughter? Having "one last dance" with her before she leaves the nest? It was exactly as I envisioned it and nothing like it at all. The actual actions of walking her down while she wore a stunning gown fit for a princess, kissing her cheek, hugging her soon to be husband, swaying to beautiful music with her in my arms, it was all the same. But the difference in how I felt was completely different. For me, it wasn't an ending, I wasn't giving away my daughter I was gaining Alric as a son. I wasn't having one final dance before she leaves us, I was having one special dance before most of our future dance parties will include an extra beloved dancer.

Perhaps eventually a few extra beloved, tiny dancers. Alright, I won't be that guy who starts asking about babies before the hangovers from the wedding have passed. But EVENTUALLY I would love it if she added some extra little people to the beginning of her little family.

Don't you worry your pretty little head, I was already WAY ahead of you! While you were getting ready for Vivi's hen party I pre-ordered the Mums some beautiful bouquets of flowers. Their usual, classy, elegant, and regal for Narcissa, friendly, sweet, and bright for Molly. I also placed an order for the elves quarters and the kitchens to have multiple vases of different flowers. I thought they deserved something extra pretty to look at after dealing with your (admittedly pretty) face yesterday!

But now you're sleeping and I'm going to take Gabe for a quick checkin with Rowe. He had a few seizures on Saturday, luckily none yesterday, but there were enough the day before that I want to get him looked over.

Hopefully you'll be up when I get back! Love you!

Yours,
Harry

Monday July 10th
The flame of my soul,

As you know, Viona is usually one of the early risers. NOT the earliest, but definitely not a late sleeper like me - which is a bit hilarious as she DEFINITELY used to sleep in as long as me when she was a baby. Somewhere along the way, she started getting up in the morning - rather than approaching noon - which probably served her well when she went to Hogwarts.

On the rare occasion, when we're on holiday usually and up VERY late, she'll sleep in to avoid crankiness. But she's like you in that generally, even when she doesn't get a full night's sleep, she tends to wake up early - at least by my standards. That said, this morning was NOT one of those days.

Despite being up very late last night, I woke up with a start about 10 AM. It seems that you had just sent me an email and were at that moment, off to see Rowe with Gabriel. It took me about five minutes to realize that I wasn't going to be able to go back to sleep, so I got up and went to the breakfast room - where the majority of our family was in the process of congregating. Apparently, the late night prompted MOST of us to sleep in - aside from you, sigh.
So, I got comfortable at the table, taking advantage of the lovely breakfast buffet the elves had cooked up. Morgana was half asleep in my arms, glaring at me as if seriously unappreciative of the fact that we were awake so soon. Can blame her as that's almost exactly how I felt. But it was worth it!

Right about 10:15, the room fell silent and I looked up to see why. JUST in time to see Viona and Alric enter and look around the room and BLUSH SO HARD!!! Buwahahahahahahahahahaha!

"Long night?" River heckled with a smirk.

"Must have been exhausting, to make you sleep in so late!" Eris and Hazel purred, clearly also heckling their big sister.

Viona must have anticipated this, as she had a pocket full of bouncy balls to toss at them. "Oi, shut it!"

"Poor Alric looks positively knackered," I added in an amused murmur. Viona tossed a ball at me too, which I naturally caught.

"If you must know, Alric did rather amazingly!" Viona defended, blushing hotly again. "And if luck is on our side, we'll have our first baby in exactly nine months, so stop dad from wondering obsessively, yeah?"

"I'll do my best," I promised as I kissed her hand. Then I grabbed Alric and pulled him closer so that I could kiss him on the cheek. "Congratulations on surviving the first night, and hopefully, you'll continue to survive until you're old and grey."

"Thanks sir, erm… daaad?"

I laughed, nodded my head, and patted his back. "Dad or Draco will do just fine."

Alric’s parents were watching the scene with every bit as much amusement as I was. They beckoned Viona over so that they could give her hugs and kisses. Alric too. Then my mother called Viona over to her and took her hand.

"My precious granddaughter, the only one so far who has followed tradition, and thereby earned a special place in my heart - not that I'm playing favorites! I just wanted to say that with you resisting the temptation to turn into a slag like the rest of them, I have a deep and unshakable believe that your marriage will last your lifetime. THAT said, perhaps you now feel like you could use a few pointers. Things you may have purposely ignored in the past in order to remain pure. So, aside from the gifts I already gave you, here's perhaps the most important gift you can receive," my mother said as she handed Viona a rather large book. It was a plain book with NOTHING on the outside to hint at its contents, but I just so happened to know what the book is - having found it in our Manor library in the past and read it quite thoroughly.

It's a book on various sexual techniques and kinks, containing a multitude of useful advice for a beginner. NOT that I assume that Viona will want to dive right into the world of kink, but if she does, it's an excellent resource. She had no idea what the book was, and so, opened it to read a bit - only to snap it shut with bulging eyes and a fiery blush.

"Thanks, grandmum! I'm sure this will come in handy," she said with a look like she wished she could Apparate into the floor and never come out again. My parents laughed at her adorableness even as I chuckled softly under my breath.

Viona and Alric finally managed to take a seat and obtain some food, which they devoured rather
ravenously. As they did, both Eris and Hazel leaned over to have a whispered conversation, probably asking for details, which Viona responded to by hushing them and promising to tell them later.

A few minutes later, you entered the room with Gabriel and Oliver - who had Dylan. You each gave me a kiss before sitting on either side of me. But before you could say a word about Gabriel or Rowe, Pearl stood up and slammed her hand down on the table.

"FINALLY!!! We've been waiting AGES now!" Pearl roared.

Glowing from happiness, Hazel stood up and took Pearl's hand in hers. "We wanted to wait for Viona's day to pass so that we didn't steal any of her thunder, but..."

"We're getting married!" Pearl announced, clearly not able to wait a single second longer.

Hazel rushed on in excitement. "Obviously we CAN'T get married before Pearl turns 17 - although we COULD if he have the ceremony in Scotland, say Hogsmeade like Viona did. Or I suppose that we could here or in Russia with her parents permission. But maybe we can't wait until January and do it a week or so after her birthday - OR!"

"I'd love to elope to Gretna Green!" Pearl cut her off. "But I'm certain my mum would give us permission, my DAD - on the other hand - might need some persuading. He still wants me to marry a MAN, ugh!"

"Sweet buggering Merlin!" Eris exclaimed, catching their excitement like it was contagious. "That means that in order to keep Pearl's dress a surprise from you, ***I'LL*** have to make it! And I can sneak peeks at what you're designing for yourself and make sure they match in subtle ways without being obnoxious!"

"Hold on, slow down!" I ended up roaring, making them fall silent for a moment. "BEFORE you go planning out the entire ceremony, talk to Pansy! ***I*** do NOT want to be strangled with my own intestines for giving my blessings before SHE'S even heard about it! Clearly she's still sleeping off the partying last night, I suggest putting your enthusiasm back in its box until she's awake and had some tea!" Then I stood up. "And better yet, ***I'm*** going to my office for the rest of the day! Call me when Pansy's had a chance to react."

And with that, I Apparated to my office in the Ministry, and then hastily shut and locked the door since I was still in my dressing gown and nothing else. Aside from Morgana's wrap carrier - containing her. Then I sat down to compose this email. Now I'm thinking about having Muffy bring me clothes so that I can offer to help Robards do whatever he needs doing. Preferably something that will take the next few hours.

Giving him something he can feel, ooo, to let him know this love is real,

Draco

P.S. I hope you all understand that I'm not AGAINST Hazel getting married, simply that I'm terrified that Pansy will NOT take the news that her 16 year old daughter wants to elope quite as well as Pearl assumes.
Chapter 150

Chapter Summary

Harry would like Draco to come home right away, and Draco would like to be alone.

Monday July 10, 2017

My Love,

You should come home. Like soon. Preferably before I go all Rage Halo Harry on someone I've considered family for a very long time.

First of all, you running off to hide at the Ministry was hilarious because honestly Pansy was thrilled that before you considered giving your blessing you told them they had to tell her as well. Which she thought was hilarious seeing as there's no way you wouldn't give your blessing because you're "such a softie when it comes to his children. Hazel could tell Draco she was going to marry a toothless, penniless, senior citizen and he'd start planning the wedding tomorrow!" Hehe, it's like she knows you!

As you could tell by her outburst at the table while you were still there, Pearl was anxious to get their wonderful news out. So she went and woke up her parents. I'm not quite sure why she thought this was a good idea, if you want to give people news and you're not sure how they're going to take it, maybe don't wake them up after a night of drunken revelry.

I hope their kids get Hazel's brains.

Okay, that was mean and I'm sorry. Pearl is plenty brill. She's the only one who recognized Hazel for who she was and she was only four at the time. We were grown men and didn't know. But still, even Viona looked a little wide-eyed at Pearl and she barged in on YOU yesterday!

When Pearl left to wake her parents, Hazel turned to me a bit teary-eyed "Does Dad not actually want to give his blessing? Are you withholding yours?" Apparently she doesn't know you quite as well as Pansy does. Or she's just a bit more worried about what you think.

"Of course not sweetheart, Dad is just scared of your Aunt Pansy. He's probably already mentally planning your wedding. And you know that you had my blessing before you even asked for it. You're my heart, I want everything for you that you desire. And I've loved Pearl her whole life as well." Haz seemed to relax a bit more with every word I said.

At that, the rest of the table seemed to relax as well. However, no one left because I think everyone wanted to see how the drama would play out when Pansy and Ivan made their way to the table.

I used that down time to get Ollie caught up on what Rowe had to say about Gabe. I will talk to you in person as well obviously, but I may as well catch you up this way while I'm at it. Rowe's not surprised that he was seizing on Saturday. Until we figure out the right dosage and mixture of potions he may continue to seize just as much as he did before. And there's still so much unknown about Epilepsy that we may not ever get to the point of zero seizures. Or we could find the right mixture and he could be one of the lucky ones who outgrow their seizures by puberty.
Long story short, as usual his vitals are fine, his cognitive function seems to be holding steady, but she's never going to tell me I'm wrong for bringing him in to double check. If nothing significant happens in the next two weeks she wants us to come back in for a "med-check" and potentially discuss increasing the dosage or adding another potion. She wants us to keep track of any seizures we notice; time and duration.

Right as I was finishing up, Pansy and Ivan made their way to the breakfast room with the rest of us.

"Alright Pearl, I'm up, I've a cuppa, now what was so important we had to wake up at the ungodly hour of ... oh, it is already eleven." Pansy giving Pearl the judgmental eyebrows.

Hazel took Pearl's hand, looking at her fiancé with adoring eyes. That seemed to be exactly what Pearl needed to get the courage to announce, "We're getting married!"

The rest of us who had already heard the announcement looked at Pansy and Ivan, waiting for their reaction. Pansy's eyes got big, she locked eyes with Ivan, and then started looking around the room frantically, "Where's Draco? You're announcing this without Hazel's father here?"

I laughed so hard I think I shocked Dylan out of his little mid-morning snooze he was taking. When I got myself under control, wiping the tears from my eyes, I told her that you had already heard the news and when you realized Pansy would find out that you knew first you immediately remembered something important you had to do somewhere else ... in your dressing gown.

If it makes you feel any less afraid, she wasn't upset with you. She DID laugh her arse off, so you're probably not afraid but now you're annoyed.

Stick with the annoyance, use your immense talents to turn that annoyance into rage.

So, I won't bore you with the sentence by sentence narration. Honestly, it was a bit odd. It was more like a university debate than a discussion between an engaged couple and one of their sets of parents. Pearl wasn't wrong in her assumptions; Pansy was pretty supportive but wanted them to at least wait until Pearl officially turned seventeen, if not longer. Ivan, without having any real reasoning or logic to back things up, seemed to say he loves Hazel of course but he's sure Pearl will eventually want to marry a man.

Pearl and Hazel must have come up with every argument possible against their marriage prior to today because they had a response to every single thing Ivan could say against the union. No kids? That's what potions are for. People not accepting the marriage? Look at whose house you're in and say that again. We're too young? You married Pansy when she was nineteen, not all that much older, and you'd known her a lot less time.

Eventually he agreed that he would give them his blessing but he was adamant that they wait until AT LEAST her seventeenth birthday, preferably longer. What followed was a literal negotiation where he set a list of things he's willing to offer based on when they plan the wedding for. If they elope and marry before seventeen he will give them nothing but also won't disown or stop loving them. If they get married after the birthday but within the following month, he will pay for their honeymoon. If they wait six months past that, he will pay for their honeymoon and a small home, if they wait until after Pearl's eighteenth birthday he will pay for the honeymoon and a full estate.

The conversation (almost) ended with an actual handshake between Pearl and her father.

Almost.
I say almost because when that was done he gathered them both into his arms, telling them he loved them both, and that he just wanted what was best for them.

And then ...

"You are both so young. I don't want you to regret choosing your spouse when you still have so much time left to grow up. Look at your dads, they married so young and are already bored before they are even forty. They have to bring in a new boyfriend."

Viona acted the quickest at that comment. "Dad! You're crackling, go to your rooms and email Dad."

I listened immediately. I'm not sure what everyone else did. But I've locked myself in our room. Please come home and remind me why I shouldn't hex our daughter's fiancé's father.

Love Always,
Harry

Monday July 10th
My darling Harry,

After sending my email to you, I was debating getting dressed and doing something, but then Morgana started trying to eat her fist. So, I decided that I should feed her. Again, since I had actually fed her while I was eating my breakfast. She simply was still half asleep at that point, and didn't really drink much from her bottle.

Anyway, after she was finished eating, I naturally needed to burp her, and so, I decided to dance with her around my office. This had both of us in an excellent mood in no time, and then I heard the sound that indicates a new email. Figuring that it was most likely you, I sat back down at my desk and picked up my Magi-mobile to check it, and then - after reading the first paragraph and speed reading to the end to find out the problem - I slipped it back in my pocket and Apparated right back to the breakfast room.

As it turns out, by the time that I'd gotten there, Viona had things well in hand. She treated Ivan like a prospective and slightly stupid new business client, and in her no nonsense tone of voice, proceeded to outline all of the reasons why discriminating against someone - even if only by using unintentional but hurtful phrasing - made terrible sense from a business point of view.

Seriously, she Schooled him on how to run a better business by NOT discriminating. And just so you know, our other brilliant children were more than ready to back her up with facts, projections, and anecdotes to prove their point. IN RUSSIAN NO LESS!

Eventually Ivan St. Peter shrugged and basically grumbled that he meant no offense, he's simply concerned about his daughter. How he's certain she'll eventually want a traditional marriage, and that no matter HOW accepting the Wizarding World is (even in Russia), the sad fact is that in his homeland, his daughter will not be able to call her wife exactly that, and their marriage won't be recognized as legal. Not to mention that they might even be the target of hate by ignorant muggles (and yes, he used that exact term despite being a muggle himself).

It was at that point that my dear sweet Grandmama's Ivan - Kisa's father, ex-mob-boss of all Russia - cleared his throat and softly talked about how he felt when he found out that his only child, his beautiful daughter, NOT ONLY soulmate bonded to a strange magical creature that looks like a
regular human, BUT ALSO entered into a highly unusual quartet relationship with his other lovers.

You might recall that he tried to torture Blaise to death, until Kisa burst in on them and put a stop to it. Well that forced Ivan Temno to choose between accepting his daughter for who she is, or rejecting her lifestyle and risk alienating her and having no one to take over the Family Business when he needed to retire. Well, both Ivans are from the same sort of old fashioned Russian muggle upbringing - although the one my Grandmama is unofficially married to is a good 30 years older (in his late 70s) - so they could understand each other.

So, perhaps the one Ivan managed to talk some sense into the other. I don't know for certain because they took their conversation to someplace private. I'm........ reasonably sure that no torture or threats of torture took place. But what I'm basically saying is that I think Ivan St. Peter - the one married to Pansy - will probably be sending us a nice big bottle of expensive Vodka - or wine, or perhaps both - to apologize for his insult to us in our home.

Also, don't be surprised if those two Russian men and my father turn up pissed out of their minds in a couple of hours, as it seems that Ivan (his more or less father-in-law) insisted that my father 'bond' with them shortly after they took their conversation to a private place.

As for me, the moment I was able to sigh in relief that the crisis was managed, I, erm..... had.... embarrassing stomach problems crop up. So, after giving Oliver a quick hug and kiss to reassure him that we don't care about other people's uneducated opinions, I rushed off to... a loo. NOT our loo, so if you go looking for me and can't find me, it's because I chose a loo that's so out of the way in this enormous Manor that I'm not entirely certain that the ELVES know about it.

Please don't come looking for me! I'll return to our room when my stomach stops trying to murder me from the inside out! Although Morgana might actually want Muffy to bring her to you in a few minutes so that her nose can stop screaming and trying to hide.

Love you so much, but seriously, stay away!

Draco
P.S. I *will* hex you if I see so much as a hair on your head!
Tuesday July 11, 2017

My Always,

I suppose I will keep from hexing Ivan (SP) but I'm not going to immediately accept that he didn't mean anything by it. I would and will do anything for my daughter, I understand that he was raised in a different world and that world is still harsh and unaccepting of differences, but I can't imagine a world where I would think telling my daughter to do what was expected instead of what she loves would be best for her. So, I will be nice, I will be polite, I won't hold a grudge or treat him poorly, but it's probably going to be a while before I won't automatically think of how hurtful he was to myself and people I care so deeply about.

It helps that with the looks Pansy was throwing him at dinner last night, I think he's gotten or will be getting a private punishment from his wife. And not the fun kind!

I'm glad you got whatever it was out of your system well before last night. With the neediness of the babies, last minute wedding prep, and the wedding itself, I was feeling very un-shagged and sexually frustrated. At three and (almost) four months old, the triplets are sleeping for longer stretches of time and even Morgana seems to have learned to tolerate sleeping out of your arms. Probably because she knows you will come running the moment she makes a peep!

So last night, after our run of long days, and our extra emotional day Sunday, and my rage inducing day Monday, I needed to be held and loved, and I needed to work out some of this frustration. Emotionally, the three of us snuggled up in bed, feeding the babies and rocking them to sleep while we talked softly was just what I needed. I got to tell you a bit more in person about Gabe's appointment, and we got to talk about our excitement over Dylan being the first of the babies to roll over! Little man did a full barrel roll, back to tummy to back. I think Morgana heard us praising Dylan though, I wouldn't be surprised if she does it soon just to keep up with her "big brother!"

It was lovely, but once we got them to bed, we were able to indulge in some adult time! Off to the onsen, glasses of wine in hand. Our Onsen is massive. So much room for multiple people. We had your entire Auror training class in there at once WITH a good portion of our children as well. Despite the amount of space, the three of us were cuddled up, legs entwined, soft touches constantly while we caught up a little deeper than we felt comfortable with while putting the littles to sleep.

Before I get around to describing the sexy shenanigans, I'd like to talk with you about something and I wanted to ask you where you had space to roll it around in your head and didn't feel like you had to answer right away in front of both Oliver and myself. You have yet to use the L word towards Ollie, but I think we both know that over these last few weeks, how seamlessly he's melded into our life as a couple, how much love and devotion he's been giving to our children, that even YOU using it isn't all that far off. And I've not used it either, but I will be completely honest with you, that's only because I want to wait until you're ready.

I love him Draco. It's not the same as my love for you, it's not taking away my love for you, but it's there and it's real. I can wait until you're ready to say it as well, I don't want our new relationship to be off balance or to be a contest, but I've come to terms with my own feelings.

Oliver hasn't used the word either. And I'm fine with that. I follow my gut, I go with my instincts,
and my gut is telling me I love him. But I've always known that you are slow to admit your feelings. And I think Ollie is just not going to be able to admit his feelings until we do. He's still healing from his marriage and he's feeling off balance about the fact that we were an established relationship. He still doesn't seem to quite know where he stands with us, although he's aware that it's romantic and caring and not just about a delicious shag.

I've seen the way he looks at you. The L word is there for him, he's just scared. Not that I blame him, you are so worthy of love and adoration.

So, in saying all of that, I have a bit of a proposition for you. I realized that we have almost two decades under our belt that Oliver wasn't a part of. That's just the reality. He's coming into an established relationship. We have inside jokes, we've learned each other's triggers, we know each other heart, mind, body, and soul. There's nothing we can do to make the gap in history something else.

It wasn't until I was re-reading an earlier email that I came up with this idea. The email you sent me where you admitted that you read portions of my email to Ollie to assure him that I wouldn't be jealous of your dinner date. Our emails! Our massive compilation of emails, through which we fell in love, made tough decisions, and documented our lives together. We can't go back in time and change our lives to include Ollie from the beginning. And I wouldn't want to. Our time was our time and I wouldn't change a moment of it. But if we let him read through this story of our lives together, getting insight into how we fell in love, what we find important, those small secret moments that were just for us, maybe he would feel as though we were more solidly a triad as opposed to a couple with a boyfriend.

I may read a paragraph here or there, like you did, but I would never allow him to read the entire story unless you were on board. So what do you think? Do you feel strongly enough about where this relationship is going that we can invite Oliver into the heart of us? Not yet but someday? Never? Please know I won't even bring this up without your emphatic agreement, but I think it would go a long way into making our Ollie feel safe and Hufflepuffed with us.

Shite! I was about to sign off and realize I never got around to describing our sexy times!

As I was saying, we were in the onsen, enjoying a deliciously crisp Chardonnay, sweet gentle touches all over our three bodies. Eventually light touching turned to soft kisses. Despite the fact that we officially shagged for the first time almost three weeks ago, we haven't all three had a full shagging session since then. We've been busy, the babies are needy, but mostly it was about wanting to take things slowly. Not too slowly, let's not be ridiculous! We've used our hands and mouths and frotted all over the place. But we've only really shagged the once.

Well, not only once anymore!

You ended up pulling Ollie into your lap, peppering his neck and jawline with kisses while I attacked his mouth. While this was happening, you were reaching around and fingering me open. Eventually you pushed me off of him which I got annoyed about for all of half a second. Your gorgeous, posh, sex voice came out, "Oliver, I've been patient, and will continue to be so, but if you're ready, I'd just adore watching Harry ride you."

He and I both moaned at that, I found myself nodding without realizing it. And I was pleasantly surprised to see Ollie nodding as well. You gave one of your sex-god smirks, "I've gotten him all prepped for you, are you ready for him hmm?"

Again with the moaning and nodding, I got closer into his lap, placing him right at my entrance, and starting the sweet slide to fullness. Once I was fully seated, I gave myself a moment to
appreciate that first feeling of fullness before beginning a slow ride to ecstasy. I didn't want to speed up because I was loving riding him while looking at both of your handsome faces. Kissing you, kissing him, at one point the three of us in a messy attempt at kissing all at once. I wanted to just stay in that moment forever, but eventually I had to start chasing my own release.

Speeding up, bouncing on his cock while you kept up a stream of "that's it baby, ride him harder" and "look at how gorgeous our Harry is when he's all flushed, yeah?" not to mention "Yes! Fuck yourself on his shaft, make him scream Love!" I couldn't stop myself from releasing all over my chest, his chest, and your hand that had been stroking me. The clenching of my arse triggered Oliver into coming.

But you, my love, hadn't gotten to come at all. I climbed off of Oliver, he got off of your lap, and we bossed you into sitting on the edge of the onsen so we could kneel on the bench to fight over your cock. You seemed to be close just from watching us earlier, and the sights and feelings of the two of us sucking, licking, kissing, and moaning over your straining shaft pushed you over the edge. I luckily happened to be the one whose mouth was on you when you came, so I got to swallow most of it down. But once you were done pumping my mouth full, I took the last little tastes and shared them in a filthy kiss with Oliver while you came down from your high.

After that, we headed off to sleep. Which means I am up this morning feeling loved, rested, and refreshed. Ready to take on the day!

Your Forever,
Harry

Tuesday July 11th
My healthy as a horse husband,

It's SO NOT FAIR!!!

I suspected yesterday but wasn't sure. I thought, you know, what with the stress of the wedding and then the overindulgence at the reception, that I had just overdone it and had a bit of stomach trouble. I naturally took stomach settling potions, but they didn't quite work.

Then - as you said - I seemed to feel better for a bit last night. Long enough to have a wonderful shag with you and Oliver, and then fall asleep. But...

I was up on and off all night last night with MORE stomach troubles. I'm dead certain you managed to wake up and leave the room during what must be the ONE time I managed to catch more than 20 or 30 minutes of sleep. In fact, I might have believed that I was FINALLY better when I woke up from that nearly two hour stretch of sleep, except that my symptoms got worse.

Since Oliver had also gotten up and left - meaning that the boys were with one or both of you - I knew that Rowe was probably in her office. So, when my symptoms seemed to get worse - waking me up again around 8:30 IN THE MORNING, not only was I fairly certain, but I rushed to have her confirm my suspicions. I naturally brought Morgana with, despite the fact that she was still rather soundly asleep.

Once in Rowe's office (it was early enough that she didn't have another patient yet), she did a few basic scans and confirmed my suspicion. Yep, it's as I feared. Nearly the worst thing that could happen.
I have the Dragon Flu. AGAIN! I swear I get this Merlin be Damned flu EVERY summer!!! Morgana has traces of it in her system, but since she hasn't started showing any symptoms, Rowe thinks that giving her a few immune boosting potions should keep her from getting it as bad as me. As for me, I well know the drill by now. I'm going to be staying in the White Room - especially since Pansy and Ivan have returned to Russia and are no longer using it.

The good news is that since I am NOT pregnant (I actually had Rowe check!), the potions regimen should have me feeling better in the next day or two. I can stop quarantining myself the moment I stop having flowers grow out of my head and rainbow fire coming out of my, erm… orifices...

Among other symptoms.

I know without even checking that YOU are fine (I'm not really complaining as I hate the idea of you suffering), but if Morgana is showing traces, perhaps Oliver and the boys should be checked - just in case. I'll be happy to take the boys if they have it, or you can keep them since you'll be fine either way.

BUT... since I almost certainly contracted the flu at the reception during all that dancing, I'm probably not the only one to get it. I'm going to have Pippa send out word (not that they'll NEED it if they got it) to the guests to have themselves checked/treated, and in the meantime, Rowe assumes that she'll need to keep her schedule open so that our family can trickle in as they find the time.

I personally PRAY that Shtara doesn't have it as A: She's a muggle and I can't imagine that she'd be able to handle the dragon flu without magic to heal/minimize the damage, and B: She's crazy busy rehearsing for the opening of Princess and the Frog.

But now that I've written this email, I'm going to take the potions Rowe recommended plus a sleeping potion to catch up on the rest I missed last night. Love you!

Oh wait! Before I sign off, I wanted to answer your question. I'm... surprisingly ready. I probably won't be saying it a lot nor shouting it from the rooftops, but I'm ready to let Oliver know that I have feeling for him that are definitely the L word. We'll plan out a lunch or dinner or something after I'm feeling better so that we can tell Oliver together how we feel, and then give him space to react before broaching any other suggestions.

As for him reading our emails, if he genuinely WANTS to, I am not adverse to letting him, but there are SOOOOO many!!! I think he'd feel overwhelmed and like he'd be disappointing us if he DIDN'T read them. Maybe...offer but make it clear that he's not obligated?

I see your true colors, that's why I love you,
Draco

P.S. In other excellent news, my compulsive need to look at pictures of ants on the internet seems to have finally cleared up for good!
Thursday July 13, 2017

My Dragon,

I'm about to go to bed without you. Because you're still dealing with the Dragon Flu. I hate going to bed alone. I COULD have snuggled up with Ollie, but he ended up with the Dragon Flu too! So you, Morgana, Oliver, Dylan, and Lily are having some super fun sleepover with talking and giggling and rainbow belching I'm sure.

If it weren't for Gabe, I probably would have just risked contracting a disease I pretty much never get and joined you all in the White Room. But I can't risk him getting ill. I can't imagine him getting the Dragon Flu right now, what would that do to his seizures? What would that do to his immune system? Would that affect how his potions would react with his system?

Based on your insta-owls, and talking with Rowe, it seems as though you're all probably not contagious anymore but you're staying quarantined through tonight just in case. Thankfully you have so much experience with this flu that you caught the symptoms before it become a full blown attack. That's great because it means a much shorter quarantined period. Which means I have less time to be lonely in our giant bed with only Gabe for company.

He's pretty awesome company I have to say. His gummy smiles make my day. And earlier today he discovered his toes! He's been grabbing them, and then making a confused face like he doesn't understand who's pulling on his feet, but it's him! I can't wait until we can see you again tomorrow and you can see for yourself how cute and sweet and adorable it is! I'm sure Dylan and Morgana are doing all sorts of things that I'm the one missing. Oh please tell me what they've been up to. Have they forgotten me? Are they walking and talking yet? Do they know their Daddy Harry misses them?

Ok, there's a chance I'm overreacting. I did see them just a little over two days ago. But if Gabe is having developments what's to say Dyl or Morgana haven't?

I have to get my mind off of this before I spiral. So, since you guys are all having a fun little Dragon Flu Party in the White Room, I've decided to host my own fun sleepover in our room! Obviously myself and Gabriel, plus the portion of the feisty foursome that aren't with you - Cael, Seph, and Trey, and Jaz and Zaire want to come hang out and play some games or maybe watch some cartoons but they're going to sleep in their own rooms. I guess one too many times of Jaz waking up with Atreyu sleeping practically on top of her means she wants to have her own space when it comes to sleeping.

I don't blame her! I love co-sleeping with our children as long as they need to. But I will admit that the times over the years where we had zero children still in our bed were pretty amazing. I'm not in any particular rush to get this set out of our bed though. Them being the last of the babies, knowing when they leave the nest we'll be empty nesters forever after, means I might even push them to stay
longer than they want to!

The rambunctious horde is about to descend on our rooms so I should probably hurry up and finish. But first ....

I asked Molly to come over on Saturday to help your mum take care of the almost triplets. Morgana is undoubtedly very attached to her Grammy Cissa, but if we're leaving them for the day I think she'd appreciate the extra set of capable hands. Plus, Molly has really been getting on my case about letting her watch the babies more often. She understands how high maintenance our little Queen is, so she's not offended. But I do think she's a bit hurt. And as she said to me, "How will she ever see me as one of her trusted people if she's never around me?" She totally has a point.

Oh, I got ahead of myself a bit. I invited Molly to come over with your mum to watch the babies because I've planned a day for the three of us. I read your email and I can't tell you how happy it makes me that you are ready to admit your feelings. You've come such a long way my Love, years ago this would have taken months if you ever were willing to admit it. Now you've a life full of so much love that you can admit to the creation of new love. Gods I love you Draco Lucius Malfoy.

So, Saturday afternoon we are headed the The Courts Garden for a picnic among the flowers. I'll be baking up a storm tomorrow and I've already had Muffy make sure we're well stocked with all of your picnic favorites. Once we've had our picnic, snogged a bit, and declared our feelings we will play the rest of the day by ear. If Oliver reacts well and happy and doesn't need time to think we can just continue our romantic picnic. If he needs time to himself to think we can head home and leave him to think in the beautiful gardens. Or if he wants to go home to think we can stay in the gardens ourselves.

Obviously I hope for one outcome, but no matter what I am ready to take this step. With you.

Oh, here comes the invasion! Miss you, see you tomorrow.

All of my love,
Harry

Saturday July 15th
My Harry,

So, after my 'fun' little Dragon Flu sleepover -_- I was SO happy to be back in bed with you last night. I was NOT happy to be quarantined with Oliver because I don't even like to let YOU see me when I'm having symptoms such as flatulence and a need to run to the loo every few minutes, then add in the fact that such things were a bit uncontrollable AND flamboyant as hell and - ugh!

Seriously, if I ever get my hands on the wizard that thought it would be funny to magically change the regular muggle flu from a miserable but tolerable illness easily cured by potions, into a crazy illness that turns your sneezes into accidental magic outbursts such as creating tiny green ant-like beings that play something like Wizarding chess - and every, erm... backfire... into accidental Deprimo spells in vibrant colors so everyone is certain to notice them, sigh... I'm going to murder that Wizard in cold blood.

Thank MERLIN the toilets are all spelled to resist all magical damage, and when things get a bit out of hand with accidental magic, can repair themselves before one has a chance to pick himself up off the floor.
But as I was saying, I was well enough to return to our enormous bed. You were so happy to have my arms around you that you fell right to sleep - your own arms around Oliver. Thus, when the babies woke up for their first feeding, I was still awake - having just slept quite a bit to recover from my flu. I silently pulled free from you, cast a mild sleeping spell to prevent you from waking up, and then took the boys for a tandem feed.

Which reminds me, I'm so glad they both love you and Oliver, because I seem to be their least favorite person. It's probably because I have to give them bottles, but I try to appease them by using the breast harness so that the bottles are basically very realistic replicas of what they really want. As I was feeding them, Morgana opened her eyes to watch me, and by the look on her face, she was only tolerating this betrayal because they were her boys and she perhaps understands that they tend to be quick and demanding eaters.

Before she had a chance to start fussing, Oliver very cautiously tickled her tiny little button nose with just his pointer finger. When she didn't immediately start wailing or trying to blow anything up, he looked up at me and smiled.

"Want me to try feeding her?"

Now normally, I probably would have just handed him one of the boys - since they both love him - but aside from them giving me looks wondering why ***I*** was holding them, they were perfectly content at the moment. Not to mention, Morgana REALLY needs to learn to tolerate more people. So, I nodded.

"Perhaps start small, simply hold a bottle for her to feed from, and if she allows that, try holding her hand - and so on until you work your way up to actually holding her," I suggested. Being a smart fellow, Oliver did as suggested and was able to feed Morgana while she was laying on the bed and he was laying next to her. He was even able to tickle her nose a few more times and play with her teeny little hand, but she started glaring at him and squirming in a way that made me wonder if she was trying to kick him away, and so, he didn't push his luck and simply held the bottle for her.

Once all the babies were asleep again, I had them *all* laying in the sidecar on your side of the bed. Even Morgana, shocking, I know, but I understand how important it is for her to have bonding with her brothers. After I set the last baby in the sidecar, I stood there watching them sleep for a bit, and then my gaze shifted to your sleeping form.

"Oh!" Oliver exclaimed very softly in amusement. "Your expression just went from sweet and loving to rather lusty and devious!"

"Mmm..." I moaned softly. "I have a kink called Somnophilia, and whenever I see Harry sleeping, if I'm at all in any condition to take advantage of it, I just can't seem to stop myself," I explained as I crawled into bed and stroked your body in long lines.

Oliver watched in amusement that turned to concern as I prepared you for a good hard shagging. "How is he still sleeping?"

"I feel that he never sleeps nearly enough, and so, when I'm able to take on baby duty, I cast spells
on him to make him stay asleep - and just so you know, I don't ALWAYS take advantage of him in this state, but when I do, I have permission to do whatever I like."

Oliver raised a brow at me in disbelief.

"I do," I assured him. "But I'll play nice tonight so that you can ask him yourself." And with that, I countered the sleeping spell and kissed you awake.

It didn't take long before you were purring and practically begging me to take you in every way possible. Even so, I decided to give you a few options.

"Shall I have Oliver between us in a sandwich? Or would you prefer ME in the middle of the sandwich? Perhaps you're hoping that one of us will shag you good and hard while the other fucks your mouth?"

"Merlin! The way you two speak to each other always makes me blush!" Oliver said, and true to his word, he was blushing a lovely rosy shade.

"Any of it, all of it! I don't care, so long as there's shagging!" You cried out desperately, trying to pull me inside you - meaning that if it was possible for our bodies to meld together, that's what you were trying to do.

Smirking, I turned to Oliver. "What say you? Have a preference?"

He climbed onto the bed behind me and pushed me into you. "I think you should be in the middle."

"Mmm," I purred in anticipation. It took a bit of shifting for the three of us to get the positioning just right, but then it was like magic.

Oliver was clearly still adjusting to the fact that he's shagging so often after such a long dry spell, and so he's a bit enthusiastic and rough, which is wonderful, but means that he was ramming me into you in a way that made me want to cast a cushioning spell on you, except I could see how much you were loving every second.

As if to prove my point, you got close first, and it was you growing tighter on my shaft that had me seeing stars. I was moaning and groaning, and probably getting just as tight on Oliver. This apparently tipped him over the edge, which triggered you, which triggered me. All in all, we had a GLORIOUS orgasm that left us all gasping for breath. We collapsed into a pile, and as far as I know, slept like that for the rest of the night.

In reality, you probably had to push us off of you in order to breathe. And even if you managed to remain under us, you more than likely woke up at your normal time. In any case, I was all alone in bed this 'morning.' I assumed that Molly had already arrived and was trying her best to win our girl over without triggering any explosions.

I hope.

Knowing that we had important plans, I got out of bed and skipped all but the most important part of my morning routine. Thus, just 10 minutes shy of noon, when you slipped into our room to wake me, I was able to surprise you by being fully dressed and ready to go. I was wearing something posh yet comfortable; something perfect for an afternoon picnic in a public garden.

Seeing me ready, you got about a thousand times more excited. "I thought I'd have to ride your arse! But you're ready! Let me go grab our picnic basket, and then snag Oliver from the stables! And then we can go! I'm so excited! GOD! WHAT IF HE DOESN'T LIKE US LIKE WE LIKE
I grabbed you and kissed you before you could devolve into a panicky mess. When you were all flushed and melty, I spun you around and smacked your arse. "Go on and grab that basket. I'LL get Oliver, lest you scare him off in your excitement."

Twisting your head, you gave me a last kiss before popping off. That was my signal to pop into the stables. I walked up behind Oliver as he was feeding an apple to a horse, and covered his eyes with my hands, but rather than ask him to guess who, I nibbled his neck.

He moaned softly, turning around to kiss me. "Huh! I thought you were Harry!"

"Surprise!" I murmured playfully. "Come on."

He allowed me to lead him out of the stables curiously. "Aaaaare you sneaking me away for a quick shag?"

I grinned at him. "I just woke up and need to eat first, but hopefully that WILL be one of the things we do today."

That's when he eyed me up and down suspiciously. "You're looking rather nice for just having woken up and wanting to eat."

But that's when you popped up with the basket. "Let's go, let's go, let's go!" You chanted excitedly as you grabbed us both and Apparated us to where you planned. Oliver looked around warily.

"Whaaaat's going on?"

Neither of us answered, except to grin. You dragged us over to the spot you had apparently scouted out previously and charmed to remain free for us. Then you used a lot of subtle magic to spread out the blanket and set up the excellent spread you'd prepared. Not needing words at this point, Oliver and I sat on the blanket and helped ourselves to our favorites. We all chitchatted for a bit as we ate, and then Oliver confronted us.

"Alright, out with it! What's going on?"

You looked to me anxiously. Smiling, I took one of your hands and one of his hands. Feeling better, you took his other hand in your free one. The color drained from his face as if we were about to kick him out of our house and tell him to never come back.

"Harry and I wanted to tell you something. Something important."

"Yeah?" He asked nervously.

"Remember when I said that it might take me a long time to feel comfortable using the L word?"

His eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Yeah..."

"Well Harry and I had a chance to talk it over, and I've actually had a while to think it over, AND I Insta-owled Yesenia a couple of times to have her analyze my thoughts and feelings, and..."

He leaned back as if bracing for an impact, but didn't pull free from our hands. "Yeah..."

"Well, I realized that it's real and I don't need to be hesitant or hide it. What I feel for you is love. Genuine, romantic, not going to stop anytime soon, LOVE."
You exhaled a huge sigh of relief. "I'm so proud of you!" You kissed me, and then turned to fling your arms around Oliver. "And I DON'T have issues admitting how I feel, but I was waiting for Draco to be ready. I already love you SO much! I don't ever want to be without you again!"

I nodded in agreement. "But we want to make it clear that YOU don't need to feel pressured. If you still need more time, or if you don't feel the same, we'll understand."

Even as I said that, you made a liar out of me by getting watery eyes and an expression that made it clear that you might 'understand' but you weren't going to be happy about it. Oliver looked you up and down, and then looked me up and down. He pressed his lips together and remained quiet for about an eon and a half - still holding our hands - but then he nodding in understanding.

"I... I appreciate you telling me, and I WANT to return the favor, but I'm afraid that... well... I'm surprisingly old fashioned, and I'm getting too damn old to settle for less than everything I want. As much as I want to be with the both of you, I want to be MARRIED. I want to be with someone who wants to be a family with me..."

You had tears leaking from your eyes, but were trying your best to hold them back. I nodded. "I understand, but before you break up with us for good, would it make a difference if we DID marry you? Or at least as much as we can. Harry already mentioned having a Bonding Ceremony -"

"I actually said Commitment Ceremony, but whatever or HOWEVER you want to do it, I'm on board!" You interrupted.

"BUT I think if you need a legitimate marriage, I can talk to my lawyers about how to make it as legal as possible without being legally recognized. AND I am willing to bet that we could talk to Kingsley and persuade him to make an exception for us -"

"He loves me! He totally will!" You assured us.

Oliver looked stunned. "You'd... You'd really.... MARRY me???

You squeezed my hand to let me know that you were ready. After a deep breath, I began a soft song. "I've always been a man with a plan, always prepared, never one to leave it to chance, but it's all unscripted when we're with you, it seems familiar, yet it all feels so new."

I know you still think your voice is terrible, and that you can't believe that I love it, but this was important enough to you to try. Thus, when my opening lyric ended, you took over.

"All of a sudden we miss you, thinking 'bout all the things that we've been through... oh no, it's not that we planned to, but we think it feels like-"

I joined you: "Maybe we're falling for YOU and we just don't know, were we ever meant to be? Suddenly, oh you caught us so off guard, we fell in love so UNEXPECTEDLY."

"So unexpectedly," you repeated.

"Unexpectedly," I added, looking to you because you were going to take the next verse, but we ended up being cut short by Oliver, who threw his arms around us and hugged us so tight that neither of us could make a sound.

"I... I don't know that we'll be able to make it work - that we'll be able to make any sort of legal arrangements, much less get married, but if you're willing to try, I'm more than happy to stick with
you until it either works or... it becomes apparently that it's impossible."

Rather than dwell on the potential downside, we focused on the positive. You practically attacked Oliver with a kiss, and at that point, I felt it was prudent to cast a slew of privacy spells around our little picnic area so that we wouldn't scandalize nor offend anyone with our definitely NOT fit for public shenanigans.

I think it's safe to say that we can cross shagging during a picnic in a muggle garden off the bucket list!

But now that we're back home, I've got a message from Tabitha. Yes, you read that right ***I've*** got a message from Tabitha. She wants to see me right away, so I'm going to go check it out and I'll Insta-owl you when I know what's going on.

Let's hear it for the boy,
Draco
Chapter 153

Chapter Summary

Draco talks about the reason Tabitha called for him.

Chapter Notes

**Trigger Warning** Not explicit, but description of traumatized child with allusions to what traumatized the child

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Saturday July 15, 2017

My Heart,

After we got back from our emotional, lovely, and sexy picnic you headed off to Tabitha, I could tell Ollie needed some time to himself and he went off to the stables, so I had a nice long run. I would have normally gone to find the babies but I sent the mums a message asking how they were doing and I was told in no uncertain terms that they were fine, they were enjoying some spoiling Grandma times, and that I should find myself something to do.

Now I'm back from my run (which I have NOT been doing enough of lately!), you're still at Unity or with Tabitha wherever she is, and Ollie is still in the stables. I finally got our babies back from their Grandmas, fed them, and now they're sleeping off the day's excitement. The feisty foursome (plus Jaz) are off in the stables per usual, the teens and pre-teens are apparently having some older kid fun and have split themselves between the pool and the dirt-biking track, so there is no one to play with poor lonely Harry.

Fine! I decided to have a nice long bubbly soak in the tub. I've got so many thoughts running through my mind.

Unrelated to MOST of what's running through my head, I am really curious as to what Tabitha would have messaged only you for? My best guess is of course that she found an angry teen or pre-teen who needs your particular blend of snark and arse-whoopings. Which I think is honestly hilarious. During our time of running Unity House, and subsequently opening and running the other Unity Houses, I have always been more likely to be found with a baby on my hip or chasing the small kids up and down the playground equipment, while you've been a godsend to the older kids with too much baggage to carry alone. But at home, you ARE the baby guy, and I tend to keep my cool with and hang out with the teenagers.

Speaking of you being the baby guy ... we all know why you spend more time with Morgana than you do with either Gabriel or Dylan. I get it, Oliver gets it, the family gets it, Morgana is needy and definitely playing favorites. But I know you are absolutely wrong when you say the boys don't like you. They positively adore you. When Morgana gives you breathing room (usually when I'm feeding her) the boys always enjoy their time with you. When you play with all three of them, you
get massive smiles and giggles out of both those boys. They love you, but you're right they don't spend as much time with you so they're not quite as familiar with you taking care of their needs as opposed to me or Oliie.

But, they give him quite a few weird looks when he tries to feed them as well. Those two boys have been awfully spoiled by having the good stuff on tap at their disposal night and day, they'd give anyone trying to stick a fake nipple in their mouth the same face.

You know, Morgana is quite particular with her affection, she loves you biggest, she loves me second because I am an all you can eat buffet, she likes Ollie as long as he doesn't try to touch her without it being her idea, and she's a big fan of Grandma Cissa and her big sister Vivi. But do you know who might be her favorite of all her (non-twin) siblings? Atreyu. You know, for being bilingual you'd think he'd not need a third language, but he's really aware of body language. And I think just like he caught that you smelled differently when you were pregnant, and that Gabe smells differently during his seizures, I wonder if there's some scent or hormonal shift he's picking up that Morgana gives off with her different moods.

He touches her occasionally, and other times he sits near her talking or singing to her without touching, and sometimes I can see him walk up to her and then immediately walk away. And the more I watch Guinnie's more questionable behavior, the more I realize it comes from her having absolutely no control over anything. She freaks when people touch her despite her making mad faces or crying, she loves being in your arms because that's always been her safety net, she likes being in my arms because she can have as much milk as she likes. And I think she likes when Atreyu spends time with her because he really seems to understand what she wants or more importantly what she doesn't want.

Wow! That's not even what I was planning on overthinking about. I was going to make a quick comment about the babies loving you, and now I'm more than four paragraphs deep into the psyches of our infants. Yikes.

What I really wanted to stress and worry about was how Ollie's been feeling. And honestly, I need to freak out a bit about how you and I are feeling.

I was all for taking this whole thing slowly. I wanted to give Oliver time to grieve and get to a healthy place mentally. I needed to get to a place where I didn't feel unfaithful for even having romantic feelings about someone other than you. You needed to get to a place where you could admit to your feelings about AND TO someone other than me. I was so excited that you were finally ready to say the dreaded L word. If you remember, I planned a whole lovely picnic around saying aforementioned word.

You'd think with how careful and slow we've been attempting to take this that Ollie talking about how he'd like to be married and wants to hold out for someone who wants to be his family would make me panic or think we're rushing things. I definitely thought it would mean YOU panicking and thinking you JUST said the L word and now he's talking marriage?!? Except you didn't. You immediately assured him we were so serious that if there were a way to marry him legally we would. Hell, you told him you'd ask Kingsley to make an exception for us!

And instead of panicking or saying "whoa whoa whoa, we just want to say Love for the first time, I'm not buying rings!" I basically said "Hell yeah, let's buy us some rings!"

I think the thing that's freaking me out the most is that this isn't freaking me out. That it isn't freaking you out.

So, here's what I think. I am all for this commitment ceremony, or bonding ceremony, or whatever
we want to call it. I love him. It takes me a while to trust, it takes me a while to realize I love someone. But when I love them? That's it. I want him. If I have to blackmail Kingsley, I want this for him, for you, for us. I want our family to be his family, I've loved Parker and Cassie for a long time, I'd like to love them as their ... step dad? Fun Uncle? One of the guys who shags their dad but we never discuss that?

All three of those wonderful people deserve a whole lot of people in their lives who love them and are choosing to be their family. I'm going to find a way to give them what they deserve!

And ... I truly don't know how you feel about this ... but as much as I need to keep him for you and for me and for him, our seven youngest children would be lost without him. When we were busy with the babies? He was spending most of his day with Seph, Lissa, Cael, and Trey. He's been there every night with these babies of ours. Do you have any idea how many times I've headed out to do something only to come home and find that he's recorded a detailed log of one of Gabe's seizures? He's not just an extra set of helpful hands trying to feel better about living here for free. He loves our kids. And they love him. As much as it was important to tell him how WE felt, I think it's important he's aware of how he's already a part of this family, we just need to make it official.

Hurry up and come home or at least tell me what's going on! I need to worry at you!

Yours,
Harry

Saturday July 15th approaching midnight
My heart and soul,

I've already told you in an Insta-owl, but I have a few minutes to write an email, and so, I'm going to tell you a bit more. Obviously, I am not at home in bed with you. Considering that you and Oliver are both early birds, you're probably both asleep already, or possibly already awake for the first feeding.

So, As I said in my Insta-owl, Tabitha had a special case that she really wanted me to come in and handle. It's a little girl that is currently so traumatized that no one is quite sure what happened, except that this 9 year old performed some major accidental magic, and not the fun kind where flowers bloom. Nope, she was apparently in a... erm... group... incident in which several unsavory men were harming her in ways that activated her magic rather lethally.

The only thing we know for certain is that the place she was rescued from was a sort of holiday home, you know something a family might rent for a weekend or up to a month. The working theory (and I had to call up Bletchley to find out the details) is that this group of men rented the place and brought her there for some sort of twisted muggle ritual. Perhaps they know she had a magical heritage. Perhaps one of them was even her father.

No one is certain yet because they haven't been able to get her to talk, and in fact, unless she is sedated, she freaks our around men in general. Like screams bloody murder and frantically tries to run/hide, and the closer the man gets, the more likely she is to display more accidental magic.

So, getting back to that working theory, it's thought that after she was brought there, they began whatever they were doing to her and she more than likely withstood it for a bit of time, but eventually, she was pushed to the point that her magic activated and she blew the place up. That's the destructive bit that was lethal. The bodies of seven men were found in the rubble, and the first
people to respond (basically neighbors rushing over to find out WTF had happened) were utterly shocked to find a relatively unharmed girl in the center of the crater where the house once stood.

They called the muggle authorities, who took the girl to a hospital, where a simple medical examination revealed abuse that I don't want to think about at the moment, much less recount for you to read while you're trying to feed babies or get back to sleep. The other thing the examination discovered was that she was making some highly unusual phenomenon happen, and that tipped someone in the know off and they contacted the Aurors, who took the girl to St. Mungo's, who ALSO examined her, healed her up because the damage was all physical and nonmagical, and then called Tabitha in to take her to Unity House.

It didn't take long for Tabitha to realize that this girl had anger and trauma in levels not seen since Antonio. That's the first thing that made her think of me, but she hesitated because of the fact that the girl freaks out around all men. The caregivers attempting to help her have been strictly female in the last three days since her arrival. BUT when anyone tries to talk to her, she remains utterly silent, eventually making gestures that seem like frustration - like tossing ones hands up in frustration, but the Mind Healer assigned to her eventually realized that she was SIGNING.

When they repeated the gestures to me, I recognized it as BSL for 'I don't know,' and 'I don't understand.'

So, this little girl - whoever she is and wherever she comes from - had someone in her life at some point that cared enough to teach her how to communicate via sign language. And when they realized that she was deaf and didn't speak verbally, they decided that there were too many things piling up to NOT call me in.

The first thing they did was put the two of us in a room with a glass wall so that the girl could see that she was 'safe' from me. She was sat in between Tabitha and Yesenia (who received the girl's case when they realized that I would be working with her, and thus, Yesenia would probably be the best one to work with her too), staring at me through the glass VERY warily.

I kept it very simple, signing nothing more than: "Hello, my name is Draco (which I spelled so she would know how to say it, and then used my name sign), and I promise I will never hurt you. What is your name?"

For the very first second or two, she looked SO relieved to have someone who spoke her language, but then she quickly turned to rage. By the time I was asking her name, she was lashing out, having an emotional storm that was only to be expected really, since this is a girl who was hurt by men who was suddenly confronted with a strange man promising not to hurt her - a man who seems to be the only one who can talk to her. I reckon that has to be hard to cope with, the fundamentally opposite information battling in her head.

That said, as she raged, she tossed out signs here and there - such as hurt, bad men, hate - and a jumble of other things that reinforce what the medical reports stated. Tabitha decided that the best course of action was for the two of us to stay in that 'safe room' so that she can see me but feel like I cannot get to her, as if I was in a cage. So, she's currently sleeping on a bed in 'her' part of the room, and I'm about to try to sleep on a horrifyingly small bed on 'my' side of the room.

From the moment I first talked to her, I patiently wait for her to calm down, and then repeat what I said, which triggers more rage, and more patience, but the good news is that the rages are lasting less and less time, and so, I hope that when she wakes up tomorrow, she'll be ready to talk.

And before you freak out, I called for Muffy to bring me a secret weapon. Morgana. I'm hoping that seeing me sleep with our gorgeous baby will reassure this girl that I'm not a monster. And then
maybe I can have a nice chat with Morgana when I feed her, making sure to translate it into sign for our wary watcher's benefit.

If that fails, I might just call for Jasmine to come in and have a chat with me too, so that this little girl can see why I know sign language AND have someone her own age to talk to until she feels comfortable talking about the ugly things. Maybe this girl and Jaz can play like normal little girls until we manage to sort things out and... Sigh, I'm too tired to keep writing, I'll send you another email tomorrow at some point, or if you can't wait, you can try visiting me, just be warned that SHE might not take the visit so well.

All my love,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

FYI: For those of you concerned about Draco always having the babies love him more than Harry, THIS is why. Whenever Draco tries to mention that he thinks one of the babies loves Harry more, or maybe just isn't feeling it for Draco yet, *Harry* goes overboard trying to reassure Draco that he's wrong. I don't necessarily think Draco is wrong, but he basically decides not to argue with Harry, because who really wins that argument?
"The boys hate me!" "They do not!!!" "They do so!!!" "They love the fuck out of you!!!" "They're babies! They don't love anything that's not attached to a source of milk!!!"
Yeah, not a very productive argument, and besides, I'm dead certain they had this argument once or twice in the past even though it didn't make it on page. Probably during Draco's PPD, lol. :-}
Chapter 154

Chapter Summary

Despite the situation with Vanessa, the boys are keeping in touch.

Sunday July 16, 2017

Missing you,

We just got back from spending the day at Hogwarts and you are STILL at Unity. You know that I understand, this is a situation that you are ideal to help with and your squishy heart is going to have this be your priority for right now. I even understand why it needs to be you, if I thought my presence would be helpful instead of just adding another man to the equation, I would have offered to come. And you know these traumatized Unity Kids hold my heart in their hands, so it's definitely something I find to be one of the most important things to do. But I also really miss you.

I miss you too Draco. The bed was empty last night without you or Morgana in it. -Oliver

That last line was Oliver obviously. I love him, and it was nice to not be alone in the bed last night, but it doesn't feel right anymore without all three of us. Did you miss your boys as well? The tall ones and the small ones? I hope so, once I get everyone settled in for the night, Ollie, the babies, and I are going to Magi-Skype you. I miss your face! The boys miss your face. They've definitely missed your bedtime lullabies, so if they don't fall asleep before or during our conversation, I might beg you to sing.

For them. Yeah, for them.

I know I sent Jaz to you this morning, and I'm hoping she was helpful with the situation today. I would have preferred to shield our eight year old daughter from such a horrific situation but she's already made it clear she's not going to deal with censorship when she followed you to the Ministry. However, the next day I spend at Hogwarts trying to get our quarters put in order she's going to need to come with to make sure her rooms are how she likes them. I got our rooms, the nursery, and the feisty foursome's rooms done today. Well, not done, but the sizing and the location are set. We will need to pick out furnishings and decor, but the basic layout is set up.

So far, our space includes a large Master with an adjacent nursery and a beautiful en suite. The Master is big enough for our bed, the sidecar, and a nice sized closet. It's not anywhere near our rooms at the Manor but we don't actually need that much space. The nursery is basically going to be the playroom and clothing storage for now, since the babies are co-sleeping and will be for some time. Eventually we can expand it a bit and it will have enough space for three cots. We have a small cooking kitchen with a nice sized dining space. I want to be able to cook, but with the Hogwarts kitchens available, I don't need more than the basics, we just need room for a table we can all eat a meal together when we want to.

We have a nice sized living space that we've set up almost identical to our movie room back at the Manor. Just with the addition of another table so we can also play games in the same space as opposed to having a separate game room. Two full bathrooms in addition to our en suite. And then a room for Lily and Seph, a room for Cael and Trey, a room for Jaz and Zaire, and then a larger
"guest" room for when the kids in the dorms want to stay with us, or when the older kids who won't be living with us want to stay with us.

Our living space has a door that is magically linked to Ollie's living quarters. Until we are married, or bonded, or however you want to phrase it, McGonagall wants him to have his own living quarters but understands our dynamic so it will essentially act like any other door unless we ask Minnie to remove it or we magically seal it from either side. His quarters are much smaller and more basic. Pretty much because he doesn't think he'll actually ever use them except as an extra bedroom when all the kids want to visit or to store more of your closet overflow! He has two bedrooms, two bathrooms, a kitchenette, and a living space. To the west side of his rooms will be his office space, while my office will be to the east side of our rooms.

When it gets closer to time for the students to return to Hogwarts, we'll be getting our learning spaces put together. For now, the quarters are priority because then we'll have a space already ready if we want to prep our classrooms until we pass out from exhaustion at night!

My classroom will have a lot more to set up, needing a learning space. Ollie really just needs to maintain the quidditch broom shed because Hogwarts herself keeps the pitch looking perfect. My prep seems like a lot more work now, but at some point, Ollie is going to need to teach small people flying tactics in the middle of a Scottish winter so ...... I think I'm getting the better deal!

The other space I will be putting together will be a separate space from my offices but function similar to an office. Our living quarters and subsequently my office are pretty much equidistant from my classroom and Gryffindor Tower. But at the base of Gryffindor Tower I am going to have a sitting room of sorts. A safe space where I will have informal office hours for my house to come talk with me. As well as a nice calming space if I need to discuss issues with a small group from my house. And I thought it would be a happier and cozier space to discuss career paths with my oldest Lions. I wanted a safe comfortable space, but I didn't necessarily want it next to where our family lives. I figure our Gryffindor kids are already dealing with their family and school lives overlapping, they don't need to have their housemates traipsing around outside their bedrooms.

Between you needing to come with next time to help decorate our bedroom, and Jaz needing to come back to decorate her room with Z, you'd think I could have at least gotten the feisty foursome's rooms done while they were with me. No. They spent the entire day at Hagrid's hut. He showed them the animals he's currently housing, the Hogwarts stables, and even a few animals that ventured their way to the edge of the Forbidden Forest. I think keeping them away from the forest might end up being a full time job.

Sorry I made you have a bunch of kids with me that seem to have my sense of adventure and complete disregard for personal safety.

That was our day. It was long - and kind of fun - but mostly, I just hate that you weren't there to completely boss me around and tell me my decisions for designing our quarters were "utterly plebeian Harry!" Hopefully you're available to magi-skype and I'll at least get to talk with you face to face soon.

My heart overflows with love for you,
Harry

Sunday July 16th
My perfection,
As you know, I just got off Magi-Skype with you. It was the sweetest thing, you and Oliver were sitting on our massive bed, each of you holding one of our boys. We all got a bit silly, probably to distract us from the seriousness of the situation. You and Oliver were making the boys dance and wiggle for me, waving their pudgy baby hands at me and saying things like: "We miss you daddy!"

Meanwhile, as I'm still trying to get Vanessa to trust me, I was sitting in my little glass room with the Magi-Skype projecting on a wall while I sat opposite from it. You wouldn't have been able to see Vanessa as she was off to my left, watching me/us with interest and suspicion. But since I was trying to gain her trust even as I was having a much needed chat/distraction with you all, I had Morgana in her carrier on my chest and was signing everything I was saying.

At one point, I tried to have Morgana's delicate little hand wave to you, while saying: "I miss you and love you daddy and Oliver," only she was NOT having it. I don't know why, but this upset her, so I stopped. I bet she was just upset that she couldn't have you hold her and feed her directly. She may insist on being held by me nearly all the time, but you are most definitely her favorite food source.

But anyway, as I was saying, I had Morgana in her carrier and I was signing everything I was saying. Next to me was Jaz - who plans to return home in a couple of minutes - and she was also signing and saying things like: "I miss you daddy, I hope Zaire and the others aren't moping without me, give the babies kisses from me."

But then the boys started fussing and you begged me oh so prettily to sing to them.

"I don't mind you coming here and wasting all my time, 'cuz when you're standing oh so near, I kinda lose my mind! It's not the perfume that you wear, it's not the ribbons in your hair, I don't mind you coming here, and wasting all my time!"

To my delight, Oliver was not shy about singing the background vocals, which encouraged you to do it too. So, when I paused between verses, you both sang out: "Ooooo-ooo-ooo ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo! Ooooo-ooo-ooo ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo!"

"I don't mind you hanging out and talking in your sleep (sweet dreams baby), it doesn't matter where you've been, as long as it was deep (YEAH!), you always knew to wear it well, you look so fancy I can tell, I don't mind you hanging out and talkin' in your sleep, I guess you're just what I needed, I needed someone to feed, I guess you're just what I needed, I needed someone to bleed!"

Watch this cover video :-) 

At this point, I was on my feet and dancing with Jaz as you and Oliver were dancing with the boys.

When we were done, we said goodbye to each other and Jaz went into the other part of the room so that she could have a 'whispered' conversation with Vanessa. This gives me some time to write you an email. The first thing I bet you could guess is that we're making progress. It's slow and not much, but we've learned her first name - Vanessa.

Jaz has been invaluable, chatting on about anything and everything EXCEPT what happened (which all Jaz knows is that bad men hurt Vanessa), so this means that Vanessa is now very interested to watch Inuyasha at some point. Oh! I know they are trying to be private (and so I'm not looking directly at them), but I just saw Jaz sign to Vanessa that she should talk to me tomorrow - that I'm one of the good ones. Vanessa basically shrugged and didn't reply.

Now Jaz is tucking Vanessa into her bed, saying good night, and even giving her a kiss on the cheek. Sometimes I really feel that kids can understand kids better, even when they're not talking
about the hard things.

Now Jaz is coming back over here, hold on a mo...

Aww, I'm so proud of my baby girl! She came over to me and gave me a big hug and a kiss and wished me luck. Then she took off to the office so that she can floo home.

I'm going to sign off now and try to chat with Vanessa. Even if she doesn't respond, I can at least let her know that I'm trying. But before I go, just know that no matter what happens, I will be home tomorrow night. On the one hand, if I make progress and get her to open up to me tomorrow, we'll both need a break by nighttime, and on the other hand, if I DON'T, it'll more than likely be beneficial to have time apart at that point anyway.

The REASON I'm staying here tonight as it is, is simply to be here for her if she needs anything, and also to let her know that I'm not planning to hurt her by acclimating her to my presence in a way that seems safe to her. Lastly, having Morgana on hand has helped immensely as Vanessa has been very interested in her.

The disconcerting part is that even though I've explained that Morgana is my daughter, Vanessa spent the majority of the day watching me like a hawk, as if just waiting for me to hurt our baby girl. I pray that all this singing and dancing with Morgana I've done today will help Vanessa eventually come to the realization that I wouldn't harm a hair on her head.

You are my sunshine,
Draco
Chapter Summary

Morgana wants Harry for once, and the boys unwind by going to Orion's club for a bit.

Tuesday July 18, 2017

My Adorably Ridiculous Love,

We had a nice day yesterday spending most of it in the stables. But far and away, the best part of
the day was you coming home before bed last night. I know you had said you would be home to
sleep where you belong, but we can plan and plan and plan and things don't always end up the way
we envisioned. So I was hopeful you'd be home, I didn't want to truly believe it until I could see
you in person.

I was feeding the boys when you came home. You immediately climbed into bed with us, kissed
me and Oliver hello, and tried to hold me so you could watch the boys you'd missed while they ate.
Morgana however was not having that. She started squeaking angrily although she hadn't hit
explosion or ear piercing shrieking levels. You and I both assumed she was mad that I was taking
your attention and affection that she had gotten used to having mostly on her the last days, so while
you didn't move away from me, you did try giving her some of your rapt attention. My sweet little
Queen let you know that's not what she wanted.

You know what she wanted Draco? Me! She wanted ME! Or my milk, but whatever, I'm going to
take what I can get. She was upset that we were back together but she was not given my undivided
attention or the milk she wanted. Gabe was pretty much done anyway, so I passed him over to his
Oliver for winding, and snuggled up my girl I'd missed so much. You focused on reconnecting
with Dylan, who attempted to smile and coo at you without unlatching. Good thing little man
doesn't have any teeth yet, him clamping down with just his gums was uncomfortable enough!

Realizing playing with Dylan was just going to result in more pain for me (and not the fun kind),
you moved over to snuggle Ollie while cooing and talking with Gabriel. Who proceeded to spit up
all over Ollie's shoulder and your chest. I don't think I ever appreciate being a wizard quite as much
as when I'm vanishing baby-made stinky messes.

I assumed that when you got home you would tell us all about Vanessa and everything you'd
learned about her. Possibly with addresses of those responsible so I can ... visit them. Or maybe
instead of talking about depressing things you'd spent a few days immersed in, we could get the
babies to sleep and get in some well deserved sexy times. Alas, that wasn't happening. The boys
going a few days without you, Morgana going a few days without me or Oliver, and probably the
most frantic need came from them going a few days without each other meant the three little ones
stayed up much too late just baby babbling to each other.

Even if they had gone to sleep at a regular time, the littlest four came in to tell you all about their
days since you'd been gone. They wanted to tell you every single thing they saw in the forest and
give you an update on every animal in our stables down to the little squirrel they've named Jeffrey.
All of that involved Lissa, Seph, and Cael sprawled all over the bed, limbs entwined, feet perched
in my lap, with Trey solidly in your lap - his thumb firmly plugged in his mouth. Normally you'd
pop his thumb out, telling him a Malfoy does not mumble around his appendages when he has something to say, but it's so cute and you'd missed him so much you seemed pretty inclined to allow him his comfort.

Between the babbling babies, our late night visitors, and all of us not sleeping very well apart from each other, we ended up falling asleep without that update on the situation or any sexy times. Then I woke up early enough this morning, that as beautiful as you looked, I couldn't bring myself to wake you, even in your favorite way.

But I did go to check on you a little while ago since it was right around the time you would normally wake up. I entered our bedroom, thinking to wake you up if you were still asleep, and definitely kiss you and bring you breakfast. Instead of a sleeping or sleep-rumpled you, I saw you sitting up looking at your laptop, hastily shutting it when I walked in.

I asked in amusement, "Mooooorning, are you watching porn?"

"No!" You denied, but your guilty blush gave you away.

"You're so adorable," I rolled my eyes at you. "You know I don't care if you look at porn! Unless there's something good and you're not showing me!"

You kept insisting, "I'm not!"

And I kept insisting, "Then let me see!" At which point I tackled you, wrestling the laptop away, while you sputtered in indignation. o.O "… Oh Draco, I thought you said you'd stopped looking at pictures of ants on the internet …"

Your frustrated roar of :"I can't help it!!" Was just too cute.

I called you my affectionate nickname, "aww, my little weirdo!" Then I kissed you. That all culminating in you giving up your ant obsession and remembering your "Harry's arse" obsession.

And now that I've finished my email, you're STILL in the loo getting ready for the day. Oooh, hopefully you're still in the shower and I can catch you in time for round two!

Incoming!

Harry

Wednesday July 19th
My rock and foundation,

Let me get all of the yucky stuff out of the way first. Over the course of Monday, a little bit last night, and earlier today, a picture has emerged surrounding Vanessa.

On Monday morning, Vanessa decided to take Jasmine's advice and talk to me, but first, to set her mind at ease, I called for Yesenia to come in. So, with Vanessa and Yesenia on the sofa, and me sitting across from them, I acted as an interpreter while Yesenia basically asked questions.

We started a few months ago, because that's what Vanessa said first: "I miss my mum!"

"What happened to your mum?"

"She died in a car accident," Vanessa informed us, and when we asked her name, learned that she
was called Lisa Campbell, Thus Vanessa's last name is Campbell.

I Insta-owled this information to Bletchley, who was able to do a bit of digging and find that there is a record of a Lisa Campbell being in a car accident on a slippery and rainy night about 3 months ago. Lisa was a muggle who had only one estranged cousin. However, after doing a background check on that cousin, Child Services contacted him and asked if he'd be willing to take in Vanessa, and since he was, they had no reason NOT to give her into his custody.

When asked, Vanessa said that her mother never told anyone anything about her father, except that he was a 'special man' with 'extraordinary capabilities.' According to Vanessa, from the first night that she stayed with her cousin, he was not particularly nice to her, but not mean either. That said, she was frustrated and angry from the recent death of her mother and the lack of sympathy from her cousin, so strange things kept happening.

Her cousin - called Gerald Hastings - obviously noticed her strange abilities.

What had gone unknown - because he'd managed to keep his record clean (and I actually found this bit out by reading Vanessa's mind for clarity while talking to her) - was that he was actually a drug addict. Sort of a high functioning one, because he was able to hold a job and keep his criminal activities from going unnoticed. Vanessa actually had no idea, but she saw things, such as a man come over and give Gerald a baggie of pills in exchange for money - that let ME know that he was an addict.

After taking some pills one night, he egged Vanessa on until she manifested accidental magic, which must have confirmed his suspicion, because he made a phone call that resulted in the drug dealer and 5 other men showing up. Vanessa had no idea what was going on as she watched them talk and even argue a bit, but the Gerald smacked her around a little, making a nearby telly explode.

Since Vanessa can't hear, seeing this in her mind is a bit like watching footage from my contact cameras without the sound from the earbuds. I'm sure Jaz could read all their lips (because she was taught how), but I could only catch tidbits - such as when they snarled the word: Witch!

I watched in her mind as they taped a map of Great Britain on the wall and each tossed a dart at it. Five of those darts hit places - with the other two landing in the ocean - and those five places were written down on bits of paper and tossed in a hat. The Dealer drew a slip from the hat and that gave them the random place they decided to go. The part where they searched on the computer for places to stay in Devonshire was easy enough to understand, and when they found a place, they immediately called the number and booked it.

After that, it was a hasty matter of packing a bag - which Vanessa watched first her cousin do, and then was dragged along to the Dealer's house and that of his men. This was useful information as it gave me clues that I was able to pass along to Bletchley to follow up on. In actuality, the muggle Authorities are still trying to determine who the men were, because none of them gave their real name, and in fact only one was required to give a name at all when renting the place they'd chosen to stay. Thus, once this filters through the system, they might be able to put names to bodies.

But for Vanessa, the sad fact is that she was brought to a relatively secluded house by men who had bad plans for her with NO ONE around to suspect ill intentions. Even the neighbors who could at least see the house through their windows likely assumed that it was just a regular group on holiday.

I will skip Vanessa's memories from that point on, as it involves about three days of torture. Instead, I'll tell you what Bletchley said when I asked him why a group of muggles would take a
young girl they suspected of witchcraft to a secluded place to torture her.

Apparently, it is an OLD (but apparently still practiced on occasion) belief that a muggle can obtain some of a witch's power if they drink her blood. There are a lot of terrible superstitions and practices that have evolved over the years to go with it, but in essence, the basic belief is that they can provoke a witch into using her power and drink her blood AT THAT MOMENT, they can gain her powers.

I can't say for certain that this is what they were doing, but it does seem to fit with the visuals I witnessed in Vanessa's mind. They abused her highly brutal ways - only a small percentage of which was sexual. Their goal was to provoke her, and pain was their chosen weapon.

Well, it's not surprising to US (we have had a lot of experience with accidental magic over the years, some of which has been quite dangerous indeed), but they eventually pushed her that last little bit too far and her magic blew them all up. So in this, ALL of her abusers are dead.

The fact that I was able to read her mind saved us from having to ask her tough questions she didn't want to talk about. I was able to write down what I believe happened based off her memories, and this helped Yesenia guide her treatment in the appropriate direction. Keep in mind, all of this happened over three days.

So, for now, the therapy Yesenia is recommending the most is me teaching Vanessa self defense. While I do, Tabitha is going to work on getting one new caregiver who is fluent in British sign language, who can then bring the rest of them up to speed, as they've never had a deaf child - other than Jaz - to care for, so they only know the very basics. I suppose it's a good thing that children born to wizarding families are very rarely deaf for reasons that cannot be magically fixed. Our Jaz is one of the rare ones, but that just makes her all the more perfect.

So, since all of my afternoons for the foreseeable future are taken, I decided to unwind a bit tonight. And kill two Hippogriffs with one boulder by showing our support for Orion. Which led to you, me, and Oliver arriving at the Hog's Head at about half 8.

We got a good seat WAY in the back of the crowded pub, ordered drinks, and sat back to enjoy the theme of the night: Wild Wednesdays. This meant that the first entertainer we saw when we arrived was a woman dancing to a song called *Wild Thing*. It was NOT one of the designated full nude nights, and so, her stripping was more burlesque, down to her scanty knickers and sparkly, erm… pasties?

A few more entertainers of both genders performed as we watched and drank. Part of what I do actually like about this place is that Orion is MY son, and so while he probably mostly sells cheap quality liquor, he HAS expensive stuff available for snobs like me. I ordered us some precisely made cocktails to sip on while we Levitated Galleons over to our favorite performers.

You may or may not have noticed this prior to the incident, but I saw that there was a table full of Quidditch Players, and by this, I mean all the ones that I recognized were newly graduated or perhaps current but of age students of Hogwarts, from all four teams. I THINK they were actually there to cheer on their Quidditch mate - AKA Orion.

Being of age, they were naturally drinking, but most of them seemed to be pacing themselves. There was only one that seemed to be getting utterly pissed as soon as possible. Any guesses as to who?

Suddenly, the music changed, and our son's voice blared out over the din of the audience. "Oh oh Oh oh Oh oh OH oh oh oh! Oh oh Oh oh Oh oh OH oh oh oh!"
This signaled an ensemble of ALL the performers to get up on stage in sort of Hawaiian costumes and fire dance like heathens to a song called *Tarzan Boy*. I must say that it was very well done, and I'm not just being biased because our brilliant son was the one singing and leading the dance.

The song was an extended version which lasted about 6 minutes, but then when it was over, all the entertainers except for Orion left the stage, and now it was a woman (probably backstage with a microphone) singing a surprisingly good version of *Pour Some Sugar on Me* as Orion stripped off his costume to reveal some tight black silk knickers that left little to the imagination (I had to fight the urge to run up onto the stage and Apparate him straight home!).

BUT the good news is that he was doing a fire dance, and the only reason that he didn't just strip off completely was because they make more money on Fridays if they resist the temptation to show nudity on the other days. Which he actually told me during Viona's Hen Party.

 Barely a full minute into the show, and after I got past the squickiness of watching my son and Heir shake it for money, I was actually impressed by how much skill and attention to detail he put into his performance. Then he was literally cut short by Farrah.

SHE was three sheets to the wind by this point, and could barely be understood as she yelled at Orion. The unexpectedness of a spectator barging her way onto stage had shocked the live band into silence, which in turn made the singer fall silent. Thus, with the audience practically holding its breath, the argument was as clear as a drunk person can get.

"S'shameful! Yer too bloody smar' fer this! Droppin' outta school! AND! Shouldn't danssss like that! Yer body should be MINE!!! How YOU likit if ***I*** strip off in frun of E'RYONE?!??" Farrah demanded as she grabbed her shirt and pulled it off. She apparently does not feel the need to wear a bra, unless she was simply hot in her drunkenness and already removed it earlier.

Orion grabbed her arms. "What ARE you going on about?! We *aren't* dating!"

She shook free from his grasp and slapped him across the face, which interestingly enough, had no effect because the wards on the place to prevent violence.

"S'b'cuz YOU don' unnerstan how I feel!!" She roared, flinging her hands out in frustration and anger. "I HATE you showin' off fer MONEY! Should be only MINE to see!!!"

At this point, a couple of her friends had the grace to try to stop her from embarrassing herself further. They were grabbing her arms and trying to drag her off stage.

"No! LEMME GO! I hafta make 'im see!"

Orion held up a hand to stop his bouncers from taking her in hand. "I'll handle this. It seems that I need to get her sobered up enough to have an actual conversation."

Since she was struggling so much, her friends - who all know Orion to be a good person - let him take charge, even though it was by lifting her up and throwing her over his shoulder. She defied expectation by NOT fighting him, and instead, seeming to melt into his body. Or perhaps she passed out at that moment.

"Please, carry on without me. Start the next number!" And with that, he carried her off, presumably to cast a sobering charm on her and have a chat. MAYBE they'll FINALLY resolve their issues.

But before we find out for sure, this incident has reminded me that I forgot to tell you about what happened during my chaperone shift at the graduation party. It was nothing HUGE, as far as I witnessed, but Farrah was a bit tipsy that night too, and she used the liquid courage to roughly push
Orion up against a wall and snog the breath right out of him. Which he responded to for a few minutes before pushing her away and telling her to leave him alone. So... I think she's been fairly consistent in her actions toward him; it must be ORION who is confused and not quite sure how he feels about her. Maybe you should have a fluffy dad talk with him?

Ride it, my pony, my saddle's waiting, come and jump on it,
Draco
P.S. In case you haven't noticed it yet, YES that new picture on our wall IS something I put there. I found a gorgeous picture on the internet and brought it to a specialty store that was able to blow it up to portrait size, and then frame it. Isn't she one of the most beautiful Queens you've ever seen?
Chapter 156

Thursday July 20, 2017

Draco,

No. No! No way. I love you more than life itself. I think I am very understanding of your quirks and those little unique things about you that make you just exactly you. And you are always so patient with my weird little habits. Even things that I logically think should annoy me, like you spending hours getting ready, I just find to be adorable. As long as I'm not pregnant, I just smile at you when you eat disgusting food combinations. You eat or drink more garlic than anyone I know, and all I do is cast a discreet breath freshening charm at you and snog you silly.

I draw the line at framed portraits of bugs on our wall. Just no.

What if we put together a very nice little photo album for you. Think about it, a whole book of pictures of beautiful queens. That we could shut. And tuck into a drawer. And we could even add the lovely pictures I took of you while you were trapped as an anteater! Unless you wanted THOSE blown up and framed as well?

I had a lovely time with you and Ollie last night at Ori’s, I had less fun today talking over the events with Ori himself.

I waited to go to his rooms until around noon, he has long nights and wants to sleep in when all he’s doing is running the bar, the nights he performs he sleeps in even longer, add his uncomfortable conversation with Farrah and I’m sure he needed a lot of extra rest.

I brought him brunch in bed to butter him up, but it seems he was waiting for one of us to bring up the enormous Farrah shaped elephant in the room.

“Hey Dad, you drew the short straw and got nominated to talk with me huh?”

I didn’t feel like mentioning that your email assumed he needed my fluff so I just answered with “talking with you is never the short straw. Your dad and I are worried about everything that’s been happening and we decided I’d be the more level headed to start out with. If you need your other dad’s personal brand of crazy, I can go get him though.”

Ha! Broke the ice immediately and got a laugh out of him!

Here’s the best part of the fact that *I* am the one who talked with him; I brought him food, mentioned we were worried, and he monologued everything I was going to ask. I get credit for having the conversation when all I did was walk in and listen.

Orion took one deep breath and then the words just came tumbling out. I love our brilliant son, he’s studious and constant, he’s always been so quiet except for when he’s performing that the veritable flood of words that came out shocked me. I don’t know if I’ve ever heard him speak so much all at once unless he was giving some sort of prepared speech.

I suppose if he knew one of us was going to talk with him he may have actually prepared this ahead of time.
“Look Dad, I love the family I’ve grown up in. I wouldn’t change our family for anything. But the life you and Dad are leading isn’t for me. You have a small army of children, and I know I don’t want any now or any time soon, probably ever. I love my nephews, I cherish the days that it’s my turn to babysit Rafael or Luka. I adore all of my siblings. But parenting just isn’t for me.”

I just nodded along, most of this I knew already and I wanted him to keep going. Get it all out.

So he did, “Farrah has taken our - admittedly amazing - chemistry and decided that for her, it means there are deeper feelings at play. I am attracted to her, we do have fantastic chemistry, the shagging has been bloody fantastic”

I cringed a bit at that. What? I’m open minded but remember I was raised a closeted prude, it can be hard to overcome that!

Ori laughed at me. “I have seen you wrapped around Dad like a starving octopus, and yet you blush when I tell you my sex life is passionate and good!”

More blushing from me. Because I’m ridiculous.

He sobered up a bit, “but, as I told her last night; I like her as a person, she’s attractive, but I’m not looking for anything serious. I’m not really looking for monogamy. And I am most assuredly not looking for a life partner who feels the need to dictate what I should or should not be doing based on her perception of me. I could be the most brilliant mind to ever walk the earth and if running the Hog’s Head and dancing in my pants is what I want to do then I get to do it.”

I nodded along because I certainly agree.

He continued, “I don’t owe the world anything based on my intelligence or my name or any other thing someone might use to decide my life for me. I don’t care if I’m Dad’s heir or your only hope for running Unity House, my life is my own to live.”

I did have to interrupt him there. “Wait just a minute there Orion Draco Malfoy! Have I ever implied you should be running Unity? Has your father ever insisted you do the traditional heir thing or be a "proper Malfoy?"”

"No, no, no! I was just using those as examples of what could be used to tell me to live my life differently!"

Fine. Go on.

"Farrah just isn't for me, and as much as I've had fun spending time with her - and I've enjoyed the angry sex - I had to completely break it off with her. The whole rivals from different backgrounds turned lovers turned forever may have worked for you and Dad, but it's not for me. At least right now. And with all of the public temper tantrums instructing me on how to live my life, I just can't keep any sort of a relationship going with Farrah at all.” He gave a sharp nod of his head, signaling the end of his speech.

I cleared my throat, "Well, I'm just glad you know who you are and have the strength to be up front about it all. I definitely didn't know myself as well when I was seventeen. I don't think I really knew who I was until I was forty!"

"Erm, Dad? You're only thirty-six."

"Exactly!"
I ended up having a really lovely conversation with him after that that had nothing to do with any of his drama or any of ours! Just a lovely afternoon catching up with my son. He's a pretty wonderful young man.

Wherever you are, my home is there,
Harry

Friday July 21st
My Harry and my Oliver,

Today has been the same as yesterday. Remember how I told you that yesterday, when I first tried to teach Vanessa self-defense, she was too timid to try to hit me, even half-heartedly, so I faked hitting her to get her to learn blocking. Exactly as I expected, even the fake hitting I explained to her that I would be doing, triggered her extremely high accidental magic defenses.

But don't worry, I had an array of shield spells to protect me and Morgana, who's watching the proceedings from a carrier on my back. Well, our little Queen does NOT like any potential threat to her daddy, and reacts with explosive accidental magic of her own.

I have Yesenia, Tabitha, and even my frienemy the Mediwitch on hand to make sure that if Vanessa needs a break, or if something important gets blown up, I have instant backup. It seems that the sight of poor little me in between TWO powerfully explosive little girls was enough to make those three witches faint.

From laughter.

That said, today has been a bit better since I decided to bring Jaz back and demonstrate the lessons with her. Her indefinable enigmatic personality has helped Vanessa to remain calm enough to actually block and hit a few times. Thus progress... sort of. I will definitely have to keep at it for the next few weeks.

You helped me see the beauty in everything,
Draco
P.S. By the way, I noticed that you accidentally knocked my picture off the wall and moved it to my closet, but don't worry, I put it back where it belongs.

Chapter End Notes

At this point, Draco has grown weary of trying to fight and suppress his ant obsession, and so, he's basically given in and embraced it, much to Harry's dismay. ^_^
Sunday July 23, 2017

Our Love,

Yes, our love. Since you so sweetly wrote your last letter to both Oliver and myself, I read it to him. I know I have your permission anyway to show him any and all of our emails throughout our relationship but this one was specifically written to the both of us so I definitely read him every word.

He says hi and he misses you so much.

No Ollie! I’m not writing that! No. I said no.

Fine. Our Oliver says that if you don’t hurry up and come home to us soon, he’s going to learn about all the things *I* like in bed, and will have no idea how to bring you pleasure.

Yeah, he said HOME to US.

Since we miss you so very much, we are going to leave here in just a little bit to come spend the day at Unity. We’ve avoided it up until now simply because of what you said about Vanessa’s distrust of males. But we both figured if we were at Unity, we wouldn’t have to be around you when you were working with Vanessa, but we could be on site simply to give you hugs and kisses in between sparring or therapy or even loo breaks.

And I’ve been so busy since you got pregnant, first taking care of you, then being pregnant myself, and then pretty constantly caring for newborns, that I haven’t spent nearly enough time at Unity. There are Kids there I’ve never even met! That was understandable when we lived outside of the country, and now that we live here, it’s understandable that I don’t know the Kids at the other locations. But how do I live so close to this beautiful place that I might as well have called home for the first years of our marriage and not know half the little residents?

Practically criminal I tell you!

But you’ll see all of this when you take your next break and find us running amok with the Kids at the Park. What you don’t know about is mine and Oliver’s evening activities before you got home last night.

Each night since the first night you came back home, you’ve basically climbed into bed, kissed us and the boys, and fallen right to sleep. Then we see you for a quick moment in the “morning” before you’re off again.

Now, if we are truly planning on fully committing to this triad relationship, then there are going to be times when it is just you and I available for sexy bed romps, times it will be just you and Oliver, and times when it will be just me and Oliver. Right now though, it’s so new that I’ve been trying to limit non threesome sexy times.

But we haven’t been able to properly touch you in months - years - eons!!! Ok it’s only been a few days since you and I had soapy shower sex, and only a few days before that we were all able to do things together. A man’s got needs Draco! So even though I know YOU feel I have nothing to be sorry for. And I KNOW there’s nothing to be sorry for, eighteen years of monogamy means I have some residual guilt to work out.
Hell, if anything, I think you’d be upset to find out we haven’t been shagging or touching because of my misplaced guilt. Sorry?

Well last night I made up for it. Kind of. I decided to start attempting to train Ollie out of his hair trigger response time. Obviously we can do it with spells or rings or potions, but I know he wants to be able to last longer naturally.

So I teased him for hours.

Gods Draco you should have seen it. He was so pretty; all hard and needy. I didn't tie him up or anything ... baby steps you know. But I told him that I wanted him to lie back, and let me do as much as I could to make him hard and wanting. I told him, "Ollie Love, I want to touch wherever I want, I am going to tell you so many filthy things, and at any point if you absolutely want to come, you can ask me to finish you, or you can reach down and finish yourself. But if you can hold out until I say it's time to come, I will make it very worth your while."

Muffy was taking care of the sleeping princes, so we had the entire enormous bed to ourselves. I had Ollie naked and leaned back on our mountain of cozy pillows.

I took off my own clothes, not slowly enough to be a striptease, but also not so fast that it wasn't at least a little fun to watch. He was half hard just from the anticipation and watching me disrobe, but I wanted him to get rock hard and stay that way for as long as he possibly could. I crawled between his legs, kissing his toned calves, the soft skin on his inner thighs, that sexy soft spot right where his hip stops and those dark curls start. By the time I made my way to kissing the tip of his shaft, it was already beading with precum at the tip. And he was definitely hard the way I wanted him.

I sucked just the head into my mouth, moaning at the taste of him, gave two nice deep sucks and pulled off. He definitely gave me a "what the hell are you stopping for" face, and at that point, I think he realized his stamina might increase but it was going to be torture. Delicious torture.

"And now it's time to read to you."

He sputtered at that, "er, huh, wait, what? Reading? Really?"

"Yes Oliver, really." I pulled up some pages I had printed out for just this moment. Oliver hasn't had the time or the inclination to read through our entire life in email form. He's skimmed a few interesting ones, the description we put together of our (first) wedding, the first gala at Unity House, the Drag Show at Unity California, but I've never pointed out any of our sexually descriptive emails until last night.

I began with: "Tuesday August thirty-first. Merlin, Salazar, Dumbledore, Godric, Hades, and *all* the Gods who ever existed! I am pretty sure I love you more at this moment than all of the love I've felt for you in my life combined." Do you recognize that email Draco? If not, here's a refresher from further into that particular message, "You made a strange noise, and then Blaise stuck a third finger in you. He was slowly working his way up to a fourth, because the last thing he ever wants is to hurt a lover. Eventually, he had you so ready that you arched your back and I could see your balls tighten tellingly. I watched Blaise quickly cover your shaft with his hot mouth and gulp down every drop. The sight nearly made me spunk my pants!!! With infinite patience, Blaise worked himself inside you. I continued to praise and kiss you, letting you know how hot you look and how beautifully you were taking that massive shaft. Gods! The sight of that tree trunk slowly disappearing inside you made my whole body feel like molten lava! And then when Blaise was as far as he could go, I nearly spunked again!"

Remember now? It was the email from the first time you had Blaise take me.
Once I read that one and the one right after where I gave my take on the whole event, I moved on
to the following June, this time one of my emails. "My cock pointed towards your face, but not
close enough for you to reach it, swollen and dripping, while I moaned and fucked myself on my
own fingers. "Ungh, Dragon, I'm getting my hole ready for your cock to fill it. Mmm, it feels so
good and I only have two fingers in so far. I can't decide if I want to finger myself just enough to
get you inside, or if I want to stuff myself as full as I can so your fat cock can just slide right in
where it belongs." I start rubbing my own cock with my left hand while I continue to stretch myself
out for you. Then reaching down and rubbing my swollen bollocks. I start squeezing them, and
moaning harder at the pleasure and pain combination. "Oh, my love, there go three. Shall I go for
four? Would you like me to get four fingers up my arse Draco?"

That one was the email with the first time I tied you up and dominated you. It was ONE of your
birthday celebrations. If you'll remember, later on that same weekend this happened: "Gods, I was
sucking one of my best friends while my husband was sunk balls deep into my other best friend."
That time you were the first person to ever shag the golden trio all at once.

I kept going with all the different emails I'd printed out. Shag parties, sweet moments just the two
of us, times I submitted to you. The whole time, I was softly running a finger or two all over his
cock. Swirling my fingers around the head. Barely there grip on his bollocks. Stroking my fingers
back just enough to tease at his hole. Once he was practically in tears from holding himself back, I
even read our first puppy play date with Neville and Charlie.

Side note: it did NOT turn him off. At. All.

After being hard without coming or giving up and begging me to finish him off for three hours ...
yes three entire hours ... I decided he'd had enough. I gave him a soft kiss, told him I was so proud
of him, climbed into his lap, slipped myself onto his shaft, and rode him until he came with what
can only be described as a howl.

Just wondering my Love, are you going to want a pensieve printout of that?

I'll see you in a few, I'm just going to top off the babies' tanks and we'll head over to Unity.

All of my love,
Harry

Sunday July 23rd
GODSDAMNIT HARRY!!!

Now I'm hard as granite over here and I can't linger in the loo too much longer lest Vanessa think
I've gotten sick or something. I'm going to have to take this problem in hand, put a little elbow
grease into it, and rub it out completely. Hmm... mmmhmm... Better!

I think you might have actually arrived before I read your email during my loo break, because I
heard a bit of a commotion out in the playground that usually signals the younger Kids excited and
clamoring to tell someone every single thing they can remember all at once.

As for Vani, she's actually made a surprising amount of progress in her therapy - not so much the
self defense part as she still seems a bit too timid to put the proper amount of effort into her lessons,
BUT she has taken to Jaz so much that she's taken to calling her 'my Jaz' and actually seems to be
trying when it comes to sparring with her.
So, I've actually decided to try something else in addition to self defense. I'm about to take Jaz and Vani to a spa, well and Morgana of course. I'll probably even stop and pick up Shtara, and also see if Eris and Hazel (and Pearl) want to come too. I'm fair certain that Vani won't be ready for a massage - even from a female therapist (although I'll give her the option, no need to make her feel left out), but she'll probably enjoy having a mani and pedi.

Thus, I won't actually be here, but before I go, I am definitely going to hunt you down and give you and Oliver a bunch of kisses.

All my love,
Draco

*Note: Vanessa and Jaz followed Draco after he got out of the loo, without him noticing, until he found Harry and Oliver and gave them a bunch of kisses, rather inappropriate ones considering that they were in the playground with a bunch of kids. This made Vanessa blush and ask Jaz how a boy could kiss a boy, and so Jaz got to explain the wonderful concept of being gay to her. Vanessa not surprisingly feels a lot more comfortable around Draco now :-)
She still doesn't want to be too close to other men though.
Monday July 24, 2017

My Dragon,

Alright, I have to put my foot down. I know that you are ever so attached to our Morgana, I know she absolutely loves and adores you. But I miss my daughter dammit! I need a Daddy/Daughter day! It's been over a week since you went in to help Tabitha with Vanessa. You spent a few solid days there and then you have spent all of your waking hours there even when you started coming home to sleep.

And even yesterday when I grew restless and missing the both of you (and Jaz although I've seen more of her than of either you or Morgana), you essentially saw us coming and ran in the other direction! I know, I know, I know, that's not what happened. I think your plan to take them all out for a spa day was a lovely idea. And I probably would have invited myself along if I hadn't already promised the Kids that Ollie and I were there to spend the day with them. But today is a new day and if I can't convince you to stay at home, I will at least be keeping the little Queen at home.

I know you're her favorite but don't you think she misses her Daddy and her brothers and her Oliver even a little bit?

You're still asleep so I can babble for at least a little while before you wake up and begin fighting with me. Yesterday at Unity was so much fun! I know I said this before I showed up, but after spending the day there it just reinforced the feelings, I have not been spending enough time there! Per my usual, I had the most fun running around the Park with the middle-aged Kids. Climbing all over the Park, challenging Kids to the climbing wall, I even had a couple of rousing games of "Harry in the Middle" which is an awful lot like "Monkey in the Middle" except Harry is always stuck in the middle and everyone seems to think it's hilarious.

I'm sure this will come as no surprise to you, but Ollie was particularly taken with the babies. One of the caregivers offered to watch Dylan and Gabriel since I was keeping so many of his young charges occupied, and I kind of hemmed and hawed a bit, not quite sure how to respond without offending. I know they're very capable, Tabitha would require nothing less, but I'm sure they're not specially trained to deal with seizures. What if Gabe were to seize and we wouldn't notice? What if they thought he was fine and he ended up on his tummy with no one noticing and then he seizes and it ends up messing with his airways and he dies? What if Draco?!?

Oliver jumped in with a quick, "Oh our boys have been cooped up in carriers most of today, can we lay out all the little ones on a blanket and let them roll around in the sunshine together?" Thank goodness, I know Oliver knows what to do if Gabe has an episode and now I don't have to feel like an arsehole for telling a professional caregiver that I don't trust them to caregive!

Every time I glanced over at the little puddle of babies, Oliver had one of our boys on his lap along with a different Unity Baby. I already knew this from pretty much every night for the past few
months, but he looks damn sexy when he's smiling at a bunch of babies. What can I say? I have a thing for fit as hell men who love children. Sue me.

Holding Morgana hostage is probably 99% because of how much I miss her. But there is that other 1% that is hoping being without her for the day will entice you to come home earlier than bedtime tonight. We can have a lovely snuggle in bed, reading stories to the babies, cuddling and kissing and reconnecting after way too many days with only emails and insta-owls to keep us connected.

And perhaps when the only people left awake are you and Ollie and me .... we could read some more stories to Oliver. I may have grabbed a handful of email descriptions to tease him with the other night, but there are plenty more I haven't read him yet. And if you haven't heard filthy smut read out loud in Draco Malfoy's posh accent that is caramel coated sex, well have you really lived?

And speaking of never truly having lived ... I think one of the best parts of living is traveling ...

Sorry, that was a piss-poor segue. So, here's what I'm thinking. You've been so busy, and I'm sure will continue to be pretty busy, caring for Vanessa. By the middle of August, if not before, those of us teaching at Hogwarts will need to spend quite a bit of our time there prepping our classrooms, preparing lesson plans, and definitely finishing up our living quarters! So what do you say, for my birthday next week, we take a trip? Some last minute end of summer getaway. We can bring Oliver to one of our favorite vacation spots, we can visit old homes and their coordinating Unity Houses, or we can discover some place new that we've never been so it can be a new experience for us all.

Please please please? I'm getting the Wanderlust itching so badly!

Yours,
Harry

Monday July 24th
My passion,

You were ever so happy to learn that I had made a deal with Vanessa: In exchange for taking her to the spa and making her look all pretty yesterday, she would be patient today and put up with Yesenia and the new caregiver that was hired specifically to care for Vani. Meaning that this new caregiver is fluent in BSL and is a female who is sensitive to traumatized little girls.

Even better, Jaz volunteered to go in this afternoon and just play with her. I actually think that Jaz has found her very own best friend. Like Elena found in Kisa the day they first met. Thus, Jaz has asked Zaire to stop in for a bit as well, since he's taking a bit of a break before the opening of his restaurant - which he has scheduled to open Friday August 4th. I think. I could be off on that, I've been too busy to keep track, which makes me feel terrible, but I'm certain that Pippa knows and is helping out a bit as she eases herself back into a full work schedule.

In any case, with me at home all day today, you felt like it was a bit of a holiday. Thus, you insisted on a lovely picnic with the three of us (including Oliver obviously) our Feisty Foursome, our youngest set of almost triplets, and Kingsley. It was a wonderful meal, full of laughter at the antics of our energetic sprogs, and a very relaxed way to broach a very serious subject.

You babbled excitedly at top speed to poor Kingsley, practically shaking him in your enthusiasm, which didn't quite help him to understand what you were going on about. Luckily, I was able to explain in business format, using actual documents I'd had drawn up by our lawyers. It seems that once Kingsley managed to wrap his head around what we were asking, he was inclined to give his
blessings.

However, he made a stipulation that we had to wait until the other matter was decided first. See, the hearing for Oliver has been scheduled for Tuesday August 15th, and Kingsley feels that the Wizengamot will be able to focus more clearly on the matter at hand if they aren't ALSO trying to wrap their heads around the very first legally recognized triad gay marriage in the Wizarding World. Once Oliver's case is decided either way - and Kingsley already has a good feeling about it - he will give his formal, erm… special permission, as it were, and the three of us can be married anytime we like.

I personally am hoping for a lowkey and rather private ceremony with just our circle in attendance (and maybe not all of them, just the immediate family), NOT because I am in any way ashamed by this, but because I actually feel that it will be better all around if we keep it simple, get it done, and then make an announcement in the Daily Prophet in an effort to minimize the almost certain chaos that will erupt once the public finds out.

Then, on the other hand, part of me wants to NOT announce the marriage at all and keep it secret - if possible. Because I am afraid that once word gets out, parents of students attending Hogwarts will pull their children until Oliver is sacked, as they will likely blame him for corrupting us, and thus, not want him in a position to corrupt their children. I daresay that if ***I*** were a professor there, they'd want me sacked too, and only allow you to continue on because you are their Savior and are allowed a certain amount of leeway that the rest of us mere mortals aren't.

But that's a worry for another day. First, we have to worry about the hearing, and then the wedding.

In the meantime, we get to practice for the wedding night as much as we want. Speaking of, it seems that the babies are all back to sleep again and we three can have a second round of naughty naughty loving. I'm thinking that I'll cast a denial spell on Oliver and have him ride my shaft whilst you attempt to suck him dry.

There's a lii-ight, lii-ight, in the darkness of everybody's life,
Draco

P.S. I'm so happy that all three of us have gotten to a point where we're comfortable holding Gabriel as he's seizing, without panicking. Mostly. I know I certainly panic a little bit even though I keep it in check, and judging by the look on your face, it's the same (or worse) for you, but Oliver really seems to shine in this aspect, remaining a calm and soothing rock that helps all of the rest of us stay grounded until the episode has passed. He deserves extra kisses!

P.P.S. It seems my picture of that beautiful queen has accidentally been knocked off the wall and misplaced again, but don't worry, I have a better one to replace it.
Harry's happy but Draco's in a foul mood.

Tuesday July 25, 2017

My Own,

First of all, thank you so so much for taking the day for us yesterday. I threw a bit of a fit and was putting my foot down to spend the day with Morgana and instead I got Morgana AND you! It was an amazing day in the sunshine. I loved our picnic. You were right, I was ever so happy to have a day with the loves of my life. As well as our youngest loves. You always know just what I need.

Except for knowing what I need when it comes to our upcoming wedding. I love you, and I know you mean well, but I refuse to hide our love away. I'm not ashamed of you, or Oliver, or being in a triad. I can understand wanting to just do a "small" ceremony with "just" our circle. I can even understand not necessarily announcing it to the Prophet the way you and I did the first time. But there is no job, no public opinion, that will make me willing to pretend one of my husbands isn't my husband.

I lived in a literal closet for ten years of my life. I lived in the metaphorical closet about my sexuality for a few years after realizing who I was. I refuse to live in a closet that hides something I am not even remotely ashamed of simply to keep the public opinion at bay.

All of your arguments are valid, public opinion of me is always going to come with a "Get out of Jail Free because I killed Voldemort" card. You and Oliver do not have that card in your pocket. It can mean that there will be backlash or people asking for Oliver's sacking. I understand if we want to have a longer engagement and not get married until Oliver has had a year to settle into Hogwarts. I told him there was no rush and I am willing to wait to go from engaged to married until he's ready to make the commitment. But I absolutely REFUSE to marry someone, commit my life to the three of us, pledge my love and devotion, and then pretend we're just friends so the Wizarding World at large doesn't have to think about three dicks in the same marriage.

I do actually agree with Kingsley's requirement that we wait for the hearing concerning Ollie's ex-in-laws to finish up. That is only a few weeks from now anyway. Let's get him every damn knut he deserves and then we can start planning the wedding. Well, not EVERY knut he deserves! He deserves more than he's asking for, but we'll at least get him every knut he's asking for.

Although we've talked with Kings about the legalities, we've talked with just you and I and we've talked all three of us, we've mentioned the things we're waiting on before we start the planning, but we've uh ... never actually proposed. Don't you think we should officially propose? I think Oliver deserves that. And I may have found the most beautiful rings for us. They've each got three black diamonds and the most unique finish I've ever seen in a ring. It's set to look like a fault line. But instead of a fault causing an earthquake and ripping away the foundation, the three strong stones rise out of the fault.

I just, it's us ya know? This event that could have broken us, either of us having feelings for a third
person, became a way for us to bring even more love into an already love-filled life. We found a third person who seems to balance us both. We found someone who loves our children. We found someone who understands our insanity and revels in it instead of running away screaming. We get a third adult to love, and two additional children to add to our collection in Parker and Cassie.

So, like I said before, what if we go away on a short trip. And you and I can officially propose to Ollie. When we get back, we can call a family dinner and announce our engagement (provided he says yes of course!) to all of the children.

THEN, and only then, we can set a date and start planning a wedding.

Yours in Love,
Harry

P.S. Yes, our Ollie deserves ALL the kisses for how wonderful he is with Gabe. And then some extra ones for how wonderful he is with Dylan. And probably a few more for not being offended that Morgana isn't fully in love with him yet. And maybe a couple more because of how much he cares about us. And then another million or so just for good measure!

P.P.S. No!! No more pictures! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Thursday July 27th
My soul,

I am SO glad we're going on Holiday this weekend!!! I know it's going to be a bit of a challenge with my parents and Molly and Arthur teaming up to watch our babies and littles - with Muffy and Dibly on hand at ALL times to bring Gabriel and Morgana to us at the slightest hint of trouble - but hopefully we'll have long stretches to ourselves this weekend.

I do, however, have to apologize for today. I had promised to meet you and Oliver at a muggle restaurant called Greenhouse in Mayfair, and I wasn't late or anything, but I was in such a foul mood that I may have just changed Oliver's mind about marrying us. I snarled at the incompetent waitress; I made the entire family sitting next to us cry (including the dad), and I threatened to buy the place so I could have the chef fired for overcooking my prime rib!

And that was just what you witnessed, you have no idea about the brawl I nearly started in the gents when I had to go to the loo. Let's just say that there was a bloke getting more urine on the floor than in the urinal and he did NOT appreciate me taking him to task for it. I think the only reason he didn't try to drown me in the toilet is because I had him in a headlock with his arm behind his back before he could finish his threat.

You are a bit used to this behavior and know that when it pops up, there's generally an underlying reason and you just have to be patient until the storm runs its course. I'm sorry if I ruined your dinner, and I'll apologize to Oliver in person for making him look at me as if I was an insane person who'd just gone on a killing spree, but...

Sigh...

So, as you know, Vanessa is currently at Unity House as a direct result of some traumatic experiences, and we're all - Tabitha, Yesenia, Brigitta (the new caregiver), and I - trying our best to help her work through her issues and heal as much as possible - mentally since her physical wounds are already healed up with minimal scarring.
Well, what you probably don't know (because I couldn't stop snarling long enough to tell you during dinner), is that Vani trusts Jaz more than any of the rest of us (although she's getting there), and so, told Jaz in detail what happened to her.

I know, I know! We've never tried to shield our kids from the unpleasant parts of life, but still, we're not likely to describe sheer violence like that. The part that upset me the most was when Jaz came to me (about an hour before dinner) and asked me if such things really could happen, and why, and what normally happens to criminals who do such things.

So, I got the 'privilege' of explaining to our beautiful little innocent daughter things ***I*** don't want to think about, much less think about WHY they bloody do them!!! UGH!

Thus my terrible mood.

I'm currently in the Crystal Room, where I went to finish venting when I realized that I had turned into full blown Hurricane Draco and was beginning to take it out on you and Oliver. The good news is that I smashed enough Crystal to feel better, so I'm going to sign off and go apologize to you in every way the two of you want. I think maybe starting on my knees, what do you think?"

Hold me now, it's hard for me to say I'm sorry - After all that we've been through, I will make it up to you, I promise to,

Draco

P.S. What in the bloody hell did you do to my picture? -_-
Chapter 160

Chapter Summary

Draco takes a punishment, and then the boys go on holiday for Harry's birthday.

Friday July 28, 2017

The Heart of Me,

First of all, I understand you well enough that I knew exactly what was happening when you began harassing the entire restaurant yesterday. Well, actually, I didn't know the specifics, but I knew the gist of it was the current Vanessa situation and feeling helpless to fix the atrocities in the world put you in full bitch mode. Now that I know the specifics, I realize it wasn't ONLY that, but also your protective paternal instincts increasing that helplessness.

Secondly, don't worry, I did my usual following after your trail of destruction giving apologies and excuses and a few bribes here and there. I didn't know about the man in the loo, but he covered a public loo in urine, so fuck that guy.

Third, definitely don't worry, even before we saw you on the playroom floor on your knees in apology, I explained to Oliver what was happening and while he didn't like it, he definitely understood once I explained the behavior came from your stress due to being entrenched in a really emotionally damaging situation. He did ask me why we had all decided to go out to dinner then if I knew you were going to throw a strop. I had to explain that this behavior doesn't come every time you deal with drama and when it does, it's never at a predictable time.

I have the feeling Ollie is not going to be quite so understanding of your tantrums, but he definitely still loves us. Perhaps this is going to be a good thing, when I follow around after you cleaning up your tantrum messes, it makes it easier for you to justify the behavior because you know anyone who dealt with your nonsense is going to get an apology. If Oliver is there to tell you you went overboard, maybe you'll find healthier ways of letting out your frustrations. I am fairly guilty of enabling your rampages.

See? Ollie is so good for us. You and I have balanced each other in so many ways, but we are two more extreme ends that play off each other. Oliver is much more of a middle ground person, so instead of yo-yo-ing back and forth between our extremes, maybe he will keep us on more of an even keel.

Not that I think I need to explain to you why I think Ollie has been good for us. You've seen it yourself. He's smart and strong and funny and hard working. He loves children; he is caring. I can't believe my life is this wonderful world where I have two amazing men who love me and whom I love.

Two insanely fit, awesome in the sack, delicious, delicious men. Whom I had a fantastic night with last night. This is probably why I work so hard to clean up after your fits, because it usually ends in some fabulous naked times. Hmm, now I'm not sure if Oliver is going to change the current cycle if he got a taste of the aftermath last night. Mmmm.
Last night after you had sent your email, you must have popped directly into the playroom without me hearing the crack of apparition. I got the notification you had sent the email, I read it, and then Oliver and I finished putting the babies to sleep (Dylan was trying to be cute enough to be allowed to stay up way past his bedtime!). He and I finally got them to sleep and sat waiting for you for about five more minutes before deciding to go find you. Because I assumed you'd have been in our room by then but you weren't, I decided to do my "Point Me Love" spell to find you.

And oh my goodness did it point me to something I love. You, my haughty, pure-blooded, aristocratic, snobby, gorgeous man, down on your knees in supplication in the middle of our playroom. The sight of you in nothing but a pair of tight black boxer-briefs, miles of moonlit pale skin, a shock of platinum hair falling over your downcast eyes, those strong arms full of dragons held tightly behind your back, it knocked the wind out of me. And Ollie must have felt the same way, since I heard his low guttural groan coming from behind me as we walked into the room.

I don't normally get into a dominating headspace. Since the three of us have been together, I think Oliver has only seen it once and it was less Dom and more "guy who beat you up as lovingly as possible because you felt you needed it." So this was going to be a new experience for him. And as much as I rarely Dom, I do enjoy seeing how beautiful you are when you submit, so I was all for what was happening.

I walked around your kneeling form slowly, but making my footsteps fall hard enough to be heard even if you had dropped yourself off into subspace. "Look at this beautiful boy at my feet, all mine and Oliver's to play with as we see fit. Am I seeing that right, hmm?"

You answered with a breathy but determined: "Yes Sir."

"Lovely. My dear Oliver, it sounds like keeping his hands to himself is a problem for our Draco, can you bind his hands up nice and tight for me?" I was a bit worried that he wouldn't get into this, but he started nodding immediately and moved to bind up your hands. "Thank you, taking care of such a naughty dragon can be a daunting task for just one person, it's so nice to have an extra set of arms to help discipline him properly." I turned to you, asking, "Now, do you have anything to say to us, my sweet Dragon?"

"Sirs, I am sorry for lashing out at you. I will take any punishment you want to bestow upon me. I wish for it, I want to make things right."

"Of course sweet boy, we'd love to punish you, wouldn't we Ollie?"

He seemed to finally find his voice. "Very much so Harry. He seems awfully sorry, but he was such trouble earlier."

I went and sat on the cozy loveseat, directing Ollie to come sit next to me. "Alright Pet, come climb across our laps. Present that sweet little arse for us to do as we see fit."

You were so fucking sexy, crawling across the expanse of floor, climbing over Oliver to place your head in my lap, your thighs across his, and your gorgeous arse right in the middle where we could both easily reach. And reach we did. First I spelled off those pants. You looked so fit, but I wanted to see all that pale smooth skin before I reddened it. Without any warning, I gave a sharp smack to your left arse cheek. Oooh, it was already pinking up so prettily. Probably because even the first spank was a full strength spank. I gestured to Oliver that it was his turn to land a spank on you, he decided to start on the other cheek.

He and I swapped back and forth, seemingly with no pattern as to who was spanking when and where. You were letting out cries and moans that were so sweet. I'm sure my stiff prick was poking
into your chest. After a while, Oliver mentioned that your own was poking him in the thigh. Sometimes your punishments are just a release, and other times they make you hard as a rock. This was obviously the latter.

I summoned some lube onto my fingers and began stretching you out while Oliver kept up the spanking. You rutted quite hard into Ollie's lap and then froze like you weren't sure if that was allowed. Oliver obviously was fine with it since he immediately said, "Are you going to get yourself off humping against my leg Draco? You're allowed to if you'd like to come sweetheart."

What followed was an immediate increase in your moans and cries, you rutting up against Oliver as fast as you could. I kept fingering you, even adding a second finger to help stretch you out. Eventually you couldn't seem to hold back any more and you came with a stuttering of your hips and a deep groan. I spelled you clean as softly as I could. "Do you feel better now after that my Dragon?"

"I'm still so sorry I took out my anger on you both, you didn't deserve it. And now I've come and you're both still hard. It doesn't seem fair Sirs."

Aww my sweet boy! "That's not a problem, if you really need to make this up to us I am sure we'd both enjoy your pretty mouth." I looked over at Oliver who was nodding his own agreement. Which is why the last thing you probably remember was kneeling between us, switching back and forth between the two of us, moaning, groaning, and humming your way through sucking us both. By the time he and I each finished in your mouth, you looked wrecked. Flushed face, spit-slick swollen mouth, glassy eyes.

I carried you to bed, Oliver covered you with a blanket, and he and I climbed into bed surrounding you.

But now we're all three on the plane to Amsterdam for our weekend away! I'm already a bit hysterical worrying about our babies. But I think the adults and the elves are well aware of how much we meant what we said about bringing us the babies if there were any issues. I'd rather be disturbed on our weekend away than miss something important we're needed for!

I'm glad we picked somewhere close enough that they could pop over to us easily and I will definitely be able to pop back Sunday morning to make sure I get Siri and Zwei their birthday breakfast in bed!

Ooh! Looks like we're about to land.

Love Always,

Harry

Friday July 28th
Oh Amsterdam!

The first thing we did when we got to our destination - after checking into our accommodations - was go to a coffee shop. The coffee was even more terrible than usual! Even you made a disgusted face, but it wasn't really the coffee most people went to the shop for. It was a muggle drug called Marijuana. The shop sold it in just about any amount desired, but since all we wanted was a little (a very little), we ordered just one spliff each.

That little bit of mellow happiness was enough to propel us through a very giggly shopping spree. I
don't even remember what we bought! I will say this, if you wanted something specific for your birthday, chances are very good we bought it.

After we got insatiably hungry, we abandoned our shopping to go to a nice restaurant, and it was a completely different experience than dinner last night. I was in an excellent mood, and you two were still a bit giggly from our visit to the coffee shop. Or perhaps just from the happiness and relief of having a few hours to ourselves.

During dinner, Muffy had to pop in with Morgana, but once she had a few snuggles from me and a bit of discrete feeding from you, she dropped off to sleep and Muffy brought her back home. To your relief, Muffy also reported that Gabriel had gone a little unfocused once, but since Molly was holding him and documenting the episode, it was deemed not quite important enough to interrupt us. You disagreed until Oliver pointed out that the grandparents had to get used to caring for him at those times too, since there might be times in the future - say while you're teaching a class - that they'll have to do so. So you agreed and let it slide.

After dinner, we finished off our spliffs, and then found the sort of club where everyone was welcome - from gay to straight and everything in between. It was a dance club, not a sex club, but you were in the mood to get tipsy and dance badly. Before anything else, we sat at a table and ordered a few cocktails to sip on. You and Oliver were so cute! Sitting practically in each other's laps and kissing every five seconds or so.

Even as I watched you, I had one eye on the dance floor. One woman in particular was dancing all on her own, and even though she was clearly close to being bladdered, she was dancing better than anyone else there. I was definitely interested in dancing with her at some point - maybe after a discretely cast sobering charm.

I stopped watching her to pay closer attention to a couple of lesbians nearly shagging right on the floor. You noticed what I was looking at and laughed, making Oliver wonder what the joke was. Before explaining, you kissed him, and as you did, that drunken yet highly skilled dancer decided that I wasn't paying enough attention to her. She walked over to our table and informed me:

"Yer the best looking bloke here!"

I smirked at her in agreement - well mostly, I personally think that you and Oliver beat me, especially together, but that's not the point. The point was that she didn't really give me a chance to respond before straddling my lap and snogging the bloody hell out of me. At first, I didn't really respond, but at the sound of you laughing, I decided to take advantage of the situation. She ground herself into my lap and made my trousers far too tight in less than a minute.

Needing a break and not wanting to spunk my pants like a teenager, I lifted her off my lap and looked over at you.

"Go on and dance, I know you want to," you permitted, grabbing Oliver's hand in yours. "I'm going to show Ollie that you've taught me how to dance rather well over the years."

"Thanks love!" I replied with a grin, kissing first you, and then Oliver before leading the dancer back onto the floor. And even though you SAID you were going to dance with Oliver, I caught the both of you just standing there watching me for quite some time before actually dancing.

I LOVE dancing with you, and over the years, I've taught you a lot, but even so, you just can't do some things, such as the splits. I can't either - especially with my arse growing ever bigger! - but I can get close enough to impress most people. Additionally, I was able to swing her around my body and do a few tricks that should have been impossible since she was drunk and we'd never
danced together before, but am I a wizard or am I a wizard? Yes, I totally cheated by using magic to make sure that I didn't drop her if either of us was just a hair off the timing.

After dancing ever more flamboyantly for a good hour, I finally had enough of the hot and sweaty foreplay. Kissing my temporary dance partner goodbye - to her disappointment since she had sobered up enough to not just consent, but practically beg me to 'help her find her hotel room.'

But this was YOUR birthday weekend, and so, if there was to be any playing, it was going to be ONLY and EXACTLY as you wanted, and I know you NEVER want to play with women. So I sent her away with a heavy kiss and a sharp smack to her lovely arse. Watching her pout and walk away until I realized that you were standing right in front of me with a look on your face like you couldn't help but be amused at my antics.

Funnily enough, Oliver likes to dance, but he never practiced it enough to feel confident in what he was doing (we'll have to cure that as soon as possible), and so, he'd had enough of dancing and had apparently made some sort of suggestion to you that you were eager to get to. So, we left the club and returned to our penthouse suite, where you were actually a bit peckish, and so, ran off with Oliver to grab pizza or something while I take a quick shower to wash the sweat off me. I simply had to write an email first, for some crazy reason, haha.

Off to pop into the shower, try not to take too long with the pizza!

You've got the best of my love,
Draco
Chapter 161

Chapter Summary

The boys have an important discussion, and then they go out clubbing again.

Saturday July 29, 2017

My Love,

Yesterday was a full day starting with a lovely date at that restaurant I barely remember because of all the giggling, the club with so much dancing, and then what would have been a late night of shagging ourselves silly all night long. Instead it ended up being a night where yes we stayed up all night long, but there was altogether too little shagging. But it was honestly quite perfect.

Our poor sweet Oliver, the three of us have had so many conversations concerning where he fits in our relationship. We've talked at length about how you and I weren't missing anything, we're not trying to fit him into some missing part of our relationship, we fell in love with him and we're giving him his own brand new space with us. That it's not the two of us with him added, but the three of us together. That you and I will have all of our history, I wouldn't get rid of those memories for anything, but this isn't adding him on the edges of an established marriage, it's creating a new marriage with the three of us.

He needs to know that I love him for him and that you love him for him. Our new marriage will be the three of us, but it will also be a combination of my relationship with you, my relationship with him, and your relationship with him. That we love him within our triad relationship, but I as Harry also love Oliver. That you as Draco, also love Oliver. I know how it feels in my heart, but when I start writing this out, I feel as though I'm talking like a rambling moron. Hopefully you've been able to translate my insane rants long enough that you can understand what I'm saying.

We've talked at length about how serious we are about him. That he's not settling for some half-arsed commitment. His long-held fears about not mattering in his relationship. Wanting love and trust and a real life, a real family. I'm hoping we've been very clear that we already consider him family, we're just impatiently waiting to make it official.

But he's fit into US so easily, so beautifully, so seamlessly like we've had this Oliver-shaped spot just waiting for him - that we forgot to ask where he stands on the playing with others aspect of our sex lives. We've always been so up front about who we are, how we play, and how it's never affected our love. We have no shame, and make no apologies for enjoying a sex life that includes sharing our bed with other people. Hell, Oliver has taken part of one of those encounters when we had our other universe doppelgangers in our bed.

You've explained to him, in detail, about your sharing kink. I've told him exactly how and why submitting to you has been perfect for me and that often includes performing with others for the pleasure of my Master. Hell, I read him some very steamy scenes that include a number of other people. Logically he knows that we have an extensive ... playgroup. And while we've never explicitly asked him if he is on board for this to continue, I assumed and I think you assumed that we would continue since he never expressed any negativity during any of our conversations.
Which is why when he and I went out for pizza last night, I was shocked to see tears running down his sweet face.

I pulled us to the side, out of the way of other customers trying to pick up their finished pizzas. "Ollie sweetheart, what's wrong? Are you alright?"

He just about melted into me, his crying became harder. I could barely understand what he was saying, just catching bits and pieces. "How can you ..." "want a woman instead?" "Ours!"

Oh. I think we all needed to talk. I kept him in my arms but herded us over to the counter where I threw a ridiculous wad of muggle money to the young guy at the counter. "We've had a bit of an emergency, would that be enough to cover a delivery of our pizzas to The Conservatorium?" The kid's eyes bugged out a bit. "Erm, sorry is it not enough?"

He stammered a bit. "It's enough sir, which room should I be delivering it to?"

"If you're sure, the room's booked under the name 'Malfoy.' It's the Rooftop Suite. Thank you so much!" As soon as the guy nodded his acceptance, I started walking Ollie to the closest apparition space so we could come back to the room and talk over his feelings with you.

We made it into the rooms, and Gods Draco, I love being there emotionally for the both of you. I truly do. But walking in, seeing your face light up at seeing us come back to you, and dripping wet in nothing but a towel - and then knowing I wasn't going to ravish you but instead have a deeply emotional talk? Took every ounce of my self control to tell you we needed to have a long (and sadly unsexy) talk.

I luckily didn't have to say anything, you took one look at my concerned face and then took in Ollie's puffy red eyes and the tears that were still dripping down his cheeks, and held your arms open for him. "Come here Love, and tell me the problem!" He careened into your arms and you walked him over to the couch, dropping down and pulling him into your lap. I followed and we surrounded him, his face to your chest and my own chest up against his back. We let him cry himself out until he was calm enough to talk.

I don't need to do a line by line retelling of the whole night. It was exhausting to live the first time, I don't know if I have the emotional strength right now to relive it that closely. But I'm glad he was able to get his worries off of his chest, and hopeful that he realizes he has as much say in our actions as either you or I do.

What it came down to was, he had really been looking at the sharing thing from the direction of you viewing me. He "knew" our playing involved me being shared and you enjoying the beauty of watching it. But somehow he hadn't wrapped his mind around or even allowed himself to imagine you touching anyone else. Again, logically he knew that was a portion of our dynamic - especially since I read him all about our first playdate with Blaise, Ron, and Hermione - but he hadn't dwelled on it at all and seeing you kissing and flirting with that woman at the club last night was a shock to his system.

It certainly didn't help that he was still mostly stoned when it first happened, so when he actually started registering what was happening, he not only was seeing it for the first time but was dropping from a chemical high. Looking back on our time at the club, that's likely what froze him into staring at you instead of dancing with me.

You and I both explained to him, at length, that we will only ever play (with others) when all three of us are wanting it to happen. That we've gone through phases of playing what seems like every weekend, to barely touching anyone else for months, and even that time when we did nothing for
years.

The not playing at all for years was the fact that I think finally calmed him down. Knowing that because we made our relationship a priority while overcoming a rough time in our marriage, we made the decision to keep sex within our relationship, and were completely content and still in love throughout the entire time. I think he was terrified that if he told us NOT playing was a requirement for him (at least at first), that we'd stop loving him or stop wanting to be with him.

The only sexual acts that don't need all three of our prior consent will be those times with each other. I love when the three of us are all together. But there are going to be times I just have to have you that moment and I'm not going to go find Oliver to ask his permission to shag my husband. There are going to be times I am teaching where you will want to find him in the stables and shag him silly, there's no need for either of you to send me an insta-owl asking for permission to shag your future husband. As long as all three of us are making sure we're all satisfied and feeling loved, anything between any of the three of us is allowed at all times.

Once that seemed resolved, the three of us spent the entire night, past sunrise, lying in bed holding each other and talking. Talking about everything and nothing. Just catching up and learning each other even more. And then ...

Gods Draco it was so beautiful. I had a completely different plan for this. I had a whole speech. I had reservations at a lovely restaurant. But as I looked at the two beautiful men in my arms, seeing the sun starting to come spilling into our rooms, the light hitting your skin, the gorgeous contrast of our three skin tones, I knew it had to be that moment. I wordlessly summoned the ring box.

"Oliver, you are the most unexpected beloved blessing. I was so excited to have your friendship that I didn't see how much love I had for you until it already had me on my knees. Now I'm on my knees for real. Would you do me the honor of marrying me?" I looked at you, your gorgeous smile that was previously all for me lit up for us both, and you grasped Ollie's hand. I can't even apologize for the tears that were spilling down my face, I'm just glad I managed that much.

And before Ollie could answer, you used your free hand to open the ring box, adding, "Marry me too?"

He just about threw himself across the bed, crying, kissing both of our faces. I had to ask: "Is that a yes?"

Laughing through the tears, he shouted, "It's definitely a yes, are you thick?"

I moaned, "Oh Gods, now there are two of you!"

You and I wrestled the ring onto his finger and quickly removed anything else we were wearing.

But now we're gearing up to go out clubbing again for my birthday!

And, erm, Ollie wants to say something, but he was too nervous to ask you to your face. So ...

Draco, after last night, I feel much better about us. Knowing you're committed to me. To us. I am not ready to share you or Harry. But I think it would be fun to see you let other people work you up with dancing or touches - or even kisses - if I know at the end of the night you will be using all that pent up tension to satisfy me. And our Harry of course. Love-Oliver

Isn't he so damn cute? Signing his part of the email?

Hurry up and finish getting ready you peacock!
Yours,
Harry

Sunday July 30th
My Harry and our Oliver,

OUR Oliver! That's still something that quite takes my breath away. I know you know this (Harry), but it might be news to Oliver that when I was a young arsehole bastard plotting to kill Dumbledore and help the Dark Lord take over the world, I had come to the acceptance that my life was just never going to be happy. That I was fated to do bad things and deserved nothing but bad things in return.

I always had hope deep down inside me that maybe the Dark Lord wouldn't kill you and instead give you to me as a toy, but in that version of events, I could NEVER have been kind to you or shown you love. I would have had to abuse you and make you miserable for the Dark Lord's entertainment so that he didn't decide it was time to kill you after all.

It was only in my wildest and most secret dreams that I allowed myself to entertain the thought that we could be together AND HAPPY. Even after you defeated him, the most I could let myself hope for was possibly friends who didn't try to murder each other every time we caught a glimpse of one another in Diagon Alley.

But then I took a risk and tried out this muggle thing called email, and that led to us forming a friendship which led to me getting drunk and taking another risk by proposing at quite possibly the most egregious moment - but miraculously, you were receptive.

There are still days that I wake up with you in my arms and pinch myself to see if its real or if I'm in Azkaban - or more likely St. Mungo's - dreaming lovely dreams as my life slowly slips away. Of course, I tend to be hit by reality almost instantly each time because the thing that woke me up was a hungry baby crying for yet another feeding, meaning that I have to let you go, kiss you in your sleep, and assure our many babies that they are safe, loved, and most importantly to them at the moment, about to eat.

So keeping that in mind, try to imagine how it feels to suddenly and quite unexpectedly have an entirely new love to hold and dance with and share our life and worries with. I know Harry, you are already trying to tell me that it's the same feelings for you, and that if you could go back and tell little 10 year old you in the cupboard that one day, you were going to have so much love in your life that you just can't contain it to a normal sized small family, younger you wouldn't believe it.

But enough of the mushy stuff! I might be able to express my feelings a lot more easily than when I was in Seventh Year and locking the majority of my emotions behind tight and strong Occlumency Shields, but I still don't like doing it. I mean honestly, why do I have to talk about my emotions when you can read them clearly on my face?

That said, I forced myself to practice saying the L word until I could say it comfortably, and then I continued practicing saying that word so that you NEVER had cause to wonder, and so by now, it's something that I can say so easily that it's almost a habit - which is not to say I don't mean it, I do! Just that I don't think about or overanalyze it each and every time I say it. I just say it.

I think that's why it didn't take me as long as I thought it would to feel comfortable saying it to Oliver. Yes I wanted to be certain we were all on the same page first, but once I was, the feelings just flowed. As you've said rather a lot, he fits into our life so perfectly, it's like we were made for
each other.

So, with all of that said, I want to say this next part gently and with love. Oliver, to answer your question, and hopefully set your fears to rest, yes, I will refrain from actually playing around with others without all three of us on board and consenting. However, I cannot change my nature, and I am a flirt by nature. When I try to suppress that part of myself, things go badly. Ask Harry about the time that I vowed to never upset him in any way.

So while I am not an animal with no self control, I do hope that *eventually* we're all three comfortable with playing with others. For example, I understand that you are on team 'all the way gay' with Harry, but I do like the occasional woman. I just realized that I hadn't really talked about that before, no wonder it was a shock for you to see it. Even after Harry read emails to you describing me having women, you probably assumed that that was something I liked to do in the past, but stopped doing once I realized that men were more fun.

I completely understand such irrational thought processes as I have a lot of them myself. For example, I assumed that since you knew we were the type to play around and that you'd even joined us in our playing, that you'd be perfectly alright with it. I am sorry that I assumed something like that as it is a rather big bit of important information that should be worked out BEFORE putting oneself in a situation where it might happen.

So all of this is sort of a long and rambling roundabout way to get to the juicy bits. As Harry stated in his last email, he was excitedly waiting for me to finish getting ready to go out. We were planning to go to an all gay club. As in all gay MEN, as we wanted to avoid the whole women working me up while dancing situation that triggered you just the night before. However, in our experience, clubs dedicated to only gay men tend to be REALLY open sexually. I suppose that once one comes to terms with being a 'sexual deviant' (as some people still describe homosexuality), one becomes open to all sorts of deviances.

So, having agreed beforehand that we could ALL flirt and grope or dance or even frot as we liked, so long as the actual PLAYING stayed between just the three of us, we were ready to get mildly drunk and have fun.

Things got interesting rather quickly as we didn't even have time to buy a drink before we all found partners to dance with. I'll admit, being a bit of a peacock, it didn't take any effort on my part. All I had to do was strut onto the dance floor and crook my finger at a good looking bloke in tight denim trousers. He was naturally delighted to rub himself all over me as we danced - and the reason I'd chosen him was that he seemed like the best dancer on the floor.

You (Harry) got involved in a group dance that resembles a mosh pit in which you basically dance with everyone and no one all at once, and no one was showing any real finesse. It was basically a way to relax and have fun to the beat.

Oliver accepted an invitation to dance from a gorgeous bloke who was tall and swarthy, with dark hair and eyes. He was broadshouldered and fit as hell, but didn't seem overly skilled in dancing. I think he was mostly at the club to pull. Probably 99 percent of the blokes there were on the pull, so that's not me being judgmental or anything.

I stopped paying attention to either of you so that I could dance, but after about the third dance, I felt a prickle up my spine. It prompted me to stop dancing and look over at you. You had stopped dancing in the mosh pit and were now having a one on one dance with a good looking bloke that reminded me of me when I was younger - all lithe and pointy - only he was shorter than me, nearly as short as you.
The reason I was getting the prickle was that he was giving you this smoky look that made me smirk. I wanted to watch him give you a hand job or something right there on the floor, but I could see that he was actually leaning in to kiss you. You managed to spot this as well and turned your head so that he couldn't get your lips. Even so, I rushed over and put a hand over his mouth just in time to stop him.

"My husband doesn't let anyone but me and our lover kiss him on the lips. Either respect his wishes or you have me to answer to."

The would-be kisser looked me up and down with an impertinent smirk for a moment, probably thinking that this wasn't such a big threat - until he realized that he couldn't quite break the grip I had on his arm. Thus, I was stronger than he was prepared to deal with.

"Yeah, alright, I meant no harm," he said in a thick accent. I think he was a native to Amsterdam, so he probably was used to foreigners just looking for an easy shag. The fact that we weren't was probably confusing to him.

Confident that I'd gotten my point across, I gave you a possessive kiss before returning to my dance partner - who was watching the scene with amusement. Two dances passed with us getting ever more hot and heavy, but then I felt not just a tingling up my spine, but an electric current as well. I turned to look at you, and you were staring very intensely at Oliver - who was blushing adorably as he waved his hands back and forth.

"I'm flattered, honestly, but as I've said twice now, I'm already in a committed relationship and am not interested in a quick and meaningless shag in the loo."

"But just look at how hot we are together," his rather gorgeous dance partner pointed out with a becoming pout. "We could have a passionate blaze that lasted all night," he enticed, his right hand sliding from Oliver's hip to his firm and shapely arse, which he gently squeezed.

Oliver looked a bit flustered, like he wasn't quite certain how to fend off an overeager would-be lover. I would have gone to his rescue - just as I'd gone to yours - but I didn't really have an opportunity. Before I could say or do anything, you were in full on Rage Halo Harry mode. A couple of the smaller colored lights shattered, the speakers blew up - causing the music to end abruptly - and a rather strong wind was now blowing around the sweltering club - which frankly needed the air by that point.

I rushed over to you, ignored the literal fire surrounding you, and grabbed you by your arms. "Calm down, love."

"How can I be calm?!" You growled darkly, now the complete center of attention. "That man's not just hitting on OUR OLLIE, but he won't take no for an answer! He GROPED Ollie without his consent!"

I looked over to Oliver and his groper. What had seemed playful but excessive to me, had clearly enraged you. The groper now had his hands in the air as if surrendering, even as Oliver was staring at you in shock and awe. The man I'd previously rescued you from was crossing his chest and babbling a prayer, while my dance partner looked speculative - like he was imagining himself between us at that moment and liking what he pictured happening.

"Harry, my love, go over and rescue Oliver by taking his hand and returning to our Suite. Let me just take care of a few things here and I'll join you as soon as I can," I suggested, and in the mood you were in, this was exactly the right suggestion. You marched over to Oliver, grabbed his hand, and stormed out of the club with him. The good news is that your Rage Halo faded as you went.
It took very little effort for me to cast a spell on the lights to help convince the people in the club that they were all high as Hippogriffs and seeing things. I also cast a Notice-Me-Not on myself, and then repaired all damage. In mere moments, the music was blaring once more and the muggles were back to dancing as if nothing had happened. I caught a few blokes watching me with knowing grins, but I pulled out my actual Chief of Raids credentials and showed them to the blokes as I mouthed something like: "Sorry for the trouble!"

They shrugged, clearly not caring what I did, and this gave me the incentive to leave before the N-M-N wore off. That's when I returned to you to find that you and Oliver, well...

Oliver had gotten so turned on by the display of possessive power, and you were still rather determined to prove to him just exactly how OURS he is. Thus, when I popped into our Suite, you two were somewhat frantically rolling around the bed in a tangle of naked limbs. Utterly LOVING the view, I slipped off my favorite blue and gold waistcoat and got comfortable in an armchair next to the bed to watch the fun.

Mmm... I'm quite sure that's going to be among my favorite memories to watch in the Pensieve for years to come!

Love me like you do, l-l-love me like you do,
Draco
Chapter 162

Chapter Summary

Harry pops back for a birthday breakfast tradition, and then Draco gives Harry a lovely present.

Chapter Notes

I decided to post this now and leave any of y'all who are awake at this time a lovely bit of smutt to give you pleasant dreams ^_^ 

Sunday July 30, 2017

My Soul,

You know, maybe we'll have to talk Oliver into getting himself an email account as well. He's adamantly refused every time I've brought it up. Although, it doesn't seem to stop him from interjecting his comments into my emails to you as you've noticed! But I mention it because you must have sent that email early this morning after the two of us had passed out but you were still being a night owl. You write directly to him a few times, I'm assuming because you've been gone so much lately that he's been with me every time I've gotten one of your emails.

But you should just go through and re-read the email you sent me to him since I'm at the Manor right now while the two of you are, I'm sure, all cuddled up in our suite. Or maybe you've gone out for lunch. Perhaps gone sightseeing. You had better not have gone to the Rijksmuseum without me! Or be prepared to go again when I get back!

I suppose even if I miss the museum, it will have been worth it to come back home early this morning. I can't believe Siri and Zwei assumed this weekend trip meant they wouldn't be getting their birthday breakfasts in bed! Absolutely ridiculous children. As if I'd miss their fourteenth and thirteenth birthdays! I only missed River's this past year because he has a wife and lives on the other side of the planet. I know Maha cares for me, but I get the feeling her father in law popping into their kitchen at the crack of dawn to bring her husband pancakes and sing the Happy Birthday song may have been a bit much for her patience.

Despite our late night ... which again turned into middle of the night sexy shenanigans ... I was up before sunrise this morning so I could apparate home, make breakfast, and bring it to our birthday boys before they had a chance to wake up and miss me. I took a pepper-up but I'll probably crash hard tonight, so don't plan on any late night clubbing for me.

Both of them were shocked and as excited as you can make a couple of teenaged boys; they pretended to not care, but I'd catch them smiling to themselves every time I turned away. I even saw Zwei petting the little dragon figurine I put onto his tray.

After the boys had eaten, we all went to the sunroom where I fed the babies, talked with the littles,
and caught up with the bigs that were home. Oh!! Lainie was there with Rafael and guess what?!? He crawled! Got up on all fours, pudgy little knees and wrists all rollie pollie and cute, and scooched his entire body a good two feet forward! I asked Lainie how long he'd been doing that, she assured me it was the first time. I laughed and told her she didn't have to lie to me, I was excited to see it at all, but she insisted she was just as excited as I was since it was definitely his first time crawling.

Well that deserved many praises and kisses and cuddles from Grandpa Harry. Then Luka started making grumpy noises like he could not figure out why his Grandpa was giving all the attention to some other baby, so I HAD TO give him a ton of kisses and cuddles as well. And obviously you know how our triplets (Morgana) can get when they (she) aren't the center of attention, so I was FORCED to give her ... erm them ... tons of kisses and cuddles. I have the hardest life, I tell you Draco!

Once we'd caught up, the babies were well fed and fading into dreamland for their morning nap, I went with Siri and Zwei to the outbuilding we keep the dirtbikes in. I helped with the maintenance and a little extra elbow grease to get them all prepped for a day of Siri, Zwei, and about six of their "best friends" to abuse them at the tracks. I asked what time we were all leaving and that's when our boys gave me The Look (TM).

Yeah, so basically I was welcome-ish. "We just assumed you'd be going back to meet up with Dad and Oliver to finish out your holiday," Zwei insisted.

I stuttered a bit, although I did my very best to not tear up at the idea that my boys didn't want me to join them with their friends for birthday events. Luckily Siri has known me long enough that he seemed to pick up on my sadness. "No, Dad, you're welcome to join us. We're not pulling that teenager crap where we think we're too cool for our Dad to join us. Especially something like dirt-biking that you're good enough at to not embarrass us!"

I AM really good at it!

Zwei picked up where Siri ended, "You and Dad have both been so busy lately. You at Hogwarts, him at Unity, three needy babies, four needy toddlers," (side note: do NOT tell the feisty foursome that Zwei called them toddlers!) "Just go enjoy the rest of your weekend. If it makes you feel better, we will accept wicked souvenirs and a big birthday dinner when you get home."

"Deal!"

So I let them head off on their birthday adventure so I could come back to the two of you. You and our fiancé. Yeah, you told the guy at the club that only my husband and our lover were allowed to kiss me on the mouth. It's not that Ollie ISN'T our lover, but we have a new fun word for him so I wanna use it!

First though, I noticed our stash of milk was looking a little low, so I decided to pump a bit before I left - so that's what I've been doing; pumping and typing. But I'm just about done, so expect this email notification and a crack announcing my arrival to happen pretty much simultaneously.

Loving you always,
Harry

Sunday July 30th
My ardor,
You know, when I asked Oliver why he doesn't want an email, he said that he was too old and too much of a wizard to learn such muggle tricks. Don't worry, we'll convert him eventually. In the meantime, I can certainly understand his point.

So, since you'd left us all on our own this morning, I have to tell you what naughty shenanigans we got up to. It seems that Oliver remembers me telling him about my somnophilia kink, because he woke up after you'd left but LONG before I normally wake up, and since he didn't have any stables to check up on, he had nothing better to do than watch me sleep. Apparently, this quickly turned into an intense urge to have me.

So, while I was still very much asleep, Oliver used his mouth and hands to wake up at least one part of me, and then once I was erect and ready to go, he climbed aboard and rode me rather hard until I was awake and gasping with pleasure. I had the glorious sight of him stroking himself as he rode me, his body getting oh so deliciously tight around me until he exploded all over my chest.

But was I done? Oh hell no! Not wasting a moment, I rolled him over and proceeded to pound him into the bed until I pumped him full with a long and happy groan. We both napped for a bit until your email came in. It seems you changed your mind just after hitting send, and stopped off somewhere to get a bit of lunch for the three of us to eat.

Thus, when you finally arrived with the welcome gift of food, you found Oliver holding me as I read my previous email to him. I hadn't gotten to the end yet because he was adamant that we talk about the beginning in more depth. See, I suppose that he'd heard rumors about you in the closet, but never thought for a moment that they were real. I'd had to explain that bit, and was actually in the middle of explaining a bit about my reference to my Occluded feelings.

I was SO happy to see you! "Oi, mutt! Explain to Oliver everything you know about my Seventh Year and all that unpleasantness I dislike talking about!"

"Oh..." You could see how important this was to Oliver, and so joined us in bed so that we could all devour the excellent spread while we discussed heavy things. "Well..."

I held one of your hands as you did a good job explaining the things I went through, including the reason I might still occasionally cast a Cruciatus on myself. Granted, I haven't done so in a couple of years because you insist that if I'm going to, I do it in front of you, and I hate letting you watch that enough that I usually settle for something else - such as having you beat the bloody hell out of me.

In any case, I was surprised to feel rather light. One might expect that such ugly details might upset me, but I've talked about them enough during my sessions with Yesenia that I truly have accepted them and moved on. I think I could even watch the memories of my abuse that I removed and remain calm, knowing that ***I*** was not at fault nor deserving of any of it.

When you were done, I held Oliver and rubbed his back as he cried for a bit, even as you pressed kisses to the back of his neck and hummed soothingly. I think the fact that he could see that we clearly weren't traumatized helped him to process the information a bit quicker than he would have otherwise. He turned to give you a hug and murmur something like: "Why didn't you ever say anything during all those Quidditch practices?" Referring to your childhood.

That led to a quick discussion on how you've also had a lot of therapy and managed to heal from that. So much so that you even befriended your cousin and forgave him his part in it. This set Oliver's mind at ease, and - probably because you were now unconsciously petting his shaft like it was your favorite puppy - made him give you a long hot kiss.
I watched eagerly as the two of you got each other ready to go, moaning in anticipation when Oliver rolled onto his back, pulling you on top of him. With no need for words, you conjured some lube and set about getting him inside you. I very overtly grabbed my wand and VERBALLY cast a denial spell on you. This was to make sure you KNEW that your eventual orgasm was mine to allow.

But until then, I was very much planning to deny it. And deny it, and deny it. Remember when we told Oliver that I have a habit of doing that and I mentioned doing it for your birthday? Well your birthday is tomorrow, and if you're very lucky, I'll take the denial spell off before then.

While I was at it, I gave Oliver a two hour stamina potion, since he still needed to take relative baby steps in his quest to cultivate a long lasting natural stamina. After swallowing it down, Oliver used his hands to help you slide nice and slowly up and down his shaft. As he did so, I kissed a path down your spine before licking right back up it. I made it my mission to tickle and tease both of you for probably at least an hour, at which point, Oliver looked like he might be starting to regret taking that potion.

Taking pity on him, I pressed you into him a bit more so that I had room to join in on the fun. Gently but knowing that you loved what was happening, I worked myself inside you with Oliver. Then I took over the main action, thrusting and rocking you so that Oliver still had plenty of stimulation even as he could take a bit of a break. Your cries got so erotic that I nearly lost control of my own stamina, but managed to hold on to it until you calmed down a little and the urge to pump you full subsided.

I was still at it when Oliver's potion ran out and he flooded you with a loud groan of bliss. We held still for a moment as he rode the high, and then got off him and repositioned ourselves right next to him.

"Oliver, love, shift onto your side and use your mouth on Harry while I finish seeking my pleasure, yeah?" I commanded even though the end seemed to be a question.

"Alright," he agreed, doing exactly that.

Between the two of us, we soon had you frantic. I eventually climaxed, but it was YOU who needed a few moments to recover. I had Oliver hold you and run a hand through your hair until you calmed down a bit. Then I insisted that we all get a bit more to eat before starting the second round.

When you were as relaxed and calm as you were going to get, I smirked at your still rigidly erect shaft. "Harry, love, please sit on Oliver's lap with your legs nice and wide. I want him to have an excellent view as I spank your bollocks mercilessly."

You inhaled an eager and excited gasp as Oliver whimpered in dismay on your behalf. But then he took a look at the flushed look on your face as you not only walked over to him, but also pushed him back slightly so that you had room to straddle his legs AND recline against him. You even reached down and forced his legs as wide as they could go so that I plenty of room to do exactly what I said I was going to.

I spanked your bollocks until they were quite red and abused looking, and normally, you would have gone off by that point, only you couldn't. Knowing this, I gentled my touch, caressing and praising you: "You've done so well, SUCH a good little mutt, taking this abuse from your Master without protest, I love you so much that my heart bursts from it, best turn over so that I can spank your arse now."
You groaned in longing and gingerly shifted until you could turn over. I could see the glaze of being in subspace in your eyes and wondered if it would be long before you went flying. To Oliver's utter shock, you barely had a nice rosy glow to your arse before you were crying out obscenely and swaying as if you were going to fall over - had he not had a good grip on you.

I helped him lay you on your back on the bed, and then checked your pupils to confirm that you were definitely off flying in subspace. Oh so carefully, I had Oliver help me give you a few sips of water, and then a couple of tiny bites of chocolate. Satisfied that you weren't going to have a bad trip, I made sure you were comfortable, placing one of your hands in Oliver's, guiding his other one to your head, where he instinctively stroked your hair soothingly.

As he was doing that, I got on my hands and knees over him, cast a few cleaning spells, and then used my mouth on him. He gasped in surprise before humming in pleasure. Rather than use a denial spell or a potion, I used nothing more than my fabulous skills to get him close and then keep him *right* on the edge for as long as possible, instinctively backing off whenever he seemed too close. I'd say about three quarters of an hour passed like this before he started glaring and growling in frustration.

"Stop teasing, Draco, and suck it properly so that I can go off in your pretty little mouth!"

I cast him a devious grin that made it clear I had no such intentions. Then I purred from sheer happiness when I felt your hand on my back. By the noises you were making, I could tell that you were back from subspace, but still in that haze where speaking wasn't worth the effort. Also, the determination you had to finger me open was almost painful, but nothing I couldn't handle. Exactly as I'd wanted, I had worked you up to the point where you absolutely HAD to have me.

Despite the flight through subspace, the denial spell was still in effect, and you were now almost an animal in your need to have me. I positively loved every second of you opening me up and slamming into me. Best of all, I didn't turn to see it for myself, but based off the look of awe on Oliver's face and the sizzling zing rushing through my body, you must have had a bit of your Rage Halo active. Your hands nearly crushed my hips as you rammed into me, and it took everything I had to remain focused on drinking Oliver dry.

He actually filled my mouth rather quickly, and then simply watched with enormously wide eyes as I turned my attention to meeting you thrust for thrust, gasping and crying out with each and every one. Eventually, your innate magic burned through the denial spell, allowing you to fill me full to bursting. Happily, this triggered another orgasm in me, making me collapse with exhaustion the moment you stilled your movements.

As we lay panting in a pile atop Oliver, a thought occurred to me that made me chuckle. "That was so intense that we should probably cast a morning after spell, just to be on the safe side!"

You were back to yourself enough to laugh, but Oliver sighed a bit morosely and rubbed the little bit of his stomach that he could reach. "No need to worry about me, I couldn't achieve that miracle no matter HOW many potions I took."

Feeling my heart break just a little on his behalf, I kissed him. "Too bad you never came to me or my brother. I guarantee that if you had, the potion would have worked!"

This made Oliver stop being morose and start being curious. "Why are you so certain?"

"The potions you would have bought - even in a high quality apothecary - would have been poor to middle quality at best. They want their products to work while being cheap enough to keep the prices low and still make a profit. If you want the best quality, you either have to make them
yourself or pay extra for a master brewer to make them for you, and both me and my brother qualify as Masters - my brother more so than me, if I'm honest," I explained.

You kissed him rather than verbally agree with me. That led to us all kissing each other until hunger prompted us to get out of bed and go out to an actual restaurant for dinner - a LATE one, haha!

A simple kiss like a turnin' key, a little click and the lock's on me,

Draco
July 31, 2017

My Heart,

Happy Birthday to me!

I don't know if it was just a lot of very stressful months catching up with me. Or perhaps it was the last of the pregnancy hormones FINALLY making their way out of my system four months later. Maybe it was reliving my childhood trauma and your teen trauma for our Ollie yesterday. Whatever it was, I had quite the emotional breakdown when I woke up this morning.

We did our (my) usual midnight birthday celebration, I was up until midnight, you kissed my face off, Ollie kissed my face off, and we shagged ourselves to sleep. I thought I'd gotten all of my emotions out in one fell swoop and today was just going to be about spending time with my favorite people, eating my favorite foods, and discovering undiscovered treasures in this place we're visiting.

This morning I woke up in your arms, Oliver in my arms, cuddled up with my loves. I smiled to myself and just burrowed further into the warmth and love and contentment. That's when I did my usual, "Oh if I could go tell little Harry in the closet" thing, but instead of it bringing me joy, I got very sad about it. I've often spent so much of my time thinking about my childhood, thinking about what I was missing. I thought about the hope I want to bring to my former self. I think about how it would have felt to know that things would not only get "better," but that it would get unbelievably wonderful. My life would be so full of love that I can barely contain it in my heart. I need two extra hearts to hold it all in.

It was MY childhood, so it makes sense that in my memories, I focus on how I felt. I occasionally think about Dudley and how the environment was almost as abusive to him but in a different way. I've gone and over and over it in therapy. And while the therapy has helped so much, I think creating the perfect childhoods for our own children has been even more healing. Which I think is why it hit me so hard this morning. Little Harry in the Closet had hope. Little Harry in the Closet eventually got the life he deserved. But Young James and Lily in Godric's Hollow didn't get their hopeful happy future. They didn't get to see a hopeful future of full hearts, full arms, and a full home. They may have even had a family large enough to rival ours!

(Probably not.)

Instead, they had hope, they had love, and then they had nothing. Their first child became their only child became an abused child. And as a parent, I know they'd be thrilled that I have found this love and this amazing family, but I'm sure they've grieved for only seeing it from a distance. As thankful as I'm sure my mum is that Molly mothered her child, that Molly loves her grandchildren with her whole heart, it has to break her heart to know that it should have been her.

And Sirius, for as wonderful as it is that he is back and saved, he is loving fatherhood, adoring his children, and is a big part of our family. He's doing all of it without his best mates. Instead of raising his own children to grow up with his Godson and my Godson while he and my dad and Remus barbecued and told increasingly unbelievable stories of their teen years, he is raising them alongside my children without his best friends.

George has his young son that he named Fred in honor of our Fred. But that should have been an
inside joke and something ridiculous Fred and his nephew Fred would have tortured people with. "Fred? - You rang? - Not you Fred! -" lather rinse repeat. Mac has been wonderful and seeing he and George together heals pieces of my broken heart. Father and Son truly healed each other. But they shouldn't have had to heal a wound that deep.

I couldn't get out of my own head, my breathing exercises weren't working, and I knew I would freak the two of you out if you woke up to me sobbing hysterically, so I peeled out from the middle of that yummy sandwich and went for a walk. All the walk did was give my brain space to delve deeper into all of the little Harrys in the Closet who were never saved and didn't have hope or a happy ending. So I decided to run. Running just made those thoughts pound through my head faster.

Which lead me to this charming little place. I came in for directions, they directed me to a cozy chair, and got me some delicious coffee. Seriously! YOU might even enjoy it! So, erm, can you come pick up the birthday boy from Thuis Aan De Amstel? It's kind of far away and I think I'll end up lost if I try to apparate back to you.

I'm sorry this is what you're waking up to. Is the fact that it's my birthday enough to make up for making a nuisance of myself? You can consider it your present to me.

I love you.
Your Harry

Monday July 31st
My wonderfully weepy husband,

Lucky for you, I had a feeling that you were going to be a bit depressed. Perhaps I'm more of a clairvoyant than I thought! In any case, after waking up and receiving your email, Oliver and I called in Muffy to pack up our stuff and bring it home while we checked out and came after you. Once I found you, I did something that I didn't think would completely cheer you up - being in public and all - but that would at least make you feel better: I sang from where we Apparated into the shop, all the way over to you. Oliver is strangely shy at times like these, looking a bit nervous to be the center of attention, but what the fuck do I care if muggles are staring at me?

"You're just too good to be true, can't take my eyes off of you, you'd be like Heaven to touch, I want to hold you so much." That was when I reached you and pulled you into my arms so that I could kiss you quite possessively. "I LOVE YOU BABY!"

You were grinning like a fool at that point, but still feeling a bit raw, because you stopped me from going on by kissing me again. Then you linked arms with me and said: "Where's the nearest place we can get out of here?" By which I knew you meant Apparate all the way home.

Oliver gestured out the door before leading the way.

In the nearest mostly private Alleyway, YOU actually Apparated the three of us because you are the only one with that kind of power - aside from our elves when under orders. When we arrived in our suite, it was just after lunch, and I had a surprise waiting for you.

"River!" You burst out excitedly, abandoning Oliver and me to rush over and hug him to death.

"I knew it would be a waste to try to be here in time to make you breakfast in bed, dad, so I took dad's advice and arrived about 20 minutes ago," River explained. "But Maha's at home, so it'll just
"be the two of us."

"The two of us doing what?" You asked curiously.

"The two of us having a bit of a father son date," River answered with a smile. "We're going to start at my spa and be pampered while we chat - so that I can catch you up on everything I've been up to since we last saw each other. And then we might go out to eat, or whatever else catches our fancy."

"That sounds perfect!" You exclaimed in agreement, rushing over to kiss me and Oliver goodbye with babbled apologies before we assured you that we didn't mind and that you were literally required to have fun and enjoy yourself.

With a few last extra kisses, you returned to River's side and popped off with him.

Leaving me alone with Oliver to...

Go check out how things were going in the stables. After petting all the horses etc. and reassuring ourselves they were fine, I brought him to the Owlyr and helped him select an owl so that he could go hunting with me and Melissande the Second and Gobber - which as you remember, is what Caelum named my baby owl for me about two years back. But at least it wasn't Fondue, eh?

So, in the unlikely event that you and River return before us, you'll find us in the North Fields.

All my love - OUR love,
Draco and Oliver
Chapter 164

Chapter Summary

Harry makes the announcement to the family, and then Draco has to attempt to keep Harry calm before Oliver's hearing.

Tuesday August 1, 2017

My Husband and My Fiance,

Gods I love both of those words. I really do. But I'm also looking forward to just adding an S to that first one and ditching the second word.

Slow down Harry, we JUST got engaged, we need to wait for this stupid hearing to happen, and we have the rest of our lives to call each other husbands. I don't need to speed through this engagement portion. But I also don't want either of you to think being engaged is enough for me .... like I'm fine treading water at this stage just to nail down a commitment without having to fully commit. I am in this. I can wait until the right timing, I can wait until we can do this ceremony right. But I definitely can't wait forever to announce my love.

Hell, I couldn't wait until after the aforementioned stupid hearing to happen so we could announce it to the family.

Sorry?

I have a feeling that you aren't particularly surprised. Not only do I have trouble holding in good news, but it's been a highly emotional couple of days for me. Some very high highs and some fairly low lows. I think my inability to hold in good news until the right time is probably why I'm so impulsive. If I don't make secret plans, I won't have the chance to accidentally spill them. If I don't tell you I'm getting you a present until the moment I buy it, I won't end up giving it to you weeks before the special event. You can't let the cat out of the bag if you don't get a cat until it's time to add it to the bag .... yeah that one really got away from me there. My apologies.

You know, I thought my complete breakdown yesterday morning came out of nowhere. I thought you would think I was a complete nutter. The both of you probably thinking it might be best to drop the dead weight and ride off into the sunset just the two of you. Instead my Draco, you came in singing away. The both of you shuffling me off to the nearest escape plan. And come to find out that I am completely predictable because you had my sweet River ready and waiting for me to spend the day with.

How do you know me so well?

Yesterday, River did as he said he would and whisked me off to be pampered at his spa. Holy Merlin, I got the massage of a lifetime. I felt like a puddle of goo by the time she was done. Honestly I was a bit embarrassed because I could NOT stop myself from moaning the entire time. Dragon, you probably would have creamed your pants listening to my noises. I gave my masseuse a huge tip for having to listen to my groaning the entire time. Hopefully it was enough to possibly buy herself some noise canceling headphones.
We got our massages, our manicures and pedicures, I even got a delicious face exfoliating wrap thing that felt like slime but made my face feel like satin. We drank way too much champagne. I toasted all of my loves, all of our children, our gorgeous grandchildren, our upcoming grandchild, I am pretty sure I also toasted the masseuse. She deserved it.

We decided to forgo a lunch, and we wanted to be back in time to have dinner with the family, so we snacked on anything they would bring us. I had a mountain of strawberries I'm pretty sure. What? They went well with the bucket of champagne I drank. If I can't get blitzed on champagne and strawberries on my birthday then what's the point in having a birthday?

When we ran out of ways to be pampered, we walked around Diagon for a while. Not looking for anything special, just spending time together. I've just missed him so much. I know, we magi-skype fairly often and River and I insta-owl most days. It's just not the same. He's my little guy ya know? The walking was enough to sober me up even without stopping at Fortescue's for ice cream. Your mum will be so disappointed that she missed drunk Harry, I know how much she loves to fill me up with drink and then send me off to embarrass myself. Not today Satan!

Oh bollocks, do NOT tell Mum I called her Satan!

He and I popped back a little bit before dinner. I assumed I'd find you two in a few places; I thought our room would be most likely, possibly OUR playroom or the KIDS' playroom, definitely thought the stables would be worth a search, but I guess I should have read your email first since you were out owling in the north fields. When I finally gave up and asked Muffy to help me find you, she sent me that way. I greeted you both with kisses and enforced Muffy's command of "tell the Masters dinner is being ready."

And that led us to dinner. I think it was delicious. I think we had nice chit chat and catching up. I am pretty sure you told everyone about our lovely suite and the yummy restaurants we went to. But I was so anxious I don't actually know what went on. See, I can't keep secrets, I don't WANT to keep secrets like being in love with someone, and I just KNEW someone was going to notice Ollie's ring and say something and then get mad because we kept it a secret but then I thought that if we did announce anything that Siri and Zwei might be upset that we took over the dinner with our announcement.

But really, Siri and Zwei aren't like that. I don't know if it's their nature or if they're used to sharing birthdays since theirs have always landed on the same day with my birthday coming up the very next day. Either way, I don't think they would have been upset about any announcements. Plus, we had no intention (I had no intention) of being home in time for dinner last night anyway, so it might have been a big family dinner but it's not like it was specifically supposed to be their birthday celebration. And it actually WAS my birthday, so if it wasn't stated that it was their celebration then it really should have been my celebration anyway which means we could announce whatever I wanted to.

And then I panicked because what if I announced it but Molly and Arthur weren't there and now I've told the whole family but not them? Will they think we love them less?

So, after we did the announcement anyway, I did message Molly and Arthur that we wanted to come by for brunch today. I also mentioned that we would bring food since I don't need to force Molly to cook for us last minute under our request. Obviously she sent me a very stern message back that if I dared to bring anything other than some pretty flowers or maybe that elf made wine she likes then "You can just eat your food in the gardens with the gnomes while the rest of us eat my cooking in the kitchen." So, when you wake up we'll be having a Molly-made brunch at the Burrow.
Was the announcement alright? You both ran with it and seemed like you were more amused at my antics than upset in any way, but I hope you meant it and you weren't just putting on your Malfoy face. I was sitting there, eating a whole lot of nothing, but doing a fantastic job of pushing the food around with my fork, when Jaz poked me to get my attention and asked: "What's wrong Daddy?"

I jumped up so fast that if you hadn't caught it I'm sure my chair would have gone flying. I blurted out: "We have an announcement!"

The room went from noisy chatting and the usual eating sounds from thirty-ish people eating in one place to complete silence. Everyone staring at me, the two of you standing up next to me slowly, but no one seemed inclined to actually make the announcement I had insisted was coming. Which is probably why your dad was the first to break: "Oh for Salazar's sake! Which one of you is pregnant this time?"

Draco, you and I were quick to insist that absolutely none of us were expecting. Promise. No seriously you guys, we cast the spells near constantly just in case, none of us are pregnant!

Fine! I guess I'm the only Gryffindor in this engagement - soon to be marriage. "We're getting married!"

More silence, broken by Vivi. "You're already married. Dad did you get the amnesia again?"

Poor Oliver looking at me, o.O "When did you have amnesia?" I should probably pull up that set of emails huh?

Thankfully you were a bit calmer and took over. "No Princess, Harry and I are married, but Harry, AND Oliver, AND I are getting married. Harry and I proposed to Oliver while on holiday and he said yes!"

More silence.

Finally Cassie blurted out: "Dad! That's not a thing!"

I think I blushed to the tips of my toes, "Well, er, it will be a thing. We've been working with Kings, and in a few weeks, it will be an official option for the Wizarding World; plural marriages. You all know I hate using my name to end up being the poster boy for anything, but if that's what it takes to be with my Loves properly? Well it's a price I'm willing to pay." I think I blushed even harder when I explained: "We were going to wait a few weeks to tell any of you, but I couldn't keep it in any longer." I looked at the both of you and luckily you just looked bemusedly exasperated. I think that's just your default expression when it comes to me.

Orion looked at me very strangely for a few moments. Like he was sizing me up or trying to solve a particularly difficult arithmancy equation. "Dad, you're telling me that you used your name as leverage to talk the Minister for Magic into legalizing plural marriage so you and Dad could marry Oliver?"

That one was easy to answer! "Yes, I did and I don't regret it."

Ori let out one of his rare but stunning smiles. "Well then all I can say is, welcome to our family Oliver!" And then walked over to give Ollie a guy hug. Ollie was apparently so shocked that he sat down hard on his chair, letting out a deep sigh and burying his face in his hands.

But that put him at the perfect height for our Seph to go walking up to his chair, climbing right into his lap, and tugging his hands off of his face. Looking right into his eyes, the oldest and teeniest of our feisty foursome asked: "This means you're another Daddy for me, yes?"
Poor Oliver, getting an announcement thrown at him in the middle of dinner, and now he's being asked by a little girl he loves if he's going to be a Daddy for her. Ollie, you looked at us with the sweetest mixture of panic and hope, when Draco and I had what I assume were matching smiles and nods, you assured Seph that you would indeed be another Daddy for her if she'd like that. Parker and Cassie looked rather proud of you at that moment.

The sight of Persephone's tiny little self settling herself deeper into Oliver's lap and kissing him on the cheek was one of the sweetest things I've ever seen. And then the little manipulator announced: "I'm going to want my very own unicorn that I don't have to share with Lily, Caelum, or Atreyu."

That child.

I think it went pretty well, but I suppose we'll see what happens when all the kids corner us individually over the next few days.

No matter what, I am excited and in love and I can't wait to keep spending my life with you.

All of my love,
Harry

Tuesday August 15th
My silly little mutt,

Last night, you were far more nervous and wound up than Oliver. It was sort of driving both of us mad, so I decided to take some decisive action. As you were pacing back and forth, babbling speculation on all possibilities, and tearing at your hair in worry, I exchanged a mildly exasperated look with Oliver. To his bemusement, I strode over to you, yanked you out of your pacing, and held you by the throat with one hand.

"Oi, mutt, ON YOUR KNEES," I commanded with an intense look in my eyes.

You dropped instantly, looking up at me with clear hope sparkling in your eyes.

I twirled my finger around to cast intangibility spells on your clothes and banish them to the dirty laundry. Have I mentioned recently how much I LOVE that you started a Unity House in Africa where we ALL learned how to use wandless magic? It still takes my breath away that I can practically wave my hand at you and strip you naked in mere seconds.

Before anything else, I grabbed your brush and ran it through your hair several times. It may not be as long as it once was, but it was now a decently pleasing length that I could brush and fondle as much as I liked. You melted a bit and moaned happily.

Then I handed your brush to Oliver and asked him if he'd like to spank you. He's still trying to wrap his head around how much you love that, so he went extremely easy on you, simply setting a footstool next to you so that he could sit on it and pull your chest across his lap. Then he gave you a good four or five dozen love taps with your brush.

I ran my hand through your hair and crooned praise to you the entire time. Once I felt like Oliver had done enough for now, I stopped him, and then proceeded to show him how to tie you up in one of your favorite ties - the one where your body is shaped a bit like a frog and you're dangled from the ceiling. By this point, I had obviously ordered the elves to watch our napping babies and Apparated us to our playroom.
Once you were nice and suspended, I had Oliver suck on your shaft just enough to ensure that it was fully erect and eager to play, but then slipped a ring around the base that was just tight enough to prevent you from going soft without being so tight as to cause damage. The ring was what the manufacturers intended to be humiliating - a shade of glaringly bright pink with a tag dangling from it that read: object to use and abuse as desired.

As intended, now that you were fully prepared, you had an excellent view of the bed. You could do absolutely nothing but watch in frustration as I took charge of Oliver. He was still staring at you, probably wondering how in the bloody hell that could be comfortable.

Thus, I grabbed him by the back of his neck and forced him to look me in the eye. "Don't pay any attention to him. He is nothing more than art on the wall - so to speak. Your attention should properly be on me, because I'M the one who is going to bugger you into this bed so hard that you can't speak, much less remember your own name. But first..." I trailed off to force him to bend over just enough to brace his hands on the bed.

Tenderly, with infinite gentleness, I unfastened his trousers and uncovered his firm and gorgeous arse, caressing it for your viewing pleasure. "Such a shame I don't have a little slave to prepare you for me. I guess I'm just going to have to do it myself." With that, I first cast a denial spell on him since he hasn't yet cultivated stamina that lasts more than about 20 or 30 minutes - which is still quite respectable.

Then I cast a slew of spells to clean him out, soften him, and open him up so that my fingers could probe him without pain or discomfort. The moment I found his prostate, he gasped, letting me know that I had the right spot. I then snapped my fingers to summon one of our MANY vibrators. This one happened to have a special bump on the side that is designed to stimulate the prostate once buried in an arse. The toy was just slightly slimmer in girth than me, which was plenty big enough for Oliver to feel without stretching him to the point that he wouldn't notice me at all when I finally decided to replace the toy.

Oliver gasped again when I turned the vibrator on, using a slow speed at first. I let him grow accustomed to that for a full minute before turning the dial until he groaned and clenched his arse. Then I turn it back down just a few hairs so that it was at an intensity that he could handle while still being intense enough to make it hard for him to think straight.

Once his arse was busy trying to deal with what was happening so far, I decided to give him something else to think about. My hand, spanking him. Sharply. Each time I did so, he gasped and whimpered, but the way his hips swayed back and forth - almost as if they were trying to slowly wag a nonexistent tail - let me know that he was definitely indecisive but most liking what was happening.

I spanked and spanked and spanked, alternating the speed and intensity as my mood shifted. Some of it was sharp and some of it was very gentle, with plenty of caresses and even kisses (and tiny nips of my teeth) to provide variety and other sensations to keep him guessing. Eventually, he was begging and nearly crying with need.

But I did not take pity on him. Well not in the way in which I gave into his pleas to shag him good and hard, but I DID stop spanking him. He still had the vibrator working on making him fall completely apart, but in order to give him a break from the spanking, I shifted him - and a glance at you showed that not only were your eyes practically black pools in your lust, but that you were smirking in amusement at how he had gone from bracing himself rather easily to resting his chest full on the bed as he groaned and cried into fistfuls of bedding.

As I was saying, I shifted him so that he was next to the bed on his knees. "I do not expect you to
submit to me as your one and only Master - as you have not ever agreed to be a submissive nor
provided me with a safe word. BUT since I am clearly dominating and torturing you at the
moment, you'll regard me as your SIR for the night. Thus, unless you want to earn a punishment -
perhaps what you see happening right up there with Harry - prove your desire to please Sir by
unfastening my trousers and worshiping my shaft with your mouth and hands."

"Yes Sir," Oliver accepted in a rather rough voice. I am dead certain that if he wasn't under a denial
spell, he'd have finished and passed out a LONG time ago.

I dearly wanted him to keep up the fantastic job for the rest of the night, but I was so close to
finishing that I would either need to cast a denial spell on myself, or move on - after a mere five
minutes! So, I chose to move on.

I yanked him to his feet and kissed him possessively. "Now... what do you think of my clothes?
Are they exactly where you want them? Or do you wish to remove some or all of them before
proceeding to the next step in my goal to bugger you into the bed?"

He groaned in longing, his pupils glazed over by sheer need. But rather than insist that I just bend
him over and ram into him until he was raw, he took my suggestion and removed my clothes with
infinite slowness. Seeming to revel in the visual delight of my skin being revealed a centimeter at a
time. As he worked, he kissed and licked my skin, so very lightly that I nearly lost patience and
pushed him onto the bed. I noticed that his entire body would shiver every minute or so, and could
only guess that without the denial spell, he'd be orgasming each time, so with it, he must be having
mini near orgasms - as the spell is designed to prevent one from having full and complete ones.

His hands started shaking after about 10 minutes, and I could see that he was running out of energy
in general. Lucky for him, he'd managed to finish undressing me and was now on his knees once
more, stroking my shaft with his hands.

Not needing a written invitation, I decided to give him what he so desperately wanted, my shaft in
his arse. I helped him lay on the bed so that his back was fully supported, but that his arse was
hanging off the side a bit. This allowed me to spread his legs wide and remove the toy, which I just
barely remembered to turn off before tossing aside. At that point, I rammed into him, opting for
slow and powerful thrusts because I was still so bloody close that I didn't trust myself to last more
than a minute if I went any faster.

That said, Oliver cried out in pleasure with each one, and this was enough to get me there after just
three or four minutes. Five if I'm lucky. Happily, the moment I felt my orgasm racing toward me
like a freight train, I took the spell off of him and had the glorious pleasure of feeling him thrash
and squeal and cling to me as his own orgasm must have felt a bit like a hurricane.

He passed out the moment we were finished, but I rested on top of him, happy to wait for my shaft
to finish deflating before attempting to move. That said, I think I probably took a mini nap. The
next thing I knew, I was a little uncomfortable and rolled over onto my back - both me and Oliver
still half off the bed, which wasn't exactly comfortable at the moment either.

That made me open my eyes and look around to determine the best way to get comfortable, when I
spotted you staring at me with raging lust in your eyes. Grinning, I summoned my wand because I
needed more precision for this. Then I cast spells to first levitate you, then untie you, before finally
floating you down to me - you stretching out happily as I did so.

This led to me casting a spell on my shaft to get it back up so that you could straddle me and take
your pleasure in any way you liked - which I correctly assumed would be by riding me frantically.
You were most definitely happy to enjoy your pace for as long as possible, before finally crying
out: "Please Master! Please let your mutt have his orgasm!"

Grinning and thoroughly enjoying the view - not to mention the pleasure of another impending orgasm - I pointed my finger at you and cast a spell to remove your cock ring, thereby allowing you to reach a natural conclusion. You roared with your climax, which was powerful enough to trigger my own. At that point, you collapsed onto me, purring in between panting as I held you close and stroked your spine.

"I love you so much," I murmured in your ear, nibbling it before kissing your neck. Then I reached over and placed a hand on Oliver's arm - even though he was still out cold. "And I love Oliver too. The both of you bring nothing but joy into my life."

You also reached over, taking his hand in yours even as you shifted your mouth to kiss me. "I love you and him so much that it takes my breath away. I never knew love could be like this! There's so much of it inside me that I just can't contain it!"

Oliver must be able to hear us at least a little in his sleep, because he hummed something that sounded reasonably like: "I love you too."

At that point, I daresay we ALL got some rather nice sleep. At least until YOU woke up far too early - as usual - and Oliver joined you an hour or so later. Lucky for me, his hearing was set for a reasonable 2PM, and so I had time to finish sleeping, perform my morning routine, AND select something powerful to wear, plus make sure that the both of you were suitably dressed.

As for the hearing, after our lawyers made their case, Kingsley asked the opposition why they felt it was any sort of legal or fair to keep money that clearly belonged to Oliver. They (well, their lawyers) stated their position that they actually had no idea (prior to being served papers) that the money had come from Oliver. They always assumed that their son had simply earned or saved it from what they gave him, and had returned it to their vault for safety.

They then admitted that they'd never thought to ask about the money, and that the only time their son ever mentioned it was to say that he intended it to take care of the family - which they assumed to be a reference to them. In any case, after reviewing the evidence presented by our lawyers during prehearing preparation - with their lawyers - they were willing to admit that the amount transferred to their family vault was EXACTLY the amount Oliver had earned during his Quidditch Career, and so, when the Wizengamot suggested that they give it back to them, they more or less grumbled a bit petulantly before agreeing to do so.

Which means that Oliver won his hearing. He was somehow so stunned by this revelation that he just stood there staring at the table before him and swaying a bit - until you pulled him into your arms and kissed him while squeezing him tight enough that he'll probably have bruises, haha. I followed that up with a nice comforting hug and a rubbing pat on the back.

"Come on, let's go home," I suggested in his ear, and for a moment, the look in his eyes made me wonder if he was thinking that he now had money again and wouldn't need to depend on us, but then that look cleared up and he smiled.

"Yes, let's."

Me I fall in love with you every single day, and I just want to tell you I am,
Draco
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Harry wants to clear a few important things up, and Draco has a surprise.

Wednesday August 16, 2017

My Dragon,

Alright, the exhausting hearing was over as of yesterday. That chapter of our life can be considered over. Ollie's healing from the issues from his previous marriage and the betrayal of the in-laws. The hearing is done and won.

Tomorrow we leave for Hogwarts for classrooms to be set up, too many staff meetings, and for you and the kids to decorate and set up our rooms as you want. I already set up the basic layout, you know I'll want a wall completely dedicated to pictures of our loved ones, everything else as far as I'm concerned you and the kids can decide and I'll just go alone with whatever you like. Let's be honest, if you're in a room, am I really going to notice what my surroundings look like?

So, I'm sending this to you before you wake up and then I'm going for a run. A nice, long, relaxing, marathon length run. Because I am nervous as hell about what I want to talk about. Normally I practically vomit my rambling nonsense and don't care who's in earshot. But right now, I think this is a really important conversation to have and I think we need to do it now with the hearing fresh in our memories. I want to tell you what I want. I want to know what you want. And then we need to talk with Oliver and make sure we're mostly in agreement so we don't freak him out with conflicting ideas.

I was thinking about now that we're free of the stress we can start discussing dates. We can discuss names and homes and all that fun stuff when you start planning a wedding and a marriage. But when I started thinking about all the fun stuff, I couldn't stop myself from worrying about the less fun stuff.

So I think we need to have a long conversation about a pre-nup.

First of all; pre-nup aside, I need to know that Oliver wants us for us, and not as some sort of thank you for helping him get back on his feet. All we did was let a friend stay with us (which we've done before) and helped him get what he himself earned. Even if we'd lavished him in money and gifts, he wouldn't owe us a thing, but I know how stubborn he can be. I want to make it very clear that while letting him go would BREAK MY HEART, I would do it if he isn't in love with us. That moment you mentioned at the end of the hearing where you worried he didn't need us anymore made me realize that both you and I have some residual fears that Ollie thinks he owes us.

So, I would like to institute a weekly date night and a weekly joint mind healing session. Make sure we're all on the same page, make sure we know we have an outlet for transitioning to this new marriage, and the date night is just a good excuse to make sure we make our love a priority. Also shagging.

Here are my stipulations for the pre-nup, please let me know if you want anything altered, added,
or if you have an issue with something I'm stating.

- Oliver's hard earned money he JUST got back goes into an vault that only he has access to. I
would NEVER want him to be with us because he can't afford to be on his own. I want him to be
with us because we are in love.

- We open vaults for Parker and Cassie similar to the funds each of our children has gotten upon
adulthood - or we offer them the option to choose to take over one of our smaller businesses. I don't
want any jealousy issues to stem from us taking their dad, or them not having the same advantages
the other kids have gotten. You and I and Oliver are going to be a family, that means adding his
family to ours and vice versa.

- We get Ollie officially added as a third owner of the Stables and Unity House. Honestly, if it were
a money-maker instead of a non-profit I'd make him sole owner with how much more work he's
put into the stables than anyone else. Except for maybe Atreyu!

- In the event of a divorce, Merlin forbid, if it happens within a short amount of time (I don't know
what's good, a year? five years?) we all leave with what we brought into the marriage. If it happens
after that number all liquid assets are split in even thirds. Land/Property/Businesses to be
determined based on initial investment and in the case of a business based on actual work effort put
into the business.

- During the engagement, our quarters at Hogwarts are to remain separate dwellings with the
connected doors but obviously we want Ollie in our bed or us in his for every single night. Once
we are married we combine the quarters into one unit.

So, can you read these over? Take notes? Argue with me? And when you know what we should be
asking for I want to approach Oliver today. I want this figured out before we leave for Hogwarts
tomorrow.

Off to sweat out the anxiety!

Your Harry

P.S. I know it's all over and done with, but those mother fucking liars yesterday!! We just assumed
it was money our son wanted to gift us "to take care of the family" he could have only meant us.
Blech blech blech. I hate them so much. I really think it's about time we took a vacation ... maybe
to Russia ... maybe to visit Grandmama ... maybe we give her their address.

Saturday August 19th
My adoration,

You're adorable! I love how you always manage to work yourself up over everything - yes big
things, but still not really anything to get so worked up over. Oliver was still riding high on the fact
that he won his hearing SO easily. When he woke up to find that you were running, not just around
our track, but around the whole of Wiltshire - and thus, couldn't just be caught up to so easily - he
thought that was strange, but ultimately, one of your adorable quirks.

He happened to come in from the stables around the time I was waking up simply because he
wondered who fed me when you weren't around. Since he'd made me a rather simple yet tasty ham
sandwich, I didn't have the heart to remind him that Muffy literally exists to cater to my every
whim. I invited him to sit on the bed and flirt with Morgana as she lay on her side drinking from
the bottle he held. I'm determined that he will win her over eventually so that she grows up knowing that she has three dads who love her more than the moon.

So far, she seems to regard him as an acceptable minion if no one else is around.

Anyway, I sort of, erm… not on purpose, but I saw that you'd emailed me and it didn't seem to have private information in it at first, so I was like: "Ooo! Oliver, Harry emailed us!"

So I read it to him. It wasn't until I read the sentence about being in agreement so that we don't freak Oliver out with conflicting ideas that I faltered and stopped reading because I understood that this was something intended for me to read on my own.

"Well don't stop there," Oliver insisted, giving me a look like he was suddenly a bit suspicious. "You and Harry need to talk ABOUT me before you can talk TO me."

I sighed, agreeing that the way it seemed to him probably felt terrible, so I continued reading to him.

That whole paragraph about letting him go if he didn't love us, and then us having issues with thinking he doesn't need us, well it made me feel guilty, and I fell silent after reading it to stare at my hands. Oliver shifted until he could stroke his hand down my cheek.

"You're not wrong," he murmured. "There WAS a moment when I wondered if I *should* go home with you now that I didn't have to depend on you. But it's not what you think - it's not what *Harry* thinks. I... I was afraid that you two wouldn't want ME now that you aren't saving me. Then I shook that off and thought that maybe I should attempt to live on my own for a bit so that we can do this properly - you know, get to know each other and date and whatnot before rushing into marriage. To be certain that what we all feel is real even if the situation changes. But THEN I realized that it's a bit stupid to find a place of my own to live for about two weeks until we move to Hogwarts."

I smiled at him. "Harry has some thoughts on that as well." I read on, him agreeing to date night AND your stipulations without any hesitation. It was ME that burst out with: "Bloody hell! I just realized that marrying you is going to bring our combined kid count up to 20!!!"

Oliver chuckled, and then waved his hands back and forth. "You don't have to consider Cassie and Parker as yours. They're basically adults now anyway."

I gave Oliver a look that let him know he was being an idiot. "Oliver, love, first of all, Harry is completely right, if we get married, OUR kids are going to be YOUR kids. That's called step-parenting. Persephone already told you that, remember? She said she GETS you as another dad. And she does. So obviously, if OUR kids are YOUR kids, then YOUR kids are our kids. Now I'm not saying that I expect them to call me dad and come to me rather than you when they have problems. I'm just saying that when people ask me how many kids I've got, I'm going to tell them 20 and they're going to think I'm lying or insane, but I will be completely serious and telling the truth."

He laughed at that.

So I finished reading the rest of the email, and he had no objections or additions to your list of pre-nup conditions. Although, he did try to decline being listed as part owner of Unity and the Stables - NOT because he doesn't like those businesses, but because he doesn't feel he should be made a part owner of something you created from the ground up when all he did was show up and do a bit of work. I advised him to just accept it because you made ME part owner when I didn't even do that
That led to us having a discussion of the many Malfoy businesses. And Potter businesses. Actually, that also led to a discussion of the divorce clause - which I actually want to modify. The way you have it, in the event of a divorce (after a reasonable amount of time), ALL our assets would basically be pooled together and split into three equal pieces.

That's bullshite! Sorry, I know you're glaring at me right now, but it is. The REASON why I have Malfoy businesses and you have Potter businesses - despite the fact that I run basically all of them - is the same reason why I keep on insisting that some of the businesses I start are YOURS and not mine.

It's because in the event of a divorce, anything in my name will remain in my name. Anything in your name will remain in yours. It's the same reason that I never merged your Potter and Black Vaults with the Malfoy vaults. YOU will have your entire fortune to take care of you if WE should happen to divorce - plus all those businesses I put in your name. You will be well off and able to take care of yourself and the kids.

Meanwhile, MY vaults will still be in my name, but you already know that every bit of my vaults and my businesses are basically divided up in my will amongst the kids. I'm not trying to say that if we got divorced, you'd be on your own with no help from me, as I'd still be supporting the kids every bit as much as you. I'm saying that we are EQUALS.

The exact same will hold true for Oliver. He will be an equal in our marriage with his own vault and I will more than likely set up a half dozen businesses in his name. In the event he divorces us - the number of years is irrelevant - he will still own his vault and his businesses. His kids will still own the vaults we set up in their names. And probably some businesses - I am me, after all.

Thus, there is no need for you to fret so much about that.

But moving on since you know the gist of all of this already, since Oliver and I popped after you that day and simply joined you in your run until you felt like stopping. I must admit that I'm impressed with Oliver. You said you were running a marathon length, in which case, endurance NOT speed is the key - although you did have a bit of speed going as well. I was able to keep up because I've basically been running with you for YEARS - just like I make you dance with me. Oliver - on the other hand - hasn't really been able to keep in shape beyond that of some home exercise equipment. He HAS been running with you since moving here, but still, I hadn't expected him to be in shape enough to run a quarter of a marathon with you and not need to stop to catch his breath. He's impressive!

But as I was saying, moving on. Thursday, we all went to Hogwarts to set up and let Shtara run bloody amok with the other kids since she won't be living there with us. Lucky for us, Elena has taken on the role of her guardian, and Rose is going to replace Leah as Shtara's nanny and bodyguard. Oh sure, Rose is a muggle and can't hex anyone, but considering that she's been in the business since before she married Ethan, she knows more about what to look for.

Also, thankfully for everyone involved, the producer that Shtara's been working with is a decent enough bloke because had he not been, my dear sweet grandmama wouldn't have gotten a chance to put her hands on his skull before I added it to the dark vault.

That left Friday for my surprise. See, I anticipated Oliver's hearing turning out the way it did - our lawyers were confident enough that I'd have bet money on it if it was a Quidditch match. So, Friday, Mr. Lott had to put up with flying a plane full of Malfoys, elves, animals, Oliver, and his kids, to Cancun Mexico.
Viona and Alric are still on their honeymoon - or perhaps they're back and setting up their house. Either way, they're still incommunicado. River plans to pop in when he can since he's relatively nearby in California. Elena, Ethan, Rose, and their kids were smart and decided to come along. Eris brought Eric to help her take care of Luka (he's basically been living in the Manor all this time anyway), Hazel brought Pearl, and Jaz brought Vani. My parents insisted that we bring my brothers and sisters so that they can have a little quiet time to themselves (I think they plan to throw a kink party for THEIR friends while we're gone), and even Orion has decided to take a little bit of time off from the Hog's Head, and so, if you count Delphini, Tommy, Bel, and Harrison, we're definitely overrun with children and just barely adults who might as well still be children!

I'm SO GLAD we've charmed our jet to the teeth! It might be bigger than our original one, but it's still not supposed to have so many people on it at the same time! At this point, I'm thinking we might need to buy a commercial airliner!

Anyway, today was reserved for one of our favorite family activities. Surfing!

Oliver still thinks we're both utterly insane, you realize? Not even explaining that it's a bit like flying a broom, but on a board on rebellious water, was enough to get him to love the activity as much as we do. That said, once he learned the basics, he was actually pretty good. Lucky for him that Viona WASN'T around to taunt him with her competitiveness, hahaha.

My favorite part was when you had Oliver on your board with you, his arms wrapped around you as you taught him the spells that make the ocean and board (mostly the board as the ocean can be a bit stubborn when she wants to be) do exactly as you want it to. Merlin buggering Salazar! I could have shagged you both right then and there!

Speaking of, what say we show Oliver what it's like to shag under the ocean tomorrow when the sunlight is at its brightest and the bottom of the ocean looks like a bejeweled wonderland?

As for now, we're about to take Oliver to a very different first time.....

Spa time! I've booked the entire spa for all of us for the rest of the day. We're going to have massages and mud baths and seaweed wraps and mani/pedis! I'm so excited! It's only right that Oliver be treated like the wonderful, cherished, and valuable person that he is.

Can you believe that Parker and Cassie bet me that he'd go running after about an hour and a half? I'm looking forward to winning that bet!

Someone better warn the spa that I was serious when I said nearly 30 adult and child guests plus several babes in arms, ahahahahahahahahahaha!

T'aint whatcha do, it's the way howcha do it, t'aunt whatcha do, it's the time thatchu do it, that's what get's results,

Draco

P.S. … … … So... Erm... Well... Hazel came to me to talk while I was taking a break, just sitting on my board and watching you and Oliver. I had to cast a quick deflating spell! Anyway... she, erm... she wanted to talk... about... ugh! Sex. She wanted to talk about sex! And you know how I'm simultaneously open about our sex life and squicked the fuck out about theirs, right? Well, she is STILL having problems achieving the level of pleasure that it seems other women enjoy. She complained that Pearl can be down there giving oral for HOURS and barely anything at all happens. Hazel is getting to the point where she just wants to give up and fake it, so she asked me if there was anything I could think of for her to try, so erm... gave her one of my Naughty Control devices along with a whole list of spells designed to enhance pleasure. I figure that if she uses the Naughty Control to bring on an instant orgasm when she's starting to get frustrated, it might go a
long way to helping her figure out what it is she's actually supposed to be feeling (as the instant
orgasm spell is designed to give you YOUR own orgasm, not a supercharged one), and if that is
genuinely not enough (signifying a problem), the other spells might be able to help her find relief
until a doctor can check her over. Maybe something actually IS wrong.

P.P.S. You OWE me big time for having the squicky conversation! I'm going to have to have you
make me forget everything including my name tonight so I can STOP compulsively wondering
about, erm, you know...

P.P.P.S. Were you as surprised as I was to see Wojtek? He's fully grown now, but I've been so busy
with other things, that I haven't really paid attention to him. He's fully grown and MASSIVE, but
still thinks he's a lapdog! I had to cast a strengthening spell on my lap to support him when he came
over to sit on me and maul me with affection on the plane!

P.P.P.P.S. Did you SEE the size of those ants on the beach?? I took pictures in case you missed
them ^_^
Chapter 166

Chapter Summary

With the luck our boys have, of course they run into the one sodding bloke in creation that they'd really rather never see.

Monday August 21, 2017

My Loves: because I will always assume both of my loves are reading these!

Draco, I want to apologize for essentially throwing you under the bus. I know you were worried about Ollie not wanting us now that he didn't need us and instead of talking to you face to face, I decided to email you about it. Which I get has always been our dynamic, that way you can process things emotionally before we talk about them in person. But with no warning, I essentially outed you to Oliver and placed you in an emotionally charged situation. I am very very very proud of you for not freaking out. Instead, you dealt with it maturely and lovingly. Much more mature than I did by running away, literally, from my feelings.

Oliver, I want to apologize for talking about you behind your back. I really did have the best of intentions, I just didn't want to overwhelm you with three people arguing the individual clauses. But that's irrelevant compared to how it made you feel. I have told you over and over and over again that it's not Draco and me with you added, but that this relationship is completely equal in three parts. Then I go and discuss something very important with Draco before I bring it up with you. I am most sincerely sorry. I love you. Communicating to Draco through email, almost using it as a journal where I can get my thoughts out, has become such a habit that I forgot to think about how it would make you feel.

Hopefully the both of you forgive me. If not quite yet, I will offer myself up for whatever punishment you see fit. Even if it isn't one of the punishments I like.

So, when I said split things three ways I meant liquid assets, not property or businesses. I didn't realize we hadn't pooled our money. Good thing I trust you with my life Dragon, because I had no idea what was happening with "my" money. I knew you had the businesses in different names, but I thought the actual galleons were all in one vault. I should probably take a more vested interest in what's happening with my vaults eh? That's why I said we'd divide it equally with the businesses to be divided by name or work put in or actual interest in the business. Oh well, you learn something new every day, huh?

The whole putting Oliver on the businesses for Unity and the Stables. Okay, some of our businesses are more important to us than others. We may own bits and pieces or entire businesses that we don't care about other than it being a good investment or perhaps we trusted the person running it and thought it would make a good investment. I am partial owner of WWW because I actually put up the start-up capital and throughout the years if and when there was more investment opportunity I have put up more. It's a good investment, I trust George to know what's going to work for his business, but besides the fact that my brother is the owner, I am not emotionally invested in the business. I don't need my or either of your names on the business.

But Unity House is something different. It's the closest thing to my heart after my family. The two
of you are closest to my heart. Why wouldn't I want and NEED the both of you to own it with me? Not just for logistics sake, signing things if I'm not available, hiring or firing if I weren't there to make the call, but because Unity and the two of you ARE my heart.

Similarly, the stables are a work of love. And Ollie, you've put in much more time, effort, love, and care to those animals than I have. Yes, I had the idea and I started the thing, but I am too impulsive. I run from idea to idea and try new things once my previous idea is off the ground and running without me. You, on the other hand, are constantly caring for the animals. They know you and love you. Hell, if I thought you'd say yes - or like I said before, if it was a money-maker - I would put the Stables entirely in your name.

So, with our mid-afternoon adventures yesterday, I would love to say that this vacation has been amazing so far.

Gods, making love underwater? Indescribable. I mean, I'm going to attempt to describe it, but I will not do it justice. I in no way mean this as an insult, but the shagging wasn't my favorite part. It was delicious, but the carpet ride to find the perfect spot was the best.

Look, I love shagging, I love romance, I love the both of you. But one of the things I love the most about my life is how much ... LIFE there is in it. I want to laugh and cry and fight and sing and dance and love and, and, and, everything! You know I love carpet rides, you'd think after spending twenty-six years of my life immersed in the wizarding world, I would be immune to the wonder of the magical, but no. I love the carpet rides and then Draco, my Draco, you started singing A Whole New World while we flew above the water.

It should have been romantic and lovely. And it was, you know how much I love your voice. But when you tried to do both voice parts? It's a duet my love. You dropping back and forth between the male and female parts, it was adorable. I could not stop laughing! I love our life. I love that my life includes flying on a magic carpet above the ocean with the two loves of my life while being serenaded a duet by one of my men.

Finding the perfect spot to shag? Certainly a close second. Your description was perfect, a bejeweled wonderland. And it was. But the sight of an underwater paradise was nothing in comparison to the beautifully beloved faces underwater with me. Being between the two of you, deep inside of Ollie while Draco you were just as deep inside of me, looking back and forth between your beautiful faces, watching the two of you kiss deeply and possessively over my shoulder ... breathtaking.

And actually I was going to ask, I've not used it before, but there's a zooming in process we can do with the pensieve camera right? I would love to see the entire picture of the three of us at that moment, but it's not exactly suitable for framing and displaying anywhere outside of our playroom (which I AM going to do!) but I'd love to zoom in so it's from the chest up with the ocean's beauty behind us. Get that framed and up on the wall. Yeah?

I enjoyed the sparkling beauty, the bright colors, the shining joy of underwater at noon. However, I think we need to introduce Ollie to shagging underwater under the stars as well while we're out here. It's a different feeling but no less beautiful.

I also really enjoyed our spa time! It's weird, I don't think Cassie or Parker won their bet, Ollie lasted longer than an hour and a half ... but not by much. I think it was an hour and forty-five minutes. What was the exact terminology of the bet? What did you win?

Poor sweetheart, not quite your cup of tea huh? The massage part was good I think, the mudbath wasn't as bad, but oh hunny did Oliver hate the seaweed wrap. And by the time we got to mani-
pedis I think he was so done sitting still he was going to explode! I normally don't like sitting still either, although I can for the rare pampering day. I do enough running and moving throughout my everyday life that a single day of sitting still for that long I can handle for the relaxation it inspires. After our spa day, I think Ollie was ready to do a full marathon with me if it meant not sitting still for another moment.

It was probably just as well, because some of our littlest were done at about the same time, so everyone who was done headed off to go swimming while the rest of us got the full spa experience.

Unfortunately, because of what happened last night, I would love to say this vacation has been amazing so far, but I can't. Hopefully the rest of the trip will make up for the trauma of yesterday, but right now, even the next morning I am still feeling quite upset.

When we got back from our shag, soaking wet and looking thoroughly satisfied, the teens in our life decided to use our happiness to their advantage. They wanted us all to go shopping. And despite each of their own deep vaults, they wanted us to foot the bill. Ugh, fine. Spoiled little brats I tell ya!

Alright fine, none of them are brats, they're quite generous with their time and their own money, I just want to call them brats alright?

They are brilliant little shites though. I stand by that.

Anyway, we decide to make a family event of it. Because what's better than wandering around a crowded shopping space? Wandering around a crowded shopping space in a group of over thirty people. There's a chance we're certifiable.

Manos Magicas was amazing. It was surrounded by natural beauty, full of local gifted artisans, had killer food, and even had crafting workshops for the little ones. It should have been an awesome experience. I think we should go back again to enjoy it in full without the drama.

The drama. So I'm walking along, holding your hand while you hold Oliver's. I'm wearing Dylan, Ollie's got Gabe, and Draco you of course have Morgana. On my other side, I'm holding Atreyu's hand. Even in a crowd, seventy-five percent of the feisty foursome is pretty good about keeping close and staying together. But one little wolf likes to explore. So hand-holding on top of the usual safety charms is necessary.

Well we're all just wandering through the stalls when Trey cocks his head to the side and his nostrils flare. Yelping a bit he says, "Daddy! I smell something I know!" and starts pulling me by the hand. I let go of you, and took off with Atreyu. I'm secretly hoping this familiar smell is some sort of delicious food. Maybe it's the smell of some soap his Mama used, not quite as awesome as yummy food, but still. No. We get an aisle over and half a row down and he stops in his tracks. Right next to a stall run by a grumpy (and fairly handsome) man.

It is not a food stall or anything that has a particularly strong odor. Just wooden souvenirs. Alarms start going off in my head, I don't think this is going to end well. Atreyu tugs me closer so he can whisper in my ear. "I think I know him, my nose knows him, he's the smell I smelled."

Fuck.

I don't know what to do. Do I pull Atreyu away? Do I talk to the man? I'm certainly not going to have Trey approach him! While I'm panicking, the guy finally notices us staring at him, puts on his customer service smile and looks me right in the eye. Gods fucking dammit, I know those eyes. I watch those eyes sparkle with laughter when in the stables. I see those eyes fade out at night while
I tell stories. I've seen those eyes terrified in the middle of the night with nightmares. This man has
got to be Atreyu's biological father. At the very least a close relative. And since Atreyu recognizes
his scent there's really only one explanation.

As calmly as possible, I tell the man, "Excuse me Sir, but my son seems to recognize you from
somewhere. Can I ask your name?"

This cretin looks down at our son - his pudgy face, his sweet big brown eyes, his little thumb
popped into his mouth with worry - looks back at me and says, "Never seen him before in my life."

Atreyu started sobbing hysterically. I felt the air crackle a bit and I assumed it was Rage Halo
Harry making an appearance. But no, it was our sweet boy. He was so upset he was crackling the
air. I hurriedly rushed us behind the closest tent, cast a NMN, and popped us back to the hotel. I
sent you a message that we'd headed out so no one would worry when Trey, Dylan, and I didn't
come back. Then I spent the rest of the night holding a sobbing, inconsolable little boy until he
exhausted himself enough to fall asleep in my arms. I fell asleep myself shortly after, drained from
the emotional trauma seeing my son's heart break.

In case you were wondering what happened or why we left so suddenly or why there was an extra
little boy in our bed, that's why.

Today had damn well be a better day!

Love,
Harry

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Monday August 21st

Mis corazones,

Knowing that you needed a bit of time to calm down today, I decided that we were going to split
up like this, I took the Feisty Foursome, Jaz, Vanessa, Zaire, and Shtara with me, leaving you and
Oliver at the pool (and whatever else you decided to do) with the teens, adults (those that didn't just
take off in pursuit of shenanigans), and the three babies. Yes, even Morgana. She was apparently
quite insistent that she be given access to your milk at ALL times today, and refused to let me
touch her when she saw me getting the carrier ready so that I could take off without you.

I know Shtara coming with me was a bit of a surprise because she's generally closer to Siri and
Zwei, but she's apparently taken to Vani like a house on fire, and so, has decided to stick with her
like a permanent sticking charm.

As for Vanessa, I know I haven't talked a lot about her in my emails, but that doesn't mean that I
haven't been working with her. After her first initial rage passed, it seems that my unique
willingness to do girly things with our daughters is actually more healing to her than self defense.
Don't get me wrong, I'm still teaching her, but she tends to shy away and do more learning from Jaz
when they spar than she actually seems to learn from me. I'm actually rather tempted to have
Amala chase her, but I know that *that* would be the least helpful thing I could do, sigh...

She's doing a lot better, able to talk to Zaire somewhat easily, but she still half hides when Siri,
Zwei, or Orion try to talk to her in an attempt to be friendly. She ALSO screamed a bit reflexively -
as opposed to from actual danger - when she opened the door to exit the loo and saw Oliver waiting
to have a turn. He was worried because she immediately ran to the room she's sharing with Jaz, and
had Muffy deliver a message to me to go see if she was okay, which she was. She was actually
even a little embarrassed that her first reaction to seeing a man when she wasn't expecting to was to scream, but I reassured her that it's normal and that it might be something she has to deal with her entire life.

But THAT'S the entire reason I brought her with us. I wanted her to understand - even if only very deep down in the back of her mind - that she's safe and has to sort of get used to being around people (men) again. She loves the spa experiences, and is rather amazed by how much we go shopping, but it's really the walking around as a group in the midst of a crowd that helps her re-become accustomed to being in general public with men again.

But back to Atreyu. See the whole reason I suggested going off on an adventure with just the youngest - relatively speaking - is that I had promised Atreyu that I'd take him around to learn little bits about his cultural heritage while we were here. In fact, it's the reason I chose Mexico rather than Japan (because we all know how much I love Japan).

See, while we'd been wandering Manos Magicas yesterday, I found a lovely old witch that not only sells ice cream, but also happens to have a million grandkids that she helps teach her culture and beliefs to, so I immediately KNEW that she was perfect to chat with Atreyu. But not just him, the entire Feisty Foursome.

So, I brought them back to her shop and paid for her to give them small ice cream cones every 20 minutes for about 4 hours. Like seriously tiny ones, probably two inches high - whereas the older kids got to have a much larger dish of ice cream to nurse as they listened - well Zaire and Shtara listened with the help of the translation aids, but Jaz and Vanessa had to read the translation via their contacts - but you know what I mean.

Abuela had the littles positively HANGING on her every word. It seems that Atreyu has taught the other three as much Spanish as he knows, and keep in mind that he was bilingual and not exactly an expert in either language at just four, and so, it took a lot of concentration for all of them to keep up with Abuela.

She taught them a lot of little bits of information that would be of interest to kids their age that I'm not sure a person would EVER learn about the culture without living in it. She did this via stories and threats to not give more ice cream if they didn't sit still and behave. When I had enough ice cream myself, and thus decided that it was time to go, Atreyu was *convinced* that she was his ACTUAL grandmother - which she delighted in and told him (and me) that we can visit her anytime we are in Mexico.

It was as we left that things took a turn. I had picked Atreyu up and gave him a kiss on the cheek, and he was asking me something along the lines of: "Papá, did you hear her talk about el Chupacabra?" When I had to stop to avoid running into a rather good looking man. Atreyu gasped and buried his face in my shoulder, and I instinctively put my free hand on his head as if to shield him.

The handsome stranger looked a bit intense, staring at me almost defensively. "You're not his father!"

I raised a brow and gave him a fiery look. "Oh, and I suppose you are?" I snarked, knowing what you'd already speculated about running into him.

He actually flushed a dark red. "No! I mean that he was with his father yesterday, and he's a short man with dark hair and green eyes!"

"Yes, that would be my husband. I'm Draco Malfoy, and you are...?" I asked with a piercing look.
"That's not important!" He insisted until I continued to stare him down for about a minute of otherwise silence. "Fine! Diego."

"Great. Diego, why in the bloody hell do you care about some boy you've 'never seen before?" Especially since anyone with eyes and a brain in their head could see that he's happy and safe with his family, even if it doesn't LOOK like his family to you."

Diego grumbled. "I, uh... I DON'T care, but as I said, I saw him with his father yesterday, and I was concerned to see him with a tall and suspicious looking foreigner. Kids DO get kidnapped, you know?!"

"Hmm. Admirable," I admitted reluctantly. "But as I've already explained, you saw him with my husband, and so, I can assure you, that he is NOT being kidnapped, but honestly, don't take my word for it. Atreyu, como estas?"

"Bien Papá," Atreyu mumbled against my shirt.

I kissed him on his cheek. "Si? Verdad?"

He nodded, his thumb firmly in his mouth.

"Look me in the eye when you say that so that I can see that you're okay," I coaxed gently, stroking his wild and shaggy hair.

He slowly raised his head and looked me in the eyes. "I'm fine, papá. Just... sad..."

I looked Diego in the eye, challenging him to protest my status as Atreyu's father, but before anyone could say anything, the other three got Feisty.

"WHO IS THIS MAN?!"

"WHY IS HE MAKING OUR BROTHER SAD?!!"

"SHOULD WE BITE HIM?!!"

"Lily!" I admonished.

She flinched a bit comically. "Kick him?"

I gave her a stern look.

"Hex him?" She and Persephone asked in unison.

"No loves, there's no need for violence. This man was just expressing concern, but now that he's reassured, he can be on his merry way," I informed them.

"I dunno, dad," Zaire interrupted. "I think hexing is a brilliant idea! From what dad was saying this morning, this man DESERVES to be hexed within an inch of his life! Not to mention, I DO have one of my fighting sticks on me. You could duplicate it for Jaz, Nessa, and Shtara, and we could challenge him to a 'fair' fight."

I couldn't help but chuckle. "Blood thirsty, just like your father. Need I remind you that I'm a trained Auror working for the Ministry? The last thing I need is a trail of bodies popping up on our holiday."

Zaire glared at me lightly, summoned his stick to his hand, and pointed it at the stranger. "Answer
me just one thing: Did you EVER hurt Atreyu like my birth monster hurt me?"

The man looked extremely flustered by this point. "I never! I left the moment I realized that the mon - I mean boy, BABY! Whatever, that *he* was 'special' and I COULDN'T handle it. His mother LIED to me for so long, but then she just couldn't hide it one night and - WHY THE FUCK AM I EXPLAINING THIS TO YOU?!!??!!?"

I stepped between him and Zaire, not necessarily to protect one from the other, but to break the hostility between them. "Please choose your words a little more carefully when speaking to my son about my other son."

I'm dead certain he could see in my eyes how serious I was. He rubbed his forehead and sighed.

"Look... I pulled an asshole move. I DON'T want anything to do with the little furball, but seeing him... seeing HOW MUCH he looks like me. I... I got a little curious, alright?! I wanted to see if he was happy and doing well, but I wasn't prepared to be confronted by him so unexpectedly last night and pulled ANOTHER asshole move. It's a pattern because I am an asshole, there's not much I can do about that. But I just..." He trailed off with a helpless looking shrug.

Atreyu pulled his thumb out of his mouth and turned his head to sniff the air in the stranger's direction. He sniffed and sniffed and sniffed as if he was a bloodhound trying to locate a specific scent. Then he frowned.

"You don't smell like asshole. THAT smells so bad! Like when papá had Dragon Flu and he -"

"Ahem!" I cut him off hastily. "There's no need to finish that sentence!"

"Papá huele tan mal!" Atreyu muttered, waving his hand in front of his nose.

"I get it," I muttered dryly, giving him an unappreciative look.

"DADDY!" Persephone wailed dramatically, tugging on my sleeve. "I'm SO bored! When can we go do something fun?!"

"What do you want to do, love?" I asked in amusement.

"CLIFF DIVING!!!"

I sighed and smacked my head with my free hand even as Diego looked rather taken aback. "Perhaps something easier to do with -"

"***CLIFF DIVING!!!***" Persephone repeated, joined by Caelum and Zaire.

"But!" I protested because I CANNOT IMAGINE how'd I'd even BEGING to take *8* children cliff diving!

At this point, those that could talk were chanting: "CLIFF DIVING!" while Persephone, Caelum, and Lily were running circles around me. Atreyu stuck out his bottom lip in an irresistible pout. "Por favor, papá? PRETTY PLEASE???

"I CAN'T TAKE THE EIGHT OF YOU CLIFF DIVING ALL BY MYSELF!" I roared, trying to get some sense into them.

So, I'm writing this email as the instructor finishes casting all the safety charms and giving them instructions. I already cast all the safety charms, but one can never be too careful. The water is nice
and calm and there are no rocks to accidentally land on (I double checked!), so we should be fine. But this little magi-adventure is great because it combines two forms of cliff diving, one in which one uses a flight suit to get a bit of air time, and one in which one jumps into the water and swims a bit before doing it again. SO our kids will be jumping off a cliff, flying with their suit as much as possible, and then landing in the water and swimming until they're ready to do it all over again. This... might last days, if I'm honest.

If I never manage to persuade them to come home, just know that I love you all SO much and that I'll never forget you!

Draco

P.S. I blame YOU for giving our kids a malfunctioning sense of self-preservation.

P.P.S. Give Morgana a kiss for me and let her know that I did not forget about her.

P.P.P.S. Harry, give Oliver a kiss for me, and Oliver, give Harry a kiss for me. And then maybe come rescue me from overzealous kids!

P.P.P.P.S. There is an ENORMOUS species of Fire Ant on this cliff! They're gorgeous, and I'm SUPER glad they're not inclined to go swimming too, yikes!
Chapter 167

Chapter Summary

Harry had a relaxing day and Draco thinks he's brilliant.

Tuesday August 22, 2017

Mi Tontito,

Sorry I never rescued you from the team of lunatics you took cliff diving yesterday. I'm really glad there wasn't an emergency because I left my laptop, my magi-mobile, pretty much everything you would use to contact me in our rooms while we lounged at the pool for hours.

I wasn't particularly worried about you not being able to contact me, you'd have summoned Muffy who would have found me if there had been any real danger. I just can't believe you took all of those tiny people cliff diving! I really need to learn to stop being surprised by what our daredevil children want to do or by what you let them do.

Who am I kidding? I wouldn't have stopped them either. I would have watched them with a face full of anxiety and a million safety charms cast on them, but I would have let them do it. Except now that I've been told that Viona takes off her safety charms and spells after I cast them, I probably would have kept checking and recasting them the entire time.

Come to think of it, are you sure none of them took off the spells and charms you and the instructor added? I know they got my impulsive lack of self-preservation, but they all got your Slytherin cunning and inability to say no to competition as well.

You know, it's one of those parent things to say "I hope you end up with a child just like you!" and I don't exactly have parents to say that to me. But I really do think I have earned every last impulsive thing our children do. I think maybe I should send Molly some extra flowers as an apology for what I put her through between my antics and dragging Ron along with me. I should probably send a nice bouquet to Minnie as well.

"Why is it when something happens, it's always you three?" Indeed McGonagall ... indeed!

As much as I wish I'd been there to tell Atreyu's big-fat-abandoner exactly what I thought about him, it's probably best for everyone involved that I wasn't. I don't want Atreyu to be afraid of me. The man is obviously a useless piece of rubbish but probably not "get myself in trouble with the Magi-Mexican government" worthy.

It wouldn't be as bad as siccing your cheetah on a small child who's also the victim of violence. What in the actual fuck is wrong with you Draco?!? Have you lost your mind? Yeah, it's good for her self-esteem and feeling of safety to learn self-defense but she doesn't actually need to be at "murder your opponent" levels. She's a child you lunatic!

Sorry, had to do that just in case you took my silence after that statement as permission to do it. I'm not having a "you never told me NOT TO" situation ... DO NOT do that!

You know, when you told Zaire he was "blood thirsty, just like your father," I get the feeling you
were referring to me. But I am pretty sure they get that from you! Tell me there wasn't a massive part of you that wanted to respond to Lily's request to bite him with a "Hell yes!"

All in all, I think it's definitely a good thing I stayed behind with the babies. I had a lovely day in the sun, I got nice and tan, Ollie managed to bond himself a little better to Morgana, and if I'd brought Morgana with me to help you with the cliff diving I'm 90% sure you would have ended up strapping her to you and taking her diving. THAT would have given me a heart attack for sure!

Good thing I love kids and babies because we are on baby duty again tonight. A lot of the babies are specifically ours anyway, but tonight we'll have all the other infants until the wee hours of the morning. Today's Bel's birthday and so all the older teens and young adults are headed out clubbing all night. Eris and Eric, as well as Elena's crew, are looking forward to a night free of parental responsibilities. I'm looking forward to a night of getting extra baby cuddles! Chewing on some chubby cheeks. Making them giggle with hours of peek-a-boo.

I may have gotten all of us matching pajamas that say "Sleepover Squad" ... our older kids think they're dorky but the littles will think they're fun, the babies will look adorable in them, and I think Vanessa, Joel, and Jayden - who don't have big families - will think it's super fun! And if anyone wants to complain, I will eat their popcorn!

I think we're going to watch Inside Out tonight. One of those good movies that is bright and silly enough for the little kids to enjoy but with actual emotions and a story-line that will keep the older people entertained as well.

Love Always,
Harry

Wednesday August 23rd
HARRY!!!
YOU'RE BRILLIANT!!!

I've said it a million times before, but it never stops being true! You really are the most brilliant man I know. Oliver, back me up here, Harry could win competitions to determine cleverness.

Yes Harry, you really could - Oliver

HA! I told you so!

But let me get to the reason WHY you're brilliant. See, you mentioned that Vani needs self esteem, but that she DOESN'T need to be at 'murder your opponent' levels of self defense skill. That got me thinking that she's ALREADY at 'murder her attackers' level when it comes to self protection. MAGICAL self protection!

I'm not saying that I'm giving up on teaching her hand to hand combat style self defense, but it occurred to me that maybe one of the reasons she's so hesitant to learn from ME is that I'm a man and she's afraid that her *uncontrollable* magic will kick in and hurt me. So... what's the best way to help her be confident that THAT won't happen?

Teaching her to control her magic, right?

Yep, I know that she's technically not SUPPOSED to start learning magic until she turns 11 and goes to Hogwarts (or other magical school, including homeschooling), but when did a little thing
like age ever stop us from teaching our kids magic? By the time we left Africa, our TODDLERS had mastered a handful of wandless spells. Remember that time we lived in Australia and Viona decided to become an ACTUAL water bender? Wandless magic at its finest there.

The point I’m belaboring is that I’ve decided to spend this gorgeous afternoon in the climate controlled comfort of our hotel suite (at this point, it’s really the entire floor - or two, depending on the size of the hotel - whenever our entire family goes on holiday) with Vani, Jaz, and Zaire, teaching her to control and use her magic. I don’t expect her to master the skill in just one day, but I have plenty of time once we get back home and she returns to Unity to continue her training whilst you’re teaching and the littles are giving Hagrid a run for his money – during those times that HE’S not teaching, hahahaha!

I love the light that brings a smile across your face,

Draco
Harry decides to help teach Vanessa how to control her magic.

Thursday August 24, 2017

My Heart,

It's been such a lovely vacation, but again we're on the plane on our way home. Back to life, back to reality. Next week is our last week of summer Hols before Hogwarts is back in session. Which means next week is going to be full of packing and prepping and last minute lesson plans. Not to mention it will likely be full of your favorite; panicky Harry.

Fine! Panicky Harry is no one's favorite! But he'll probably only be here for a few days and if we keep him busy enough, he has less time for panic. Ooooh, or you could distract him with all sorts of subby deliciousness to get him out of his head!

We're all enjoying the third person nonsense I'm doing right now, yeah? No? Alright, please Master, if I'm not actually busy doing anything, will you try to get me out of my head as often as possible over the next week?

So, me mentioning Vanessa's magic defense reminded you to help her train her magic. And you mentioning teaching her to control her magic made ME think of something. I have an idea, but it would require getting Vanessa to trust me a bit. See, you are an amazing teacher, I have no doubts as to your ability to help teach her magical control. But ... magical control is something you've always had. Between being taught Malfoy masks from an early age and your magic's natural temperament, you've not had to deal with making your magic behave when it's throwing a tantrum.

This may come as a surprise to you, but I have some experience controlling fit-throwing magic. I know I'll be teaching soon, and will likely be quite busy. But I would love to help teach her how to use her natural power in a healthier way. It's likely she's quite powerful and I have a couple of tricks I use to help siphon off the excess magic when I'm feeling a bit too full. Hopefully this vacation was enough to help make her realize I'm at least mildly trustworthy.

Ollie and I were talking yesterday when you were working with Vanessa and I think we've come to an agreement on our ceremony. Obviously you need to be in agreement as well, but even if you don't like the idea, I figure he and I can gang up on you with the puppy eyes and you'll agree to whatever we want because you're a pushover when it comes to us.

I mean, we will discuss this rationally and get your preferences.

If it were completely up to me, I would get us married yesterday. You, on the other hand, made a very valid point about the wizarding world as a whole making allowances for me that other people do not always get. It would be hypocritical and awful, but I can see a triad marriage being enough to get parents asking for Oliver's removal as a Professor, but not asking for my resignation. I would fight it tooth and nail, and I would probably win, and Minnie would stick up for us, but it would be a lot of drama that I don't think any of us want. I hate the idea of starting our marriage with such a
negative beginning.

But you and I both know that Ollie will win over the kids and parents alike with his love of flying and quidditch. Once he's established himself as a fantastic instructor who's well liked by the children (you know he will be, he's amazing), people will be less likely to throw a fit about who's teaching the children.

Which is why we are thinking of setting a date for a late June or early July wedding next summer. We'll all be off for Hols, it will give us the next year to really learn about each other and cement our relationship before taking our vows, and the silver lining will be that our littlest set of triplets should be walking well enough to be teeny tiny ring bearers and flower girl!

And they'll be old enough and used to other people caring for them so we can leave them for a real honeymoon.

What say you our love?

Yours,
Harry

P.S. Don't forget we're having an entire circle dinner tomorrow and the August birthday celebration on Saturday!

P.P.S. We should set an official date before then so we can announce it during the circle dinner!

Friday August 25th

Harry... -_-  

First of all, let me congratulate you on the fact that Vanessa was able to feel safe enough on the plane ride home to sit holding Jaz's hand and listen (watch) to you talk (sign) her through controlling rage magic.

Secondly, you're damn lucky that Oliver is calm and sensible.

So, when we got home, Jaz and Vani begged me to keep her an extra night rather than return her to Unity right away, and since Jaz hasn't really had a lot of sleepovers, I couldn't resist those gorgeous pouting eyes, so I said yes. Then I promptly got busy printing up some of my favorite pictures of our vacation.

All was fine until I went to put them on our wall of photos. I stood back and admired the pictures until:

"Oh hell no! Draco! We are NOT having pictures of ANTS on our walls!!" You roared.

Our kids are somewhat used to this behavior (us fighting), and so those of them that were in our suite basically ignored us. I think that Jaz and Vani hadn't even actually noticed anything, too busy signing to each other. Meanwhile, Oliver was holding Morgana - since she deigned to let him while she watched her brothers kick each other's feet on the floor.

"Why the bloody hell not?!" I demanded, flinging my hands out to indicate ALL the pictures on the wall. "We ALWAYS put pictures of our vacation up!"

"Yeah, our VACATION! NOT BLOODY ANTS!!" You insisted.
"I TOOK THESE PICTURES ON OUR VACATION!!!" I pointed out rather reasonably.

"THEY'RE STILL PICTURES OF BUGS, DRACO, AND I'M NOT HAVING THEM ON OUR WALL!!!

"WHY THE BLOODY HELL NOT?!?!" I questioned emphatically. "THEY'RE HIGH QUALITY, HIGH DEFINITION, ***WIZARDING*** PHOTOS, SO THEY MOVE OH SO REALISTICALLY!!!

"EXACTLY!!" You shouted, seeming to think this was a valid point.

"THEY'RE STAYING PUT!!!

This seemed to trigger your rage halo, which was actually on the rather weak and pathetic side, comparatively. I took this to mean that you were enraged but not at murder your opponent levels. Yet.

"THEY BLOODY WELL ***ARE NOT!!***" You screamed so loud that a window shattered.

I brushed a little of the glass debris out of my hair. "THEY BLOODY WELL ARE!!!"

"***ARE NOT!!***" You shouted so emphatically that your rage halo got a bit brighter and I'd swear you actually levitated a half an inch or so off the floor.

"I REFUSE TO TAKE THEM DOWN UNTIL YOU CAN GIVE ME A LOGICAL REASON ***WHY*** I CANNOT HAVE THEM ON THE WALL THAT ***ISN'T*** THAT THEY ARE ***ANTS!!!!!***" I yelled, trying to get some reason into your thick skull.

You cast something at me, which was probably a simple stunning spell - so that you could vanish my pictures while I was out cold - but I dodged that and cast a stunning spell at you in return, which basically evaporated when it hit your halo. This led to us BOTH casting spell after spell, most of which were *probably* harmless, at each other until Oliver cast a sonorous on his voice and roared:

"STOP ACTING LIKE BLOODY CHILDREN!!!

We paused our heated battle to look around the room. Not only was Oliver staring at us like we were his kids and he'd just caught them having a row about something stupid (we both refused to admit that he might be right about that bit), but Vani was staring at us with wide eyes from where she was cowering behind Jaz - who was basically rolling her eyes and shaking her head at us.

I will admit to being so very proud of you, because instead of turning your anger on Oliver for interrupting us, you took a deep breath, and then said: "Vanessa, when you're in the midst of what feels like uncontrollable rage magic, start by taking a few deep breaths and giving yourself a moment to think about what you are actually doing."

I assume that your thoughts had now turned to how you were scaring a little girl for no good reason, because your halo faded as you took several deep and even breaths.

"The magic is YOURS to command, and it'll only ever go out of control if you LET it," you added, looking remarkably calm at that point.

Sighing in relief, Oliver held up his hands to placate the both of us. "How about a compromise? Draco, what if we can find something ELSE to satisfy your urge to look at pictures of ants? And Harry, if Draco consents to taking his pictures off the wall, will you consent to letting him have
"Leaving the pictures on the internet?" You questioned flippantly. "I already suggested a nice CLOSEABLE photo album, and he rejected that completely."

Oliver grinned at both of us. "An ant farm. Think about it, the ants will be magically sealed in the farm, but the glass plates will allow Draco to look at them as much as he wants. They will basically be unnoticeable to anyone that doesn't want to look at them, but they'll be there doing their ants things 24 hours a day."

I was rather impressed by this suggestion, and you looked... reluctantly accepting? Not entirely sure because you grumbled that you had to go to the loo and left the room before answering.

So, you've been in the loo long enough for me to write this email. I'm giving you two choices, either let me have my pictures on the wall, or let me have an ant farm. Hopefully you've made a decision, because I'm going to come burst in on you - hopefully taking a bath - and hold your gorgeous shaft hostage until you agree with me.

Incoming!
Draco
Chapter 169

Chapter Summary

Harry experiences a bit of emotional trauma, and then Draco has some very upsetting news.

Chapter Notes

Warning, this chapter contains some VERY atrocious, possibly psychotic manipulation.

Saturday August 26, 2017

Well, last night could have gone better.

Then again, it could have gone worse. I was so excited to share our news with our circle, and our announcement to the kids and your parents went super well. Why wouldn’t the announcement to the entirety of our loved ones go just as well?

I still don’t know the answer to that. No one was … upset I suppose. But the reactions were a bit lackluster. Maybe that's not the right word either. I expected shock, and even though he already knew, I expected Lucius to give us shite about it. I think I had just gotten my hopes up that our family was going to be super excited and jump up and down in joy or possibly break into song.

Alright, I may have had unrealistic expectations.

I was most surprised at the Quartet's reactions. Once the information had settled in, we got a good-natured ribbing from Blaise, "Finally caught on mates? It's better with more. It's even better with four!" With that, the four of them traded heated looks. (Lalalala, don't want to think of what they do with my step-aunt / more like a niece / daughter's best friend who's practically a daughter to me. After the elaborate eyebrow waggle, he then turned to you, "it's just bad luck it won't be a real legal marriage ceremony, are you going with a commitment ceremony then, or a bonding?"

Draco, you looked a bit panicked at that, and I stupidly didn't understand why, so like the moron I am, I stuck my overly large foot into my idiot mouth. "No actually, we've already spoken with Kings, who's done whatever Minister magic he needs to do and we're going to have the first legal triad marriage in Wizarding Britain. Isn't that fantastic?"

Except they didn't seem to think it was fantastic. Blaise's face dropped out of his teasing smirk. Kisa's eyes narrowed. But I think Ron and Hermione were the worst off, and specifically were mad at me. 'Mione looked at me with the saddest eyes I think I've seen on her since that time I died, and asked, "That's all it took? You just talked with Kingsley and Ta-Da, the whole world just bends over backwards to adjust?"

I tried to respond, really I did, although the only thing that came out was a string of "Um" and
"Erm" and a few "But I" attempts at sentences in there.

Ron, arsehole that he can be, spat out: "So your marriage is worth throwing your name around but our relationship isn't?"

Oh fuck that. His bullshite was enough to get me to stop the stuttering. "That's utter shite and you know it Ron!" he tried arguing back, but I shut him down real quick, "Never once have any of you told me you wanted to get married. Never!"

Again Ron looked to open his mouth to argue, but seemed to realize he didn't have a leg to stand on.

"Yeah, that's what I thought. In the last, what, eighteen years since you, Hermione, and Blaise have been together, or since Kisa joined you all eight years ago, have a single one of you mentioned to me or Draco that you wanted to get married? No. Not once did I hear so much as a hint of anything even as subtle as 'gee I wish polyamorous marriage was legal' for me to have the slightest clue it was something you wanted. I wouldn't have even needed a direct request like 'hey Harry, could you put in a word with Kingsley or the Wizengamot on the topic of triad or quartet marriages?'"

I started to tear up, it was like my eyes couldn't quite decide if I was angry or sad. "I can't believe you think so little of me, you must not know me very well anymore if you think for one moment I wouldn't have fought for you. That I wouldn't still fight for you."

And that's when I noticed Ollie slipping away from the table, heading to our rooms. It seems someone thinks this is all his fault. Well, reassuring Oliver that he's one of the best things to ever happen to me was more important than staying and continuing to argue, so I followed him to our rooms. Draco, you followed us about five minutes later.

Then we spent the night assuring Oliver that we love him, telling him with words, with our kisses, and especially with our bodies, just exactly how important he is. How essential to our lives.

I woke up this morning feeling good about our relationship, but heart sick from last night's fight. I had been so excited to share our news, sharing the date we set, and really looking forward to today's birthday party. I should have been looking forward to celebrating Phil, little Molly, Bel, and Dominique's birthdays. I was definitely looking forward to seeing Aleksei annihilate his first birthday cake. Instead, I was dreading seeing people who were mad at me, and the people who witnessed the fight. I was embarrassed and angry and sad and ... and ... a bunch of other stuff.

I went to see if the elves had put out a breakfast buffet for the massive group in the Manor that day. Luckily they had. Unluckily, or at least I thought it was unlucky at the time, the only other person up early enough to enjoy it with me was Hermione. I thought it was going to be awkward when she started out with what sounded like small talk, "Good morning Harry, you're up early."

"I'm always up early, I can't sleep in very long at all, even if I've been up most of the night."

She sighed. "That's me as well. I couldn't sleep in this morning, even though I slept so poorly last night." Again with the big, sad, 'Mione eyes. "I'm so sorry Harry, it's not your fault we never told you how desperately the four of us wanted to have our relationship validated and recognized. You have always been so supportive of our family. From day one, you've never so much as hinted you thought there was something less real about our family. For years, we thought it wasn't possible to have anything more than we already have, it's a sore subject that has nothing to do with you."

Okay, maybe I don't have to dread the rest of the day anymore. She and I hugged it out, and she assured me that Ron felt the same way and would apologize at some point in his roundabout Ron
Now I'm writing this while feeding the babies. Waiting for the rest of you to wake and for this party to start.

I'm glad there isn't going to be another fight about this today. If I had known there was going to be one last night, I probably wouldn't have completely orchestrated my, erm, pretend tantrum over the bug pictures. I uh, orchestrated that whole thing so I could show Vanessa a hands on example of how to bring down your flickering accidental rage magic. Because that's absolutely what that was.

I guess we will go shopping tomorrow for an ant farm. "Cool" I am "so excited." But Dragon, I really thought you knew me better than that. You decided to hold my shaft hostage until I gave in to your demands? Do you know anything about me? I was going to let you hold it hostage as long as you wanted to! You ridiculous man of mine.

Relieved,
Harry

Saturday August 26th
Oh Harry,

I need you to take a deep breath and focus on remaining calm. I have some upsetting news and I don't think you're going to take it any better than I am. See...

So, alright, what happened was that I was awake slightly earlier than usual - I'd say roughly 10:30. I asked Muffy what everyone else was doing as I did some yoga and prepared to rush through my morning routine so that I could go eat breakfast in the buffet room along with whomever else might be in there. I was hoping for a good half dozen interesting companions at the very least.

Well, Muffy told me that you were out in the play park area with most of the younger kids because you wanted to play with Aleksei. Oliver was with you, playing with and keeping an eye on our babies - since Morgana is still insisting on staying as close to you as possible. I honestly think she must be going through a growth spurt to want you on tap at all times lately.

Muffy then told me what everyone else was doing, including the fact that Orion was home, sleeping off his late night - since he'd performed last night. Well, I knew that someone was bound to wake him up sooner rather than later - since Bianca and Roderick tend to go jump on his bed when he sleeps in too late, much like toddlers, hahaha. It's just that with Viona gone, Eris preoccupied with her baby, and Hazel practically attached to Pearl's hip, they don't really have anyone else here to hang out with. Thus, Orion waking up whether he likes it or not.

With this in mind, I decided to go wake him up myself and have a bit of a chat with him about how his business is doing. Basically, I wanted to offer to go through his books or anything he might need help with in order to help him stay on top of things - even though I know he's crazy smart and is probably well on top of things. Basically, I wanted to bond and reassure him that I'm not still scandalized about his chosen career. I mean I am a bit, but I'm doing my best to keep that under control.

So I went to his room, and as I passed the door to Hazel's room, heard evidence that she's succeeded in her quest to, erm, well, I'm sure I don't need to say it out loud for you. I resisted the urge to cast a silencing spell on my ears and knocked lightly on his door, but there was no answer.
I expected this because he would still be sleeping, right?

Wrong, I walked in to find him glaring at Farrah. "Say that again."

Apparently the two of them were so absorbed in their argument that they completely didn't hear me. My first instinct was to apologize and back out of the room, but I was immediately too shocked to move so much as a step back, although I did feel close to fainting.

"I said I'm pregnant and it's YOURS!" Farrah reaffirmed quite loudly.

"That's bloody IMPOSSIBLE as I know DAMN WELL that I cast the protection spells Every. Single. Time!" Orion growled at her.

"That's true, you do. But sometimes these things just happen," Farrah informed him, looking a strange mix between nervous and nonchalant.

"Oh hell no! I'm not buying that it was ACCIDENTAL or 'it just happens!'" Orion snarled, looking ready to hex her.

Farrah sighed and looked away from him. "Fine! It was the only thing I could think of to make you realize that we're MEANT to be together! So I took a potion to override the protection spells."

"YOU BLOODY WHAT?!?!?!?!!?" Orion roared, understandably angry.

"I just want to be with you!" Farah defended desperately.

Orion held up a finger to basically tell her to shut up and wait for him to think for a moment. He still looked ready to hex her, and since he is OUR son, he was probably fighting a bit of a rage halo of his own. After a few deep breaths, he responded.

"I DIDN'T WANT BLOODY KIDS! However, since YOU have decided that my wishes don't matter and that I'm going to have one anyway, here's what we're going to do: I'm going to make this baby my heir, taking care of that little tidbit that always sort of nagged at me in the back of my head. But to DO that, I'm going to have to marry you and legitimize him. So that's what I'm going to do, BUT DON'T think that means that I'm going to play happy families! I'm GOING to keep on doing as I am! I happen to LOVE who I am and what I do, and you're either going to accept that, or you're going to be miserable as fuck!"

"I... can accept that..." Farrah murmured meekly, looking ashamed now with an underlying gleam of excitement in her eyes.

"AND ***AFTER*** the baby is born, when you come to the realization that we are NOT meant to be together, you can file for divorce and I won't fight it, but you ARE going to sign a bloody prenup so that you CAN'T use this as an excuse to take all my money!" Orion informed her, being remarkably level headed despite his clear anger simmering just under the surface.

Definitely more level headed than me. I was still frozen in shock and couldn't move nor speak. I may have even had my mouth hanging open.

"Anything!" Farrah promised, looking up at him again. She looked so hopeful that I wanted to shake her out of this mad fantasy, and also slap her a couple of times for doing this to our son.

Speaking of, he cast a pregnancy test spell on her, and then a paternity test spell, which as you might remember, I helped to refine over the years so that it can detect the baby's magical signature even in the womb. It actually did light up as his, which made him look visibly enraged and
disappointed for a moment before he nodded in acceptance.

"Come on then, we're going to go have my lawyers draw up that prenup, and then we're going to Gretna Green," Orion informed her, taking her by the hand and Apparating away before I could catch my breath and protest.

So.....

Erm...

Well. I hope that you're sitting down and have a bag to breathe into. It seems that we're about to gain a new daughter in law. I think we're going to have to come to terms with this and be united in our support for the next year or so. I'm certain that Orion is right and that she'll be miserable and file for a divorce shortly after the baby is born, but that's no reason for US to treat her badly as she will be giving us yet another grandchild. And no matter what SHE has done, it's not the child's fault.

That's basically what I have to keep telling myself. I've actually just spent the last two or three hours in the Crystal Room destroying things and trying to come to terms with this situation. I *think* I'm... able to wrap my head around it at this point. Barely. I'm going to send this off to you and stay in here doing meditation and perhaps some more yoga - since I need to work on my Occlumency skills a bit.

Don't worry, I'm not planning to Occlude any of my feelings.

Come find me when you've had a chance to process?

You're the one who keeps me sane,

Draco

P.S. Oliver, love, I'm not trying to exclude you from this, I just, well, it's my first instinct to write about things like this to Harry. I know you're going to be just as concerned as we are.
Chapter 170

Chapter Summary

Harry reacts to the news...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sunday August 28, 2017

Draco Lucius Gods-Damned Malfoy!
(Oliver, Sweetheart, if you're reading this, any rage is not directed at you!)

First of all, how DARE you make me sound like Molly? I love the woman, but her howler to Ron when we drove the flying car to Hogwarts that ended with the aside to Ginny congratulating her for getting into Gryffindor was absolutely ridiculous. And now I'm sending an email to my loves basically Howler-ing at you and congratulating Ollie on NOT infuriating me.

And now you have me complaining about my mum!! If Molly somehow gets wind of me calling her previous Howler use ridiculous, I am throwing you right under the bus. I'll tell her you prefer Muffy's shepherd's pie to hers, don't test me, I'll do it!

It's too bad Vanessa has already headed back to Unity, I've had so many occasions to teach her not only how to calm her rage magic but also to teach her that even grown wizards occasionally have issues containing their magic and she's not alone.

I cannot believe that you saw all of this happening with Orion and who can only be described as his stalker, didn't interrupt, didn't stop the situation, didn't follow after him, and THEN instead of coming to find me, you smashed crystal for two or three hours. THEN wrote an email. By the time I actually found out what was happening, the birthday party had started. And not that I wouldn't have been willing to skip it for something urgent, but you'd already wasted three or four hours and I knew it would be too late to do anything by that point.

Also, there was cake and ice cream. If I wasn't going to be able to stop my son from marrying a lunatic, I at least wanted to drown my sorrows in red velvet cake and vanilla bean ice cream.

Also, wine.

I luckily sobered up before bed and had a hangover potion ready to go just in case for this morning. I didn't need it. But that might be because for the second night in a row, I barely slept because I was so stressed out from the previous day's drama. I have a feeling I'm going to need to fly tonight if I have any hopes of getting a full night's sleep. Unless this was all a terrible dream and I will wake up well rested with a non-pregnant Farrah. Yeah?

Yeah, I thought not.

I can't even begin to think about how to fix this situation. On one hand, before he married the nutcase, we honestly could have had her brought up on charges of line theft. Luckily, our boy is smart enough to make sure there was a pre-nup. He's a brilliant little businessman, I'm sure the
thing is ironclad. But while she's definitely committed the crime, what would bringing her up on charges truly accomplish? He's never wanted children, I can't imagine he particularly wants to be a single father. But that would really be the only option if she ended up spending time behind bars.

So, what's the other option? We welcome her and the child with open arms? How can I possibly look this woman in the eye knowing she sexually took advantage of my son? It's not like the Eris and Eric situation where they were both as consenting as their alcohol levels allowed and they were both too stupid to cast protection spells. Farrah not only specifically created a child with no thought to what Orion would want, but with the explicit intention of trapping him into a relationship with her.

Maybe instead of criminal charges, we need to have her assessed mentally. She's unhinged! Perhaps she needs to spend some time with my friend Gilderoy?

But that puts us right back into Orion being forced to raise a child he never wanted.

Alright, I can't keep spiraling down this path. I am going to work myself up into an anxiety attack of epic proportions. If either of you gorgeous men need me, I'm off to find my father-in-law and get utterly shite-faced. Yeah, I'm about to get mid-day drunk.

Come find me and take advantage of me if you're in the mood! Preferably before I challenge Lucius to another "I can take WAY more cock than you can" contest!

All of my panic-riddled love,
Harry

Sunday August 28
My understandable upset Harry,

Here's how things currently stand: It's about 10 PM and Orion is still not responding to Insta-owls that are 'expressing concern over why he didn't attend the group birthday party.' YOU are passed out, having been shagged into oblivion by me and Oliver after having drunk yourself under the table with my father and several other of the men in attendance at the party.

Thankfully, someone started a group singalong of all the best drinking songs, and so you never did get around to challenging anyone to an 'I can take more' contest. Although A: Oliver is dying to know more about that, so I plan to locate the email talking about it and read it to him, and B: Oliver is a little, erm… well, not quite upset, more like shocked and a tiny bit dismayed by the fact that the moment you got to the stupid drunk stag, you started licking and biting Ron and Blaise's necks, which activated Blaise's impossible to resist sex magic, which WAS leading to shenanigans that I would have quite enjoyed watching, but that Oliver put a quick stop to by throwing you over his shoulder and carrying you to our bed.

Hence the being shagged until you passed out.

But DO NOT worry yourself to death about Oliver's dismay, he still loves us, and once I explained that Blaise is a Veela with impossible to resist sex magic, he understood that you were drunk and under the influence of sex magic, and NOT purposely trying to go against our current rules. Plus, you more than made it up to him by trying to devour all his sensitive bits during our rather energetic shagging.

You actually passed out about 8 or so, and after Oliver and I recovered enough strength to move
without falling off our feet, Oliver suggested something that sounded brilliant to me. He had me go outside and cast a spell he inexplicably knew that would help me locate a Queen Ant. As you can imagine, there are actually a lot of colonies on our property, and each has it's own Queen or two.

So, with the location spell cast, I was able to do a little bit of investigation of the different colonies and decide WHICH one was the most appealing to me, and here's where the location of the Queen actually became relevant: Knowing where the Queen of the colony was located (and keep in mind that all of the littles were watching in fascination), Oliver cast spells to conjure glass panels, which he sunk into the ground about two inches to either side of the Queen. Thus, he was able to lift a rather nice cross section of the colony out of the ground - completely contained in the glass case.

He then performed a few interesting spells to seal up the bottom and sides of the cage, and then cast spells over the whole thing to ensure that they cannot escape, but basically, the top is open in a way that I can either directly or have Muffy feed them the sorts of things that ants eat. They WON'T be able to escape, but they won't be suffocated and starved either.

I've put my new ant farm on my bedside table so that I can watch them as I fall asleep, speaking of which, I think I'm going to sign off now and turn in a bit early so that I can hopefully be well rested if our son pops back home tomorrow to announce his sudden marriage. I'm thinking that the reason he's not responded to any communication is probably that they've been busy consummating - as he once told you that THAT part of their, erm, rivalry was always fantastic. So... wake me if anything happens I need to be awake for?

And by the way, I cast a spell on you to force you to sleep until at least 8 AM, even if the drunken and sex fueled blackout wears off before then.

Love you like I just can't live without you,
Draco
P.S. Harry, this is Oliver, Draco basically dictated this as he sat in bed next to us, so I heard every word and I just want to reiterate that I'm not mad at you, and that I also love you more than I thought possible! -Oliver

Chapter End Notes

Draco literally was so thrown for a loop that he honestly didn't think about putting a stop to things until he was writing to Harry, and by that point, it was already too late.
Chapter 171

Chapter Summary

Harry stumbles across something shocking, and Draco has a chat with Orion.

Monday August 29, 2017

Mayday! Mayday!

Code Red.

Or ... code green?

Alright, we should probably put together a color system because I am now realizing we haven't actually put any colors to any warnable actions.

So, I left for Hogwarts this morning. The rest of you are supposed to come tonight after dinner. One week until classes begin here! T minus one week. I know I at least got THAT code right! Yeah, I will officially be a Professor in less than a week! I mean technically I've been hired, I've signed paperwork, I've gotten our quarters, I've begun setting up my classroom, I've put together lesson plans, but I haven't actually taught a student. I don't think I will consider myself a REAL Professor until that happens.

After the absolute insanity that was this weekend, I didn't want to risk running into Orion or that woman today, so I set out at the crack of dawn. Or I would have if I could have woken up at the crack of dawn, but someone placed a sleeping spell on me. Because of that, I did what any self respecting adult would do, I apparated my arse to Hogsmeade before I'd even gone to the loo. Lucky for me it was a quick jog up to the castle, and then I got to test out our en suite. And I'm pleased to report that it's a pretty nice loo to have a morning routine in!

Oh! Wow, I got off topic huh? Long story as short as I can possibly make it, I ran out of stuff to do. Yeah, I was so worried about not having to see someone that I wanted to hex, that I got here much too early and was bored around two in the afternoon. And now that I've removed myself from the situation, I feel really embarrassed and immature for running out on my son's announcement. I feel like an utter shite. If Orion hasn't already emotionally emancipated himself from being my son, tell him I love him and I'm sorry I ran away like a coward.

When I ran out of stuff to do I went to bother ... I mean see if I could help out Poppy or Minnie. Minnie shoo'ed me away, told me she had more important things to do than entertain a bored Gryffindor. But Poppy had an errand for me to run. I guess the potions professor wanted to negotiate an additional fee for stocking the hospital wing with healing potions. (Side note: Poppy does NOT like him!) and both she and Minnie agree that it was too late to find an adequate potions professor this close to the beginning of term, so they're paying the staff at St. Mungo's to brew the necessary potions for the school. I was asked to head over to St. Mungo's to pick up what they've gotten ready.

Well, I decided, since I was feeling so badly about ditching Orion, that I would walk past the Maternity/Pre-natal/Pregnancy based ward just in case. Maybe he was going to bring Farrah there
to make sure her overriding potion idiocy didn't cause any harm. Then I could see him and give him a hug and assure him of my love and support. And possibly accidentally step on her toes or something. Nothing that would cause harm obviously. Fine! I won't do that, I just really really really want to alright?

I did not see either of them over there. But I DID see a certain ridiculously handsome fiancé of mine's EX in-laws. Where did I see them? Maybe walking through a different area; perhaps they were seeing about getting a heart transplant since their current hearts are missing or frozen, maybe looking to get their souls purged of the garbage they're full of, maybe something else offensive I can't think of because of the CODE RED!

No. They were IN the pregnancy ward. What in the world are they doing there? They're like a million. Are they actually stooping to kidnapping babies or something? I just .... what?!?!?!?!

I screeched like a crazy person, ran down the corridors, grabbed the potions I was there to retrieve, and got back here to Hogwarts as soon as I could. Would the two of you hurry your arses up and get here? I need you to join me in my hysterical mental spiral trying to figure out what the fuck those pieces of gobshite were doing there.

Love you!
Harry

Monday August 28th
My perfect little panicker,

So, while you were gone at Hogwarts, Oliver had gotten up shortly after you and had Muffy help him feed the babies. After they were full, he took the boys out to the stables, leaving Morgana to babble and play with her toes right next to me as I finished sleeping.

I woke up about 11 or so when Morgana started getting fussy and wanted another feed. So it was that I was sitting in bed, feeding Morgana and eating my own breakfast when Orion popped into our suite.

"Morning dad, my elf says dad's not home, but I really need to tell you both something," he informed me nervously.

"Let me set your mind at ease," I said as I gestured for him to sit on the bed with me. "I heard everything, and only because I was too shocked to move, did I NOT try to put a stop to things."

"Er, what?" Orion asked in confusion.

"I went to your room to chat with you yesterday, only to overhear Farrah announce her happy news, and then you promptly take off with her to get married," I explained.

He seemed a little relieved that he didn't have to explain everything. Sighing, he ran a hand through his hair. "I really hope you can understand. I, well, I honestly didn't want to have kids, and I didn't think I'd get married either. I basically wanted to play around until got tired of it and decided to settle down."

"Yeah," I murmured supportively.

"But even as I made plans to do exactly that, in the back of my mind, I always felt a little guilty that I wasn't having an Heir. I know I KNOW! I could have always blood adopted one of my nephews
to make him my Heir, but the centuries of wards and family magic sort of insist on direct, unbroken lines, so I wasn't certain the Manor would accept a blood adoption," he rambled on.

"As much as it's powerful and wonderful to have centuries of magic to rely upon, I could have helped you break it all and start over from scratch with more equal and fair family inheritance requirements," I informed him.

He shrugged. "Well, it's a moot point now, because from the moment that Farrah said she was pregnant, about 90 percent of me was ready to strangle her, but the other ten percent was relieved that I'd not be the one responsible for breaking the family line. So, yes it's really REALLY hasty, and probably a very bad idea, but I wanted to marry her and legitimize my child so that I didn't have to worry about the inheritance thing. I mean, just think about the hassle Eris is going to have to go through if she never gets married and has a legitimate child. Thankfully, the Black line will accept girls and non-related/adopted Heirs, but if she ever wants to name Luka as her Heir, she's probably going to have to Blood adopt him or get him to marry a distant but legitimate member who carries the blood - such as Teddy; which could be interesting, if I'm honest."

"Orion..." I drawled in an attempt to prevent him from ruminating over every potential carrier of Black Blood still in existence.

"Anyway, what I'm saying is that I know I rushed into it rather hastily, but I did sort of think all of these things through previously, and I feel that this is the best option all around. I'm married to Farrah, we'll have the Heir, and then she can stay married to me or go on her merry way, for all I care."

I frowned at that. "Are you saying that you don't care if she takes your child and leaves?"

"Well, I don't LIKE the thought of that, but I honestly don't see her doing that," Orion said with a shrug. "See, ever since she suggested that we start actually dating - after she found out that I own the Hog's Head - part of what she's been asking for is for me to give that up - sell the business - and settle down to do something more respectable - in her opinion. I bet she'd LOVE it if I ran an Import Business or a Boutique or something. BUT one of the things that I got her to agree to - I even had it put in our pre-nup - was that I WILL be continuing on running and performing in the Hog's Head, and she cannot say or do anything about it. Literally, hahaha! If she tries, the magically binding contract will silence her voice."

I chuckled at that, unable to find it anything but amusing.

"So, she's going to live in my flat above the Hog's Head with me, and then once the baby comes, if she STILL thinks that our relationship is working for her, she can stay, but if not, she can leave. Divorce or not, the decision will be entirely up to her, since I will more than likely be too busy doing my own thing to care what's she's doing."

I was silent for a moment because I could see that Orion seemed to be holding something back. If I was a less scrupulous parent, I probably would have just slipped into his mind and found out what he wasn't saying, but honestly, I THINK he was holding back his true feelings. I bet he actually loves her in some way, enough to put up with her machinations, despite the fact that a large part of him wants the exact opposite of love and marriage.

Basically, a conflict of ideals.

After he literally started sweating because of my silence, I gave him a faint smile, intended to be reassuring. "You know, when I told your dad this, he erm..."
"Freaked the fuck out?" Orion asked with a soft chuckle.

"Quite," I confirmed with another tiny smile. "BUT he said something that I think is very valuable. He really is the brilliant one in this marriage."

"What did dad say?" Orion wondered curiously.

"He said that she should probably have therapy, and I agree. I think that it would do BOTH of you some good to go to therapy. Couples therapy, so that maybe you can have someone help you explain to Farrah what her actions did to you emotionally - in a way that she'll understand."

Orion sighed, thought this over for a moment, and then nodded. "Yeah, I can see how that might help. Especially since I am also probably going to need a lot of professional advice on how to suddenly share my life with someone that blatantly manipulated me the way she did."

"Do you want me to look for recommendations?" I offered.

Orion shook his head. "Nah, I refuse to see anyone but Carenza. She's been my therapist ever since Wendy retired, and I love her almost enough to buy her her own Island in the Caribbean - in a platonic way, I hope you understand."

At that point, I set Morgana aside and shifted until I could hug Orion. "You're actually lucky that I overheard you, because I had plenty of time yesterday to smash crystal and get over my anger, so that now, I'm accepting - more or less. I plan to support you in everything, even if I may not like the things you're doing at first."

He laughed. "You've come around to the idea of me stripping off amazingly quickly, so I think there's probably not much I can do at this point that's worse."

I kissed him on the cheek rather than say that I could think of a few things he could do - such as murder innocent people - that would push me over my limit. Because there's NO NEED to even mention that as he's such a good boy that he'd never even think it.

After that, we chatted about this and that, not to mention planned out how to break the news to the rest of the family. I suggested that even though it might be more tedious than a giant family announcement, he might want to consider telling Eri first, then Hazel, Viona, and River, before making a giant announcement to the REST of the family.

A couple of hours had passed, and he had actually fallen asleep on our bed (his night was apparently very athletic and exhausting, ugh), when your email came in. At that point, I sent Muffy off to tell Oliver to come in when he had a moment, and then typed up this reply as I waited. Happily, Oliver just came in the room, so I plan to sign off and explain the situation to him so that we can go calm our beloved.

Keep on a'rockin' me baby,
Draco
Tuesday August 29, 2017

My Own,

Gods I needed last night. I thought I needed to discuss my worries, think about all the reasons those two could have been there, analyze every single moment of the entire interaction. No, what I needed was my gorgeous men coming and distracting me from my worry.

I don't think it helped that I was already worried about the Ori situation. It sounds like your conversation with him yesterday relieved your fears. I have to be honest, it didn't alleviate a single worry for me. I just hate that this manipulative person is getting her way and now Orion is acting like he'll be totally cool with it after a bit of therapy? He doesn't want kids, he doesn't want to settle down, he doesn't want to be told what to do .... and now he's going to be married, with a newborn, settled in to get his heir at the age of seventeen?

Is he actually relieved that he won't have to break the family line? Or is he using that to justify the situation he's been thrown into? Does he secretly care for her like you seem to think? Or is he just attempting to make the best of a bad situation? I get the whole 'when life gives you lemons, make lemonade' thought process, but I don't think there's a saying that translates into 'when someone creates an entire new life to trap you into a relationship, marry them.'

Yeah, I am pretty sure I reacted badly to seeing those people because I was already in a bad place emotionally. Not that I would have reacted happily, I hate those people, but I probably wouldn't have shrieked and run away either. Although it's possible that running away is better than potentially unleashing Rage Halo Harry upon the Maternity Ward of St. Mungo's. Keeping a tight rein on all of it still would have been a better option than that. I was able to keep completely calm and not unleash even a small amount of sparks at the hearing, but that was probably because I was focused on our Ollie and his reaction as opposed to reacting to other people in the room.

Plus he's got a cute arse so that's always a bit distracting.

I have two unbelievably handsome men with amazingly fit arses that I just want to grab onto. Sometimes I want to take a bite out of them. And no Draco, I can hear you complaining from here, your arse is NOT getting bigger and it's delicious and utterly grab-able. I will not listen to a single argument on the subject. I think this is another quirk like your obsession with ants that I'm pretty sure is just your brain malfunctioning and seeing something no one else is seeing.

You both arrived at Hogwarts yesterday shortly after I sent my email. We did talk a little bit about potential motives or reasons for those two to be there. Best guess obviously being that they are in some way trying to gain an heir since theirs has recently passed and they don't claim our Parker or Cassie. Ugh, I hate that they still have to exist in our world. Why did I have to walk by the stupid ward? Why did I have to make their lives my business? Why can't they go take a long walk off a short pier?

Well, you both wanted the info and to assure me they're not our problem reminding me I don't need to obsess, but we didn't dwell on it. Since Ollie isn't planning on prepping the broom shed and all its contents until this afternoon we had the entire evening to spend together just us and the babies and the feisty foursome. The older kids being dropped off by Lucius and Narcissa later on this evening. And dear Merlin I will cherish the beautiful memories of last night for a lifetime.
The three of us in our room, holding our three babies, while the older four ran in and out, stopping for a hug or to tell us something fun they'd just discovered. But the beginning of this part of our lives, the beginning of our second Hogwarts' adventure, was us sitting on the floor of our rooms talking about how we wanted to decorate, dreaming of future days to come where we will live and love in this place. Full of stolen kisses, baby giggles, dreams, and hope.

Then, once the seven littles were sound asleep for the night, we asked the elves to keep an ear out for them and the three of us went and had a midnight flight on the quidditch pitch. Chasing each other, daring each other into tricks, 'accidentally' falling and grabbing an arse to help ourselves stabilize. It was a wonderful evening and a magical night. If we begin as we mean to go on, this might be the best chapter of our lives yet!

I woke up this morning with my loves in my bed and a smile on my face. Also, a nice hard cock grinding into my hip. Mmmm.

I've just taken a bit of a break from putting my classroom together to write this email. I'm thinking of heading to lunch around one if you want to join me.

Love Always and Forever,
Harry

P.S. I don't think they will because the pieces of gobshite seem to think adopted kids aren't good enough, but I warned Tabitha against them if the EX in-laws go anywhere near Unity House.

Wednesday August 30th
The beats of my heart,

Oliver, I know you're probably still out practicing your teaching skills on our littles, and Harry, you've actually been in a rather long staff meeting today, where the Heads of Houses are brainstorming, erm… House Unity things? Not entirely sure, to be honest. I was still at least half asleep when you were telling me before leaving.

So, since I woke up all on my own with three babies and Muffy to help keep them from overrunning me, I had nothing to do today until it was time to head over to Unity for my sparring with Vani. Just so you know, seeing you go all Rage Halo actually DID help her. She said that if you can be so mad that you are literally on fire and NOT hurt me, then she can probably stop being so afraid of hurting me that she doesn't really learn anything.

So, she's actually making progress! It's still not at 'I can physically defend myself without magic' levels, but it's definitely headed in that direction.

But as I was saying, I had nothing to do, so I decided to bring our three babies in to see Healer Rowe. She finds it a bit amusing that we bring our babies in for more check ups than strictly recommended, but considering their rough time in my womb and whatnot, she completely understands why we might want to occasionally come in and say: Hey, can you take a look at our perfectly healthy babies and just verify that they're still doing just fine.

Good news, they are doing just fine. Gabriel had a bit of an episode of staring off into space whilst we were there, and so, she was able to document it - and look over the notes we're keeping - and suggest a bit of an adjustment to his potions regimen. Side note, she isn't 100 percent certain it will help, but apparently children with Epilepsy occasionally have some success in following a high fat/low carb diet. It has something to do with the extra fat in the diet providing extra lining to the
nerves and buffering them from 'misfiring.' She does feel that it's a bit early to give our baby anything other than a complete milk diet, but that it's something we might want to look into for the future.

So... while I was there, I happened to ask Rowe a question, and despite it being a breech of privacy, she's been our Healer long enough that she knows I wouldn't ask for malicious reasons. And she's right, *I* don't have any malicious intentions, heh heh…

So here's what I found out, or at the very least, what Rowe SUSPECTS. She could be wrong as she hasn't actually checked their file, but it seems that they are either using a surrogate to have another Heir - since they did have a bit of infertility issues and are now rather elderly. OR they are using a sample from their son (Oliver, you did mention that he'd had some samples put into stasis during your trying to conceive stage, right?) to create what would be his Heir - also using a surrogate. The last option is least likely but still possible: they could be straight up cloning their son.

Yep, that led to a rather fascinating conversation. It seems that it's actually quite a bit easier for the Wizarding Community to make clones than it is for the muggle one - ESPECIALLY since the muggles figured out how it was possible, and so a good Potions Master was able to create a potion to make that bit even easier. So, it's possible that there is - even as I write this - a clone of Edwardmundgerwhateverhisnameis being incubated as a regular baby in a volunteer (and probably well-paid) womb.

Here's the kicker, both Muggle and Wizarding communities have advanced to a point where they can screen embryos for genetic diseases, like the one he died from, and so, doing it like they are (if they are), any of the three methods I just described CAN actually result in a baby that won't have the same medical issues, thus they'll have their Heir and he or she will be healthy.

I want to be an arse and say that they don't deserve it, but if they're already at the point where they need to be seen by the Maternity Ward (rather than the fertility specialist), then I just can't bring myself to wish ill on an innocent baby.

Ooo! It's now time to go spar with Vani! And if she just so *happens* to suggest a bit of spa time when we're done, well, who am I to argue?

Love, lust, and everything in between,
Draco
Chapter 173

Chapter Summary

Harry has a weird dinner, and then it's time for the welcoming feast.

Friday September 1, 2017

Holy Shite!

I just had the weirdest ... dinner? Pretend dinner so we could secretly discuss things that shouldn't be discussed? Undercover meeting with pasta as a cover story? Whatever you want to call it, I just went to dinner with Rowe and It. Was. Insane.

Let me back up. First of all, more importantly than anything I found out during the dinner, update on Gabe. So all three of us were sitting around this afternoon, Ollie and I were all set and ready to greet our students in class Monday morning. Ahead of schedule I might add! When Gabe had a seizure. I know, he has epilepsy, it's currently active and not fully controlled, so *A* seizure isn't out of the ordinary. But this particular seizure is the longest one that we've witnessed. It scared the shite out of me. It seemed to scare the both of you as well.

I kept waiting for it to be over so I could document it, but it just kept going. Honestly, it was probably a minute or less, but normally his seizures finish up within thirty seconds, so it may as well have been an hour for how much it terrified me. Once he was done seizing and seemingly back to normal, I decided we needed to go see Rowe right that minute. You stayed at Hogwarts with Morgana and Dyl and the rest of the kids. I truly feel it was necessary to take him in, but I am a bit disappointed I didn't get to hang out all evening on one of our last free evenings all together before school requirements start taking up a majority of our time.

So, medically speaking, the potion Rowe added on Wednesday during her tweak to the regimen is likely the culprit. She said that particular one is very polarizing, it either really helps or it makes things worse, no in between. It's why she added such a low dose to begin with. Since we are all so particular about documenting his seizures, we caught it quickly enough that he may have another extended seizure or two in the next few days while it works out of his system, but it won't cause any lasting damage.

Another tweak of potions, taking off the bad one, increasing the dosage of a different one, and we'll keep documenting and keeping an eye on the changes.

Fun side note, the little chunker is over seven kg (16lbs) already!

So get this, once we were done with the medical part of the appointment, Rowe and I were chatting away. How are the kids? How is the new job? Blah blah blah. But then it got weird. Rowe said, "I usually see Draco since you're so busy with Hogwarts, I think we should go get dinner together, don't you think?"

Uh, not that I don't adore her, but she's never actually invited us to hang out like that. We've grabbed her a nice dinner from Cafe Exquis when we know our appointments are making her stay late, we've invited her to special occasions and birthday parties, she's more than *just* a healer to
us. But at the same time, she's never just randomly invited me out to dinner after an appointment either.

I think she could sense my confusion because she followed it up with, "I just love catching up with you boys. I know your Oliver has been to appointments and is fantastic with your babies, especially little Gabriel and his special needs, but I'd really love to hear all about him and how you've all fell in love, I'm just so curious about Oliver."

Oh! She has information but can't give it at St. Mungo's! "I'd love to talk about our Ollie! He's wonderful and loving and such a calming presence, it's surprising how loving he is with his background." And at that, Rowe's eyes got a bit wider and she nodded. "I assume you don't want to be annoyed with the wizarding world interrupting us to gawk at my stupid famous face so should I get us a private room at Exquis?"

That was most definitely what she wanted, so I messaged you and Ollie to let you know I'd be home later than we thought (making sure to let you know it wasn't related to Gabe so you didn't panic) and then called the Café to let them know we were coming; Rowe let the staff know she was leaving, and we headed out to dinner.

We had an absolutely lovely dinner. I know it wasn't really the point, Rowe was just trying to get me somewhere private where she could tell me what she knew, but it didn't stop either of us from getting our fill of delicious food. I had the Spinach Ravioli with marinara and a few pieces of the buttery garlic bread I love. Rowe had what I assume was a yummy wild rice soup, if the look on her face was any indication to her enjoyment.

Well, it seems she's found out new information since she told you her guesses about what those two arseholes were doing in the pre-natal area of St. Mungo's. As you know, since you're the one who initially chose her as our family's primary healer, Rowe has specialized in adopting a muggle-hybrid style of healing where she relies on magic but also incorporates muggle advances in healing if they are better than the magical options. Because of this, she was sought after by another Healer to ask for her expert advice.

I guess, keeping in mind patient confidentiality, there is an unnamed couple looking to have a surrogate carry a child for them. But they want some specific screening done in the hopes of avoiding a potential issue. All normal right? If this is the unnamed couple WE think it is, I would assume they'd want to make sure a subsequent heir wouldn't have the same disease their son died from. And yes, they do want screening for that. But here's where the other healer had to speak with Rowe; they want to know if there's any way to screen out the gay.

Yeah. This couple is curious if, and I quote: "Is there any way to screen for the gay? Or will we just have to make sure to raise it knowing it can't choose to be gay?"

What in the actual fuck?

Once we finished eating and Rowe had told me everything she could .... without telling me a single thing *wink wink* - she went home. So now I'm sitting in the private room with Gabe, writing this, feeding him HIS dinner, and trying to figure out what to do or say. Do you want to come here and talk? Should I just get myself calm enough to come home? I don't trust myself to apparate or floo with Gabe right now while I'm so worked up.

Every time I get to a point where I think humanity can't disappoint me anymore, this kind of crap snags me in the head with the reminder.

I love you always,
Saturday September 2nd
My darling Harry,

Last night, after you came back from your dinner with Rowe, you were basically just in time for the beginning of term feast. All the students knew you were going to be their Professor, since you'd already been here for a bit last year. Except for the first years, who were practically silent from wide-eyed awe that they got to have THE Harry Potter (now Malfoy) as their Muggle Studies Professor. Eventually.

But since the news wasn't really all that new, the students gave you a warm but moderate welcoming clap. None of them had known that OLIVER was going to be the Flying Professor, so when he was announced, I swear the whole hall went wild with things like:

"He's a famous Quidditch player!"

"I LOVE watching old games featuring him as the main Keeper!"

"I'm going to pretend I'm TERRIBLE at flying just so he has to give me personal lessons!" That was inadvisably squealed by a Sixth Year Gryffindor girl, hahaha.

All in all, Oliver seemed to get a rather heated welcome, which seemed to utterly shock him. He was a bit white and shaky looking as he looked around at all the enthusiastic students cheering him on. McGonagall smiled at him fondly and let the students carry on for a bit before calling order, and then adding an introduction for me.

"And lastly, even though he is NOT a professor, Draco Malfoy is going to be living in the castle and taking care of his and Professor Malfoy's younger children, and he has graciously agreed to lend an ear if anyone should happen to need to talk to someone who ISN'T a staff member. He has a LOT of children, and so, has heard everything; I also encourage you to seek him out if you feel you need to."

I chuckled and stroked Morgana on the head. "Just DON'T try to touch our youngest daughter Morgana without her permission as she doesn't take kindly to just about anyone touching her."

"Misters Malfoy, would you like to briefly introduce your littles so that everyone knows who the younger children running around the grounds are?" McGonagall asked.

You took my hand and kissed it to let me know that you were just fine with me being in the spotlight. I started with the oldest one we have with us.

"Everyone, this is Zaire, and even though he is 11 and old enough to attend Hogwarts as a student, he decided to homeschool so that he can focus most of his attention on his restaurant he opened almost exactly a month ago now, called Zaire's Langa - located not too far from Diagon Alley, in the revitalized muggle wizard hybrid area outside the Leaky Cauldron."

Zaire burst in with this cheeky little bit: "All Hogwarts students - and staff - will get a 10 percent discount, so make sure to check it out the next time you have a chance! Perhaps during Christmas Hols!"

"Za-ire..." you muttered softly, gently taking him to task for mildly inappropriate self-promoting.
"Dad..." he muttered at you in return with just enough attitude to make most of the students laugh.

Moving on, I continued the introductions. "This is Jasmine and she's deaf, so if you're calling her name and she doesn't answer you, it's literally because she didn't hear you - or notice you. She's very friendly and can read lips, so don't feel like you have to avoid her, and if any of you are interested in learning British Sign Language so you can communicate with Jaz and others who are hard of hearing, we have Jaz's lifelong nanny Leah here with us to not only interpret for her, but also to give lessons to whoever wants them."

This actually seemed to spark a bit of interest, which I found strangely gratifying.

"These four here are Persephone, Caelum, Lily, and Atreyu. I daresay that if any of you are having trouble in Care of Magical Creatures Class, they'll be an excellent resource to help you review your lessons."

"Too right they will!" Hagrid cheered them on. "Those four quite possibly know more about Thestrals than I do!"

"And unicorns!" Persephone insisted.

"Can we go ride the Thestrals after we finish eating, daddy?" Atreyu asked very eagerly.

"No!" You blurted out in alarm.

"But WHY not?!" Atreyu demanded. "We ride our Thestrals at home ALL THE TIME!"

"Our Thestrals at home AREN'T living just inside the Forbidden Forest!" You explained a bit emphatically. Atreyu accepted this, but his crossed arms and pouty lips told everyone that he was NOT happy about it.

I pressed on before he could protest. "Which just leaves Morgana's twin/triplet brothers: Gabriel and Dylan. Headmistress McGonagall has given Harry permission to have one of the three in class with him as he likes, and so, chances are you'll see these three the most."

"AHEM!!! WHO are they going to see the most?!!" Siri demanded, clearly miffed.

I chuckled. "I meant NON student Malfoy. Obviously the Gryffindor Beaters are going to be more popular and well-known."

"That's what I thought you said," Siri muttered, settling back down rather easily.

And with that, McGonagall took over again and gave out some beginning of term notices and reminders before declaring that the feast was over and everyone should return to their dorms.

After returning to our quarters, we basically had the weekend to do nothing but wait for classes to begin on Monday, except, well, you wanted to fine tune your lesson plans, and the problem was that you were trying to stick close to a more 'acceptable' lesson plan when what you really wanted was a more 'informal' one. After discussing it practically to death, you finally agreed with me and Oliver that your style is going to be just as valuable - and perhaps more so - than the previous Professor's.

Basically, you still want it to be mostly talking about things that interest the students, and so plan to have topics to start the conversation each class, but then just go with it wherever it leads. Your biggest concern is that this approach doesn't lead well towards assigning homework or giving tests, thus you didn't know what to base grades off of. It wasn't until Ollie pointed out that you can base
grade off PARTICIPATION (like he's basically going to have to do), that you finally looked like you had an epiphany.

So, we'll see. I know you'll probably drive yourself crazy with panic and worry until you've got a year or two under your belt and have a chance to really figure out what works best for you. Until then, just do your best and remember that you AREN'T required to be perfect, just better than Lockhart, hahaha!

I kid! You're going to be perfect! I love you so much ^_^

But now I get to describe my day.

As you know, Hannah stopped by - our suite in the Manor - and called for Muffy to come get me. So, you knew that I was probably going to be working with Hannah for a few hours, but then I didn't just return to our home in Hogwarts as expected.

It's because...

So, normally when Hannah stops by, it's because she has a cold case or an urgent active case involving a child. And this sort of involved a child. It's just, well, not about the child so much. See, apparently there's a single father that has an approximately six month old daughter, and they live in an appallingly tiny flat in the Bexley Borough of London.

Well, the neighbor on the other side of the bedroom wall noticed something odd. It seems Lana is normally a happy, cheery, and quiet baby, but suddenly last night, Lana started crying. Also normally, Darrin is an attentive father who makes sure that he fixes whatever is making Lana cry as soon as possible. But Lana just kept on crying for about an hour or so.

The neighbor - Mrs. Hamby - thought: Alright, sometimes babies just cry and nothing stops them. But THEN Lana woke up about every hour or two and cried for about an hour or two - all throughout the night and morning, but strangest of all, Darrin didn't seem to be doing anything at all to comfort and soothe her. So, in the morning, during a crying fit that seemed to be getting fainter and weaker, but not... like a baby who is being comforted does, more like a baby who has cried so long they just can't anymore does. So, she was definitely concerned by this point and used the spare key Darrin had given her to take care of his cat on occasion to let herself into his flat.

Except the door was just slightly ajar, which made Mrs. Hamby wonder if a burglar had come in, robbed the home and murdered Darrin. So she very cautiously opened the door a crack and looked in until she was reasonably certain no one was waiting there to murder her - which would be unlikely based off how long Lana had been crying, the burglar would have been long gone.

Still cautious, Mrs. Hamby remained as silent as possible and crept around the flat looking for evidence, but all she found was normal things. The telly was on. There was a half eaten takeaway container of curry on the coffee table. Some dirty dishes were in the sink. There really wasn't much to indicate a burglar.

So then Mrs. Hamby wondered if maybe Darrin had had a heart attack and died. She made her way to his bedroom and found that it was also normal, except Darrin was not in his bed and Lana WAS in her crib. Thus, the child was all on her own and practically starving by that point.

The first thing Mrs. Hamby did was pick Lana up, comfort her, and get a bottle ready to feed her as soon as possible, then she called the police because she has no idea what could have happened to Darrin.
It just so happened that Hannah was assigned the case because it sounded like there wasn't an active or immediate crime to respond to, and so, and Inspector would be needed to figure out what had happened. Hannah obviously tried the usual - such as pulling his financial records to see if he'd suddenly done a runner, but if he did, he's NOT using any money from his account.

It's now been three days and Hannah has had no success finding Darrin, and Mrs. Hamby can't take any more time off to care for Lana. So Hannah (who had pulled some strings so that Lana could stay with Mrs. Hamby - who she knows - rather than be brought to child services), decided that she'd come grab me and see if I could get any information off the things in his flat.

Well, that's what's taken me so long. I've basically been wandering this bloke's flat touching and holding all his things, and while I've gotten a LOT of information about him in general (which is why I'm calling him by his first name, I feel like I know him rather well by this point), nothing has given me the slightest clue about what happened to him. At this point, I can be no more help to Hannah, which is breaking my heart just a little.

So, I came up with a temporary solution. See, once Mrs. Hamby stopped by to chat with Hannah, and mentioned that she REALLY had to go to work and had no idea who to have watch Lana, I rather unthinkingly blurted out that I could watch her for a bit. Mrs. Hamby was suspicious until she had a chance to look Morgana over and see how I care for her with an ease that only comes from LOTS of practice. So she let me have Lana for a few moments to see how Lana would take this turn of events.

I honestly have NO idea what it is about me that makes all baby girls just love me, but Lana took to me much the same way Viona, Jaz, and Morgana have. That is to say that she calmed down almost immediately, took about 4 ounces of milk rather quickly, burped, and then dropped off to sleep.

Funnily enough, I did all of this while singing softly to both Lana and Morgana - who NEEDED me to sing to her to keep her calm about the fact that I was holding an UNKNOWN (potential rival) baby. She looked about ready to hex something when I took Lana in hand! But she remains content enough to share so long as she gets more than her fair share.

After Lana fell asleep, I tucked her into the 'spare' carrier (that I subtly conjured when I said I was pulling it out of my bag), so that she and Morgana are both on my chest, and now even Morgana is napping.

But part of what is taking me so long, is that I volunteered to stay here in this flat until Mrs. Hamby gets home from work, and she works the second shift, so it'll be late. Thus, I'm currently lounging on Darrin's sofa, typing this up, and hoping that something gives me a clue about his whereabouts after all.

I'll be home as soon as I can, but just so you know, I, erm, well, I also volunteered to babysit for Mrs. Hamby until Darrin is found, which could be a few days. Or longer. So... At least I'll have something to do - in between working with Vanessa and taking our littles back to the Manor to get some quality time in the stables.

If I'm not too tired, I'll have my way with you (or even BOTH of you!) when I get home,

I got that James Dean, daydream, look in my eye,

Draco

P.S. Were you as amused as I was when McGonagall let Zaire try on the sorting hat in her office and he was sorted Hufflepuff? Oh sure! We finally get a Hufflepuff that can tell us all their secrets, and he ALSO chooses to not go to Hogwarts. I suppose that Hufflepuffs do like to be busy though, so maybe it's not so surprising that both our boys were doing homeschool/apprenticing/work rather
than attending Hogwarts.
Monday September 4, 2017

I love teaching!!

Alright, I know it's only the first day, although technically I did teach last year a few times a week, but to be fair I was teaching a different teacher's syllabus and attempting to follow his teaching style. With both of those factors competing, I am still going to say this was my first day teaching. Yeah. Definitely. And I love it!!

I just wish you were home with us so I could tell you all about it. Ollie and I both miss you so much. We're proud of you, proud of what you're doing, and desperately in love with that big heart of yours that makes you attempt to help everyone you can. But we selfishly miss you. He and I were sitting here after dinner, he was telling me about his meeting with the captains and I was talking about my first day when Ollie interrupted me to say "I hate that Draco's not here for this, it's not the same without his reactions to our stories."

We both decided no matter how late you get home tonight, we insist on you waking us up so we can spend some time with you. Maybe we'll talk, maybe we'll fuck. who knows?

I do. I know! I'm requesting a deep buggering.

How are things going with little Lana? Any updates on where Dad went missing to? How's Mrs. Hamby doing all of a sudden caring for a newborn? I suppose for you it's really only day two of babysitting since yesterday was Mrs. Hamby's day off so you spent the day with Jaz and Vani at Unity. Has Morgana tried to attack Lana for taking her Daddy yet?

I know McGonagall warned the students that I had permission to bring the babies into classes, but I hadn't planned on bringing any of them in on the first day. But seeing as you had already left for babysitting before I was done with teaching for the day, I did take Gabe and Dyl to my last class. It was sixth years who already knew me pretty well and it's a smaller class at that point. So I decided to incorporate the babies into the discussion. We discussed the difference in everyday chores between the Muggle and Wizarding worlds. Nappy changes are SO much easier as a Wizard (although still not wonderful) and I used the two boys to do a side by side comparison.

Eventually, probably because it was a classroom full of sixteen year olds, the baby discussion turned into a bit of a sex education class. We talked about the difference between protections spells and Muggle prophylactics in preventing diseases, protection spells and Muggle birth control to prevent pregnancy, the inability of Muggles getting their men pregnant, and even discussing birthing options. It was informative and segued into information my students were interested in while staying within the parameters of Muggle studies.

You're right, I absolutely need to teach my way and not try to fit into the last professor's teaching style.

But now I'm off to spend the evening with my lions. I need to get to know them, see how they're settling in, see how first days of classes went, all those head of house duties!

Make sure to wake us up when you get home.

Love Always,
Harry (And Oliver)
Wednesday September 6th
My loves,

Monday I was babysitting Lana after spending some time at Unity with Vani and Jaz. It seems that when Zaire takes off for his restaurant each morning, Jaz just heads on over to Unity to spend the day with her best friend Vani. Thus, it’s actually Jaz who - in many ways - is helping Vanessa with her therapy and healing. Jaz has more or less taken over the bulk of the Krav Maga training, so that when I arrive to do some sparring, Vani is showing some real improvement.

But then I have to get to Darrin’s flat in time for Mrs. Hamby to leave for her job. On Monday, I basically did as I had before, sit in his flat watching bad telly while waiting for him or Mrs. Hamby to return. Yesterday, at some point, I wondered why I needed to stay in the flat when clearly, Mrs. Hamby was running low on supplies like formula and nappies.

So I took Lana and Morgana shopping and bought about a year’s supply of nappies in various sizes to accommodate her as she grows. Then I bought about a year's supply of the highest quality formula I could find - which was an organic brand that promised to have no chemicals or artificial substances in it. Even better, they had sample bottles for sale, which allowed me to give some to Lana to see how she liked it. I daresay that it was tastier because it was already in liquid form and smelled like milk - whereas the formula that Lana's been drinking is the cheapest stuff available and smells a bit like someone burped, farted, or possibly even vomited into a large vat of the formula during its manufacture.

In any case, after buying all of that, well, it's probably no surprise that I had taken quite well to stress shopping. NOT that I personally am experiencing a large amount of stress, just that simply worrying for Lana is a bit stressful. So I bought her a nice large wardrobe - also in various sizes to accommodate her as she grows.

The last thing I did was buy her a much better crib, as the one she's currently using is a bit small, and seems to be more of a thing people put their children in to play quietly for a few minutes. I bought her a lovely hand carved wooden crib with a cushiony yet supportive mattress.

So - of course - the first thing I find out today after Mrs. Hamby left for work was that Darrin had been found. Hannah dropped in about 20 minutes after Mrs. Hamby left - thus I hadn't had time to decide what to do with the girls, and I was leaning towards taking them to a park before maybe a movie.

Anyway, Hannah dropped in and told me that Darrin's body had turned up in a derelict lot, and that by the looks of it, he'd spent the majority of his time missing actually dead and rotting in the heat. Apparently, it was a local stray dog dragging one of his feet off toward a secret litter of puppies that alerted a passerby that something weird was going on. That passerby reported the sight to the police, who searched the area until they found the remains of Darrin's body and the stray dog's nest.

Chances are that the entire body could have been eaten by animals - far more than just the dog and her puppies - and never found, had someone not spotted his foot. So while Hannah still has to sort out what to do with Lana (hopefully Mrs. Hamby can adopt her), the entire focus of the case has shifted from missing person to murder.

To that end, Hannah popped off relatively quickly tonight. I'm going to probably take Morgana and Lana out places to keep my mind as clear as possible, and then when Mrs. Hamby returns from work, I'll probably stay and chat with her for a bit. Hannah has promised to come back and
officially give her the news. At that point, I suspect Hannah will either have something with her, or want me to turn up shortly after waking tomorrow so that I can touch Darrin's body and see how he died.

Speaking of which, I CAN'T believe I forgot I could do that! Hannah remembered me telling her about the boy in the box, in which all I touched was his hand (not to mention that one time with the finger), but back when it was my cousin who had died and someone was trying to frame me, I'd completely forgotten all about just touching the body. I was in a mindset that I didn't have some THING of hers to focus on.

Anyway, I'm going to sign off now and see what I want to do with two baby girls who seem to tolerate each other well enough that there aren't open brawls, but judging by the glares they give each other, they ARENT happy having to share either.

Everything I do, I do it for you,
Draco
Chapter 175

Friday September 8, 2017

My Love and My Love,

Please tell me neither of you have forgotten me. I have been so busy this week I honestly can't remember the last time I spoke with either of you for longer than it takes to say "here's this baby, I'm headed to class" or "give me that baby so you can head to class" or "quick, let me feed that baby before you head to babysitting,"

I know that this first week of term is insane. I knew it was going to be hectic. It's hectic for any professor or any head of house; add the fact that I am two of those things, my fiancé is one of those things, my husband apparently has a side job as murder solver and nanny, and I also have a whole horde of children of my own that I need to give love and attention to, and I'm pretty sure I've not slept all week.

Obviously I need to check in with my lions and be available for meals and in case my students have questions, but the fact that I've assigned zero homework yet makes me think I will have very few legitimate questions. I may get a few nosy little gossips just wanting to hint around about my handsome men, but nothing that will take any brainpower or much time.

I need to catch up on my sleep so I can stay caught up next week because you KNOW I am not missing seeing my girls' designs at Fashion Week next weekend. I'll be assigning work for my students of course, I can't just go weeks blaming a light load on my family responsibilities, but I plan on spending each evening grading everything as it comes in. Again, I need to have the entirety of next weekend free so I can go see my fashionistas! I am so proud of them both. And unlike their Daddy Harry, I've not heard a panicked peep from either of them!

Any updates on the case Draco? On little Lana's living situation?

Ollie, I've heard little bits when we've sat up in the evenings feeding the babies, but how has your first week of classes gone? Get any teaching done, or just spent most of your days fending off terrible teenaged flirting?

I miss you both, I love you.

I need not your beauty but the lights from your hearts,

Harry

P.S. But the both of you are damn beautiful!

Monday September 11th

Our Harry,

I have nearly a week's worth of things to tell you about, most of which you won't have heard me talking about yet because you've been so busy with your students. As I understand it, classes are going so well that your non Gryffindor students keep visiting in your regular office after classes and staying to chat until you literally have to kick them out to get to your next class, dinner, or your evening Gryffindor office hours. During the evenings, which you have reserved for your lions, they keep you busy by piling into your office and chatting about whatever's on their minds until the
clock chimes 10 or even midnight and you damn near fall asleep on them.

Which means that you've been coming to bed after Oliver has already fallen asleep and I'm giving the babies a last feed. At that point, you've been so tired that you basically kiss us all before passing out. Then you wake up at some insanely early hour and repeat the whole process all over again.

Thus I had barely seen you all week - although Oliver reports that he's managed to stop in and borrow you for a few minutes each day for a quick shag and some kisses - apparently in one of the staff loos so that the students CAN'T accidentally walk in on you.

In any case, it's been hectic for you. So, let me tell you about everything that's happened to me (and a few things involving Oliver) that you might not have heard about yet.

Starting with Thursday.

It seems that Darrin's mother - who lives in Canada and wasn't easy to track down and get a hold of - received Hannah's messages and dropped everything to come to London, arriving just about the time I popped in to Darrin's place to check on Mrs. Hamby and Lana. Mrs. Young - Darrin's mother - was chatting with Mrs. Hamby and they were discussing Lana's care. It seems that Mrs. Young is willing and able to take her granddaughter home, relieving Mrs. Hamby - who wasn't able to adopt nor continue to look after Lana.

Mrs. Young heard all about how I'd helped out with Lana and gave me a hug to thank me. This made Morgana growl a bit, but not react too badly. Then Mrs. Young took Lana back from me and kissed her on the cheek - I had insisted on holding her for a moment when I first walked into the flat - and fondly ruffled Morgana's hair. This unsurprisingly made Morgana screech in outrage and blow all the lights out. It being the middle of the day meant that there was still plenty of light to see by, so - with a sigh - I pulled Morgana out of her carrier on my back and held her up so that I could look at her sternly.

"Stop that, my little Queen. It's starting to get excessive and you're going to have to learn to let others touch you eventually," I informed her.

She did NOT take this well and made all of the ice from the freezer fly out as if attacking me. I gave her a firm look until she seemed to back down for the moment. I don't dare think I've won the argument, simply that she's not able to tell me off with words yet, and so, is biding her time.

"Sorry about that," I murmured to Mrs. Young and Mrs. Hamby. "Morgana seriously dislikes when anyone touches her. I'll just fix all that up in a jiffy..." It was as I was casting the Repairo and cleaning charms that Hannah arrived.

"I thought you weren't supposed let muggles see you perform magic," she said in amusement.

"Of course I'm not, but MY DAUGHTER doesn't give a bloody damn about the Statute of Secrecy and created a mess I had to clean up," I explained.

Hannah laughed and gave me a kiss on the cheek in greeting. Meanwhile, the two muggle women were looking around at the newly cleaned and repaired flat in silent awe. Hannah helped immensely by running on with business as if nothing odd had happened.

"I've had a chat with the worker in charge of Lana - the one that will have to sign off on it should you want to take full custody of your granddaughter right away, and she simply has to run a background check first. She promises to have that done and the paperwork signed off on first thing
tomorrow morning, Mrs. Young."

"Er... right..." Mrs. Young mumbled, still looking a bit spooked.

I gestured to the several bags of shopping I hadn't bothered to unpack. "I made a run with the girls on Tuesday to pick up supplies and got a bit carried away. There's a year's worth of nappies and formula, and a wardrobe that'll probably last nearly three years as I kept finding things in bigger and bigger sizes that looked adorable and perfect for Little Miss Lana. I can have them shipped out to you so that you don't have to worry about how to get them home. I also bought her a brand new crib as she seemed to be sleeping in a playpen rather than a proper crib. It's out here simply because it wouldn't fit in the bedroom. I'll have that shipped to you as well."

Mrs. Young now looked rather suspicious of me, but since the crib was clearly of excellent quality, she shook off her misgivings and gave me a small smile. "Thank you, Mr. Malfoy. It's much appreciated."

It was then that Morgana squirmed and made a pss noise. "Ah, you'll have to excuse me a moment, my daughter has to use the loo."

I took Morgana to the bathroom and held her in position over the sink, rinsing it out when she was done. When I returned, I could hear the last whispered bit of explanation about magic before Hannah decided that the more important thing was: "In any case, as I told you to begin with, Meg (Mrs. Hamby), I'd invited Draco to help out on the case because he can often see things that others can't, and while his ability didn't let him see what happened to Mr. Young before it was too late, it might just help us figure out what happened to him."

"I watched Draco touch everything in this flat, and nothing gave him a vision of whatever made Darrin leave his flat, although the sofa and the takeaway did show that he'd gotten up to answer a knock on the door," Hannah explained. Which was true but since neither of us could be sure that it was the event directly prior to his disappearance, I hadn't mentioned it to you previously. For example, that could have been a delivery, and Darrin could have accepted it and gone to take a shower before something else happened. My visions don't come with time references, so unless I happen to see a clock in the vision, I can't tell if one thing happened before or after another thing.

However, this seemed to satisfy Mrs. Hamby, who nodded in acceptance and shrugged. "Come on luv," Hannah beckoned to me. "If you're ready, I'd like to take you to the morgue so that you can see and touch Darrin's body."

"I will do it and not complain, but seeing a person's final moments is rarely anything but traumatic." I sighed in acceptance and grumbled.
Hannah understands my feeling on this, that I don't mind doing it, but that I also don't necessarily find pleasure in it, and so, she took hold of my hand and kissed my cheek.

Somewhat surprisingly, both Mrs. Young and Mrs. Hamby insisted on coming with us.

Once in the morgue, we stood outside a large window that is usually where people stand when they need to identify a body. First of all, Mrs. Young needed to confirm that it actually is her son, and so the attendant uncovered his body enough that she could see it. He was a bit battered (and parts of him were eaten by various animals), but she could clearly see that it was him.

She was sad and turned away to fuss over her granddaughter in her pram. This meant that Lana was not able to see through the window, as none of us wanted to risk that she'd recognize her father and become inconsolably upset.

After the body was sufficiently identified, Hannah signaled the attendant that I was going to be allowed into the room, and so I was given permission to do so. I walked in and thanked my lucky constellation that Morgana had fallen asleep in her carrier, because even if she's too young to know or care about a stranger's body, I could see the event perhaps causing strange dreams when she's older. In any case, she was asleep and in the carrier on my back so she couldn't see anything anyway.

I took a deep breath and picked up the almost waxy looking pale white, disturbingly cold hand. Even before I closed my eyes, the vision hit.

"He's sitting on his sofa, eating curry and watching telly, when there's a knock on the door. He smiles as he stands up, and it looks as if he was expecting a friend. Instead, he opens the door to reveal a group of men - all looking rather hard and grim.

"The boss would like us to remind you that you owe him.'

"Yeah,' Darrin murmurs in acceptance. 'What's he want?'

"He knows you don't have the money to pay him back - and honestly, he doesn't want your money. He knows you have a baby girl to take care of and wants you to go on doing that for a very long time.'

"Yeah,' Darrin acknowledged warily.

"That said, we have something important we have to do tonight, and the boss has decided that you can make a payment on what you owe by helping us out.'

"Darrin swallowed nervously. 'And... what's that?'

"Rather than answer, the leader of the group curtly beckoned for Darrin to follow them, which he did, pulling his door closed after him, but in his distraction, he didn't make sure it was locked, much less closed all the way. Thus it was left slightly ajar.

"The vision sort of speeds up for a bit and I can see the group of men driving around in the back of a lorry. Eventually the lorry stops and the leader places a hand on Darrin's arm. 'We're here to defend a bit of our territory from rivals. All we expect is you to help us rough them up a bit. If things get out of hand, you can protect yourself with this.'

"Darrin flinched a bit when the leader pressed a loaded gun into his hands - I think he understood that if they were giving him a gun, things could go very badly indeed. Swallowing and looking like his throat was too dry to do even that, Darrin nodded in understanding and slipped the gun into his
"The next bit is sort of sped up and jumbled, but this group rushes into an abandoned looking building of some sort. Other men are in the building, and the two groups start brawling. Darrin seems to be doing rather well only taking a few minor hits - which probably explains why he looks a bit roughed up. Suddenly, a man from the opposition puts a large knife to the leader's neck, and the only one close enough to do anything about it is Darrin, who pulls out the gun - presumably hoping that this will earn him a larger repayment to the boss.

"Unfortunately, before he can so much as make a good threat, someone hits him from behind with a large metal object - such as a cricket bat or even a pipe. I can't be certain as I can't actually see the object, all I see is that something hits Darrin on the back of the head, and then everything slowly goes dark as he falls to the floor. … The vision comes back a moment later to show the opposition being roused and the group of men Darrin was fighting for carry his body off to a somewhat nearby lot to abandon it.

"The vision has gone dark again," I stated as I opened my eyes and looked through the window at Hannah.

"Do you think you'd be able to identify those men if you saw pictures of them?" Hannah asked in determination.

"Yes, probably," I confirmed with a nod, gently setting Darrin's hand back on the table next to his body. As I did so, I silently apologized for not being able to help him more, but since he was apparently already dead before Mrs. Hamby even thought to check on his daughter, there really wasn't anything I could have done to save him.

At that point, Hannah had a little chat with Mrs. Hamby and Mrs. Young, and then sent them off so that I could go with her to her office - where she had me look through a database on her computer of pictures. Of the several hundred I looked through, only three were of men I recognized from my vision, but that was enough to give Hannah something to work with.

After leaving Hannah's office, it was rather late and so I actually popped into our suite at the Manor and had Muffy bring me food to eat while I firecalled Yesenia.

On Friday I had nothing to do, other than pop over to Unity for a bit, and then pop over to say goodbye to Lana and Mrs. Young - who thanked me again for all my help. After that, I came back to the castle and had a lovely cuddle session with Oliver as we waited for you to get back from your office near Gryffindor tower.

On Saturday, Oliver had nothing to do because the teams haven't held tryouts yet and their schedule for doing so has already been set. So, he and I took the littles over to the Manor stables while you once again were nearly held hostage by students who wanted to ask you questions or have you help them with their homework. If they ask for help with potions homework, Dear Merlin PLEASE refer them to someone who won't teach them to call every potion they take a Pepper Up!

After a few hours in the stables, I brought Oliver to Unity with me and he got a chance to practice some of his newly acquired BSL skills on Vanessa. Since you had Morgana with you (I think she's going to insist on feeding a lot for the next few days to make up for seeing you less while I was in Darrin's flat), Oliver and I took Gabriel and Dylan for a ride on our brooms until I got an Insta-owl from Dean. He and Seamus wanted to know if they could have Dylan for a couple of hours, so we dropped him off.

At that point Gabriel was sound asleep for a nap. I ordered Muffy to pop in and take him back to
the Manor with the littles - which she was watching because they had Blake and... you know, I think every child in our circle who's in a similar age range was at the Manor in the stables with the littles when Oliver and I left them to it.

Which left me all alone with Oliver. Oh my, whatever shall we do???

Café Exquis was more than happy to seat us at our private table. I had Mahi Mahi in an orange glaze sauce with steamed veggies and sauerkraut. Oliver had a fabulously tender and well marbled steak cooked medium rare - also with veggies but with rice instead of sauerkraut. I know his steak was tender because I had him feed me a bite, and in return, I practically forced him to try my divine garlic and dill sauerkraut - which he actually liked. He thought he was going to hate it, but after just one bite, he tried stealing the rest from me.

It may shock you to hear this, but I shared it with him.

As we ate, we chatted about this and that. He wanted to hear more about my vision and didn't quite believe I was serious about having the ability until I mentioned to him that it was part of the reason I originally wanted to be part of the Aurors - as a sort of consultant that ended up being the Chief of Raids. After our mouthwatering dessert of cherry cheesecake, Oliver pulled me close and wrapped one arm around me even as he rested his head on my shoulder, making me lean my head against his as we continued to talk about some of the raids I'd conducted over the years.

At some point, after the conversation had shifted to a few of his favorite games - back when he was still playing Quidditch - we grew inordinately horny and popped back to the castle to see if you were available yet. Sadly, your students were still holding you hostage.

You know, if they grow TOO unreasonable, you could always take a page out of MY godfather's book by telling them all to leave your office and docking house points until they vanish.

In any case, with you clearly not in our quarters, Oliver and I had no choice but to take advantage of being kid free and in such a comfortably enormous bed. It was rather slow and lazy, neither of us in a rush and both of us hoping you'd end up joining us before we finished. Thankfully, we did actually finish before Muffy and a few assorted other elves popped in with our babies and littles. Dylan had been brought to the Manor and Muffy correctly guessed that we'd want her to bring them all back when she brought Gabriel to us to document a light episode.

It was not so light that he was simply staring off at nothing. He was actually seizing, but like I said, it was lighter than they usually are. Maybe the potions are starting to help.

Sunday was much the same as Saturday, except after bringing the littles to the Manor, I didn't take Oliver to Unity. In fact, I didn't even go as I wanted to do a bit of hunting with the owls, and Oliver really liked when we did that before. We ate dinner with my parents and those of the family that were home. Then, after putting the littles to bed (in the castle), Oliver and I looked around the empty bedroom where you SHOULD have been grading assignments and waiting for us.

This was getting out of hand! No way in bloody hell was I going to go ANOTHER night without seeing my elusive husband! I know you still existed, because I'd seen you in the Great Hall for meals, not to mention in bed at night when I feed the babies, but NOT for longer than that, Merlin damnit!

Fed up, I actually said: "Enough is enough!" out loud to Oliver before squaring my shoulders and marching all the way up to your office next to Gryffindor Tower. You were sitting in your armchair, surrounded by a circle of Gryffindors of all Years. It actually looked like you might be playing card games with them, Siri and Zwei looking rather happy to have you at their beck and
call - or perhaps they were simply winning the game and gloating. I don't know because I didn't stop to ask.

I simply strode all the way over to you, hearing our boys mutter: "Uh-oh!" when they saw my single minded determination. I pulled you up out of the chair and gave you a very possessive kiss. My goal was to put you in too-happy-to-see-me-to-protest mode, and then - once you were purring and half melted into a puddle - I pulled back to look around at all the students staring at us in shock (with our boys giving us looks of exasperation).

"Sorry to interrupt, but it's Sunday night and I'd quite like my husband back!" I informed them even as I lifted you over my shoulder and proceeded to carry you out of the room.

"Are you going to shag??" A Third or Fourth Year boy asked incredulously.

This made me stop and snort in amusement. "First of all, we're MARRIED; of course we're going to bloody shag! And second of all, it's none of your buggering business if we're going to shag."

He blushed at least ten shades of red, even as our boys groaned: "DAAAAD!"

"Goodnight my loves, don't come looking for either of us tonight," I warned them, blew them a kiss with my free hand, and then finished carrying you (who may have passed out from sheer mortification by that point) to our Quarters. To Oliver's delight, you were oh so pliable and accommodating as we had our way with you. And have our way with you we did. We made absolutely certain that you were passed out from a good three orgasms by 10 PM - hopefully giving even YOU plenty of sleep before you neurotically wake up way too bloody early!

But now you're in class and Oliver's in class (the littles are 'helping' Hagrid with his class), and I have nothing better to do than play with our babies - who are currently napping, thus my rather lengthy email. I guess I'll just have to play with myself. Or maybe I can follow Oliver's example and pop in to your class to borrow you for a few minutes for a quick shag in the loo, heh heh heh…

You're everything I (we) need and more,
Draco (and Oliver, who has managed to pop in between classes and read what I was typing, and told me to sign this from him as well)
Chapter 176

Chapter Summary

Draco visits Harry in class, and Harry is still too busy for a proper reply.

Chapter Notes

Hi all! I just wanted to point out that this chapter STARTS with Draco's email because this was written during the week that Chrissie went on vacation. The plan was for me to keep writing emails while she was gone, but aside from the first day or so, she managed to send tiny replies. After she came back, she wrote two in a row to fix the ordering, but for the next week of posts, it'll be backwards, lol ^_^

Wednesday September 13th
Darling Harry,

I think you might finally be getting a handle on your students wanting to monopolize you at all hours. Or at the very least, they took a bit of pity on you and let you trudge to bed at 8 tonight - as opposed to the 10 or later they’ve been keeping you most of the time. You CLEARLY needed some quality sleep, so even though you were trying to take a Wake Me Up potion in order to spend some quality time with me and Oliver, I cast a 10 hour sleeping spell on you. I know that you and Oliver will have some quality cuddles when waking up, but don't you dare wake me as I plan to be sleeping, since I will be taking ALL feedings tonight.

But anyway, as I was saying, with you in bed early, Oliver decided that he NEEDED to do nothing but hold you as you slept, which was fine by me as I had Dibly in our quarters feeding the boys while I fed Morgana. They dropped off to sleep rather quickly, giving me time to write this email in peace and quiet.

So, on Tuesday, I arrived right before your lunch. Actually, I didn't want to risk missing you at all, so I arrived REALLY early for your lunch, early enough that you were still in the middle of class, but I didn't want to interrupt your teaching, so I paused outside the classroom long enough to change into my Marmoset form. Once sufficiently tiny, I strolled into the classroom.

I LOVE how you have the classroom set up a bit like how Professor Trelawny sets up hers, which is to say that it's comfortable and cozy, with cushions and armchairs rather than desks. Also, since it's in a bit of a rough circle, you tend to sit anywhere, and Tuesday, you just so happened to be closeish to the door, allowing me to sneak up behind you. I wasn't ACTUALLY trying to sneak, just that in that form, I'm naturally silent, and so, I was able to climb up the back of the armchair and up your arm so that I could settle around your neck.

As I expected, you jumped slightly when first feeling something too large to be a fly touch you, but since the thing was also too small to be a human attacker, you probably assumed that it was one of the MANY cats kept in the castle. Even so, you instinctively petted me, at which point, I could feel and see you smile so hugely that you probably looked at least half insane.
You gave me a quick kiss, but otherwise ignored me and continued on with the lesson, which unsurprisingly turned into common and uncommon muggle pets, and nonmagical animals in general. The students naturally wanted to know if I was your pet and if you'd be bringing me to class all the time - along with the babies, which you had Gabriel sleeping in your lap. He'd had a rather large episode in the morning (or so the note you'd left me said), and so, you didn't want to let him out of your sight at any point.

You told them that I wasn't exactly your pet and that I may or may not show up for future classes, depending on how bored I was. I sort of purred in your ear before moving from your shoulder to the top of your head, where the Monkey Nature took over and forced me to look for nits. You'll be glad to know you don't have any.

It was then that Zwei returned to the class from the loo and spotted me. "Oh hey dad! Oi! It's not fair! I haven't seen you much at all since you moved into the castle, and now you're sneaking into class to see DAD when you see him every night!"

I chittered at Zwei, trying to tell him that I HAVEN'T been seeing you every night - unless you counted while you were sleeping. However, I knew that he couldn't understand me, and so, leapt over to him so that I could climb up onto his shoulder.

"Ooo! Does this mean I can hold and pet you for the rest of class?" Zwei wondered.

You laughed. "You can try, just bear in mind that your father bites when he's annoyed."

"Better than blowing everything up like Morgana does," Zwei replied with a shrug. "Oh! Hey, am I finally old enough to learn Animagus Transformation?"

You shook your head. "Not officially, although if you were determined enough, you probably could, BUT that's NOT Muggle Studies, and so, ***I*** can't help you out with it nor discuss the specifics in class."

With that, after answering only a few basic questions about Animagi, you got the class back on track, well as much as it ever is. I fairly quickly moved to Zwei's hair, which he didn't like (as he has more manageable hair than you do and hates when it looks messy), so he kept trying to pull me off his head and back into his lap. But I would NOT be deterred. After the half dozenth time, Zwei held me in front of his face and glared at me.

"*DAD.* Stop. That."

Gently nipping his finger, well, at least not hard enough to draw blood, I leapt back over to you where I was able to settle back around your neck, which I hugged like a tree branch, absently licking you as I glared at our son. You roared with laughter as Zwei shook his hand and muttered: "He bit me!"

"I TOLD YOU!!!"

When class FINALLY ended, I transformed back into myself before the students even had a chance to stand up and leave the room. "Finally! It's time for lunch! We're having a picnic and I'll not hear a word of argument!"

You linked your arm through mine and gave me a happy kiss. "I wouldn't DREAM of arguing."

I suspect that you had guessed the real reason I'd waited oh so patiently for you to finish up your class, and it involved eating of a different kind altogether. Zwei groaned very loudly in disgust. "DADS! You're not supposed to do that IN SCHOOL!!!"
I smirked at him, pulling him into my arms for a hug and a kiss on the cheek. I also shifted Gabriel to his arms. "Fine then, I'll pop us over to the Manor." Which was a bald lie, because I was looking forward to shagging you in the forbidden forest. And just so you know, I had a potion to turn me into a dragon in my pocket just in case anything dangerous came upon us while we were defenseless. That said, YOU are NEVER defenseless, and so, I was confident that our picnic shag in the Forbidden Forest would be perfectly safe.

And it was. In fact, the sheer amount of time I spent worshipping your shaft while you took advantage of our 69 position by licking, fingerling, and thoroughly preparing my arse, almost certainly drove off anything that was even remotely curious as to what we were doing. Lucky for you that you had a free period after your lunch, eh?

Today was rather boring since I didn't drop in on any of your classes nor borrow you for five minutes for a quick shag in the loo. I think Oliver did that, but he was also rather busy with classes today. So, I thought I was going to be bored as fuck, but guess what?

Our girls arrived and insisted that I sit still (with plenty of tea and biscuits) and watch as they gave me a preview of their part of the fashion show. Basically, they wanted my opinion on their designs, the order in which they planned them to be shown, and they also wanted to practice the thoroughly muggle way in which their things needed to be packed up, transported, and then unpacked at the actual venue.

How did we get such brilliant girls???

I love you so much!

Take my breath away,
Draco

Thursday September 14, 2017

My heart!

Sorry I’ve been such a slacker at replying to your emails, but I promise you I’ve been reading every word!

Unfortunately, this isn’t going to be a nice long email to make up for my slacking either.

I know I’ve been busy, I know I need to make my family a priority right now. The first few weeks were crazy, while yes I had some kids that were just curious about me, I mostly had a huge influx of muggleborns this year. Quite a few in Gryffindor, but a few from other houses as well, even a Slytherin if you’d believe it. And as the muggle studies teacher, they’ve latched onto me as a little bit of home and normal in a scary new place.

Now that they’ve had time to settle in, I’m sure they’ll still need some extra attention, but nothing crazy like these last weeks.

This weekend I’ve booked out for my family. No way am I missing our girls’ show. But the following weekend I am actually taking my classes on a field trip.

Have no fear! It won’t keep me from you! I sent out permission slips today for all of my students to be allowed to accompany me ... and the both of you my handsome men ... to go to Muggle London to see musical theatre!
What musical theatre you ask? Why our brilliant daughter’s play!

So, next weekend, the three of us, our kids, my students, and a huge section of The Princess and the Frog’s set aside for our viewing pleasure!!

Off to my office hours! I promise I’ll be home in enough time to get some chatting and kisses in before bedtime.

Love,
Harry
Chapter 177

Chapter Summary

Draco has a chat with Hannah and Harry is excited for Fashion Week.

Thursday September 14th,  
My busy little bee,

I have rather a lot to tell you about today. My day started by performing my morning routine and sending Morgana and Dylan off to my mother since you once again had Gabriel with you. Once ready to be seen by the general public, I went straight to Unity House, where Yesenia caught up with me after sparring with Vani for about an hour.

Yesenia took me aside and informed me that Vanessa had made so much progress in becoming more confident and trusting, that she feels that I don't need to work with her quite so much (as I really have been trying to work with her every single day that I can, averaging 3-4 times a week). So, I can reduce my time with her to once a week if I want.

Especially since Jaz has been coming here everyday to do whatever she likes with her best friend. She's also brought Leah a few times - when Leah wasn't teaching interested kids BSL at Hogwarts - and Leah's been working with Vani to help her learn to read lips and at least mouth certain words - even if she probably won't be able to speak clearly. If she should ever find herself with someone who doesn't know BSL, Vani will at least be able to mouth clearly the words: I can't speak and am deaf.

Basically, we're all doing our best to give Vani all the tools in the box that she might need throughout her life. Now when I spend time with her, I can focus on teaching Vani to control her magic, which is what I did after we finished sparring. I sat and sort of meditated with her until she felt confident enough to try casting a few basic spells. She's now an absolute master at a basic wandless and nonverbal Lumos. She can also do various colored sparks, and these make her so happy that I'm rather glad I decided to start with them.

At some point, Muffy popped in to tell me that Hannah had arrived at the Manor and wanted to see me. So I gave Jaz and Vani kisses on the cheeks and popped off to the Manor to have tea with my favorite DI.

"Afternoon Draco, lovely to see you again," Hannah greeted as we exchanged kisses on the cheek.

"Afternoon Hannah, please tell me you don't have another murder already."

"Thank god, no!" Hannah assured me. "I just wanted to let you know that Mrs. Young called me and reported that Lana is settling in rather well - all considering - and that she's extremely grateful for all the stuff you bought her. The formula alone has been a godsend, apparently."

"Thanks good," I murmured feeling rather chuffed.

"Also, I managed to solve the minor mystery of why no one seems to know anything about Lana's mother. It seems that she was the sister of someone involved in a local gang, and when she was
pregnant with Lana, she got into quite a bit of trouble and got herself thrown into prison. Whilst in prison, SHE contacted the leader of the gang - who was apparently a friend of hers - and asked him to help the father of her baby care for her by paying the rent on his flat for a year or two until he could work his way into a position that would allow him to care for their daughter AND afford all his bills.

"So, when Lana was born and Mr. Young was allowed to take her home from the prison, that gang leader showed up and let him know that he'd struck a deal with Gennet (that's Lana's mother). For the most part, he didn't expect anything from Darrin, BUT that he might be called on from time to time to make repayments.

"Now all of this was eventually told to me by one of Darrin and Gennet's friends - who refused to say anything at all until it was known that Darrin had died - because Gennet was already dead, having been shanked during a brawl in prison. The friend assured me that Darrin had only agreed because he honestly couldn't afford to take care of a baby on his part time wages, and this at least allowed him to have a place to live and make a decent stab at caring for Lana.

"So... at least I can say with all confidence that Darrin Young had NOT been involved with the gang of his own volition, and in all honesty, that's probably the reason he died," Hannah finished informing me.

I smiled at her and squeezed her hand. "Then perhaps it will be better for Lana in the long run to be raised by her grandmother in Canada away from that gang. And maybe it'll set your mind at ease to know that I set up a small trust fund for Lana - just enough for her to go to a good college when she grows up."

Hannah was clearly happy by that as she threw her arms around me and gave me a tight hug.

At this point, it was probably the middle of dinner at the castle, and so I knew that you'd probably already be finished eating and back in your office with a few students. Thus I was not in a hurry to return to our quarters. That said, after a leisurely chat with my parents and siblings, I brought the babies back to the castle so that we could go looking for you and see if sheer adorableness could entice you to our quarters sooner than midnight.

As I was strolling through the castle with Morgana on my chest and Dylan on my back, I heard a tentative beckoning. "Psst! Mr. Malfoy!" Someone whispered.

I looked around, even scrutinizing the portraits because literally almost ANYTHING could be talking to me in the castle. Eventually, I spotted a boy staring at me from a corner. He looked like he was determined to blend in with the wall so completely that no one would notice him if they were paid to hunt him down.

"Can I help you?" I asked in a tone that I hoped wouldn't scare him off.

"Do you have time to talk?" The boy asked.

"I suppose..." I murmured.

"It's just that the Headmistress said we should come talk to you if we felt we wanted to talk to someone who ISN'T a Professor."

"Yes," I confirmed, gesturing for him to get on with it. He looked all around, seeming convinced that someone was hiding just so that they could listen in on him.

"Can we go somewhere private?"
Huh, if students DO actually seek me out regularly, I might just have to ask for an office of my own. As it was, I wasn't yet too far from our quarters, so I decided to just herd him there. At that point, I called for biscuits and tea.

When we were both comfortable in chairs and sufficiently refreshed, I invited the boy to get on with it. He was staring at the babies in my lap. With a smile, I handed Dylan over to him, and he seemed to light up and feel much calmer at that point. Even as he tickled Dylan's feet, he talked to me.

"How did you know you're gay?"

I was taken a bit aback at first. "Erm... well technically I'm Bisexual, but hmm... I supposed I first realized that I might be... different when I was watching a particular boy. All. The. Time. He seemed to be all I could think about and I was quite obsessed. For the longest time, that boy seemed to loathe me, and so, I had to do my best to get his attention in any way possible, often by making him miserable or embarrassed."

"That sounds horrible! WHY would he ever like you after you did all that?!"

"I often wonder that myself, but since we've been married for 17 years, clearly, he does," I replied with a chuckle.

"WAIT!!! Are you saying that the boy you liked when you were MY AGE was HARRY POTTER?!?!!"

I practically rolled my eyes. This couldn't possibly have been a surprise since I'd been very open and public with my affection for you over the years.

"BUT! BUT! I always thought you two didn't get together until AFTER you left Hogwarts!"

"Well that much is true. Neither of us COULD admit to liking each other while we were still in school, but that was because of circumstances Unique to the Second Wizarding War. I daresay that if we were in school NOW, nothing would have stopped me from gathering up the courage to kiss him in about Fifth or Sixth Year."

This made the boy blush. "So... if...if I think I like a particular boy, you think I should just kiss him?"

I looked the boy up and down a moment, and although he was short enough that he LOOKED like a First Year, I realized that he was probably a Fourth Year. "Probably best to actually try to TALK to him first. You're a Hufflepuff, haven't you tried helping him with his homework or something?"

He shrugged. "Well, Crispin is a Ravenclaw, and so, almost never... well actually, he almost never pulls his nose out of a book long enough to notice that other people exist, much less need any sort of help with his homework."

"Ah, I see. Well in that case, perhaps you REALLY need his help with YOUR homework?"

"Er..." the boy flushed in embarrassment. "Er... HOW do I ask him for help? Whenever I get close to him, my tongue seems to tie itself in knots, and actually, I almost always trip over something, and then I'm so embarrassed that I crawl behind the nearest thing to hide."

This amused me, and so, I suppose that I made a bad decision. Or rather, the rather selfish decision to give him bad advice. "Oh, so you're saying that you think it would be easier to work up the courage to kiss him because talking to him is FAR harder. Alright, I can agree with that reasoning.
If you think it's best, then certainly give him a kiss to remember. Just beware that unless he's had ANY sort of mental conversation about his potential sexuality, he's probably NOT going to take the kiss very well. Some boys have been known to be so freaked out about their potential gayness that they actually commit worse violence against other gay people than straight homophobes.

He looked speculative. "So... kiss him but expect him to punch me?"

I chuckled, shaking my head because I sincerely hoped that he'd realize at the crucial moment that TALKING was the far easier option. "Yes. Punch. Hex. Both."

"HE'S IN THE LIBRARY!!!" With that shouted announcement, he jumped up and ran off in excitement.

I couldn't help but follow him, dying to know how this turned out. Also, I HAD to follow him as he was still clutching our son. He was quick, but nowhere NEAR as fast as you, so I was able to keep up rather easily.

Soon enough, we were in the library, and there was a solitary boy in a chair off to the side of a group of other Ravenclaws. Still jogging, the rash boy holding our son ran right up to the Ravenclaw, barely managed to stop before a collision, and then yanked the book down so that he could give (Crispin, I suppose) a rather forceful kiss.

Crispin was clearly too stunned to do ANYTHING. He sat there looking entirely gobsmacked for a LONG moment, and then he seemed to gather up the wherewithal to gently push our Hufflepuff Romeo away.

"Er....."

Romeo blushed so red that I thought he was going to pass out. "Er..."

"Why are you holding a baby?" Crispin asked in confusion, making me laugh rather inappropriately, because of ALL the things he could have responded to, it was our son that was apparently too much for him to wrap his head around.

"What? Oh... I forgot I was holding him."

Dylan really is the best baby in the world, because he was taking all of this in stride by simply blowing bubbles and pulling on the boy's tightly curly black hair.

Then Crispin, invoking the weirdness that is inherent to Ravenclaws, as far as I can tell, said: "Huh. That baby looks like he has your curly black hair and dark eyes, but his skin is lighter than yours, like he has a parent that is as pale as I am..."

This seemed to utterly delight Romeo. "Are you saying we should have a baby as gorgeous as this???

This seemed to shock Crispin to his core. "Er... Are you saying we should date until we're OLDER first?"

"Definitely!"

Crispin stroked his chin speculatively. "I'll... have to think that over very carefully."

Apparently taking this as confirmation, Romeo kissed him again, and to my surprise, Crispin DIDN'T seem ready to stop him any time soon. I reluctantly broke them up after a minute or so
simply because I didn't think I was suppose to let them carry on like that in the library.

"Erm, boys? Can I have my son back please?"

They broke apart and Romeo was blushing alarmingly red again. "Sorry Mr. Malfoy!"

"No worries." Chuckling and extremely entertained, I brought our babies back to our room, and since neither of you were there, decided to write this email up. Oliver returned while I was typing and has read over my shoulder (he thinks I should be punished for telling a boy to go kiss a boy that might punch or hex him), and now we're waiting for you. If you don't return at a reasonable time, I'm going to go caveman you again!

All our love. And lust, which is growing rather unreasonable at the moment,
Draco and Oliver

Friday September 15, 2017

My Loves,

We’re just about to head out to London for fashion week. And again, I only have a moment, but at least this time it’s because I’m headed somewhere with YOU and not stuck elsewhere.

First, I just had two quick things to say:

First of all, you are insane. Threatening to go full caveman on me? Dragging me off, showing off your strength by being able to throw me over your shoulder, showing you find me attractive by not being able to go long without me? How would you think I’d find that to be in any way a threat?

Secondly, please remind me to ask both Tabitha for “permission”, and Vanessa if she’s even interested, and then if we get two yes responses to ask Pippa to get an additional ticket to next weekend’s show. I didn’t even think of it, but why wouldn’t we bring Vani with us to go see Shtara perform?

I thought about asking if we could bring our interpreter, but it happens to be one of their performances with BSL interpreters already staffed and scheduled.

Anyway, off to fashion week we go!

I never knew love like I’ve known it with you,
Harry
Chapter 178

Chapter Summary

Harry is proud of their girls during fashion week, and Draco teaches a girl about Mind Palaces.

Chapter Notes

Harry is back to being the beginning ^_^

Monday September 18, 2017

Good Morning!

You would think after a long weekend full of fashion shows, with all of the stress that comes with such a big production, I'd be sleeping in this morning. Nope. I am still running on the adrenaline of seeing my girls killing it at fashion week that I woke up bright and early with a ton of energy. Normally I'd go run off the excess energy but seeing as my responses have been sparse or nonexistent the last few weeks I thought I'd describe the fashion show while I have the chance.

It's not that I don't think you'll do the descriptions justice, but I want less description and more how everything made me feel in our written record of the event. You do so beautifully describing things but for the fashions we have the pictures and the videos, what we may not have memorialized so far are our memories. And if you want years of typed out emotional vomit memorializing every last moment of our lives? Then have I got the email chain for you!

Technically Fashion week isn't over, it goes through tomorrow, but Hazeris already held its big show so we were free to head home last night without really missing anything. I know Draco, you feel you are missing things by not seeing even more fashion, but you DID see everything that had to do with your daughters and then some. You will be fine! And just think, if we're not there hovering there's a chance one of the girls will get you some high end couture something or other for a Christmas present!

First things first, we left Hogwarts Friday afternoon for London and stopped at some random restaurant for dinner before we descended upon Hazeris and their last minute panicking. What was the name of that restaurant again? Zaire something? Oh! That's right! It was our son's amazing restaurant Zaire's Langa. You know I would say it was amazing no matter how it actually was. I have no shame in admitting I am the dad that thinks their children are perfection. I am completely biased and I will happily say Zaire has opened the best restaurant I've ever been to in my entire life.

Unless of course, if one of our other children ever open their own restaurant, then I will have to say it was one of the best restaurants I have ever been to. Top two for sure!

I had Iranian Chelo lamb kabobs, the fluffiest saffron rice and grilled tomatoes. Yum!
Draco, you had the sea bass Ceviche. I was shocked that you had nothing but good things to say about it, food snob that you are. I know you probably wouldn't have thrown a fit if it were done poorly to avoid making Z feel badly, but you may have told him in an effort to have him get a better chef. The fact that you seemed to be restraining yourself from licking the plate made me think you must have actually enjoyed it.

Ollie, I think being with our Draco has made you adventurous. I mean, you're a Gryffindor you were already adventurous, but your taste buds have finally caught up. You had, and seemed to love, the Kimchi (and Pho).

Our three littlest are obviously following in their Daddy Draco, big sister Persephone, and big sister Viona's shoes, already little foodies. They each took tastes of everything on the table. For crying out loud, Oliver had to order a second serving of Kimchi because between Seph and Gabe there was only half left for the person who ordered it!

I am sure you'll go on and on and on about how fashion forward, and innovative, and blah blah blah Eris and Hazel's designs were. But what really struck me is how their designs have evolved, how they've grown as designers, how much different this fashion show was compared to their very first one. They started out designing for the pre-teen market, and they haven't stopped designing for that demographic, but their focus has shifted to the older teen or young adult as they've aged. A maturity has come through in their designs that wasn't there when they first started.

However, they have held tight to their original feel. Their designs feel fun and flirtatious. Celebrating some traditional design standards like the little black dress, while giving it their own flair. Upon first glance, the dress seemed like any other cute LBD, when you looked closer it had a highly detailed lace overlay with a thick satin ribbon corset style tie up the back.

After the solid black of that dress, they paraded bold color after bold color in increasingly couture, high-end styles. Culminating in the most amazing final look, a deep blue satin dress, bare shoulders while also having huge romantic sleeves and a beaded neck piece that almost looked like a crown around the model's neck.
When our amazing designer daughters stomped their way onto the catwalk at the end of the show (to rousing applause and a standing ovation I might add!) I could not stop sobbing when I saw what they were wearing. The dresses they wore appeared to be floral topped with long sheer, princess typed dresses. But when they moved down the runway I could see they were truly very short dresses with an over-skirt. Finally! Not that I care what they wear, I support their individual tastes. But seeing our Hazel, who has always worn lengthy gowns and covered a lot more skin than Eris ever did, was wearing a short skirt with a low cut top. She finally feels comfortable enough in her own skin to wear something revealing.

Eris chose red and Hazel blue.
A year and a half ago Haz would have been covered neck to toe, and this weekend she stepped out during London's fashion week in a short skirt and a deep-V, and a radiant smile on her beautiful face.

Okay, I really am going to cry. I better hurry up and finish crying and rinse off my face before classes!

Oh, and just so both of you know, I have set specific (realistic) office hours. So, unless there is some sort of Gryffindor emergency, I will be home to spend my evenings with the both of you from now on! I've missed your hugs, your love, your kisses, and mostly just spending time with the men I love.

Yours Always,
Harry

Tuesday September 19th
Dear Professor Malfoy,

I am excusing one of your students from class today.

Sincerely,
NON-Professor Malfoy AKA Draco, your gorgeous husband

Sorry about that, Harry!

I know it was probably beyond surreal to receive an official memo like that from me via the Inter-teacher notification system, but I had a girl insist that she had to talk to me right away and concurrently, needed to be excused from your class to do so. I thought she was just, I dunno, not feeling like class today - which I'll admit is strange because the students all LOVE your class, but in any case, I was wrong.

I invited her back to our Quarters since she'd caught me on my way back there from breakfast. In our Quarters, I had all three of the babies plus Muffy and Diblo to help me take care of them, thus I had Muffy serve us a spot of tea. Once comfortable, I invited this girl to tell me what was on her mind.

First of all, she introduced herself as: "My name is Meredith Mulciber and I'm a Fourth Year Hufflepuff."

"Lovely to meet you Meredith," I murmured almost reflexively.

She gave me a wan smile, then took a sip of her tea before pressing on. "See... I have a bit of a problem and I don't know what to do about it."

"Go on," I gently prompted her.

She fiddled with her tea cup for a few seconds before she sighed, looking defeated.

"So... well... I'm from the sort of Wizarding family that's always sorted into Slytherin, but I wasn't. At first, my parents were disappointed but accepting so long as I always got the top grades for our Year. I struggled a lot, but managed to do that for the first two and a half years, but starting in my Third Year, it just seems like no matter how hard I try to study, things are getting harder and harder for me to understand, and thus, my grades are slipping and my parents are now threatening to
disown me if I don't bring them back up - and I don't know what to do!"

I took a few moments to think this over in silence, using the excuse of sipping on my tea to give me time, and then I came to a decision. "I COULD try to advise you just to tough it out and trust that your parents will accept you in the end - after all, MY parents expected me to serve the Dark Lord and ended up realizing that they loved me so much that they'd much rather I stay ALIVE than serve him. HOWEVER, I know that advice won't do you any good. All it'll do is cause you years of grief and worry until your parents finally remove the stick from their arses and come to the same realization."

I paused to take another sip. "So, there's only one way I can think of at the moment to help you, and that's to teach you a little trick I used to become Head Boy - and also still use to keep track of the many businesses that I oversee."

"Yeah?" She asked with interest.

"It's called many things, I always called it keeping my mind organized and tidy, but some people refer to it as a Mind Palace. Basically, each day when you learn something - which SHOULD be every single day of your life - that night or whenever you get a few minutes to yourself, sit down and meditate. Place all the knowledge you need to remember in neatly organized shelves in your mental library, and then when you need to remember the information, it'll be right where you put it and you'll be able to access it easier."

"How do I do that?" She asked with a look of disbelief.

"I'll show you, but first, you have to trust me enough to let me into your mind. Can you do that?"

She unconsciously rubbed her cheek, which smudged her makeup just enough for me to see a hint of a fading bruise. Then she slowly nodded her head. "All... Alright. I suppose I can trust you, I just don't like the things you might see in my mind."

I took hold of her hand and gave her a look of sympathy. "I had the Dark Lord living in my house for a few years. Do you REALLY think there's anything in your mind I haven't already seen at some point?"

She shook her head. "Probably not."

"Alright, try to remain calm and simply look in my eyes," I advised. "Breathe steadily, like this..." I led her through a few long inhalations and slow exhalations, until I felt she was as calm and ready as she was going to get, then I slipped n her mind, talking to her from the inside. "Don't be alarmed, I TOLD you I was going to be in your head, and even though you didn't feel me slip in, here I am."

She seemed to think over for a few seconds how to respond to me without actually opening her mouth and speaking. But then, an image of her as a little - littler - girl came crawling out of a cabinet that she was hiding in. In the background, I could hear a man's voice roaring: "Merry! Where are you, you blasted girl?!"

She flinched at that and I took hold of her mental hand.

"That's nothing more than a nasty wind howling at the window," I informed her. "It's easy enough to ignore if you just close the shutters on your window." At that I pointed at a window that appeared and gestured for her to close the shutters. The man kept on roaring ever louder until she gathered up the courage to do as I'd told her, but then once the shutters were shut, the sound stopped completely.
Looking extremely relieved, she returned to my side and looked at me. I swept my arm around to indicate the small, dark, and cramped room we were in. "This is possibly THE WORST place I can think of to study. We're going to need light, comfortable chairs, snacks, and all your current text books."

This made her bite her lip and frown in concentration for a few long moments in which I silently let her work. As she concentrated, the room changed to that of a dormitory, but instead of having all the other beds in it, it remained just her bed, and the rest of them were replaced with things like arm chairs, tables, and even book shelves.

"Perfect!" I pronounced when she finished. "I was actually going to have you create a library, but this is much better. Here are those shelves you're going to need. I see you've even put all your text books on them..." I picked one up and looked through it. "Ah... but it seems you only remember tiny bits and pieces of what you've read. You'll be able to fill them in as you practice this, until you can close your eyes, come here in your mind, and read every single word of all of them whenever you need to."

She looked a bit confused at that.

Rather than explain again, I simply smiled at her. "We're going to come out of your mind for a few minutes, alright?"

She nodded and I closed my own eyes so that I could more or less disconnect myself from her. After a moment, I opened them again to look into my cup of tea. "Muffy, we're going to need a refill, and probably some biscuits."

"Yes Master," she stated happily, eager to serve.

As we nibbled on biscuits, I asked her to open her potions book - which she'd mentioned was her most difficult subject. I had her read a page, and then directed her to look me in the eyes again so that I could slip back into her mind. Once inside, I had her do the exact same thing - read the page in the book in her mind

"By doing this, you are fixing the information in your head, organizing it so that it's right where you need it when it comes time to take a test. Yes, this is going to take you a lot longer initially, but if you keep at it whenever you are reading the book for your assignments, you'll eventually have it all in your mind and it will be a matter of seconds to recall it."

She tilted her head to the side. "How is this any different than what I normally do to try to memorize and remember my assignments?"

I tapped on her mental forehead. "Before, you were probably reading and re-reading the same information over and over, HOPING that you'd remember it, which isn't really the most effective way of doing so, because our minds are a little bit like muggle computers, information is constantly being written OVER other information as little changes are made. It's NOT until you tell the computer to SAVE the information that it actually does so. When you read things over and over hoping that you'll remember it, your mind will save the bits it thinks are the most interesting, but this way - that I'm teaching you - is basically you directly telling your mind to save ALL the information, and better yet, you're telling it WHERE to save it so that you know where to look for it."

"Hmm..." she hummed in thought before there was a loud banging on the door to the room in her mind.
"MERRY!!! You come out here this instant, girl!"

Meredith squeaked in alarm and ran to hide in the cabinet that appeared in the corner of the room.

I walked over, squatted down, and placed my hand on the door to the cabinet she was hiding in.

"You know that no one is actually there, right? This is your mind, and YOU are in control of every bit. If you don't like that voice shouting at you, then lock it in a box and toss it into the Black Lake."

I heard her giggle at that. A very quiet and muffled: "I can do that," was almost too soft to hear, but I guessed what she said anyway. Opening the door, I held my hand out to her.

"Of course you can," I assured her. "It WON'T stop the voice from harassing you whenever you go home, but at least your mind will be a peaceful refuge for you. Come on out, I'll help you."

She placed her mental hand in mine, and then let me help her out of the cabinet.

"Imagine that voice as a bright ball of light - in any color," I advised.

She let the door open and in came a large ball of angry looking black and red light.

"Good! Now let me conjure a chest for you..." I imagined myself using my wand so that she could actually see the motions and hear the spell. Once the large chest was in front of us, I helped her literally grab the ball of light and shove it in the box. It struggled and fought us, but I expected that. The moment it was inside the chest, I helped her shut the lid and held the lid shut while she locked the chest. "Now you're going to cast your best Leviosa on this chest and levitate it right out on the window so you can drop it in the lake. Just imagine how happy you'll be when the Giant Squid grabs the chest and carries it down to the very bottom."

Exactly as I had suggested - BECAUSE I had suggested it - she cast the spell and basically banished the chest to the lake where the Squid quickly grabbed it and swam away with it. Once that was done, she looked IMMENSELY relieved.

Finally, it was time for me to leave her mind again.

Once I could see that she was no longer in there either, I set her to the task of reading the rest of the assigned chapter. At that point, she was willing to invite me back in and see if she'd done it right, which she had. So I guided her through setting up a potions lab in an adjoining room so that she could mentally go through the process of brewing the potion she'd learned yesterday. For that, I merely observed because she is competent enough to follow the directions in the book exactly and thus, gain the correct result.

Much more confident now, she returned to the real world, giving me just a moment to look around and see all the dark edges and cracks that seemed to appear only when she'd left the room. Once I was back in my own mind, I made sure that we both had more tea and biscuits to replace the massive amount of energy that we'd used in this mental exercise.

Now that she had the foundation laid, I promised that she could come see me again on Saturday or Sunday so that I could check on her progress and help her if she'd done a less than perfect job while studying.

After she'd gone, I'd checked the time and realized that it was rapidly approaching lunch. During my distraction, the elves had taken perfect care of the babies, and they were now napping. So, I had no reason NOT to jog off to join you. That said, it was still an hour beforehand, and that gave me plenty of time to write this email, but now I'm going to sign off and join you. I should actually
be a few minutes early, and so, I'll have an opportunity to turn into a Marmoset and sit on your shoulder until it's time.

If we're lucky, Oliver will ALSO be waiting for your class to end, and we'll ALL be able to have a bit of naughty naughty fun ^_^

You make lovin' fun,
Draco
Chapter 179

Chapter Summary

Oliver wants to figure a few things out, and Draco is squealing.

Wednesday September 20, 2017

My dearest Draco,

Ollie dear, if you are reading this please know I am not purposefully excluding you. But I am going to spend this entire email talking about you, so if that makes you uncomfortable you should probably bow out right about now. And honestly, you should be so exhausted right now that you should sleep for at least a week!

You know, up until now I feel as though Oliver has been tentative with us and love-making. We've tried to ease his way into some of our kinkier activities, you've lightly dom-ed him and had him assist in helping me to submit. I've read him kinky emails to see what really gets him going. But really, he was only in one relationship for years and it sounds as though the sex life (before it stalled out) was pretty vanilla. Nothing wrong with vanilla, and if that was all Ollie was interested in, that would be enough and I would love him through it and just save the extreme stuff for when it was only the two of us. But after last night? Yeah, I don't think we need to set anything to the side.

Lucky for me, Tuesday is the day I'm done with classes the earliest and then Wednesday's classes start the latest. I may have had to call in dead if that weren't the case. When you came looking for me and Ollie to get into some 'naughty naughty fun' I had already been found by the aforementioned fiance. The elves had been ordered to care for the babes, he had already set things up for the littlest kids to have a sleepover at the Manor with their grandparents, and we had the entire suite to ourselves for the entirety of the night.

When you found us, he was holding me from behind whispering in my ear. You could see from across my office that I was already hard and I'm certain Ollie had a shit-eating grin on his face. I know because I could practically hear the smirking in his voice. "When I get you and Draco back to our rooms I am going to take you apart." Ungh, yes please!

The three of us practically ran across the hallway in an effort to avoid any students and get to our rooms as soon as possible. You and I sat down on opposite ends of our love-seat, and that's when we were surprised ... to be given a notebook and a pen.

"Er ... Ollie Dear, are we taking a test?" I had to ask as I definitely felt a bit like a student.

Yep, definitely a shit-eating grin, "No, I'd call it more of a questionnaire." I'm sure I had the most confused look on my face so Oliver continued, "The both of you already know what you like and don't like, although the things you don't like is limited to all of two or three things I'm pretty sure. I'd like to find out what I like."

Yeah, our Ollie wanted to find out for himself what he likes and doesn't like in the bedroom. Or the playroom, or the middle of the woods, or anywhere we can find for shagging really. It makes
sense, he was in a controlling relationship of boring and then nonexistent sex, then he joined us and we’re super open-minded but we definitely already know what we like. It’s Ollie’s turn to explore.

When I opened my notebook I saw what looked like a BDSM/Kink checklist. Holy bollocks it was going to be a long night! He wanted us to go through that checklist point by point.

We really gave it the old college try, but even with potions to stay hard, spells to give us instant recovery and instant orgasms, and three very willing participants we didn’t manage to get through the entirety of the checklist. Poor us, I guess we will have to do this all over again another night!

It turns out Ollie really really likes topping, which is awesome for you since you like bottoming and topping isn’t necessarily my favorite thing to do. He loves seeing both of us in lingerie, but wearing it isn’t really his thing. You both seemed to have a fantastic time fingering me open; open enough to take your entire fist. So hot. Which prepped me so well for the two of you to take me at once. We were able to check a "definitely" into the "giving double penetration" category.

In a shocking revelation it seems he is quite into cum-play. That is amazing for me. I know you don’t like it, but you would occasionally cum on my face just because you know how much I like it. It seems you won’t have to do that much anymore. Our Oliver spent himself all over my face and even without the spells managed to harden back up immediately just from the sight of my eyelashes dripping in his seed. And when I poked my tongue out to get a bit of a taste he surprised me further by licking up the mess of my face and then sharing filthy-wet, loud and sloppy kisses with me.

He did NOT like tickling or being tickled, that works for me since I can’t stand either of them. Hopefully you aren’t too disappointed that neither of us like it. The fact that he seemed to really enjoy using the violet wand on you seemed to make up for it.

I think the most surprising bit for me was a kink even you and I have never used. I’m a bit surprised it never occurred to either of us. You know how much I love having my nipples played with, especially through the lacy cami I was wearing, when Oliver’s fingers ended up a bit wet. For as much as we had done, for the fact that you had both had your entire fist up my arse, I was embarrassed and apologized profusely for leaking a bit of milk on him during sexy times.

Oliver looked at his fingers, then at me, with a shocked look on his face. I honestly thought I had killed the mood for the entire evening. Until ... "Don’t apologize Harry. Can I?" and then he gestured to the damp lace. All I could do was nod. He leaned his face in, peeled the fabric off of my nipples, wrapped his mouth around the wet pink nub, and sucked. Hard.

He seemed to have an entire mouthful before pulling off, when he looked at you with challenge in his eyes. Well, my Draco is never one to back down to a challenge, especially from a Gryffindor, so you leaned forward and put your mouth to his. This all happened barely a foot from my face so I had the perfect view to watch my two men share a similarly wet kiss to the earlier one when Oliver and I shared his spunk. Except the two of you were kissing and sharing my milk.

And now I am writing this and about to go about my day trying another kink on Oliver’s checklist ... chastity. You’d think HE would be the one wearing it! But no, he wants to know if he enjoys knowing I am wearing a cage under my clothes all day. A magically bound cock cage that will only respond to his magic or the key he’s wearing around his neck.

It’s going to be a long day.

Yours in frustration,
Harry
Thursday September 21st
HARRY!!!

DROP EVERYTHING AND COME REACT WITH ME! I JUST GOT A FIRECALL FROM KISA AND YOU’LL NEVER GUESS WHO’S GETTING MARRIED ON OCTOBER 31ST!

DRACO!
Chapter 180

Chapter Summary

Harry talks about the upcoming wedding, and Draco talks about Shtara's play.

Friday September 22, 2017

Draco! Eeek!

I could not be more excited for the Quartet if I tried! All these years, and I had no idea they were wishing they could marry. That they've spent the last decade wishing and hoping they could have an official marriage ceremony. Where they had wondered if having a double wedding, technically having 'Mione and Ron get married at the same time Kisa married Blaise would be enough for them. And now, they are finally able to say "to hell with tradition" and get married as the quartet they are.

I'm glad I have no classes right now, having cancelled all of mine today so we can prep for the field trip tonight. That meant last night I was able to just come freak out and REACT with you. We giggled and squealed like teenagers, just so thrilled for our friends/auntie. My favorite parts were the bets we made. Who would cry at the wedding. Who would get drunker at the Stag-Do or the Hen Night? Who would be the biggest Bride/Groom-zilla? How many times will Kisa message you or Lainie to calm her down instead of beating up her fiancés?

But today, while I'm sitting around waiting for tonight with nothing to do (I probably shouldn't have cancelled my classes, now I'm bored!) I've thought of a new game to play with their engagement. We should put together a couple sets of bingo cards. Each of those things into a different space. I say we make three of them, one each for Me, You, and Ollie. Winner gets a sexual favor of his choice. What do you think? You in?

And uh, speaking of being in ... I have something I wanted to discuss with you and Ollie. So, if you're both reading this you can discuss it, otherwise we can talk tonight in the hotel room after Shtara's show. I know we talked about setting our wedding date for June 23rd of next year. It made sense, give us time to get to know each other even better, give the students and the school board time to fall in love with Ollie so they don't freak out, and we'll be off for summer hols and wouldn't have to take time off.

But you know I'm impulsive. All of those reasons are completely logical. But every day we're not all three married is driving me crazy. Every time I get called Professor Malfoy instead of Professor Malfoy-Wood it makes me crazy. And the fact that we have to be quiet about living together until we're officially married breaks my heart a little. It took me a while to admit I was falling in love with Oliver, it took me a while to realize how in love with him you were as well. But once I realized I wanted to be married, I wanted to be married yesterday.

I will say, having the different last names will make things a bit easier to identify each of us. You're sticking with Malfy, Oliver is sticking with Wood, and I will be hyphenated. So there will be one Mr. Malfy, one Professor Wood, and one Professor Malfoy-Wood. I do have a feeling that most of my students will just keep calling me Professor Malfoy since it's shorter and they're used to it. But it's important to me that if I'm not going back to the Potter name that I carry both of my
husband's surnames in there.

Now, with another poly wedding happening next month already, I think it should give us a good idea as to the public's reaction to an unconventional marriage.

So ... erm ... how would you feel about moving up the wedding to March the 24th of the coming year? It still gives us that time to fall even further into love, it gives the school board time to see how amazing Oliver is at his job, but we don't have to wait until next summer. It's the start of Hogwarts' two week spring hols so we can have the wedding that first weekend and still have two full weeks to go on a honeymoon and settle into married life before term starts back up in April.

I messaged Ron and apparently Kisa and Hermione are busy tonight with mob or Headmistress business, but Ron, Blaise, and the kids are all going to be meeting us in London for Shtara's show! I can't wait! I'm excited to see my amazing girl perform, I'm excited to see my students' reactions to the Muggle world, and now I get to see some of my best mates and my nieces and nephews!

Argh!!! Is it time to leave yet?

Maybe I'll come find you for some broom cupboard fun!

Always,
Your Harry

Friday September 22nd
My perfection,

Harry, wasn't Oliver simply adorable this evening? I know he's met Shtara, and I know he knows that she's starring in a play and even more likely to burst into song at the drop of a hat than the rest of us, but somehow, he just hadn't... put all of those pieces together in his mind.

So there we were, a solid section of the muggle theater, having subtly expanded the front few rows so that we could ALL fit with an excellent view, and NOT take up too much of the already sold out opening night. I had cast a Confundus on the Attendants so they didn't wonder too much about having sold nearly 50 more tickets than they could actually fit into the theater. And we were all settled in with popcorn and other snacks when the opening music played and the curtain slowly pulled apart to reveal the stage.

Sort of like in the movie, the play starts with a bit of an ensemble song that introduces the story, and then our girl stepped out onto the stage and from the first moment she opened her mouth, Oliver looked enthralled. Her voice is indescribable, powerful and magical, sort of sweet/innocent/young, but at the same time, timeless and full of life.

And you know what? I know the story is set in New Orleans, but Shtara being raised in New York and having a bit of a hard life before she came to us, gave her all the perfect qualities for the role. When she taught the Prince how to prep food in her no-nonsense way, that was SO something she's done at home - just not with food, hahaha.

But it wasn't just our daughter that was shining bright; the entire cast and all the special effects made the whole play an experience to remember. Although I will admit that I had to hold your hand tight to stop myself from going up and murdering the boy that played the Prince at the end when their characters got married and kissed. If I have any sort of rage halo, it probably came out at that moment when I thought about our girl giving up her first kiss to some boy she's just performing a
job with. I mean, logically, I know that probably happened during rehearsals, but I got snarly thinking about how that's the sort of thing that is supposed to be special and saved for a perfect occasion.

Lucky for everyone that you sensed my swift shift in mood and calmed me down by giving me a rather disarming kiss, and then pushing me into Oliver, who happily gave me a kiss that made me quite forget what I was upset about. After that, I was able to enjoy the ending song/ensemble performance.

There was naturally a standing ovation, and I could see Eris and Hazel holding hands and practically crying with pride at how good Shtara looked in the dress they'd made for her.

At the very end of the applause, Shtara held up a microphone and addressed the audience.

"Probably not many of you know this, but I was a little bit like Orphan Annie. My mother was very sick, and when she died, I could have very easily lived the rest of my life in the system, never reaching my full potential. But then, the two most wonderful people in the world found me. They adopted me and made me a part of their gloriously mad yet perfect family. My dads have been supportive of me every moment they've known me, and without them, I'd never be able to follow my dreams like this. THEY make me believe that every day is going to be the best day ever, and so when I sing this song for them, you will all know that it's not just a song of hope for me, it's a promise they've kept that each day is going to be filled with sunshine and love."

She took a deep breath as music started to play, and then belted out the hands down best version of:

"The sun'll come out, Tomorrow, bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow, there'll be sun... just thinking about, tomorrow, clears away the cobwebs and the sorrow, 'til there's none. When I'm stuck with a day that's gray and lonely, I just stick out my chin and grin and sa~~~~~y, OHHHHH! The sun'll come out tomorrow, so you gotta hang on 'til tomorrow, come what ma~~~~~y, tomorrow, tomorrow, I'll love ya tomorrow, you're always a day awa~~~y!"

Take my breath away!

Alright fine, I admit it, I have tears ducts and they work, Merlin damnit!

When Shtara was done singing to us, she didn't give a damn about her gorgeous gown, she simply flung herself off the stage and into our arms and gave us tight hugs and kisses, thanking us for letting her follow her dreams and being the best dads ever. Then she hugged and kissed Oliver on the cheek, telling him that she was looking forward to him becoming another dad for her to love.

I had to excuse myself extremely quickly so that I could compose my face and basically finish crying over her sheer sweetness in private - in a locked and warded stall in the nearest loo. But don't worry, I came back long before you finished wrangling the students up to bring them back to the Manor so they could participate in the after party to celebrate the wildly successful opening night.

You stand by me, I'm forever yours,

Draco

P.S. You must have read my mind, because I was already planning a surprise wedding during Easter Hols. I guess now it won't be a surprise, but rather, a harrowing event that Oliver and I are going to have to do our absolute best to help you get through without panicking yourself to death!
Saturday September 23, 2017

To the man who FINALLY admits to crying!

I can't believe after all these years, our Shtara's serenade was the final straw in you admitting you have emotions and sometimes they leak out of your face as tears. Births, adoptions, marriages, childlike heartbreak, falling in love twice, and a million other emotional things, I should have known a beautiful girl serenading you with song would have been what tipped you over the edge.

Yes, yes, our Ollie was absolutely adorable last night. But then again when isn't he adorable? When he's ruffled and wakes up in the middle of the night to feed and croon to our babies? When he's in the stables covered in hay and wearing skintight jeans? When his face is flushed with wind and adrenaline while flying around the pitch at Hogwarts? When he's sweaty and sated, murmuring words of love as he passes out?

Yeah, those big brown eyes of his just kill me. I love that the both of you are so different. You're still all sharp edges and a sharp tongue. Smirks and silver eyes, flashing molten metal or softening into a stormy grey but always ready for me to drown in. Oliver is squared jaws and now that he's healing from his trauma, quick grins. Smooth chocolate eyes that I can sink into. How in Merlin's name did I end up with the two most attractive men in existence? Honestly, if I weren't in love with the both of you I'd hate you just on principle.

Lucky for me I don't have to be jealous of your gorgeous eyes and fit arses because I have them all to myself!

Lucky for me I found you out about the surprise Easter Hols wedding. Or Lucky for you actually! You know how much I love planning a wedding. You know how much I enjoyed picking out specific perfect things just for our special day all those years ago. You wanted to avoid panicky Harry so much you were going to what? Not let me have any say in the day? I'll forgive you because I know your heart was in the right place, trying to help me avoid stress, but I'm really hurt that you'd even think about it let alone have that as your plan.

But now that we all officially agree to a March date I do think it's time to start planning! I think we should honestly avoid doing anything the same as our first wedding, I don't want Ollie to feel as though we're just duplicating what we already had with him added. And we have so many children, so many loved ones in our circle, that I don't think we should do a wedding party. It's just, how would we narrow it down and decide who to add? It would end up being the wedding party up front with the grandparents sitting in the audience.

I'd also really like to include some aspect to the ceremony where we have all of our kids, yours - his - mine - ours, and do some sort of request to the ancestors or blessing or promise to cherish. I NEED to make sure Parker and Cassie KNOW we aren't trying to push them out or replace them with us or with our children, in Oliver's heart.

And for our honeymoon I'd like to travel somewhere that we haven't gone as a couple of two before. Somewhere new to explore with my husbands.

Maybe New Orleans!

Oh Shtara my heart! She was breathtaking. I see what you mean about despite being from New
York originally that she played the part of a lifetime New Orleans girl so well. It doesn't surprise me. Both of those cities have the reality of being flashy and beautiful and shiny for the tourists while having an underprivileged section of the population that has to grow some really thick skin. I'm just so thankful we got to our girl before she hardened all the way through. She has such a unique outlook on life, having such a hard but full of love childhood, the tragedy of losing her mum, and then a full and crazy privileged pre-teen and teen years.

Um, er, so if it makes you feel better at all ... Shtara's first kiss wasn't on stage with the kid playing the prince. It wasn't even offstage with the kid playing the prince. She may have had her first kiss about a year ago with a boy she goes to school with at Lainie's school. Did I forget to tell you that? Uhhhh, sorry?

I'd better run and make sure my students are all packed up and ready to head back to Hogwarts. Are you coming with or hanging out at the Manor the rest of the weekend? Either way I'm taking the littlest triplets with me, I think they're all going through growth spurts because they're eating as fast as I can make it! So enjoy your calm weekend if you'd like, otherwise I'll see you tonight at dinner!

All of my love,
Harry

Saturday September 23rd
My beautiful man,

Harry, that means you. You say that if you weren't in love with us that you'd have to hate us for being gorgeous on principle, but how can you not be dazzled every time you look in the mirror? Your green eyes are jewels that I cherish more than anything and am quite glad that you've passed them on to some of our children. YOUR arse is definitely more in shape and fit than mine since you run every morning to keep it in shape.

I love Oliver's soft chocolate eyes and how strong and perfect his body is. If anything, the two of YOU are much better looking than me and neither of you have to spend hours on a routine in an attempt to achieve perfection. My point is that you always feel like you are some ugly duckling compared to me/us, but that you don't realize just how many people - muggles that don't know your fame - stare at YOU because you are the best looking of the three of us. And even those who DO know you via your fame tend to think you are the best looking bloke in the world. They're not wrong.

But moving on. I always love when we have students from Hogwarts at the Manor for parties. It's usually ONLY for graduations, with a handful of students coming for birthdays. Meaning that the majority of the students who've been here in the past are not in school to spread rumors about our home. Thus it's almost always a surprise, hahaha. A least one person always mistakes our home for a large hotel we rented out for the day, and when they realize that it's not, they grumble about murdering the rich kids just on principle. Of course they're kidding, we have too much security for them to be any sort of serious.

Some of my favorite things to watch the students marvel over are the dirt bike track, the enormous park full of play equipment, the gorgeous peafowl, and the fact that all our kids have their own elf that they call on so habitually that they don't even realize it. Also, it's entertaining to watch students wonder if we are purposely acting the way we do simply to entertain them as guests. Certainly the fact that Shtara led us in a giant singalong that our family participated in out of sheer habit (and personal enjoyment) seemed unusual to most our guests, like a performance meant to impress. It
was just us being us.

So today, Oliver and I had a lovely arm in arm stroll after you'd herded the students back to Hogwarts. That said, before our stroll, before you'd left, while I was still in bed in fact, I had a visit from Meredith and Vani. It seems that the two of them had met and become good friends during the play, and since Vani was certain that I'd be willing to work with her for a bit while she was here, the two of them came to ask me when I'd be ready.

It seems they were certain that I must have been awake and dressed and probably having tea, but instead, they found me sleeping. I woke almost instantly because I had that feeling we get when one of our kids isn't feeling well and comes into our room in the middle of the night. That feeling where you wake up and have no idea why you are suddenly wide awake, until you see a silent child staring at you intently.

I sat up and tilted my head at them curiously, nearly blushing when I realized that both of them were now wide eyed and red from the embarrassment of seeing me naked aside from the blanket that was pooled in my lap. I'm not used to being around kids who aren't used to this.

They gave me a bit of privacy to have Muffy bring me a basic set of track bottoms and tee shirt, and then we were all sat around the table drinking tea as we chatted. I also ate a lovely egg and garlic sauerkraut sandwich. When I was done, I made a quick trip to the loo, and then got comfortable with them on the soft and fluffy carpet. I worked with both of them for a good hour on their Mind Palaces, and then we did some basic practice on controlling magic.

We were still at it when Oliver came rushing in, a bit panicked because you couldn't find one of your students anywhere. I sent Meredith off to you, and Vani off to Jaz - who had apparently ALSO slept in after last night's festivities. Then I linked arms with Oliver and took off on our stroll.

He was gobsmacked that I didn't insist on changing into something more bespoke before we left our suite.

Our stroll culminated in a leisurely shag in the North Fields surrounded by this year's crop of baby peafowl. Oliver's not so wary of them potentially chomping anything, so when they got too curious and came to nibble on our hair and toes, we relocated to the stables where the loft full of hay only had a bunch of kittens trying to figure out what we were doing and if they wanted us to play too.

So, if I look like someone took a razor blade to my back, that's why.

I know Venus is too old to be having kittens, so these ones must belong to some of her previous progeny. Adorable little buggers, aren't they?

All of me loves all of you (and Oliver)
Signed Draco and Oliver, who are plotting a devious surprise for their beloved upon returning to the castle ^_^
Monday September 25, 2017

My Heart,

Good morning! It's an absolutely brilliant early fall morning here in Scotland. A fresh crisp breeze, the sun shining off the black lake, my run this morning was quite motivational. I got in that zone where I was practically meditating whilst running. It just really started my day out right! It's too bad you're such a night owl/sleepy morning man, I think you'd have had a real recharging feeling doing your yoga on the grounds as the sun came up today.

I really needed my own recharging after the long weekend we had. Don't get me wrong, ninety-eight percent of the weekend was amazing, it just took a lot of emotional energy that needed replenishment. My devious surprise from my loves went a long way to giving me back that emotional energy.

Obviously I thoroughly enjoyed Shtara's performance, she's a little miracle. And seeing Ron and Blaise was delightful. I had a great time catching up with them, talking about their upcoming wedding, and pretty much delighting in the fact that I had adults to speak with that weren't my fiance or husband (nothing against either of you obviously, but sometimes I feel as though you're the only adults I ever speak with).

I had a harder time explaining to the both of them that we had absolutely no intention on playing even though they "came all this way Harry! We haven't been able to play with your sweet little subby arse in ages!" Apparently "being engaged to Wood has really changed you Mate." I almost popped Ron right in his smart mouth at that. Either Blaise and Ron know me well enough that they backed off, or I was crackling. Maybe a bit of both. But they did apologize. For crying out loud, the four of them didn't play with anyone for ages after they brought Kisa into the fold. Hell, Blaise didn't even sleep with his long-term lovers, the mother of his children, when he first got together with Kisa.

I think what truly shocked them wasn't that we aren't playing for now, they understood that, but it was when I told them in no uncertain terms that if Ollie NEVER felt comfortable playing that we would live with that choice that they really panicked. I did remind them that you and I went a few years without it and our relationship was as strong as ever and sexually fulfilling. It's a part of our sex life that we've enjoyed, but it's not necessary.

Also, there's my not so secret plot to get Ollie on board by continuing to read him the filthy descriptions of play dates every time I get the chance. Yeah, you heard me Oliver Leonard Wood, get ready to be assaulted by my filthy mouth telling you even filthier things. But don't worry my Love, I promise you that Draco and I are being one hundred percent honest with you when we say even if you never get on board with playing outside of our relationship it's not a deal breaker and we will still be just as in love with you.

We were eventually distracted from that discussion to a much more unhappy topic; Farrah. She was there Friday night. Well, she didn't join us at the show, but she was at the Manor and hanging out during the after-party. I guess she was looking forward to hanging out with kids she'd gone to school with. Probably looking forward to having someone to talk to besides Orion's family that has been giving her the ice-cold shoulder. Even your mum, in love with her Grandchildren and Great-
Grandchildren has been doing her Ice Queen routine with Farrah. Your father seems to delight in "name-dropping" whenever she's in hearing distance, talking all about his good close friends the Malfoy lawyers.

I think she was quite surprised that the cold shoulder extended to many of the students at the party. Orion, with his calm and steady manner, popularity from his status as quidditch star, and his new popularity from running a Hogsmeade hotspot, has a loyal army of minions if he ever decides to go Dark Lord. And the few students who don't hate Farrah for being such a shite to Ori ignored her because of how much Siri and Zwei (and the other cousins at Hogwarts) were giving her that frosty shoulder.

I am a petty, petty man because I enjoyed every moment of Farrah's discomfort until she gave up and went back to Orion's room.

I still can't believe I couldn't talk Orion into annulling the marriage or throwing her out on her rear. That child is so damn stubborn. Gets it from you ya know! That and his good looks!

Alright, I am willing to admit that, even though I don't think I am anywhere near your league when it comes to being attractive, I am not a complete troll. But that's as far as I'm willing to go. If you think I'm going to say I'm even close to being AS attractive as you or MORE attractive? Well you've officially gone round the bend.

I at least know I'm attractive to my men. How could I not know you both find me attractive after that welcome I got when the two of you got back to the castle Saturday? I felt thoroughly loved and cherished. I was so distracted that I didn't even notice your poor torn up back! I told you! I've been telling you for years that the animals will injure any naked bits sticking out. But nobody believes poor Harry! I feel so badly that your back hurt that I think I managed to keep the smug look off my face that was in danger of escaping. Told. You. So.

I'd better run off to my first class. I want to get there early just in case any students came in before class with questions from the weekend.

Love,
Harry

P.S. Next time can you let me know when you've kidnapped one of my students?

Tuesday September 26th
My gorgeous men,

Since today is basically Shtara's day off - having had her opening on Friday, then worked Saturday, Sunday, and Monday nights - I decided it would be brilliant to bring her to River's Song and treat her to anything she wanted. While I was at it, I brought Jaz and Vani, and - surprise surprise - Farrah.

It seems that Orion felt a little bad that she'd had such a rough weekend, and actually sent me a message speculating that I was going to do exactly what I had planned, so would I be so kind as to bring her with? I reluctantly agreed.

We started with facials and body wraps. After that, we'd all relaxed enough that during our massages - which were done in the large group room (since our family ALWAYS visits the spa as a group, even a small one like today) - I was able to have a calm chat with Farrah.
Somewhat to be expected, she was having mood swings from her pregnancy. Relieved that I seemed to be sympathetic, she regaled me with how horrible everyone had treated her and how miserable she'd felt among a group of people that used to be her friends. Towards the end of her pity parade, Shtara was positively glaring at her, but not saying anything. (Jaz and Vani were face down and presumably unaware of the drama in the room.)

I reached over and took her hand. "Farrah, I'm sorry that you do not like your just desserts, but please try to remember that our family is VERY fiercely loyal to each other. Had you so much as hexed him with a nosebleed, it's possible that the rest of us would consider you a mortal enemy for the rest of time. Instead, you forced Orion to do the ONE thing he had vowed not to do. Are you really that surprised that no one wants to accept you as part of the family?"

She was teary eyed and trying to fight it. "Why does NO ONE understand how much I LOVE Orion?! I would do ANYTHING for him! If he asked me to murder someone, I would without question. If he wanted us to move to Antarctica for the rest of our lives, I would do it without complaint, even though I LOATHE the cold! I feel like I'll DIE without him!"

I was perhaps a tiny bit moved by her genuine emotion - and since she was looking me in the eyes, I could see exactly how true they were.

"See, we have no problem with you loving him. In fact, it proves you have excellent taste. The PROBLEM is that if you ACTUALLY would do anything for him, then you SHOULD have respected his wishes and waited until he was ready to consider marriage and children. He's still so very young - YOU'RE still so very young! You both have YEARS before -" "WHY WAIT YEARS WHEN THAT'S SUCH A WASTE OF TIME?!!" Farrah blurted out ardently.

I sighed and shook my head. "Look Farrah, I made a vow to support my son in this however he wants me to, and so, I will do my best to treat you with tolerance and maybe even kindness, but I'm NOT going to suddenly think you're the best girl in the world for Orion. If you want to earn that title, you need to start taking his wishes into account."

She was still rather teary eyed. "But I HAVE to! I don't have a choice! He put it in our magically binding pre-nuptial agreement that he's allowed to do whatever he pleases and I can't say anything about it. So I don't even try, even when I KNOW that he's out shagging someone else! Even when I KNOW that he's doing muggle drugs with those floozy dancers of his!"

"He WHAT?!?!" I burst out in shock.

She seemed to realize that she might have said something her husband wouldn't want said, and so she clammed up. It took everything I had to finish spa day with the girls, because there was no need to cut their day short simply because I wanted to go confront our son. Then - as I soaked in the mudbath - I realized that there's probably not much I can do if our ADULT son is doing muggle drugs. After all, I've done them at his age, and MERLIN DAMNIT! Why does he have to be so bloody much like me?!

Hhhhhhhhh!

By the time that I got to the mani/pedi portion of the day, I was calm once again, and I'd decided that I DEFINITELY need to talk with you and Oliver and come to an agreement on IF we should even mention this to Orion. If so, how.

Therefore, if you wonder when you see me why I chose to have the color scheme of my hair tips
and nails be black with red highlights, that's why.

Vexed,
Draco
P.S. I am probably going to be in the Crystal Room for a bit before returning to Hogwarts.
Tuesday September 26, 2017

Yeah, Hell no ... 

I am not waiting for a committee to decide whether or not I should mention this to Orion. Alright, that came out much harsher than I meant it. You are the men I am choosing to spend the rest of my life with, not some random group of people I have to run my bad ideas through. But don't marry the most impulsive of Gryffindors if you want things thought through logically and decided upon with calm cool heads prevailing.

Especially when you are talking about things concerning my baby. The first baby I ever carried within my body. My little bubbles. My teeny boy who came out a carbon copy of (one of) the love(s) of my life. My quiet and mellow baby, the little professor who carefully watched everything happening around him. The baby who gave me no trouble is now turning into the man who continuously shakes me to my core.

I knew going on and on about what an easy child he was would come around and bite me in the arse!

Ugh, remember when I thought it was adorable that he was getting snogged by his quidditch rival he had a passionate rivalry with? Yeah, I could time turner myself and tell Past Harry to shut his gob! And Draco Lucius Malfoy ... you had damn well better not be trying to talk me into feeling sorry for that woman. Oh boo hoo, her former friends realized she's a manipulative psychopath and don't adore her anymore. Wah wah wah, the family of the man I trapped in a relationship with an unwanted baby isn't welcoming of me. Cry me a damned river Farrah.

She is a rapist! She raped my baby! There's just no other word for it. Did she shove him down and force her body on his? No. But what you see in the movies isn't the only way to violate someone body and soul. I love Orion, I will love this grandchild, but I don't think there's anything she could do that could make up for what she's done to my son.

Tolerating her and ignoring her is pretty much best case scenario. You'll notice Orion asked YOU to include her because she had a rough weekend. It's because while I seem like the squishy Dad, everyone knows you're the softy. I am the unreasonable arsehole who holds grudges if someone has wronged pieces of my heart.

She'd do anything for him? Yeah fucking right! I am madly in love with the two of you. I literally would do anything for either of you. I would jump in front of an AK, I would lie, steal, cheat, or kill if I had to. I would do anything short of hurting our children. But using both of those loves as a comparison; Draco if you had told me that you wouldn't have been happy in a marriage that wasn't to a female pureblood I would have been heartbroken, but I would have taken myself out of the equation if I knew in your heart of hearts that that's what you wanted and needed. Ollie, if we had persisted in this relationship and you were adamant that you weren't ready for a relationship, or that
you couldn't see yourself in a triad, or if you had been with us because you felt you owed us for helping you, I wouldn't have made another peep about being in love with you.

I just can't see saying something along the lines of "Oh my Oliver, I know you don't want children, but hehehe I know better than you so surprise I'm knocked up!" Can you even imagine how you would feel if one of us just decided for the others how to grow or not grow our family?

Fuuuuuuuuucckkkkkkk!

Wow, I went off on quite the tangent didn't I?

I meant to tell you all about how Orion reacted to my confronting him.

It went well ... kind of. It went well in the way that he thinks it went well because I didn't fight with him and I pretended I believed his lies. I did not. I may or may not have gone storming into his bar right after my classes finished for the day. There's a slight chance I caused a scene and started shouting for "Orion Draco Malfoy" to get his "trouble-making arse the hell out here before I come find you!"

He very quickly shuffled me back to his office, not sure why I'd already embarrassed the both of us quite thoroughly. Honestly, I asked our son TWO questions. He lied to me as an answer to one of them and didn't answer the second. So, perhaps we should have conferred about come to an agreement about how to talk with him. There's a chance rushing in like an impetuous Gryffindor was not the right reaction.

Oh well, you live and you learn.

The first question I asked him was what kind of muggle drugs he's been taking. Little shite looked me right in the eye and said "It's just a bit of pot Dad, mellows me out it's no big deal." Alright, obviously I don't have an issue with marijuana, it's natural, it's actually good for anxiety and a mess of other things, but he forgets I knew him before he was born. He may have the Malfoy mask down pat. He may be a fantastic liar. But I know when my kid is lying. It might be pot and it might be to mellow him out ... but it's definitely not the only thing he's taking.

I decided to let him think I believed him.

But the second question I asked him was much more concerning. "Ori, my little love, are you partying and shagging about because you want to? Or are you doing it to hurt Farrah?" I quite loathe the girl but nothing good comes of acting out to hurt others, you only end up hurting yourself. He didn't answer and wouldn't even look me in the eye. I just dragged him into a hug, he buried his face in my neck like he used to when he was little and would skin up his knees. "I love you forever Orion, I want the world for you. Don't drag yourself through the mud just to punish her."

He just snuffled into my neck.

"But if you really want to punish her just let me know, I have your Great-Grandmama on standby."

He chuckled a bit at that, "Don't sic Grandmama on my pregnant wife Dad!"

"So, you're saying I can sic Grandmama on her when she's not pregnant or no longer your wife? Good to know."

"No Dad, I did NOT say that! Now get out of here ya mooch, I need to go take care of my paying customers!"
So I did. I came back here to write my thoughts out. And neither of my men is here for me to cry into their shoulders! Get home already!

Defeatedly,
Harry

Friday September 29th
My dearest Harry and Oliver,

I'm off to run a few errands today, such as taking Vani and Jaz shopping for clothes as Vani doesn't really have many and those she has are getting a little too small for her. Also, this is giving me a chance to check up on some of the shops that carry Hazeris clothing, to make sure they are representing and selling the clothes properly.

But rest assured that while I'm out, I'm picking up that gigantic piñata that you ordered a couple of weeks ago. It's going to be at the Manor and ready to go long before you even wake up tomorrow ^_^

Loving you,
Draco
Chapter 184

Chapter Summary

First it's Atreyu's Birthday, and then it's a certain day in October.

Chapter Notes

Yes, I skipped a month between Harry's Email and Draco's, but it's because I had nothing to write about during that month, lol.

Saturday September 30, 2017

My Loves,

This is going to be short and sweet. I'd love to write a novel about the amazing party we just held, but the party was amazing enough to thoroughly exhaust me. But I can't let the day pass without commemorating it this way at least a little bit.

Our sweet little Atreyu is six years old. It's hard to believe with how deeply entrenched in my heart he is, but he's only been with us a little over a year. And wow the difference a year makes. Last year he had fun, but he was so much shyer. He could barely believe the party was for him. The only real stress last year was the lack of piñata, which we definitely did NOT have an issue with this year.

This year however, I saw the most wonderful differences. Atreyu was less thankful and less surprised that the day was for him. I'm not complaining at all, he said his thank yous, remembered his manners, but he no longer seemed surprised that people cared enough for him as to give him a party. He still bragged to everyone who would listen that his Grandma Molly made the cake especially for him. And he still blushed and popped that thumb in his mouth when we sang Happy Birthday. He's our sweet, kind, little boy ... who finally knows that he belongs and that he deserves wonderful things.

That piñata was amazing, missing the drama from last year. But our naughty little Trey thought it was very important to bring his thestrals to the party. The people who could see them thought it was hysterical and those that couldn't seemed quite confused when they'd turn their head for a moment and find their cake missing.

Is it horrible that I'm so glad about the differences the past year has made in our boy?

Alright, I am tired but wound up. I should probably do something to get sleepy. What ever could I possibly do to exhaust myself into sleep?

Incoming!

Harry
Sunday October 29th
Well my loves,

We've certainly had a bit of a weekend, haven't we? Knowing that the law had been changed so that our Quartet could get married here in Wizarding Britain, they originally planned for Halloween - a day as unique and interesting as their relationship is. But then Hermione persuaded the rest of them that if they wanted to have others attend their wedding, it would be easier on a weekend, and also on a day when their guests don't have to choose between a wedding and a special holiday they revere.

So it was that we spent last night with Ron and Blaise at their stag do. I had my hands quite full because Oliver said going in that no matter what happened, he was certain he didn't want us to be FULLY playing around with anyone else - at least not until we're officially married and he's positive that he's not going to lose us to the charms of others - silly bunny! In any case, being the ONLY person at the stag do that was immune to Blaise's impossible to resist sex magic meant that I was kept hopping, running back and forth between the two sides of the club keeping the two of you from begging to be shagged by everyone else there!

And to be clear, this was for Blaise and Ron, so half the available shagging options were female. This ALSO put a bit of a strain on me because Sweet Salazar! They were oh so soft and curvaceous, so very tempting for a bloke who does like the occasional woman and hasn't had one in........

Yeah, about that long.

And they were practically throwing themselves at me! So I had to resist them AND rescue the two of you from those things that hadn't been agreed on. Thank Merlin that you'd both agreed that blowjobs (both giving and receiving) were fine, because Harry was determined to suck the place dry! That sex magic even had him touching a few squicky parts he normally won't touch with a ten foot pole. And Oliver love, you may well have had your first het shag in 20 years if I hadn't intervened.

I actually am completely put off any party having to do with Blaise until our rules have changed, because that was the complete opposite of fun! That said, the two of you eventually remembered that you love playing with each other, and as you did so, you both wanted to watch me have a little oral exchange of my own, so the night wasn't ALL sober babysitting.

Judging by the fact that Kisa had a nice lovely bruise on her left shoulder this morning (at least the part not covered by her dress looked to be big and vivid) and the fact that Hermione, Elena, Mahafsoun, Viona, and bah! We have too many girls to list! As I was saying, judging by the bruise Kisa had and the very rough and worn out faces of the rest of the girls, I'm going to bet that they had a rather wild Hen Party. There was almost certainly a brawl at some point.

Since I sent Pippa to keep an eye on things, I'm certain she took care of any expenses or damages, but when I think back on Mahafsoun's Hen Party, then think about how this was half for KISA, I'm rather afraid to see the amount Pippa had to spend from my vault to cover everything.

That leads me to today. I joined the women as they got up WAY too early to head off to the spa to have a bit of pampering before getting their hair and nails done. I needed to change my color from black and red to something more appropriate for a wedding anyway. To my surprise, perhaps because I was getting up at an ungodly hour, or perhaps the two of you had simply gotten so drunk that you were still sleeping it off, but you were BOTH asleep when I left for the spa.
I got to finish sleeping during my massage and mudbath, and lightly doze during my mani/pedi. Happily, Kisa decided that a nice shiny metallic dark blue was perfect for my nails, because I think I was too out of it to hear when asked for a color preference. Then I did something that I have never done before.

See, in all my years, I have naturally been very pale blond, bordering on white, and I've never had a desire to be any other color of blond. HOWEVER, one of the colors for the wedding scheme was gold, so I decided to try having my hair dyed a soft rich gold - the exact shade of 14 Karats.

I will admit that it looks good on me and really brought out the accents in my dark blue dress robes. Meanwhile, you were wearing green and gold. Oliver was not in the wedding party, so he was wearing a lovely set of dress robes in shades of green, gold, and blue - to match us both.

So it was that I as Blaise's best man escorted our daughter Elena down the aisle as Kisa's maid of honor. You as Ron's best man escorted Ginny as Hermione's maid of honor. You know what? I can say with the absolute security of certain knowledge that you are SOOOO gay and utterly in love with me and Oliver, that you look really good next to Ginny. Her coloring compliments yours and if I wasn't selfish enough to enchant and enslave you all those years ago so that you would be gay and love me instead, I could see you having a good relationship with her, but probably not as many kids. That said, the few kids you did have would be perfectly adorable mini-yous and hers.

Now before you go scratching all the hair off your head wondering when and if I ever did such a thing, I'm just poking fun at the prevailing theory from back then; the theory that SOME people still believe must be the truth.

I could probably go on and on, blandly listing every detail about the wedding, but I won't. All I'll say is that when the Brides came walking down the aisle to stand by their grooms, both Blaise and Ron were weeping from joy. Even a blind man could have seen how utterly happy the four of them were to be getting married.

As for Kingsley, he had a strange expression on his face, as if he was a little kid getting away with sneaking all the biscuits out of the biscuit jar. He even worked it into his blessing on their marriage how delighted he was to be able to grant such a longterm wish to two good friends and their lovers. That the HEROS of the Second Wizarding War deserved everything that made them happy.

The majority of the guests were part of our larger circle, but there were a few that we didn't know, such as people Hermione has worked with in Russia, and a whole section of people that looked ready to gut anyone who looked at them twice.

After they said their breathtakingly heartfelt vows (and I might have possibly had a tiny rain storm on my face), they all insisted on getting to the celebration - starting by hugging their way through their guests to thank them for coming. I swear Molly nearly squeezed them all to death in her teary eyed joy.

Eventually, it was time for dancing, and since I hadn't gotten to dance very much the previous evening, I was looking forward to it. It started out just the four of them, but then they were asked by the lead singer of the live band to each pick a person to join them. Hermione chose you, Ron chose Ginny, Blaise chose me, and Kisa chose Elena. Almost immediately, Kisa challenged Blaise and me to a dance contest. OH HO HO! I was NOT about to lose!

Unfortunately, I was up against OUR DAUGHTER. It was a hard battle to be sure.

At some point in the evening, you were dancing with Teddy, who was saying that he actually sort of remembers being at our wedding and making us kiss - and by the way, Teddy was rocking it in
his natural body covered in one of Hazel's finest flowing gowns, his hair and eyes a bright sort of molten pink. As you were dancing with him, I was dancing with Oliver, holding him close and licking his neck so that I could blow cool air across the hot moisture and make him shiver.

"I was watching you dance with Parvati Patil - unless it was Padma - and the two of you seemed to be ready to shag right on the floor," Oliver observed.

"Sorry, I'm trying really hard to rein it in right now, but I feel like I haven't shagged anything in AGES and I'm horny as fuck," I apologized, giving him a soft smooch. "We'll have to snag Harry in a few minutes and drag him off to our playroom."

"Sounds rather rude, dunnit?" Oliver asked with a frown. "Leaving a party when it's still in full swing, just to have a bit of sex."

"A bit?" I questioned with a devious smirk.

That was when you flung your arms around the both of us and held us tight. "You see? This is possible! I CAN'T WAIT until it's our turn!"

I kissed you and then kissed Oliver again. "I'm rather looking forward to it myself."

"It's MY turn to dance with Ollie!" You insisted.

"Alright, I'll bow out for now, but I'm going to insist that the three of us dance all together at some point," I informed you before taking a step back and being caught in a dance with Luna, who gave me a kiss so demanding that my toes curled.

"You made it possible for relationships like ours to be recognized," she purred happily, groping me so thoroughly that I nearly blushed.

"It was all Harry," I assured her.

"Still," she stated, rubbing herself all over me while we sort of danced. The both of us are good dancers, but the zing of electricity slowed us down. "My lovers and I want to invite the three of you to a playdate very soon."

I moaned in longing. "No. Sorry. That's off the table for the foreseeable future."

"I know, but I thought I'd ask anyway," she pouted in disappointment. "At least I can have some of my way with you on the dance floor."

At that point she gave me a kiss so deep that I quickly felt light headed and I'm certain that all the blood in my body had rushed to one needy place. Suddenly, I was yanked from her embrace and cradled between the two of you. You both stroked and caressed me, as if wiping off her touch.

"Hiya Luna," you greeted her cheerfully. "So sorry to cut your dance short, but it seems that Oliver and I have urgent plans and we require Draco right away."

She grinned at you knowingly. "Yes, that arse of his is positively irresistible. Go on and enjoy his insatiable lust. I'm sure I'll see you at breakfast."

And with that, I really DID have insatiable lust. So insatiable that I shagged both of you into the bed - and if we happen to be keeping count, Oliver liked receiving the Sounding but was too hesitant to try giving it. He also had mixed feeling about being tied up. It seems he liked the part where I was actually tying him, as that part felt sensual and exciting, but the actually being tied and
forced to sit still and do nothing without my literally untying him to allow it was a bit of a turn off for him.

He also enjoyed seeing you in your puppy ears and tail, on your hands and knees on the floor. But if I had to define how he felt about you falling into puppy mode and begging him to pet your head and rub your tummy, I think he... didn't quite understand what you liked about it. He looked like he couldn't wrap his head around why that was fun for you.

But as I was saying, I shagged you both into exhaustion, and now, I'm bloody wide awake and REALLY wish I was sleeping. I think that I must be having a bit of withdrawals from our babies since it's been nearly 48 whole hours since I saw them for more than five minutes (Muffy and Dibby used magic to keep them all happy and well cared for while we were occupied), so I'm going to return to our Suite and give them all a good feed and see if that helps me fall asleep.

Come kiss me awake around noon if I haven't woken already? (That goes for both of you!)

I've got chills, they're multiplying, and I'm losing control, of the power you're supplying, it's electrifying!

Draco

P.S. Kingsley took me aside at one point during the dancing to have a quiet chat with me. It seems that he's done a lot of work behind the scenes getting the approval from the Wizengamot and wanted to warn me before he makes the announcement on Friday. He's stepping down as Minister for Magic and is appointing Hermione the Temporary Minister until the Wizengamot can hold their official election. Kingsley knows that I've always thought about throwing my hat into the ring if he retires, and wanted to give me a chance to really think about it now that it's happening. He personally supports Hermione, and so I would be running against her, and not that I would lose (having you as my ace in the hole), but... he's got a point. Do I REALLY want to be Minister, or do I simply think that it sounds like a good idea?
Chapter 185

Chapter Summary

Harry and Oliver are very supportive, and Draco doesn't know what he wants, so he gets a massage.

Monday October 30th
Malfoy for Minister 2017!!

First of all, if you decide to run and you win the election, you will be an amazing Minister. You've years of business experience, years of managing a million different projects and kicking arse at all of them, and years of keeping a massive family of weirdos happy. Your history speaks for itself. You've traveled throughout the world extensively. Because of being part of building Unity Houses on almost every continent, you have a fantastic working relationship with many Magical leadership teams all over. You CAN keep a cool head when sheer lunacy is happening.

Also, you're fully entrenched in the Muggle world through your daughter and our lifestyle. You know a lot about the Muggle world, about Muggleborns, while being a pureblooded Wizard raised in the wizarding world. You have a foot in both worlds and can see the pros and cons of each grouping within our world. I KNOW you would make a fantastic Minister. Taking out the fact that I am naturally biased towards you, I also know your flaws, even looking at it with my "I'm in love with Draco Malfoy" filters taken off I think you are the logical choice for Minister.

And, this is in no way disparaging of Hermione because she would also do a fantastic job ... but she has not spent the last almost twenty years trying to better Wizarding Britain. Alright, it could be argued that you haven't spent almost twenty years either, since we lived throughout the globe for quite a few of those years. But you have a solid decade of building your life, building your businesses, and building your family in the very country you want to help lead. You created a Muggle/Wizarding area of London/Diagon Alley to make the shopping process easier for Muggleborns and to help build businesses for the better of society.

Hermione has spent the last decade living in another country. Arguably she also has the benefit of having a good relationship with other Magical communities. And she has not only run Traditions Britain and then moved on to its Russian counterpart, but running a school full of hormonal insane children could be pretty good experience for running a country full of squabbling adult children. So, I guess what I am saying is, if you don't want to run I will wholeheartedly support Hermione. But I really do think you are the more logical choice.

It helps 'Mione's case that they just got married here and are moving back to England regardless of Ministry affiliation. It's just time. Kisa needed that time to live and have her babies where she grew up. She needed to learn her family's business as an adult. But, at least for now, she's willing to call England home for the foreseeable future. I thought Ivan would put his foot down and say she had to stay and run the business, instead he surprised me by insisting extending the family business a little more internationally will be a benefit.

The benefit for us will be having our best friends closer, our nieces and nephews closer, and likely an increased frequency in Grandmama visits.
Farrah will be so excited ...

Anyway, on that negative note I think I need to be upfront and honest about the parts of you running for Minister that I foresee being a problem.

I need to preface this with no matter how I felt about your ability to win, your ability to do the job well, or whether or not I want it to happen, I will support you one hundred percent!

-Draco, Oliver here, I agree with everything Harry is saying just so you know. You would be brill and I'll support any decision you make. I love you-

So, with that being said. Do you actually want this? That I can't answer for you. But I can tell you what I foresee. You will love the rush that comes with a challenging campaigning or election process. You will love having the power to make changes from the inside. However, you will buck at the limitations that can come from bureaucratic red tape, having to get the Wizengamot's input, and needing to toe the line of legality versus what you think is best.

It will mean limited time with your family. Right now the babies are easy enough to throw in a wrap and bring along. But what happens in six months when they're mobile toddlers who want to explore? When they aren't content to sit still for hours and a Minister's office is no place for them to have unfiltered access. What about when you're excited about an upcoming party or playdate or trip and you have to postpone it due to Ministry responsibilities. I just worry that this is a goal you want to complete but won't actually want everything that comes after the election.

Look, Kingsley has done amazing things for our world. He took a society struggling after a way and made it a good place to live again. But he was met with political gridlock. He has limitations. He's still in good shape, not too old, and he's choosing to step down. I think it's a good idea to think about why that is. The things you've been able to accomplish that have changed the Wizarding world for the better, might not have been accomplished if you were dealing with political machinations and a slow as molasses chain of command.

I love you, I believe in you ...

Sorry, We love you, We believe in you, but we also want you to be happy and fulfilled. If this fits the bill, let us know so we can start designing buttons and subtly campaigning to the seventh years.

Loving you always,
Your husband, and your fiance

Tuesday October 31st
Dear Harry and Oliver,

It's technically Halloween, but since it's still the middle of the night, the castle has not yet started it's festivities.

I spent all day thinking over the possibility of running for Minister, and I honestly don't know what I want to do. Half of me is certain that I would be perfect for the job and the other half hesitates because family is THE most important thing to me, and being Minister would severely limit the time I could spend with my family. Thankfully, I have until January to decide if I want to run in the official election.

You can be certain that I will think over every aspect of this opportunity while meditating before I even attempt to make a decision.
In the meantime, I cannot dwell on it any more tonight or I'll NEVER get any sleep. I'm going to floo over to the Manor and create a dance to perform after the official ritual ends. I'm looking forward to seeing how this years' committee of current and former students combines the tradition of the ritual with their own personal flair. That said, I am perfectly happy to no longer be in charge of planning it. It's honestly more fun if I can just show up and lose myself in the bonfire dances once the sun sets.

In any case, if Morgana wakes up during the night and protests the fact that I'm missing, feel free to bring her to me and claim a dance or two.

Love you both with all my heart,
Draco

*Added about 10 hours later*

My loves,

As I was waking up - having fell asleep at the Manor after dancing myself into exhaustion - I had a visit from Angella, the woman who inherited Aya's business. Well, except for me as Aya would rather work on me herself despite her retirement than let me be worked on by others. Don't tell her that I go to River's Song quite frequently, hahaha.

Anyway, Angella wanted to ask me a favor, and since I wasn't planning to head back to Hogwarts until closer to the end of the ritual, I decided that it was in my favor to grant her request. See, Angella has an apprentice of her own now, and she was hoping that I'd let her apprentice work on me since I'm such a pro at receiving massages and can give good feedback. As I said, I saw no problem with this.

So, Angella Insta-owled her apprentice to come on over to the Manor. The moment she stepped out of the floo in our suite, my jaw nearly dropped. Her name is Cordelia and she's petite with black hair, green eyes, and a naturally tan skin tone. In other words, she looked a lot like you, Harry. Strangely, despite her resemblance to you, she DIDN'T look like any of our daughters.

I was immediately taken with her, especially since she had a wicked sense of humor. For two hours, under the watchful eyes of Angella, she ran her hands all over me and made me very relaxed. Unfortunately for me, she inadvertently brought to mind what it would be like to curse YOU into a woman and have a hour or ten of fun with you - After you've taken at least 3 anti-pregnancy potions!

By the time she was done - having started on my neck and shoulders, and working her way down to my feet before turning me face down on the table to work on my back, gluteal muscles, and legs - I was rather hot and bothered. That said, I maintained my cool and didn't let on my dire state. I dismissed the both of them and claimed to want to take a nap (since it was MY table I was laying on), but in actuality, I needed them to leave before I got off the table so that they wouldn't see my erection and think that I was being a pervert.

That said, writing this quick email has NOT calmed the situation in the slightest, so one or both of you is about to be abducted and dragged to the nearest broom closet or loo for naughty shenanigans.

Incoming!
Draco
Harry describes Halloween and then Draco has a father son date with Siri.

Wednesday, November 1, 2017

My Sweethearts!

Good morning my Loves! You know, it's days like these that I really hate being a morning person. I wish, after a late night of fun and revelry, I could sleep in until noon without my sneaky husband covertly casting a sleeping spell upon me. Especially since, knowing the entirety of the student body was also going to be up late reveling, McGonagall canceled morning classes. What better way could I spend the morning after a lovely Samhain/Halloween ritual then snuggling up in my cozy bed with the loves of my life?

Well, according to my brain, I could wake up at 7:00 A.M. while those loves are sleeping away, and get ready for the day. Thanks for that, you douchebag brain!

At least I got in a lovely morning run with no one to interrupt the golden fall light and the crisp air since everyone else was likely still sound asleep. I got first crack at all the breakfast foods in the Great Hall. And now I still have plenty of time to write up a long, lovely description of yesterday. I may wish I could sleep in but at least I had a productive morning. It could be worse, I could be forced to get up that early and have nothing to do but stare at the wall.

Yesterday, when you wrote your email Draco and came hunting down one or both of us, you found Ollie. Unfortunately for me, I still had classes to tend to. Flight classes and quidditch were canceled for the day due to using parts of the quidditch pitch for the rituals, but Muggle Studies stops for no one!

Technically that's not true at all, seeing as I am literally NOT teaching right now due to having those classes canceled. But no one needed my classroom yesterday morning so I had nothing canceled. SOME lucky professors had classes yesterday canceled due to prep for the ritual and the ritual, and then canceled AGAIN for today due to cleanup and rest. It's probably for the best that I am madly in love with the aforementioned unnamed professor otherwise I'd be quite jealous and bitchy.

I did at least have fun classes. Basically, the ritual you began that then was taken over by the younger generation, is very Wizarding based. It's roots are in a traditional Samhain celebration. Being the Muggle Studies teacher, I made my classes the day of Halloween a fun description of Muggle Halloween traditions. From the Kawasaki Halloween Parade in Japan to Trick or Treating in the States to (even though it's technically not the day of Halloween) Dia de los Muertos in Mexico. That last one, and wanting to honor Atreyu's ancestry, is why I personally wore the sugar skull face paint and subsequent costume for my ritual gear.
I wouldn't have been able to hold a candle to your cosmos bodypaint Draco, so it's probably best I didn't try to coordinate or even come close. And when our Ollie came to me in a panic because he saw my "over the top" costume ... that was a fraction of yours ... I helped him put together a little something as well.

I was dressed in quite the dapper suit to go with my sophisticated skeleton. You, my Draco, were covered in body paint. Leave it to you to find a costume that covers you head to toe while also lets you be completely nude. Only my husband.

Well, soon to be Ollie's husband too! Less than five months to go!!!!

Anyway, your dark bodypaint with the bright starlight was one of the most breathtaking sights of my life. You looked like the universe, which makes sense since you're my world! And judging by the fact that there was pretty much a puddle of drool underneath Oliver when he watched your dance, I would have to assume he agrees with me.

However, I am not sure the puddle under YOU was drool when you saw Oliver in his costume. He wanted something a bit demonic when I told him how much you love the demon aspect of this ritual. So we went with the curved horns. But he also wanted something that made him look less out of Hell but more a demon coming straight out of nature. His horns, his hair, even his robes, were covered in moss. They looked like he crawled out of some fairy circle with the intent to kill us
And if all of that wasn't enough, he consented to let me do his make-up. I trimmed up his beard and added a bit of green eyeshadow to it. The same eyeshadow I smeared across his eyelids that made him look like his sole reason to climb out of the moss was to fuck me silly. A hint of dark eyeliner had his gorgeous brown eyes looking like sex personified.

I liked my costume, it went well with my teaching and was good for Atreyu to see his heritage being shown by one of his dads. But the two of you outshone me by leaps and bounds. Draco you looked like a God of the Universe and Oliver like a Fairy Prince coming to steal us away, I had a nice suit and face paint.

Oh well, next year maybe I'll bring out my old costume of nothing but some shiny gold pants. Or the lacy pink Aphrodite knickers!

While the two of you were shagging away yesterday afternoon in some broom shed, I was doing some hands on pre-ritual things with our littles and the first years. It was really similar to that very first ritual you did years and years ago Draco when the Princess was a baby ... and our only baby. I led all of the children outside to the grounds, most of them in costume, for a nature walk. The idea was that later that night, during the actual ritual, they would be given seeds or other small tokens to present to their departed. This being most of their first rituals, we thought a little practice in the sunlight would come in handy.

When we made our way back from our walk, we had a little picnic with cake and drinks and talking about the ancestors. I have no actual memories of any of my ancestors so I told the story of Brighid falling a bit in love with the first redheaded Malfoy baby. Side note: she seems to be just as in love with our Gabe's copper hair as she was with Cael's strawberry blonde locks.

Our Zaire spoke a little bit about his birth culture's beliefs about the spirit including the ritual they used to remove his abuser.

And my sweet, sweet, wonderful little Atreyu just about broke my heart when he said, "I don't talk to her, but sometimes I smell my Mama."

We all eventually made our way back to the castle to prep for the actual official ritual. I fed the babies and dressed them up in their little demon-baby costumes. Then when you went off to get ready and rehearse your dance, I helped Ollie create his. We played with the babies and littles for a
little bit until it was time for the ritual to officially begin.

It's probably best that I had my arms/wrap full of Morgana and Dylan while Oliver had his arms full of a wiggly Gabriel because it's probably the only thing that kept us from jumping you the moment we saw you standing there covered in starlight and flashing that smirk of yours.

The kids running the ritual did an absolutely lovely job as usual. A perfect description of All Hallows Eve - Halloween - Samhain, they did a (student) costume contest, and then they moved onto the nature walk portion of the ritual.

I had an absolutely lovely conversation with my parents. I hate that it's a once a year thing as opposed to just having them in my life, but so many people lose their loved ones and never get the chance to speak with them again in this life so I should be thankful for that. Most of our conversation, besides saying I love you and I miss you, revolved around how they feel about our Ollie and my own worries and fears about our Gabe. I felt so relieved honestly, they assured me with a laugh, just like they did the first time I spoke with them about loving you Draco, that they are beyond happy that I have people who love me. They're happy for us, they love me, and nothing will ever change that.

They told me, as usual, how much they've enjoyed watching our children and our family grow. How amazed they are that they have more great grandchildren. And when I broke down a little, talking about my fears for Gabe and his health, my parents did their best to hold me - and Gods is that the worst part of being parentless, never having the feeling of being held by them that feeling of safety and love and warmth - and assure me that they were watching Gabriel, that he is growing and wonderful and they had every bit of faith that he would grow up safe and happy and loved.

Breathe Harry, breathe.

And I've officially been writing long enough that Oliver has woken up and joined me and he wants to write something now.

Draco, and Harry since you are listening. I also followed the ritual and communed with my departed last night. I was apprehensive about doing that since I didn't know quite the reception I would receive from my most recently deceased. I spoke with Edmond. Harry, stop panicking, it was fine and I feel freer than I have in months. He, well he apologized for his behavior. Through the cleansing of his death, the distorted mentality that plagued him in his last years was cleared away. He is happy I have found love. He is sorry his disease hurt me. He is quite happy that Cassie and Parker have more people in their lives to love them. I love you both so much it scares me. I was so scared that I was moving on too fast or not holding to my original vows. After last night I finally feel that weight has lifted from my shoulders. It was wonderful - Oliver.

Oh Gods! I was going to describe the dancing and the amazing night time revelry, but now I have to hug our fiancé and likely blubber all over him for a bit.

In so much relief,
Harry

P.S. About the Minister thing. Draco you silly man, you said half of you is certain you'd be perfect for the job. What is wrong with you? One hundred percent of me is certain you'd be perfect for the job!! My only hesitation is whether or not you actually want the job. Of course you're capable. Ridiculous.
Thursday November 2nd
The beats of my heart,

When I woke up this morning, I realized that I didn't have anything to do. Harry, you had taken Gabriel to your classes with you, and since he's still not mobile and perfectly content so long as he's being held, he's a rather good choice to bring. Meanwhile, Oliver, you had taken both Dylan and Morgana - since she was willing to let you carry her around. Perhaps she understood that you were planning to bring them both flying in their carriers.

I'm certain your class just LOVED watching you teach them some of the finer points of flying while wearing two babies strapped to your body. I know *I* certainly love watching how fit you look while holding babies. Mmm...

So, with nothing to do, I decided that I would do basically nothing. Thus, I turned into my Marmoset form and snuck into your class, Harry, to simply sit on your shoulder and pet your neck while you carried on with teaching. You occasionally stroked my soft fur, but otherwise ignored the fact that I was a potential distraction.

I think you had Fifth or Sixth Years to begin with, and they had enough self control to refrain from asking questions about the sudden arrival of a mini monkey. I spent the rest of the day with you like that, which I hope you liked. I assume that you would have told me to leave if you didn't want me there.

That said, the best part was when the first class I dropped in on ended and Oliver arrived to borrow you for a quick loo break. It seems that we've never actually transformed in front of him, nor mentioned the possibility, because he was staring at me with the most confused look on his face.

"Hiya Harry, I had Muffy and Dibby take Dylan and Morgana and lay them down for their nap. I hope you'll consider having them take Gabe too... So... when did you get a pet monkey?"

You snorted in amusement even as you called for Muffy to take Gabriel. Then you stroked my spine and gave me a gentle kiss (the students had left by this point).

"This is Draco, didn't you know?"

He shook his head. "I thought he could turn into a dragon..."

You grinned and took his hand. "He has a POTION to do that, so yes, he can. But this is his Animagus form."

"Huh... I've never given much thought to becoming an Animagus..." Oliver murmured speculatively.

"I wanted to try it because my dad and Godfather could do it. I'm a fox, by the way. And after I did it, I showed Draco, and he was inspired to try it too, hence..." you gestured at me.

I was still sitting on your shoulder and hugging your neck as you and Oliver strolled to the nearest loo.

"Interesting. I wonder what I'd be?" He asked himself softly as you shut and locked the door to the loo and pushed him up against the wall.

"Wonder later. I only have a few minutes before I have to get ready for my next class."

"Mmm," Oliver moaned as he accepted your kisses and groped your fit arse.
I was perfectly content to watch, and I assume that you realized this as I didn't even attempt to move nor turn back into myself. You cast a few spells at your arse to prepare yourself as quickly as possible. As soon as you nodded that you were ready, Oliver pulled your trousers and pants down and turned you so that you were facing the wall and he was able to shag you.

I felt strange. As a monkey, I wasn't really interested in joining the fun, but at the same time, I enjoyed what was happening and was mildly turned on by it. For no reason that I could determine, this translated into me licking and nipping your ear. I'm fairly certain it was light enough to not hurt and I obviously didn't make you bleed. Still my teeth in that form are rather sharp and you seemed to inhale a gasp at the sensation. Perhaps the tiny pain was exactly what you wanted? You certainly didn't tell me to stop.

Due to the short time limit, Oliver used a hand to get you off as quickly as possible, and then devoted himself to pumping you full about a minute later. The two of you panted and gasped, humming and sighing in pleasure as you caught your breaths and recovered.

That was when you petted me again. "Draco, my love, do you want to change back and have a bit of fun before I have to run to my next class?"

I shook my head because I actually didn't want either of you at the moment. I wanted to wait until I had the time to have BOTH of you, and I had plans on exactly how I wanted to take the two of you apart until neither of you could remember your names.

"Alright," you murmured with a confused shrug. "Well, I should probably, erm, use the loo, and then get back to my classroom before my next class starts."

"Mmm... me too," Oliver murmured, pulling you close and kissing you very possessively.

I waved a paw at him, making you laugh softly. "Draco wants you to give him a little kiss too."

He looked skeptical, but gave me a quick smooch as well. I leapt onto his shoulder for a moment so that I could hug and lick his neck, and then I jumped back to you.

"He says have a good class," you translated, more or less accurately.

Curious, Oliver lightly stroked a hand down my spine. "That's so weird..."

"Careful," you warned. "Draco will bite you if you offend him in this form."

Obviously doing his best not to offend me, Oliver pet me again. "I'm actually hoping to see you like this again at some point. It's weird, but you look adorable and I just want to pet you all day."

I probably moved my entire body just a bit because I was feeling rather chuffed by that statement. Burying my face against your neck, I waved goodbye to him. You two (used the urinals and then) gave each other a last kiss before parting ways.

Back in your classroom, you were surprised to see that a few students were so eager that they'd already arrived - more than ten minutes early. This particular class had Siri in it. He lit up when he saw me on your shoulder.

"Hi dad! I was literally just wondering if you'd take me to Zaire's Langa for dinner tonight, and then maybe massages at River's Song. I've been practicing so much lately that I ache a bit."

I chittered in agreement. You chuckled. "I don't even need to speak monkey to know he would be happy to. You think your father would EVER turn down an opportunity to go to a spa?"
I wanted to disagree just to be contrary, but I couldn't actually argue. Instead, I jumped to Siri's shoulder for a few minutes. He wasn't nearly as upset by my sitting on his head as Zwei was, and let me pick through his hair until I got bored and returned to you, but not before I gave him a kiss on the cheek.

Predictably, the rest of the students spent the minutes before class began asking Siri all about the implication that the tiny monkey was his other dad. When class was over, you were technically done for the day, but that just meant that it was time for you to answer questions in your office and whatnot, so I jumped to the floor and changed back to my human form so that I could give you a heated kiss.

"I'll see you when I get back from dinner and massages with our son," I murmured.

You moaned/hummed a response before giving me another kiss. "Have fun."

Siri gave you a quick hug before taking my hand and dragging me away. "See ya dad!"

Dinner was excellent, which was only to be expected. Then we had our massages.

Apparently the real reason that Siri suggested a father son date was that he wanted to talk about which Quidditch moves were the best to attract girls with. Honestly, I wondered why he asked me and not you. You are clearly more comfortable talking about these things, but then I supposed that maybe he figures that you have no experience attracting girls.

Well, at least he's not River snogging every girl he sees!

After our spa night, I brought him back to Hogwarts and found Oliver in our Quarters playing with our babies. We snuggled up to chat and wait for you to get back. Then I decided to dictate this email - which prompted a conversation about how my voyeurism kink differs when in Monkey form. Strangely, it does and it doesn't. I still quite enjoyed the show, I just wasn't as inclined to want to do anything about it when you were done.

In any case, it's about time for you to return from Gryffindor Tower.

Take my hand now be alive,
Draco
P.S. Oliver, I think the next time I have nothing better to do, I think I'll ride YOUR shoulder during class!
Chapter 187

Chapter Summary

Harry has a free evening and Draco finally has a chance to confront Orion.

Chapter Notes

Since I think AO3 might have had problems yesterday, if you didn't read the Halloween ritual, go back and read it :-)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wednesday November 8, 2017

Love(s),

I am utterly thrilled, I unexpectedly have the evening free. I was going to have an evening study session with my Gryffindors but the thing they're wanting extra study for is potions. Haha, laugh it up Draco, I might be pants at potions themselves but I am a good researcher and can very easily help a group of students figure out where to look for the answers.

Anyway, again with the shoddy potions professor, he generally completely refuses to help his students outside of class. I'm not supposed to say anything to anyone, but I know Minnie knows better than to include you in that limitation, but she is actively looking for a new professor. Honestly, trying to get paid extra to supply the infirmary, refusing to help students outside of class time, and by the amount of students that asked me for help he must also be a terrible teacher since they don't understand a damn thing. Minnie was going to just not renew his contract for next year and find someone new, but with the mid-term scores she's been seeing she thinks it can't wait until the end of the year.

Well, long story short, he's either realized he might be out of a job soon or had a personality transplant because he told my study group that there's "no need to beg for help from someone who only managed to scrape an E on his O.W.L. Potions exam."

First of all, Oi Fuck that guy!

Secondly, they're mostly fourth and fifth years and there's nothing horrible about an E on an O.W.L.!

Thirdly, Fuck that guy so much!

Anyway, because of that I find myself with an entire Wednesday night to myself. Normally I would want to spend that time in my rooms with my loves, but I also got an owl from Tabitha today asking if we could talk soon. I figure, what the hell, let's take out two birds with one stone and head over to Unity for Movie Night? It's been ages since we've been, and I'm sure the feisty foursome would love hanging out with some younger Unity Kids instead of their boring old dads. And we
can initiate Ollie into the Unity House Movie Night cuddle couch!

Gabe can snuggle with us while Morgana and Dyl crawl around attacking the small children to steal their snacks. I mean ... play.

And uh, Draco did you do that thing I asked you to do for the thing?

Oh! Your night last week with Siri. I know they generally ask me for teenager stuff but you were definitely the one to ask that question. What kind of quidditch moves will get the ladies’ attention? Draco, you are absolutely the best person to ask this. One: because you definitely attempted to get attention with quidditch moves. Two: because you know exactly which moves *I* did that got YOUR attention! I just hope you didn't tell him something like, "have you tried dressing up as a dementor to scare them off their broom?"

Yeah Ollie, remember that game? We were playing, what Ravenclaw? And I almost lost the snitch because three prats were dressed up like dementors so I stopped to cast my patronus? Oh that Draco Malfoy snot, wonder what ever happened to the git ... hehe. Oh and who ended up winning that match, do you remember? Oh that's right, still Gryffindor with the win!

I should probably send this off so you have time to read it and know in enough time that I want to head out for the evening!

Loving you,
Harry

Friday November 10th - Actually, probably more like 3AM Saturday
Merlin Harry!

Oliver dear, if you are with Harry, strap in for the ride because I have SO much to get through!

Let me start with movie night. We all went to Unity House and watched Coco, which was a stunning movie about a boy who wanted to be like his grandfather and play the guitar. There were some interesting twists - such as a trip to the land of the dead. I loved it, but I daresay that Atreyu loved it even more. He now DEFINITELY wants that flying spirit jaguar thing!

Just after the movie, when I detangled from the cuddle couch to head to the loo, Tabitha cornered me while you were still wrangling the kids.

"I wanted to talk to Harry about this, but since he's busy and I KNOW he'll probably panic, I suppose I'll tell you and let you tell him when you get a chance," Tabitha said, rather ominously.

"Alright..." I murmured, wondering what she could be upset about.

"So... you know that couple that Harry warned me about?"

"Yeah..." I droned, feeling a bit of dread run down my spine.

"They came here yesterday... looking to adopt a teenaged girl," Tabitha informed me grimly. "Even if Harry hadn't warned me away, I don't think I would have passed them through the screening process. They seemed extremely dodgy to me."

I sighed and nodded. "I can't imagine WHY they came here looking to adopt - as they already made it clear they don't accept adopted children as valid members of the family. More to the point,
they seem to be desperate for a new heir, which they are old fashioned enough to insist be a boy. This is... puzzling, to say the least."

She nodded in agreement. "I told them that I had to do all the usual background checks and the like, but there's no bloody way I'm going to let them get their hands on a child!"

With that, we kissed each other on the cheek and I went to find you and Oliver. You were both ready to go, despite our kids being a rebellious handful. That's why I didn't get a chance to say anything; I got distracted by helping get all the kids to bed - telling stories and dancing fussy, possibly teething babies to sleep.

Then Thursday, when I managed to snag you during your lunch break, we got too into chatting during our picnic about the advice I gave Siri. You were happy to hear that I did NOT advise him to dress up as a dementor during the game. That said, he did ask permission to take my dementor costume from my closet to wear during a Defense Against the Dark Arts class project.

As for moves to attract girls, I actually spent Thursday evening out on the Quidditch Pitch teaching Siri some of our better moves - even the one in which you were training for the ballet, hahaha.

Today - which is probably actually yesterday at this point - I had a busy enough day working with Vani at Unity. Guess what? Vani might be getting adopted! There's a couple that I don't know anything about yet that came in to start the process, and if nothing goes wrong - and if Tabitha thinks they're a good fit - little Vanessa will have a loving new family to cherish her and raise her right.

Otherwise I'll murder them myself!

After Unity, I stopped by that place to see if the thing was going to be ready for the thing, and was assured that yes, the thing is going to be there at the perfect time.

Then I took advantage of the fact that Oliver is done earlier on Fridays than you are - because he often has to put in a few hours on the weekends to help out with Quidditch and whatnot - by taking a bit of a field trip into the Forbidden Forest. See, even though the centaurs had once declared that any and all adults trespassing in that forest would be subject to their harsh penalties, Hagrid has not only talked them down, but a few people are exceptions to that rule.

You, for example, have always been considered a bit of a hero to them as well, and so even though they don't necessarily worship you, they tolerate your occasional presence. Well, it seems that their stargazing has let them know that I am good, erm… friends, I suppose, with the Antipodean Opaleye living in the forest, and so, I'm also tolerated. Because of this, so long as we and anyone we bring into the forest with us behaves respectfully toward the centaurs, they won't become hostile.

All of that was a long way to say that since I'd seen my gorgeous dragon friend flying near the edge of the forest closest to Hogwarts, I decided to take Oliver into the forest to meet with her. I always found it strange that she knew who I was, even in human form, but she does. Perhaps I smell the same in both forms?

In any case, we headed into the forest, following Opal - that's what I decided to call her for short - until she stopped circling and landed. She was a bit fierce at first, making Oliver nearly wet himself, but then she took a good long sniff of me. Her ferocity faded and she became rather docile. I was able to pet her head and introduce Oliver to her.

She let me see that her nest was no longer empty, but I wasn't allowed within five feet of it. It's said
that Dragon eggs take about 3 or 4 months to incubate before being laid, and then a good two years until they hatch, so, depending on when she found a dragon to mate with, there could be baby dragons to meet in two years or less.

I'm rather excited!

Unless they're empty like most chicken eggs...

But I'm not going to think about that, so, moving on.

After heading back to the castle with Oliver and having a quick shag, I took off to the Manor to have a bit of a chat with my mother about that thing. That led to me staying for dinner with the family. Elena and her crew were home, which meant that she had Ethan, Rose, AND Rodrigo with her, along with the kids. Apparently she just couldn't resist the swarthy Spanish charms of Rodrigo and talked him into the weirdest relationship I've ever heard of. It seems that Elena will be in a triad with Ethan and Rose, and simultaneously in an otherwise monogamous relationship with Rodrigo. He's not willing to be part of their relationship, but he does love Elena enough to let her have her cake and eat it too.

For now. We'll see how it goes.

After dinner, I took a bit of a nap in our Suite because I had plans...

See, it was Full Monty Friday, and even though I don't want to be at the Hog's Head for Orion's performance, I needed to see something else for myself. So, I waited until the place was closed - a time when I knew the staff would still be there cleaning and whatnot. Makes me glad they have cleaning charms to make the work so much easier.

But anyway, since the Hog's Head was closed, all the security wards were up. This makes it impossible for anyone not authorized to get into the place, but since I am the father of the owner, I was actually given authorization, and Orion can't take it away from me until he effectively buys the place out from the Malfoy conglomeration - remember when I mentioned that since he was technically underage when he bought the club, so even though he used his own money, he had to have our lawyers buy it as a Malfoy business? Well that means that I'm technically a part owner, and even though I would NEVER abuse my authority... I decided to abuse my authority.

So, I let myself in and used all my old lurking and spying skills to walk around and see what there was to be seen. You'd said that Orion had lied to you about his drug use, and I figured that he would simply lie to me about it too unless I had proof. So that was what I was trying to obtain. I figured that maybe I could find something in his office - or better yet, catch him in the act.

And catch him in the act I did. He was laying in a circle of cushions on the stage with a few of his employees. They were all staring up at nothing I could see and giggling dreamily.

"Orion?" I asked with a frown of concern.

"Dad!" Orion exclaimed in a strange tone. I think if he wasn't on drugs, he would have been alarmed to see me, but at the moment, he couldn't be anything but happy. "Come lay next to me!"

Not willing to pass up an invitation like that, I conjured another cushion and lay right next to him as told. "What are you on?"

He seemed to have enough presence of mind to not answer that, but he didn't try to lie either, simply shook his head in denial. I cast a detection spell I'd learned in Auror training.
"Opium??" I blurted out in shock.

He laughed at that - which actually IS one of the effects of the drug. "Don't be such a stick in the mud, dad! Opium is excellent for giving us new ideas! When we take it, we can come up with whole new routines that everyone loves!"

I sighed and rubbed my temples. "But Opium is easy to get addicted to."

He shrugged. "I did my research, dad, I KNOW how to take it responsibly. So long as I never take it more than once or twice a week, it's not going to hook me, and even if it does, it's only a week of the worst flu symptoms ever to break it."

I wanted to argue with him, but in his current state, it would be a complete waste of breath. "Do you do this to make Farrah mad?"

He gave me a strange look even as he gestured for a gorgeous and mostly naked woman to come closer. "Give my dad the pipe."

She handed me the ornate silver pipe that was attached to a hose attached to a... I'm not actually sure what it's called. A water bong? A hookah? Anyway, I held it curiously, looking her over carefully before returning my attention to our son.

"If you want me to answer, take a good long drag," Orion bargained.

Sighing because I already knew that there was no use arguing with him in his state, I decided to give it a go and see what happened.

Satisfied that I was cooperating, Orion grinned at me, turning on his side and propping his head up with his hand so he could look at me better. "See? Not so bad after all!" Then he took the pipe from me and took a long pull from it. "To answer your question, NO, I do NOT do this *just* to get back at Farrah. I was doing this before I married Farrah. I do this because of what I said; this helps me have an excellent brainstorming session that in turn helps me keep this business successful and fun."

As he gave his explanation, I could feel a delicious sense of dreaminess come over me. "Mmm..." I moaned as the feeling made me happy and giggly.

We all had the WEIRDEST conversation! It wandered all over the place and it would be impossible for me to transcribe it coherently. I'm not certain I remember more than half of it anyway.

When we were sobering up a while later, that same gorgeous mostly naked woman pressed half a pill into Orion's mouth before placing the other half in her own. They both took drinks of water to swallow the pill halves with, and then she kissed him and pulled him to his feet.

"What's that?" I asked, hoping that he wouldn't try to tell me that it was an antacid or something harmless that it obviously wasn't.

"Ecstasy," Orion murmured, giving her another kiss.

I sat up in concern. "*Why* do you need that?"

He shook his head. "I DON'T need it. I simply like taking it once in a blue moon so that I can have an intense shag with no strings attached. It's... hard to explain, but it makes everything feel about 10 times more... MORE than normal. Want some?"
I shook my head. "No, I'm dead certain that your father is going to murder me for the Opium, no need for him to resurrect me and murder me all over again for a drug I don't even like the sound of."

Orion gave me an appraising look. "What drugs did YOU take when you were my age?"

I sighed in defeat. You know, I always assumed being open and honest about my past would teach our kids to avoid my mistakes. It seems that I was wrong in Orion's case, as it seems to have inspired him instead.

"Well... After the Final Battle, there was a time when I was doing a lot of Cocaine, but honestly, I always liked the Cruciatus Curse better. It had more reward and less nasty after effects."

Orion booped me on the nose, giggling residually from the last of the Opium fading from his system. "Cocaine is WAY worse than Opium, so don't you dare judge me!" With that, he led his bint away to who knows where. I don't really want to think too closely on what he did after that.

Feeling rather heavy in spirit, I decided to return to the Manor and type this up before passing out. I assume that you'll have time to read this email before coming to the Manor tomorrow for that thing. I'll leave it up to you to decide if you want to wake me alone to talk things over, or if you want to talk everything over with Oliver FIRST, and then come wake me to talk it over again.

Stand in the corner and scream with me,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Warning, drama ahead...
Harry is not happy at ALL that Draco took Opium with Orion.

4A.M. Saturday November 11, 2017

Draco gods-be-damned Lucius bloody Malfoy,

I haven’t found you yet but I will. And when I do things are NOT going to end well for you.

I can’t decide if I’m furious you’re hiding or pleased that you have *just enough* self preservation to know when you’ve well and truly bollocksed everything up and hiding is your best bed.

My husband, the dumbest smart person I’ve met.

You utter tit. You took opium with our son. Opium. Hmm, remember that time you had an addiction problem that we had to wean you off of? What was that thing you were taking again? Laudanum? Wonder what that’s made out of? Hmm, let me think.

Oh that’s right. It’s opium.

I can’t even think straight (haha, never straight, it’s NOT the time for jokes right now!) I’m so mad. I’m serious! (No I’m Sirius, haha, shut UP!)

You’d better hope I find you soon or that I never find you.

Reluctantly still madly in love with your prat arse,
Harry

P.S. Ha Ha, I already know Vani’s soon to be adoptive parents! Maybe if you weren’t high as a kite I’d tell you!

P.P.S. That was mean, they’re good people, you’ll like them. Don’t worry.

P.P.P.S. Now look what you’ve done! You caused me to wake up Ollie!

Still about 4 am ish on Saturday November 11th
Bloody fucking hell!

I can hear you yelling for me, Harry, but even before that, I could feel your presence when you Apparated into the Manor. See, just after I got into bed and was drifting off, I realized that I might actually be in dire trouble. I had joked that you might murder me, but a sudden sense of impending doom let me know that it might not actually be a joke, so I went into my closet and found a nice high shelf to hide on in my Marmoset form.

That was naturally the first place you looked, which I probably would have realized had I not been so tired and mentally absent. So, when you were flinging things back and forth while growling my
name, I Apparated to the White Room, but that was the SECOND place you looked for me, which
made me Apparate to the Crystal Room, however, I know that this is going to be the next place
that you look for me, so I'm going to try under our bed.

Hopefully you give up and try to get some sleep until you calm down in the morning, because I'd
really rather live, thank you very much!

**Picked up by the Dictation Device**

"DRACO BUGGERING MALFOY, I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE SOMEWHERE, SO GET
YOUR BLOODY ARSE OUT HERE BEFORE I BLOW THE WHOLE PLACE UP LOOKING
FOR YOU!"

"Harry, love, perhaps you might want to calm down?"

"NO OLIVER, NOT UNTIL DRACO GETS HIS ARSE OUT HERE AND EXPLAINS
HIMSELF!!!"

"I didn't do anything wrong, Merlin dammit!"

"DID YOU OR DID YOU ***NOT*** TAKE ***OPIUM*** TONIGHT?!?!"

"I did, but I'm an adult and can take the occasional drug if I want!"

"IS THAT WHAT YOU TELL OUR KIDS?! THAT IT'S FINE ONCE YOU'RE AN ADULT?!?! WHAT
ABOUT THE FACT THAT YOU WERE ***ADDICTED*** TO LAUDANUM -
MADE FROM OPIUM?!?!!?"

"I was NOT addicted!"

"YOU TOOK IT FOR ***MONTHS*** TO FEEL BETTER!"

"YEAH, I did! But I NEVER took it enough to become ADDICTED!"

"***YOU*** WERE THE ONE WHO WANTED TO SMOKE POT IN AMSTERDAM!"

"SO?! You had NO problem with it at the time!"

"AND YOU WERE ADDICTED TO LAUDANUM -"

"WAS NOT!!!"

"***AND*** YOU DID UNSPECIFIED MUGGLE DRUGS BEFORE WE GOT TOGETHER -"

"COCAINE - WHICH I STOPPED USING IN FAVOR OF THE CRUCIATUS CURSE! AND
YOU KNOW IT!!!"

"***AND*** I'M PRETTY FUCKING CERTAIN THAT OUR SON GETS THIS BEHAVIOR
FROM YOU!!!"

"HOW SO?!?! IT'S NOT LIKE I'M CONSTANTLY DOING DRUGS AND TELLING THEM TO
DO IT TOO!!!"

"YOU FIND NOTHING ***WRONG*** WITH DOING DRUGS AND THEY ***KNOW***
IT!!!!"
"AAAARRRGHHH!!!"

CRACK

BOOM "I'M ***NOT*** BLOODY AFRAID OF YOUR RAGE HALO, HARRY!"

CRASH

BANG

"GOD BLOODY DAMNIT! BOTH OF YOU ***STOP IT*** BEFORE YOU ACTUALLY ***HURT*** EACH OTHER!!!"

"Oliver, please tell Harry he's being unreasonable."

"***I'M*** BEING UNREASONABLE?!?!

"I dunno, Draco, if it's true you've done all those drugs, then maybe Harry has a point?"

"SEE?!?!?!"

Heavy sigh. "Listen, he is overreacting because he THINKS I somehow got addicted to a substance I used very carefully for a few months before stopping altogether."

"If you were so under control, then why does Harry insist that you were addicted?"

"HE WAS!!!"

"I WASN'T ADDICTED!!! I simply used the laudanum as a tool to help me get through a rough time - just like YOU use potions to help you maintain your mental health."

"THEY'RE MEDICAL AND PRESCRIBED BY MY HEALER!!!"

"I WAS USING THE LAUDANUM UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MY MIND HEALER!!!"

"Alright, clearly the two of you aren't going to come to an agreement on this, and I don't yet know all the details -"

"YOU ***WOULD*** IF YOU'D JUST BLOODY READ ALL OUR EMAILS!!!"

"OI! MUTT! That's uncalled for! Oliver isn't required to know every detail about us and our past to be an equal and valid part of our relationship!"

"Sorry Ollie, I didn't mean that..."

Deep sigh. "It's alright Harry, I know it's the rage talking, but maybe now that you're a bit calmer -"

"Think very carefully before finishing that sentence, Oliver, as his Rage Halo has NOT diminished in the slightest. He's not calm by any stretch of the imagination."

"WELL HOW CAN I BE CALM WHEN YOU TOOK A FUCKING DRUG THAT'S THE BASE OF THE ONE YOU WERE ADDICTED TO!!!"

"I WASN'T BLOODY ADDICTED!!!"

"WERE SO!!!" CRACK!
"WAS NOT!!" CRACK!

"WHY are you two bloody HEXING each other?!?!"

"I WANT HIM TO ADMIT THAT HE'S ***WRONG*** AND APOLOGIZE!!!"

"I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG!!!"

"LISTEN! … Can you both please just back off and breathe for a few seconds? … Alright, good."

Deep breath in. "Harry, can you please try to rein in your Rage Halo before you accidentally murder someone?"

"NOT UNTIL I'M READY TO CALM DOWN!!!"

Another deep sigh. "Alright... Draco, even if you don't think you did anything wrong, can you try to see Harry's point of view and apologize?"

"WHY SHOULD ***I*** BLOODY APOLOGIZE WHEN I DIDN'T ***DO*** ANYTHING WRONG?!?!?!

"Alright... how about we all just breathe. Deep breath in... and out... Deep breath in... and out...

Look, clearly we're all tired and emotionally charged. Can't we PLEASE just drink some hot chocolate and eat a few biscuits? And then maybe get some sleep?"

Soft growling.

"Do I need to remind you that it's my birthday and that I REALLY don't want to be in the middle of a shouting match at bloody 4 in the morning?"

Aggravated sigh. "FINE... I'll go take a shower or something until my Halo cools off."

"Thank you, Harry love."

Defeated sigh. "I suppose that I could use something in my system to counteract the last vestiges of the Opium."

"That's all I ask. Muffy! Please bring us some creamy hot chocolate and a plate of ginger biscuits."

"Yes Master Oliver."

"I think that's quite enough - Dictation Device. You can stop recording and send the bloody email now."

**No sign off**
6:00 A.M. Saturday November 11, 2017

My Dearest Draco,

Oliver recommended, and I reluctantly agreed, that since being face to face right now seems to end with nothing but shouting, I should probably let everything out in email. That should, in turn, allow you to listen to and process my feelings on your own terms and without being attacked. I obviously feel I am right and you are wrong, otherwise this argument would be over. But a shouting match where we are essentially yelling "Yuh huh!' and "Nuh uh!" at each other isn't making me sound all that credible.

I really thought after my halo calmed down in my shower that I could come out and have a logical conversation with you. Apparently "standing there in silence glaring at Draco isn't much more helpful than the shouting, Harry." Thanks Ollie.

Draco, if you didn't do anything wrong, why were you hiding?

I spent the last ten minutes going through our old emails ... again I am really sorry I threw that in Oliver's face. He didn't deserve me trying to drag him into a fight and he certainly doesn't have to know everything we've ever done to be a full and complete part of this relationship. As annoyed as I am with you right now Draco, you are one hundred percent correct in that being a low blow and something I shouldn't have done. Thank you for calling me out.

Anyway, I went through the emails in an effort to be a complete arse and have proof of your former addiction to throw in your face. Because I'm a mature and responsible adult.

Again, I am sorry that I am using this story that I've always said I wanted as a history of our love in an effort to win an argument. I acted a prat to Oliver and now I'm sullying our record of a life full of love. For that, I am completely repentant and apologize wholeheartedly.

I did find some direct quotes that I am still going to rehash, just because I care and not in an effort to win this argument.

First, my incorrect statements. You were not addicted to laudanum. I know, I know, that was my whole argument. But ... your use of it was escalating and very concerning to me when Yesenia finally came up with cheering charms as an alternative. It had not become an addiction yet, but I still hold out that your use of it was becoming concerning and had no end in sight when you finally stopped using it when you found the charm alternative.

And here's the rub. You threw in MY face that I am on antidepressant potions to help regulate my mental health. I have PTSD from my abusive childhood and living through a war. I take exactly the amount prescribed by my mind healer. I am actually on the lowest dose I've ever been on. You made me feel badly about my potions and said you were using the laudanum under the supervision,
of your mind healer.

But ...

When I looked through the emails, two sentences came out that reminded me again why I had been so worried at the time about your addiction. Yesenia specifically found a charm alternative because she didn't like you being on laudanum. When you first started taking it, before you told Yesenia about it I might add, you eventually told her about it and she was willing to monitor it but as to you taking it she was "not super thrilled." Direct quote. And then when it was increasing in use you mentioned again that Yesenia, "hasn't really liked me using this muggle potion," continuing on saying she supported you but "hasn't been happy about it."

I am taking potions that my healer recommended after I spent YEARS trying everything else to avoid potions as a last resort. YOU took something your healer didn't want you to take but didn't technically stop you from doing either.

Now, I don't want to fight. I don't want to ruin Oliver's birthday. No matter what you did last night you know I love you. But I don't think I'm unreasonable in asking you to not take Opium again. And especially to not get stoned with our son. I definitely overreacted earlier, I'm overtired and have been busy with the thing.

So, I think we should all cuddle up in bed, kiss out our apologies, and take a nice long mid-day birthday nap. We just need to be awake and dressed by 4:00 this afternoon.

Partially Apologetic,
Harry

Saturday November 11th
My tetchy Harry,

I already told you why I was hiding. I said in my last email, before we got to fighting, that I was in bed falling asleep and a sense of impending doom came over me. I went into hiding because I have a functioning sense of self preservation despite the fact that I was too tired to come up with a hiding place more clever than under our bed, sigh.

Alright, since you can admit that I wasn't actually addicted to the Laudanum, I can admit that it might have been heading in that direction if I hadn't been so careful and worried myself. I told you back then that I chose the potion I chose BECAUSE I didn't want to risk being controlled by anything; obviously being controlled by an addiction would be just as bad - if not worse - than being controlled by prescribed potions.

Also, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to throw the potion thing in your face. You are right, you use them for an important and specific reason that they help with, and you have gotten yourself to the lowest dose possible that still does the job. I love you no matter what, and should never have risked making you feel bad about this. That said, I was rather irate and not thinking clearly. Forgive me?

As for never taking it again, obviously it's not something I PLAN to take, but that said, I'm not going to make a promise on this because it seems to me that at least having the option open - and not having to worry about hiding it - might actually help me in the long run if I need to try to talk sense into Orion. He seemed much more willing to be open and honest once he knew I was not judging him because I was doing it too.
I dunno, maybe we should BOTH (or all three if Oliver is interested) give it a go with Orion so that he REALLY hashes everything out with us. You know, make him feel comfortable while still having a chance to express our concerns.

By the way, that moment when I said to him that I was worried because Opium is really addicting, despite not thinking TOO closely on it at that moment, I was forming that opinion on my experience with Laudanum - and actually cocaine too - and how close I did come to addiction before deciding that the risk just wasn't worth it. I DO understand his point in that if he takes it only occasionally and is responsible about it, it's not such a big concern. It's just that if he really has been doing it for a while now, then... who's to say that he's not already addicted and doesn't realize it?

On the one hand, I want to support him, but on the other, I want to lock him in a dragon guarded tower until I know for certain that he's not addicted - or has broken the habit if he is.

GODS! I now seriously have to wonder if my parents realized what I was doing after the final battle, and if so, how they coped with the reality that I was doing a terrible drug and could potentially ruin my life because of it. I should go hug my mother and give her a BIG bouquet of flowers!

In any case, as you suggested, after you wrote your email, and after Oliver and I had finished our chocolate and biscuits while chatting about my past drug usage, we all went to bed to snuggle and kiss. But before I actually got into bed, I got on my knees next to our bed and held your hand while I sang a song in Japanese called Gomen ne (by a group called Tiara), that is literally called I'm sorry, and even though the majority of it is in Japanese, the words I'm sorry are repeated in English a bunch of times.

I even had the music playing. The song itself is gorgeously heartbreaking and says a lot of things that don't apply to our situation, but I don't think you understood anything other than my intention, which was to apologize for being a stubborn prat. Unfortunately, that's just my nature, sigh.

Oliver looked amused that I was always so over the top - even in my apologies - making a production out of everything. But maybe he was also relieved that we were able to get past something that COULD have been too serious to forgive. I think he might actually be afraid of what would happen to him if WE get along with HIM smashingly, but ultimately stop being in love with each other. Then he really WOULD be caught in the middle.

Lucky for him I would give up my own life before giving you up, so that's really not likely.

After I finished singing, and you quietly listened to the whole song even though you were impatient to get to the kisses, you pulled me into bed on top of you and gave me a demanding kiss.

"I'm sorry too, I'm just so bloody worried about you - AND Orion!" You exclaimed before giving me another kiss.

"I know," I murmured. "Me too."

"And we're giving Ollie the worst start to his birthday!"

"Well then, let's make it better for him," I suggested with a smoky grin.

"Mmmhmm," you moaned in agreement, pulling Oliver into the cuddle puddle with us so that we could focus on worshiping every millimeter of his body with our mouths and hands.

Thank MERLIN we had plenty of time to take a nap before the beginning of his birthday party with
the ENTIRE circle.

"I said I DIDN'T WANT anything special!" Oliver protested with a becoming blush when he realized that we had a lot of people at the Manor specifically for him.

"Which is why we're having a regular old ordinary circle dinner," you informed him.

"The guests can say happy birthday or not, it's up to them," I added.

"Except for when we bring out the cake and sing happy birthday to you," you finished with a mischievous grin.

Oliver shook his head in defeat and gave us both a sweet kiss.

There was about an hour or so of mingling and eating the delicious food catered by Café Exquis, and then I insisted on starting the dancing. However, I wasn't doing the first dance, I had YOU and Oliver perform the first dance as I sang to the music of Smash Mouth's version of I'm a Believer - with my own little spin on it.

"Oliver, this is how both Harry and I feel about you:

"Then we saw your face, now we're Believers, not a trace of doubt in our minds, we're in love, ooo-ooo, and we're believers, we couldn't leave you if we tried."

He let me finish out the song, but then he caught my hand and yanked me into the two of you so that he could hug us both, and then give us kisses. The light blush on his face let us know that he was so not used to these romantic gestures, but that he wasn't going to protest.

"So, this was the *thing* that both of you kept referring to - not so subtly," he accused, then huffed a laugh. "I should've known!"

We kissed him and spent the rest of the evening letting him know with a thousand tiny gestures just how much we love him.

My favorite part might just be when I looked over at Cassie and Parker at one point, and realized that they were watching their dad dance with us with teary eyed pride. You know, I tend to forget that they lived through it too, but times like these remind me that they are used to seeing their dad struggling to maintain a happy façade. I can only hope that we keep on making Oliver happy for the rest of our lives.

Oh it's gonna be, hot like fire, I'm gonna take you, take you higher, oh you, you can't resist (when me and you), kiss kiss and kiss and kiss and kiss, Draco
Chapter 190

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Harry is back to the grind and Draco drops in on the Ministry.

Monday November 13, 2017

Sigh,

Back to the weekly grind. After a long weekend, a long wonderful weekend. Wait, the weekend also included a massive fight that had to be broken up by our beautiful peacekeeper, fine then a long terrible weekend. But also the weekend included celebrating one of my love's birthdays where we had a wonderful circle dinner and so much shagging. And I also had a beautiful conversation with Cassie that was bittersweet.

Fine, back to the weekly grind after a long, wonderful, terrible, celebratory, bittersweet weekend. I think that covers all of it.

Draco, even without the beautiful musical apology, I had already forgiven you. And I really did love the song, even not understanding the words, I could listen to you sing all day. I think when I get that rage filled, it's not that I want to punish you, but that I never ever want it to happen again. You didn't see your eyes during that time, the sparkle was gone, you were just going through the motions, I missed you. I'm not as much angry as I am terrified. You're too important for me to lose in any fashion.

-Draco love, I agree with Harry that you are too important for either of us to lose. -Oliver

Even though he's right here, I won't speak for Oliver, but I am not comfortable doing Opium with or without my son. I am very uncomfortable with YOU doing Opium with or without anyone. I understand why you think it's a legitimate idea, but I don't like it. I can see maybe, MAYBE being willing to do the "just a bit of pot" he assured me it was (the liar) but that's about it.

Ooooh, I would be willing to order in some amazing wine and get utterly smashed with him. Do you think that would do the trick? Maybe from that vineyard in Tuscany we like so much? I think, just to be safe, I should probably order a case of it anyway. Yeah, good call. Remind me to ask Pippa to order some please?

Well the party was fun, and even though Ollie didn't want something big, I hope he enjoyed our circle dinner that may or may not have included a birthday cake and everyone telling him Happy Birthday. And that the pre-party bed festivities and the post-party bed festivities showed our sweet Ollie just how much we desire, cherish, and worship him.

-It did, I love you both. -Oliver

Oliver Wood, you are too cute for words and I want to throw you down for post-post-party festivities. Pre-week festivities? Whatever, I want to shag you senseless for how fit and adorable you are!
I selfishly gave Oliver a birthday present of something I really wanted for myself for a gift I bought for Draco previously. I hope you aren't upset at being given a gift that is going to technically be given to someone else. I've hated every moment since we've been together, once we've decided we're going to be a family, that yours and Cassie's and Parker's hands haven't been on the family clock. Normally I wouldn't dream of giving a birthday gift that you couldn't have and hold and was solely for you, but I hope seeing those three engraved hands being added to our beautiful clock was as important to you as creating them was to me.

Alright, I've been half talking with Oliver (who woke up AFTER I started typing if you're wondering!) and typing out the rambly conversation. I think I'm going to stop typing and just turn on the dictation device.

Harry speaking; "While you two were dancing later in the evening as I went to feed the babies, Cassie came over to find and talk with me. She actually thanked me, thanked US, for giving her dad a family. A big, loud, crazy, family. She wanted me to know that both she and Parker were thankful that he has found love and happiness."

*Oliver making snuffling noises*

"I just couldn't let her keep thanking me when I feel like the lucky one who needs to be thankful. Thankful he fell in love with us too. Thankful his kids see how good this relationship is and are happy for him. Thankful for the two children he brought into our lives that I already love fiercely.

"And that's when Cassie chuckled a bit and said: 'it's been nice of you to include us with the rest of your kids. It can't be easy, loving another man's children.'"

"Yeah, I can't believe she said that. I immediately told her in no uncertain terms that I love HER and I love PARKER and would regardless of parentage. But that Oliver's parenting of them was wonderful and they are truly wonderful kids that I care so much about."

More snuffling from Oliver. "Thank you Harry, it's good to know, I always thought I was bollocking the parenting thing."

"Oliver! You have been an awesome father to your original two children, and you've been a hands-on, amazing dad to ours. Especially the feisty foursome who live for spending time with you in the stables and the babies who will literally NEVER remember a time when you weren't one of their dads.

"I did have to argue with Cassie just a little bit about including her as one of our own now. 'Cassie,' I said, 'I met you before either of your fathers met you. I loved you the moment you came to Unity House. You, Della, and Viona were this perfect sweet trio of babies. We adopted Viona, Draco's parents adopted Della, and can I tell you a secret? If you hadn't been adopted by your dads the week that you were, you would have ended up here by now regardless.'

"She asked me what I meant and I told her something I'd never told anyone before. I never told Draco. I've not told Oliver. Up until this moment only Cassie and myself know this, but I had already started paperwork to adopt Cassie when Oliver and Edmond put in their request. I couldn't stand the idea of her being split up from Della and Vivi. I hated the idea of not being able to see her grow up. I loved her so much, more so than any of the other Unity Kids, I was so happy when she was adopted but also completely brokenhearted."

Oliver in a shaky voice; "What did you just say?"

Harry takes a deep breath. "Oliver, I had every intention of adopting Cassie, I have loved her since
the moment I met her. It was just the timing that kept me from being her Dad from the beginning."

***Dictation device sends the email when Oliver tackles Harry to the ground, kissing him senseless and accidentally knocking the computer off the coffee table***

Monday November 13th

Mis dos corazones,

Oliver, I would address this to you, since as far as I know, all you're doing is giving private lessons after lunch/dinner, but since Harry is going to receive it and more than likely read it TO you, I'll address it to him.

Harry, I know that you were probably looking forward to having a picnic or something with me and Oliver today, but I personally was not in the castle.

See, I went into the Ministry today to see how a number of things were doing. The first stop me and Morgana made was to see how my class - or what WOULD be my class if I was 'back from maternity leave' - was doing. They're... doing okay, I suppose. Oleg is not going as rough on them as I would, since he spent so many years teaching children and is using a lot of the same techniques. So, because of that, they're learning, and in some opinions, learning at a more realistic rate.

But I wouldn't trust a single one of them to have my back in a raid.

Oleg informed me in Russian that there was one student in particular that complained far more than he worked, and that Oleg sincerely wishes that he could just hex the man into oblivion. I roared with laughter and wished him good luck with that.

Then I wandered to my office to look over the files pertaining to the raid that Robards conducted about 2 weeks ago. I had to laugh as it's clear that the entire department is lost without me. The raid was technically a success, but it seems that no one knew what the others were doing half the time, and so, two of the half dozen criminals they were after escaped.

As I was in my office having a good laugh, I could hear voices in the hall.

"But there must be SOMETHING you can do!"

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but -" Robards cut himself short as he passed by my office and saw me sitting at my desk and chuckling as I stroked Morgana's soft hair. "Oi, Malfoy! Got a minute?"

"Why not?" I asked with an amused grin.

He stepped into my office with the woman who was with him. "This is Jennifer Morgan. She's about three years out of Hogwarts and was a Gryffindor -"

"What does THAT have to do with anything?!" Ms. Morgan demanded grumpily.

"I'm just introducing you," Robards stated before continuing. "As I was saying, Ms. Morgan has a note with her that was found in her grandmother's Will - that basically says that her grandmother had a special something specifically for her, but that it's in a secret hiding place. Ms. Morgan has no idea where the place might be and has come here hoping that a detective might be able to uncover it for her."
"Ah," I stated in understanding, holding my hand out. Robards took a moment to close the door before gesturing for Ms. Morgan to hand it over.

"Is this a detective?" She asked him dubiously.

"No," I replied honestly. "Not a detective nor an official Auror, but I MIGHT be your best hope."

"Oh?" She asked, more curious than suspicious now. She took a long look at Morgana, who was babbling happily in baby language and gnawing on a very hard biscuit.

Robards smiled at Morgana. "She's gotten bigger since I last saw her."

"Growing like a weed," I murmured before giving her a kiss on the cheek. "Her brothers are also getting bigger and the three of them are practically drinking poor Harry dry!"

"I still think he's barmy for doing that voluntarily, but I can see that he's keeping them healthy and happy," Robards said, wiggling his fingers in front of Morgana's nose. She predictably stopped babbling to glare at him. The entire room grew dimmer until he was smart enough to pull his hand back and shake his head with a huff of laughter. "Still doesn't like others, I see."

Ms. Morgan finally came to a decision and held out the paper for me. I took it and read it over.

My darling Jennifer, when I was a little girl, my mother gave me a powerful family heirloom that I cherished and used until I married a man who would have sold it for a down payment on a house - if given a chance. So I hid it in a secret place, intending to give it to your mother when she was out on her own, only she never left the house, got pregnant with you, and died in childbirth whilst we were traveling on business. I never wanted to give it to you until you were settled down and ready for it, but sadly, my time seems to be nearing and I don't think I'll have a chance to see you in person before I die. Just know that this heirloom is hidden in my house - which I am also leaving to you, and that you'll find it when you most need it.

Your loving grandmother

I looked up at Ms. Morgan almost reflexively.

"I've looked EVERYWHERE!" She cried out desperately. "I've even demolished walls and searched under floors!"

"That seems frustrating," I murmured, feeling inappropriately amused.

"And if I don't find it soon, I'll be forced to sell it along with the house! If it's so important to my grandmother to pass it down rather than sell it, I would feel like I'm betraying her, but I don't know where else to look! Don't you Aurors have a spell or something to find missing things?"

Rather than answer, I closed my eyes and placed my hand on the note that was now on my desk. It took a moment, but a vision came.

"I see an elderly woman, presumably your grandmother. She has very, erm... well lived in skin but her hair is still mostly black with lots of silver strands mixed in. She's wearing a lacy cream colored shawl that looks to be an antique - possibly another heirloom. After she finishes writing this note, she takes a small crystal ball into her hands and looks at it, I'm not sure what she sees, but it makes her smile. A moment later, she casts a spell - no, a password - at the ceiling, which makes me look around the room she's in. It's small and circular and mostly empty except for an antique desk, an old loom with a bit of something still in progress, and a gorgeous hand-carved wooden rocking chair that has a... Embroidery circle? on it."
"After saying the password, which seems to be Matilda and Jennifer, a small cabinet appears in the slanted ceiling. The cabinet opens to reveal an impressive emerald and gold necklace - which seems to be shining with power. She takes the necklace out of the cabinet, places it in the center of her shawl - along with the crystal ball - wraps it up tenderly, caressing it like a sleeping baby, and then places it back in the cabinet. The cabinet automatically seals itself shut again and seemingly disappears from existence."

I opened my eyes just after the grandmother winked at me, sort of spooking me, and slid the paper back over to Ms. Morgan. "That's all I can tell you, if it's not enough, then I'm sorry."

Ms. Morgan was staring at me in open mouthed shock. "She hid it in THE ATTIC?!?! Why in the ever loving hell would she hide it in there, there's nothing but worn out old junk in there! Or, well, there was before I had to sell it all."

I shrugged because I couldn't answer that question.

Still sounding rather aggravated, Ms. Morgan took the note back from my desk and exhaled a sigh before giving me a decently genuine smile. "Thank you, erm…"

"Draco Malfoy," I stated, holding my hand out so that she could shake it.

"MALFOY!!!" Ms. Morgan blurted out incredulously.

"Is there a problem?" I asked with a light glare as I pulled my hand back and patted Morgana on the back.

"Ah, erm, well, not so much a problem, but… I, er, I THINK that my grandmother's grandmum received the necklace as a failed engagement present from a Malfoy. I just... wasn't expecting that it would be a Malfoy that helped me find it. Honestly, I didn't know I was looking for a necklace, just that gran told me the story of it a couple of times when I was just a little girl."

Since she seemed to be chatty, I decided to satisfy my curiosity. "And who's Matilda?"

"That's my mum who died having me," Ms. Morgan replied a bit sadly. Sighing, she slipped the paper in her purse. "I'm going to go and see if anything you said was true, but I suspect it is based on the fact that you were able to describe things - such as her shawl and embroidery - that I recognize that you couldn't have known."

"Good luck," I murmured.

After she left, Robards asked what I was doing, and when I explained that I was going through the record of his last raid, he groaned and pulled at his hair. "NO ONE seems to have a clue what to do on a raid without you! I used to handle every aspect of the raid myself, but after having you run things so smoothly, not to mention incorporating all that gobbledygook tech of yours, I - BAH! That's not even MENTIONING the raid before that!"

"What happened on that one?" I asked, hoping it wasn't anything TOO serious.

"The criminals somehow spotted us coming and mostly escaped except for a few that stayed behind to cover the others. They managed to injure a few of our rookies with minor hexes before ALSO escaping. I felt like it was my first day of Auror training and I was suddenly thrust into a duel with the Dark Lord!" He lamented in clear frustration.

I laughed outright. "I was there for that, and you would have probably been fine. It was actually boring as fuck, had not the fate of the entire Wizarding World been on the line, not to mention my
actual life. Harry took him out with a buggering EXPELLIARMUS - for Merlin's sake!"

"Any chance you plan to come back?" Robards asked with a hopeful grin.

I smoothed my hand over Morgana's hair and sighed. "I honestly don't know WHAT I want to do. Kingsley just stepped down and he appointed Hermione temporary Minister for Magic, but I always assumed that I'd run when the time came."

Robards stroked his chin speculatively. "Hmm... If you ran the entire Ministry the way you run a raid, we'd be in ship shape in no time!"

"There is that," I acknowledged with a soft chuckle.

"But..." Robards began and then hesitated.

"But what?" I asked warily.

"But the REASON you only ever worked on raids is that you wanted to have limited part time hours so that you could be with your family as much as possible. Considering that you now have more kids than ever, I'm not certain you'd be happy in the Minister's office all day."

I sighed heavily. "There is that as well."

In a rare show of friendliness, Robards put his hand on my arm. "Well, if you DO run, just know that you'll have my support."

"Thanks, but you probably best move your hand before my daughter blows it up."

He saw that she was indeed glaring at him again and quickly pulled his hand back.

After he left my office, I finished up and left it as well, making my last stop of the day. The Minister's office.

"Hiya Draco!"

"How's life now that you're the temporary Minister for Magic?" I asked.

"Oh just wonderful!" Hermione exclaimed, and she wasn't being sarcastic either. "I feel like I'm being challenged in the best possible way!"

"So... You want to KEEP the job?" I asked with deep interest.

She stood up, walked over, and hugged me before giving me a kiss on the cheek. "I do, but even MORE than remaining Minister because no one else wants the job, I want to KNOW that I was the one that the Wizengamot felt was the best fit, and if I'm NOT the best fit, I'd rather the Wizengamot vote for someone else."

"So... you're saying you want me to run?" I stated more than asked.

"Definitely!" She cheered, still hugging me.

I gave her a kiss on her cheek. "Thanks luv! That's what I really needed to know."

"Give Harry, Oliver, and the kids love from me," she bade.
"I will," I promised.

"Before you go, this song that just came on is one of my favorites - care to dance?" She asked.

"Always!" I exclaimed with a grin. We flowed around her office for the duration of the song, having fun and laughing at the fact that we kept tripping over files and things (she was in the middle of reorganizing). When the song ended, I gave her a kiss goodbye, which she deepened for a few seconds before pulling back and letting me use her floo.

So... I guess I'm going to run for Minister after all. I'm going to have to ask Pippa what to do next, because I suspect that running a campaign is going to be more her forte than mine. In any case, I habitually flooed into our suite in the Manor, and now that I've written this email, I'm going to go chat with Pippa, and then I'll be flooing back to the castle. See you both soon!

Love and passion,
Draco
Chapter 191

Chapter Summary

Harry and Oliver are supportive ^_^

Tuesday November 14, 2017

My Pride!

Malfoy for Minister 2k17! Or will the election be in 2018? I should probably be more aware of when elections are happening in the world huh? Honestly, I don't know if Pippa was one of the best or worst people to ever come into my life. I would be lost without her. And that's where I wonder if she's the best or worst. Am I completely useless and therefor she was necessary or have I become more useless because I don't actually need to manage any of the events happening in my life?

I suppose at this point it doesn't really matter, I refuse to live without her and if that makes me ridiculously codependent and a barely functioning adult? So be it.

I think I do fairly well keeping the things straight that I need to (as long as I don't have to keep myself straight amirite?) but there's no way I could manage as much as she can. I get myself to and from my classes, I have been doing adequate prep time. I have my Head of House hours. I spend time with my family. But Pippa keeps the lives of all ... twenty-three? of us running smoothly.

Not really twenty-three of us I guess. The entire crew that's already graduated and/or aged out lives outside of Pippa's control. Although I'm pretty sure all of them but River have their own assistants, and I think Eris and Hazel share their assistant as they share their business. So what is that? Fifteen of us? Plus Pippa's actual life with her own child.

Then again, Sirius has become Super-Dad! He takes care of Pierre and Leon every day while Leah and Pippa run our lives. I love and adore my babies, but I was not built to be a stay at home dad of tiny ones. Not like you and Sirius. I can only sing so many nonsense songs and count so many tiny toes and change so many nappies before I am about ready to lose my mind. I want to run and climb and play and dirtbike. But you and Sirius, the baby whisperers ...

Oh and Ollie, I am including you in that previous statement. I don't think I'd have survived these past months without you being willing to wake up in the middle of the night to help with the babies. Even if you didn't change a single nappy (and you have changed a lot) and even if you never sang or rocked a baby to sleep (we all know you will be rocking Gabe to sleep until he goes to Hogwarts!) it's just been nice having an adult to talk with while I'm up feeding a set of almost triplets.

Don't you worry your beautiful head Draco, we've got the homefront covered while you go run for Minister! Morgana has finally accepted Ollie into her very small list of people she loves, Gabe likes him more than either of us, and Dylan's such an easygoing baby that I sometimes forget there are three of them.

For now ... but with Morgana and Dylan crawling, Gabe probably not far behind - and you know
they'll be running before long - I have a feeling we may need a second Pippa if you're going to steal the first and best Pippa from us to help run your campaign.

I don't know why you're having a campaign at all honestly. I should go before the Wizengamot, say "Vote for Draco or I'll hit all of you with an Expelliarmus" and that should be that.

Ooooh we should make shirts!

Supportively,
Harry

Wednesday November 15th
My joie de vivre,

That includes you both. Here's what I know about the Election so far: the current Minister can appoint a temporary replacement which the Wizengamot can vote on to confirm - OR (if the current Minister is deemed incapable or dies) the Wizengamot appoints a temporary Minister. The important part is that once a temporary Minister is appointed, should no one want to run against them, they are confirmed as Minister and only need to be 'reelected' once every seven years. Kingsley remained Minister for as long as he did simply because no one ever wanted to run against him. Except that one time when he was the winner anyway.

That said, once there are at least two candidates - as there are now - THEN the election needs to be held. Hence there not being a set date for this election. It's officially SUPPOSED to be a public election, and I suppose that the public does get a chance to vote on the Candidates, but with how involved the Wizengamot is in the entire process, it wouldn't be too off the mark to suggest that the Wizengamot is the authority that is actually in charge of voting in the next Minister. Kingsley tried his best to 'fix' things so that the entire process is more fair, but it remains to be seen how well he managed.

Thus, the current status is that Hermione is temporary Minister for Magic and the Wizengamot is arranging for an official election to be held in January. Had I not definitively decided to run until January, the election would have been set for the end of the month with our campaigning to start on the first - unless I chose not to, in which case, the election would have been canceled and Hermione confirmed. Since I have decided to run more than a month before the deadline, they're holding the election on January 5th so that the new year starts out definitively with a new Minister.

Now before you go panicking over the short timeframe for campaigning - Harry - the REASON they give such a short timeframe is because they want the campaign to be short and to the point. Thus we will both be allowed to have posters placed anywhere we like in the magical areas such as Diagon and Hogsmeade. Individual people may place signs of support in their yards - or wear shirts of support on their bodies. We will each have an official statement regarding our stances and goals as Minister posted in a few public places and widely available on the magi-web. Other than that, the only REAL hardship for the election will be the live debate to be held on the night of Thursday January 4th.

I am actually quite nervous about that, because it'll give the 'regular people' (so to speak) the chance to ask questions and form their votes based off the answers. What if during that debate, I manage to SAY everything 'right' but my attitude or TONE comes across as 'wrong' and no one likes me?

But I can't think about that right now or I won't be able to sleep until about January 7th!
In any case, don't worry so much about Pippa, aside from her doing her job of attending to me as I do things such as come up with my platform, she will be every bit as much in charge of our lives as she ever is. But speaking of my platform, I'm currently in my office at the Ministry with Pippa (and Morgana, of course) going over everything we can think of that I should have a stance on. She has also already ordered my posters (and probably some shirts, hahaha) and the only thing I will require my family to do in a show of support for me will be to help me go around and put them up. Pippa's working on a list of places to have them for the optimal exposure.

So don't make any plans for the weekend of December 1st through the 3rd!

In any case, tea is over now, so I'd better get back to it.

Your almost certainly insane husband and fiancé,
Draco
Chapter 192

Chapter Summary

It's a welcome home party.

Friday November 18, 2017

Malfoy for Minister 2k18!!

Alright, now that I have an official date I have the official chant! Or at least the official chant that I am going to use liberally and obnoxiously for the next month and a half. You Are Welcome!

I understand your worry about the debate, knowing that personal opinion is a huge part of winning over the public. You could say all the right things and have the best of ideas, but if your tone is read wrong or any small thing happens it could win or lose the election for you. But keep in mind that is true for Hermione as well. Perhaps you'll put on your Malfoy Mask and people will think you're a snob (just an example this is not me calling you a snob) (Also, you are often a snob) (side note: I think it's really hot when you're a snob) (secondary side note: I often want to jump you when you're being a snob). What was I saying?

Oh right, Hermione could give off a tone or a feeling that could make the public feeling off about her as well. I love Hermione, but maybe she'll come off as a know-it-all. Or maybe they'll see she's never been involved in the political process and feel she's unqualified. I'm not saying these things about you or her as any sort of a negative thought from me, but these are things that neither one of you can really do anything about. You have no control over how others perceive you, so you should be focusing on the things you DO have control over. Like your policies and plans for the future.

And keep in mind, this is important but worst case scenario is you losing the election and 'Mione becoming Minister. Obviously we want you to win, but it's not like I'm terrified of the direction the world will go with Hermione running the show.

So, obviously you and Pippa have things well in hand, but I've been thinking about this near constantly since you announced you were running. Honestly, I've been thinking about it almost as much since you announced Kings was stepping down. I have some thoughts. First of all, yes we will put up posters in public places. But keep in mind that we have MANY businesses that will be displaying their support in the front of their stores and possibly inside their businesses as well. River's Song, Zaire's Langa, Cafe Exquis, Hog's Head, etcetera. I would normally say we could count on WWW to promote your campaign as well but I think 'Mione has the edge on that one!

This awesome clothing design company also said they'd love to work on some campaign t-shirts. Not sure if you've heard of them; Hazeris? T-shirts aren't usually their thing but they may be willing to make an exception for you.

So, I have come up with some ideas for shirts and-or posters. First is a t-shirt for me and the kids to all wear, "Malfoys for Malfoy - If he can handle all of us he can handle anything" possibly with all of the kids' names on the back. And then a series of posters that talk about the different projects you've promoted. "From the Wizard who brought you Wizarding Rituals at Hogwarts: Malfoy for
I personally had a shirt made ages ago when you brought up the idea, I just can finally wear it. "Harry Potter: Knowing Draco Malfoy is the right Wizard for the job since 1999" and Ollie wanted to join in and had a "Oliver Wood: Knowing Draco Malfoy is the right Wizard for the job est. 2017"

We love you so much.

Oh! In all the hullabaloo with the election I completely forgot! I know who's adopting Vani! I knew a while ago when Tabitha called me shortly after movie night to ask me some questions since they named me as a character reference. But I just found out they were approved! You will NEVER believe who it is. Any guesses?

It's Delphini ... and Sebastian! Yes, you are going to be Vanessa's Uncle! I guess hearing you talk about Vani so much, having her around the Manor and family events, really connected Del to the little girl. Del also thought having a "committed partner" could make the adoption go smoother, so while they are not a couple romantically, Sebastian and Del are going to continue parenting their children together!

Isn't it amazing?

Don't spill the news to your family! I don't know if Tabitha's had a chance to let them know they've been approved.

Yours,
Harry Malfoy: Letting Draco Malfoy run his world since 1999

Sunday November 19th
My loves,

Today was simply lovely, wasn't it? My parents seemed like they weren't quite sure how to wrap their heads around Sebastian's choices - I'm certain they think he should just get married if he's going to be a committed co-parent - but they were doing their best to accept things. My father especially seemed like he can't quite understand how Sebastian being an Ace isn't some phase he'd have grown out of by now.

But since my brother has ALWAYS been an utter weirdo (and I mean this in a good way), everyone else is basically taking this decision in stride. The only voice of minor dissension is Della, who still thinks that our brother having ANY sort of relationship with her doppelgänger is a bit incestuous. She's not entirely wrong, but since there is no actual romance or sex involved, it's really no one's business what they want to call each other.

I got a chance to talk to Delphini and ask her why she wanted to adopt Vani, and she told me that once she got a chance to meet and talk to Vanessa, Delphini couldn't help but think back to her own childhood full of people trying to hurt and murder her. Apparently, she was overcome by a fierce urge to protect Vani and ensure that the girl was NEVER in such a situation again.

Plus, there's the fact that both Delphini and Sebastian know sign language, and that Sebastian is
always calm and unflappable. This means that even if Vani is having a bad day and experiencing rage magic, Sebastian will be able to stand his ground and help her get through it. Honestly, they're the best parents for her - aside from us.

But the day DID hold one surprise for us...

Viper and Tiger brought THEIR Oliver. It seems that in their world, Oliver never got married or had/adopted kids. He's still an internationally famous Quidditch star, and also a shameless playboy. He actually spotted Viper at one of his games recently and decided to invite him to stay for a chat after the game was over. The three of them got caught up and it was mentioned that Viper's older four kids live in a different world; a world in which we happened to be dating/engaged to his counterpart. Well, their Oliver simply refused to believe such a thing was possible (another world) until he saw it with his own eyes.

I actually find it hilarious because OUR Oliver had spent the morning in the stables with our Feisty Foursome and hadn't joined us yet - despite the fact that it was late enough for even ME to be up and ready to participate in the day. So when we saw Oliver, we assumed that he was OUR Oliver, and you were so happy to see him standing there next to our other selves (which you assumed that he still hasn't mastered the trick of telling us apart by checking for our tattoos, hahaha), that you flung your arms around him, exclaimed: "Ollie, I feel like it's been AGES since I last saw you!" (which was this morning when you two had a shag before getting out of bed), and gave him quite a thorough kiss.

Tiger was smirking mischievously and Viper was straight up roaring with laughter as their Oliver was first too stunned to do anything, and then a little freaked out since he slowly waved his arms around until they gathered together to gently push you away. I had parsed what was going on, but decided to get in a kiss of my own before the situation was explained. Oliver was just as flustered and perhaps a little less freaked out, because he seemed to relax just a bit as I kissed him.

"BLIMEY!!! NOW THERE'S TWO OF ***ME***!!!" Our Oliver cried out as he came up to our group and noticed what was going on. Then he yanked me away from the other Oliver. "Oi!!! Make sure you're kissing the right man!"

I let him pull me into a kiss even as you squeaked with alarm: "I'm so sorry, Ollie! I didn't realize! I didn't MEAN to kiss your doppelgänger!" You threw your arms around us as Oliver turned his face to you.

"You mean YOU kissed him too?" Our Oliver asked with a bit of a pout, looking like a puppy that had just been kicked for no reason.

"I didn't mean it! You KNOW how big a deal kisses are to me, I wouldn't have done it if I'd known!" You assured him, and this seemed to pacify him as he softened and kissed you.

"This is... just plain WEIRD!" The other Oliver blurted out as he stared at his other self.

Parker was calling out to us as he ran over: "Hey dad! WHOA! That's weird! There are now two dads! Hmm... both are with a Draco and Harry, but this one is being clingy and kissy, so he must be ours - Hey dad! Just a heads up, after cake, Cassie and I are heading over to the Adventure Park for a few hours. They've got a new adventure called Cave of the Inferi that we want to try out."

This pulled Oliver from his rather thorough kiss with you. "They WHAT?!"

"Ooo..." I murmured in speculation. "I wonder if that could be more effective than the Crystal Room when I'm upset."
"But Inferi are DANGEROUS!" Oliver protested.

"Don't worry so much, dad!" Parker said with a dismissive flap of his hand. "They've got LOADS of security precautions!"

"Er..." Oliver droned uncertainly.

"It's true," I assured him. "I'd be continually sued to the last Galleon in my vault if the Adventure Park didn't have every possible safety charm on their adventures."

Oliver sighed in defeat. "Well, I suppose that I can't exactly tell you not to go since you are both of age..."

"Bring us! Bring us!!!" Our Feisty Foursome chanted as they ran circles around all of us.

"NO!!!" You blurted out in horror. "You are DEFINITELY NOT going into a cave full of Inferi - safety charms or not!"

They immediately changed tactics and tugged on my arms as they begged: "Please Daddy/Papa Please!"

I stared them down imperiously. "I'm afraid I'm with your dad on this one."

"But we could EASILY kick their butts!" They protested, getting into a bit of a sparring match to remind us that they've been trained to kick butt. Even Atreyu was looking like he'd made a lot of progress in his Krav Maga.

I softened and looked at you.

"NO! Stop being such a softie, Draco! Our tiny little babies ARE NOT going into a cave full of Inferi!!" You insisted with a firm expression and your arms crossed over your chest.

"You heard him," I said to our kids even as I looked away because they were now giving me those pouty faces that I just can't resist.

Thankfully, you decided to herd them away from me and distract them with cake or something before they could make me crack. This gave the other Oliver an opening to chat with our Oliver. It seems that they were both dying of curiosity about each other's lives and wandered off to talk in private.

Which left me all alone with our doppelgängers, who were more than happy to dance and flirt with me. I reminded them that we're not playing until Oliver feels comfortable with that - and that he's not likely to come around for a while yet - so they stopped hinting at a playdate and simply enjoyed the flirting and innuendo.

I have to admit that my favorite part of the day was when Delphini introduced Vanessa to Viper and Tiger and told her that THEY were her grandpas now. Vani's eyes practically bulged out of her face as she hugged Tiger and signed how happy she was that she was going to have such a good grandfather. She looked over at me, and then added that if he was ANYTHING like me, (and Viper like you, Harry), then she definitely had the best grandpa ever.

Poor Tiger looked like he honestly didn't know how to handle this - a complete stranger to him suddenly hugging him and calling him the best grandpa ever. He was definitely flustered, hahaha! However, Viper squatted down and had a long sign chat with her, promising to teach her how to defend herself whenever he was in this world, and that he could teach her things everyone else
didn't like to think about. It got a bit graphic, but rather than be repulsed, Vani seemed fascinated.

But since I was the only one not really doing anything, I volunteered to lay the babies down for their nap, and so, I had some time to write this. I should really sign off now and return to the welcome home party.

Love you with every beat of my heart,
Draco
Chapter 193

Chapter Summary

Harry is bored and Draco is convinced they're insane.

Monday November 20, 2017

Booooooooorrrrrreeeeeeeeed,

Is it just me or do Mondays have at least three or four extra hours wedged into the middle of the day?

Seriously, I went to breakfast in the Great Hall, I've set up some rough lesson plans for the week. I did two morning classes, going to lunch right after the second class. Went and found our Ollie for a quick .... completely mature and clothed discussion ... in the broom-shed during my free period. I snuck out to Hagrid's to visit the feisty foursome for a quick cuddle, chat, and to hear about their day. Then I went to my afternoon class.

It's not even dinner time yet, I've accomplished everything I need to accomplish in the day, and I am bored out of my mind.

I fed the babies during breakfast and lunches, I've even been pumping while writing this email. How is it not tomorrow already? Not that there's anything special I'm looking forward to tomorrow, but at least it won't be Monday.

Draco, I did try finding you so we could have all three of us in our "mid-day broom-shed discussion" but I guess you were home at the Manor. With Vani's upcoming adoption, she's going to be moving into the Manor with Sebastian and Del. I wasn't sure where they were planning on raising the kids, but I guess Del didn't care and Sebastian reminded us all that Vani already feels comfortable at the Manor, so why try to introduce her to another new place?

Anyway, she had quite the wardrobe, schoolbooks, and miscellaneous special trinkets in the "spare room" she's been using when she stays over with Jaz. Not sure why we gave her a spare room to be honest, every time she's spent the night she's just used the room to get changed or to store things and ended up sleeping in Jazzie's room. But now she will have her own official bedroom at the Manor. A forever bedroom where she can store all of her things for the rest of her life if she so chooses.

It likely means that she'll have this safe space. A place to feel like she belongs. A fun room that she will get to decorate with love and glitter. And then she can spend quite a few of her nights in HER COUSIN Jaz's room - or Jaz can stay overnight in Vanessa's.

I really thought Jasmine would spend most of her nights with us at Hogwarts, and it's not like she hasn't spent nights there, but she's at the Manor more than I originally thought she would be. I thought she'd spend her days discovering every single secret Hogwarts has to offer. And if she had never met Vani, that may have been the case. I get it though, when you meet your person everything changes.
It's funny though, both of MY people I met them YEARS before realizing they were my people. And oddly enough the one I really got along with was the one it took me twenty-six years to realize his place in my life. The one I fought with nonstop, that one only took a little over seven years to find our true relationship.

Oh, I've been writing for a while, I've probably passed a lot of time already!

Seven minutes. What in the hell? Okay, I think I need to hunt one of you down. Oh! Since Draco seems to think it's adorable to marmoset his way into my classes, maybe it's time Ollie gets to meet my foxy little friend.

See you soon ;)
Harry

Thursday November 23rd  
My dearest Harry and Oliver,

We. Are. Certifiable!

How can I tell? Well, usually when someone says: "Hey Harry, it's been a while since we've really hung out, so Donna wants to know if you'll come with us to America for Thanksgiving at her parents house?" The sane response is: "I'd love to Dudley, unfortunately, I'm teaching class that day." But not us. NO...

WE hear such an invitation, and immediately wonder: "Hmm... How exactly can we get away with dropping everything to go to America AND still manage to teach a decent class for the day?"

Simple, we bring your class with us!

But here's the insane part, Minnesota is only 6 hours behind us, and so, arriving there via a super special Portkey AT NOON, means that we're leaving the castle here at 6 PM - which is AFTER your classes for the day. In fact, by the time you managed to get permission from every student who was actually in your classes today's parent, it was basically time to leave. Which the good part at the very least is that it coincides with dinner, and so, the students will be arriving in America hungry and ready to eat, hahaha!

Good thing that we not only warned the Cullens to expect a lot of extra guests, but ALSO had the good sense to send Muffy on ahead with some extra turkeys and things to be made to feed this crowd we're bringing with us.

But now that I've wasted the last of the time I had before leaving by writing this, I should really sign off and get going before ***I*** miss the portkey.

I love you, you absolute lunatic, and Oliver, I love you for being willing to go along with us in our respective lunacy, hahaha,
Draco
Friday November 24, 2017

Never Again!

I say that now, but I suppose when the time comes to do it again, I will have already forgotten this. But maybe I will go back and reread this email to remind myself to never put us in this position again.

I'm being ridiculous I know. Nothing terrible happened, we all had fun, and I think my classes really did learn something. But I am so exhausted and drained from yesterday that I think after classes today, I'm going to go to bed and just sleep all the way through to Monday morning. Except I can't because tomorrow is the big November birthdays party at the Burrow. Fred II, Staci, and Paige are our guests of honor. And our Ollie obviously, although he had his own individual party, so it won't be emphasized the way it would have been without the party.

I can't believe we thought bringing 48 Wizard-Born students on an international portkey with only a few hours notice to attend a big family dinner was a good idea. And then there was the whole ... we practically have 48 of our own children to bring with! Alright, I am exaggerating, but I don't think it's all that much of an exaggeration. ALL of our children wanted to come, you know how they love the Cullens, even the kids I thought would want to stay back decided to come with.

I think the fact that when River knew we were going to be in "his" country, he promised to bring Maha with and got a last minute flight to Minnesota from California. Normally she wouldn't have been allowed to fly this late into her pregnancy, but a mild confundus meant no one at the airport questioned anything and if something had happened midair, all it would have taken would be for River to side-along apparate her to the closest hospital. Thankfully that wasn't the case and she got to Minnesota safe and sound.

Wasn't Maha positively glowing? And our sweet River, he really has turned out to be a wonderful young man and I'm pretty sure Maha would assure me that he's become a wonderful husband. He was so attentive and you could see he was pretty much glowing himself with pride in her. He's going to be the best father (besides you and Ollie) isn't he?

I just can't wait to meet the little peanut! You know, this grandfather thing is pretty awesome. And it's coming along like parenting; no matter how many we have, they are each their own little amazing person who I fall in love with the moment I know they're on their way. Or the moment I meet them, depending on how old they are when they come into our lives. And yes, I promise that includes the little one Orion's wife is carrying. I will NOT hold their parentage against them, which I'm sure you're both aware of since some of our babies had some rough parenting and it's never been an issue for me.

I think the Farrah inclusion was the only part of this recent trip across the pond that I wasn't happy about. But it's not like I could exactly tell Orion he couldn't bring his pregnant wife, ya know?
Ugh, could she hurry up and pop out this baby already so I could feel better about wishing she'd fall into a volcano?

Okay, mind on something else. My classes! It seems like the trip was a big hit! They got to meet some Americans, they got to participate in an American Muggle holiday, and they all got to see even more up close just exactly how large and chaotic our family is. I think my favorite part, besides seeing my River, was how my classes were able to see this beautiful blend of cultural differences and levels of magic combined with a whole lot of mutual respect, friendship, and love. How it doesn't matter to my cousin that his cousin and children are magical, he's completely Muggle, and his wife is a squib. How it doesn't matter to Donna's very magical family that she doesn't have magic.

The addition of some Muggle friends (who are obviously aware of magic) of the Cullens was really cool too. I did keep having to shoo away some of my students who kept nagging the Muggles to ask them questions. I'm glad they're curious but DAMN let the people eat their turkey in peace!

Oh! My next class is starting to trickle in. I am in for a nightmare of a class I'm sure. Only my Thursday classes came with yesterday and so far, my Friday students have been quite pissed off to find out they weren't invited. Despite my cries of never again, I think I may have to take each of my day's classes on their own adventure.

Merlin Help Me,
Harry

Tuesday December 5th
My adorations,

Harry, I know you don't like her, and Oliver I think you're trying to keep a neutral opinion about her but failing just a bit, but I'm quite concerned about Farrah. Seeing her at the Thanksgiving Party was alarming since she's not due until March or possibly April (apparently the timing of when she would have gotten pregnant puts her at the beginning of April, but her magi-determined date at her first couple of appointments put her due at mid March), but she LOOKS rather farther along. So I wondered if perhaps she's pregnant with twins or even triplets.

But no, according to Orion, the Healers swear up and down that she's most definitely carrying one baby, but mysteriously, that baby is apparently growing at an accelerated rate. I guess they hadn't quite picked it up sooner because there is always a little variation in how each baby grows between appointments, and the baby had always measured big but within allowable tolerances. Except NOW, the baby is bigger than even allowable tolerances for normal growth.

Meaning that the baby is currently measuring 32 out of 40 weeks - and quite healthy despite the oddity - when the baby should only be roughly 20 out of 40 weeks.

The good news is that just like River and Mahafsoun are expecting a girl, Orion reports that the Healers have determined that this little peanut is also a girl. Thus, we will soon have a few more granddaughters to balance out the grandsons, I call that excellent news indeed.

In any case, to be on the safe side, the Healers have recommended that Farrah be put on bed rest for the next couple of weeks so that she can hopefully avoid whatever it is that may or may not be affecting the baby's growth, and no one at all is quite sure if this means that she will still be pregnant the normal and expected amount of time (with an enormous baby), or if the baby will come when it reaches the equivalent of 40 weeks worth of growth - give or take a few weeks.
So, with her on bed rest, and Orion channeling Panicky Harry by blaming himself for having her live above his establishment, she's going to be staying in his room in the Manor. I dropped in to check on her while Orion was home today and I really must stress - Harry my love - that it's probably for the best if you don't visit her yourself, because she is an utter wreck worrying that something is seriously wrong with her baby, and I don't think your cold shoulder will allay any of her fears.

Also, I cannot imagine that you personally would enjoy listening to her sob and blubber on about how she must have done something wrong.

But in MUCH happier news, it seems that we just got the call from River to go visit him and Mahafsoun as soon as we possibly can because her Healer has confirmed that she is in the very first stage of labor. The stage that can last a few days before progressing to the more active and painful stage, but it is legitimate labor and not Braxton-Hicks. Thus, if we are lucky, the baby will wait to be born until after your class on Friday lets out and we can take an international Portkey. If not, we'll still get to meet our precious granddaughter very shortly after her birth.

Fingers crossed!

With all my heart and soul,
Draco
P.S. I actually read the papers this morning to see how they are treating my campaign so far, and so I noticed a particular advertisement: Desperate older couple seeking surrogate - offering generous compensation. A word with my mother informed me that the same advert has been running for months, only they weren't desperate in the beginning. Personally, I'm glad they haven't succeeded yet.
Chapter 195

Chapter Summary

It's a new grandbaby ^_^

Friday December 8, 2017

My Souls,

I am sure Mahafsoun is feeling differently, but I am so thankful that she's held out through today so we can get there in time before the birth. Right now I am just waiting for this last class to finish, then we are portkeying off to support Maha and River through the last bits of labor and then hold our new granddaughter.

Why, you ask, am I writing an email while I should be teaching a class? Well, here's the thing, during my morning classes, apparently I would not stay on topic. I kept derailing into a rambling worrying mess. One may even say I had hit peak Panicky Harry levels. I don't understand it, but I guess that is not the right characteristic for a teacher to have if their students are intent on learning.

So, I decided to teach my latest class - of Sixth Years - about the joys of emailing. I gave a quick speech talking about how convenient and easy it is, then got them settled on some magic-compatible laptops, and right now they are each creating their own email account and once that is completed, their assignment is to email someone else in the classroom and CC me as their daily assignment.

Don't you dare judge me for giving them this assignment so I can do nothing for the rest of the day! I teach muggle studies, muggles use email, this is absolutely an appropriate and useful assignment completely within my subject matter! The fact that it is keeping me from driving all of my students batty with my neurosis is just a silver lining!

I am selfishly glad Maha went into labor this week, keeping me completely distracted from everything else. Otherwise I may have ended up finding my way to Orion's room at the Manor to check up on Farrah. I don't want something to be wrong with the baby, I don't want Orion feeling guilty about his treatment of his abuser, and I don't think I want Farrah to die or anything, but I also don't give a single shite about how badly she's feeling. And if I had gone to her rooms and heard her babbling about her worries and all that nonsense, I probably would have ended up saying something like: "yeah, you're right Farrah, you DO deserve this!"

I have a feeling that wouldn't have been considered 'helpful.'

Five more minutes my loves! I'm not going to make it! I'm going to spontaneously combust before then. I need to go meet this new granddaughter of ours!

I keep picturing our upcoming Christmas celebrations and thinking about all the fun we're going to have spoiling the kids and the grandkids. Ugh, one more thing for me to wait for!

Oh! I'm getting some notifications, I should probably go check those email assignments before I take off for the weekend.
All of my Love,
Grandpa Harry

Wednesday December 20th
My patient and understanding loves,

AKA the men who HOPEFULLY will not murder me for getting to stay behind in America (with our babies and Muffy) for a week and a few days longer than you were able to. I know I know! You were both technically able to return as of Friday the 15th, but since Harry rightfully started panicking about having absolutely NONE of our Christmas shopping done, you both chose to stay behind and get that done. Oliver, I sincerely hope that you were able to help Harry remember everything he needed to buy. Unfortunately, we BOTH tend to forget half of what we're shopping for and have to make multiple trips to get it all.

Good thing I don't mind shopping! ^_^

But as I was saying, hopefully neither of you will murder me for being able to stay here in America when you both had to Portkey back to the castle on Sunday. You both had classes, it was necessary - even if you (Harry) felt like you were abandoning your son when he needed you most. Which is exactly why I stayed. Despite the fact that he and Mahafsoun only have one adorable little girl to look after (when I had all three of our babies, hahaha), the first few days are always so overwhelming that an extra pair of hands is helpful, even if those hands are holding other babies, haha.

That said, I HAD to return home today, even if I wasn't being frantically called back. It's only 5 days until Christmas - with Yule being tomorrow - and I wanted to spend those important days with my husband and fiancé. Thus I honestly was going to return today no matter what. The good news is that since Mahafsoun is both on her winter hiatus AND on maternity leave, she and River have decided to come back with me. Which means that River, Mahafsoun, their baby girl Evangeline, Muffy, and our three babies will be on our private jet back to London. I daresay that Mr. Lott won't know what to do with such a light passenger list, hahahahahahaha!

As for me, I'm about to sign off and Portkey back, directly to St. Mungo's, where Orion is frantic because Farrah has just gone into labor. She's technically 22 weeks out of 40 if one is going by literal time that has passed, BUT the baby is measuring 36 out of 40 weeks, and since the Healers are fairly certain that baby girl is healthy and viable, they're not even going to try to figure out how to stop the labor.

Wait, that's not correct. They actually HAVE tried stopping the labor and the usual spells and potions aren't working. It seems that baby girl is DETERMINED to be born NOW, and the Healers are basically holding their breaths and praying that she really is ready to be born and not just fooling the diagnostic spells somehow.

So yeah, that's where I'll be, in the hospital supporting Orion as he does his best not to freak out over his baby (that he didn't even want but fiercely loves with his whole heart) being born alarmingly early.

Love you both to the moon and back,
Draco

P.S. I'm not trying to sound like either of you are unwelcome, just that you don't HAVE to come if you don't want to. I'll definitely Insta-owl you when baby is born. Love again!
Chapter 196

Wednesday December 20, 2017

My Silly Man who is terrible with dates,

Please make sure and keep us posted, but Ollie and I are going to stay here at the Manor until we receive a message that baby has been born or that we are needed. And I really mean that, if we are needed, even if the only thing needed is Orion needs a hug from his Dad, just let us know. But until then, I think our presence is more important here.

Why are we at the Manor and not at Hogwarts? Why is our presence here important? Why do I say you're terrible with dates? All three of those questions come with the same answer. It is our Grandson Rafael's first birthday you ninny! Remember? Gorgeous little boy with Elena's big dark eyes and a head full of curls? Yeah, Lainie and her loves decided the Manor has the most space for this so we're all having dinner together and then we get to watch Raf cover himself in cake and frosting!

Before you panic, Lainie completely understands why you're missing this and has no idea you seem to have forgotten the date. I just explained to her that Ori and Dad were at St. Mungo's with Farrah who's in labor and she immediately told me not to worry at all. She just reminded me to make sure to pensieve print out some pictures for you and Orion to look at later.

Ollie and me and the kids who were at Hogwarts took off for home right after my last class for the day. Got here right before dinner time, just in time to enjoy some of Muffy's finest. I know I say it all the time, but as much as I love the food at Hogwarts, there is nothing that compares to Muffy's cooking. Except for Molly's cooking! But Molly was busy decorating Raf's cake and didn't make the dinner.

The cake turned out so so so cute! It was a "The Very Hungry Caterpillar" cake. You know that's Rafael's favorite book, makes Lainie read it three times a day at least. The cake had the butterfly at the top and all the different foods with one bite taken out of them surrounding the cake. Molly completely outdid herself on this one. She even made a little smash cake with the caterpillar on top and a 1 with a bite out of it just for Rafael to smash to smithereens!

Very Hungry Caterpillar Cake

Smash Cake Pic

And smash he did. That's actually why I have a few minutes to write to you right now, Lainie is trying to clean Raf off. Apparently he got so much frosting in his hair that she couldn't get it all out with spells. So he's taking a nice soak in the tub.

How are things progressing so far? Do we have another granddaughter yet? Just think, by this time tomorrow our almost two week old granddaughter will be here and we could have a few hours old granddaughter. I could be snuggling TWO brand new babies this time tomorrow!

Oh! Sounds like the little prince is out of his bath, off to go help him open his presents!

Love,
Harry
Thursday December 21st
Happy Yule,

We have a new grandchild. After a rather long and seemingly painful ordeal, Farrah finally delivered, and then barely had the energy to give baby a good cuddle before passing out. It seems that none of the pain relieving potions or spells worked on her, and so, she had to endure delivering naturally.

Orion was bloody wonderful, holding her hand the entire time, brushing hair out of her face, wiping sweat off her brow, holding the vomit bag when she needed it. Basically, he was the perfect husband. He even admitted something I suspected - unless he was lying to make her feel better. At one point near the end, he said - and I quote - "You're doing so well Farrah, I love you so much, just a bit more to go, you can do this, I believe in you."

Kissing her on the forehead when she looked like she was on the verge of giving up and letting the baby stay stuck inside her forever was precious. Slightly less precious but still endearing was when she was in between contractions and asked for actual kisses. If one didn't know better, one would think that they were a normal and happy couple in love.

But I know better. They might love each other, but their relationship is NOT healthy enough to be called Happy or In-love. It's more like neurotic co-dependence on Farrah's part, and some sort of twisted revenge on Orion's. It's actually the sort of relationship I assumed I'd have back before I risked everything and tried emailing you.

The father in me sincerely wishes that I could go back and protect Orion from Farrah as our son never deserved any of this. He should never be anything but happy. Despite the fact that happiness to him is apparently stripping off while trying to make a large paying audience horny, and then taking drugs to come up with new ways to strip off and make people horny, sigh...

I wasn't much use even though I was allowed in the room with them. Since the labor was progressing 'normally' - despite the underlying circumstances - she was allowed a spacious delivery room that had all the conveniences befitting a wealthy patron of the hospital. Thus, I was in the room and had a comfortable armchair to sit in as I provided tea, biscuits, and lots of emotional support to our son by rubbing his back and giving him hugs when HE looked like he wanted to give up and just go to sleep for a bit.

Less helpful was actually Farrah's mother. She was also in the room, and she was, erm… bloody weird, actually. On the one hand, she would say things like: "Oh, my love, you're doing so well! I'm so excited to meet my little granddaughter!" But on the other, she'd say things like: "You think this is pain? Put on your big girl knickers and deal with it as it's just the beginning! After this, you're going to have YEARS of pain and anguish as your little girl grows up to be a troublemaker and a strong-willed drama queen!"

She even went so far as to engage Farrah in at least three different arguments bordering on shouting matches that had the poor girl beyond stressed out, which in turn also stressed out Orion, who actually did a good job of defending his wife when he could. I honestly thought a brawl was going to break out at one point! Thankfully I know Auror grade spells to incarcerate people during brawls - thus I could have gotten the situation under control if necessary. I'm also very relieved that it wasn't necessary.

Thank Merlin and Salazar that at 2:21 am, the baby was born. I don't think ANY of us could have stood that labor much longer! There was a good 5-10 minutes of pure joy before Farrah passed out and her mother excused herself to go home and get some sleep as well. Orion sat holding his baby in a reclining chair until he also fell asleep, which gave me time to write this while holding our...
grandchild.

See, after Farrah passed out, while the Healer and Mediwitches were examining the baby, it seems they spotted something unusual. Baby has BOTH genders. Our grandchild is intersex - in the past, this would have been called true hermaphrodisim because not only are both genitalia present on the outside, but both gonads are present on the inside - meaning that there is an ovary on the right side and a testes on the left.

We're told that in this type of intersex individual, they may eventually prefer to be one sex or the other OR they may always prefer to be both. Also, fertility is variable as some intersex people are highly fertile and some are sterile. All in all, we have a special little peanut to love and cherish. I imagine that it will be much like raising Teddy, who could literally change his sex whenever he wished and spent a good third to half of his childhood as a girl, and even now that he's an adult who prefers to be male, tends to wear female clothing and/or body when he's in the mood.

Oh! It seems that Orion has just come out of his doze to fret over the fact that his baby disappeared, hahaha. He's calmed down now that he's spotted her in my arms, but he still looks half certain that he's dreaming and she's actually been abducted.

In any case, I'm going to sign off, give little peanut back to her anxious father, and finally return to our bed where I hope to snuggle up to my loves.

Some say love, it is a hunger, an endless aching need, I say love, it is a flower and you it's only seeds,
Draco
Chapter 197

Friday December 22, 2017

Our Sleepy Love,

These last few weeks must have really taken a toll on you. You're normally a late sleeper but it's almost dinner time and you're still snoozing away! I went to my Friday morning classes, came back before lunch and you were unsurprisingly still asleep. Went to my first afternoon class, came back to our rooms assuming you'd be up by then and instead found you still asleep. Now I've finished up my last class of the day, I want to head to the Manor to meet this tiny new grandchild of ours, and I come back to our rooms to find the beauty rest continues!

As soon as I've finished writing you this email I AM going to wake you up so we can go, hopefully the fact that you've slept well over twelve hours will keep you from hexing me for disrupting your sleep.

We've got another absolutely perfect little grandchild! I need to go meet sweet little Gemini. I can't believe they've been alive and in the world for a full day and I haven't met them yet! Who do they look like? Ori? The mother? A mixture of both? Oh it doesn't matter! I'm sure I will think they're a perfect and gorgeous little human no matter the features. Although I selfishly want them to look like Ori. What? I love seeing little miniature versions of the children I love. Like, Rafael would be gorgeous no matter what, Lainie is beautiful, Ethan is a good looking bloke, but getting to see my Lainie-Girl's versions in miniature? With just a few tilts and adjustments that make the face all Rafael? Fills my heart.

Okay, Okay, Okay Ollie! I'll hand you the computer in a moment! I am allowed to go on and on about our beloved grandchildren! Fine, I may have gone off on a tangent that was unnecessary when you have something to say. I'll make it up to you I promise!

While we're naked!

Geesh, fine, here's the computer. Just so you know Draco, Ollie is NOT in a teasing kind of mood

Oh for goodness sake Harry, just sit there and look pretty, shut your gob for a moment yeah? Draco, I overheard something last night, I'm thinking we should talk about it. Or not if you don't want to I suppose. I heard you Magi-Skyping with your grandmother last night. Is there something you need to tell us? Or never tell us? You, er, weren't talking about me right?

Ollie! Sorry I shut my gob for that moment but I have to interrupt, IF Draco was talking with Grandmama, I can promise the only way he would be talking about you is if someone had hurt you and he was talking about the person who did so. Theoretically of course.

So, after that lovely interruption ta Harry, did I hear what I thought I heard? Or do I need to not
have heard the thing I think I heard?

Oi fuck this, I'm just going to wake you up!

Love,
Your Harry and Oliver

Friday December 22nd
My darlings,

Harry is used to this, but Oliver, you still seem bemused by the fact that I am sitting here writing an email WHILE we are experiencing the things I'm writing about, haha.

So today, since baby passed all medical exams with flying colors, Orion was allowed to bring zir home whilst little Gemini's mother had to stay behind for more observation. The Healers are still trying to figure out exactly why Farrah had such an accelerated pregnancy, so despite the fact that she's also apparently healthy, she's staying at least one more day. Possibly two.

Oh Harry, you ALWAYS look gorgeous when holding a baby, and this little one is no exception. When you are holding zir, it's clear that it makes no difference to you at all that this baby is unusual. This is our grandchild and your love is unconditional.

Interestingly, despite being raised in a family with so many differences that we accept and love, Orion seemed to be nervous as to how the rest of the family would take Gemini being intersex. In fact, ze is such an adorable baby that it doesn't matter to anyone what is between zir legs. Honestly, unless a person is staring at the groin area, it's easy to forget that this isn't a baby just like any other.

But as I was saying, Harry, you are always gorgeous. Oliver, I haven't had the pleasure of seeing you hold more than a few babies, and honestly, you are breathtaking when you hold a baby. You always have this look of pure love and longing on your face when you hold a baby, and I feel that it's probably a very good thing that we're almost certain to be overrun with grandchildren in the next few years, because that means you'll never have a shortage of babies to hold.

Gemini certainly seems taken with zir grandfather Oliver; the two of you have been staring at each other in fascination for a good half hour now. Meanwhile, Harry is currently busy snuggling up with and pretending to munch on Evangeline. Funnily enough, our own babies are so happy to be home that they're doing their best to crawl around and get into everything. Only Morgana occasionally pauses to look over at the two of you holding OTHER babies and glares a bit.

Aww, Dylan just came over and insisted that I pick him up. Oh, it seems he's hungry. Good thing we still have a ton of milk in stasis, but maybe it's time for me to look into hiring another wet nurse?

So, while Dylan is drinking from the breast harness and seemingly content to fall asleep, I suppose it's a good time for me to answer a concern. Oliver, my love, I'm quite certain that you must have been dreaming. I did not have any sort Magi-Skype chat with my dearest Grandmama, but if I did, the only things we would have discussed would have been the weather and how much she misses Kisa now that the Quartet is living in London.

I honestly have no idea why you think any sort of conversation between my Grandmother and me would be more alarming than that. Must have been having a nightmare, poor dove. If you'd like, I'd
be willing to do things to you before bed tonight that will give you the most pleasant dreams possible.

Oh? Erm… It seems that Orion just received an urgent call from St. Mungo's. Hold on a few, I'll pause my email here to head off with Orion.

- 

Oh dear! Oliver could you do me a favor and hold Harry's hand and support him so that he can be in a supportive frame of mind himself? Harry my love, Orion is going to need you to hold him and comfort him and give him that sort of loving warmth that only you can provide. It seems that Farrah has just committed suicide. She left a note saying that she couldn't live with the fact that her child is so different and that she feels such shame and horror for giving birth to 'it' that she had no choice but to kill herself.

Orion is positively distraught. I've never seen him like this and frankly, I don't know how to handle this. I mean I'm hugging him and rubbing his back, but otherwise, I'm at a loss (and yes, I'm typing this one-handed behind his back, thank Salazar my magi-computer floats!). In any case, I'm going to sign off now. There's a few minutes of paperwork that Orion has to complete - which seems heartless considering the circumstances - but basically, they need him to read over statements of what happened and sign off on them, and then also come up with a short directive on how he wants them to handle her body. For example, does he want them to put it in stasis in their morgue for some sort of future funeral service, or does he want them to send it over to the cremation department. Things like that.

In any case, you should have just enough time to read this and gather yourselves before we get back and Orion needs your shoulder to cry on.

Love you desperately, and oh so grateful that you are both the supportive rock that helps me get through times like this,

Draco
Chapter 198

Chapter Summary

Harry is supporting Orion Draco is a little bit relieved, and Oliver is once again in awe of Harry's power.

Saturday December 23, 2017 (almost midnight)

My Strength,

Yes, MY strength so that I can be strength for others. Simply knowing that after two days of supporting my son I can come home to the arms of my loves, it gives me what I need to support him the best I can. And oh bloody hell, how much support he seems to have needed. With as angry as he was over her behavior, after the months and months of him drowning himself in fanny and drugs to forget he was married to her, I am honestly surprised how hard our Ori is taking things. I'm surprised how hard *I* am taking things. I truly hated Farrah, I know I didn't make any secret of the fact. But I can't believe she's gone. I can't believe our Gemini has only the one parent. I can't believe after everything that happened, Ori is going to end up being a single parent to the little peanut.

I am feeling so up and down. We had this euphoric high of having our little Evangeline come into our lives. We had a beautiful celebration of our sweet Rafael's first birthday. Then came another bit of perfection in Gemini. And we were gearing up for a wonderful celebration of Yule and Christmas and New Year's and all that fun holiday stuff. But instead of last minute wrapping, I spent today helping Orion plan his wife's funeral. I held a child who will never know their mother. I'm having such a hard time reconciling my feelings of hating my son's abuser while also truly mourning the loss of a life cut too short. I wanted her removed from my son's life, and if you had asked me a week ago if I would mourn if she died, I would have scoffed and told you "not bloody likely!" Yet here I am, actually sad for a life wasted.

Well, not completely wasted. I can't call the life that brought us this baby as a waste.

My Orion, a young groom, a father, and now a widower all before his eighteenth birthday. He's been so strong, so much stronger than he should have had to be. He keeps being asked to make decisions, either about Gemini, or the funeral, or the future; he even had someone come ask him a question about the Hog's Head at one point. I may have crackled a bit at that. Leave the man alone, order however the fuck much firewhiskey you think is appropriate. We have bigger concerns right now than possibly overspending on the alcohol budget for one month for a bar that is deeply in the black.

I know there is a deep shadow on the upcoming holiday, but I am hopeful we can still have a nice Christmas morning and Boxing Day as usual. Can continue the tradition of taking our kids and the Unity Kids to London for New Year's. Still make sure our feisty foursome have a magical time. Have lovely memories of watching our troublesome triplets ignore their gifts while they shred the paper and spread it all over the room. The three of us grandfathers snuggle up holding our newborn grandchildren while we watch the chaos of a holiday morning. Enjoying our first Christmas/Yule
altogether also our last one as an engaged trio.

Just think, at this time next year, we will be planning our first Christmas/Yule as a married trio! I already know what our matching Christmas jammies will look like! And no, I'm not telling, you'll both just have to wait a year to find out,

Alright, I've rambled long enough. If you couldn't tell, I was writing to distract myself from some bad news that I need to share but don't want to share. Mostly I don't want it to be true.

I think I've done pretty well holding in my own feelings so that Orion can just sob or scream or cuddle his feelings away. He may be a grown man who can care for himself, but he'll always be my baby and should never feel shame for needing his Dad to wrap him up in a hug. I've done all of that for Ori over the last three days since we got the news. I've told him he's strong enough to make these final decisions, I've made some decisions when he didn't have the strength to do so, I've rocked that sweet baby for hours, I've had a mini Rage Halo for morons that don't know to leave a grieving man alone, and I've been able to stay strong through it all.

And as I said earlier, I've been able to do that with the knowledge that I have two strong sets of arms to fall into at night. And I'm definitely going to need them in a few minutes. Or maybe in a few hours. I think I might have a go at your crystal room, Dragon. You see, I left Orion to a late night drink with River. The two newest fathers, sharing a small drink, after a long day of nappy changes and no sleep. I thought it was absolutely wonderful. I love that our Riv is there for his little brother.

Or at least I THOUGHT I loved it! I left the room, but eavesdropped a bit. I didn't even purposefully eavesdrop, I just stayed a few extra minutes to stare at the beautiful baby boys of ours that have become strong and wonderful men. And that's when I overheard the terrible news.

River asked Orion: "How are you really?" But before Orion could utter a single syllable, River kept going with: "And don't give me any shite about being fine."

"I don't even know, River. I'm in love with Gemi, I'm enraged that I was forced into parenthood, I'm grieving the loss of someone I loved, I am hating her so much for dying and leaving me alone to raise our child. I might be having Dad levels of rage with her reasons behind her suicide. And the dads have been amazing, but I still feel so alone."

"If you take me up on my offer, you don't have to be alone, Rion."

Wait a damn minute young man ... what offer?!?

Don't you worry, River described enough of his offer to just break my poor heart. "You need a change of pace Rion, you need to get away from the two places you lived with Farrah, and you need to get away from your dealers. Don't look at me like that! You know it's true."

I knew it!

"Maha and I have a newborn of our own, we know what you're going through. Three hands will make light enough work with two babies. We've got the elves. Our cottage still has plenty of room for all of us. Not to mention you'd really be helping me be less lonely when Maha goes back to work."

And then Orion, my little professor, said the worst thing I think I've ever heard: "You know what, Riv? I will. I'll stay here long enough to get Farrah laid to rest, give the dads the holidays and a few weeks to cuddle the babies, and then I'll catch a ride back to the States with you and Maha when
you leave the week after New Year's."

Our son is moving! He's going to the other side of the world! He won't have us to help him, I am so distraught - I can't handle these emotions.

If either of you need me, I am going to ring in Christmas Eve screaming, sobbing, and blasting my way through the crystal room.

For what it's worth, you two own the broken shards of my heart, Harry

Sunday December 24th
Our Darling Harry,

Oliver and I were snuggling up and chatting about recent events when we got the email from you. I will admit that while the larger part of me is sad that Orion is moving so far away, the smaller part is extremely relieved that it sounds like he plans to clean up his act. I know he SAID he was being careful to avoid addiction, however, the sudden loss of his wife could potentially tip him over the edge into not just addiction, but dependency on a substance to get him through the day.

I felt that we would naturally be willing to look after our tiny grandchild, and so ze would be safe and loved, but also exposed to a parent struggling with depression and addiction. Hopefully, River and Orion living together will inspire Orion to make better choices than the ones he was headed towards. I really think this might be better in the long run for Orion and Gemini.

That said, I'm still sad to know that another child of ours will be too far away to visit on a regular basis.

So, after having read your email, Oliver and I went to the Crystal Room to shatter crystal with you. The room itself is self perpetuating, which means that it starts out with a large amount of perfect crystal in all shapes and sizes for one too throw about in a rage, and after that has all been thrown - which usually takes a while - or after a reasonable amount of time if it isn't all thrown, it will regenerate all that crystal so that it's ready for the next time.

When we entered the room, we immediately noticed that YOU weren't exactly playing by the rules. You had a Halo of about middle strength around you, and because part of your Rage Halo Magic is a sort of wind that can blow things around rather wildly, you were using that wind to grab hold of the ENTIRE supply of crystal to fling it all at once. Which not only created a highly interesting sort of explosion that rippled around the room, but then triggered the reset after a few moments so that you could do it all over again.

Gods Harry! I was so bloody hard watching that! You never cease to amaze me, and watching you display your sheer raw power is enough to make me jump you. That said, it was definitely not the time. So, I decided that it would be better if I simply led Oliver through some sparring to help him practice the Krav Maga that he is actually learning from the Feisty Foursome when they spar.

I think that you reached a natural end to your rage at some point, because your Halo had gotten weak, but that probably also means that your head was clearer, because you suddenly seemed to realize that your two men were naked (we had charms to shield us from the sharp crystal debris) and grappling around right next to you.

Your rage abruptly vanished and you pounced on us, taking advantage of our proximity and
horniness. It was rough and rather brutal in the best possible way. Oliver seemed willing to try it at first (experiencing you being nearly violent with us), but he didn't like that as much and pulled back for a bit to watch you ravage me like a hurricane, which I quite enjoyed. When you were calmer again, you turned to Oliver and did something for him you like to do to me on occasion, slowly and gently mark his entire body with love bites.

All in all, it was a glorious night that I think we all needed to reset our brains and get us back into a good mood. Afterwards, you Apparated us into our bed and we slept until each of us woke up on our own. It was probably not nearly long enough in your case and now I wish I'd thought to cast a sleeping hex on you. But once I was awake and found you, you looked a lot better than I expected. Apparently going for a long run this morning helped finish resetting your mind.

So today has been rather quiet. Being the day before Christmas, anyone who has other families to visit do so today so that we'd all be together tomorrow. That means that Viona and Alric were at his parents house. Eris and Eric brought Luka to Eric's dad's place. Hazel and Pearl went to visit Pansy and Ivan. Orion went with River and Mahafsoun (and their babies) to visit her adopted mum. Zaire was having a blast at his restaurant, and even Shtara was giving a special Christmas Eve performance of her show.

Jaz and Vani were spending the day off doing things with Sebastian and Delphini, Elena was over at Ethan and Rose's with Rodrigo, and our Feisty Foursome were actually back at Hogwarts having a bit of a Christmas celebration with Hagrid in his hut.

So, that left us basically alone, hahaha! We only had Parker, Cassie, Siri, Zwei, and our three babies with us today, and considering that Parker held onto Dylan, Cassie had Gabriel, and even Morgana consented to let Zwei hold her, WE really were practically alone!

Alone to snuggle up in front of a fire and chat with each other and my parents about life and whatnot. They were more or less alone too as Eliza, Della, and Gavin had all gone off to shop a bit with Bellerophon, Tommy, and Harrison. I suspect that they probably don't plan to actually buy much, but that they just wanted to get out of the house and have a bit of fun before the insanity that is certain to be tomorrow.

You were elated when Sirius brought Pierre andLeon out to join us, apparently giving Pippa and Leah time to finish up their last minute wrapping. Apparently Pippa had delegated the job to Sirius, but he'd had his hands so full with the boys that he never managed it, hahaha!

Thus, I feel that today was a good day. A nice and relaxing day, and that with any luck, tomorrow will be as wonderful and chaotic as ever.

Have yourself a merry little Christmas,
Draco
Chapter 199

Chapter Summary

It's Christmas! ^_^

Monday December 25, 2017

On this actual day of Christmas my true loves gave to me ... a day full of wonderful memories,

The crystal shattering, subsequent shag, and a relaxing Christmas Eve with my loves definitely put me in the perfect frame of mind to fully enjoy today. Without that combination of stress relief and relaxation I probably would have been too high strung to put this day and the memories it created in the right frame of mind.

As parents of a lot of children, I think we've set realistic standards for special events. Nothing will go as planned, someone will have a tantrum, something will be broken, it's likely at least two fights will break out, and if you let Harry near Narcissa, Lucius, and the wine, there will probably be wildly inappropriate tall tales told. I always have these images in my head of what a "perfect" holiday morning will look like; a Hallmark commercial with perfectly coordinating pajamas, everyone opening the perfect gift, and steamy hot cocoa.

And for once, all the planets aligned, my luck held out, and I got everything I was looking forward to. I got to snuggle up on the sofa, cute matching plaid jammies with my loves, leaning back against the firm chest of my Draco, legs tangled up together with my Ollie. Our three tiniest babies climbing in and out of our laps. I had yummy coffee, Draco your favorite tea, and Ollie had the perfect Christmas morning beverage of hot cocoa with way too many marshmallows. I got to watch my family pass around the newest set of newborns. My husband and fiancé making adorable cooing noises and blowing raspberries on Evangeline and Gemini's teeny baby tummies.

From Draco's arms, I watched our beautiful Elena chase around her tiny son, dark curls flying, their giggles mingling together in a beautiful sound. Our brilliant daughter who built a school from the ground up, has a son and two bonus children, and seems to have an unconventional but thriving love life. My Lainie-Girl.

I shared sweet smiles with Oliver while we watched what used to be *his* children blend so well into our crazy family that you would never know they hadn't always been a part of this family. Saw that tear slip down your cheek Ollie when Shtara announced she was sitting next to her sister Cassie because her voice makes the best harmonies with her own singing. The wobbly grin when Ori pulled Parker to the side to ask him about temporarily helping out at the Hog's Head while he's in the States. The blush when Cassie teased you endlessly about the visible claiming love bites.

Can you imagine how much our Ollie would be blushing if anyone knew where those love bites extended to? Mmmm, all that flushed skin and maybe him chewing on his lip nervously. Yum!

Back to the clean stuff! My wonderful River, a young husband, a fantastic dad already, and a fantastic big brother. His entire body gravitated around his Maha, his Evie, and his grieving brother. He was always ready with a burp cloth, a hug, a shoulder squeeze, a cuddle, or a joke for whichever one needed it. He's come so far, he's a man in his own right, but he'll always be that
sweet little boy who trustingly put his hand in mine.

Our brilliant and glowing bit of perfection, our first of all our children, Viona. A young wife, an intense business mogul, a light in my life. Seeing her twirling around the room, asking about everyone's lives, everyone's business ventures, talking fashion with Haz and Eri, tickling her little siblings babies, cooing at their sweet faces, chasing around the mobile ones. My grown up little baby girl.

Eris, her unconventional start to a lovely little family. I can't believe the boy I would have happily hexed a year ago is now practically an extra son. Eric is damn lucky to have our Eris, but he's really a good guy in his own right. And you know I can't say enough about our Luka. He looks so like his Mama did as a baby. I love knowing my dad's face and my mum's eyes are continuing for generations. Seeing that piece of them continuing to exist.

The love just keeps growing exponentially.

My beautiful Hazel. My unexpected little miracle, just dropped in my lap when she was only a few months old, I can't imagine our lives without her. Seeing the love in her eyes when she looks at her Pearl. Like Pearl hung the moon and stars just for her. I imagine Haz looks a lot like me when I stare at either of you two. She still looks like she can hardly believe her dreams have come true, and I know that's how I feel about the both of you.

My Orion. Grieving. And yet looking at his child with nothing but love. I selfishly was so distraught at the thought of them moving so far away, but I think this will be such a fresh start for them both. A safe space with family, far enough away from hard memories that they can heal. You were so right Draco, this is really going to be a wonderful thing for Ori to heal and Gemi to grow.

Our shining star Shtara. An absolute diva with the talent to back it up. The confidence to belt it out. Pride in knowing just how brilliant she is. But nothing but love and support and acceptance for any of the talents of her siblings. She wants to belt out her favorite songs, she loves the limelight, but she is so fantastic about helping to shine that same spotlight on anyone who wants to shine. My diva without the drama.

Siri and Zwei, not twins but rarely apart. I picture them with gap-toothed smiles and mischievous eyes when I think of them, but they've quickly become young men. Best beaters Hogwarts has ever seen (don't tell George I said that!). Smart as hell. Confident. So aware of themselves. I barely know who I am now, I certainly didn't know myself the way they do at their age.

Zaire. My heart. His own special way of looking at the world. Never wanting a traditional schooling because he looks at the world as his educator. He immerses himself in anything he wants to know. He wants to speak to people, touch their stories, eat the food, speak the language. My world traveler. I suppose we should have known he needed to see the whole world when he was so obsessed with trains as a tiny boy. The perfect way to travel because those tracks go everywhere but you can stop and see everything on the way.

My Jasmine. No way to hear, limited verbal speech, limited in how many people can understand her language, and the one of our children with the most powerful communication. Everyone who knows her for more than a single moment falls in love with her. She just has this way about her that she makes you feel as though you're the most important person in her world. She certainly hooked our Vani; somehow managed to get her best friend to officially join the family!

The feisty foursome. Our brilliant little naughty Seph, Lily, and Cael. A trio from the moment they had all been born, and yet welcomed their Atreyu into their ranks without any hesitation. They terrify me with their complete disregard for their own safety. Their thirst for adventure and life
speaks to my soul while scaring my Dad-Heart. These four are most definitely my karma, just ask Minnie!

These three smallest babes of ours. Gabe, with his medical needs you'd think he could end up crabby or extra needy, instead he has nothing but love and gummy smiles for everyone. Especially his favorite Daddy, Oliver. And Dylan, the easy-going one, those deep brown eyes just killing me when he smiles that dimpled smile of his. And our Queen Morgana. Knows exactly what she wants and plans to get it when she wants. Just like *her* favorite Daddy, Draco.

And even with that long list of our beloved children, that's not all the people we have in our lives. Our Godchildren, our nieces and nephews, our bonus children and the bonus grandchildren they've given us. My own Godfather back from beyond, his beautiful babies, and their mothers who we literally would not survive without. Draco, your own Godfather being as much a part of your life as he can from his portrait and your brother who may as well be a clone. Our siblings. Our good friends. Our circle.

Our life is so full it's bursting at the seams. What more could any of us possibly wish for?

With Christmas Love, Dreams, and Hope,
Your Harry

Thursday January 4th,
My patient and understanding loves,

As you well know, I have been a bit neurotic these past few days. Hell! I think I caught a serious case of Panicky Harry the day after Christmas - after we got back from the Burrow - and I realized that I only had NINE days until the live debate and 10 until the election!

Funnily enough, it seems that Hermione came down with the same disorder, as evidenced by the fact that when I decided on Thursday the 28th (Farrah's funeral being on the 27th) to go out to Diagon Alley and just walk around chatting with people and maybe seeing if they had questions for me - which would actually help me be more prepared during the debate - I found Hermione out doing the same thing.

Hermione had been at the Burrow on boxing day, and also at Farrah's funeral (despite not really knowing the girl, she was supporting Orion with us), but she was getting jittery as well and felt the need to DO something. Interestingly, we'd even arrived at more or less the same time. She'd spent an hour or so at WWW with Ron and George before they kicked her out for being an insufferable pain in the arse, which left her wandering around wondering if it was ethical to chat people up before the debate. Thus when I turned up with the same idea, we both laughed, gave each other kisses, and walked around together talking to people, asking and answering questions, and addressing concerns.

I LOVE the fact that the two of you and pretty much all of our kids made a very 'subtle' attempt to stroll nonchalantly up and down the Alley shopping. Wearing shirts that support me ^_^ Honestly, despite me personally being busy most of December with first River, and then Orion, it seems that you and the kids never failed to wear supportive shirts while shopping for Christmas.

I am so proud of and in love with our family!!!

But as I was saying, the two of us were getting to know the voting public. Without even really thinking about it, Her slogan soon became: "If elected, I'll run the Ministry like I ran Traditions:
efficiently and capably." Whereas mine became: "If elected, I'll run the Ministry like I conducted raids for the Auror Department: calm and orderly."

Some might say that they're the same thing, really, but with subtle differences.

The papers quickly caught on to our impromptu campaigning and showed up trying to get pictures of us at odds with each other. They COULDN'T manage to catch any on the sly, and so in frustration, asked us to glare at each other for a few seconds so that they could print a proper rival story. I looked to Hermione, and she gave me a look that clearly wondered if we should sic Kisa on them. I raised a brow in a question, and she nodded in agreement, so I held my hand out to her - and the moment she placed hers in mine - tugged her into a spontaneous dance that was a bit like a fun tango.

The reporters all looked ready to transform into Rage Halo Harry that we'd thwarted them, hahaha!

My nerves and near panic levels of attempting to be patient for this debate have kept me (and Hermione) out chatting at different places each day, except for the weekend in which you and Oliver kept me - and the Quartet kept her - busy and shagged out. Thus, it's finally the day of the debate.

I think I did... well. I certainly didn't stick my foot in my mouth and I think I came across as a likable fellow - who would also be capable of handling the Ministry. That said, the debate was more like a friendly interview than a debate. The people in charge kept trying to ask questions on hot or controversial topics, hoping to provoke an actual argument between us. But honestly, even on things that we completely disagree on - elf rights, for example - we never actually argued.

"See, Hermione, while I do believe that Elves are happier being owned by families, I CAN agree that if an elf is unhappy, they should have the right to ask for freedom so they can leave and find a better home."

"Whereas, Draco, I feel that all Elves should be automatically granted freedom on birth - no! I mean that they should be BORN free and not NEED it granted - BUT I can agree that they are largely happier belonging to a family that treats them a bit like an invaluable and much needed slave."

I nodded. "So, I personally would support a law giving Elves rights they currently lack in situations where they are unhappy."

"Exactly!" Hermione exclaimed, and then turned to the Interviewer. "What was the question again?"

I swear his eye twitched in annoyance, hahahaha!

It all became a blur at some point, and so, while I feel I did well over all, I can't point to anything in specific that was clearly in my favor. Nor was anything clearly against me. Honestly, I think Hermione held their hearts from the beginning - being a Hero of the War and all.

My favorite part was when Morgana - who had been quietly watching things over my shoulder from her carrier on my back - seemed to get fed up with no one paying any attention to her. So she started glaring at the Interviewer, who had stood a bit too close to me, and Hermione spotted this.

"Oh! It seems my darling niece is getting a bit grumpy, Draco. She looks about ready to hex him."

"Thanks for alerting me!" I praised as I quickly shifted Morgana to my front. "What's the matter love? Hungry?"
She pouted in a way that she usually reserves for when she's tired and wants a nap. She also rubbed her eye with her adorably pudgy right fist, confirming my suspicion. I stroked her soft and sleek black hair before kissing it.

"Harry love, will you come here and take her from me?" I asked.

"Definitely!" You exclaimed jubilantly, running up onto the stage to do exactly that. You took her in hand and shifted her to your hip for a moment so that you could give me a quick kiss. "You're doing so well, I'm so proud of you," you murmured in my ear, but I have a feeling that the spell to pick up and mildly amplify my voice for the audience to hear clearly probably picked it up.

Turning, you faced Hermione, gave her a brilliant smile, squeezed her hand, and said: "You're doing really well. I'm always amazed by your brilliance. Good luck!"

"Thank you Harry, love you!" Hermione replied, looking a bit like a mum watching her favorite child be amazing as you ran back off stage. You promptly sat back down and discretely offered Morgana access to her favorite milk supply. Meanwhile, Oliver was holding Gabe (while Dean was holding Dylan) and made his little hand wave at us.

The debate continued on until the producers realized that they just WEREN'T going to get us to fight about anything, so, a bit wearily, the Interviewer asked his last question: "Any last statements?"

I looked to Hermione, who shrugged and gestured for me to go first.

"Yeah, I just want to say that of course I want you all to vote for me, but if you don't, at least I have the utmost confidence in how the Ministry will be run under Hermione's hand."

She broke out into the most gorgeous smile and threw her arms around me to hug me tight. "Me too! I want them to vote for me, but if they choose you, I know that you'll be the best Minister you possibly can!"

We stood there hugging and patting each other on the back (and whispering encouragement in each other's ears) for what felt like EONS! I think we were both hoping that if we just kept holding onto one another, the entire day would pass and the election would be over. But it was probably only a minute or two before the director shouted that they were done and that everyone was free to go home. At that point, you and Oliver joined the rest of the Quartet to come up on stage and swamp us both in hugs.

To my utter relief, everyone had the sense to put the littles to bed early so that the rest of us could celebrate this success (of getting through the debate alive, haha) with a copious amount of wine and other alcohol. Which means that I'm about to sign off and go get so drunk that I pass out until one or both of you shakes me awake to tell me the election results.

Here's hoping!

Love me love me, just say that you need me,
Draco
Chapter 200

Chapter Summary

The election results are in!

Chapter Notes

EEEK! 200 chapters!

Friday January 5, 2018

My Own,

Oliver and I are about to wake you up. And we are going to do that in your very favorite way. But at some point you will come down from your orgasm induced high, no matter how many orgasms we give you. And trust me, it's going to be a LOT of them! And when that happens we will have to give you the election results.

So, instead of waking you up with the bad news, I am writing it here. This way when we're done shagging, we can just point you towards your laptop. We will hold you while you read this email. And when you get to the upsetting part we will continue to hold you or we can go away so you can process in your own way. We're here for whatever you need.

The election results were sent to us early this morning, with the information that Hermione Granger has won the election and has officially gone from interim Minister to the official Minister for Magic of Wizarding Britain. I'm not sure if this bit will make you feel better or worse, but she won with precisely 51% of the vote. I honestly don't know if you will be pleased to know that she only *just* managed to win, because it was so close. Or if you will be upset at just how close you came to winning without the actual win.

You are allowed to feel however you want to feel about this. You are allowed to be disappointed or angry or frustrated or whatever else you're feeling. But I have some things for you to think about that will hopefully be some silver lining for you.

First of all, this will mean more time with your family. More time for your children and grandchildren. More time to shag your husband and fiancé (soon to be husbandS!). Way more time to plan our upcoming wedding. Free time to dance in the ballroom. Free time to play counselor/matchmaker/confidant to the students at Hogwarts. You were willing to forgo that free time to be Minister but these results mean all of your time is your own.

Secondly, this also means you won't be tied down by political restraints. You don't have to go through the proper channels, or getting things approved by committee, or act like all ideas have equal merit when people bring you idiotic ideas. You can and will continue to enact change in your own way with your own money while continuing to be your own (and MY!) boss.
Third, you don't have to curtail your personality or actions because of something "not being befitting of the Minister." You can continue to kiss us in public, talk about shagging, tell people when they're idiots, and call out inconsistencies or utter buffoonery. You don't have to be "Draco Malfoy, Minister for Magic, a man for the people" you get to be "Draco Malfoy, man who will call you out on your shite, businessman, father, semi-public shagger."

And here's the best news. The silver lining. Honestly it's more like a completely new bit of information that will, in my opinion, be even BETTER than being Minister for all the reasons I listed above. But instead of me rambling my way through, I will just type out the letter Hermione sent you this morning a few minutes after the results were in. No, I didn't open it, it wasn't sealed. She wrote it and called upon Muffy to bring it to you, Muffy gave it to me, and I read it.

-  

Dear Draco,

Congratulations my dear friend on a well-fought competition. The results speak for themselves, roughly half of the voters voted for me and the other half voted for you. The results were so close it was practically a tie, which means we did a fantastic job of assuring the public that either of us would be the right person for the job.

Thank you for giving me a challenge, pushing me to really think of my policies and promises. Running against you set me up to be the very best Minister for Magic I can possibly be.

Your presence made me a good candidate, therefore I am hopeful your presence will continue to push me to perform at my very best. This is why I want to officially offer you a position within my office. I have an official job offer written up that I am sure you will want to go over with a magnification charm as well as go over with your team of lawyers. For now, I will simply offer you the job and beg you to take it.

Draco Malfoy, will you do me the honor of taking on the role of Senior Adviser to the Minister of Magic? I need you on my team! Together we can make such a difference! You can work completely on your schedule, bring in the babies whenever you need to, and the only time you will be required to be in a specific place would be if there were some sort of emergency where I needed you on hand.

Thank you for your consideration,
Hermione Jean Granger, Minister

-

This sounds like it would have all the benefits you wanted from the Minister job, with all the freedom not being Minister would provide you. You know Ollie and I will support you no matter what, any choice you make will have our full backing, but I think this sounds perfect for you!

Alright, off to wake you.

Our Love,
Harry and Oliver

Friday January 5th
So...
I lost.

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't disappointed. That said, you make some very good points. You and Oliver spent the early afternoon reminding me how much you both love and need me. So with that in mind, I might actually be a tiny bit relieved as well.

Being Minister is not just any job, it's a LIFE. It's being on call all the time to handle situations, settle disputes, and try to keep our relatively small yet large wizarding population happy. You're so right in that I've done so much with my own name and money to bring happiness that I don't necessarily NEED to do any more.

That said... I really like this job Hermione is offering me. With this job, I'd be much like I was as Chief of Raids - which I could actually still do. I'd be able to go in and chat with my good friend for an hour or so every night, listen to her work through her current issues, give advice as I see fit, and then leave while she has to stay. Well, I think we all know that if there was a crisis, I'd probably stay longer than her, and that's not even trying to imply that she's a slacker, because she most certainly is not.

It's the best of both worlds, really.

And now that the election is over, Hazel has been reminding me almost non-stop that Pearl turns 17 in just 5 days, and that per the agreement with her father, they've set their wedding date for 2 weeks after Durmstrang lets out. That's roughly six months from now, and so, the wedding planning needs to get more attention than it has been getting up until this point.

As I understand it, Ivan is paying for the Honeymoon and a small house - which means that traditionally speaking, Pearl must be the 'Groom' with Hazel being the 'Bride' - thus we're responsible for paying for the ceremony. But before you think we might actually be getting off lucky here, keep in mind that Viona's wedding cost a small fortune, hahaha. I think we might have a slightly less enormous ceremony, but Hazel is sure to want a bit of a fashion show of all her latest designs, so I can see this being a gala event on the best scale.

But speaking of Galas, Pippa has been nagging me for ages now - ever since I was almost framed for murder - that there's a very important Gala we need to attend to personally... And no, I'm not talking about the Unity House Gala that happens here that we've egregiously managed to miss several of since moving back here. No, I'm talking about the 10 year Anniversary for Unity Iran.

Yep, it's been almost 10 years. Well, specifically, it'll be 10 years come summer, but yeah, it's coming up. I remember quite clearly, we were HERE celebrating my birthday in a very naughty and debauched way, and then we were off to Iran barely a week later to work on building our last Unity House.

I think we promised ourselves that we'd make it a point to go back and fundraise each year during the Gala, but then it took us all so long to work through our issues from our time there, that I think even once we were better, we just sort of avoided the place. But this one is important AND the House is barely getting by. It seems that there are less Wizarding people with enough money to donate to anything, much less an orphanage - even though the amount of children living there has remained even for most of the last ten years. Which means that the House is mostly scraping by with the money that you on your own and me on my own send to the place every couple of months.

They could really USE a big influx of cash.

So... what say you both? Practically the MOMENT you finish giving your final exams, we rush off
to Iran to host a Gala of epic proportions?

Also, I'm sure you know this, Harry, but Jaz has been asking questions lately. We've always been open about how we adopted her, and so she knows that her parents are unknown victims of that war, but more recently, she's wondered other things - such as what is the country like in general? What sort of heritage does she come from? Is there ANY way we can find out if she might have family from her birth parents that have survived? Things like that.

Honestly, I'm a bit surprised it took her this long to wonder these things.

I think I'm going to sign off now and have a mini meeting with Pippa and my lawyers to go over Hermione's job offer and see if I need to adjust any of the terms. See you when I get home!

Hopelessly devoted to you,
Draco
P.S. Thank you both so much for waking me up in the most orgasmic way. It did a LOT to put me in a good frame of mind to hear the bad news without throwing a strop. Love you!
Tuesday January 9, 2018

Sleepy Boys,

Phew, I don't know if I've been this relieved to be back at work after a holiday at home! We had wonderful holidays, new grandchildren, an intense debate and election, and then our Shtara's birthday party yesterday. It was an amazing few weeks, but I am honestly quite relieved to get back into the routine of a school-week at Hogwarts.

Especially seeing as we have a crazy few months ahead of us. Planning our wedding, helping Hazel and Pearl plan theirs, the 20th anniversary celebration of the end of the war, a trip to Iran! And that's not counting the upcoming big first birthday parties for our tiniest triplets. That doesn't need to be quite as big since they won't really remember it. We can just to a circle dinner with some smash cakes and call it a day. Save the massive parties for when they're a bit older. I just can't believe it will be our last ever first birthday parties for our babies!

But we're entering that phase of our lives where we will have first birthday parties and births and naming ceremonies for our grandchildren. I am feeling so weird, we are still quite young, Draco and I are only 37 and Oliver you're only 42, but we're grandparents! With how long wizards usually live you'd think we'd have gotten started on having our families later in life, but no, we all started right away. Honestly, even in the muggle world many people are just starting to have children in their thirties. I feel so young, we are all healthy and in great shape, active as hell, but entering the often elderly phase of life.

Well, when have we ever lived a normal life?

Wasn't Shtara's birthday party so fun? I've always wanted to do one of those murder mystery dinners, they always looked like so much fun. And I think a regular murder mystery dinner would have been fun. But, seeing as Shtara is in theatre, most of her friends are either in theatre or performers from Lainie's school, and she has access to some of the best screenwriters and stage crews, this particular mystery was absolutely epic!

Instead of each attendee having a small write-up of their character with the murderer having that extra bit of info, we each had extensive backstories! The costumes were gorgeous. And you could tell Shtara was having a blast. My beautifully brilliant star. I cannot believe she's already fifteen! How did this happen? Do you think your age freezing potion would work on her seeing as she's Muggle? Never mind, don't answer that, I don't think I want to know the answer.

You know, when we brought Shtara into our lives I thought we had gotten this reprieve from having to deal with a child being at a boarding school for so much of the year. Instead, she had to be amazingly talented and scouted for her dreams. I thought we'd really lucked out and wouldn't have to share our little girl with the world, but no she had to go and become a star on stage so we probably end up seeing her even LESS than we would have if she'd gone away to Hogwarts.
Especially now that we literally live at Hogwarts!

But, just like I would never tell River or Orion that them living halfway across the world breaks my heart, I would never tell Shtara how hard it is for me to let her fly. I will internalize my Dad struggles, showing them nothing but support and pride. But I hope it's alright with you two my loves if I sometimes have to have you hold me while I cry out my sadness.

This parenting thing is a lot less gooey baby kisses and adorably tiny shoes, and a lot more sadness while pieces of my heart grow and leave.

Wow. I went from being excited to be back at Hogwarts to an existential crisis. Sorry my loves.

Anyway, this morning I woke up bright and early, went for an absolutely gorgeous run. It's one of those frozen mornings where the trees look like they're made of glass. Once again glad to be a wizard so I could cast a warming charm on myself so I can enjoy the icy views without giving myself hypothermia. Especially since I had a little running buddy. It's been a while since one of the kids has wanted to run with me, but this morning Cael was up nice and early and wanted to come with me. His flushed little freckle face smiling up at me while we ran in this winter wonderland together was a perfect memory.

But I'd better head off to my first class. Enjoy your sleeping in! Lucky Ollie you don't have work until after noon today, and Draco you won't be needed by Hermione until this evening. I'd be jealous, but if I'd slept in I'd have missed my morning run with my Caelum. I definitely got the better end of the deal!

All of my love,
Harry

Tuesday January 9th
Our Harry,

My day started a bit (I.E. a LOT) earlier than usual. It seems that Oliver was waking up after a nice lie in and he just so happened to catch me when I was only half asleep. So I noticed him shifting and murmuring in that way most people do when they're waking up but don't want to. This provoked a deep interest in at least one part of me, prompting me to roll over onto him and cast a breath freshening charm on both of us.

That naturally led to a glorious hour or so of just kissing and caressing each other. With no need to hurry unless the lunch bell rang, we had the time to just be together. But eventually, I wanted more, and I didn't want it to be simple frotting either. So, I conjured up a pair of Slytherin ties and bound Oliver's hands to the headboard.

He was watching me with a wary but willing look, since he'd already discovered that he likes the act of being tied up, but not the reality of being (remaining) bound. After he was securely attached to the bed, I took the time to stroke every centimeter of his body, making him highly sensitive and thoroughly teasing him in the process. I kept on going until he was begging me for relief - which occurred right about the time I had progressed to licking his shaft just enough to get it wet before blowing hot air across it.

His shaft was so eager to bugger or be buggered that it was weeping in need.

"Please! Please Draco! Let me go or ram me into the bed! I'm not fussed, just please!"
Humming happily, I cast a couple of quick prep spells so that I could sink onto his shaft and ride him in the slowest and most leisurely pace that I could manage - all to delay his orgasm as long as possible. The fact that he was still begging and trying his best to buck up into me and increase the pace only added to my pleasure.

Eventually, his hips were actually banging into me quite determinedly, allowing him to reach his climax with a triumphant roar. He practically melted into a puddle and heaved great panting breaths for a few minutes until he calmed down a bit. That was when I reminded him that he wasn’t done as ***I*** hadn’t had an orgasm yet.

That was when I untied him and ‘forced’ him to worship my shaft with his mouth for a good hour before the actual lunch bell triggered my orgasm and let us know that we should probably drag ourselves out of bed and go get something to eat.

However, Oliver needed to use the loo first, which has given me time to write this email, but now that he’s done, I’m going to sign off and hope you get a chance to read this RIGHT before your first afternoon class so that you have a minor emergency in your pants all afternoon, buwahahahahahaha!

Mischievously yours,
Draco
P.S. If you need me for any reason before I leave for the Ministry around 4, I plan to be riding Oliver's shoulder in my Marmoset form, unless he's actually flying his broom, in which case, I'll probably have him wear a bit of a carrier for me to sit in so that I can't accidentally fall off.
Chapter 202

Chapter Summary

Harry can be a tease too.

Chapter Notes

Sorry guys! I had a few days off and my mom required that I go visit her with my boys.

Tuesday January 9, 2018

Not cool Draco Lucius, Not cool,

I was in class when I read that you utter prat. In.Class. Since I had nothing scheduled this evening and neither did Ollie we decided to take an evening off and come home to the Manor for the night. I just have to be back in time for my first, late morning, class tomorrow.

Anyway, since you're off having a meeting with your boss, the Minister, I figured Ollie and I could email you now. Let you know we're thinking of you while you're away. Sounds good yeah? "Ollie, can you turn on the dictation device please?"

*Dictation device turns on*

"Draco, Love, I'd been typing while kneeling at my spanking bench, but our Ollie is going to finish strapping me down. I needed the dictation device turned on because my hands are about to be bound. Did I mention my legs had already been strapped in and I'm fully nude. Well, except for the cock ring Oliver put on me."

"Of course I strapped a cock ring on you Harry, this whole experiment is to distract Draco. His reward for thoroughly flustering you when you read his email. It's not a reward for you, so you won't be coming tonight. Not unless Draco comes home and gives you permission. Isn't that right?"

"Yes Sir, I won't be allowed release at all. Not until my Master comes home. And only then if he allows it. I promise I'll be so good."

"We know you will Pet, your Master knows you're such a good boy and so do I. Our good boy."

"Thank you Sir."

Oliver chuckles, "Oh I wouldn't thank me just yet Pet. This is going to be a nice long playdate, I think we should rest your eyes. How's the blindfold hmm? Can you see anything?"

"No Sir, all dark." *The sounds of dragging, clinking, and slicking are heard* "What's that Sir?"

More chuckling from Oliver, "Oh don't you worry your pretty little head, your job is to take
whatever I give you, just sit there and feel." A groan came from Harry while Oliver continues, "You're our greedy little puppy aren't you? Need two men to keep you full all the time. One of your men is at work so I had to come up with some way to satisfy your needy holes." *More slick noises, and moans from Harry* "There, that should fill up your back side. Draco, I just filled our boy up with the largest dildo we own." *More moaning from Harry, a whirring mechanical noise is heard as well* "Harry, tell Draco what's happening."

"Ungh, Master, Sir has turned on the fucking machine. He's not even touching me. He's got the bigger than Blaise dildo fucking, ungh, ungh, unnnnnngggghh, uh me."

"More sweetheart, that's not enough for our Draco, he needs to know everything doesn't he?"

"Yes Sir, it's ungh, fucking me really deep, Sir must have the machine closer than usual. I can feel it in my abdomen,"

"He's not wrong Draco, I can see his little belly distend just a bit when it's at its deepest. He looks so pretty. At that moment when his stomach swells he almost looks pregnant he's so full and distended. Keep going Pet, what else?"

"It's going so slowly. So slow. It's too slow! Please Sir, please! Make it go faster, make me cum, anything but this please!"

"You know better than that. Even though your begging sounds so pretty I think I have something better to do with that sweet mouth."

*Low moaning from Harry, along with wet slurping sounds*

"Oh baby, that's so good. Such a good little cocksucker you are. Draco Love, you should see this. Our little Harry, bound over his spanking bench. His hole being slowly battered by that big shaft, his tummy pushing out with every motion, and his red lips wrapped around my cock. His pretty green eyes looking up at me. I thought he'd stop begging me when I filled up his mouth but he's just using those eyes of his. His skin already has that glowing sheen of sweat on him. Poor thing, and we've barely started."

"Oh Harry, yes puppy, you're so good. I'm going to come down that throat of yours. But don't think that will earn you any reprieve. I'm not pulling out of your mouth and I'm not turning up or turning off the fucking machine. You can be my cute little cockwarmer. Hold me in your mouth until I'm ready to go again. Keep taking that shaft deep in your arse."

*Moaning and noises from Harry as though he's trying to talk with his mouth still being used*

"None of that Love, it's rude to talk with your mouth full." *high-pitched keening*

"Yeah, yeah, that's it, keep it up, yeah, mmmm. You'd better be ready, I'm going to, yeah, yeah, that's it, Harry!!"

"Mmm, perfectly beautiful little slut for me hmm? Well Draco, I am going to sign us off, keep using our little toy here. And just so you know, this is going to continue for our Harry until you get home. Whether it's an hour from now or if you don't show up until morning. Take your time won't you?"

*Ends dictation*

We love you!
Oliver and Harry
Tuesday January 9th
My naughty Harry and Oliver,

Considering that I've just shagged you both into oblivion, you're not awake to hear me tell you this directly. I personally will probably pass out as well as soon as I finish up, but I wanted to get this out before I fell asleep and forgot.

Today was an amazing first day at work. I really think I have the best job in the world for me as I started with all three of the babies strapped to me. When they were bored, I was able to let them crawl around as Hermione and I chatted over tea. She got me caught up on all the issues she'd encountered since being appointed Interim Minister, and I gave her my perspective on them. Between the two of us, we brainstormed rather a lot on things to do.

At one point, the babies got hungry and I ordered Muffy and Diby to come in and help me feed them, and then lay them down for a nap. Yes it was late for a nap, but it's not like they couldn't stay up a bit late with me (which they are), and then sleep in with me as well. In any case, I didn't feel bad at all about letting them go to sleep like they wanted and having them popped off to bed.

By this point, Hermione had progressed to reorganizing all of our brainstormed ideas on the white board into categories and - I dunno - relative merit? I think she was trying to decide which things were more important to do first, which things went along with those things, and which were still important but had to be delegated until later on. Something like that.

Thus, I was sort of wondering if I should stay a bit and argue with her over which things were the most important and which should wait a bit, or if I should just go home and call it a night so I could celebrate my first day with a glass or bottle of wine and maybe head off to chat with River, Mahafsoun, and Orion before they officially leave tomorrow. I appreciate that they stayed for the election, and then a couple of days so that Orion could finish teaching Parker and Harrison to take over running his bar whilst he's gone.

Oliver, rest assured that Parker is unlikely to go astray like Orion did, because Delphini is so determined to ensure that HARRISON doesn't pick up the habit of doing any sort of drugs, that she has vowed to personally scan him (using an Auror grade spell I may or may not have taught her) every single night when he returns home - or if he decides to live in Orion's flat above the Hog's Head with Parker, she'll pop in each night. And I've ensured that they can't lock her out of the wards HAHAHAHAHA!

Anyway, there we were when your email came in. I hadn't read it, simply heard the notification chime, and exclaimed: "Ooo! I've got an email from Harry!"

"Oh?" Hermione asked in amusement. "I could use a bit of a break; read it to me?" She half commanded as she plopped into my lap and kissed me on the cheek.

"Alright, So, he starts with..." And I read your entire email to her. Very quickly, she started squirming on my lap and I was poking her as much as I could with my poor shaft trapped under her and inside my pants and trousers. I had to physically shift her a bit so that it didn't feel like I was in an extremely small chastity cage.

"Mmm..." she moaned in lust. "Are ALL of your emails like this?"

"Not all of them, no, but enough are," I replied huskily, because I was also nearly ready to pound the nearest thing into the nearest bed. Or wall. Or shower. Or whatever flat surface happened to be
convenient.

She traced a finger along side my neck and gave me a quick kiss. "I could help you out with your current predicament in exchange for you helping me out with mine."

I groaned in longing because she made a quality offer. "I'd love that, unfortunately, I'm most definitely not playing around for the foreseeable future."

"Wow, still?" She asked in surprise. "I know that you and Harry are respecting Oliver's wishes, but I thought for sure that the three of you had decided to start playing around when Viper brought the other Oliver for a visit."

She was making it hard for me to concentrate because while she'd stopped trying to convince me to play with her, she was still in my lap and her voice/breath was in my ear and just that was rather erotic and exacerbating my situation.

"We're in no rush and Oliver seems like he might only ever consent to play on VERY special occasions - such as if we bring him to Glastofest or maybe the Torture Garden. You know, places where we can play very lightly with strangers, still get rather a lot of enjoyment out of the situation, and then pop back home when we've finally had enough foreplay that we attack each other."

"That sounds fun too," she hummed in thought, probably now planning out treating her husbands and wife to the next Torture Garden party. This made her unconsciously start squirming on my lap again, which pulled another groan from me. I kissed her because I was going to tell her goodbye, but she mistook the kiss for me starting something light and playful, and returned the kiss hungrily.

I gripped her hips and ground her into me for a while as we kissed rather deeply, but then I lifted her of my lap and panted heavily to clear my head. "I've got to go!"

She pouted but nodded in understanding. "Alright, too bad, but I won't push you in the future until I know you've got permission. Sorry for, erm, disrespecting your rules, I'm just unreasonably horny at the moment."

I raised a brow in amused curiosity. "Your marriage partners not satisfying you?"

"More like I've been so tired each night when I get home that I'm not really in the mood," she explained with a shrug.

"Well you're in the mood now," I pointed out. "And there's no law that says you have to stay here tonight until you've figured out everything you plan to do for the future. So go home and pounce on them."

She grinned at me. "That's brilliant. I think I'll do just that!"

"Good, now you'll have to excuse me, because I plan to go attack my men."

We kissed each other on the cheek, and I lightly smacked her on the arse to encourage her to actually go home (I knew she'd just wait until I left and return to work otherwise), and once she was gone, Apparated home and shagged the two of you dirty rotten. Now that I'm done with my email, I should hopefully be able to sleep.

I see your true colors, that's why I love you (both),
Draco
P.S. Oliver, if Harry reads this to you or if you read it over his shoulder, please don't feel like I had
some Slytherin ulterior motives in telling this story. I honestly am not trying to rush you or make you feel bad, I'm just being honest about what happened so that if it happens to come up in the future - such as at a circle dinner, say Hermione says something like: "I haven't been so horny since that time we almost shagged in my office." I wouldn't want you to hear that and think I was hiding something. I love you and consider your heart one of my most precious possessions - right up there in importance with Harry's.
Chapter 203

Chapter Summary

Harry and Oliver have an important conversation, and Draco freaks out a bit.

Thursday January 11, 2018

Hi Babe!
Ick, let's try that again.

Hey Hun,
Nope, that might be worse.

Sweetie...
I'm sorry Ollie, I just don't think there's any real way to give our Draco a cutesie nickname. I call him Dragon sometimes and I know he'd love for you to call him that as well. We just are never ever ever allowed to call him OR Zwei Drake. Drakie-Pooh is also off the table. Sometimes I call him Darling but that's pretty rare and usually just when he's in a melancholic or depressed state and I have to say something like "Oh my Darling, we love you so much and don't want to see you hurting." It's never "Darling! It's been hours since I've seen you!"

Anyway our Draco, the reason I'm writing this email but it's apparently a weird mixture of Oliver wanting to be the one to talk without being the one to type has led to a very weird beginning. However, after almost two decades with me I am pretty sure you speak "rambling nonsense to avoid the real issue" quite well. You don't speak it very well, but are a pro at deciphering it.

So Oliver is pulling up all his Gryffindor courage and wants to talk to you about something quite serious that he is concerned about from your last email. Unlike me, who spent something like sixteen years hiding the secret that I started adoption paperwork on a child without ever telling you about it. But once he mentioned he wanted to discuss the issue at hand, he also got shy and pretended he doesn't have any idea how to type and I should do it for him.

It's obviously a big fat lie.

Yes Oliver, it is too a big fat lie.

I'm doing it, I love you more than life itself, and I think you're very brave. Didn't I admit I was a big old scaredy cat and hid secrets for years? Doesn't mean you pretending you don't know how to type (when you literally wrote me a solo email months ago to reestablish our friendship) isn't a big fat lie.

Alright, now that we're done arguing semantics, the issue on the table. Last night before bed I read your email from the night before. Sorry it took me so long to read, but with regular class-time and the kids leaving for America yesterday I didn't have a spare moment to do so. Right before bed, when you were spending your second evening at your amazing new job (and side note: we're so proud and happy that you love it) Ollie and I snuggled up to read it together.

Oliver, who hasn't yet developed a complete understanding of your Slytherin mind (probably
because the hat didn't have to think for a single moment about the Lion inside of him, unlike my snakey liony self) hasn't noticed your increasing unsubtle begging. What? You're trying to act like the big bad Master doesn't beg. Oh My Love, I think we both know that's a bigger lie than Ollie trying to say he can't type. You try to wrap it up in aristocratic language or passive aggressiveness but you are a beggar.

No, not that kind of beggar.

After reading your email and its back-peddling P.S., our sweet, perfect, beloved, beautiful Oliver began tearing up.

Yes, Oliver you're making me write this, I am going to write it how I darn well please! You did cry. I love Draco as much as you do, but I don't care if he gets upset knowing he made you cry! Okay, I care if he's upset, but I also care that he upset you! We need to be honest with each other and how you felt after reading his email that made you cry. Yes or no? That's what I thought.

I will back up just a bit. Oliver and I both know exactly why you added that P.S. You wanted to be up front and honest. You didn't want to make us think for one moment that you had somehow been unfaithful. You wanted to avoid hurt feelings in the future so you were honest and then clarified exactly what happened and why. Whether or not Oliver was sad, no one is mad at you or thinks you did something ... 'wrong.'

I suppose this past message was the last clue that locked into place to make all of your subtle begging make sense. Ollie looked at me with those damp eyes and asked "Am I really holding you two back? Is being with me keeping you from something you need?"

Don't worry, I immediately told him that wasn't the case. I even pointed out where you had directly told 'Mione that he knows you might only ever be up to the few and far between special occasion public foreplay where we go home to finish just the three of us. I told him that I can really only speak for myself and I am getting every single one of my needs met. I get to submit, I get to bottom often, I occasionally top. I get to do kinky non-vanilla things and soft sweet love-making.

He interrupted me, seeming to realize I was only speaking for myself. "But Draco needs more doesn't he?"

Again I stopped him, "Love, Draco doesn't need anything more. He has told you that, he has told me that, he has shown it in his every action. And in his continued choosing of you, of us, every day. Every time he turns down playtime, he's choosing you and us again and again and again." I grabbed his hands and looked him in the eye, "I will risk speaking for him, because you need to hear it and I know he would say the same if he were here with us. Draco loves and needs you more than he wants to fulfill his kink of sharing us, and more than he wants to fulfill his kink of sexy playdates. If you NEVER want us or you to do a single thing outside of our relationship, we will both still believe wholeheartedly that we are the luckiest blokes on the planet that you're in love with us."

And that's when it finally clicked for him. "Wait. He had shagged us Tuesday morning and knew he was headed home for more shagging Tuesday evening. He has two men who can cover pretty much every sexual want he has. I've even told him I don't think I could go to full beatings but that I would love to dominate him occasionally. But he was still turned on and enticed by Hermione. He was having a rough time the day he got the massage and there was a woman massaging him that reminded him of a female you."

His eyes got really wide ... and wow shiny big brown eyes on that handsome face? Mmmm, I know he was sad but hot damn did our man look fine as hell Draco.
"Draco has been missing fanny, yeah?"

"Yeah, I think he does Ollie. But he will never ... never ever ever ever want it more than he needs you and I. Never."

He looked sad for another few moments. Then shook his head, took a deep breath, squared his shoulders and said, "Well then, we need to get him some fanny." It was honestly so adorable. Yeah Ollie, I said adorable, deal with it.

"Oliver, you're not comfortable sharing him. Well, not with anyone but me. And that's okay. He can live without it for as long as you aren't ready. Even if that's forever."

"But Harry, the both of you have proven that's not necessary."

"Erm ... what's not necessary? Living without playing with others. It absolutely IS necessary if you're not on board!"

He gave me what I used to think of as the "Malfoy face of judgment" but now I just think it's the "significant other of Harry face of judgment." It's not specific to you Malfoys, it seems to only crop up in people who are in love with me! "No! Don't you see? He doesn't need to do anything with anyone else in order to shag a woman! There are other options!"

Oh.

Then he went on a rambling monologue that may as well have been coming out of my mouth. Seriously, he went on for about ten minutes. I thought he was going to run out of breath. I probably could have left the room to grab myself a cuppa and come back to him still rambling. But I will break it down to the main points.

I can too break it down and not ramble! What do you think I've been doing so far Oliver. Rambling? What? Oh. I just looked at how much I've written so far. Oliver has a point Draco.

Long story ... possibly longer than the original story ....

Oliver initially brought up the idea of using polyjuice. And ultimately came to the idea that it wasn't a complete no in his opinion, but he ultimately didn't like it because you would be shagging the body of someone that wasn't us. And due to us not wanting to violate someone by using hair without permission, we'd have to ask for hair and permission from someone we know to use their hair. It would upset Oliver to know you were shagging the body of say Luna while also knowing that Luna knew it was happening.

But like I said, it's not a firm no but not his favorite idea.

He also brought up the possibility of just using a strong glamour on our bits so we would appear female but it would still be us. We could even do the temporary breast enlarging thing. It would definitely work on at least me since I currently have fully functioning mammary glands. Ultimately, he thinks this is a better plan than the polyjuice, but worries that you wouldn't like it or feel it was fulfilling because you would KNOW it wasn't really a fanny you were servicing.

And that's when he brought up the idea of the damsel curse. He knows we've done it, and that you've thoroughly enjoyed being the female participant, so why wouldn't you enjoy one or both of us being females for you to take care of? He thinks it's the best of all the worlds; you get females, no one feels violated, and we can all participate.

We're cuddling up with the babies, we'll be putting them to bed soon and plan on staying up as late
as possible so we can have this conversation with you before bed. Come home to us.

Your Loves Always,
Harry and Oliver

Thursday January 1th
NO!

No no no no no no NOOOOOOOOO! NO MORE BABIES!!!!!

But...well... hmm...

Okay wait, so were not having ME carry said baby. And actually, if there was a way to sterilize the body after using the curse, I'd quite like to try it again, aside from the fact that both of you are on team all the way gay.

So... alright, to be honest, I was sort of half mulling this over in the back of my mind. I KNEW that Oliver lamented not having the chance to carry a baby of his own, and it occurred to me that - just as I suggested previously - having me or Sebastian brew the potion with better ingredients would not only lead to a higher quality and more likely to work potion, but remember all the way back to Bubbles and the Demon? I originally thought I was pregnant but that just turned out to be wishful thinking and I had to have that resolved and try again?

WELL on the second go, I purposely borrowed your wedding ring - Harry - because it has fertility spells on it, and whether the ring helped or not, the second time worked. I was sort of thinking that if we gave Oliver for his wedding present (Oliver dear, if you are reading this over Harry's shoulder, skip this paragraph, or if you are listening in, close your ears for a few seconds) a quality fertility potion and let him borrow your ring should he choose to use the potion, that those factors together might definitely work.

That said, this curse WAS potent enough to get me pregnant THREE times at the same bloody time! But we have no way of knowing if the Damsel Curse is just that potent, or if it worked so well because I'd already been pregnant a couple of times and my body knew what it was doing.

And Salazar buggering Merlin! Now I'm facing a bit of an existential crisis! On the one hand, we already have SO MANY BABIES!!! Can we actually HANDLE more??? But on the other hand, once you reach 20 plus a good half dozen grandkids, really, what's one more? BUT GODSDAMNIT!!! That's ANOTHER future teenager!!!

But on the third hand, I want to see Oliver's face in miniature with your eyes Harry, while I'm sure you've already mentally tried to work out how Oliver's face would look with my hair. Whereas Oliver (you can listen in again if you're not already) in all likelihood has probably spent eons wondering what any tiny human would look like no matter who the other parent was.

On the fourth hand, Oliver was probably the world's cutest baby (of the time), and his kids would probably take after him. Bah! As I said, crisis! I'm - as evidenced by this supposed to be well balanced argument AGAINST having more kids - shockingly leaning more towards having another (or possibly more than one) to...

Actually, I just solved the entire dilemma in that trailed off statement. The entire sentence was, I'm leaning towards having another or possibly more - however many it takes - to fulfill Oliver's needs. Just as I've always put every care and effort into meeting your needs, Harry (and you mine), we
have committed ourselves to meeting all of Oliver's needs, and so, if this is one of them, then I'm 100 percent on board.

Oi, I'm definitely insane, but I think I'm shockingly happy in my insanity, so let's just go right on ahead being insane until we're little old men giggling because we can't remember what the plot is anyway.

But... as for the specific details - such as when we do this (and I think we should time it so that the new baby is born in July or August, which at this point, would have to be next year since a baby theoretically conceived tomorrow night would be born in October) and how...

Alright, I'll admit it, I WAS sort of begging. I honestly didn't MEAN to be an arse about it, but it seems like - oh I dunno - I'm craving fanny or something. It's not yet on the level of a genuine NEED, but it's becoming stronger and I think the only reason I'm having a bit of a hard time this time around is that normally, I can just have a playnight or go to a club for a nameless shag (as a couple with you meeting one or more of your kinks as well), but this time, I can't.

No, let me rephrase that. Saying can't makes it sound like a problem. Like I am an addict and it's only a matter of time before I fall off the wagon. So rather than can't, I am genuinely choosing not to do those things I did in the past because I have something far more important to me than a meaningless bit of fun.

I have real, deep, and unshakable love.

Oliver, I know you don't understand the playing thing, and when you talk with Harry about it, the conversation usually goes something like Harry saying: "I honestly wouldn't ever play if it didn't meet some of Draco's needs," which probably makes you feel like my needs are at diametrically opposing ends than yours - and that eventually, one of us will have to give. But I can assure you that I've learned very very well that marriage is about compromise.

I want to be married to you - Oliver - because I love you every bit as much as I love Harry and I want you to be happy and fulfilled. Thus if this is a need of yours - and I already know it is - then I am going to help you meet that need no matter what it takes, and happily, you've already figured out a good compromise to meet one of my needs in the process, so this is win win really ^_^

Now all of that said, Harry, do you suppose that after we've carefully planned out how and when to do this, it might be worth a practice run. Such as letting Oliver try out the Damsel Curse for a bit of a date night with dancing, hours of foreplay, that shagging I'm quite looking forward to, but erm… rather than try to get pregnant the first time, we cast protection spells, use those muggle condom thingies, AND finish things in a nice safe place - such as a mouth?

Just a thought...

There's a place I know if you're looking for a show, where they go hardcore and there's glitter on the floor, and they turn me on when they take it off, everybody take it off!

Draco

P.S. Alright, I know I'm not particularly ancient or anything, but do wizards go through things like witches reportedly do, where they get EVEN HORNIER as they get older? Because I sort of feel like I can't so much as have a dream or take a loo break without wanting to shag one or both of you into the nearest thing!

P.P.S Please don't ask me about the dreams I've been having lately as I do not want to incriminate myself and be murdered when I still have so much to live for!
Chapter 204

Chapter Summary

Harry insists they talk to Oliver, but Oliver panicks.

Draco,

Whoa whoa whoa! Calm yourself! No one said a single thing about babies!

I mean honestly, we have so many babies, so many kids, so many grandkids. I thought we agreed ......

Oh. Oh my Gods Draco. How have I been this blind?!? WE agreed we were done with kids. We’ve gone on and on and on about being done with kids. Have we really never asked our fiancé if HE wants to be done having children?

You’ve been mulling this in the back of your mind? You knew Ollie wanted babies? Have I just had my head shoved that far up my own arse that I never noticed?

Except now that you mention it, of course I’ve noticed! How could I not? That look of longing and adoration around babies, the look on his face when he sees our picture wall and focuses in on pictures where either you or I are pregnant, the way he breathes in the babies’ baby smell like he’s never been allowed to smell it before and he doesn’t quite know when he will again.

I’m the worst fiancé on the planet!

Our poor, loving, amazing, patient, understanding, beautiful Oliver.

He was out with the Puff Quidditch team when I read and began responding to your reply, so he doesn’t know we’re talking about this. We can’t talk about this behind his back. Plan this all out without his input. I’m not saying another word until we’re all three together!

I’m so glad he wasn’t here reading this with me. Can you imagine if I’d started blurting out something like “hell no am I having another baby!” and him having to lie and laugh along, pretending he agrees with the sentiment? Oh my loves what have I done?

Let’s talk the moment he’s done with practice, before you have to head into the Ministry.

Love,

Harry

P.S. Oh Draco, I never let myself imagine it, but now that I have, how will I ever get the hope of seeing a tiny miniature version of the two loves or my life? Of a teeny Oliver face with platinum hair or those deep brown eyes of his with my black curls?

P.P.S. Uh, definitely not a potions prodigy but seeing as there was a potion that essentially made Hazel originally have three biological parents - do you think there’s a potion that you or Sebastian could invent that can somehow combine all three of our dna? Imagine a baby with sharp Malfoy features, that unruly Potter hair, and those big brown Oliver eyes!
Oh dear,

Harry, you went to the loo so you wouldn't have ANY distractions once Oliver returned to our
Quarters, so naturally, that's exactly when he returned. When I saw him walk in, I must have
looked extremely guilty as I furtively looked toward the loo, because I was thinking that this was a
conversation that I couldn't start without you.

"What's the matter?" Oliver asked, clearly concerned.

I squared my shoulders and decided to deal with the matter head on. "Oliver, love, Harry and I have
something we NEED to talk to you about. Something important..."

He turned pale, almost bone white, turned tail, and ran from our Quarters to his. Hurry up in there
and come out here so we can go calm and soothe our skittish fiancé.

Anxiously,
Draco
Chapter 205

Chapter Summary

Oliver talks about his feeling on babies, and Draco is obsessed.

Chapter Notes

***Trigger Warning*** Draco consults on a case concerning manipulation and coercion towards a minor

Saturday January 13, 2018

Good Morning Draco and Harry,

I have taken your suggestion and spent all of yesterday thinking about our discussion. Neither of you wanted me to make a rash decision, instead wanting me to really take my time to figure out how I felt. Wanting me to ignore my Gryffindor urge to go barreling into the fire, but really get in touch with my own feelings.

Not how I think I should feel to avoid upsetting either of you. Figure out how Oliver feels, not how Draco and Harry's fiance feels, Cassie and Parker's Dad feels, and especially not how Edmond's widower feels. Just Oliver Wood. What do I want? What do I need? What can I handle? What do I need to live and what can I not live without? I slept on it after the discussion, thought it over all day Friday, and slept on it again last night.

I'd like to apologize for running out on you at first Draco. After my emotional reaction to feeling like I'm holding you both back combined with knowing I'm still not ready to truly share either of you - or at least not share you with anyone who doesn't share our faces - when you said we needed to talk I panicked. I've fallen so hard and fast for you both. It took me a while to be able to say it, but I love you. I know that the both of you love me as well, but in that moment I knew everything had fallen apart and you were finished with me.

I guess my self-esteem needs a bit more work. I'll bring that up in my next mind healing session.

I love you both, it scares me how much. I also know how much I've fallen in love with these children you've brought into this relationship. I have seen how well Cassie and Parker's lives have intertwined with their new soon to be siblings' lives. I love this great big circle of people I've been lovingly accepted into. While losing your love would be devastating on its own, the thought of losing this family, these babies I love, these children who've wedged their way into my heart, of seeing my own two lose another family, and knowing it was because I couldn't get over some sex hangups was too much for me to bear.

Yes, I am aware after our talk that the thing we needed to talk about actually had nothing to do with sex. That isn't entirely true as sex is a necessary part of what we discussed, but it was not actually about any of my own sexual limitations.
I thought I had done such a good job of keeping my own baby fever in check. Years ago I came to terms with the fact that I would never have a biological child. I was fine with that. If I never had another child, my Cassie and my Parker would have been all I needed. Truly. The only thing I felt like I missed out on was baby-hood. Cassie wasn't even a month shy of two when we brought her home and Parker was four.

Then I was invited into your home, and even when I was just the friend who was crashing in your guest house I felt like I got this chance to really help raise these babies. I thought that if I were really lucky I could end up as their fun Uncle Oliver who was a failed quidditch star who lived in their backyard. Like one of those bloody awful sitcoms you're obsessed with Harry. Instead I find myself a third father to these little miracles. I still can't believe that despite me not being there for their conception, their pregnancies, or their births, that somehow I'm not even an "almost stepdad" but you both really think of me as their third father.

Draco, when we talked about having more children, you brought up meeting my needs. And these past hours with only my thoughts for company, I have come to the conclusion that I don't NEED to have more babies. No, I have thought about it long and hard. No disgusting long and hard innuendos Harry! I mean it, I do not need to have more babies. I have two beautiful children I got to raise before we came together. You are both right, we will end up with so many grandchildren to love and spoil. And while most of the older kids will likely see me as more of a step-dad than a traditional father, I really do think the four trouble-making little kids and the three small ones really will and do think of me as one of their dads. I have been able to enjoy the baby stage with these three practically from the beginning. I have every thing I will ever need.

And whether or not I would want more children, I will not ever want to bring a child into the world whose parents are not wholeheartedly invested in them. Not that I don't think either of you would be capable of loving a child you didn't plan for, but I don't ever want a child to be 'something Oliver wanted. and Harry or Draco put up with.' I'd rather not have had a single child than wish that on one of them.

That's why I feel so much of our discussion the other night was so backwards. I feel as though it was the two of you telling me all these reasons you would do this *for me* while I kept saying I didn't want a baby someone had to make me happy. It seemed at odds with how we have been feeling, it almost felt as though it was the both of you trying to talk me into having a child while I tried to talk you out of it.

Yesterday, I finally took the both of you up on your offer. Or gave in to your frequent requests. Or finally succumbed to your begging Harry! I read quite a few of your emails. I did not have time to read through eighteen years of them. So I kind of skimmed them. And yes, if you must know I obviously know how to type and I am not a bad hand at Microsoft Office work and was quickly able to search some key terms to find relevant emails. Yes, I actually know quite a bit about computers.

I am sorry for essentially lying to you both. It's not that I didn't want to read the emails. It's not that I haven't wanted to join in the adorable email exchange. I was just worried that it would be that one thing too many that I intruded on. That for all your offerings of reading the emails, you did want that relationship between the two of you to be private. I know now that I could not have been more wrong. I was just scared. Scared of losing you. Scared of falling too deep too fast. Scared knowing the two of you even better than I already do would mean an even bigger heartache when the both of you got sick of me. Again, I promise I will bring up the self-esteem issue my next appointment.

What I found when I finally allowed myself to read your words, is the both of you are absolute nutters! Sorry that sounded much meaner than I meant it. What I mean is, you are both absolutely
in love with bringing children into your family. I don't know if it's the lonely childhoods as only children, the trauma of Harry's earliest years or the trauma we all have from the war, but it's like you were on a personal mission to create this massive family where everyone belongs. You wanted biological and adopted children and then ended up having absolutely no distinction between them inside the home. You wanted children you saved from the country you grew up in, and also traveled the world in case any of your children ended up born on a different continent.

No child of yours will live a single moment of feeling unwanted, un-cherished, unloved. And the further I dug, the more I realize that I think the both of YOU actually are the ones who want babies with me.

What was all this talk about picturing a baby with my features? I could have sobbed reading that. Do you both truly picture a baby with my face or my eyes mixed with either (or both?) of your features? I never dreamed someone would want that with me.

I don't want to trash on Edmond, before he began to lose his original personality he really was the first man I ever fell in love with. But when we were originally trying to get pregnant, he would always ... ALWAYS talk about how he wanted the baby to look like him and his family. Never once have I heard or seen someone I love dreaming "Of a teeny Oliver face with platinum hair or those deep brown eyes of his with my black curls?"

Every time you adopted another child or decided to start a pregnancy or continue a pregnancy, Draco you have gone on and on about "how will we ever do this, there are so many children already!" and then immediately gotten on board. To the point where in your very first emails you talked about possibly never being pregnant or maybe just the once so you had the experience, and then ended up being pregnant the most. So when your email to Harry the other day started with a long string of "No"s it immediately followed up with all the reasons it was best and all the ways you wanted to try and make it happen.

And Harry, if I am reading your previous emails correctly, you've said you don't particularly want to be pregnant again, and you don't really want Draco to go through another pregnancy. And you've talked about being done, but never once said you'd never want another child. You've even specifically said you didn't think either of you having another pregnancy was a good idea, and that you "are pretty sure the family feels complete but ..."

So, after the emails, our discussion, and then picturing the both of your faces when you tried telling me you would have more babies with me, I get the feeling you both not only are willing, but WANT more babies. With me.

That's why I say after this day and a half of soul searching, that I truly do not need a baby. But, if the both of you are willing and wanting, maybe not today or tomorrow, but I'd love to have a baby with you.

Sincerely,

Oliver

Monday January 15th

My loves,

My day started out with me dwelling obsessively on our plans for the future. Now that we've all admitted that we actually want at least one more child that officially and irrevocably belongs to all three of us (or possibly two, depending on how it works out), I'm - as I said - rather obsessed with
the details.

First of all, I really am convinced that the best timing would be a late June, July, or early August baby so that Oliver can have him or her when off school for the summer and not have to worry about the logistics of trying to teach 11 year olds to fly whilst holding a two day old baby. Or feeling guilty about taking a paternity leave.

Although, I suppose that part wouldn't be so bad. If the paternity leave (AKA the baby's birth) happened to coincide with say the Christmas or Easter Hols, then there would only be a month in which a substitute needed to fill in, and I dare say there would be PLENTY of time to look for one. Maybe ***I*** could even do it, provided that it's NOT the initial lessons of the year, as I'm quite sure I would just make all the ickle firsties cry, and perhaps even scream with terror.

Which could be fun, if I'm honest...

And THEN there's the whole issue of that potion you mentioned, Harry. I honestly think it's feasible, and actually, I think Sebastian might have already created it. Remember him speculating a few years ago on - actually, you probably glazed over because it was talk about potions - anyway, he was speculating on how he could potentially tweak the illegally altered Polyjuice Potion specifically to allow Poly partners to create children with more than two parents. He then seemingly scrapped that idea because he personally could NOT ever picture using the potion.

But we all know how obsessed with Potions he is. I'm nearly certain that once he had the idea, he tried it, or at the very least came up with a sound theory and copious notes on how to start - what ingredients to use and in which order they should be added to the potion. Things like that.

I actually Insta-owled my brother asking him when would be a good time to meet up with him to discuss something, and he scheduled me the two hours after lunch tomorrow. But I think I might have to reschedule. See...

So as I was saying, I WAS obsessed with figuring out all the little details, when I decided to get ready and head into the Ministry early so I could focus on something else for a bit. THAT'S when I was derailed quite a bit.

What happened was that I had all three of the babies strapped to me - despite the fact that they're getting big enough that it's physically harder to do than when they were newer. I had Dylan on one hip, Gabriel on the other, and Morgana on my chest. They were all happy and content to look around and see what was what, and none of them seem bored yet with the rather dreary walls of the Ministry.

Thankfully, both of the boys are actually rather easy when it comes to things like this. They are generally happy babies who don't fuss unless they are getting tired or hungry - and very occasionally bored. Whereas Morgana is more of a handful in that I have to be careful to make sure no one touches or offends her, but so long as she's in my arms, she is a pure angel.

Yes, I will admit that I have noticed other people - those that she's consented to let them hold and or touch her - DO seem to have some difficulties with her being demanding and picky and prone to blowing things up, but for me, she's always quiet and attentive. I actually get the feeling that she's always watching everyone else and how I interact with them in a shockingly early attempt to plan out how to use them all to her advantage.

I wonder if this is partially from her sperm donor?

But moving on, as I seem to be doing that rambling thing where I WANT to get right to telling you
the important thing, but feel I have to explain all the underlying details first so that the important thing makes sense. Although, in this case, the important thing really is self-explanatory enough that I don't really NEED to give you all the background details.

Alright, so, what happened was that I headed toward my office as I wanted to go through records of recent raids to see if Robards has gotten any better at running them, when the Head Auror himself spotted me. I had inadvertently gathered quite the crowd around me as most of the department wanted to see how the babies have grown and maybe try to persuade me to let them hold them - passing them around like a party game. Our boys were quite happy with this, but Morgana was glaring at anyone who looked in her direction, as if she sensed that people wanted to hold her.

"Oi, Malfoy, got a few minutes?"

"Yeah, just let me collect my boys," I informed him.

He shrugged. "Actually, there's no reason this can't be said right out in the open. See, I'm having a minor dilemma. About - oh - a month ago now, there apparently was a teenage girl who got into a major row with her parents and they kicked her out. Bletchley has had all the initial contact with this couple, and he tells me that they're not... very polite."

Bletchley snorted. "THAT'S a typical British understatement! They're right nasty! I'd suspect them both of being habitual criminals, but they are actually decently powerful enough that if they actually were committing crimes - such as stealing from muggles and the like - then they'd probably live in much better accommodations. As it is, they're on this rundown little farm that -"

"Bletchley, get to the point, no wait, let me," Robards interrupted. "As I was saying, this couple tossed their daughter out onto the streets, telling her not to come back until she changed her attitude. They apparently expected her to come back within a couple of days, as she'd done in the past."

I raised a brow, having a feeling that I knew where this was going. "But she didn't come back, is now missing, and I'M needed to help try to find her?" I held my hand out expectantly for a personal item belonging to the girl.

Robards shook his head. "Actually, no, we know exactly where she is. It seems that she and her parents have kept in contact via a Magimobile - mostly through Insta-owls."

I was a little confused now and my expression probably looked like I was lightly glaring at Robards so that he'd make sense again. "And...?"

"And they let her be for a couple of weeks because she reported being safe and unwilling to come home. They figured that it would still just be a matter of time. But then another week passed and they started to feel that it had been long enough and that she needed to come home already. This was when she told them that she'd been taken in by a nice older couple who offered to take care of her in every luxury provided that she give them something specific." I sighed and rubbed my forehead. "Let me guess, an Heir?"

Robards looked taken aback. "How did you know that?"

"They're what'shisface's parents, I'm almost certain. An older couple that lost their only son to a rather tragic degenerative disease a while back and are now doing everything in their power to have another heir to replace him so that their family fortune doesn't go to waste when they die."

He tilted his head side to side to acknowledge that I was right. "Now this is my dilemma: they're
not technically doing anything wrong. They took in a girl that was ACTUALLY thrown out and
needed a place to stay, and they are taking reportedly excellent care of her. They just..."

"Have gotten her pregnant?" I asked with a light shudder as I couldn't help but picture one
disturbing way how.

Robards nodded with a heavy sigh. "And her parents are demanding her back, and they have all the
legal rights, but I'm not certain she should go back to a couple who feel tossing her out is an
acceptable punishment for her behavior."

I also sighed and ran a hand through my hair. "How old is she?"

"15."

The entire department was silent as we all mulled over this dilemma.

Then I sighed again. "I know it's not technically the legal way to go about it, but I think that the
best course of action would be to send in a team or two to remove the girl from this couple's home,
but rather than bring her back to her parents as is expected -"

"And legally required," Bletchley interjected.

"Bring her to Unity House and have a Mind Healer evaluate her," I finished. "The Department of
Families and Children actually can write temporary orders for her to be detained until they have a
chance to look into her parents and home life. Lastly, I'm dead certain this couple made her sign a
magically binding contract, so they may actually have some legal right to her that will need to be
looked into."

Robards was nodding and stroking his chin in thought. "We can legally detain her over the
suspicion of her parents' possible mistreatment, despite the fact that Bletchley didn't see any of the
warning signs we're trained to look for. If I rush a request to a member of the Wizengamot, they
can even sign an order to have her remain at Unity until a Mind Healer clears her. But without
some tangible evidence to back up our suspicions, not many of them will be willing to give us
more than a couple of days."

"Still, that's enough time to get the Quaffle going," Bletchley observed.

I nodded in agreement.

"Thanks," Robards stated as he gave me a single pat on the shoulder. "You and you, give those
adorable boys back, you're going out in a few minutes. And you two, you're going to back them
up."

"Yes sir!"

"Do you have time to hang about?" Robards asked me as I accepted and set Gabriel in the wrap
carrier on my hip.

"Yeah, I have an hour or so before I need to meet with the Minister," I informed him.

"Good, come to my office and we'll see what we can do about getting our hands on that legal
document they had her sign," Robards said.

"And see if there's anything we can do about it," I murmured as I took Dylan and set him in his
wrap carrier.
"Precisely."

And so that's why I'm now obsessing over a girl I've never met - whose name I don't even know - and simultaneously driving Robards mad with my typing. On the other hand, he's using the time while we wait to get on the floor with the boys and entertain them with conjured toys, so, that's actually a bit entertaining in and of itself. I'm going to sign off now and call our lawyers to see if maybe they can expedite things a bit.

All of me,
Draco
Monday January 15, 2018

Oh Helllll No!

There is no way this is happening. Nope, nuh uh, I refuse to allow it.

I already called your mum and the Malfoy lawyer armada. This is not happening. I don't care how ironclad the magical contract is. Do.Not.Care. She's fifteen. Fifteen! They want some contract that binds her magically or some other nonsense? That's fine. Fiiiiinnnnnneeeee! You know why?

She's a minor. We may not be able to get her out of a contract that has magical elements to it even if she's a minor, believe me I know that more than anyone else. But. They impregnated a minor. With or without her consent shouldn't be an issue. Alright so this child ends up being their heir. We might not be able to help that. But they're going to have a hard time warping the child's tiny mind from a cell in Azkaban. Yeah, especially if she hadn't been emancipated and still technically had adult guardians, there has to be a loophole to them creating a contract without parental consent.

Depending on how the insemination happened we could even make a statutory case.

Fifteen. I swear to Merlin, if they don't end up in Azkaban they'd better find a hell of a good secret keeper.

Even if I didn't hate them for what they did to our Ollie, or knowing how they hurt our Cassie and Parker, or hearing about their awful, outdated, bigoted, and unscientific stipulations for their potential surrogates, knowing they held a place to sleep over the head of a homeless teenager would make we want to hurt them.

Without any of that I would want to make them pay for what they did to Oliver, Parker, and Cassie. Those absolute monsters. They don't deserve to be near any child, let alone raise one. And if they had such an easy time impregnating this child-surrogate then how did Oliver and Edmond spend years trying with no success? An elderly couple can impregnate a surrogate with ease but two active healthy wizards don't conceive at all? It's weird right?

Hold on a moment, Draco.

*Dictation device switches on when Harry walks away without sending the email*

"Ollie, what's going on. You're hyperventilating. Breathe baby, breathe I've got you. Deep breaths come on, in ... out ... in ... out ... that's it sweetheart."

"Ha - Har - Harry, what if I can't get pregnant? You and Draco don't want to carry another baby. I never got pregnant with Edmond. What, what if, what if I can't? I drank all those potions and his parents even plied me with that godawful floral tea constantly. If I never see that queen anne's lace ever again ..." whimpering and snuffling can be heard from Oliver

"Hey, hey love, if you can't conceive that's fine. We'll figure it out. I don't particularly want to carry again if there's another option, but I will if that's what we need to do for our family. I promise. I've done it before, I can do it again. I love you. Draco loves you. Please don't stress yourself out."

"Oh, cool Draco must have activated that auto-start for the dictation device he told me about!"
Draco, I am going to comfort our love. You keep us posted on the ex douchebag-in-laws. But come home soon, I think our Oliver needs us both. He's awfully upset.

Yours,
Harry

Monday January 15th
My beloved husband and fiancé,

I'm on my way home from work soon, I promise, but first... Did you say Queen Anne's Lace? One moment please...

I thought so. I had to look it up a moment, but thankfully Hermione has nearly every book in existence in her tiny purse library. Queen Anne's Lace is a CONTRACEPTIVE herb. Oliver, maybe at least part of the reason you never conceived is that it seems your in-laws were actively trying to prevent it.

Yes... after another bit of extensive research - sped up exponentially by Hermione and her ability to find information in mere seconds - I've confirmed that QAL is not just a contraceptive herb, but also rather effective at rendering the potion useless. See, even an inferior potion would generally override basic contraceptive measure - such as a spell. For example, Farrah and Orion. HOWEVER, this particular herb interacts with a fertility potion so strongly that it basically renders it impotent. Pun sort of intended.

Presumably, they must have also slipped the herb to their son as well, and he simply trusted them that it was intended to HELP the two of you overcome your infertility issues.

Alright, I NEED to sign off and get home to comfort our Oliver.

See you in less than a minute,
Draco
My Love,

I’m busy comforting our Oliver, poor little love is an absolute mess. I’m so thankful you’ll be here soon to help. I really think he needs the both of us.

But we WILL be discussing this at length. Very very soon.

Yours,
Harry

Tuesday January 16th
My wonderful men,

How did I get so lucky to have you?

So, last night was rather rough. First poor Oliver had to be confronted by the fact that his ex-in-laws have managed to succeed in their goal to replace their Heir. THEN he found out that they actively prevented him from conceiving that child he so desperately wanted. The one that SHOULD have been their rightful Heir's Heir.

We held onto and comforted him for hours before managing to help him get a good, peaceful night's sleep. Thankfully, you were both able to get up and do your jobs today, and so, you must be feeling better - Oliver - unless you're just good at pushing your feelings aside until a better time. I know you're probably going to be chatting with your Mind Healer today.

As for me, my day had a bit of an early start. Nothing too bad, maybe ten minutes before I would have woken up anyway. I was still in bed asleep, when a timid but persistent knock on the door to our quarters woke me. Since I was still more or less asleep, I simply snarled for whoever it was to come in already or go the fuck away.

To my surprise, that boy I never learned the name of - the Hufflepuff I referred to as Romeo - came into our quarters, all the way into our bedroom because my snarling had woken up Dylan, who was now fussing rather loudly - which tipped the boy off as to our location. I sat up and ordered Muffy to see to Gabriel and Morgana while Dibly was attending to Dylan and calming him down.

"Mr. Malfoy...?" Romeo murmured in a wobbly voice.

"Is there something I can help you with?" I asked, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes and doing my best not to start snarling again.

This boy apparently has NO concept of personal space, because he crawled into our bed and gave me enormous watery eyes. "Can I talk to you?"

"Of course, just..." I attempted to tell him to give me five minutes to get up and pull something on, but he burst out sobbing before I could say a thing.

"It's Crispin! He doesn't love me!" Romeo wailed.

"Er..." I faltered because I haven't actually had to console any of our kids after a heartbreak before.
I think the closest was River after Ananda, but I'm almost certain YOU took on the consoling portion of that fiasco, Harry. Thankfully, I didn't have to say anything yet.

"He broke up with me! He said he gave it a good try, but that he just ISN'T gay!"

At this point, Romeo flung himself into my lap so he could cry buckets all over my blanket. I felt a powerful sense of compassion overcome me, despite the fact that I would have still quite liked to snarl and rage at the boy who'd interrupted my sleep. Instead, I stroked his hair and made soothing noises for a bit before venturing an opinion.

"I know it seems cruel, but if he broke up with you because he isn't gay, then you are far better off waiting until you can find someone who is. Someone who can genuinely love you for you."

"But I LOVE CRISPIN!" Romeo protested in a sob so hard he had to wipe a flood off his face just to be understood.

"I know," I murmured, still stroking his hair.

"What would you have - hiccups - done if - hiccups - Harry Potter had hated you rather than love you?"

I scoffed, amused despite the fact that it wasn't helpful to the situation in the slightest. "Harry DID hate me, but my situation has NOTHING to do with yours, so the same actions don't apply here."

Romeo was trying hard to calm down. "But if Harry Potter hated you and you managed to make him marry you anyway, then what did you do to win him over?"

"I honestly have no idea," I murmured with a baffled shake of my head.

"Did you give him a potion to make him love you? Or maybe a potion to make him turn gay and want to be with you?"

"No! Why does everyone think that???" I asked rhetorically.

"Then what DID you do?"

"I decided to make every effort to be his FRIEND - from the nice, comfortable safety of my laptop," I replied. "But as I said, the situation is vastly different because you just said Crispin isn't gay, and you CAN'T make someone gay if they're not."

"But you must have done SOMETHING to make Harry Potter turn gay and fall in love with you!" Romeo insisted.

I gave him a mildly insulted look. Then I sighed and shook my head. "I didn't turn Harry gay. A person is BORN with a preference, and even if they are willing to try the other side for a while, if they're not into it, you CAN'T force them to suddenly be what you want them to be."

"Then what CAN I do?!" Romeo demanded in desperation.

"You can respect his decision to break up with you, be his friend if you're both still willing to give that a go, and wait patiently until you meet the RIGHT person."

This made Romeo cry again, burying his face back in my lap. His arms were around me as he sobbed his poor little heart out. I continued to stroke his hair even as I silently signed an order to Muffy to obtain biscuits and tea. Eventually, the boy cried himself to sleep, in essence trapping me
in bed with him on my lap. I even had to use a vanishing spell on the contents of my bladder!

You popped in after your first afternoon class, probably to see why I hadn't made it to the Great Hall for lunch, and by the silent look on your face, you were curious about but accepting of the fact that I had a kid sleeping in our bed on my lap. You didn't even risk waking him, simply waved at me and left - which I'm actually a bit miffed about as I would have preferred you to help me deal with the kid as I was getting a bit desperate to get out of bed and start on my morning routine.

Thank Merlin that Oliver arrived about a half an hour later to change or something before after school activities began. He came into the room and grinned at the sight of me trapped in bed under a surprisingly heavy kid - especially considering how tiny he looked. My poor legs were practically dead by that point!

"Why don't you just shift him off you?" Oliver signed.

"And risk waking him up so he can start sobbing all over again? No thank you!" I signed back.

Chuckling, Oliver sat on the bed and started rubbing Romeo's back until the boy woke up and gave Oliver a wary look.

"You must be the boy that's been missing since before lunch. Professor Sprout's nearly torn the castle apart looking for you," Oliver informed him.

"She has?!" Romeo asked in astonishment.

"Maybe you should go tell her that you're not lying dead in the Forbidden Forest, yeah?" Oliver suggested making Romeo yelp in alarm.

I chuckled. "Let me give you a note saying that you were having an important chat with me and are excused from your classes for the time you missed." I offered even as I conjured up a piece of parchment and wrote said note.

After Romeo took the note and ran off, I pulled Oliver close and kissed him gratefully. "Thank you so much for rescuing me!"

He gave me a smoky grin and caressed my back. "My pleasure."

Which led to a bit of playing around before he had to run off to supervise a Quidditch practice or some such. That left me with just barely enough time to get ready and write this email before I have to rush off to my job. See you when I get home tonight!

It's going down, I'm yelling timber, you'd better move, you'd better dance,

Draco
Here's an updated Kids list that includes the newest babies.

Ages as of January 1, 2018

Harry and Draco Malfoy: Oliver Wood

Elena Rojas Malfoy:

- Age 27
- Birthday October 22, 1990
- Ravenclaw (Graduated)
- *Rafael Rojas Malfoy*
- *Birthday December 20, 2016*

River Lewis Malfoy: Mahafsoun Malfoy

- Age 21
- Birthday March 21, 1996
- Hogwarts House unknown; assumed Hufflepuff
- *Evangeline Maharet Malfoy*
- *Birthday December 9, 2017*

Viona Skye Malfoy: Alric Avery

- Age 18
- Birthday January 24, 1999
- Slytherin graduate
- Godparents Hermione and Greg

Eris Lyra Malfoy

- Age 17
- Birthday April 9, 2000
• Slytherin graduate
• Godparents Pansy and Luna
• *Luka Malfoy*
• *March 19, 2017*

**Orion Draco Malfoy**

• Age 17
• Birthday April 9, 2000
• Ravenclaw graduate
• Godparents Ron and Blaise
• *Gemini Orion Malfoy*
• *Birthday December 21, 2017*

**Hazel Storm Malfoy**

• Age 17
• Birthday May 13, 2000
• Slytherin graduate
• Godparents Neville and Luna

**Shtara Malfoy**

• Age 14
• Birthday January 6, 2003
• Muggle

**Sirius James Malfoy**

• Age 14
• Birthday July 30, 2003
• Gryffindor 4th Year
• Godparents Charlie and Millie

**Draco Lucius Malfoy Jr – “Zwei”**

• Age 13
• Birthday July 30, 2004
• Gryffindor 3rd Year
- Godparents Dudley and Donna

Zaire Langa Malfoy
- Age 11
- Birthday May 2, 2006
- Godparents Kisa and Sebastian
- House Unknown: Hat sorted Hufflepuff

Jasmine Kamaria Malfoy
- Age 8
- Birthday February 9, 2009
- Godparents George and Angelina

Persephone Hikari Malfoy
- Age 7
- Birthday April 21, 2010
- Godparents Miles and Eliza

Lily Narcissa Malfoy
- Age 7
- Birthday May 19, 2010
- Godparents Sirius and Ginny

Caelum Arthur Malfoy
- Age 7
- Birthday May 19, 2010
- Godparents Viper and Yesenia

Atreyu Miguel Malfoy
- Age 6
- Birthday September 30, 2011
- Godparents Bill and Teddy

Gabriel Pan Potter
- Birthday March 14, 2017
- Godparents Gavin and Della
Dylan Sheen Potter
- Birthday: March 14, 2017
- Godparents: Dean and Seamus

Morgana Guinevere Malfoy
- Date of Birth: April 5, 2017
- Godparents: Mahafsoun and Tiger

Cassiopeia (Mulciber) Wood
- Date of Birth: September 1, 1997

Parker (Ballard) Wood
- Date of Birth: March 5, 1996

Pansy and Ivan St. Peter

Pearl St. Peter
- Age: 16
- Date of Birth: January 10, 2001
- Goddaughter: Draco’s Goddaughter

Paige St. Peter
- Age: 14
- Date of Birth: November 30, 2003

Narcissa and Lucius Malfoy

Eliza Lestrange Malfoy
- Age: 22
- Date of Birth: October 10, 1995
- Birth Parents: Rodolphus Lestrange and Gina Mitchell
- Slytherin Graduate

Sebastian Snape Malfoy
- Age: 21
- Date of Birth: September 10, 1996
• Birth Parents Severus Snape and Gina Mitchell
• Slytherin Graduate
• See Delphini for Children info

Gavin Mitchell Malfoy
• Age 19
• January 30, 1998
• Birth Parents Lucius Malfoy and Gina Mitchell
• Ravenclaw Graduate

Della Andromeda Malfoy
• Age 19
• March 8, 1998
• Birth Parents Bellatrix Lestrange and Rodolphus Lestrange
• Slytherin Graduate

George and Angelina

Phillip Moss Weasley
• Age 27
• August 4, 1990

Mackenzie Campbell Weasley
• Age 23
• February 1, 1994
• Hufflepuff Graduate

Fred Weasley II
• Age 12
• November 12, 2005

Roxanne Weasley
• Age 10
• July 7, 2007
Harry Potter’s – The Viper - and Draco Malfoy - The Tiger

Delphini Lestrange Riddle Potter

- Age 19
- March 8, 1998
- Biological Parents Bellatrix Lestrange and Voldemort
- Hogwarts Graduate
- Balian (Snape) Potter
  - Birthday February 14, 2017
- Vanessa (Snape) Potter
  - Birthday June 15, 2008

Tommy Riddle Potter

- Age 18
- February 20, 1999
- Biological Parents Harry Potter and Voldemort
- Hogwarts Graduate

Bellerophon Riddle Lestrange Potter

- Age 18
- August 22, 1999
- Biological Parents Bellatrix Lestrange and Voldemort
- Hogwarts Graduate

Harrison Riddle Potter

- Age 17
- May 13, 2000
- Biological Parents Harry Potter and Voldemort
- Hogwarts graduate

Scorpius Potter-Malfoy

- Age 6
- October 18, 2011

Hyperion Potter-Malfoy
Dudley and Donna Dursley

Daisy Dursley

- Age 17
- February 28, 2000
- Hogwarts 7th Year

Donald Dursley

- Age 14
- September 23, 2003
- Hogwarts 3rd Year

Dustin Dursley

- Age 9
- June 29, 2008

Percy and Audrey Weasley

Molly Weasley II

- Age 15
- August 15, 2002
- Gryffindor 5th Year

Lucy Weasley

- Age 9
- March 4, 2008

Blaise Zabini – Hermione Granger – Ron Weasley – Kisa – The Quartet

Roderick Oliver Weasley

- Age 17
- March 22, 2000
• Assumed Ron’s biologically
• Godparents Harry and Draco

Bianca Evangeline Weasley
• Age 17
• March 22, 2000
• Assumed Blaise’s biologically
• Godparents Harry and Draco

Veronica Zabini
• Age 14
• March 12, 2003
• Assumed Blaise’s biologically

Anastacia Zabini
• Age 13
• November 19, 2004
• Assumed Ron’s biologically

Tristan Matteo Weasley
• Age 6
• March 31, 2010

Misha Rurik Zabini
• Age 7
• April 2, 2010
• Biologically Blaise and Kisa’s

Tatyana Zabini
• Age 4
• February 15, 2013
• Biologically Blaise and Kisa’s

Aleksei Zabini
• Age 1
• August 18, 2016
• Biologically Blaise and Kisa’s

Bill and Fleur Weasley

Victoire Weasley
• Age 19
• May 2, 1998
• Hogwarts Graduate

Dominique Weasley
• Age 15
• August 26, 2002
• Hogwarts 5th Year

Louis Weasley
• Age 11
• December 24, 2006

Miles Meaney and Colm O’Brian

Samantha Meaney
• Age 16
• June 7, 2001
• Ravenclaw 6th Year

Charlotte Meaney
• Age 7
• July 1, 2010

Greg Goyle and Millicent Bulstrode

Mason Goyle
• Age 13
• December 17, 2004
• Hogwarts 2nd Year
Greta Goyle
- Age 11
- September 3, 2006

Remus and Tonks
Edward Remus Lupin
- Age 19
- April 15, 1998
- Gryffindor Graduate
- Godfather Harry

Neville and Charlie
Frank Weasley-Longbottom
- Age 9
- December 6, 2008
Alice Weasley-Longbottom
- Age 4
- September 7, 2013

Ginny and Viktor
Keisha Krum
- Age 9
- October 1, 2008

Finnigan and Beatrix
Blake Gerald Fawley
- Age 7
- March 17, 2010
Yesenia

Diego Garcia

- Age 7
- May 9, 2010

Sirius and:

Pippa

Pierre Middleton-Black

- February 28, 2017

Leah

Leon Caughey-Black

- March 31, 2017
Chapter 209

Chapter Summary

Harry is happy and rather panicky, Draco is a complete mess, and Oliver is shocked.

Chapter Notes

WARNING! Angst head!

Wednesday January 17, 2018

My Fiancés!

We are getting married in sixty-six days! Less than ten weeks! We haven't done a single thing! Not one. The only thing we've done is set a date.

Okay, then that means we've done one thing. ONE. Or I suppose we have all agreed that we want something small and intimate with just the families and our circle. That is technically two things. But still, we are getting married in sixty-six days and have two things planned. And they're pretty much two of the easiest things to figure out.

I assume you both saw my opening salutation of this email, well Draco I don't want to hurt your feelings, you are my husband. But, while husband and fiance are your current technical titles, I think it's not exactly realistic. We are all three getting married. To each other. Binding ourselves into this beautiful triad. It will be the beginning of a new marriage for all of us. I've made such a big deal about how this isn't just Oliver joining our existing marriage, it's the beginning of our triad, and then I've continued to say husband and fiancé.

These last months and weeks before that happens I really want to treat this as the beginning of our lives together. That means I am not only marrying Oliver but I am remarrying Draco. So, for the next sixty-six days I am going to refer to both of you as my fiancés.

I hope you understand what I mean. It's kind of hard to explain. Our society is so entrenched in traditional relationships between two people that there really is no way for me to describe how I'm feeling. This marriage we're entering is almost a mixture of four marriages. Because I have to have a one on one, deep intense loving relationship between just Draco and I, between just Oliver and I, you two have to have the same with just each other, and then we need to have the same but including all three of us at once. Each individual relationship has to be treated as equally important as the others, while maintaining the idea that the triad holds the highest priority.

Anyway, I just can't prepare myself for that, consider this a fresh start, emotionally ready myself for this brand new marriage, while using the two different terms to describe you both.

But mentally preparing myself for the upcoming marriage is exactly why I am freaking out. I need to prepare to enter this marriage and we need to prepare a ceremony, and we've done nothing! Or
again, nothing but those two things. We need to get on this.

Just before I sat down to write this email I messaged the mums. I have the entire afternoon free of classes tomorrow, Ollie doesn't have any flying to oversee, and Draco never goes in to the Ministry until the evening anyway. So I want to really sit down and make a couple of strategic decisions together so that this weekend some mixture of the three of us and the mums can sit down and really finalize some decisions, begin to order things, etcetera.

I figure at the bare minimum we should decide a color scheme, who if anyone is going to stand up with us, flower preferences, and food preferences. I have some ideas but honestly I would be willing to have the color scheme my least favorite colors, Robards be my best man, twigs, and a raw seafood buffet as long as it meant I got to marry the two of you. At the end of the day, that is all that matters. My men, my loves, our future.

We will obviously talk about this tomorrow but I do have a few ideas. I have gone back and forth on colors (you know I could plan weddings forever if given the chance) and I have an idea. What if we did a really earthy version of our eyes? I'm picturing browns, greens, and gun-smoke grey as a color palette. I'm picturing the colors of a spring morning in the woods of the Manor. Deep browns like trees and our Oliver's eyes, mossy green like we're looking at the leaves through a smoky grey early morning fog.

You also know I'd really like some lilies and narcissus in the flower arrangements. And I think we should see if Zaire wants his restaurant to cater the wedding. I like the idea of his menu having so many different flavors from different parts of the world that we really can have the option to have something that will please everyone.

Again I say, these are just ideas, I will take anything as long as I end up with the two most amazing husbands to ever exist.

I have some good news from the mums too! Narcissa and Molly are going to be there but Ollie I heard back from your mum and she's thrilled to be included and can't wait until Saturday to help us plan the big day. I know you've been trying so hard to rebuild your relationship with your parents. Hopefully this is the first step to really regaining a solid relationship! I can't wait to get to know Iris. This motherless orphan can't wait to add another mum to his collection!

Off to panic more about how much we have to do with such little time!

Your fiancé,
Harry

Thursday January 18th
How can you love me?
I... am a murderer.

I'm not just talking about the time I had to kill a person to defend our babies, nor the time that I was completely willing to kill Zaire's birth monster but you beat me to it. No.

I'm talking about Farrah.

Her skull arrived today, which means that someone had to dig it up, remove all the flesh, and send me the bones. When I first saw the package from Grandmama - which arrived very shortly after I woke up - my first thought was that maybe she'd sent me a preliminary wedding present. An
engagement present.

This was definitely NOT a present!

As I sat in bed, holding her skull in my hands, I wondered when I would have time to bring it to the Family Dark Vault and put it with all the others we've collected over the years. Then I had a moment to be grateful that I personally am not responsible for the majority of the collection, as I have only ever asked my dearest Grandmama for a favor once before - and that was those who raped me, which I asked for so shortly after the war that I was still too young to really think about what it was I was actually asking.

That said, I never truly felt remorse for asking for their deaths, considering what they did to me, and what they probably would have done to others had they lived. Even Yesenia said I should consider their deaths casualties of the Wizarding War.

So, when I saw the toll Farrah was taking on Orion, I convinced myself that something needed to be done. That I was PROTECTING our son and his baby by eliminating a threat to their health and happiness. So I made a potion that I ordered Orion's house elf to give to Farrah that sped up her pregnancy by making the baby grow at an accelerated rate.

Then... the MOMENT Gemini was born... alright, not the moment but a few hours later when I returned home to my wonderful sleeping men, I called my sweet Grandmama and asked her to murder Farrah and be certain that it looked like a suicide. I wasn't thinking...

I wasn't thinking about Farrah, and I wasn't really thinking about Orion. I mean yes, I was thinking about his future happiness, but not about his present feelings. I had NO IDEA how much grief he would feel when he found out that she was dead. How much pain and anguish he would feel over her suicide - how the fact that my Grandmama used the baby being intersex as an excuse was like a twist of the knife.

I spent the week following her death utterly numb, and covered it up by focusing on the funeral and then election. I pushed away all thoughts of what I'd done and did my best to be there for Orion. But now...

I held the skull in my hands and could not stop the flood of tears. You said it yourself, Harry, that it was a waste of a life. I - Draco Malfoy, the man who has spent his whole life atoning for the sins of his youth - committed the ultimate sin. Murder.

I. Am. A. Murderer.

And the worst part about this whole extremely bad idea is that Orion WILL find out about it eventually. Even if he has no reason to go into the Dark Vault any time soon, he is the Heir to our family, and so, he's been to the vault, knows its location, and WILL eventually be the man in charge of going in there and making sure that none of the dark artifacts resting there have gone out of control. That they're all still safe and asleep in their cozy little high security vault.

How do you think he's going to feel when he sees a skull on a shelf with all the others that has his dead wife's name engraved on it? If I'm not already dead at that point, do you think he'd ever speak to me again?

Oh sure, I may not have raised my own two hands against her, but it was me that made the request; do you really think that ORION is going to think of me as anything less than a murderer?

Oh Harry...
*A few minutes pass as Draco succumbs to his tears*

Harry, this is Oliver, I'm finishing up this email and hitting send, but I'm also about to send you an Insta-owl. You said you had the afternoon off, but you must be lingering with some students, because you haven't returned to our quarters yet. Drop everything and get here this instant! Draco's sobbing hysterically and I don't have time to read his bloody email to figure out why!

Doing my best to calm and soothe him,
Oliver
P.S. I really don't think I've EVER seen Draco cry before!
Chapter 210

Chapter Summary

The boys have joint therapy and process their feelings.

Thursday January 18, 2018

My repentant little sinner,

Ollie and I finally got you calmed down, although it's probably less that you're calm and more that you sobbed yourself to sleep. You tried talking through your cries, but even me who knew what was happening couldn't translate the garbled mess. We're lying on our bed and your flushed face is in Oliver's lap while your bottom half is in my own. Even in sleep you are distraught, giving painful little whimpers every so often.

Now that the immediate crisis is over, I am going to explain to Ollie exactly what's happened. I am going to explain a bit and then let him read your email that started this whole thing. But first I have to tell you that I love you, I will always love you, and even though I really don't know how I feel about everything that's happened I do know without a doubt that I still completely love and respect you and can't wait to remarry you.

-  

Well, telling Oliver went .... better than it could have but not great. He hasn't spoken since I finished the explanation, he's just staring off into space with wide eyes. But he hasn't left the room or the bed, didn't push your head off his lap, and is still running his hands soothingly through your hair. I have to assume if this was some sort of deal-breaker for him he wouldn't be lovingly trying to calm your sleeping self.

I think he knew in a very theoretical way what having ties to the Russian mafia meant. And to be completely honest with you, I think I really only thought about it in a theoretical way. It's one thing for me to say "I am going to tell Grandmama" on someone I barely know but has harmed our family immensely, but somehow being slapped in the face with the death of my son's wife is making it real in a way it never has before.

I just keep telling myself that if this hadn't resulted in a pregnancy or a baby, I would have absolutely no qualms about something like this happening to my son's rapist. The pregnancy is really the only thing that changes the description of her from rapist to wife. But even with that knowledge I am still having a really hard time. I too worry that some day Ori and Gemini, if or when they find out, will resent you for it. I don't resent you for it, but I can't speak for anyone else.

I am wondering if this one of those secrets we take to our graves. Remove the evidence from the family vault, have it reburied with the rest of her, and just carry our guilty feelings with us. A weight we deserve to carry because of decisions we made. I've taken lives, my first one at only eleven years old as you'll remember. I've gone to therapy to come to terms with it. But the guilt is a permanent fixture for me. The guilt of ending even Voldemort's life is a weight I am willing to carry. It's the cost I'm willing to bear for something that needed to happen.
I can't tell you that the weight will be easy to bear. I can't tell you it was the right decision. But it's a decision that was made and now we have to live with it. And before you assume you have to bear it all on your own, you are not completely responsible. You didn't abuse someone you claim to love as Farrah did. You asked Grandmama and she could have easily said it wasn't something she was willing to have done. The person who physically did the deed could have refused Grandmama. When Ollie told me what he overheard on your magi-skype session I could have stopped you. When Ollie asked you about it and you gave us a ridiculous lie he and I could have called you on it.

I will help you carry whatever grief, guilt, or sadness you feel. I love you.

I already contacted our three mind healers and they will all be here in roughly an hour for an emergency joint session. We can hash this all out and figure out how we heal from here.

I'll stand by you,
Harry

Thursday Jan 18th
Dear Draco,

Oliver here! I just wanted to reinforce a few of the things that came up during our joint Mind Healing session. First of all, DON'T get used to me emailing, it's still not my cup of tea, but since you two have taken to CCing me so that I can at least read them, I feel like I might occasionally send a reply.

Anyway, here's the most important thing I want to reinforce: Draco, I do still love you. I wasn't sure I could deal with the idea of marrying a murderer - at first - but then I sat thinking about how truly sorry you were. How much you had sobbed all over me because you FEEL anguished over what you did. If I had found this out at a time when you were like: "So what? It needed to be done and I'll never regret killing that little bitch," THEN I would have walked away and never looked back.

But you... First of all, you DID try to protect everyone else from this knowledge. You lied and said that nothing had happened, and I believed you because I guess I just DIDN'T want to think about what it would mean if you had done it. But I'll admit that I wondered. I mean come on, in literally one sentence, you deny having Farrah killed - despite the fact that I literally HEARD you order something to look like a suicide and leave no room for doubts - and then in practically the next sentence, you announced that Farrah had committed suicide.

I suppose that somewhere in the back of my head, I had connected the dots and chosen not to care.

The other thing that really reassured ME during our joint session (Although my Mind Healer, Mia, is still rather miffed about being bound by an Unbreakable Vow), is that you and Harry both (while crying lightly, which is more or less normal for Harry, but very unusual for you) VOWED to NEVER again do something like this. I rather gather that in the past, it's been joked about between the two of you. That anytime someone does something to cross our family, a threat to call Grandmama is made. So much so that I've even heard the KIDS say that!

But this incident has hurt you so much that you will never again call Grandmama (Does she REALLY insist on being called that???) to have her kill someone. It doesn't matter what they've done, you've refused to play Judge, Jury, and Executioner - in essence acting like God over someone else's life.
That right there has really helped me push through my misgivings and reaffirm that I can and do still love you (both) despite this dark moment in our lives. Also, even though I myself have also vowed to never ask for this particular favor, I will admit that it's interesting to think about having the possibility. What if someone was stalking and/or hurting one of our kids? I think I'd be tempted - or else I'd just murder that person myself.

As for the whole discussion on Orion, I really don't feel like I CAN say anything on the matter as he's too old for me to suddenly come into his life and say: "I'm your stepdad now, so you have to do what I say." But that said, I agree with Harry. This is one of those things that he should NEVER find out about. It will do NOTHING but hurt him to know the truth, and the only one who might feel better knowing the truth is Gemini, but even then, it's going to be hard to know that his/her (what was that word you used Draco?) mother DIDN'T kill herself because of the reason given, but rather was murdered by loving Grandpa Draco.

Yeah... that's not going to feel much better, I imagine.

So, even though I'm not certain it's the right thing to do, I think Harry's suggestion has real merit. We rebury her skull with the rest of her body, and then somehow arrange for the Healers to find something wrong with Farrah - much like my Edmond had - that can explain why she was so mentally unstable to begin with, and also explain why she did what she did. It's NOT the baby's fault, it's the illness. Yeah?

So... I need to change the subject for a moment, Draco. See, I know that you were watching me warily, as if extremely worried that I was going to dump you, and while I will admit that I thought about it for a few minutes, I want to reassure you that I decided that you deserve another chance. That I truly believe that you are sorry and genuinely will NEVER do this again.

I still love you and believe you are a good person at heart.

Anxiously awaiting our wedding,
Oliver
P.S. So... Can we do that trial run you talked about? Curse me into a Damsel and spend a night doing anything and everything you want to me? What do you think?

P.P.S. And Harry, are you on board with this suggestion too?

Friday January 19th
Dearest Harry and Oliver,

I've taken the day off work, brought all the littles to my parents for the day, and have decided to go to my Adventure Park and try the Cave of Inferi. If I'm still at it by dinner time, maybe come let me know how much time has passed?

Love,
Draco
Chapter 211

Chapter Summary

Harry and Oliver get some much needed stress relief, and so does Draco.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Friday January 19, 2018

Our Draco,

Ollie and I just had the most fun afternoon in London. The only thing missing from making it one of the best days was you not being with us.

Ugh, there's just been so much stress and drama and real life getting in the way of silly nonsense. Not that everything has been bad, not even most of it has been bad. Prepping and beginning our new jobs as Professors took up a lot of time and that wasn't bad in any way, although it was stressful. Gaining new grandchildren meant traveling to other continents and sitting in hospitals. That definitely was stressful and parts were hard to deal with, but overall still fantastic.

All of these time and energy draining events have meant not a lot of time for being ridiculous. And you know how much I need to occasionally be absolutely ridiculous! Especially after the gutwrenching discussions over the last few days, Oliver and I needed some giggles in our life. We actually came hunting for you after our classes were finished for the day, but you had already headed out for Adventure Park.

Don't worry, we didn't burst in and pull you out when we first saw where you had gone, but as soon as I've finished writing and sending this we are coming to drag you off.

When we realized we had the afternoon free and the littles were already happily playing with their grandparents, we decided to take advantage of some time alone and .... went to London to run some errands.

Okay, I am making that sound like much less fun than it actually was. The errands we ran were, erm, sexy in nature. Since Oliver has so graciously asked for a night spent as a damsel, we decided we needed some supplies. Although our entire trip could be a big waste since you never replied that you were interested in taking advantage of shagging the female version of our Oliver. Maybe you have lost interest and don't want to sink yourself deep into his hot and wet depths. Perhaps you have no interest in tasting him, making him come undone with a combination of your lips, your tongue, and those gorgeous long fingers.

Ha, not bloody likely!

Since we're doing the trial run but we really don't want Ollie to get pregnant yet, we decided to err on the side of caution. Which means we'll be using the standard protection spells, trying to have the happy ending happen outside of the baby factory, but also using Muggle contraceptives. Not exactly something we're going to be able to pick up on Diagon Alley or anything! So off to London
we went!

Now we could have easily just run into the closest Tesco and grabbed a package or two, but where's the fun in that? Instead, we decided to do a trip to Regulation. Yes my love, you read that correctly, you missed Ollie's first ever trip to Regulation! Don't worry, he had such a delightful time there that he already wants to go back. Also, we only got a few small things, we decided not to buy anything new, fun, or exciting without you.

Doesn't mean we didn't look!

That's where most of the giggling happened. Honestly Draco, we were just going to grab some condoms and some new lube. It was on the way to the display of lubes that Oliver got distracted by all the fetishwear. He got so excited and started talking about wearing the different items. It took everything in my power not to throw him to the floor and shag him senseless when he mentioned loving the leather look and asking me how I thought he'd look in a leather jock with matching harness. Ungh, rrrmmp, I think there'd be a lot of me drooling is what would happen!

Then we decided to look at all of the fetish gear and could not stop giggling. Eventually Ollie was thinking about getting some items for the big damsel night. Silly man, you're going to look like a woman, these men specific items are probably not what we should look for.

That's when we decided to pay for the condoms and lube and head over to our favorite lingerie shop. We will not be showing you anything until the big night, just know you have a delightfully lacy surprise waiting for you! You get to see the sexy end result, I got to see Ollie trying to figure out how to try on some of the more elaborate pieces. At one point he lost his balance, fell into the mirror, and left an arse-print on the glass!

Now that that's done, we're going to come get you. I just fed the babies and handed them back off to your parents, so it will be a lovely dinner just the three of us. Since we missed our wedding planning session the other day, I figure we can chat a bit about that so we're all on the same page for tomorrow's meeting with the mums!

Hope you're all inferi'ed out because we're on our way.

Love,
Harry and Oliver

Friday January 19th
My wonderful men who put up with me through thick and thin,

The cave of Inferi was a lot more fun than I thought it was going to be. I honestly thought that it was going to be a slightly more difficult version of my Crystal Room in which I cast spell after spell to repel or destroy the Inferi before they could harm me. Except, for obvious reasons, the Adventure Park doesn't want to have to find an endless supply of dead bodies to turn into Inferi, and so, along with all the safety spells that ensure the Inferi cannot harm the customers, they've designed a few 'nonlethal' spells that can be used against the Inferi that will in essence shut them down for a bit.

In that way, the Park ensures a rather fair fight. That said, they understand that occasionally, an Inferius will be accidentally killed in self defense, and also, they do have a contract where they can legally buy muggle bodies that have donated themselves to science and whatnot. So, with that in mind and knowing I can afford to replace ALL the Inferi if I wanted to, they let me loose all by my
lonesome and gave me the all clear to be as destructive as I wanted.

So, strangely enough, that made me decide to use my Krav Maga skills on them. Thus, I had several hours (I quite lost all track of time) of simply beating the Inferi up, hurling them around, and occasionally using a mass spell to repel them if there were too many surrounding me at one time. All in all, because Inferi are fast, strong, and durable, I had a nice challenging - but not TOO challenging - time fighting.

Although, I'm certain you know that already, because eventually, you both came to pick me up for dinner, and to be honest, I was probably starving by that point. I simply was so focused on what I was doing that I wasn't paying attention to my own bodily needs. Therefore, when you two arrived, you were allowed to join me in the cave, but rather than join the fray, you simply stood back and surrounded yourself with a wall of fire barrier that would prevent them from going after you.

I have no idea how long you two were standing there watching me, all I know for certain was when I performed a maneuver that grabbed an Inferius, rolled onto my back, and kicked/flung him into another Inferius, I heard the two of you loudly blurt out something like: "HOT DAMN!"

A look over at you two let me know that you were both rather turned on by the sight of me topless in tight fitting yoga bottoms utterly OWNING the fight. That was that last little bit I needed to cheer me up as the fight had gone a LONG way toward resetting my mind and making me feel better. So, rather than continue the battle, I cast all the necessary spells to shut down the Inferi. Then, covered in sweat and probably smelling like a cesspit (sorry!), I came over to claim my prize - copious kisses from the two of you.

You then mentioned that it was nearly time for dinner, and that you had plans to take me to a new high end Muggle restaurant that specialized in Italian food. Harry, you WANTED to simply cast a few cleaning charms on me to wash away the sweat and the grime, but CLEARLY I would have needed to put on some more clothes as well, so I insisted that we head back home for a few minutes so that I could hop in the shower and put on something suitable. However, I DID compromise by letting you both pick out my clothes and also gave in when you refused to let me have the time I needed to properly make up my face.

I had to reply on a glamour charm!

But eventually we were off and eating delicious food in a restaurant that was new to all three of us. As we ate and imbibed lightly of some excellent wine, we chatted a bit about our wedding, and something strange happened. I went from wanting a small little affair to a HUGE production! Alright, so that's not entirely true, I still want the guest list to be fairly small, but rather than basically decorate a small clearing on the South Lawn and dress up nice while holding bouquets as we walk down the Aisle to say our vows, I suddenly wanted something ELABORATE with a champagne fountain and a thousand butterflies of all varieties, as many flowers as magically possible, and our Peafowl dressed up in stylish little formalwear to provide a gorgeous yet uniquely OURS experience.

Then you scoffed, Harry, and said that with all of that, why don't I just put an enormous triple rainbow in the sky, which sounds brilliant, to be honest. But Oliver is rather frantically against anything over the top. He is adamant that he wants nice and simple. The only concession he is willing to make is to look absolutely gorgeous in a well tailored dress robe with his hair and makeup professionally styled.

All in all, it seems we certainly have a lot to talk about with the mums tomorrow. I'm strangely looking forward to it ^_^
The best of my love,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

FYI: Chrissie almost didn't respond because she was thinking we'd have to have a big fight over the wedding now that Draco did a 180 on what he wanted, lol. She made a list of the things he'd suggested and wrote maybe after most of them with a big fat NO after the peacocks in formal wear, and when I asked her what was going on, she told me she was procrastinating on the fight, so I was like: "Oh, there's no need to fight, just let Draco dress up the peacocks and he'll let the rest go." That was when she went -_- and showed me her actual notes, lol.
Chapter 212

Chapter Summary

Wedding plans and a trial run of the Damsel Curse.

Chapter Notes

Note: In Draco's email, he's used to talking directly to Harry - and does so a bit - but then because what he's describing, he's talking to both Harry and Oliver, and so, at times, it does seem to come across awkwardly. Sorry! It's not going to be a regular occurrence, I think, lol.

WARNING!!! Chapter contains het sex!

Saturday January 20, 2018

Loves of my Life!

We just finished with the Mums Meeting. Despite it being very hard to try and make three (six) different people happy when planning one event, and how one or two (at least four) of those people are mildly (extremely) stubborn, and it being nearly impossible to try and come up with something unique when we've been part of dozens (yeah, I'm doubling down on dozens) of weddings, I think we managed to make quite a few decisions that everyone is happy with.

Last night Draco, I think you were running off an inferi-high and went really big on your ideas for the wedding. Both Oliver and I kept trying to bring you back down to Earth but you just wanted bigger, more extravagant, a real spectacle. We tried being kind about it, making over the top suggestions like adding a triple rainbow (which I kind of like now actually) in the hopes you would realize how over the top you were being. Nope, you just added the ridiculous suggestions to your already insane ideas.

Animals in clothes Draco? What have we talked about? Hmm? Never put an animal in human clothes. It's just humiliating for everyone involved. Do you remember the time you and Amala wore matching sweaters? I certainly do. I've tried to forget it. I don't look at the pictures. I even thought about obliterating myself. But no, the image of the two of you IN LEOPARD PRINT SWEATERS is forever seared into my brain.

No formal-wear for the peafowl. No. Just no.

This morning, waking up the three of us wrapped in each others' arms, barely able to tell where each of us begin and end, we finally managed to have a conversation about all three of our real hopes and dreams for the wedding. Look, Oliver and I agree that we wanted a low-key simple wedding, but that doesn't mean anything. This isn't a democracy and most votes wins their way. We need to figure out a way to create a wedding that will fulfill all three of our needs.
Oliver needs a wedding that won't be so ostentatious he'll be afraid of saying something wrong or embarrassing himself by using the wrong fork. He needs something where he won't feel self-conscious and can just spend all his emotional energy on his vows and enjoying the entire day.

I need something that will end up with beautiful pictures, happy memories, but where the star of the day is my Loves and I. I don't want to think back and remember the highlight of the day being a bunch of birds in waistcoats. I want to remember catching the eyes of my husbands as we walk down the aisle to our futures together.

Draco needs something that satisfies his flair for the dramatic, his love of all things beautiful, essentially a way to announce to the world that he's proud to call these men his. Draco's need to go to the extreme is just a symbol of his extreme love.

Lying in bed together this morning, with soft whispers and gentle kisses, I think we managed to come to a few compromises before we talked with the Mums. Presenting a united front was super important if we wanted to end up with Draco, Oliver, and Harry's dream wedding, not Narcissa, Molly, and Iris' dream wedding.

Oliver is getting the wooded wedding he dreamed of, which will go perfectly with the massive amount of flowers Draco is wishing for, and all of it will work perfectly with the color scheme I wanted so badly. Oliver is getting his way of keeping the guest list to our immediate circle, I'm being allowed to create the wish list of professional posed portraits we want, and Draco is going to send his two favorite photos from the day into the Daily Prophet the morning after the wedding so he can announce to the world that we're married and in love and all his.

Thank you both for being so willing to compromise. Thank you for being passionate about wanting a perfect wedding day, for caring so much about the first day of the rest of our lives. Thank you for loving me. Thank you for marrying me.

I can't wait to compromise with you both for the rest of our lives.

Thankful,
Harry

P.S. In just a minute I am going to find you both and show you exactly how thankful I am for how well the meeting went.

Sunday January 21st
My perfect men,

Days like today honestly make me wonder what God I sold my soul to in order to have you two. I'm dead certain I must owe SOMEONE because I have never been so good that I actually DESERVE either of you, let alone BOTH of you! How you could possibly love me is a mystery, and I'm only able to get through most days on pure Malfoy superiority - Malfoys always deserve the best, and you two are definitely the best there is.

Harry, before you go on an on about the things I've done that make me a good man, keep in mind that I could go on and on about things I've done (and continue to do) that make me a bad man. I'm not looking for reassurances, simply asking a rhetorical question: what God do I owe?

Anyway, moving on, today was one of those rare days that only happen maybe once a year or ten. At first, I wasn't really expecting anything - probably because I was still asleep. It seems that after
waking, the two of you teamed up to confirm that my parents were still perfectly happy watching our littles; that the boys were well fed, and that Morgana was content in the arms of her current favorite minion, my father.

THEN you spent the hour or so directly prior to my normal wakeup time getting ready. Harry, you obligingly cast the Damsel Curse on Oliver, and then helped him dress up in the lingerie the two of you bought on Friday. One of the interesting things that I hadn't realized you'd actually done on purpose (until later on when you explained it to me) was that you'd cut Oliver's hair so that it wasn't Damsel length - between arse and knee length - but rather just below his shoulders. The fact that it had seemed to lighten up from a rich brunet to a dirty blonde all on its own was a nice surprise.

Once his hair was a length that pleased the two of you but was still long enough for me to enjoy, and his face had just a hint of makeup to it (that I honestly hadn't even noticed beyond thinking he looked rather flawless), you dressed him up in a sheer white lace outfit that consisted of a pair of knickers and a top that cleverly concealed his breasts while also playing peekaboo with them.

Once ready, the two of you came back to our room, but rather than wake me, you decided to drop to your knees and wait - Oliver in his lingerie and Harry in a leather slave harness with his hands bound behind his back. You somehow managed to time it perfectly so that you didn't have to wait more than five or ten minutes for me to wake up.

Which means that my first sight when I opened my eyes - as I was actually facing the direction you were both kneeling - was the two of you being patient and submissive. At first, I was confused. Utterly horny, but confused, since I hadn't seen Oliver's Damsel form and wasn't expecting to see an unknown woman kneeling next to Harry with no Oliver in sight, but slowly, I figured it out. A grin split my lips so wide I swear they cracked, but I wasn't about to complain.

"Oliver love, is that you?"

"Yes Draco," he confirmed in a demure tone, his eyes on the floor, a blush letting me know that despite being willing and eager, he was slightly embarrassed by the fact that he was a nearly naked woman. I took him in for a long and silent moment, simply enjoying the sight.

But then I had to be certain. "Are you happy enough with this curse to go through with the next several hours, or have you decided that it's too weird and you'd like to change your mind now?"
He bit his lip in thought for a good 20 or 30 seconds. Then he very slowly nodded. "Yeah. It's... weird, yes, but I am more curious to see what happens than I am embarrassed by the fact that I look like a tiny and weak damsel."

"Good," I stated in delight. Then I shifted so that I could slip out of bed. "I'm going to assume by your positions of submission that I'm in complete control of both of you for the day. Thus, I'm going to take full advantage of it. Just give me a minute or so to go to the loo, and then we'll get started."

As I walked to the bathroom, I heard Oliver whisper in his musical feminine voice: "What do you suppose he's going to want us to do first?"

"Pamper him," Harry stated in all certainty.

Chuckling, I nearly turned back around to give you both kisses. Instead, I forced myself to pretend like I hadn't heard either of you. After finishing my business and casting an array of spells to clear up any potential odors, I called out to you both: "Harry, come in here and draw a bath for me, and Oliver - Olivia? Do you *want* me to call you by a feminine name for the day?"

"Erm..." Oliver drawled as he thought this over. It took him the entire trip into the bathroom and long enough to untie your hands so that you could turn on the tap before he responded. "No. Not... as overt as that. I'd actually really like to hear you call me Ollie or even Oll - both of which COULD actually be short forms of Olive or Olivia. Maybe THAT would make you feel like you're more properly addressing a woman?"

I brushed a hand alongside his face even as I heard Harry testing the temperature of the water with his hand and purring happily.

"Are you CERTAIN you want to do this? You don't actually seem very into it," I pointed out. "I don't want to make you feel like you HAVE to in order to give me something I want."

He smiled at me even as he shook his head. "It's not that I'm not into it - I'm actually REALLY horny at the moment, so turned on by this whole thing that I can barely breathe. It's just that even if I was born a woman, I don't think I would be a very GIRLY one. I'd be one of those women that accepts herself and wears dresses and the like when called for, but ultimately, just feels more comfortable in denims and a tee shirt. Think about it, how many times have I balked when you wanted to dress me up in something fancy when I felt like we could get by with or even fit in better if we dressed more casual?"

I tilted my head to the side with a smirk to concede that he had a point.

"And even more than that, if I was born a woman and my parents had named me something very flowery and feminine such as - oh I dunno - Amethyst or some such, I'd still probably go by Amy, or better yet, Aim," Oliver added. "I'm just a plain and simple lad like that."

I nodded in agreement. "Alright, so no girly names, got it."

"Bath is ready," Harry announced, making me purr from happiness.

"As I was saying before I interrupted myself, *Ollie* will you please just stand there and look pretty for a few minutes as Harry bathes me. I want you to watch him run his hands all over my body and imagine things you want this body to do to you later."

Oliver bit his lip and moaned in anticipation. "I can definitely do that!"
Then I kissed you Harry, showing you with my eyes and lips how much I love the fact that you are ALWAYS willing to play with me like this. And I don't JUST mean the fact that we're about to give Oliver a completely new experience, but the fact that your need to serve me means that I can order you around like a slave boy and you never complain.

Stepping into the tub, I sprawled out and enjoyed the fact that this tub is the perfect size to lay down if I want to, or I can sit up and at least four people could take a bath together. Closing my eyes, I pretended to ignore the both of you again for a few minutes as my body was very thoroughly scrubbed up and fondled. Despite how relaxed the majority of me may have appeared to be, at least one part of me announced that I was ready and eager, but there was no need to give into his needy demands just yet.

Once I was clean and MERLIN! I forgot just how much I love having you wash my hair! It's sensual and intimate all while being really rather innocent and loving. I love it almost as much as I love being able to card my hands through your hair, to brush your hair, braid it when it's long enough, and just generally play with it as I like.

I have NO idea why, but hair is apparently just one of my things.

Anyway, once I was clean, I decided to linger in the tub a bit longer just to enjoy the warmth.

"Harry, please get back on your knees and put your hands either behind your back as if bound, or behind your head so that you remember not to touch anything without my permission."

Harry nodded and obeyed without a single word. I lay my head on the edge of the tub and watched him actually conjure a small rope that promptly tied itself around his hands behind his back.

"I positively LOVE when you tie yourself up for me! Ollie, will you sit on the edge of the tub so that your legs are in here with me, but nothing else is. It'd be a shame to ruin your delightful outfit before we made proper use of it."

"Alright," Oliver murmured, looking nearly overcome with lust by the show so far. He stepped into the tub and sat on the edge as I suggested, taking care that his top did not get wet. I stroked his legs and kissed them, savoring the anticipation of getting between them later on. Spelling my hands dry for a moment, I also ran them through his hair, feeling its length and bringing strands to my lips to kiss.

Strangely, I got distracted by his rather small and delicate feet. I rubbed them and lightly ran my tongue along the top of his foot. "Hmm... I think I'm going to have Harry paint your nails for me. I think... Green. Or blue. Something gender neutral that won't make hate yourself." I then ran my tongue up the inside of his left leg, stopping when his legs were too close for my head to fit. He tried to shift them wider apart, but I stopped him.

"Not just yet. Patience love, this is a rare opportunity and I plan to take all the time in the world enjoying it."

He inhaled and then groaned, already sounding just a bit frustrated that we hadn't gotten to the main event yet. Keeping my wet (again) hands out of the way, I shifted until my mouth was right next to his abdomen. Using only my nose and tongue, I pushed the lacy part of his top out of the way just enough to capture his right nipple in my mouth and give it a bit of light suction, his sharp inhalation let me know that he was surprised by how good it felt.

He even fondled my hair and pushed himself into my mouth a bit more.
"Ah-ah!" I denied, pulling back and standing up. "I didn't give you permission to do that."

He pouted. "Why must you ALWAYS take HOURS to shag? Why can't you just shove me up against the wall and ram into me so hard I pass out?" His hands were urging my shaft to do just that.

I smirked at him a bit evilly. "Well, I COULD do that, but if I did, you wouldn't like it very much. I've used this curse before, so I know your new female body is a VIRGIN. Trust me, you're not going to want rough for the first two or three minutes. After that, we'll see what kind of mood I'm in."

"Fuck," he muttered under his breath. "I didn't even THINK about that!"

"Besides," I added with a playful grin. "Hard shags up against the wall are perfect for afternoon quickies, NOT days when we have the time to spend the whole day playing. I should probably warn you now that I'm giving all three of us 12 hour stamina potions for our honeymoon!"

His eyes went wide and far away as he thought this over carefully. "12 hours!"

"I vote that we only use the 12 hour potion for the first three days of our honeymoon and switch to the 6 hour potion for the rest of the week," Harry stated, clearly thinking this over happily as well.

"THREE DAYS!!" Oliver blurted out in alarm. "Will we even survive that?!"

Chuckling, I held my hand out and helped him stand too. "Harry, I want you to vanish those ropes you conjured and dry Ollie's legs off before bringing him over to the plush armchair and massaging his feet for a few minutes. I want to do a few of my morning yoga poses so that I'm all nice and limber for the very vigorous exercise I have planned today."

Grinning, Harry did exactly that, making Oliver pout and squirm - CLEARLY so aroused that this slow play that I was insisting on must be mildly torturous to him. Too bad for him I get off on mild to moderate torture, hahahaha!

As much as I wanted to do a full hour long routine, my persistent hardness made it rather difficult to do some of the poses, so I cut it short after only about 20 minutes. I caught you both watching me and practically drooling a couple of times. Times like these actually make me wish we weren't on opposite sleep schedules, NOT that I could ever bring myself to transform into an early bird like the two of you. This night owl just CAN'T change his nature!

I have actually tried...

But as I was saying, if I was an early bird like the two of you, I could join you for your run, you could join me for my yoga, and the sight of my naked body being all flexible would naturally turn you on so that our mornings always started with a vigorous warm up.

In any case, I called my yoga quits the moment you had his toe nails all painted a nice dark green. As I approached the chair he sat in, I cast a drying spell so that we wouldn't smudge your nice work. I especially like that you'd added a couple of golden swirls to his big toes. Oliver was staring at his feet as if not quite sure how to feel about them being so tiny and pretty.

Holding out my hand, I helped you to your feet, Harry, and then kissed you as a reward for doing such a good job.

"I want you to get settled on the bed, but don't tie your hands this time. I'm going to have you be nothing more than a piece of furniture to support our Ollie. I've decided to give in to his demands
to take less than forever," I informed you both with a chuckle.

Oliver grinned happily at that. "Does that mean you're finally too horny to keep faffing about?"

I shook my head. "Nope! It means that I'm going to forgo the rest of my pampering so that I can make you fall apart."

He gulped, suddenly apprehensive about what I might do if I focus all my attention on him rather than my need to dominate.

"As I was saying, Harry, I want you to be the chair that supports Oliver. I want you to hold him and touch him, keep him connected to you while I do my best to make him forget his name, but having said that, I DO understand that this will give you a rather good view of the squicky parts. If you simply cannot handle being such a close part of this, you have my permission to slip away at any time and take a break."

"I can do it," Harry stated confidently. "I've done it before, and I think that KNOWING that it's OUR Ollie that's in possession of those squicky parts for the day will help me keep my focus on him rather than them. But you know I ALWAYS love watching you give someone pleasure - provided I'm not in jealous mode. It makes me feel rather smug that ***I**** get those skills ALL the time, and those few others only get them on the rare occasion. Now that Ollie's one of the privileged two, I WANT him to experience everything you can give him."

"Excellent!" I crowed. I arranged the two of you so that Harry was as comfortable as possible while acting like a chair, and Oliver was reclining against him, looking rather shy and virginal now.

Every year for my birthday or at Christmas time, I never fail to open my presents with care to ensure that the wrapping paper isn't torn or wrinkled; today was no exception. My present was in a lovely white garment that deserved care and attention. So - rather then strip it off him - I began by stroking long lines from Oliver's collar bones down to his abdomen. My hands traced the outline of his pert breasts before my tongue licked a line up the sheer material from his belly button to his left breast. I circled his nipple a few times before gently biting it.

"Inside this breast is something VERY important to both of us," I murmured, being just a bit cheesy, I'll admit.

Oliver looked confused for a moment, wondering if turning into a woman had given him something extra he had forgotten about.

"Your heart," Harry whispered in Oliver's ear, nibbling it for good measure.

"Oh," Oliver chuckled softly in embarrassment. "I knew that."

I gently pushed the bottom of Oliver's top up so that both layers of lace covered his breasts, and then spent a few minutes just kissing trails all over his stomach, pausing occasionally to tickle his bellybutton with my tongue.

"Merlin! You have no idea what this is doing to me!" Oliver gasped out in a ragged and sensually husky feminine voice.

I laughed. "Oh... I think I might have an inkling..."

He flushed, his eyes glued to the fact that I had shifted his top once again so that now, it was lifted just enough off his skin to block his view but allowed me to circle his nipples with my tongue. I alternated this with gusts of hot air that made him shiver. To my delight, this prompted Harry to
lick and suck on Oliver's neck, making him shiver all the more and writhe slightly.

"I thought you said you were going to stop faffing about!" Oliver gasped when it became apparent that his soft begging noises and squirming was entertaining me to no end.

"Do you seriously want me to skip straight to the end?" I asked curiously.

Oliver looked toward the ceiling as he considered this. "No... I suppose what I actually want is to KNOW what's going to happen. This teasing and prolonged foreplay has me on tenterhooks, not quite knowing what will happen next. I mean sex, obviously, but... I don't know what that's like in this body..."

"Oh," I murmured in understanding. "I see, well be patient, you'll find out eventually."

And with that, I decided to speed up just a little. Not so much that I skipped everything I wanted to do, but enough that it didn't take me three hours to touch the place he so obviously wanted me to. Thus, I gently tugged his top off so that I could palm his breasts while I kissed a path back down toward his bellybutton, and then beyond that to his right hip.

"Here, play with these for me a bit," I ordered Harry, squeezing Oliver's breasts to illustrate what I was referring to.

With a look like he wasn't quite sure what to do first, Harry followed my order, replacing my hands as I moved them lower. Grinning, I paused to add: "Just fondle them and pinch his nipples when he's not expecting it."

This made Harry smile like a little imp. "I can do that."

With Harry doing as asked, I was free to use my hands to stroke Oliver's legs. Again, SOLELY because Oliver was already a nervous wreck, I opted not to tease him all day, and instead, pulled the lacy white knickers off so that I could finally get my first look at his womanhood. And yes, I'm going to savor that memory forever, even printing it up for my private photo collection. NO! I'm NOT telling you where my private collection of printed up naughty memories is located as I have pictures in there I think one or both of you would insist I burn if you found them.

Oh Harry, a large part of me wants to go into excruciating detail of what everything looked like and why this turns me on so much, but previous experience has taught me that I would lose your interest so completely that it might take a few days for you to even look at me again, so I'll gloss over it a bit. Basically, I took a really good look at the part that proved this Damsel body of Oliver's was a virgin - which I know you saw me do, but since I didn't make a big deal out of it, you basically focused on his breasts like I'd asked you to.

Naturally, I was extremely pleased to have this opportunity. Not only were both of my VERY gay men giving me a taste of het sex because I'd been moping about it lately, but it's not often at all - even when I was having semi yearly sex with women - that I get to experience a virgin. I am pretty sure that the only one other than Pansy WAY back when was that time in the club with Blaise a few years after we were married in which a woman wanted BLAISE to take her virginity after seeing how massive he was, and we sensibly convinced her to try a more reasonable sized one first.

Anyway, as I said, glossing over the pleasure I felt having the opportunity to... inspect things. And then taste them.

Maybe I should pause my telling here a moment to see if I actually CAN explain something to you both. I know that you know that everyone has their own sexual preference, and I know that on
some level, you both understand that I am bisexual, but I think in Oliver's case in particular, it seems like there's an underlying, erm… belief if you will, that once a man commits to a gay relationship, that any lingering attraction to women will just disappear. And maybe it does for some people.

I sometimes WISH I was one of those, so happy with my gay marriage to my men that I never need the occasional fanny. But... hmm, I suppose that it's not a need so much as a strong desire, one that gets really rather distracting and annoying in its distraction when it's been a while. I start thinking about women and then fantasizing and then, well, begging I suppose.

I am hugely blessed in that I do have two of you that try your best to understand and accept this about me. Even going so far as to turn into a woman for me for the night. Oliver, if you didn't figure it out at any point DURING our play, THIS is why I didn't want to just rush through it and have another go - or two - before turning you back. I wanted to take my time to ensure that I met all my wants and needs and ended up so satisfied that I wouldn't get the urge again until, well, hopefully when you feel like doing it again.

But back to my description, after examining things with first my eyes, and then my hands, mouth, and tongue, I took the time to build things up slowly until Oliver was positively SQUEALING and thrashing about as what looked a bit like a mini-hurricane ravaged him. I was rather chuffed by that, if I'm honest.

I wanted to keep going until he had two or three more, but I could see that Oliver looked a little apprehensive of having another, and Harry looked like he was getting a bit bored. Or not bored so much as, erm, anxious to move on to something less squicky for him. Smiling, I shifted so that I could give lots of kisses to both of you.

"I think I might understand the watching my eyes thing now," Harry informed me with a grin. "I tilted Ollie's head back so that I could kiss him, and that gave me a chance to look in his eyes as his orgasm hit - when he wasn't squeezing them shut. It was fascinating actually."

Oliver blushed at that. "Don't look at me at times like that!"

We both smirked at him. I returned my mischievous eyes to Harry. "Should I give him another right now so that you can do exactly that?"

Harry laughed. "Nah, I'm certain that if you keep going, it'll happen a few more times anyway."

Oliver looked pensive. "I... I had no idea that it was this, erm... well, sort of hard to reach orgasm for a woman, but at the same time, it's also more intense. It was like I was riding a wave for a minute or so, and it's not like that when I'm myself. So, getting there was longer and more frustrating, but once I was there, it was really nice. Not sure I like having to go through all the extra effort though."

"Makes sense," I murmured as I kissed him. "You got used to little to no sex, and what you had was probably quick and to the point. Then you found yourself snared by our loving trap, and suddenly, we're insisting on having what must feel like the equivalent of ten years worth of shagging with you almost every night. I can imagine that would be a little overwhelming to anyone."

Oliver nodded, looking pensive once more. "I'm... I'm not really complaining, it's just that... I guess I'm not sure if I was MADE to have the sort of stamina you both have."

We took turns kissing him. "We cultivated that over the course of YEARS. We don't expect you to keep up right away."
"YES YOU DO!!" He accused with a laugh.

We both shrugged as if admitting that he might be right.

"Harry, kiss Ollie and distract him for a few moments, I'm not certain he wants to dwell on this next bit."

"GOTCHA!" Harry agreed with a grin, bending forward to kiss Oliver, which made me realize that in this position, it was actually going to be a bit difficult to do the deed.

"Er... wait. We're going to far too awkward like this," I stated. "Harry love, lay down and be the BED we shag on."

I could hear a hum or a purr that let me know this was an excellent suggestion as far as you were concerned. Doing it this way, Oliver was actually able to turn his head to the side and demand those kisses Harry was ordered to distract him with. It was still slightly awkward, but I rather liked how Oliver was elevated to the perfect height for me to do this on my knees, as opposed to laying on top of him.

It gave me a MUCH better view!

After adding a bit of lubrication to my shaft to ensure as smooth an entrance as possible, I pushed into Oliver, taking the time to savor this feel. I won't even try to describe it as neither of you have had nor are interested in the pleasure of being a woman's first.

Oliver gasped in surprise when he gave way and I sort of slid the rest of the way in a bit abruptly. I really was trying to avoid that, but a certain amount of force was necessary to push, sorry, I just said I wasn't going to describe it. Let's just say that I liked the feeling even though it probably wasn't the most pleasant for poor Oliver, and then leave it at that, yeah?

At that point, I gave into the urge to nearly abandon my thrusting so that I could kiss the both of you for a few minutes. Thus, when Oliver turned his head to the side so that his mouth was free to yell at me, I couldn't help but be amused.

"MERLIN DAMNIT DRACO! I understand the desire to not hurt me, but I think even a tortoise can go faster than that!"

Laughing, I forced him to look at me so that I could kiss him again. "I'm not going slow to be gentle on you, I'm going slow because I decided that kissing you was more important now that we've reached the main event."

"Well, yes, I very much like the kissing, but let Harry do that while you POUND me already!" Oliver insisted rather fiercely.

"If you insist," I murmured, contemplating making a liar of myself by only picking up the pace a little, but then I decided that I was actually being a bit of an arse, making Oliver endure this far longer than he wanted to. I mean he wasn't telling me to stop, but still, I could see his point. He was doing this out of curiosity and a desire to give me what I wanted, NOT a need to be on his back under me for the next six hours.

So, with that in mind, I let my inner beast take over. Once he's let loose to seek his pleasure, the rest of me sort of ignores everything else. Everything except Oliver's nails digging into my back in the most delicious way, and Harry kissing me now that Oliver was too busy panting and gasping to give a decent kiss.
Unfortunately for poor Oliver, my stamina had other things in mind. There was NO WAY I was going to be able to finish so soon, and since we had all agreed to AVOID finishing in the area that could make babies (this time), I decided that 20 minutes and two more orgasms for him was enough for now. Stopping, I bit Oliver on the shoulder lightly before withdrawing.

"In my mouth or Harry's?" Oliver wondered, sounding completely out of breath.

"Actually, I'm not there yet, and I decided that I wanted to go back to the more sensual parts," I explained.

Oliver looked disappointed.

"What?" I asked in concern.

"I know we all agreed, but I think part of me was hoping you'd forget - just like you forgot to put on the condom - and just do it," he replied, almost muttering as if not actually wanting us to hear him.

"He saw me cast the spells," Harry murmured in Oliver's ear, kissing his neck. "I just didn't feel like interrupting things to insist on a condom when it was clear how badly you wanted to get going, Ollie. I figured that Draco could be trusted to stick to our agreement. But... if you REALLY want it..."

"I do and I don't," Oliver admitted. "I am actually looking forward to seeing if we can use a potion to make the baby ALL three of ours, but... well, it's not exactly as if I'm impatient, but I'm sort of, erm... anxious - I suppose you could say. I ALWAYS felt like this when we were trying to conceive - like I just wanted to get it over with so that I would know as soon as possible if it worked. Otherwise I just worried and drove myself mad with wondering!"

I shook my head. "Not tonight. I honestly believe that you'll feel better in the long run if we time this so that it's not making you worry about your job."

He nodded in agreement. "I know. I agree. I just, well... I still think it'll take a miracle, and maybe tonight's the night for miracles."

I looked in Harry's eyes and we both clearly wondered if maybe we SHOULD give in and toss the optimal timing out the window and into the Black Lake. Suddenly, Harry smirked, apparently having come up with a brilliant idea.

"So... as much as I am utterly LOVING being used as nothing more important than the furniture, I realized something shocking."

"Oh?" Oliver and I asked in curiosity.

"I want a turn," Harry stated, confusing us both for a moment.

"What?" I questioned, not certain I had heard that correctly.

"I want a turn!" Harry repeated, more emphatically. "I mean it's obviously going to be weird, but I know I CAN, and just... I want to..."

I felt a moment of surrealism, even wondering if I was actually dreaming. "Well, if you really want to, I'd love to see it."

Oliver chuckled. "I don't mind, but... why exactly?"
Harry kissed him. "It's like when Draco asked me to do this to him, I wanted to because it was with HIM - no matter what his body was like at the time. So, it's an experience I can have with a man I love, and it's not something I want to do everyday, so..." he shrugged, probably feeling like he'd never be able to explain it.

We all shifted until we were sitting on the bed looking at each other.

"Just... Draco, can you please kiss me, and better yet, drop that voice made of liquid sex into my ear so that I -"

I interrupted him, pulling him in my arms so that I could hold him and say things like: "Salazar Harry, you're such a good mutt, giving me everything I want or need, even when I don't realize I need it. You're shaft is positively gorgeous, and even though you love to bottom, when you DO want to top me, you always make the experience nearly spiritual for me."

"Me too," Oliver said as he cast a quick lube spell on Harry before straddling him.

So, with a constant stream of praise, filthy suggestions, and deep kisses, Oliver rode Harry to the point that Harry had to yank him off and let those long pearly strings fly across the bed. Well the majority of them actually coated Oliver's back, but that just gave me an excuse to make Harry clean him/her up.

After laying in a warm snuggly pile for a few minutes, Oliver lifted his head and looked at me.

"Alright, so now that I know what to expect, I want to ride you until YOU finally have an orgasm."

I grinned at him. "Having an orgasm today was never actually my goal, it was simply to enjoy the experience, but that said, I won't turn it down."

"Good!" He exclaimed happily, preparing me so that he could ride me at the pace of his choosing, which was rather grinding. Funnily enough, he ALWAYS seemed to prefer hot heavy and quick. I relaxed and let myself do nothing but feel the pleasure and be carried toward the finish line.

Apparently I make a noise when I'm close. I don't recall ever noticing it, but I do it enough that Harry calls it: "Keening in that way you do," and so, when I made that noise and gripped Oliver's hips to yank him off me - which I would SWEAR for a moment that Oliver resisted, probably too focused on his pace - Harry cried out: "Mine!" and lifted Oliver off me so that he could gulp down all the goodies.

Oliver looked nearly irate. "I was SO CLOSE to another orgasm! Couldn't you both have waited about 4 more seconds?!"

"Here, let me make it up to you," I offered, not giving him a chance to protest before burying my head between his legs once more, he gasped, astonished that being so close a few moments ago helped a LOT when it came to finishing him off. Especially once I used my hands inside him to help my tongue.

"OH MY FUCKING GODS!!!" He screamed when his orgasm hit, making him more or less pass out. Chuckling, I gave him a kiss on the cheek as we curled around him. Harry kissed him too, sounding rather sleepy yourself.

"Today was fun," Harry murmured. "I adored being the furniture."

I kissed the both of you, despite the very powerful lethargy, I HAD just woken up from a full night's sleep before we started, and so, I slipped out of bed and called for Muffy to bring me
something to eat and some tea to drink as I typed this all up. I'm about to sign off now and go print up the memories I want to add to my secret photo album.

I don't mind you coming here and wasting all my time, I guess you're just what I needed,

Draco
Chapter 213

Chapter Summary

It's Viona's birthday.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Wednesday January 24, 2018

My Heart,

I knew for certain that your email Sunday was going to describe our day of playing with the curse. I wasn't sure how I would feel about reading it. Would it make me uncomfortable? Would I become turned off if I thought about it for too long? Would the opposite happen and I would become frustratingly horny while reading it? That's why I didn't read it until now.

I had classes to teach most of the day on Monday, Tuesday, and today. Oliver had extra quidditch practices scheduled each evening due to the big upcoming matches. And Draco, you were of course spending your evenings at the Ministry due to your own job. So I didn't want to read your description of our day until I knew I would have my men to cuddle me if reading it upset me, or to shag me if reading it made me sexually frustrated. Which is why I just read it now when we are on our way to the Manor for the Princess' birthday dinner.

Oddly enough, it didn't really have either effect on me. Being so descriptive of how much you enjoyed a female body definitely did not make me want a shag. But having been there, knowing it was our Ollie and not just some random woman, meant that I also wasn't specifically turned off by it either. Which meant that for the first time I probably read about one of our sexcapades with a clear and open mind! I wondered if that would ever happen!

I know this is absolutely a ridiculous thing to complain about, since our Ollie was literally in a completely differently gendered body, but I didn't like his lightened hair quite as much as you seemed to. I already have a blonde man, I don't need Ollie to look like anything else. I was a bit disappointed when he didn't look as much like a female version of himself but more like a woman who bore some resemblance to the man I love. But the fact that no matter the changes, his eyes were all my Oliver made up for it. I probably would have had to remove myself from the play if I couldn't see the man I love in the eyes of the body we were shagging.

There are a couple of things I would argue with your descriptions. You, as usual, went on and on about not deserving either of us since you're not GOOD. Telling us both that you have done bad things and therefore cannot be good as we both continue to assure you are. Darling, we have assured you that you are good, not perfect. You have made bad decisions. You have made some really utterly terrible decisions. But at your heart you want to be good, you spend your life attempting to create a better world for everyone, you have dedicated your life to bettering our world and yourself. How can that be anything but good?

I know it drives you absolutely bonkers when I nitpick your individual words. But I can't help it! I will argue until my lungs give out that you are an undeniably, wonderful, and GOOD man. I would
never attempt to argue that you are perfect. I mean, I feel as though my men are about as close to perfection as it's possible to be, but I wouldn't be willing to debate it with anyone. Especially since my arguments would include some of the inner beauty and love that only I get to see. I am a selfish man and don't want to share your innermost hearts with the rest of the world. They are mine and I don't care to share.

And because I'm already being semantically obnoxious, I am going to keep going. You brought up that you appreciated how I was WILLING to play with you in this subserviant way. That I won't complain when you order me around. It's not about my willingness, or that I will put up with it and not complain. I am quite literally FULFILLED by it. If anything I often think you are only *willing* to boss me around, that you are being nice and not complaining when my needs make themselves known and you have to dominate me. You act as though I am doing a favor by serving you, and I feel so lucky to be allowed to serve you.

I suppose it's probably best that we both see it that way. That I can't believe my luck in finding someone (someTWO) who is willing to take control and allow me to fly. And you feeling pleased that I give in to your need to make demands. And I truly can't believe our luck in finding our Ollie - who has a beautiful mixture of submissive and dominant. He's so beautiful when he's commanding me. When he took control that first night you were off with Hermione was mindblowing. And then this past Sunday when he knelt so beautifully next to me waiting to submit to you. How can he so perfectly be both submissive and dominant.

Our gorgeous man, the best of both worlds.

Gods I can't wait until our wedding and our honeymoon. I need to be married to him. Like yesterday. I'm so glad we moved the wedding to March, but now I wish we'd moved it up even further to right this very moment. I hate the three of us not being married. Only eight and a half weeks to go!

Oh! You talking about our honeymoon sextivities during your email reminded me; I've booked our honeymoon location and hotel. I will tell you all about it when we're snuggled in bed tonight. I want to surprise you both with the brochures and all that in person! But you must both promise me if you hate the location, hate the idea, that you will tell me. I think this would be an amazing trip, it's somewhere we've never been, and it looks completely insane and exactly us. But it's not a traditional honeymoon location so if the both of you want something else I promise I won't be offended.

Oh, I had better finish getting ready. My Vivi would not be pleased with me if I were late to her birthday dinner!

Yours,
Harry

P.S. It's unbelievably adorable that you think I don't know where your secret sexy pictures stash is. Like you could hide something like that from me! I promise I don't go through it, you're entitled to your privacy, but you're a loon if you think I don't know it exists.

P.P.S. You're even more ridiculous if you think I don't have one of my own stashed away!

Weds Jan 24th
Dear Draco,
Now that I've had a couple of days to process, I just wanted to let you know that I liked what happened and would be happy to do it again whenever you're craving fanny. It was interesting to feel different sensations, though I will admit I like being a man better.

But what I really wanted to talk about was the relief I felt when I read that hair is one of your things. I know I didn't say anything, but I was concerned and a bit alarmed when - the night before Orion, River, Mahafsoun, and their babies left - you sat in a chair with Mahafsoun nursing her baby on the floor between your legs, and you sat there brushing and playing with her hair while looking like a cat high on nip for HOURS! Nobody else seemed to think this was weird, so I didn't think I could be like: "Oi! What sort of pervert are you, fondling your daughter-in-law like that!"

But now that I know you were simply happy about her hair because it's long and hair is one of your things - as opposed to other, more worrying reasons - I can stop wondering why you looked so happy to braid and unbraid, brush and run your hands through it. That was really sort of bothering me, but now I know it's nothing.

Off to a family dinner,

Oliver

Wednesday January 24th
Dearest Oliver,

Hair? Mahafsoun has some? I hadn't noticed. Put your mind at ease, there's nothing to worry about.

Love and kisses!

Harry,

Please put your arms around Oliver as I'm certain this news will upset him. So... Monday when I popped by Oliver's bathroom to tease him whilst he was showering away the chill of a lengthy Quidditch practice, I noticed something in his potion cabinet. Along with the standard headache potions and stomach settlers, there was a small jar labeled: Queen Anne Lace for OLIVER - directions, brew 1-2 spoonfuls into a tea to drink 2-3 times a day to increase fertility.

Well, I had already confirmed that QAL is a CONTRACEPTIVE, so I decided to dispose of the jar, but I forgot after slipping it into my pocket until I was at the Ministry. At that point, I decided to have it checked out, just in case it actually was a fertility blend that they mislabeled.

I'm SO glad I did!

The results came back today and prompted me to go have a chat with Robards in his office. It seems that Queen Anne Lace has a doppelgänger... hemlock. The amount of hemlock in the jar of herbs was between a third and a fourth, and the technician wrote on the parchment that this could simply be an error if someone cut up 3 or four plants they thought were QAL, but one of them was actually hemlock, so it's not definitive proof. HOWEVER, taken in context, there is a strong likelihood that it was done on purpose.

When I informed Robards of my suspicion, he agreed and sent a pair of Aurors to investigate.

But backing up for a moment, let me remind you that despite having an armada of highly expensive lawyers, Mr. and Mrs. Fuckwad have managed to escape criminal charges because they didn't technically do anything wrong. I KNOW - Harry - that you feel otherwise, and if we hadn't JUST made an agreement to never call Grandmama for something like this again, I think you'd be
tempted to sic her on them.

Basically, that contract they had the girl sign was fairly basic, in exchange for her carrying their Heir (and raising him if they should die before he reaches the age of majority), she would get to live in the home and receive an allowance that she would be entitled to for the rest of her life. (There was nothing to imply they would kick her out if she didn't agree.) And once she agreed, they had her examined by their private Healer, who pronounced her healthy and implanted the already fertilized eggs in her womb according to standard surrogate procedures.

The reason that they weren't considered breaking the law despite her age is that they claimed she (and she admitted to) told them that she was of age, and it even shows up on the forms she filled out during the Healer's exam, she wrote 17 as her age.

SO, long story still as long as ever, they aren't breaking any laws, the girl is still in Unity House because the Mind Healer she is seeing is convinced there's something hidden that needs to be addressed before the girl can return to her parents - who actually HAVE cleared the Department of Children and Families as being suitable, even if not desirable parents.

In the meantime, I seriously suspect the Fuckwads of intentionally trying to poison our Oliver. The team of Aurors have sent back some interesting pictures they took with their Magi-tablets of the part of their garden that is easily visible without trespassing on their property, and Mrs. F does actually grow QAL and hemlock right next to each other, but the two plants are separated by a decorative retaining wall, and both are clearly labeled with signs.

Her whole garden seems to be well organized and labeled, as if she assumes that OTHERS will be wanting to harvest bits from her garden and she wants them to know what's what. This led the Aurors to believe that the woman herself was unlikely to mix up the plants, which can help persuade a jury that this was an intentional and deliberate murder attempt.

That said, it remains to be seen if anyone can make any charges stick. The burden is still to PROVE intent, and that could be tricky. Especially since Oliver clearly didn't die and the Lab Technician said the amount ingested was probably only enough to cause mild symptoms such as trembling, increased salvation/digestive troubles, a temporary increase in heart rate followed by a slower heart rate, and possibly some muscle weakness or pain.

The small amount actually still COULD be deadly with respiratory failure, renal failure, and death, AND having someone continually take small doses would increase their chances of having trouble breathing until they died, but again, since that didn't happen in Oliver's case, I'm not sure we could prove a thing conclusively when this all happened so many years ago. Mrs. Fuckwad may not have been so meticulous with her garden back then.

Sigh...

But basically, that's why I'm not home yet. I'm about to head back to Hermione's office and talk to her about all of this. Maybe she might be able to come up with a way to prove intent that none of us thought of yet.

Volatile and shakey, wish you were inside me, rattling like the subway, that is on a good day, Draco

P.S. I've seen your secret album Harry; I just think it's a perfect description of your kinks, whereas mine has a LOT of memories from past play parties where some fairly weird shit has happened, and I really didn't think you'd like it if you looked through it.

P.P.S I didn't really invade your privacy by looking at each and every picture for a minute or so,
but rather flipped through it quickly to figure out what it is I'd found. I put it back as soon as I realized what I was looking at.

Wednesday January 24th
Dad,

Get your tardy arse here right now, before I have to hunt you down and drag you to my bloody birthday dinner by your ear!

Love,
Viona

Chapter End Notes

In case you are confused or not quite understanding the reason Draco seemingly 'lied' about not noticing Mahafsoun has hair, the reason he did that was because Harry once upon a time ago threw an absolute fit about Draco playing with Mahafsoun's hair, and in response, Draco promised to never mention her hair again, he was even going to go so far as to try not to notice it. Thus even when she asked him for help with styles for her wedding, he never actually said the word hair in conjunction with Mahafsoun. He kept referring to style or braids, but not hair. Basically, it's the same as when Harry asked Draco to promise to never call him boy, Draco does not, the closest he gets is when they are playing, usually puppy play, and Draco calls him a good boy (and even then, only when Chrissie is writing it, lol), because when Draco makes a promise, he does his best to keep it, lol ^_^
Chapter 214

Chapter Summary

Harry is happy about Viona's news, and Draco has news of his own.

Thursday January 25, 2018

My Fellow Grandfathers,

I can't believe it! I mean, obviously I believe it, but a part of me cannot comprehend it. My Princess, my sweet Vivi, is going to be a mum!

I'm honestly not quite sure why it came as such a surprise to me. I knew they were trying. I know Vivi wants to be a mum. But for some reason I couldn't quite imagine this happening. It was almost more surprising to me than it was to find out our Eris was pregnant unexpectedly and underaged.

I suppose it's probably because she is MY sweet Vivi. To everyone else she really has perfected that Malfoy mask. Hers is a bit more stern or hard than reserved or aloof. Most people who aren't in our innermost circle think she's a shrewd businesswoman with little emotional range. But I've always known her heart and soul. She needs that mask because her inner self is so soft I would think it would be easily damaged.

Look at what's happened with this minion, she informed him he'd be marrying her and he quickly jumped to the occasion and the command. She didn't think she was marrying for love. She convinced herself and everyone around her that she wasn't in love with her fiancé, now husband. But I've seen the way she looks at Alric. She looks at him the way I'm sure I look at the both of you, as though he hung the moon and stars just for her.

I thought Vivi was going to murder you Draco when you took so long to get to her birthday dinner. You could tell she had wanted to walk in, have everyone there, and announce her news before the excitement and anticipation could make her spontaneously combust. But nooooooo, you had to be so late getting there from the ministry. Luckily for you she wanted to make her announcement more than she wanted to hurt you for making her wait! I obviously would have tried to defend you but I think we all know I'm no match for Viona. She could take me with both hands tied behind her back!

Another reason I shouldn't have been surprised by the announcement, I was so certain she was pregnant when I saw her practically floating around at Yule-time. I'm pretty sure I even mentioned her looking lovely enough to glow. She flitted between her siblings and her siblings' children like a benevolent fairy princess. Once I'd sufficiently calmed down from the initial announcement I managed to call her on it. "Vivi! I knew it, at Christmas I would have sworn you had that beautiful pregnant glow about you. I can't believe you waited an entire month to tell us!"

Her gorgeous big brown eyes widened, "Dad! I had no idea I was pregnant during the Yule celebrations. We only found out a little over a week ago. I would have announced it immediately but since my birthday was so close we thought this would be more fun."
I argued with her, "There is no way that can be true, you were practically sparkling. You had to have been pregnant, I refuse to believe otherwise!"

"I promise I had no idea, but you're right I WAS pregnant. I'm eight weeks along right now according to Rowe so a month ago I was pregnant already. I can't believe you knew before I did!"

Ha! For once I knew something before everyone else. It's such a rare feeling for me, I'm going to bask in it a bit yeah? Between the knowledge that I knew something before everyone else and the absolute joy I'm feeling about knowing we're getting another grandchild to spoil rotten and love unconditionally I have a lot of basking to do.

On top of that, you two wonderful men wholeheartedly approved of my plan for our honeymoon destination! So I get to be proud of myself for being right, anticipate another beautiful life coming into our lives, and now I get to plan an amazingly beautiful honeymoon for my men! Life is beautiful my loves.

The Northern Lights are going to be absolutely breathtaking from the skylights of our hotel. I know Draco that you're used to much larger accommodations than our hotel offers. Which is why I am so thankful you saw my idea and immediately agreed. I suppose it might be small but the idea of the three of us enjoying our first nights of wedded bliss from an entirely glass igloo in Finland where we will make love under the Aurora Borealis made up for having a bit less room than you're used to.

If you really think about it, it's not as though we need a whole lot of space. I don't plan on letting either of you more than an arm's reach away the entire time. Our bodies will be so intertwined that if our skin tones weren't so different you wouldn't be able to tell where one of us ended and the others began. Okay, I need to stop thinking about this, I'm rock hard and neither one of you are here to help me out with this.

Oh, that helped the situation ... the only dark spot on my current intense joy is this utter gobshite with Ollie's ex in-laws. There are no laws broken? There has to be some way around this. The child lived with them long enough to offer the contract, have her assessed by (shady) healers, and implant the child, but they never knew she wasn't seventeen? There was no reference check? You're going to have this child grow your heir but don't think to ask for identification? I find it really hard to believe.

And there has to be some way to prove they intentionally attempted to poison our Oliver. Like you said, with this witch's garden being so militantly laid out the idea that she could have accidentally used the wrong plant is unlikely. Circumstantial but at least worth adding to the list of wrongdoings. And I have to assume with an extensive garden and the knowledge on how to make or hide ingredients inside potions that she has some sort of mastery or certification in brewing right? Ollie, didn't you say she used to sell potions and that's why you trusted her to supply all the necessary fertility potions and aids? Even if there were no hemlock, wouldn't the fact that she intentionally misled someone about the contents and use of a potion she brewed be enough to claim some sort of criminal behavior?

Especially in the wizarding world, messing with someone's ability to create an heir to their line is equivalent to line theft wouldn't you think?

I'm going to send a message to Minister 'Mione and ask about that specifically. Yeah, I'm not going to be able to concentrate on anything else until we get this figured out. These monsters need to be off the street and out of our lives.

Crazy in love .... or just Crazy,
Thursday January 25th
Harry! Oliver!

I promise I'll tell you more details later, but they confessed! It seems that Fierston was in charge of interrogating them - separately - and he was able to slip in their minds and look around enough to ask leading questions that flustered them just enough that they each separately confessed to lots of little things that individually, aren't really all that bad, but altogether, paint a nasty picture of attempted murder and knowingly using an underage girl to carry their heir.

So... it seems that the Fuckwads are going to Azkaban after all!

I'll be home in a bit to celebrate - or commiserate - with you both.

Love eternally,
Draco
Thursday January 25, 2018

My Loves,

I will be back to our rooms in a few minutes to celebrate. Yes, celebrate. Finally, those monsters will be behind bars where they can't hurt innocent people again. Where they will pay for their past crimes, their current crimes, and be far enough removed from society that they won't have the opportunity to commit future crimes.

I KNEW in my heart that they had purposefully messed with my Ollie. I knew it hadn't been a mere mistake that they gave you a contraceptive and knew it couldn't have been a coincidence that contraceptive also included poison. Whether they intended to outright kill you, keep you sick, or just keep you from conceiving, they violated your trust. They violated your marriage. They corrupted your future. And it seems as though they were hoping to destroy your spirit.

But to find out it wasn't just to keep you from creating an heir with their son but they truly intended to end your life? I can't help but hope they live a very very very long time. A wizarding lifetime in Azkaban, even free of the dementors as it is now, is the bare minimum of what they deserve for the heartache they created. And while they didn't actively harm Parker or Cassie, they hurt them immeasurably. A childhood of being told they weren't good enough. A lifetime of being told they aren't "really" their grandchildren, Edmond's child, or Oliver's child. To have someone who should love you without limits tell you you're worthless can't be easily overcome.

I can't help but wonder if they contributed to the death of their own child as well. I don't think they would have done so intentionally, but bear with me here ... and Ollie, if you can't handle me talking about this please turn your face into Draco's chest and just breathe him in. Always calms me down. Edmond had a condition which caused his mind to be lost and eventually his body followed suit, we already knew that. And while they didn't actively harm Parker or Cassie, they hurt them immeasurably. A childhood of being told they weren't good enough. A lifetime of being told they aren't "really" their grandchildren, Edmond's child, or Oliver's child. To have someone who should love you without limits tell you you're worthless can't be easily overcome.

Didn't his parents not know he ever tried to become the carrier? I thought you told me once Ollie that they assumed you would carry any baby and they always handed their "fertility" potions to you. When you decided to switch things up and see if Ed could conceive they continued to give you the potions that you then gave to him. I think there's a high probability that they unknowingly sped up the process of their own son's condition.

Think about it, didn't Edmond's healer say he would have succumbed eventually but that it seemed to be early onset? What's one of the side effects of hemlock? Renal failure. As in failure of one of the body's organs. As well as respiratory distress. All of which could have contributed to an earlier death. I think if we're able to subpoena his medical records, which Oliver as his widower even if he inherited nothing should have no issue getting, it's likely that we can add murder and not just
attempted murder to their list of crimes to be answered for.

Or manslaughter? Or murder in the second or third degree? I don't know all the specifics of which one has intent or premeditation or all of those specific laws, but premeditated or not, causing your son's death isn't just a slap on the wrist!

They are going DOWN!

Anyway, I just got off of a floo call, sat down to write, and I'll be home with the two of you. I just had to call Grandmama first.

No, do not freak out. This is not me breaking a promise almost immediately after making it. I called her because I know this will come out. I know she will hear what's happening. And I wanted to let her know in no uncertain terms that we do not want her handling this. She initially gave me the "Yes, of course I hear you loud and clear Harry, nudge nudge, wink wink" until she realized that I was dead serious.

I told her that even if a week from now I called her in a drunken stupor because my puppetmaster mother-in-law got me blitzed with her husband and begged her to deal with them that she would leave it alone. Eventually she promised that she would never cause their deaths, saying "there will not be a trophy sent to any of you, I promise you that."

I think that's as close to a Grandmama promise as we can hope for. She won't kill them, and she won't send us any parts. I do wonder if she will somehow find a way to torture them for however long they stay in Azkaban, but hey I'm not her keeper!

I'll see you both soon. I'm bringing champagne and ice cream, not sure if we're celebrating or grieving but I've got us covered either way.

Love you,
Harry

Friday January 26th
The men I adore,

You are both currently shagged out. It was a rather emotional night all around. The three of us all felt elation, even as Oliver felt betrayed and we felt anguish on his behalf. We alternated between grieving/commiserating and celebrating, until Oliver himself finally cried out: "Enough! Shag me until I can't even remember my own name!"

And so we did.

This means that I didn't have a chance to tell you everything. Let me start by recapping what I did manage to tell you. As I said, Fierston was in charge of the interrogation, and because he could read their thoughts, he was able to see things they wanted to keep hidden, and by asking leading questions, he was able to find out things such as:

The reason Oliver's name was in all caps on the label on the jar was that they wanted to insure that Oliver and what'shisname didn't take the same herbs, despite the fact that they did give their son some other herbs that were also supposed to support fertility - from the 'donor' end - that almost certainly were contraceptives as well. Probably even the same Queen Anne Lace that they gave Oliver, maybe with general health promoting herbs added.
They actually told that girl to claim she was 17 so that they could claim they didn't know she was only 15.

They had her implanted with the fertilized eggs that passed the screening process, so at least they know that the baby won't have the genetic disease their son did, nor any of the other diseases that can currently be screened for.

But the biggest thing they ended up admitting to was that they did know they put Hemlock in with the QAL and that they had talked about it and agreed to do it beforehand. Their intention was to hopefully make Oliver sick in a way that looked natural and somewhat lingering, so that if he died - one might even go so far as to say WHEN he died - they could do their best to persuade their son that he needed to marry a woman and have his Heir the natural way.

Lastly, that they had 'casually mentioned' that Edward should put that money of Oliver's into their family account so that it could go to his rightful heir with the rest of it. Apparently, their vault was earning a MUCH better interest rate than the vault Edgar and Oliver had, and so - as a businessman - I personally cannot argue with that particular logic. Considering that they then tried to claim that Edbum gifted it to them and they had no idea it was intended for Cassie and Parker, well, that tells me they never intended for Oliver or the kids to have access to their own rightful money.

You might recall from THAT hearing, their financials were gone through and they DO have plenty of money, so I honestly have no idea why they wanted Oliver's money too. Maybe they actually thought they might eventually succeed in killing him and so his money would go to their son, and then, to his proper Heir anyway, and so, it wasn't stealing in their mind.

Whatever, that's all stuff you already know, and hopefully, Oliver won't be upset by reading this recap.

What you DON'T know is that Hermione reminded me today that she is my actual boss - as if I'd forgotten! And once she could see I was giving her a look that announced: Duh! Decided to get to the point and delegate some of her important business to me.

So...

I'm going to Russia.

Now before you panic, Harry, it's not for long. I can't tell you HOW long it'll take, but it shouldn't take more than a week or two. I leave Monday January 29th and my assignment is to talk to the Russian Magi-Government to persuade them to strengthen international bonds. Hermione has plans that...

Alright, they're supposed to be a complete secret for now, but I have a feeling she knows I'm going to tell the two of you and trusts that you'll not say a word to anyone else.

Remember the Triwizard Tournament? STOP PANICKING HARRY! She's NOT setting up a new inter-school event in which STUDENTS are placed at risk. She's decided that it's much more fun and responsible - not to mention profitable - if we organize it more like the Quidditch Cup.

That is to say, Adult Competitors in front of a LARGE paying audience. During a single weekend or week - as opposed to one event every couple of months, which I always thought was kind of stupid too, to be honest.

Yes, a portion of the profits is already set to be donated to the various Unity Houses around the world.
But as I was saying, because she wants this to be an event between the three 'local' magic communities, she needs a person with keen business acumen to pitch the idea to the Russians - as they will likely be harder to persuade - and if they get on board, I should be home in plenty of time to celebrate Valentine's day with you two before heading off to France to persuade their Magi-Government.

Also, don't worry, the ACTUAL event will be set for summer, thus, it WILL NOT interfere with our wedding! Rampaging Hungarian Horntails couldn't keep me away!

Now, with all the important things said, can I ask you to let me sleep in tomorrow? It's currently nearly 3 AM and I haven't been able to calm down enough to relax and fall asleep, thus, I'm probably going to be dead to the world when I normally wake up. That said, I MIGHT just initiate Oliver into the Somnophilia club (in an effort to FINALLY get to sleep), but whether I do or not, if you want to cast a sleeping spell on me and have your wicked ways with me while I'm sleeping the afternoon away, I wouldn't object.

Love, Lust, and all those other soft and tender emotions,
Draco
P.S. I'm telling you to loosen up my buttons baby!
Chapter 216

Chapter Summary

Harry is upset, Oliver is supportive, and Draco is on his way to Russia.

Saturday January 27, 2018

My Loves,

Yes, I am aware that throwing a tantrum and sitting alone in our rooms while everyone else enjoys a Saturday feast after an amazing Quidditch match is childish. I am aware that I am really only hurting myself by this display. I am mature and logical enough to understand that my tantrum changes nothing, everyone else is having fun without me, and I'm making myself look foolish.

No, I don't care.

I know we have spent decades practically, or at least A decade traveling the world. We have our fingers in so many businesses that we've often had to travel for whatever is needed. Usually we are able to go together, sometimes not. You Draco were able to stay in California with our sweet little Evie when Ollie and I had to come back to teach classes. When I was on my book tour I went by myself for some of it and took the kids with me for another part. Ollie is actually going to abandon us for a few days this summer for the equestrian training he applied for and was accepted into (still so proud of you Love). It is absolutely hypocritical and a little insane that I am this upset about you leaving us for a week Dragon.

And yet, here we are.

This is honestly less a temper tantrum and more of me just needing to wrap my head around why I'm so upset. This is an amazing plan of Hermione's, and Draco is the perfect person to accomplish it. You have familial ties with the country, in both the Wizarding and Muggle parts. You speak the language. You understand the culture. You're absolutely brilliant and you'll do our country proud I am sure of it.

And it's not like you wouldn't have welcomed Ollie or me coming with you if we weren't so busy with teaching. If we could have gone with you I know you would have loved showing off your loves, even in a place that would look down on triads.

Also, you're not taking the babies. Not even Morgana will be going along. There's no way any of the three of them would be alright without their main food source for such a long trip. So it isn't as though I would be angry with you taking the babies away.

Then why am I so upset?

I have a feeling if I were surrounded with the high spirits of everyone in the Great Hall I would probably end up bringing down the mood of the place. I can't find the positive in just about anything right now. I'm just going to miss you so damn much! I wonder if I'm just still feeling so raw from everything that happened with the criminal events coming out? I feel a bit as though I've been thrown off balance and not given any time to get my bearings before things began shaking
again.

Oh well, we've certainly been through worse. And this is going to mean this entire upcoming week, any time our Oliver needs his mind taken off his stress, it will be completely my responsibility to provide that distraction. Oh hell yes, I am going to keep him so distracted.

Well now I can't come to the celebration because of this problem in my pants!

I suppose I'm off to take care of this problem all by my lonesome. So while you both are stuffing yourselves with celebratory cake, I am going to be stuffing myself full of whatever toy catches my fancy.

Yours,
Harry

P.S. The tournament is this summer? It's not going to mess with our plans to travel to Iran is it? We have the gala and all the fundraising to do and not a lot of time to get it done. Please tell me you and Hermione took this into account when planning dates!

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Monday January 29th
The loves of my life,

Why do I always forget to tell you important things in person? Oh right, it's because whenever I see either of you, I immediately feel like kissing you is far more important than talking. Well, I have nothing better to do while on our jet than write you, so I will catch you up on the important stuff now.

Although, you actually probably DO know this already.

So, on Sunday when Harry was spending the day in his Gryffindor office with his Lions, and Oliver was out playing a friendly Quidditch match with all the house teams and anyone else who wanted to brave the cold wintry weather - although it was astonishingly sunny for this time of year in Scotland. Anyway, while you were both busy, I was having tea with Minerva and we were chatting about our upcoming wedding plans (and Harry, since I know you misread that, I MEAN your, mine, and Oliver's NOT Mine and Minerva's!).

The chat was going rather lovely, and even Morgana looked happy and content, but then my brother Sebastian flooed into the castle. He had chosen the main floo since it was the only one open on a Sunday - aside from our personal floo - and he figured that he'd need to register as a visitor to the castle anyway. Well, to his fortune, we were in the Headmistress' office, and thus right there so he didn't have to go looking for either of us.

Remember when I said I made an appointment with my brother but then had to reschedule it right away, well, I'd managed to have a Magi-Skype meeting with him one night when you were both asleep - since it was the only time that fit into both our schedules. Thus, I'd told him what we wanted and asked if he could do it. His response at the time was that he actually HAD brewed some prototypes but shelved them when he hadn't had anyone to test them on. In the past couple of weeks, he pulled them out and tested them on lab rats.

Funnily enough, he seemed to almost ignore Minerva as he chattered on and on with me about the potions, his theory and the variants he'd tried, before finally getting to the point that he'd succeeded and that he could give me a handful of Vials of potion designed to meld two (or more, but it works
best with only two) sets of DNA into one viable semen sample so that it can then fertilize a third party and that person can carry a child that is the combination of all three people.

In other words, we have a potion to create the child we're hoping for.

You don't really need to think on the semantic technicalities in which the potion is theoretically creating a child out of two sets of DNA that is then impregnating a third person, because when I let myself think about that, it boggles my mind enough that I, erm, picture things I REALLY don't want to picture!

In any case, while that bit of news IS very important, it's arguably NOT the most important part of that entire discussion. It seems that when Minerva listened in, she was reminded that Sebastian was probably the world's best potion master at the moment, and since he hadn't done anything more important than play around in his own lab, she offered him the position of that Potions Professor that is still doing such a deplorable job that she's a bit desperate to replace him.

Sebastian tried to decline at first, saying that he was horrible around people, but then I reminded him that he was doing an admirable job as a father to Balian and Vanessa. Sebastian STILL tried to politely decline, but Severus spoke up from his portrait, saying just one sentence: "You WILL do it, son."

And that was that. Sebastian is now the new Potions Professor. He actually started this morning as Minerva couldn't chuck the other bloke out fast enough.

But with Sebastian now having a job, and Delphini busy working on preparations for a Valentine's Day event at her gorgeous Bed and Breakfast (she's not best pleased that Harrison quit as a helper to help run the Hog's Head), I actually have Vanessa here with Jaz and Zaire.

You know that Zaire was NOT about to pass up a trip, even a business one, and insisted on coming with me. The surprise was that Jaz was so insistent that she come along, but since she doesn't have school - having opted to be homeschooled since Leah is her main teacher and does a better job than that all deaf school she was going to last year - I saw no reason not to let her come.

Funnily enough, this means that I have quite the entourage with me as Zaire's Callista came with to supervise him as he tours all the restaurants and food carts he can, Jaz and Vanessa brought Leah (and Leon), and I have Pippa (my shadow). Which means that Pierre is naturally with us, which means that SIRIUS is with - as he was NOT about to let his boys be parted from him for 1-2 weeks.

Oh! I nearly forgot! I agreed to bring Balian with too, but he's largely going to be watched by Zaire and Callista.

When we arrive in Russia, we're going to be staying in one of Grandmama's houses. I'm not certain she's actually in Russia at the moment as she'd traveled to London about a week before Christmas to spend the Hols with Kisa and the kids (and the rest of the Quartet, of course), and I haven't heard when or if she returned.

In any case, I have until Wednesday afternoon to get settled in before meeting with the Russian Ministry. Wish me luck and a speedy return!

Hit me baby one more time,
Draco

P.S. I hope I managed to shag you both hard enough that you're still feeling it when I return!
P.P.S. Will you place all the naughty memories you make while I'm gone in the Pensieve for me to watch when I get back?
Chapter 217

Chapter Summary

Harry is emotional, Oliver is keeping him sane, and Draco is in Russia.

Wednesday January 31, 2018

Dragon!

Wow, when you abandoned us on Monday I assumed I would be emailing you almost immediately. I figured I would email you so often that you would become annoyed with how often you were being bothered. I thought we would miss you so much that the idea of not telling you our every thought no matter how mundane would just wreck us and we'd be forced to practically give you a play by play of every breath taken.

Not that we don't miss you immensely ...

Harry's right Draco, we miss you so much! The bed is awfully lonely without you. Harry's always the warm one and you're always the cool one which means I get to sleep between you and I'm kept cozy warm but not overheated all night long. Without your satin-cool skin to bring down the temperature I've been absolutely melting! Come home!

Wow. Just wow. You heard the man Draco, I am too warm and Ollie never wants to sleep with me ever again. He wishes you were here to counter the terrible effects of having to sleep with me. I.Can't.Even.

Harry you absolute pain in my arse, you know that's not what I was saying. And weren't you the one complaining that you didn't realize just how much Draco did with the babies every day and the two of us just aren't cutting it? Don't you think that might as well be saying that I am a useless parent and you can't wait until Draco comes home to pick up my slack? No? You just meant that as an innocent compliment about our Love while he's away to remind him how special he is to us? Wow ... just wow Harry James.

Hey! I was kidding Ollie! Don't you dare withhold those kisses from me! Those are my kisses damn-it!

Anyway Draco, obviously we miss you for so many reasons. And I didn't realize how much of my time I spent adorably play fighting with you until you were gone. Oliver tries darling, but we all know he's no Slytherin. Two Gryffindors trying to fight with their words is like throwing alphabet soup at the wall and hoping something sticks. Or dropping a Scrabble box and hoping the tiles make their own good point. See we're so terrible the only way I could make fun of us was to compare us to soup and a board game.

Come home!

Despite missing you, one of the reasons we haven't written much is simply how busy we've been. Oliver was not kidding about me telling him we're struggling without you. I thought I was really hands on with these babies. I know how much time I spend up in the middle of the night with them,
feeding them, taking them to the occasional class.

And our Ollie is so active with them. I might be feeding them but he's immediately taking them and winding the air right out of them, changing the nappies, and settling them right back to sleep. He's got Gabe with him while he's shouting out pointers to the teams practicing, and we all know there's nowhere but their Daddy Ollie's lap that either of the boys would rather eat from.

I've always said that before we had Ollie, you and I managed to raise two different sets of almost triplets from birth or close to it. I kept telling you that if we managed that we could do anything. I really thought you and I had it handled. And when Ollie came into our lives it only got easier. Wow, the three of us are Superdads! No. YOU could do anything. YOU had it handled. YOU are Superdad! Our baby whisperer.

We are already thankful for how amazing you're going to be with our next baby! Eeek OUR next baby! We're really going to do it! Thank you, thank you, a million times thank you.

Before you panic about our baby stress, no nothing is wrong. Yes, the babies are all happy and healthy. They've been fed and changed and loved on. Gabe's potion regimen seems to be holding steady at only one or two tiny episodes per day. Dyl has been happy as a clam per usual. And our Morgana hasn't blown up a single human! That ugly-arse vase the medi-witch got you for Yule is another story.

What? You hated that thing and you know it! It's like she cares enough about you that she wanted to get you a present but while she was shopping she remembered that she secretly hates you as well. Or she has vision troubles. Is that it? Is she blind?

Fine! Morgana didn't touch your vase! I did it! I was dusting our rooms and was thinking about how ugly the vase was while I was shooting the dusting charm and I must have used too much power. I'm sorry alright? Next time we go shopping you can pick the ugliest thing there is and ....

Wait, no, I take it back. We already have that damn anthill. Yeah, let's call it even, the destruction of the vase is payback for me having to look at bugs constantly.

Bugs.

Yes Ollie I'm sorry I'm getting rambly and carried away. The other reason we haven't written as much you are already aware of. We've been trying to magi-skype every evening so the kids can see you, we can see you, we can see the older kids, and you can see all of us. But since tonight is actually the beginning of negotiations we will sadly have to go without our skype date. Therefore ... email it is!

So, the things you've missed so far:

Sebastian is a hit so far with the students. He thinks he's no good with people but he's always been good at talking about potions and dealing with people who were willing to let him be himself. I guess the students he's had so far have had no problem with any of that. I guess he's like a good version of his bio father. Brilliant at potions, takes what he's teaching seriously, but also isn't an arse-hole with a vendetta against a lonely little orphan boy.

And any professor was bound to leave a good impression on the students after Professor Shite-For-Brains.

The only issue has been the addition of a second Professor Malfoy into the teaching roster. That issue was fixed quickly as the first class (some mouthy little Gryffindors) asked if they could just
call him Professor Snape. He stared them down for a full minute, I think they were close to wetting themselves, when he replied with a "as that is my biological father's surname and my own middle name I will allow it" and went right back to teaching.

How has it been visiting the last few days with Grandmama? I would have told you she was already back in Russia if you'd only asked. I did talk to her just a few days ago if you'll remember. It seems as though we all travel so much for birthday celebrations, births, or weddings that we barely ever get to sit down and have a quality visit with her. Any time she visits there's some big party to plan for, attend, and then clean up after (sleep off). I know you have your meetings with their Ministry equivalent but I'm hopeful you managed to have some real conversations these last days. Please give her a big hug from me.

Unfortunately, because of how needy the little ones have been, Ollie and I don't have very many memories to place in the pensieve for your viewing pleasure when you get back. But as the little ones are all snoozing away, I think we'll go make a brand new one for you!

Love,
Your Men

P.S. Of course I know you didn't mean you were marrying Minnie! I am particular about taking your words as they are spoken, not that I can't understand basic context clues.

Wednesday January 31st,

Oi!

For such a LONG meeting, I have so very little to write about. Basically, I woke up and performed my morning routine with Jaz and Vani while Zaire and Callista took off with Balian to start on their lunch tour. When I was done and ready to go, Leah and Pippa left their boys with Sirius - who planned to take them to the zoo or some such.

Thus, when I walked into the Russian Equivalent of the Ministry, I had Jaz on my arm like a little lady, Pippa at my back, with Vani and Leah flanking a bit to our backs. It was rather impressive even if it looked a bit like a weird foreign gentleman bringing a couple of noble girls for an odd fieldtrip.

Once in the Ministry, we were greeted by a liaison who had the job of escorting us to the exact conference room designated for our meeting. The room was already full of Ministry Officials as - unsurprisingly - the Head of every Department plus the Minister and his cabinet of Advisers were on hand to listen to my pitch. I suppose that all they really knew was that I was a delegation from the British Ministry come to propose something big - and so, probably felt that it was something important enough for all the higher ups to listen to.

But no pressure, right?

So, I arranged it so that Jaz and Vani were off to the side where they couldn't distract anyone with Leah in front of them (with her back to the table full of Ministry Officials) so that she could interpret for them. As for me, I stood at the head of the table where a white board was ready if I needed it during my presentation.

"Minister," I began, addressing the highest person there with my rusty but still fluent Russian. I then looked at the rest with nods of respect. "I hope that I'm not being presumptuous in calling you
all friends. I have come here today to present a business opportunity from the British Minster for Magic - Hermione Granger. Let me start by introducing myself, I'm Draco Malfoy - Chief Adviser of the British Minister. This is my daughter Jasmine, my niece Vanessa, their sign language interpreter, Leah, and my invaluable assistant Pippa."

The Minister exchanged a questioning look with his Chief Adviser. The Adviser then asked: "Isn't it odd to bring a couple of little girls to a business meeting?"

I waved that away dismissively. "Of course not! How else do they learn to conduct business? I would have brought one of my sons as well, but he had more important things - to him - to attend to."

The majority of the Officials chuckled at that, which softened the mood a touch.

"Now that you all know who I am, let me get right to the point." I then launched into the sales pitch, Pippa magicking up a bit of a power point to illustrate and highlight the main points, and being that I KNEW that the Ministry wouldn't be swayed unless there was something worthwhile in it for them, I made sure that their potential profit margin was repeated several times.

The Minister sat listening intently, seeming neither for nor against the proposal, but his Advisers were all taking meticulous notes and forming questions. When I was done outlining every single detail, I answered all the questions they had, and then - as I expected - gracefully left when they told me that they wanted until Friday to think things over.

So, I brought the girls to dinner. Now, I have nothing better to do until Friday than visit my dearest Grandmama and have a lovely chat. As for this exact moment, Jaz is glaring at me so that I'll get the point that she would quite like to dance with me. I suppose that I'll just have to drop everything and dance with my beautiful daughter. Oh woe is me, such a hard life I lead.

NOT!

Off to dance with one of my little loves,
Draco
P.S. Give the babies kisses from me!
Chapter 218

Chapter Summary

Harry and Oliver still miss Draco, and Draco is making progress. Vodka may be involved.

Friday February 2, 2018

My Heart,

I know you have a few more hours before you meet up with the Russian Ministry to find out their answer, so I figured I would distract you with a nonsensical rambling bit of nonsense from me. Hopefully they will have an answer for you and not just another "hmm, we'll see, come back on Monday." Have you told them you've left your love at home and if you don't get back soon he might go all RHH on all of them.

You know, me Harry, your fiancé. In case you've forgotten who I am since we haven't seen each other in days and days and days!

I'm sorry I'm being so needy. I just miss you so much. I know we've been separated many times over the years but it's been a while and I've been very spoiled with having you home all the time. I probably get this way every time we have babies getting closer to a year or so old. When they're infants you are so adamant about never leaving them for a single moment. Sometimes to the point where I feel as though I need to beg just to get a dinner alone with you. Not that I am complaining, it's important for me that we're both hands on and present in their lives. But I get used to you being within arms' reach for all those months of pregnancies and then infancy and when you start branching out I want to throw a tantrum.

Alright, enough of that! I have been absolutely bitchy all week. I really am sorry. I know you hate being away from us and I'm just making it worse. Or maybe I'm making it better? If I'm obnoxious enough then you'll be glad to be away and won't be so sad about being without us! I just have to get Ollie on board to be just as obnoxious!

Damnit, he says no.

This week in my classes, I've used your mission as my lesson plan. Before you freak out thinking I spilled information I'm not even supposed to know, I've not referenced the trip or the reason for it at all. But with a big international tournament (hopefully) coming up, it inspired me to think about how that's done in the Muggle world. I did just a little web-searching and realized that the Muggles have a huge international tournament of their own coming up starting next week. It was perfect timing!

So, this week we've been discussing the Muggle Olympic Winter Games. I'm going to get probably a month's worth of lessons out of this one topic. It's bringing up the idea of international cooperation and the countries that are not promoting that cooperation. Obviously we're able to talk about all the different sports that are going to be showcased. And with the opening and closing ceremonies highlighting each nation's heritage and culture we get to add that in as well. I wouldn't be surprised if I didn't get more than a month out of this!
I am a bit worried that my students are going to beg for a field trip to try out the different winter sports. I love a good wild activity as much as the next guy, but the thought of taking some of these children to do anything more complicated than sledding terrifies me. Can you picture some of my accident prone kids trying to downhill ski for the first time? Or any of our own tricksters trying bobsledding and charming the sled to fly or go extra fast? I think I'll just take the Hufflepuffs!

Oh, just so you know, when I was prepping for my classes, Lily told me she thinks the figure skaters look amazing and she is going to become one. I explained to her that there is no equivalent to figure skating in the Wizarding World. She looked at me like I was a moron, and told me in her Malfoy no-nonsense voice, "That's why I'll have to do it in the Muggle World Daddy."

I'm researching classes or clubs nearby that she can join, but she wants you to take her shopping for skates and other gear. Again, I tried explaining that you didn't know anything about skating so I can just as easily take her shopping for gear. She put that singular eyebrow up, "You're not the shopping Daddy." Well that's that I suppose.

Hurry up and get home so I can see you and if that's not enough incentive, you get to go shopping right away!

Yours,
Harry

P.S. In case you needed more incentives, we finally managed a thorough memory for you to watch last night.

Friday February 2nd
Moi Milyye,

On Thursday, I did have a nice long and lovely chat with my dearest Grandmama, in which I opened up about how gutted I felt to realize that I am a murderer, and then reinforced our decision to NEVER ask her to do anything like that again. She was... accepting...

Today, my meeting was set so that I had a nice leisurely amount of time to get ready. I - of course - got even more dolled up than I had on Wednesday, and that's really saying something as I was dressed to kill (figuratively) on Wednesday. Once again, the girls got ready with me.

After we arrived at the Russian Ministry and were settled in, we had a few hours of going over every detail at length. See, on Wednesday, I'd basically given an overview - a very long overview - but I didn't want to overwhelm them with information. So, now that they've had a few days to think it over, they realized that they wanted to know the specifics. Once they were satisfied that they knew all the details, they told me that they needed until at least Tuesday or Wednesday to think it over.

Now this may sound like a setback, but it's really not, because at the very end of the meeting, the Minister himself suggested that I have my girls sent home with Leah so that I could go drinking vodka with them. Pippa was naturally included as they recognized her as my invaluable assistant. And I have probably said this before, but drinking vodka in Russia is a bit of a necessity for bonding and conducting business. Thus, yes, I'm about to go get wasted in the name of international cooperation.

But lest you worry, Pippa has already promised to keep herself so mildly drunk that she can still think clearly and prevent me from doing anything stupid. Good thing she's such an expert at covert
sobriety (or partial sobriety) charms! But now I have to wonder WHO she practiced those charms on to get so good at doing them covertly...

I'm a slave for you (two),
Draco
P.S. You think it's hard not having me with you while I'm gone? Try being me in which I don't even have either of you with me, and so, I'm going mad with horniness! I swear to Salazar that if I don't shag one of you soon, I'm going to lose my mind and come back an Inferius! Both my hand and my shaft are getting positively raw! Sigh... :-(

P.P.S. Vodka tastes better than I remember.

P.P.P.S. Pippa is dancing like an utter slag, but the Russian Officials don't seem to mind.

P.P.P.P.S. I'M dancing like an utter slag!

P.P.P.P.P.S. Ooo... Jumping over this bonfire is fun...

P.P.P.P.P.P.S. COWS!!!

P.P.P.P.P.Pee.Pee.Sssss. qawssdeddrftgyhuhjjik!

Around midnight: Dear Harry and Oliver, stop worrying about Draco, he's currently passed out and sleeping off his drunken stupidity, thus you won't be receiving anymore drunken emails or Insta-owls tonight. Also, I made sure that his normal over the top flirtiness and slagginess DIDN'T get too far out of hand. As far as I can tell, he genuinely impressed the Russian Officials tonight and they are going to be MUCH more friendly from here on out, so, mission all but accomplished! See you soon! ish...
Love,
Pippa
Chapter 219

Saturday February 3, 2018

Good Morning our Love,

I will try and type to you very very quietly. I'd hate to disturb what is likely some very important rest for your poor body. Raw hand and shaft, your liver has to be working overtime, plus I can’t even imagine how your brain is going to react when it sees just how many cow photos you took of yourself last night.

Then again, some of those photos were far enough away that I know you couldn't have taken them without some sort of levitation and timing spell, which based on your evening's interests, I would guess you did not have the precision to cast those. Who took the pictures for you? Pippa? If that's the case I am really looking forward to seeing the ones she took with her own magi-mobile. She's going to OWN you!

I wonder what it will take to bribe her into giving me all of the outtakes. Methinks our dear Pippa deserves a raise. But I realize I have no idea just how much she makes at this point. She keeps getting raises, she gets percentages of profits from most of the businesses. I wouldn't be all that surprised to find out her net worth is significantly more than ours. Not that she doesn't deserve every single knut, I just can't help but laugh thinking of how much she makes but when someone hears her job title is "Assistant" they probably think she's not very well off.

I know that you're in Russia for something very important, and I know you had to have your vodka party with them last night, and I'm obviously well aware that you have to be there for Tuesday and/or Wednesday when they will (hopefully) give you their answer. But do you have to stay there the whole weekend? What about just a quick pop back home for a cuddle and a shag? You could come home later today, spend the afternoon with the babies and the littles, dinner with us and your parents, be there for bedtime stories. Then the three of us could shag ALL NIGHT!

You could sleep in tomorrow morning, one more quick shag for the road, and be back in Russia by Sunday evening. What do you think?

Okay, I know I'm being unreasonable. I just miss you! And your email quite got my hopes up, when you said the Russian contingent told you to send the girls "home with Leah" for a moment I thought that meant they were coming HOME ... not back to Grandmama's house. When I finally caught on and realized what you had said it was like being hit with all of you leaving all over again. I had to cry into Ollie's lap.

Well, I cried until there was a different reason for my eyes to water!

And then you definitely made up for any sadness with an inbox full of pictures of you and your dancing partners! Hehehe, I swear those pictures are seared into my brain forever. Some day years in the future you'll be receiving some award like an Order of Merlin and I will smile softly. You will lean in and ask me what has me so happy. I will hold onto your hand, give you a loving smile, and say "thinking about the time you tried to Conga with a cow!" Then I will laugh forever after.

Less funny though, is that you apparently tried jumping over a bonfire? Draco Lucius, we have talked about this; no fire when you've been drinking! You're not in your right mind and the alcohol only makes you more flammable! No.Fire.
I understand that asking for a third meeting can only be a good thing and not a setback. If it were a negative they just would have told you to go home with a swift "no thank you." Wanting all these meetings mean they care enough to get nit-picky. But I'm worried about how long they are going to drag this out. Especially if you're pretty much going to have to turn right back around and head to France to do the same negotiations all over again.

I am going to be a bit of a brat and insist that if they add on more time and you have to stay longer that you will at least ACTUALLY send the girls home. Jaz needs to wake up in her own bed to her traditional pancakes for her birthday! And by "Jaz needs" I of course mean "I need to wake her up with the traditional birthday breakfast or I will lose my mind!" I only get so many birthdays with these babies before they grow up and leave the nest and I have to give the tradition over to their spouse.

I love Maha, but I did NOT love giving River's birthday mornings away. Why can't our children just stay eternally five years old forever?

Ugh, I'd better not tempt you into trying to talk me into the age stopping potion again.

No. No potion.

Hurry up and wake up and come home! We need you!!

Love,
Me

Tuesday February 6th
Biyeniye moyego serdtsa,

Good news! You don't have to miss me for too much longer!

Yes, I took your advice and left the girls with Leah and Pippa so they could do some sightseeing, even as Zaire and Callista continued their tour and Sirius took on Balian to play with Pierre and Leon. Thus, me all by my lonesome came home and had a nice long bedroom session with the two of you. That did a LOT to recharge my spirits after the demoralizing photo viewing session I had to suffer through at Pippa's glee.

The part of having to return to Russia for the final meeting that damn near broke my heart was when Morgana saw me getting ready to leave again, and not only threw a fit until I held her, but then REFUSED to let me put her down without blowing up everything in the room. Thus, I brought her with me.

But getting back to the good news. It seems that the Russian Officials had a nice long meeting on Monday to discuss the opportunity, and since the only objection anyone really had was how the last Triwizard Tournament had been rigged by the Dark Lord to serve his own purposes - and we'd vowed to prevent any sort of tampering - there really wasn't much else to object to. The Tournament should bring in a lot of money for all participating parties, and the Russian Ministry of Magic could use a bit of a cash influx, if they're honest - which they weren't, but I could read it in everything that wasn't said.

Thus, today, I was summoned to the Ministry to hear their final decision. I once again brought the girls - this time including Morgana - and we were shown to the same conference room. Interestingly enough, after laughing their arses off over my penchant for dancing with large farm
animals, they didn't question for a second the fact that I had a baby in a carrier over my expensive bespoke robes.

The Russian Minister heckled me good-naturedly a bit - insisting that I couldn't hold my vodka - but then got right directly to the point: they'd voted on my proposal and (by a rather large majority) had approved it. Thus, rather than have to stay, I get to go home tomorrow (it'll be too late tonight).

From this point on, it's actually the Russian Ministry that will have to send a representative to the British Ministry to coordinate the event - provided the French agree. Basically, the committee in charge of actually organizing and implementing the tournament is going to be comprised of our Ministry Officials, Russian Officials, and French Officials. That way, each country SHOULD feel as if they were fully involved in the event.

So, after that announcement was made, I was in the middle of shaking everyone's hands - as were Pippa and the girls as they were being included in the mini celebration, but don't worry, only a single glass of Vodka was passed around for us all to drink from - when something unexpected occurred.

Pansy and Ivan walked into the conference room. I just so happened to spot them before anyone else.

"Pans! What are you doing here?"

"Draco love! It's been AGES since I last saw you!" Pansy replied as we kissed each other on the cheek. Ivan shook my hand even as Pansy answered my question. "Ivan and I came here to meet with Minister Petrikov about some important business. What are YOU doing here?"

"I'm also here on business," I informed her as Ivan went over and whispered in Petrikov's ear.

"What sort of business?" Pansy wondered with a suspicious look.

I pushed on her nose. "None of your business, you nosy cow!"

"Bloody Bastard!" The insult just doesn't come across the same in Russian. "I KNOW you weren't planning to go home WITHOUT visiting your best friend!" She stared me down until I had the good sense to wave my hands and reassure her.

"Of course not! I was planning to arrive unexpectedly for dinner tonight!"

She harrumphed. "You'd BETTER!"

Meanwhile, from what I could tell, Ivan had secured a nearly immediate meeting with the Minister, and was somewhat anxious to rush me out of the Ministry so that he could get to it. He pounded me on the back genially.

"Yes! Come to dinner! And then WE can talk YOUR ear off about our daughters' wedding!"

I laughed, patting him on the shoulder. "I look forward to it."

And with that, Pansy took control of the conversation once more. "Darling, don't be a bitch and overstay your welcome. Your business here is finished, so get the fuck out already, yeah?"

I snorted in amusement (mostly because the Officials were goggling in shock that she dared to say such a thing in POLITE company), nodded, kissed her on the cheek again, and then gestured for my group to take our leave.
So that's my good news. I succeeded! All I have to do now is have dinner with Pansy and Ivan, get a good night's sleep, and then take our jet home to you tomorrow. See you soon!

But everything you do makes my heart race, I can't think straight,
Draco
P.S. Pippa makes quite enough, thank you very much!
Chapter 220

Wednesday February 7, 2018

Draco!

You are not home yet. Since you are you, you're probably already aware of this fact. So now I'm just rambling nonsense. Pretty par for the course I suppose.

I was prepared to be anxiously anticipating your arrival right now. Don't get me wrong, I am definitely hoping you get home any moment. If you were to show up right this moment, I would go running out of this classroom screaming "Class is canceled, tell everyone not to bother me for the rest of the day" possibly knocking over small children if they happen to get in my way.

While I definitely want you home, I have found something to keep me distracted and quite entertained. So I'm not hyper-focused on staring at the clock counting down the seconds. That's for the best since I am certain you stayed up much too late spending time (drinking) with Pansy, discussing the girls' upcoming wedding, complaining about the fact that Ollie and I won't let you dress up the peacocks for ours. Which means you're probably going to be waking up even later than your usual schedule.

Shall I start with the fun things distracting me? Or should I begin with the depressing? Honestly though, even the depressing things distracting me are fantastic news that will likely have a good outcome even while being something I don't truly want to have to hear.

I should probably stop babbling and at least explain WHAT is the distraction. Do you remember a few ... weeks? months? ago when I told you all about the assignment I'd given my classes? I had them open their own email account and email each other, cc-ing myself so I can see they'd done it correctly? Email, or any electronic communication really, is quite important to learning about Muggle culture. But I gave the assignment that particular day because .... Oh! I gave the assignment because Maha was in labor and I was counting down the minutes until we could go see her. Then it was definitely months ago, two months to be precise.

So, I didn't particularly want my students to have access to my personal email address. I have no problem communicating with my students, I try to be approachable, but they don't need to be pestering me at all hours on an email address that I have alerts turned on for. I do not need dinging in my ear every time some student wants to send me a link to cat videos. Because of that, I gave them a secondary email address that I'd created just for the assignment.

In the last two months I haven't checked it at all once I received all of their first emails so I could give them credit for completing the assignment. I feel quite badly about it, but with everything that had been going on with Evie's birth, then Gemi's birth, planning for the funeral, the holidays, it just slipped my mind. And if someone had sent me something important I'd hope they would have eventually come up and asked "Hey Professor Malfoy, why didn't you respond to my email?" But nothing like that happened.

Today in class, wanting another day of distraction, I had them do a bit more work on the internet and subsequently their emails. I had them sign up for certain websites, showing how risky giving out information can be on the internet. The assignment had me opening up my own secondary email and saw I had a massively full inbox. Oops.

I was a bit relieved actually, because there were only a handful of emails written directly to me.
Most of the inbox was their own continued conversations with each other that they never took me off of. Some of them were just a few emails here or there, pretty mundane, and some of them I realized were now emailing back and forth to their friends (and me) multiple times a day for two solid months. It was really cool because some of the emails were originally just between students who initially messaged because they happened to be classmates and have now become good friends due to this communication.

Alright, you know me, I was going to do the long drawn out way to get to the depressing news I discovered but I won't do that to you this time. Finally .... FINALLY ... after months of asking my friends in the Auror department, in the Department of Children and Families, and nosy people who may or may not be the current sitting Minister for Magic, I have evidence that Meredith Mulciber is being abused!

I'm sure you were surprised months ago when you mentioned your conversation with her and I didn't say a single thing about her being apparently verbally and physically abused at home. Probably wondering to yourself when your husband stopped caring about child abuse. Well, the answer is that I never stopped caring. But I've dealt with different parts of the Mulciber family for years. Our own Cassie was a Mulciber by birth if you'll remember. So I didn't want to say or do anything to arouse their suspicion. I tried to be subtle in the search for proof and answers. I asked a few key people to keep their eyes and ears open.

I wanted to just go and take her away from her family immediately but recognized that with her being in a boarding school, and not being one of the students that pop back and forth, I knew she was in a secure and safe space that gave us time to do the sleuthing we needed to do.

Unfortunately, her family is very very good about hiding their activities. It's been months and none of my spies have managed to find a thing.

Until today. See, Meredith is in my Muggle Studies class. She is one of the students who created an email account and copied me on her chain. She's also one of the students who kept it going with her inter-class pen-pal. I opened up her email chain and read months of her baring her soul to her friend Druella. About the abuse she's suffered at the hands of her family. At her admittance that she's actually taken and then hidden pictures of different injuries she's had. An admission of lying to Poppy about where the bruises she came to school with at the beginning of the year were from.

It certainly was enough information that we could pull them in for questioning and I'm certain we could have had her sent to Unity for a healing session. But again, those Mulcibers are sneaky. I wouldn't put it past them and their old money to get out of this by claiming it's lies coming from a disturbed teenager. Until she mentioned a certain dark artifact that her family owns. An artifact whose existence would turnover her father's original lack of sentencing at the end of the war.

She mentioned the artifact by name and included its location. It was enough to pull a warrant for the Goblins to check for its existence within the Mulciber vault. Guess what was there?

So, as of today, we have all the proof we need to open a full investigation and bring up charges against Meredith's abuser!

Oh Gods! I had more to tell you, but I just got an insta-owl saying you'll be home in our rooms within the next ten minutes! Off to love on you!

Yours,
Harry
Wednesday February 7th
My hearts,

Oliver was lucky in that he happened to be in our quarters the moment I sent the Insta-owl to both of you. At that point, our jet had just landed and I needed to Side-Along the girls to the Manor (Zaire had Calista bring him, Pippa had Balian, Sirius had Pierre, and Leah had Leon), verify that no one had forgotten anything, and then Floo to the Castle.

Thus, Oliver was ready and waiting for me to emerge through the Floo into our quarters. I had a glorious minute or two of holding him tight and kissing him hello before you ran into the room (your magic flinging the doors open before you and not bothering to shut them again) and literally flung yourself into my arms with your arms and legs wrapped around me as much as possible. I had anticipated this and returned your fervor, walking backwards toward our bedroom - yanking Oliver by his shirt when he seemed hesitant to follow.

Thinking back, I suppose he reckoned that since you had him but not me for over a week, you should have a half hour or so alone with me, but we both insisted that he needed to be involved too. So it was that the three of us hit our bed and damn near broke it in our enthusiasm to get reacquainted.

Salazar I missed you both!

After pounding you both and being pounded rather vigorously in return for a few hours, I was bloody famished. So, we cleaned up a bit, found some clothes to throw on (alright, I summoned some nice clean and presentable clothes from my tiny wannabe closet) and went to eat dinner in the Great Hall with everyone else in the castle.

So, apparently Meredith has heard the news about her father somehow, because she was a bit withdrawn as we walked into the Hall, and I noticed her because I'd been thinking about her lately - wondering how her studies have been going, if she's been keeping up with her mind palace, things like that, as I haven't seen her since December... I might have seen her for a few minutes in January, but I don't quite remember.

Anyway, when she looked up and saw me walking down the main aisle toward the Head Table, she let out a small sob and raced to throw her arms around me and bury her head in my favorite waistcoat. A little flustered but willing to roll with it, I rubbed her back and let her just focus on her breathing.

Unfortunately for my stomach, she was too much of a mess to say anything, despite managing to not cry. Sensing that it was a fine line for her, I gestured to you two to go on without me and led her out of the hall toward our quarters. Once there, I settled her in a comfortable chair and let her just babble and cry for about a half an hour until she apparently felt like my lap on the sofa was a far more soothing place to be, because she plopped herself on the sofa to cry on my lap until she fell asleep - it barely took ten minutes at that point.

So, I find myself once again stuck under an emotional child as they get some quality and probably much needed sleep. Thankfully this time, I have access to my laptop and can read and write emails. I still have to basically write up a report on my mission for Hermione to send off to her before I meet with her tomorrow evening.
So, if you need me, I'll be on the sofa in our Quarters.

Have you ever wondered why in a dream you can touch a falling sky?
Draco
Chapter 221

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Harry thinks Draco is a Cinnamon Roll, Oliver was topping a list, and Draco goes to the Ministry for a bit.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Thursday February 8, 2018

You know, after so many years parenting together I am quite used to seeing you with a child that's fallen asleep on you. Years of co-sleeping and baby-wearing. Weddings and galas and birthday parties where you have danced with one of our small children who ended up asleep on your shoulder. The fact that we're such a cuddly tactile family means innumerable nights where some child has fallen asleep with their head in your lap while you stroke their hair. It's a sight I love, a sight I will never tire of, but definitely not a sight that shocks me.

Or at least I thought it was a sight that wouldn't be able to shock me. But now I've been finding you with my students having fallen asleep while pouring their hearts out to you. Somehow, this ice prince of mine, a man who tries to pretend to the outside world that he's cold and unfeeling except in the case of his family members, has become Hogwarts' own shoulder to cry on. The man children run to because they know he will have an ear to listen and a lap to sob into. They've all figured out what I've known all along; you Draco Malfoy, are a marshmallow.

Yep, a great big cinnamon roll. Sweet and squishy.

Since you were otherwise indisposed last night, we really just had a quiet night in our rooms without doing much talking or catching up. I think I speak for Ollie as well as myself when I say we had no wish to wake up poor Meredith from her exhausted unconsciousness. Most of it was wanting her to get rest and feel better. Some of it was a bit selfish in not wanting to also be flooded with teenaged tears. Especially when I honestly don't know enough about the situation to have any real answers to give her. All I could share with her last night was time alone with my love.

We definitely didn't want to go elsewhere, even if we weren't talking I wasn't about to let you out of my sight. Luckily for us we're fluent in BSL so we did get to talk a bit, but not enough to make up for days of separation. I knew how much you had to be starving so I asked the Hogwarts' elves to make up a big plate for you. Although you weren't fed the stew everyone else got, it's not exactly an easy thing to eat on handed without spilling all over. But they made you up a tray of some of your favorite finger foods.

Hopefully you weren't too disappointed in missing out on the stew.

Oh! Seeing as we didn't get a chance last night to really talk, I didn't tell you all about the lists! Draco, the students have running email chains where they are compiling and ranking certain things. What kind of things? Oh just things like "Hogwarts' Best Quidditch Players" and "Swottiest
Students" ..., oh ... and ... you know ... things like "Most Snoggable Gryffindor" and "Fittest Professors."

Yeah, these children have cc'ed me in an email chain that ranks myself and my colleagues according to how hot the children find us. Eeeeeeewwww!

AND! Up until recently Ollie and I were neck and neck, going back and forth between first and second place. Silly kids who are still loyal to my fame I guess. It makes me feel awful squicky, but then again our Ollie IS awfully fit! But very recently we were ousted by a new professor. Oh yes, the current first place "fittest professor" is our very own little brother Professor Sebastian Malfoy!

I honestly can't decide what emotion I'm feeling about it. Relief to no longer be the tops of the lists. A little offended that they ousted our perfect fiance. Or weirded out by the idea of anyone finding my little brother attractive. I think I'm just going to stick with over-all horrified.

Yep, horrified. I may need to have you obliviate me later.

Love,
Harry

Thursday February 8th,
My two rocks of sanity!

Well, I've had quite the day.

It started a little earlier than usual. It seems that once Meredith felt safe enough to fall asleep, her anxiety fueled sleep deprivation kicked in and kept her asleep until a little after 9:30. I had PLANNED to stay up until I finished my report for Hermione, and then levitate her off me so that I could join the two of you in bed, but my own travel fueled exhaustion had me dropping off while I was still sitting on the sofa with her head in my lap.

Thus, when she woke up, she gasped and started babbling about being so sorry to have slept on me all night. Naturally, this woke me up. It took a bit to reassure her that I wasn't about to hex her for falling asleep on my lap. Once I managed to calm her down with tea and fruit filled crepes, she felt comfortable enough to actually tell me what she'd been babbling last night:

That she'd found out that they'd basically arrested her father, and how terrified she is that he'll be let go and then blame her for somehow getting him in trouble. She has NO illusions about what he'll do to her if he even remotely thinks she is somehow responsible for his current predicament. You may know this after having read her emails in which she talked about her home life, but what it all boils down to is that her father is not just emotionally abusive - yelling at her nearly every time he sees her - but also physically abusive, often giving her bruises and - on a rare occasion - a broken bone.

What she HASN'T had the courage to tell anyone - not even her new best friend Druella - is that he has molested and raped her in the past, and that behavior has seemed to escalate as she gets older.

Now you might be wondering about her mother at this point. Well, it seems as if Meredith's mother is, erm... abused as well. Not quite to the point that Meredith is - unless that happens when she's here at Hogwarts - but enough that Mrs. Mulciber tends to just go along with whatever her husband says. Thus, when Mr. Mulciber stated that Meredith would be disowned if she didn't bring her grades up, his wife basically agreed and told Meredith to do her very best, no matter what.
I asked about that. I know it probably seems cruel to ask about such a thing, but I asked why Meredith was so upset about being disowned if it meant that she would no longer be living with her abusive father, and she told me that she never believed for a second that he'd actually let her out of his control, that the threat was simply a 'more socially acceptable' version of: Do what I say or suffer the most painful consequences I can think of!

So, yeah, all in all, I will set our lawyers to the task if there is the SLIGHTEST chance that his lawyers might manage to get him clear of his charges. This man IS going to Azkaban for a long time if I have ANYTHING to do with it!

But that was just the start of my day. After Meredith finally felt ready to go to class (I wrote her a note excusing her from the ones she'd already missed), I was more or less on time for my morning routine. I did my yoga, took a shower, performed my skincare routine, and then got dressed in a comfortable but classy bespoke business suit so that I could head into the Ministry.

I brought Morgana with me since she simple REFUSED to let either of you take her from me this morning (meaning that she slept in bed with you, but insisted that you put her in a playpen so she could watch me finish sleeping), thus after I was ready, I tied her favorite wrap carrier to me with her in it. I was a little early for work - since I actually don't have to be to Hermione's office until around 4 - but I figured that I'd use the extra time to stop by the Auror department and chat with Robards.

I'm glad I did!

It seems that the Fuckwads have been INSISTING that they talk to me. Strange, I know, but true. Well, Robards wasn't even going to consider it, which is why he never sent me a note, but it came up in conversation, and so, I thought why not, maybe I can read some more incriminating evidence in their minds. So, I agreed to talk to them one at a time, starting with Mrs. Fuckwad.

She basically just wanted to see if she could appeal to my sense of tradition and certain values. She begged me to put in a good word for her and her husband because surely I can understand doing whatever it takes to carry on the family line. You know, had I talked to ONLY her, I might have considered speaking on her behalf. MIGHT, because while she is NOT my favorite person in the world, she at least seems mostly sane and I can sort of see her point of view.

BUT THEN I talked to Mr. Fuckwad.

He tried to intimidate me. To bully and threaten me. To imply that if I DIDN'T help him and his wife, there would be dire consequences. I could see without even reading his mind that this was a desperate last ditch attempt to get me on their side because they don't have a hope nor a prayer.

After listening to him, I said basically just one thing: "Why in the seven levels of hell would I help YOU when you and your wife tried to MURDER a man I love so much that I'm going to MARRY HIM?"

That's when he blustered for a little bit, which was rather amusing until he...

He pointed his finger at Morgana and roared: "WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF SHE WAS YOUR ONLY HEIR AND SHE ***DIED*** BEFORE CARRYING ON THE FAMILY LINE?!?! WOULDN'T YOU DO ***ANYTHING*** YOU HAD TO TO KEEP IT GOING?!"

I was going to give him a well considered reply. It may have been something along the lines of considering using a surrogate to carry a legitimate Heir if necessary. Except I didn't have a chance.
His finger pointing at Morgana and his very loud shouting must have upset or even scared my otherwise fearless baby girl, because she screeched one very shrill and high pitched wail that blew up all the magical lighting, which startled Mr. Fuckwad into silence.

He looked around in confusion, pressing a hand to his chest as he no doubt felt shocked that a BABY could be so powerful in her accidental magic.

In any case, I was no longer going to waste a second on this man because it was far more important to comfort our little Queen. Thus, I stood up, bid a fairly calm good day, and let the room.

So... the oddest thing happened. As I stood out in the hall talking to Robards - who'd been watching through a special magi-mirror spell - a pair of guards were assigned to bring him back to his cell, but when they actually tried, they found it difficult to do because he was suffering from some sort of attack. They had to call for a Mediwitch to attend to him.

Which is how I got to see my friend the Mediwitch. She was looking as confident as ever and did her best to help Mr. Fuckwad, but unfortunately - of fortunately, depending on your view of the situation - she was too late. The attack he was suffering was a heart attack, and it was the sort that had a fatal ending almost before anyone noticed it.

Thus, Mr. Fuckwad is now dead.

With that situation on my mind - I felt a bit like ***I*** had been responsible, despite the fact that the Mediwitch assured me that it was something that was likely to happen sooner or later, and I simply happened to be unfortunate enough to be in the vicinity when it happened. But with that on my mind, I went to Hermione's office and we had a much needed dinner together as I recapped my email report and answered all of her questions.

She says I have until February 16th before I have to leave for France. But that she insists that I do actually leave on that Friday so that I can confirm for them that I'm in the country and waiting for my meeting on Monday the 19th. However, that'll give me the entire weekend in Paris to shop, relax, go to a spa, and just basically hangout with whichever of our kids insists on coming with me. Also, we think that the fact that the Russians are already on board will help the French make up their minds much more quickly. That said, the French are not exactly known for doing things quickly, so we'll see.

This is the world we live in, and these are the hands we're given, use them and let's start trying, to make this a place worth living in,

Draco

P.S. While you two are still in your afternoon classes tomorrow, I'm bringing Jaz out to whatever she wants for her birthday.

Chapter End Notes

If you're confused about Draco calling Oliver's ex-in-laws a very rude name, keep in mind that he did try to refer to them semi-respectfully until they broke the camel's back in his mind by plotting to murder Oliver. And Oliver knows that Draco has started referring to them as such, and is a bit hurt by it, but hasn't said anything because he feels that Draco's rudeness is motivated by concern for him, and so, it would be a bit petty to get upset about it.
Chapter 222

Chapter Summary

Harry has an idea...

Friday February, 9, 2018

Good Morning Sunshine!

I've already had a lovely morning and I'm about to head off to my second class. I had stopped in during the little break I have between my first and second hoping to see you but you were still sleeping. So I had to make due with staring at your beautiful, relaxed, sleepy face. Poor, sad, me.

I'm normally an early riser, but I'm sure you're well aware of why I had to be up even earlier than usual today. It's our Jaz's ninth birthday! Despite the fact that I could have had the elves cook up anything we wanted, I had to hand make our sweet girl her birthday breakfast and bring it to her. When she gets older, probably once she's old enough to enter Hogwarts officially, I'm sure she'll want at least some of her birthday breakfasts in the Great Hall with her friends. Just as I did for our kids who have already been through Hogwarts. But for now I get to selfishly keep this ritual all to myself.

She is already looking forward to her day with you, she won't even tell me what activity she's going to force you into. Good luck with that! Most of our children I have a good idea of what they're going to ask for when given full rein over the activities. Seph is always going to want to do something death defying. Siri and Zwei STILL choose dirt-biking most of the time they're given the choice. The Divas will choose shopping hands down. Lainie always chose something musical or dance related. But Jaz is a bit of a wild card.

Anyway, I can't wait to hear all about whatever the two of you plan on doing today. Yes two, as I've already cuddled up Morgana and she's going to be spending the afternoon with me today!

Actually, can you make it a trip with three? I think Ollie could use a day of distraction. Don't worry, I already read the lay of the land with Jaz, subtly bringing up Ollie's lack of classes this afternoon. She immediately brightened and asked if he was going to join in her birthday celebration. I said I wasn't sure and she got that mischief look on her face and signed "I can talk him into it." So don't worry about making her feel badly by not having it be "just" the two of you.

I think he's really having an emotional time with the death of his ex father in law. He seems torn between relief that the man will never hurt him again, sadness at the loss of someone who, while they obviously didn't love Oliver, he did care about for a very long time, and guilt for being relieved at his death. If anyone could use a fun day doing something ridiculous with one of the men he loves and one of the sweetest children on the entire planet, it's our Ollie.

Or actually, now that I think about it, it's likely there will be four of you. Jaz is never very far away from her cousin-shaped shadow is she?

Well I hope the four of you have an absolutely wonderful day while I stay here teaching like a damned chump!
Kidding of course, I really do hope you have a wonderful afternoon together and I'll get to see you all for dinner at the Manor. And I absolutely love my job so teaching certainly isn't a bad way to spend the afternoon.

Speaking of teaching though, I have an idea! I'm going to stop by Minnie's office later on today when I have some more free time between classes, but I should probably run it past you as well.

So, do you remember this fall when we took a huge portion of my students to America for their holiday at the Cullens? And how the rest of my students were quite upset with me that I didn't include all of them? Well, I had a bit of a problem with your last email. You are going to go to PARIS, for a lovely weekend and talking about which children you are going to bring? The weekend after Valentine's Day, you are going to go to the City of Love ... without your loves? It's the cold enough season that Ollie could easily get out of his duties on Wednesday and take an extremely long weekend, but it's not really feasible for me to cancel two or three days of classes to go on a whirlwind vacation.

But!!! If I take my students with us, on a Muggle sightseeing tour, I can kill two birds with one stone! I won't have to cancel lessons, I can guide them through Muggle Paris for hours during the day, and then in the evenings they can all run amock through the hotel's pool while we go out to a romantic dinner! I can bring them back to Hogwarts on Friday just in time to turn back around and spend the rest of the weekend with you. Ollie and I can head back to Hogwarts either Sunday night or early Monday morning in time for classes and for you to get to your meeting.

What do you think? If Minnie goes for it are you in? And she'll totally go for it, I'll just give her the big Gryffindor puppy dog eyes. She can't say no to her favorite student ever!!

Excitedly,
Your Harry

Friday February 9th
My insane little puppy!

Jaz and Vani have insisted that Oliver and I bring them to the Magi-zoo - and since I am a part owner of it (shocking, I know) in addition to Luna, we have permission to get up close and personal with ALL of the animals if we want. Feeding them, petting them, and apparently Jaz and Vani have plans to kiss them all as well.

So, while we're doing that, please oh please my love, go convince Minerva to let us bring HALF of Hogwarts with us to Paris for Valentine's Day!

Yes, that was sarcasm, but yes, I am actually on board with this idea. I always felt we never got out of the castle to actually SEE things as often as we should have. I mean honestly, my father had to take me to places like Borigin and Burkes, otherwise I'd've never known about such an important shop. I always thought they should've opened up a branch in Hogsmeade, but anyway, the point is that I always love to travel with you and our kids, and with as many as we have, what's a few hundred more?

Love you to pieces even if I sometimes have to wonder at your sanity,
Draco
P.S. I know, we are, we are the lucky ones, dear!

P.P.S. Jaz asked me to ride on her shoulder in my marmoset form, and once I agreed, Oliver
scrunches up his eyes and seriously focused on trying to finally transform into an Animagus. Impressively, he succeeded! He's... an elephant...
Chapter 223

Chapter Summary

Harry gets to take Oliver for a ride, and Draco can't believe how big he is!

Friday February 9, 2018

Hurry Home!

I just finished with my meeting with Minnie, so hurry home I want to tell you all about it! I mean, honestly you know the answer was yes. As if there was ever any doubt that she would say no to her favorite former student. Or I suppose there was no doubt that she would say no to having a half empty castle for two or three days. Wait a minute, I think she tricked me into thinking she was allowing this and is secretly dancing herself silly in her office as we speak!

Yes, yes, I'm certifiable. I am an absolute lunatic for wanting to take these students to Paris. But you're right, they need to be able to see outside of our tiny little world. World travel is one of the key factors for creating empathetic people who can look at things without their own cultural goggles altering their viewpoint. Too many of these children or their families simply do not have the ability to travel extensively.

Enter Harry!

Another reason I want you to hurry home is that I thought you were going to be home in time for us to head to the Manor for Jaz's birthday dinner. It's getting a little later than we would usually leave for an evening at the Manor. Not that I want you to rush your day, but I know for certain that your mum has been putting the finishing touches (overseeing the elves putting the finishing touches) on Jaz's favorites.

The last reason I want you to head home? I need to see my elephant! An elephant! Our Ollie is an elephant! They are my most very favorite animals! I'm so excited! Do you think he'll let me ride him? I've always wanted to ride an elephant, but the reality is any place that allows you to ride elephants is a place where elephants shouldn't be. Circuses and tourist traps that abuse these magnificent creatures. But if our Oliver is an elephant, then maybe I could convince him to let me ride him and then it wouldn't be abusing a wild animal but using my puppy eyes to talk my fiancé into putting up with my nonsense.

I've been using my puppy dog eyes to get the both of you to put up with my nonsense for a very long time!

Nonsensically yours,
Harry

Saturday February 10th
Sweet Salazar's slaggy mother!

That thing is ENORMOUS! So, I know that you wouldn't have seen it, but when Oliver was in his
elephant form last night giving you a nice ride around the south lawn, he got a bit frisky. That part you know because he eventually changed back and tackled you to the ground so that he could have you ride him in an altogether different way (with me eagerly joining in), but before he turned back, he was blatantly turned on.

ENORMOUSLY turned on!

Like it probably could have been seen from a mile away!

I was inexplicably fascinated even as I was fervently PRAYING that he NEVER use that on me! But I kinda wanted to touch it...

But onto more important things. Yesterday at the zoo was strangely wonderful. Not only did we get to go inside all the habitats to pet and handle the animals, but we actually rode Oliver around when he had the space - keep in mind that the girls rode him directly and I was in my marmoset form on Jasmine's shoulder. He got a chance to meet and bond with a couple of actual elephants, which I think was a nearly spiritual experience for him.

As for Jaz, this probably won't surprise you, but all she wanted for her 9th birthday was one simple thing: her own business. So, now she and Vani are the proud owners of a company whose sole purpose is for them to create a children's programme for deaf kids in which our girls teach sign language by their characters going on adventures. Which means I have to help Leah and Pippa hire an entire crew, but once that's done, Leah thinks she'll be more than capable of managing the company with the girls until they either tire of it, or grow up enough to manage it themselves.

But basically, as I understand it, this show will be somewhat similar to a muggle cartoon called Dora the Explorer in that the two girls will be going on 'adventures' that require them to use their BSL skills to navigate and succeed in solving problems. The entire cast is meant to be from the deaf community with a real emphasis on, well, providing a virtual family for viewers.

I'm rather looking forward to watching the programme!

But as for right now, I've just been commanded to: “Put down that laptop, Draco, and come join your mother in this pointless debate. You father seems to think he's right!” So, I've got to go.

You're an obsession, you're my obsession,
Draco
Harry and Oliver are staying out of this debate, and Draco isn't certain who's right.

Saturday February 10, 2018

My Pervert,

Seriously? You were looking at what kind of package our Ollie was sporting in his animagus form? Weirdo. Weird little perv.

I wouldn't think you would want to discuss package sizing like that .... ya marmoset.

Anywho ... I can't believe another one of our children is going into show business. We have raised an army of little weirdos. What else could the nine year old possibly want for her birthday than her own business of course? That's not usually on most nine year olds' birthday wish lists. Toys, books, clothes, a bike, perhaps an adventure somewhere. Their own business? Not so much.

It honestly sounds like a fantastic idea though. She's so brilliant. Her beautiful charismatic self is going to create a show she wishes she'd had growing up, and a show that will help more children like herself. And with my research I've done with Muggles, I would think that young children without the financial safety net we have will be the most affected. Children who have mild hearing loss, are fully without hearing, or anywhere in between but don't have the resources for learning that our Jaz has.

It will be fantastic for children who know and love other children who are hard of hearing. It can be hard enough to obtain services for the child with the hearing impairment, let alone services for siblings or cousins or anyone else who wants to communicate with that child. It's not likely that someone will become fully fluent in BSL just from a telly program, but if it helps even one child have an easier time communicating with their friend or cousin or sibling it would make an enormous difference in that child's life.

And that's all what can and will happen with the children who are directly affected by hearing impairment, I'm certain with how Jaz climbs into the hearts of everyone she knows this show will not just reach people who have a hard of hearing person in their family. This can do so much for the visibility of a part of the community that is often ignored. To have a show that will include sign language and other things specific to the life of someone with an impairment, but that doesn't just center around their abilities. A fun show that is going to be about two kids going on adventures.

Too often when a show or a movie or a story is aimed at a marginalized community, it seems every storyline highlights how hard it is to be in that community. But from talking with Jaz it sounds as though it's ultimately a story of these two girls having a fun time running amok in the wild. The teaching of BSL is secondary to the fun story of the adventures.

She'll be fantastic. I'm a bit terrified that we now have two children in show business. Well three if you count Maha, but she's not exactly a child anymore. But then again she did start out as a child star, she just happens to be an adult now. Hmm, yeah I'd say that we actually have three
showbusiness kids. I think we've lucked out though and they're all pretty damn down to earth, amazingly talented young women, who just happen to be massive stars.

And I suppose I have to include Miles as well. He's been in show business for quite a long time. Again, he didn't start out as a child performer so I overlooked that when I was first counting. Hmm, yep, four performing children. I am going to stop there though, even though Ori has performed extensively at his own bar I would still have to say he's not in show business. He's an entrepreneur who just realized he could capitalize on his own lifetime of performing with his insane family. I'd probably say the same thing for Lainie. She has performed with her school, she has put on all sorts of shows throughout the years, she's an insanely talented dancer. But at the heart of it, she's an educator, a teacher who uses her performances to help her students.

So yeah, I am saying for now, final count, four children in entertainment. Ollie and I are sitting here waiting for you to finish debating whatever you're debating with your parents. Our own self preservation has kicked in and we have no interest in walking into a family debate. Merlin forbid I join in and then end up disagreeing with Narcissa, that sounds terrifying.

Unless of course you absolutely need us as backup. If that's the case please feel free to insta-owl us and let us know our presence is required. Until then we are going to have our own debate. Figuring out which is better, topping or bottoming .... with hands on demonstrations!

Love you and miss you already! Come join OUR debate!

Your Men

Saturday February 10th
My sneaky parents!

I should have known that debate was not serious in the slightest when I learned that my mother's position is that being the person to torture others was clearly the better option, while my father was insistent that being the one who gets tortured is much better. I mean I mostly agree with my mother, but had to hesitate because I've been the tortured one and quite enjoyed it. I was doing my best to be reasonable and state both sides in a clear and concise way, when the real reason they wanted me on hand became apparent.

It seems that our boys contacted her and asked her to be certain that at least one of their dads was on hand when they arrived. I found this out in the middle of a well reasoned argument when they both burst out laughing at me - having silently snuck into the room.

"Dad! We REALLY don't need to know that you like being tied up every bit as much as you like to tie dad up!"

I turned and gaped at them. "River! Orion!"

They each held their babies and grinned at me. "Mahafsoun is doing an intensive shoot all next week and won't even be home, so I decided that it was the perfect time to come for a visit, since I know dad is probably dying to get a chance to hold our babies before they grow up completely," River explained, holding Evangeline up so I could see her.

"Although I am a bit surprised that Mr. Lott managed to come pick us up in the family jet without you finding out about it," Orion added.
"He probably reckoned that this was a good reason to keep quiet about it," I murmured with a shrug, kissing my granddaughter before letting my mother hold her so that I could hold Gemini and give zir as many kisses as possible. To Orion's credit, ze seems to be a very happy baby, which means that Orion must be doing things to make zir happy. A careful look at him showed that he LOOKED healthier, which I suppose pointed out how unhealthy he had become (before he left) without me quite realizing it.

Orion noticed me scrutinizing him and smiled. "Yes dad, I'm completely clean. Just got my 30 day badge the other night."

"Congratulations," I praised, giving him a hug and a kiss on the cheek, all while not squishing Gemini. "I suppose that having to care for a baby makes it harder to go to meetings and the like, but I'm so proud of you for trying and succeeding."

Orion grinned. "I'm certain you'll think of this as MORE good news... River and I have opened a new business."

I raised a brow. "Another bar... or a spa?"

They both smirked at me mischievously, and might well have kept their business a secret just to mess with me, except my father asked: "Still enticing people to pay fistfuls of cash to see your naked body?" Which made Orion laugh and shake his head.

"Nope! We opened a bank," Orion replied with a grin.

"A bank?" My father and I questioned in unison.

"Yeah," River confirmed. "It specializes in Mortgages and business investments. Thus the majority of it can be handled by our five full time employees, which is how we were able to come for a week visit. That said, the people who want business loans that might be considered riskier, our employees know to schedule them with us when we get back."

"Wow!" I burst out with a huge grin. "I am so proud of you both! You know how much I love investing in new businesses."

"It's a family hobby," my father agreed with a matching grin. He even patted them on the backs encouragingly. "And one of the most sensible uses of our precious time."

I snorted in amusement. "Playing with money and making money off the playing. No WONDER we're always so brilliant at gambling!"

"Speaking of which," my father began with a catty smirk. "We REALLY should have a game while the boys are here. NO ONE can properly challenge a Malfoy but another Malfoy..."

I raised a brow at that. "Oh...? Getting a bit short on cash?"

He gave me a flat look. "Hardly. Need I remind you that ***I'VE*** been starting businesses and earning enormous profits off them far longer than you've been alive. Just because you've managed to start a few that are fantastic at drawing crowds - such as Unity Park - DOESN'T mean that you make more than me."

"Oh?" I challenged with a huge smirk. "Care to make a wager on that? We could spend the next few hours comparing vaults, and if it turns out that mine is bigger than yours, I say you give each of my kids 5000 Galleons - and another 5000 to each of our Unity Houses!"
He paled at the thought of how much money that could be - with us having 20 kids AND 10 Unity Houses - but then he squared his shoulders and swaggered a bit. "You're on! And when I win, YOU get to pay for your mother and I to take a nice long Holiday in Jamaica."

I rubbed my forehead, a little dismayed. "At the Hedonism II resort?"

"Naturally," my mother stated in her elegant voice.

I thought as much. "There's an incentive to NOT go there anytime soon. Alright! You've got yourself a bet!"

Laughing, Orion motioned that he wanted to take Gemini back from me. "Here, hand over my child so that I can make a 'special delivery' to dad."

I turned away and held onto Gemini rather possessively. "Not a chance! I'm not giving this gorgeous baby up until Harry comes out here and demands zir! And besides, I can guarantee you that if you go looking for your dad right now, you're going to find him doing something you fervently DO NOT want to see!"

Both boys looked mildly repulsed and enlightened at the same time. "Ah, so that's why Oliver is missing as well." Then Orion brightened up. "Not a problem! I got this!"

Without explaining his enigmatic statement, he cast a sonorous on his voice and started singing. Happily, this attracted all our kids (minus Elena, who's not currently home), who came running to swamp their brothers in some serious love.

I'd bet my last Galleon that you're also now rushing to pull on a robe to hide your erection so that you can Apparate over here to hug the boys tight and hold onto our grandbabies. See you soon!

You're just too good to be true, can't take my eyes off of you,
Draco
Chapter 225

Chapter Summary

Harry is so happy to see his boys that our boys are babysitting the babies.

2:00 A.M. Sunday February 11, 2018

My Fellow Grandpas,

My baby boys are home! They are here, I can hold them in my arms, they are safe and sound and within my reach. But no, I am not awake because I stayed up all night chatting with and loving on them. I am wide awake because the three of us offered to be on baby duty all night so the exhausted new Dads can get some much needed sleep.

Lucky for us, our three babies are pretty well settled and only seem to get up roughly once per night, sometimes not at all in the case of sweet Morgana. Although it's probably not so much that she is being sweet and more to do with really loving her sleep just like her Daddy Draco. Gabe and Dyl are less likely to sleep the whole night through, whether that's because Dylan can't go very long without wanting to eat, or sometimes Gabriel's brain activity shakes him out of a restful sleep, I'm not completely sure.

And with how late our Draco tends to stay up, and how early Ollie and I tend to wake in the morning, there's not a lot of hours in the middle of the night where we're all sleeping at once anyway. It works out pretty well with all these babies! Because of all those factors; the babies getting older, our own weird sleep schedules, and there being three of us, we are all a lot more rested than River and Ori are I'm sure.

Which is why I didn't even think to ask either of you if you minded Evie and Gemi co-sleeping with us tonight to give their Daddies the night off. I figured you would both agree with me, and even if neither of you had the energy to do a night shift, I could definitely handle one night with them single-handedly! Or as single-handedly as someone with loving and loyal house elves can be. But seeing as I am engaged to the most perfect men in existence, you both agreed with me and couldn't wait for everyone else to head to bed so we could snuggle and smooch on these babies to our hearts' content!

You're probably both assuming, since I'm writing you both an email at two in the morning, that one or both of the little ones woke up, or one of our own munchkins woke up, and that's why I have the time to write. Nope. Everyone is snoozing away. Nothing but blessed silence. The only noise you'd hear right now would be the click clacking of my keyboard, but I cast a silencing spell at them so they wouldn't bother anyone's precious sleep.

No, I am feeling too overwhelmed to sleep. Don't worry, not the bad kind of overwhelmed. My heart is just so full I can barely breathe around it. Do you know what my view is right now? My beautiful sons, Dylan with the thumb of his left hand in his mouth while the fingers of his right hand are tangled in his beautiful curls, and Gabriel who in sleep flushes up about as red as his hair sucking on his bottom lip, the both of them in their matching sleepers from Grandma Molly snug as little bugs in their sidecar cots. The insanely gorgeous Morgana taking up hers and my fair share of the bed, sprawled out like she owns the place, and her pudgy little baby hands holding onto my
sleep trousers. Making sure I can't move away from her even while she's sound asleep.

Morgana's other little sweaty fist wrapped around some of your pale locks Draco, making sure one of her other Daddies can't get away. But where would you go? Cradled into your chest, under your chin, Evie is wrapped up like a little baby burrito. She looks so like her Daddy River, my little boy, but with much darker skin and hair covering those pointy little Malfoy features. The polar opposite of her cousin Gemini lying right next to her. Gemini looks almost exactly like their Daddy Orion, but possibly even fairer. Just a few little tilts to the features, a slightly wider mouth and definitely fuller cheeks that they must have gotten from mum instead.

Which means these two precious infants, already two months old in Evie's case and a month and a half for Gemi, couldn't look more like each other in feature if they were identical twins, but in quite a different color palette. Gods we make some beautiful babies who've gone on to make their own beautiful babies. Look what our love did!

And on the other side of Gemini is my Oliver. Gorgeous in sleep. And cuddled up as close to Gemini as Draco is to Evangeline. Merlin Ollie, I can't get over how beautiful you are wrapped around our grandchild. And I know it's logical that we wait a bit longer, we have weddings and trips and end of term responsibilities, but I ache with how badly I want to see you wrapped around OUR child. Sometime soon, on a night like tonight when I can't sleep because I am too full of love, my view will be you and Draco with our child cuddled in between you.

It's thoughts like that keeping me from sleep. What will the child be like? Who will they look like? Will they be all giggles and smiles? Or serious and taking everything in? Will they be demanding from day one? Will they have all of us wrapped around their teeny fingers? Well ... I guess I don't have to wonder about ALL of those questions, some of them are pretty self explanatory!

I really should try to settle down I suppose. It's all well and good to offer up a sleepless night so my baby boys can get some rest, but they'll still be here tomorrow and I want to be able to enjoy visiting with them! Nobody likes an overtired, cranky Harry!

I love you both so much, I hate to close my eyes for even a moment and not get to see your beloved faces. But the sooner I fall asleep, the sooner I will see them again in my dreams.

With every beat of my heart,
Your Harry

Sunday February 11th
Larry and Oliver,

I bon the wet! Torsa... Fee, My sather, he has a vigger Bault - a much MUCH vigger Bault! BUTT!!! I mern ore! So, we talled it a cie. I'mma paying gotsa Lalleons por mis padres to go screw half of Jamaica, but fy mather is paying our hordes only 2500 gal-lal-leons ea - hince se only walf hon.

Night row, sss 'bout seben nor eibt, and mum has poureded wire fiskey in our cups while us poker playing. Dy mad, me, Oiver, Rrion, an Lane-na - I dink Lane-na is kicking our Arses! Ooo! Another cup del whiskey en fuego!

Dome crink wit hus!
Draco the Brilliant!
Chapter 226

Chapter Summary

Harry gets drunk to and upsets Draco to the point that Oliver has to step in.

Sunday February 11, 2018

Drake!
Drakie-Poo!

Yes Darling, I will call you Drake if I damn well please and ya know why? Because my name is not Larry! Larry?!? I think I'm highly offended. I am not a cucumber!

Oooooh, ya know what sounds amaze-balls? Cucumbers! Yeah yeah yeah, I will ask Dibly to get me some cucumbers. They're going to be so delicious. I love veggies. And I love my fiancé. And vegetables. But I mostly love my Draco and my Oliver. Droliver? Oleco? Woodfoy? Malfood? Oh no! I forgot about adding me to the equatable. I know you two love each other, but I like being the filling in your sandwich.

Is that why you called me a Larry? Because I go inside the sandwich? Does that make the two of you the bread? Or maybe the sandwich is made on some sort of roll. Or a bun. Oh! Hahahahahahahaha, yeah buns. I like your buns. You both have such delightful buns. Get it? I like your arses. Like seriously I could worship those arses for days. For weeks! For months. Well, no not months lets not be so silly. Weeks is enough.

Well weeks is enough if I'm worshiping them nonstop the entire time. But a lifetime of worshiping at the altars of my loves' bodies still won't be enough. You are my deities and all I ever want is to be prostrate and bask in you presence.

And shagging. Mmm, buggering. I could use a good buggering. It's been days! Okay it's just been A DAY, but it feels like forever. Why isn't either of your cocks in me right now? Don't get me any of that shit about the fact that we're in public! The Manor's sunroom isn't public. Oh. You mean because there are people in here. Yeah, that's a good point. Everyone in the room is looking at me quite oddly. I think it might be the gigglings!

Why can't I giggle damnit!? I like to laugh. Laughter is the best medicine you know. But I'm not sick. Hmm, shouldn't you not take medicine if you're not sick. Like sicknesses can become immune to medication. So maybe I should never ever laugh unless I have a sickness. I can stop taking pepper-ups when I get sick and just laugh instead. But I think I would miss the laughing when I'm not sick. Maybe then I would try to get sick just so I can laugh and then I would end up even sicker and then the laughs would be immune again because of overuse. I would go to Unity and just ask the little kids to put their gooey little germ-filled petri dish hands all over me.

Eeeeeeeeerew

How did you win all of mine own monies from me when I started playing with you guys? You were all drunken and I was stone cold sober and you little Malfoys still trounced me. Why am I so bad at gambling? I thought maybe getting drinkier would help because you were all winning. No,
that made things worse, I kept thinking I was doing well and then I'd think I gin rummy'ed or that
time I got Uno! And then you'd all laugh at me and take even more of my money! Were you all
cheating?

You and the children don't have to cheat to get my money, I will just give it to you. Not like I need
it, I've got myself a hot sugar Daddy. Mmm, he takes me on trips. Oooh I want to go to Jamaica!
But not when mum and dad are there. Seeing Luscious in that gimp suit all those years ago was
enough insight into their sex lives. Except the debate you guys had the other day! I love your mum,
I love you, and don't ever tell Narcissa that I disagreed with her. But you are both dummies.

The sub is absolutely the best sexy part to play. Everything is about the sub. The sub gets all the
attention of their dom and can just float away on the happy chemicals. All I have to do is exactly
what you say and then I get buggered and allowed to suck you and buggered again and teased and
touched and stroked and buggered again. I get to kneel and get wrapped up in a warm hug of cozy
ropes. Every inch of my skin gets attention from your hands and your flogger and your crop and
your cane and the paddle and all the other stuffs. Oooh! Stuff! I get to be stuffed in every hole with
anything you want to put in there. Mmmmmm, cocks.

I want to shag now! Oooh, I caught your eyes. I think I will give you the eyebrow waggle. Damn
you! I wanted to be dragged away and shagged not just smiled at condissen ... condacen ...
kondecen ... like you think I'm so ridiculous that I'm cute.

I'm not cute. I am hungry though. Why isn't Dibly back with my cucumbers already?

Oh, I just asked why he never brought me my cucumbers and apparently he doesn't even remember
me asking for them. Is his mind going in his old age? What else could I have meant by calling him
into the room and singing to him? Yikes.

Oh! Drake! Our Ollie just came in to join us! He was putting the babies to bed when I joined you
guys. Look how pretty he is. Mmmm, I'm gonna go kiss that.

Love
Harry

Sunday February 11th - nearing midnight, which is enough time for the boys to sober up
Harry,

-_- 

You are damn lucky that you were drunk when you called me that, otherwise I might have had to
flay you alive. As it is, I'm going to simply punish you. Now that you are sober again, I'm going to
tie you up and hang you from the ceiling so that you cannot move nor do anything at all while I
give Oliver so much pleasure that he falls completely apart. Perhaps twice.

And don't give me any of that whinging about having a class to teach tomorrow. You should've
thought of THAT before calling me such foul names -_- 

Now just hang there and look pretty!

Wait...

The dictation device takes over automatically.
"Sorry Draco, but YOU deserve to be punished too. Getting drunk and acting like an absolute idiot, sheesh! No way in hell I'm going to let you use me to punish Harry when you were babbling at us like a moron. I'm going to tie you up and...

"There! Now you're MINE to command. I think you should start by... sucking me!"

Low moans come from Harry even as soft and eager grunts come from Draco. The noises quickly become too garbled for the dictation device to detangle, ending with a triumphant roar from Oliver, at which point, the device sends the email.
Chapter 227

Chapter Summary

Harry regrets how late his drinking kept him up - Oliver is rather smug in the background - and Draco receives a small shock or two.

Monday February 12, 2018

Why? Why am I so stupid? I am too old to get drunk and then stay up all night long. Too.Damn.Old. What made me think this was a good idea? Narcissa? It was Narcissa wasn't it? That woman seems to delight in getting me to absolute ridiculous states of drunken foolery.

I wasn't even drunk when we finally went to bed last night, I was mostly sober before you tied me up and by the time Ollie untied me, I was most definitely sober. And bloody randy as all get out. Which means since he took pity on me and let me have a turn riding him, I got to bed even later than that. Add the fact that I had to be up even earlier than I normally would on a Monday morning since I was getting to class from the Manor instead of from our rooms within Hogwarts, and there is at least one very overtired professor teaching today.

So how am I hungover? I even took a hangover potion which did nothing to alleviate my symptoms. I have a killer headache, a wonky stomach, and I am pregnancy mood swing levels of cranky right now. Don't worry, I already checked, nothing in the oven.

I don't even know how it could have possibly happened anyway. We no longer keep any fertility potions anywhere near potions I might take and the damsel curse was definitely cast on Ollie, not me. But with our luck I had to check anyway! So, you can be quite assured that there is no extra human growing in me!

Also I've cast a covert charm on Ollie just to double check. We were mildly careful but not perfect when we had our lady-date. Rest assured there is also a baby free zone in Oliver.

Anyway, I got off track. I was just writing to let you both know that I know I promised I'd be heading over to the Manor the moment my last class let out for the day so I could spend all of River and Ori's time here with them that I could. Slight change of plans, they are going to come here to have dinner in the Great Hall. I guess they want to show off their beautiful babies to Orion's former classmates. Plus I think I heard grumblings from Ori that he wants to watch a bit of quidditch so he's going to see if he can poke at the competitive natures of the teams during dinner. Trick them into throwing together a last minute pick-up match.

So, if either of you have already headed back to the Manor, turn your fit arses back around!

Yours,
Harry

Monday February 12th
My Harry,
Oliver, if you're reading, I'm not NOT including you, I just am a bit in shock, so...

Alright, remember that big Quidditch match we had back in November? The first one of the year in which Gryffindor was playing Slytherin... Well... See, there are usually some scouts from all the big teams at all the games, because how else do they find new talent?

It seems that the scouts really liked our boys. Think they make an EXCELLENT beater team. Normally, the scouts like to wait until the student has graduated before offering a position, and even then, it's usually only a reserve position at first, however...

So, it seems that one of the beaters for the Tutshill Tornadoes has recently, erm… died. In a car crash, of all things. And the scout for that team remembered that our boys are among the best beaters she's seen in a long time.

Thus today - while I was actually in the middle of my yoga routine - said scout arrived. She's rather tall and burly for a woman, but apparently still has the ability to appreciate Malfoy magnificence when she see's it. Don't worry, I had Muffy bring me some yoga bottoms so that the conversation could be conducted with a minimal amount of drool.

Anyway, after magicking on the bottoms and getting into warrior pose, the scout (Abigail McNathy, if I heard her correctly) asked if I would be willing to let one or both of our boys try out for their open position, that she'd quite like to fill before their next game in a month.

Harry, I tell you, I was honestly going to tell her to come back and talk to us BOTH and then give us some time to think and talk about it, but it just so happens that Siri was coming to ask me more things to impress girls with and overheard the conversation.

You can probably guess how that went, but in case you cannot, let me just say that it involved a LOT of squealing, jumping up and down in glee, and hands on begging me - including the promise of his soul if I agreed. Well, I figured that even if you WERE there, such a reaction usually has both of us melting into a very agreeable puddle. Besides, you have to know - considering that your weaselette Ginny is married to the man - that Viktor Krum was already an international Quidditch Star before he turned 17, and so, being underage is not exactly a deterrent.

Sigh...

That said, I WAS concerned about how Zwei might react. After all, this woman only had one position to fill, and thus, if BOTH of them were hired, one of them would be stuck as the reserve player (who, by the way, they didn't have a reserve player to begin with as they aren't as famous as Puddlemere United or even the deplorable Canons). I wasn't sure that Zwei would WANT to be the reserve simply because he's younger. And keep in mind that the two of them work best TOGETHER, so it's possible that neither of them would work well with the current beater, and if they don't, this could utterly crush them.

So, I held up a firm hand and told Siri that he had to wait until YOU gave the okay, as he had my support from the first moment he gasped in giddy excitement. I'm dead certain you know all of this already as he practically Apparated to you the moment I said that. He probably begged you in his super high speed excitement until you agreed without even understanding what you agreed to.

What you might NOT know is that I know for a fact that Zwei actually DOESN'T want to be a professional Quidditch player. The reason I know this is that I called Zwei to me (via a flying memo that excused him from the class he was in) the moment Siri ran off. I calmly explained the situation to him - and the scout was still on hand to assure him that I was telling the truth - and asked him if he was interested.
In stark contrast to Siri, Zwei suddenly looked withdrawn, almost to the point of depression. Naturally I was concerned about this, thinking he already assumed that if there was only one position to split between two brothers, the older one would likely take precedence.

As it turns out, once I was able to pry his concerns out of him, I was wrong. Zwei doesn't want to play Quidditch professionally because it seems he's been keeping a secret from all of us - even Siri. I was a bit hurt that he felt he had to keep anything a secret and asked him why.

So, it seems that our naturally quiet little Draco Junior is SHY - which, I suppose, we already knew. And being shy, he doesn't really want to be in the spotlight. So rather than follow in the footsteps of practically everyone in our family by doing something utterly extroverted, he has been doing something somewhat introverted.

He's been making (completely from scratch, impressively enough) music videos. He writes the music, records it with the MANY instruments he has access to, writes the lyrics to go with it (often the other way around), and then sings the song. Over top all of that, he dresses up in costumes that completely hide his identity and records a video to go with the song.

It's a LOT of work, and completely explains why his grades aren't as good as they could be, he's simply too busy to study like he should be. (It also explains why he goes to his dorm and hides in his bottomless trunk every chance he gets.)

So, when I asked him what was the point of all of these videos - I mean if he wants to be an introvert and is doing this solely for his own self fulfillment, then WHY go to all that effort for nothing? Well, apparently it's not for nothing. He posts the videos on the Muggle Website called YouTube.

He showed me a couple of the videos and while I immediately recognized his gorgeous voice, I could see what he meant by his costumes completely hiding his identity. One was a bear costume, and another was something like the Phantom of the Opera.

Did you know that popular YouTubers make money off their videos? Apparently Zwei has been making a rather decent income off these videos for about 6 months now. It's gotten to the point that he's even received official offers to open for legitimate pop groups. Rest assured that he's actually declined those offers by honestly telling them that he's too young to agree without parental consent, and that for the moment, he doesn't want to even ask for it.

So there's another big chunk to think about.

I have to admit, I've only had as long as it's taken to write this email to think about it, but I personally feel that if he wants to accept an opening act, he could ONLY do it if it was on weekends. As in he's here in school during the week, and then has Pippa (or an assistant I hire for just him) Apparate or Portkey him to his job for the weekend, and then bring him right back after his Sunday night performance.

That said, if he's serious about not bringing attention to himself, he might actually decline all on his own. I guess we'll see.

I'm signing off and heading off to my job at the Ministry so that I can think about something that DOESN'T make my head hurt!

Something takes a part of me,
Draco
P.S. If Siri remembers that he wanted to chat about girls with me, tell him he's more than welcome
to pop into the Minister's office for a bit.
Monday February 12, 2018

My Love,

I hope this doesn't offend you, but I am beyond thrilled that you did not get the Minister position. I truly believe you would have been an amazing Minister, but I am having a hard enough time missing you every evening due to your current position. I think I'd have pulled a full Harry-Tantrum if you were gone as much as I hear 'Mione is.

Yeah, based on the discussions I've had with Ron, Blaise, and Kisa over the last few weeks they are missing her something awful. I was whining a bit when you were in Russia and I got a "at least when he's home you can see him Mate!" barked at me. Ron did apologize right away, he didn't mean to snap and they're so proud of her obviously, but they've seen her even less than when she was Headmistress. And knowing how much time Hermione was spending at THAT job, I can't imagine how bad she's being right now.

Sorry, got a bit away from my point there. I didn't mean to start out ragging on you or ragging on Hermione. Just to point out there have been so many things I've wanted to discuss with you in person, that Ollie and I would both have preferred talking about in person, but haven't been able to because of your position. I was just remarking on how much harder this could be if you were gone even MORE often than you already are. And just like Hermione's loves said, it's not that we aren't so very proud of you, not that we don't think you're doing amazing things, and definitely not that we want you to quit or feel guilty, just that we miss you.

Talking to you about these new surprises that were just sprung on us would be a lot easier face to face. But needs must I suppose.

First of all, Gods be damned Uncle Viktor! A perfect example of someone who was able to be an accomplished athlete prior to finishing school, is a well rounded individual, and someone we very much like as a person. He's quite a terrible influence! I blame him for Siri being so into quidditch that he wants to play professionally! He never would have gone near a broom if you or I had anything to do with it. Merlin knows we don't love flying ... and quidditch ... and Oliver wouldn't have tried to teach him a single thing ....

Fine! Fine damn it! It's our fault! We (I) put him on a broom before he could even walk! What were we (I) thinking? And now we're marrying a professional quidditch player ourselves! Oooh, I know, we can blame Ollie!

Yeesh, we will not be blaming Ollie. He's perfection personified. He had nothing to do with this. I should be ashamed of myself for even suggesting such a thing. I erm, may have some groveling to do Draco. Put in a good word for me with our love please?
As I'm sure you're aware, since you called it, I of course gave in immediately to Siri's begging to be allowed to try out. Unlike you though, I do have some stipulations.

Side note: why did you essentially not care if this interfered with Siri's schooling but put limits on Zwei's schooling?

Basically, I am not alright with him giving up on his schooling. There's a difference between homeschooling - alternative schooling - graduating early - which we've allowed the other children to do and just simply dropping out. Due to his lack of interest in school, educationally speaking, Siri can not afford to just drop out. If all the Malfoy money dried up tomorrow, if Siri were injured in some way to end his quidditch hopes tomorrow, he needs an education to fall back upon. I am fine with him having a tutor home-school him, I am fine with him going back and forth between practices, games, and classes, but I am not alright with him completely dropping out.

Obviously I have the same stipulations if Zwei were to tour with a musical act. But it sounds like you've pretty much already set those so I'll just cosign on those.

I'm just having such a hard time wrapping my mind around my little teeny tiny mischief making boys being out in the world. Playing professional quidditch? Touring with musicians? They're just tiny little rugrats! Alright I know they're not, I will just always think of them that way. But they truly are very young. Not even turning fourteen and fifteen for quite a few months.

And yes, I am aware we let Shtara star in her first professional performance when she was thirteen. I don't know why it's different. Maybe because we had a beloved family friendployee with her at all times? Maybe because she always performs in the same spot and won't be traveling from venue to venue or game to game.

And yes, that's my second stipulation for either of them. I want to hire an assistant to be with them at all times. No one is taking advantage of my babies! Not on my watch!

Finally, my last stipulation? Well, the last I have thought of so far. I reserve the right to come up with more in the future. Anyway, my last stipulation is that neither of them miss the wedding. I am not getting married without my entire family present. I don't care if the biggest game of the millennia is happening or if Prince himself comes back from the dead to ask Zwei to tour with him, our sons WILL be at our wedding!

Well, hurry up and come home. Home to the Manor, we all came here to celebrate our boys' big successes tonight. Bring Minister 'Mione with you. We're about to do it up Malfoy style!

You hold my heart in your hands,
Harry

Tuesday February 13th
My loves,

First of all, the reason I didn't make a fuss about Siri's schooling is that I assumed that professional Quidditch wouldn't really interfere - since they usually only play a game a month or two and it's on weekends. Even with a few days of intense practice before each game, I really didn't think that would place too much of a burden on his schooling (that he almost never pays attention to anyway).

Whereas with Zwei, IF he decided to go on tour, it would be ON TOUR, potentially playing 4
nights a week and traveling to new locations between acts. THUS, his education would definitely suffer even more than it already does.

But you are right, with as enthusiastic as Siri would be about his professional status, he almost certainly would completely neglect his education and would then need to be harassed by an assistant who doubles as a tutor for any and all classes he misses. I wholeheartedly concur with your stipulations.

With tomorrow being Valentine's day, and today being the day that ALL of your classes are getting ready for their field trip to France with us tonight - the majority of them having received signed permission slips in time - well, the castle has been nearly impossible to deal with today. Hermione gave me the night off since I'll be leaving anyway, and besides, SHE has been informed by Kisa that she WILL be home all day today and tomorrow or heads will roll, so...

Thus, with no job to go to tonight (although I lied and said that I was going and coming back early), I had the time to plan out and enact my plans. Taking advantage of the fact that River and Orion are still 'in town' and that Elena was happy enough to leave her baby with his fathers and extra mum for a few hours... Also, Shtara was giddy to help out too, as she doesn't get a chance to see Hogwarts near as much as the rest of us. So...

So, there came a moment in the Great Hall when you and Oliver were sitting at the head table and watching the students in amusement as they kept ordering chocolates and fluffy cards to be delivered tomorrow to their friends and love interests. Thank MERLIN they had better sense than to hire GOBLINS to do the delivering, ahahahahahahahahahaha!

Anyway, as you were eating your dinner and watching the students in amusement, maybe you wondered why Siri and Zwei weren't at the Gryffindor table, or anywhere in the hall. Perhaps you assumed that Siri was foregoing food to train for his upcoming tryout, and Zwei might be in his bottomless trunk making a new video.

But then... you learned what devious scheme I'd been hatching.

The doors to the Great Hall were already open, so rather than fling them open to shock everyone into silence, I cast a charm to make an extremely bright bolt of lightning streak across the enchanted ceiling. Then, the moment the students fell silent in what was probably the curiosity to see if another bolt would follow, I had River start playing the keyboard and Elena the violin - Eris and Hazel backing her up on the violin - while Orion had an acoustic guitar.

Then my voice rang out:

"Close your eyes, give me your hand, darling, do you feel my heart beating, do you understand, do you feel the same, am I only drea~~~ming, is this burning an eternal flame?" Shtara and Elena led the others through the soft but powerful back up vocals. "I believe it's meant to be, darling, I watch you when you are sleeping, you belong with me, do you feel the same, am I only dreaming, or is this burning an eternal flame? Say my name, sunshine's through the rain, a life so lonely, and then come and ease the pain, I don't want to lose this fee~~ling, OHHHHHHH!..."

Jaz, Zaire, and every child of ours that wasn't playing an instrument (except Viona, who couldn't make it), was dancing their way down the aisle throwing gorgeous rose petals in a rainbow of colors all over the hall. You may still be used to this from back when I had to serenade you all over the world during your book tours, so you grabbed Oliver's hand and dragged him so that the two of you were standing in front of the staff table waiting for me.

This means that the kids naturally reached you while I was still strolling down the aisle. I wonder,
did you mentally wonder and fantasize for a moment that I was walking down THE Aisle toward you? I know I did. Apparently, I'm very ready to get this wedding over with and be all three HUSBANDS once and for all.

"Close your eyes, give me your hand, do you feel my heart beating, do you understand, do you feel the same, am I only dreaming, or is this burning an eternal flame?"

I timed it perfectly so that I arrived at the two of you and pulled you both into my arms to hold you tight as the kids singing the back up basically repeated the lyrics until the end of the song. Which was all of us harmonizing: "AHHHHHHHHH! An Eternal Flame!"

Sweet Mother of Merlin, I seriously LOVE making you cry tears of joy in public. I also love kissing you in public. BOTH of you, and yes, Oliver, I saw a few tears escape your eyes. I daresay that YOU are not used to me serenading you in public, especially not in front of most of the teachers who had a hand in educating you during your youth. I could see you glance at Minerva nervously once or twice, but since she looked rather amused by our antics, you may have relaxed a tiny bit.

After that, the students seemed to wonder if over the top singing and dancing would make an impression on those they planned to make their confessions to. Paris should certainly be interesting!

Sun lights up the daytime, moon lights up the night, my eyes light up when you call my name, 'cuz I know you're gonna treat me right, you give me fever... when you kiss me, fever when you hold me tight, Fever!
Draco
P.S. Thank all the Gods in the Universe that Paris is close enough that we were able to make a special bonfire Floo trip with ALL the students (and kids) coming with us to the Manor, and from there, bonfire floo to the prestigious wizarding hotel in Paris (that I own, do you SERIOUSLY think the Malfoy fortune might someday dry up???) that we're all staying in. I wisely sat down to write this email while you and Oliver wrangled all the students into their rooms. Good thing a couple of their parents volunteered to help chaperone, otherwise I can easily predict the outcome several months from now of allowing a horde of horny teenagers loose in the city of love, buwahahahahahaha!
Chapter 229

Chapter Summary

Paris on Valentine's day ^_^

Chapter Notes

Last night, I went to bed so early that it was barely after midnight. I had every hope of sleeping until at least 9 and pretending to be a normal adult for once, but nope. My body decided that 5AM was a perfectly reasonable time to wake up, ugh. So I decided that my insomnia would be your gain by posting again, lol. :-)

**Trigger Warning** Witness account of a potential abduction

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wednesday February 14, 2018

Never again!

Wait, hold on, first things first, Happy Valentine's Day my Loves! I am so very happy to have woken up in the arms of my men on this extra romantic day in this extra romantic city. I'm so thankful to have the both of you. I can't believe my luck, or my fate, or Karma, or whatever force is responsible to have found the most perfect men for me, been able to fall in love with them, and by some miracle they love me back.

I keep having this fear that none of this is real, magic isn't real, I don't really have this life, that somehow I'm creative enough to dream this up in my subconscious. Maybe I'm in some hospital somewhere and have been in a coma, perhaps I've just created this perfect fantasy life. And if that's the case, I hope I never awake. My greatest fear is waking up one day and I'm back to being Harry in the cupboard. Never knowing my beloved family.

Well, that's enough of that kind of negativity for the day, I should think! I repeat, I woke up on Valentine's Day in Paris wrapped up in the arms of the loves of my life. Life could not possibly get any better than this!

That being said, this time I mean it, never again am I bringing a ridiculous amount of students on any sort of international field trip! I was up all night last night. I stayed up to Draco levels of bedtime! Sending kids back to bed who thought they just absolutely needed to wander the hallways in the middle of the night. Kids who thought I wouldn't have set monitoring spells to make sure they weren't sneaking into other students' rooms. And two children who thought no one would notice them trying to go for a swim at THREE A.M.

But at least the parents that came to help chaperone were super helpful. Oh, wait, no they were not.
Apparently half of them were jetlagged. Jetlag? Are you kidding me? It's one time zone difference. One. Alright, I'm at the very least being unfair to the parents who didn't tap out due to jetlag. I had enough help that I wasn't scrambling around doing everything myself, but definitely not enough help that I could go to sleep myself.

At some point today, can one or both of you take a picture of me? I am sure I look frazzled, have dark circles under my eyes, and probably have a glassy look on my face due to the sheer exhaustion. I'd like you to pull out said picture any time in the future I try to think up another stunt like this! If I ever do another field trip please remind me to do only one class per trip. It will mean more trips and more work, but it won't include me losing my mind.

Too late to save Current Harry, but Future Harry can still have some hope left!

Anyway, we're about to head out on our morning walking tour. We're coming back to have lunch at that restaurant across the street from the hotel. We should be there around 12:30 if either of you (Ollie) are awake by then and want to join us. I know it's a long shot but I'm very hopeful that you'll BOTH be awake by then so you can join us for the afternoon's festivities. We will be going to the Louvre while we're here, I can't in good conscience bring these children here and NOT introduce them to the greatest museum of all time! But this afternoon we are doing a completely different type of museum, The Musee des Arts Forains. It's all entertainment based. I'm looking forward to it, it's new to me as well.

Come and play with us!

Forever and ever and ever,
Harry

Wednesday February 14th
Happy Valentine's Day to my loves!

Since you and Oliver were being vigilant - along with the parental chaperones - I decided to help out by keeping track of those that tried to sneak off from the main group.

Thus, I happened to follow a group of three girls leading a group of three boys off out a side exit overlooking a nicely tended garden. This made me wonder if the girls just wanted the boys to see the flowers and drop big hints about receiving presents of flowers and chocolate on Valentine's Day. Well, I was wrong!

It seems that what the girls wanted to do was get the boys alone so that they could sing a rather catchy pop/rock version of Kiss the Girl to them. The boys surprisingly took the ENTIRE song to catch the hint, but when the girls were done singing, they grinned at each other and obliged. Thus, I had the not so enjoyable task of breaking them up and insisting that they rejoin the main group.

I returned with them just in time to witness a different girl sneak a boy into the girl's loo. That is really NOT a place I can just stroll into, so I basically had to point it out to one of the mothers so that she could go after them and herd them back to the group.

After that, I spotted a couple using Disillusion Charms to hide themselves in the shadows under a large staircase. Sighing, I asked them if they were at least remembering the protection spells. After some hastily muttered spells, I was assured that they were. I couldn't help but chuckle as I walked away - the motion of the Disillusion Charms letting me know that it was too late to stop them from shagging.
Bold little buggers! I don't think ***I'd*** have had the courage to shag up against the wall in public back when I was still in Hogwarts!

Er... Strike that, yes, I probably would have.

In any case, it seems the students got the point that they were going to be caught and herded back to the main group if they tried to sneak off, so for the most part, they stayed put and simply held hands and occasionally kissed as they strolled through the Louvre and enjoyed the art.

But then my sharp eyes spotted two grown men snatch one of the girls that was one of the stragglers. I witnessed them cover her mouth with a rag and make her faint almost instantly. Then they had the audacity to carry her over to a guard and ask for directions to the nearest aid station - presumably implying that she'd fainted on her own and that they were trying to help her. After receiving directions, they followed them just enough to get away from the security guard without arousing suspicion.

Except that I knew exactly what they were up to! I followed them rather silently, able to keep up easily because of my many years jogging with you and also being chased by Amala on occasion. I stayed back until I felt we were out of sight of the muggles, and then cast a couple of wards to contain them and keep muggles away while I dealt with them.

Rest assured, they were very much alive when I left them unconscious on the ground. They'll probably wish they weren't when they wake up, but - after Rennervating the girl - I brought her to a guard and alerted security to what had really happened, and they immediately took the men into custody.

I hear they went back and checked the footage and found that the men actually HAD attempted to kidnap and harm the girl, and so, the two men more than likely will not be out of French prison for a long time.

That said, thankfully, even the most horny of student had settled down by the time I returned to your side with the girl in tow. And so, I had no qualms about slipping my hands into both of yours, kissing you two, and simply walking in between you until everyone was ready to leave the Louvre. Lucky for you, I had somehow gotten a glorious amount of sleep last night and had woken early and ready to go!

So now, we're talking a group loo break before heading off to the next place. I've given up caring that a girl cast a glamour on (presumably) her boyfriend to sneak him into the loo with her. They are more than likely sharing the same stall at this very moment, but as I said, that's on them if they forget to cast the protection spells. Maybe one of the female chaperones in there will notice if the stall starts shaking rhythmically and put a stop to it.

SHEESH! It's like chasing River all over again!

Oh! Looks like we're almost ready to go. Better sign off now.

And I'll be forever (both of) yours, faithfully,

Draco

P.S. Fair warning to you both if you manage to read this before dinner, but I plan on drinking a delicious amount of fine French wine and then getting embarrassingly lovey dovey with you two in public tonight during dinner, heh heh heh...

Chapter End Notes
The version of the song I linked is the one they sang in my head, lol, however, with no actual music, it could be any version you like ^_^
Chapter 230

Chapter Summary

Harry finds something and Oliver wants to rush off and help him, only Draco insists on a second or two of patience.

Thursday February 15, 2018

My Heartkeepers,

Well shite. It's been a while since I've had to write one of these. Erm, whenever either of you get this will you please come down to the British Wizarding Embassy and come get me?

Yesterday, when the both of you were with me and the insane group, Draco you already did your fair share of helping me out. Seriously, hours of being the Booty Patrol? What a nightmare. I can't believe these cheeky little buggers thought they could get away with that much public snogging and shagging. The students aren't your responsibility, you didn't even come on the trip as a parental chaperone, but as always you think nothing of chipping in where you're needed. Even if you hadn't saved Maleah from a kidnapping, your assistance would have been a huge help. Add the kidnapping and you've become SuperDraco! You most definitely earned the right to sleep in today!

And last night, our sweet Oliver. You poor little lamb. Draco and I stretched you to your limits. I'd be willing to bet you hadn't managed to orgasm seven times in one day since you were a teenager. Did we torture you baby? You fell asleep with a smile on your face, and by "fell asleep" I mean "passed out." Draco and I followed you into sleep shortly after that, and likely just before sunrise, wrapping you up in between us. You helped out all day with the students yesterday, and then we thoroughly exhausted you all night. You also certainly earned your lie-in today!

Both of you sleeping in however, left me to run around this morning with a bunch of kids and just the chaperones. The chaperones who kept winking and nudging at me. Giggling about how I must have exhausted you both since I was on my own this morning. The fact that I stopped for a coffee pretty much anywhere they were selling it didn't help the situation. I wanted to tell them all to stop winking and get their minds out of the gutters. But in all honestly, they weren't wrong. So I took the teasing as politely as possible. And secretly I was awfully proud of myself for being able to shag the both of you senseless.

I suppose I should back up to the beginning of the email and change my request a bit. See, I am at the Embassy, but the chaperones hopefully took the kids back to the hotel for lunch and to figure out the afternoon's plans now that I am out of commission. So if you could both come here that would be great, and bring the translation devices so Ollie can understand the French. But first can you check on the group and make sure they're set for the rest of the day? Either see if Minnie can send out an extra professor or two to help out (guilt trip Sebastian if you need to) or have them go somewhere near the hotel so it's not so hard for the chaperones to keep track of them all?

I'm having enough trouble dealing with the Wizards here that I know I'll undoubtedly be here for the rest of the day dealing with the situation. Honestly, good luck dealing with this government next week Draco. I am feeling blocked from every direction. I don't believe I'm directly dealing with anyone you'll have to convince during your spiel, but if this is any indication of how their
Ministry runs ... Merlin help you.

So here's what happened since I'm doing my usual rambling for paragraphs before I get to the information you're wanting. I have to wonder at this point if you even read the entirety of my emails or if you just skip ahead to the last paragraph or two to find out what I'm attempting to avoid talking about.

As we were walking around this morning I kept bringing us in weird directions. Getting as close to being lost as one can be with the ability to cast a tracking or map charm. I'd have every intent to walk us to the Eiffel Tower, which was four blocks straight ahead and all of a sudden I'd find out I'd taken a left and walked us in the completely wrong direction. It's a giant tower! We could see it from where we were and somehow I'd manage to make us turn away and go the wrong way.

Same thing was happening every time we looked for a new location. I would get us hopelessly lost, then a parent would take over, get us there, we'd sightsee, and then head to a new location. On the way to that location I'd get us lost again. And by the last location the parents just decided to not even let me lead. But even with that, I would start to wander off on my own. It was the craziest thing. I might be a ridiculous professor who brings my students out of the country for field trips, but I'm not one to wander off and ignore my responsibilities.

I just couldn't shake the feeling that I needed to be somewhere else. You know how I get hunches, and over the years I've learned to trust my gut; it's usually right. My gut knew to marry you years ago Draco, and my gut told me all those months ago that I needed you in my life Ollie. It's a good gut.

On the way back for lunchtime the bossiest parent, Colleen, told me "go find whatever you're looking for, we'll get the kids back, you're useless to us as you are!" I would have been offended but she wasn't wrong. So I set off in the opposite direction of the group and wandered wherever my gut told me to. I'd feel a pull in one direction, have that prickle on the back of my neck feeling like someone was watching me, and then it would all fade away.

This happened about three times before I noticed a set of big blue eyes staring at me from behind a set of bins. I tried to act as though I didn't know anyone was there, but when the little urchin started giggling I couldn't stop myself from smiling at her. The sweetest little face, deep blue eyes, a button nose, and pale blonde hair more of a honey gold than the Malfoy platinum. I sat down in some random filthy alley and chatted away with the little thing like I was taking high tea with the queen.

Before I knew it an entire hour had passed. And not once had I felt a single tug in a different direction. I almost felt the opposite and couldn't quite remember needing to go elsewhere. When I remembered my fiancés and my students I told little Nora I had to go, but asked if I could bring her to her parents.

And that's why I'm here at the embassy. Little Nora, the dirty little street urchin, was parentless. Without there being a Unity France I didn't know what to do. I can't bring a child out of the country, I don't know of any orphanages near Paris, and the child is most definitely magical. I know because once I recognized I was a bit confused I put up my occlumency shields and wouldn't you know it, I stopped feeling tugged towards that alley she'd been in. I could feel gentle prodding at my shields.

Come help me figure out the bureaucracy of finding a home for magical orphans in a country with no Unity house?

Love,
So, this 'morning' when I woke up - huh... It actually was still morning, about 10 AM - anyway, I naturally checked my email first thing. Oliver was sitting at the table in our hotel room, drinking tea and looking dreamy from last night. I gave him a loving smile as I read your email, and just so you know, I'm patient enough with your rambling that I didn't skip to the end, but read it all the way through.

When I got to the end, I said: "Oh dear," out loud, which caught Oliver's attention. He asked me what was wrong and I told him to read his email from you. As he did, I Insta-owled our lawyers.

Remember - Oh... Back about the time we opened the third Unity House, I had out lawyers streamline the process by having all the necessary paperwork prefilled out - with all applicable background checks and the like already attached. Remember that? Well, I Insta-owled our Lawyers and told them to prepare a brand new copy of that paperwork all ready to be processed in an expedited manner.

Then I told them to send it to Hermione so that she could attach a paper asking for it to be processed in a rush with her official seal on it. At that point, it was sent to me. Astonishingly enough, I received the fully prepared paperwork (via house elf) right about the time Oliver finished reading your email and leapt to his feet.

"We have to go help him!!!" Oliver shouted in a panic.

"Hold your horses, we'll get there," I murmured, slipping out of bed and eating a pastie as I got dressed in a posh outfit that will hopefully make up for the fact that I have to rely on an array of glamour spells to cover the fact that I had to skip my morning routine.

With my paperwork in hand, I actually dropped Oliver off (a bit like a little kid) at the Embassy (with a couple of pairs of translation devices) so that he could comfort and support you while I went to the French Ministry. Using all of my Malfoy superiority, I strode into their department of Children and Families, theatrically set the paperwork on the counter, and informed them that I would like it signed off on in the next 10 minutes.

Well, that didn't go over the best until the employee took the time to read the request for expedition from the British Minister for Magic. At that point, she got very quiet, politely asked me to wait a few minutes, and took it to her superiors, who (presumably) didn't have a good enough reason to deny the British Minister - in the interest of international cooperation. Thus, in exactly 11 minutes and 35 seconds, I had the signed and approved paperwork in hand declaring me (us) officially the owner/operator of a French Branch of Unity House.

Don't Panic! I don't intend to add starting and running a new branch to my plate of things to do. All I needed that paperwork for was to give us the Authority to take charge of this child and have her transferred to the original Unity House when you return home. That'll give you time to have her helped by Tabitha and her crew until something official (like adoption) happens for her.

But I didn't leave the French Ministry just yet. I took a quick detour through their Auror Department. Once there, I explained that you found an apparently orphan child on the streets, and that as an official representative of the newly founded Unity House (France), I was going to accept
custody of the child until they can either track down her parents (if she has them after all), or verify that she is an orphan who needs placement in a permanent home.

Interestingly enough, it was not my newly approved paperwork they wanted to see, but rather my official credentials through our Ministry, listing me as not only Chief of Raids (I sorta kinda miss those raids actually), but also the Chief Adviser to the British Minister for Magic. Once they wrapped their heads around the fact that I was actually GENUINELY reporting this incident via official channels and not just trying to steal a child from their country, they were oh so helpful, promising to contact the Embassy to help deal with them, not to mention starting the case and vowing to try to get it solved as soon as possible.

Thus, I had a pair of French Aurors with me as I arrived at the Embassy. My first glimpse of you (Harry) was you leaning against the wall, looking rather teary eyed as you looked down on something wonderful. The something wonderful happened to be our Oliver, who was sitting cross-legged on the floor, little Nora on his lap as he read her a story (in English, but she didn't seem to care). She had her tiny head resting on his chest, and he was using his hand that wasn't holding the book to stroke her gorgeous golden hair.

I pointed the two of you out to the Aurors before leading them over to you. Before anything else, I grabbed your hand and pulled you into me so that I could kiss you, and then I leaned over and kissed Oliver, murmuring something like: "You looks so gorgeous with a child in your lap," into his ear.

The Aurors took your statement and asked questions for their case, and promised to see if they could find a match for her in their missing child database within an hour. In the meantime, we were free to take her back to the hotel with us, and they even spoke on our behalf to the Embassy, thus assuring THEM that we weren't trying to kidnap a small child.

So... now all we have to do is wait until they can identify her... or not. In which case, you'll be able to take her back to England the moment the transfer papers are signed by the person in charge of Unity France and Unity England - which, correct me if I'm wrong, but we have both of those people in bed right here as I type this email. You and Oliver are playing with little Nora, and I am documenting it via email because I think THREE men fussing over her at the same time might be a bit overwhelming.

All in all, I can think of worse ways to introduce myself to the French Ministry. I'm now quite looking forward to my official meeting on Monday, hahaha!

In my life, I'll need you here, don't ask why, I'll never disappear,
Draco
Chapter 231

Chapter Summary

Harry is freaking out, Oliver is telling a story, and Draco already knows how this is all going to end.

Friday February 16, 2018

With a beautifully aching heart,

I just got back from dropping the students off at Hogwarts. I left you both here with the babies and Nora. It might have made sense to bring Nora to Unity while I'm already heading in that direction with everyone else, but I didn't want to overwhelm her. Especially since we'd have to stop at Hogwarts first to drop off about a million students, it's kind of an overwhelming place for a three year old who essentially doesn't know magic exists.

Plus, before we left we hadn't gotten the official answer from the French Ministry that she had been identified and therefore ready to leave the country. She tells me she has no parents, but she's three and may not know where she belongs. I'm sure she knows whether or not she has parents, but she might not know if she has a legal guardian frantically looking for her somewhere. Perhaps she had a loving auntie or uncle looking for her.

The paperwork that was sitting here waiting for me when I got back to the room tells a different story. Her name is Nora Marseille. She is indeed three years old. She was orphaned at a year and a half old when her parents died, and no living relatives to take her in. She's been residing in a Muggle orphanage ever since then. She went missing from the orphanage on Tuesday of this week. Yeah, Tuesday. So this sweet little angel had been on the streets alone, just wandering Paris for two whole days! She's only three years old!

It reminds me so much of Atreyu before he came home to us. He was living in the wild! Well, the wilds of suburban southern California, but still! He was all on his own, just searching for his family, searching for us. Sleeping in our playhouse to be near us.

And now little Nora with the sunshine hair, three years old and living in the alleyways of a bustling city. Thankfully we found her after only two days, but who knows how long she would have survived on her own. She's just a baby!

Well, with the students all back at Hogwarts, the paperwork giving us the go-ahead to take Nora to the UK, and the both of you being awake we could be packing up to head back home before coming back for our romantic weekend together. Instead, I am locked in the bathroom crying my eyes out. When you guys saw me slam myself in here and lock the door, you both very sweetly asked me what was wrong and tried to comfort me. I couldn't even reply. That's when I started typing.

Thank you Draco for hearing the clacking of the keys and realizing I was processing this in my own way. I heard you sigh deeply and tell Ollie "Come on Love, we'll leave him be to write out his feelings. We will just keep playing with the kids until my email chimes or our Harry comes out."
So here's what happened ... what's happening. See, I popped back to the hotel after dropping off the little lunatics. I walked into our suite, skimmed over the paperwork lying on the table, and made my way into the bedroom to talk with the both of you about the plans for the day. That's when I saw this beautiful sight. My two absolutely breathtakingly gorgeous men. Comfy and cozy, sitting cross-legged on the floor in your pajama (Ollie) and yoga (Draco) pants. The babies climbing around while Draco sings silly songs, Gabe crawling in and out of Ollie's lap, Morgana using Draco's shoulders to stand and bounce along to the music, and Dylan toddling around Nora who's giggling and clapping along to the singing.

When I walked in, all six of your faces looked at me. Lighting up, smiling at me like I just made your whole day by coming back. I gave quick hard kisses to you both, and dropped kisses on all four pudgy cheeks, then ran into the bathroom.

My heart just about exploded. It aches, but it's a good ache. A tight feeling in my chest where I can feel my heart expanding.

Tell me what to do please?

Confusedly,
Harry

P.S. If you both agree I can't ask of you what I want to ask of you please tell me immediately. Just say "No Harry" so I can try and clear it out of my mind. We'll never speak of it again.

Friday February 16th
Our Harry,

Harry, do you know what Oliver is doing as we wait for you to stop hyperventilating in the bathroom and come out here? He's talking to Nora. She can't quite understand him because she doesn't yet speak English, but she's listening intently as if he was dropping the words of God into her ears.

He's saying: "Once upon a time, there was a man who wanted a baby more than anything, except no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't have one. So, instead, he decided that he could love little kids that needed him. He adopted two little ones and raised them with all of his heart."

"At some point, he THOUGHT that he had his hands so full with them that he didn't need anymore. But then he met two men with a LOT of kids that told him that he can keep trying to have that baby, that his desire wasn't ridiculous, and that raising kids was one of the most noble acts they could think of.

"So I suddenly find that I can't help it, when presented with a lost and helpless little girl, I just want to hold her and protect her and never let her go."

He looked up at me with watery eyes, and I could have told you back at the beginning of his story that he was actually talking to me. I took his hand in mine and kissed it.

"If you think you're going to have to convince me that something in particular is the right thing to do, then you are sorely mistaken. I knew from the moment Harry's magic was drawn to the girl how this was going to turn out. One step at a time though. Let's get her officially transferred to Unity Britain, and then signed off as fostering with us. Once we have that in hand, Harry can probably have the adoption process finished before you can say Hippogriff," I informed Oliver.
He looked at me with so much hope in his eyes that I nearly had to comfort him.

"Are you CERTAIN about this? I'm not even married to you two yet and you're already offering to adopt a girl simply because I've grown insanely attached to her in less than 24 hours."

I chuckled. "Ask Harry how long it took us to know Shtara was ours. Or Atreyu. I swear that Harry has developed a sense that does nothing but locate and fall in love with the kids that are meant to be ours. When he said that his magic was being tugged at by this little girl, I knew that she was one of ours and I hadn't even met her yet. Why do you think I had Hermione expedite the paperwork? Any other kid and I probably would have let things take their own time - since I was going to be here in Paris anyway. And had Harry not felt instantly connected to her, he would have had the mental clarity to bring her to the Aurors and let them make sure she was identified and returned to where she belongs."

For once, Oliver stopped MY rambling, by pressing a finger to my lips. "So, what you're saying is that you mean it. I can love this little girl and both of you are going to support me in raising her?"

"Support you? HA! You're probably going to have to fight Harry for the title of favorite daddy. Be warned, the girls all seem to LOVE me an inordinate amount until they're older and realize that I'm a bit old fashioned and emotionally stunted when it comes to issues concerning pre-teens and teenagers."

Oliver chuckled, his eyes drifting to where Morgana was laying across my lap and using my fingers as chew toys. "Yes, I've noticed."

Before either of us could say anything else, Nora gave Oliver a hug and murmured: "Mon pere, Nora a faim."

"Eh? Qu'est-ce que tu voudrais manger, ma petite?" I asked because Oliver only has translation earbuds, not some sort of device to translate speaking (as I haven't ever been able to invent such a thing, despite trying).

"Pain au chocolat," Nora informed me.

"Hmm..." I hummed in thought, feeling that she should probably eat something a bit more substantial than that. "Et des oeufs?"

She nodded in agreement.

"Oui. Muffy! Please bring us some chocolate bread and cheesy scrambled eggs."

"Right away, master," Muffy replied, not bothering to enter the room to do so.

I decided to stop my email now so that you can hopefully read it right away and come out here so that we can hug you and give you a million reassuring kisses.

I did it all for the nookie,
Draco
Chapter 232

Chapter Summary

Harry overdoes it, Oliver snuggles Nora, and Draco buys an insane amount of chocolate and flowers.

Friday February 16, 2018

My Loves,

I suppose you're probably extra confused as to my whereabouts right now. I have a full-blown panic attack meltdown ending up locking myself in the bathroom, you send me a message in response basically saying that not only were you expecting an adoption to be the outcome, but that Oliver is about as unwilling to let her go as I seemed to be. And as soon as I receive and then read it you probably heard me apparate away without saying a word to any of you.

Don't you worry, I'll be back before you know it. Honestly, if my apparition hadn't make the cracking sound I'm going to be back so soon that you may not have even noticed me leaving and just assumed I needed a little extra time calming myself. In my haste to get everything done that needed doing I forgot about the noise until it was already too late.

So first of all, Oh My Gods!!! We're getting a daughter! She found me, and dragged me home, and made her baby brothers and sister fall in love with her, and made two of her Daddies fall for her as well, and she's going to be OURS! I can't believe this happens to us. Somehow she just knew her family had come to find her. I am beyond ecstatic.

So ecstatic that I may have gone a bit too far in panicking the other direction. See, I read your email and thought about all the things we had to do to get her legally declared ours. There's paperwork both for the fostering and the adoption request. There are things to plan for, like taking time off to bond with our new child. We need to make sure we have plenty of clothes and other necessities for her.

The first place I popped off to was Unity House. Tabitha tried being all chatty and sweet and delightful per usual. "Sorry Tabitha, no time to chat. I have way too much to do and I need to be back in Paris ten minutes ago!"

"Now see here Harry Malfoy! Since when do you not have time for a chat and a cuppa with me?" Tabitha asked me with quite the affronted look on her face.

"Since I need to get back to Paris and officially meet my new daughter Tabs! As we speak, Draco and Oliver are plying her with chocolates and singing songs and using up all of her cuddles!" I didn't try to shout at her, but I don't think I tried all that hard to NOT shout at her.

"You're getting a new daughter Harry? Congratulations! But what are you doing here then, you should be bonding with your Kid. You're probably the only person who knows that better than I do!" She didn't try very hard to not shout at ME either!

That's when I explained the whole problem with the brand new nonexistent Unity France, getting
notified of her identity, having to transfer paperwork internationally, etcetera etcetera etcetera. "And that's why I came here, can you sign off that she's been 'received' at Unity England? And then sign off that we can foster her until official adoption paperwork is filed? I have all of our personal paperwork, background checks and the like."

Tabitha gave me quite the look with that comment. "Yeah, like I need that information from you!"

I blushed and stuttered a bit, "I wasn't sure since it's different paperwork from our other adoptions. It's in triplicate now and you've not seen Ollie's background checks since he adopted Parker over seventeen years ago."

After giving me an honestly impressive eye roll, she signed everything. Giving me a kiss on the cheek for luck and extracting a promise that I'd bring Nora by for a movie night very soon.

I then apparated out of there, went to the Lawyer Armada, gave them the paperwork from Unity and asked them to start the official adoption request. I asked them to please make it as quick as possible which probably would have earned me a second eye roll of the day if they weren't so very good at their emotionless masks. "Of course Mr. Malfoy, we know how much you and the other Mr Malfoy appreciate expedition in these cases."

That's when I had to remind them that it will be slightly different this time as they would need to get all three of us on the adoption forms. Oddly enough I think they appreciated the challenge. Little something different for the firm, a Malfoy adoption different from all the others!

Once that was taken care of I took the liberty to pop over to Hogwarts as well. I know I know, I was already there today dropping off the students and no one was expecting me back until Sunday night since I'd planned on spending the weekend in Paris, but I had to talk with Minnie. I pretty much sprinted from the gates to her office. I did end up having a (very very small) cuppa with Minnie. What? I was exhausted from the running and you just don't say no when Headmistress McGonagall tells you you're having a spot of tea!

I explained to her, probably in rambling overly excited squealing, how Hogwarts was getting a brand new occupant. I explained to her that I would try my absolute hardest to fulfill all of my duties, but that I may need to reschedule a class here or there to sign off on paperwork or care for Nora, possibly even use up one or two of my PTO days. That's when she gave me that look that has me feeling exactly eleven years old and told me in no uncertain terms that both Oliver and I WILL be taking two weeks paid Paternity leave, just as any other professor would get if they were welcoming a new baby into their family.

"Harry, I recognize that Hogwarts is yours, as well as Oliver and Draco's, home. You are more than welcome to bring your newest family member here at any time. But I will not hear of any of the new parents working when you should be bonding. Take the two weeks, enjoy your new daughter, and bring her up to have biscuits with Nana Minnie as soon as she's settled in."

Biscuits! My new daughter was sitting in Paris having some sub-par chocolate bread when she could be having homemade biscuits made by me? Unacceptable! So I gave Minnie a quick hug and darted back to Hogwarts gates to quickly pop over to the Manor to find some sort of sweet to bring back with me.

Alright, so you're in Paris. Pretty much the pastry capital of the world. I am aware that it's unlikely you were giving her sub-par anything. But still, baking is my thing I want to give her sweets from me!

I knew I had some assorted biscuits in stasis and figured I could grab them and pop right over to the
hotel, but once I landed at the Manor, I realized I'd magically exhausted myself a bit. In an emergency I could have apparated and just been drained, but as I didn't absolutely need to accomplish it that moment, I decided to recharge a bit. So, I made my way to the kitchens to rest and bake a fresh batch since I now had a bit of time to kill.

Now, I am just sitting here, waiting for the last tray to come out of the oven. As soon as the timer goes off I am packaging them all up and coming back. I'll see you soon my loves. Kiss our daughter (s and sons) for me!

Love,
Harry

Monday February 19th
Mes tendres coeurs,

For the first time in a long time, when I woke up - a bit early for me, but not too bad, about 10 am - you were BOTH still sleeping. Both! And it wasn't because I'd hexed you to sleep either!

I think what happened was that Harry did his usual too wound up to properly sleep thing all weekend, and Oliver couldn't help but do it a bit too, and so, now that the initial awe and worry has passed, the two of you passed out around 2 am last night and are actually sleeping in for once.

Or were. That was this morning and I am currently about to recap my entire day.

After waking and enjoying being the first to wake - for once - I watched you both sleep for about 20 minutes or so. Perhaps part of the reason I woke up before you was that I didn't have any of the babies weighing me down and keeping me asleep. You made for a heart bursting sight!

Harry, you were on your back with Nora using your left arm as a pillow. Oliver, you were on your side, facing Harry. You had an arm over Nora's little body, even as Gabriel was using your bottom leg as a pillow and Dylan was somehow draped over your back without falling off or waking himself up. As for Morgana, she must have decided that she was hungry during the night, because she was laying directly on Harry's chest, and her mouth was so close to your right nipple that I'm dead certain she must have nursed for a bit before falling back to sleep.

I feel like I could have happily watched this scene for days!

Alas, I needed to eventually get up and get ready for my day. Oh sure, I still had at least two hours before I needed to get up, but my bladder soon made it clear why I was awake so early. So, I slipped out of bed and went to the bathroom so that I could do my business, and then take a quick shower. The moment I was clean, I cast drying spells on the majority of my body and used a towel to dry my hair.

Thus, I walked back out into the bedroom portion of the suite we're staying in to find Harry awake and staring at Oliver and Nora with a happy smile. Harry, your right hand was stroking Morgana's gorgeous black hair, and this must have woken her up just enough to realize that she was hungry, because she was nursing again.

I very quietly murmured for Muffy to bring us a full breakfast, and sat at the table to drink a cup of my favorite tea. As I drank, I noticed a couple of notes on the table. It seems that Zaire and Callista had gone on a breakfast tour of the city - and were almost certainly stuffed full by that point. Meanwhile, Leah had taken Jaz and Vani and their camera crew out to film some footage for an
episode of that show Jaz is making.

As I understand it, Sirius and his boys had stayed home - as had Pippa, Leah, and the girls - from Wednesday until today because he hadn't wanted to be fussed about the whole fieldtrip aspect of this visit, but now that the students are definitely back in school and his women are here working, he plans to arrive later today with his boys. (Actually, since I am recapping, he probably arrived a while ago.)

Harry and Oliver, you are both taking advantage of your generous paternity leave by staying here in Paris with me. Which means that you two are happily taking care of all the kids while I'm here at the French Ministry working. Just keep in mind that I promised Persephone and Lily that I'd take them skating tomorrow (since I almost certainly will have to wait a few days before receiving any sort of response from the Ministry), and that Caelum and Atreyu have gruffly consented to come along.

I find it funny that the only one of them that actually wants to figure skate is Lily, but that since the four of them always do everything together, they have ALL learned the basics. Last I saw, they were actually surprisingly good too.

Just goes to show how talented our kids are at everything they put their minds to.

As for me, I'm currently waiting for my meeting to resume. It had started around 2 because the French never fail to have a nice long and leisurely lunch, which simply means that I had time to do my entire morning routine, including a full yoga routine and a little light sparring with the Feisty Foursome, before I had to head off for my meeting.

The meeting itself was surprisingly fun. We all had glasses of wine in hand, and I presented the full outline to them as Pippa magicked up her brilliant power point to go with it. I didn't have any of the kids with me today as the ones that were with us were either busy with their own thing, or back in the hotel suite with you bonding with Nora. Thus I was able to flirt my way through the meeting as if I were born in France.

As I said, it was rather fun. After the presentation, the French Minister asked me to give them some time to discuss the matter, and so now, I am waiting in what I can only guess is some sort of official state guest waiting room. It's cozy, well decorated, full of comfortable furniture, and I've been provided with a lovely tea (not just the actual beverage but also a tray of tiny sandwiches and petit fours to go with it) and a nice bottle of Chateau D'or - which Pippa is helping me drink since it is rather excellent. She's also in love with the lemon poppyseed petit fours. I joked about her being pregnant ravenous, and then cast a pregnancy test spell on her.

She's not and doesn't appreciate the fact that I thought she was. She's basically vowed that she's never having any more kids because she's far too busy to properly spend time with the one she has. It seems she's extremely grateful to Sirius that he's such a good, hands on father. Had he not been, she said she might have seriously considered giving Pierre over to her family to raise, or adopting him to us so that she'd basically have a hand in raising him anyway, but in exactly the same way she helps us raise ALL our kids.

It's a rather sobering thought - that there are some people who are less suited to parenthood than we are. I mean from my perspective, it's just... well it just is. We do it - a LOT - and we apparently do it well. We have so many kids that I honestly can't imagine what it's like to only have two or three. If we only ever had one, I think I would have driven that one MAD with being SO hands on and overly involved that he or she would be an adult now and wondering how to pry me off them so they can go to work each day, hahahahahaha!
Upon reflection, this might be why our kids and I have managed to survive all those teenaged years. By the time one kid has reached the teen years, I have a new one or three to focus on so that I don't go neurotic on the teens, and in the meantime, you definitely take over as the main parent, Harry (and Oliver, I think you actually seem to excel at the little stage, probably because you had littles and know what to do), and - Oh wow!

I just realized that I'm doing the rambling thing!

Lucky for me that I'm being called back in; hold on a mo!

So, it seems that I was right, they are interested enough that they'd like a few days to think it over before meeting with me again. In the meantime, they're giving me a lovely - and ENORMOUS - fruit, cheese, bread, and wine gift basket. I suppose it's meant to help me enjoy the best their city has to offer while I wait.

Oh, Pippa just looked through the basket and has discovered that there are tickets to a play, vouchers for dinner at a prestigious restaurant, and an invitation to a wine tasting event. Salazar! The French REALLY know how to treat their guests! I can't wait!

Pippa is giving me a LOOK that tells me she'd quite like to return to the hotel now, so I should wrap this up, so - oh...

Hold on a moment...

So, apparently the French Minister heard that I filed the paperwork to start a French branch of Unity House, and has very excitedly asked me my plans for how and when I plan to actually do this. When I confessed that I only did it so that we could rescue and adopt Nora, she looked so disappointed that I blurted out reassurances that I would put together a team to get Unity France up and running. Elated, she asked only that I use a currently derelict property in the French equivalent of Diagon Alley as the actual House.

It seems that despite the muggles in France having a decently good orphanage system, about 10 percent of the muggleborn children who eventually attend Beauxbatons are raised in the system and she's always been passionate about having a wizarding version that can help teach these children about the Wizarding World right from the very start - except that the French Ministry has been reluctant to fund such a place as they feel that it would probably be a very expensive operation and that the overall amount of children living there would be too small to justify the expense.

Basically, the usual.

That said, with someone like me (us) funding the start up, she has promised to allocate a reasonable amount to operating expenses, thus, the place won't be quite as desperate for funding as other places tend to become every so often before a big fundraiser. Hopefully.

And now I really am going to sign off and head off to buy some flowers so that I can hopefully soften the blow that I AM going to add starting up a Unity House to my plate - at least partially. I'm serious about assembling a good team to do it for me, but that initial part will certainly be quite a bit to handle until it's done.

Forgive me?

I get so weak in the knees I can hardly speak, I lose all control and something takes over me, Draco
Chapter 233

Chapter Summary

Harry and Oliver don't need to forgive Draco, and Draco thinks it's time to go out and blow off some steam.

Chapter Notes

Warning: Potential Trigger warning - underage prostitution

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tuesday February 20, 2018

My Draco,

I most definitely do not forgive you! Why in Merlin's name would I forgive you? I mean honestly, how could I possibly forgive you for doing something like promising to help make a safe, loving, caring home for children who need it? Obviously there is nothing to forgive you for, you ridiculous man of mine.

Look, of course I will miss you since you will be very busy. And even without setting it up yourself, I do realize hiring and vetting a staff of people to essentially do a job we've only ever entrusted to our own selves will be very time consuming. But you're not setting the whole thing up yourself, much of the processes can be done during the day while Ollie and I are teaching anyway, and once you have a team you trust, you won't be needed for as much of the opening process.

Also, WHEN the French Ministry agrees to this upcoming event, you probably would have been needed to come to France (and go to Russia) a few times before the big day anyway. This probably won't add much more time than I was expecting when the whole tournament discussion came up in the first place. I think that's probably why I was so upset and impossible to cheer up when you first were leaving for Russia, I knew the time commitment was going to be much more intensive than you were assuming.

Well, the three of us have split up in a bit of zone defense with the kids today. I am sitting here at Siri's tryouts, Draco you took Lily, Seph, and a last-minute Nora ice skating, and Ollie apparently has all of the other littles under his tender care. I suppose that doesn't include Zaire being out doing more food exploration and Jaz out shooting a few more spots for her show. But still, I am sitting in a set of stands watching one of our children kick arse at quidditch, you have three of the easier children you're mostly going to be watching skate, and Oliver has all three babies as well as the most hyperactive two of the feisty foursome.

It was pretty sweet this morning, I could see Nora watching you get Lissa and Seph ready for ice skating. I could see the gears working, but she didn't say anything. Eventually you started giving kisses and cuddles to all the kids that were staying behind. It wasn't until you got to Nora that she realized she was not coming with. She looked up at you with those big misty eyes, "Mon pere,
emmèneras-tu Nora avec toi? Nora veut patiner avec mes soeurs." I saw that coming a mile away, and I knew you weren't going to tell your little girl she couldn't come with to skate with her sisters! Off all four of you went!

After you left but before I took off myself, I asked Ollie if he was going to be alright with all five kids without either of us there. I offered to take one or two with me to the tryouts. He laughed at me! "Babe, if I can't handle five children by myself for a few hours, then I am marrying into the wrong family! Go, support Siri, give him your undivided attention. I can't wait to hear all about every maneuver he makes!"

Ha! Of course the actual quidditch play is what our Oliver is focusing on. He's so stinkin' cute!

In case you're wondering why I'm writing an email instead of watching Siri, he has already finished his tryouts. He did amazing, best beater I've ever seen obviously. And now he's in the showers. I'm just waiting for him to finish getting ready, we're going to stop at Fortescue's for ice cream, and then we'll be flooing back after that. It's funny, Siri is at that age where he's obviously old enough to be trying out for professional quidditch teams, and so you'd think he wouldn't want to stop for ice cream afterwards like a little kid. Yeah, his response was "Dad, that's so embarrassing! I think I'll have mint chocolate frog!"

Oh, actually I'm going to stop off at the Manor after ice cream and dropping Siri at Hogwarts before I head back to Paris. I promised Nora I would bring our big family picture book. Since she's not gotten a chance to meet her biggest siblings, I wanted her to at least see pictures of them and have us tell her about them. She'll get to meet them on Friday, but this way she'll already know their faces and a bit about them before then.

Oh, yeah, Friday. In case you were wondering, I've already planned it and I've already RSVP'd for you. And uh, for an event Saturday night as well. So, obviously Nora needs to meet her entire family. Most importantly, she needs to meet her siblings. Friday we're going to leave Paris, go pick up Siri and Zwei from Hogwarts, and then all of the older children will be meeting us at the manor for dinner. The plan is a fairly early meal, game time, and then ending in a big old snuggle puddle with the whole family watching a movie.

And before you ask, yes I already contacted all of our out of country children! All of our children, including Miles and Colm, including ALL of the spouses, and all of our grandchildren will be in attendance!

We'll then spend the day together on Saturday, probably playing around on the Manor grounds, maybe going for a hike, perhaps some pick-up quidditch. Anyway, just spend the day together as a family before the entire rest of our circle descends upon us for a Circle dinner to introduce Nora.

Oh! Siri's ready! I scream, you scream, we all scream for ice cream!!

Love,
Harry

Wednesday February 21st,
Les battements de mon Coeur,

Harry, I know you knew - or perhaps trusted - that I wasn't doing anything wrong, but Oliver, I feel I have to open with: no matter what it might have looked like, I wasn't doing anything wrong, I promise. I hope your heart and mind are in an open place by the time I get back to explaining what
But first, I wanted to say something before I forget. Harry, when you said that you spent an hour talking with Nora, and then I found out that she's only three, I erroneously presumed that you meant that you were having a sort of baby babble conversation. Or more like a childish toddler conversation. But no, you literally meant that you were talking to her for an hour.

I'm rather impressed with how well she talks. I can't quite decide if the orphanage that basically raised her was that good at teaching her to talk, or if they were just that strict about her NOT talking like a baby. For my peace of mind, I'm going to assume they were that good. Also, maybe it's because she almost certainly has at least a touch of magic, but she really does seem smarter than most children her age.

I know, I know! ALL of our children have seemed pretty advanced for their ages, but I really do think that's because they've almost all had such powerful magic. As if having magic somehow makes the brain work better or something. OR maybe WE are just so good at speaking baby speak by now that we don't even notice it's not fluent adult language at this point, despite being French.

No, I'm going to go with she's just brilliant.

For example, she heard Atreyu call me papá in his adorable accent, and then immediately called me papa as well, only in her accent (which is also adorable), it sounds, erm... French... That sounded better in my head, but you know what I mean. The accents are ever so slightly different despite being literally the same word.

It doesn't matter how they say it, the word never fails to make my heart melt into a puddle of sugary goo.

So, after a full day yesterday and a reasonably full day today as well, the three of us decided that we needed some adult time. So, we left the littles with the not so littles and our entourage, plus our house elves and theirs. Or in other words, we left them WELL looked after.

Then the three of us went out to a local - and apparently rather famous - gay club called the Labo. It's actually wrong to call it gay, which implies men only, since it's LBGTQ. Anyway, I suggested it because it's got just about everything, drinking, dancing, even karaoke. Also, I haven't heard back from the French Ministry yet, so I needed to blow off some steam and forget about them for a while.

And forget them I did!

I'll skip over the general group foreplay on the dance floor to begin with as you were both there and were part of the very handsy group. I'd had a cocktail to begin with, but once the alcohol loosened me up, I didn't feel the need to get drunk. That said, I had been so eager to get to the club that I forgot to go to the loo. So, barely an hour in and I was already gesturing that I needed to go to the loo.

The both of you had the foresight to go beforehand, and so, didn't feel the need to come with me. I had to stand in a bit of a line (in case you were wondering what took so long). After about five minutes of the line moving at a decent enough pace, a twink emerged from the loo that caught my eye, and only part of it was that he had his hair died my favorite shade of metallic blue. The rest of it was that he was bloody gorgeous.

What?! I have eyes!
Anyway, rather than return to the dance floor, he leaned up against the wall, basically eyeing the line and giving flirty eyes to anyone who looked at him twice. About two minutes later, it was finally my turn to enter the loo, only to find that the urinals were still packed and I had about another minute to wait. Just as I was stepping up to the urinal, I noticed the gorgeous twink (via an interestingly placed mirror) enter the loo with a man who immediately pulled him into an open stall. Apparently there are enough stalls that they aren't all in use as much as the urinals are.

In any case, I could guess what he was doing. Shrugging, I did my business, and then was so-called: "Fussy! Geez mate, get on with it!" by a fellow Brit who was clearly impatient as I washed my hands. I swear I did not take more than my usual minute or two to ensure that my hands were clean and my appearance was perfect, but it was enough time for the gorgeous twink to reemerge from the stall and head back out to the hall while his partner looked a bit high and dazed, hastily and belatedly remembering to fasten up his trousers. Sexy tight black leather trousers, mmm...

As I was saying, I finished up my reparations and returned to the dance floor, unable to hold back a flirty smirk as I passed the twink.

Once on the dance floor, I made some lucky bloke's day by dancing with him. I could see the two of you dancing with each other, and was a little surprised that you were both consenting to groping and grinding from others. That turned me on SO BLOODY MUCH!!!

MERLIN!!! It's been far too long since the last time I got to truly fulfill my sharing and voyeurism kinks! Strangely enough, you'd think that any threesome between us would fulfill them, but I suppose that at those times, I feel that you are both MINE to the point that I'm not actually sharing you with anyone, and the voyeurism thing also tends to take a back seat to me actually participating.

My dance partner initiated some hot and heavy kissing, but when the song ended, I bowed out to go get another drink. It was a berry cocktail of somesort, which I downed in one go because I was parched. When I turned to resume my dancing, I nearly tripped over the gorgeous twink.

"Bonsoir, bel homme," he murmured in my ear. "Danse avec moi?"

I looked him up and down before deciding to put my hand in his and let him practically drag me onto the floor. He wasted NO time in grinding up against me and stealing kisses. He was getting me very ready to pounce on you two and abduct you back to our suite. However, something about him was nagging at the back of my mind. So much so that I found myself trying to slip in his mind without even meaning to.

HE WAS SHIELDED!

That said, some people just naturally do it. Even muggles. I can't for certain say whether he was a wizard doing it on purpose, or a muggle who just happened to have a strong shield without realizing it. I was... intrigued...

Also, I was more certain than ever that something wasn't quite right about him.

This is the part - Oliver - where if you were actually watching me, you probably felt I was up to no good. In fact, I will not be at all surprised to find myself locked out of our suite when I return to it in a few minutes, until after one or both of you read this email, discuss it, and then let me back in.

I'm currently at a street food cart eating... something... I'm not certain I want to know what, but I needed to get some food in me and decided to write this while I was at it.
So, getting back to the recap, there I was, on the dance floor being groped by and snogging the bloody fuck out of this gorgeous little twink. Things were getting a bit too hot, so I was going to pull back and demand a little air, but he prevented me by dragging me off toward the loo. Yes, I will admit that it probably looked suspicious as fuck that I'd just come back from the loo not 20 minutes prior, and I was already headed there again with a very eager partner.

I did NOT do anything in the loo! Well, not anything more than what you saw on the dance floor. In fact, we never even made it into the loo. We were standing in that long arse line, once more snogging and grinding together. The more we did so, the more I felt uneasy.

Sure enough, he pulled back to whisper in my ear: "20 euros pour -" he motioned a hand toward his mouth. I shook my head. He pouted and kissed me again. His hands wandered, and he probably found a minor emergency in my well tailored trousers.

"Non," I stated firmly, then whispered a question in his ear. This will sound bad, so brace yourselves. I asked him to take me back to his place. I swear to you, he lit up like Christmas had just come not even two months after the last time.

Then his face fell a bit. " Je ne... ne..." Then he squared his shoulders. "Chouette. Viens."

Alright, from here on out, I'm going to assume that Oliver IS reading, and that he doesn't want to translate everything we said, and so, I'll just write it all in English.

Looking all around as if afraid he might be caught, he literally SNUCK me out of a back door. Then he held my hand and snuggled into me and chuckled merrily. "I never bring blokes back to my place. That's not to say that I've never shagged - and I can do both, although I suspect that you are a hard top. It's just that I normally earn more than enough by just giving head. It takes a rare and fairly gorgeous man to make me even consider shagging. Just a warning, if you want the entire night, it'll cost you a pretty penny!"

I looked him in his deep blues (I actually couldn't tell the color at that moment, but they are VIBRANT!), and then rolled my eyes. I pulled the money clip that held my share of the muggle money I'd obtained specifically to spend in France.

"You mean more than this?"

His eyes bulged nearly out of his head. "ARE YOU PLANNING TO SPEND THE ENTIRE WEEK WITH ME?!?!?!?"

"Nope!" I assured him.

"DAMN..." he swore reverently as he counted the cash now in his hands. Then he gulped apprehensively. "You want to do some nasty perverted shit, don't you?"

"Not at all, I don't even plan to touch you."

He stopped short and glared at me. Then he shoved me through a nearby door into a small but surprisingly clean flat. Angry, he took a good long look at me.

"You don't LOOK like a cop - and I have a very good sense of who's a cop."

I shook my head and held up my hand. "Not a cop."

Softening, he looked me over again, his expression turning to pure lust. "Well then..." Rather than say anything to me, he threw his arms around my neck and kissed me again.
I pulled back, placed a drop of potion on my tongue, and then kissed him again so that he had to share the drop with me. Then I gently pushed him just a bit away.

"Do you live here alone?"

"Yep! Wait..." He was now frowning in concern.

"What about your parents?"

"My dad's a dealer and my mum's a junkie - WHY DID I TELL YOU THAT?!"

I chuckled. "Because I gave you a drop of Veritaserum. Unfortunately, I shared the drop with you, so I ALSO have to tell the truth."

"What's Veritaserum?"

"A potion that forces you to tell the truth. How old are you?"

"Fi - ggh!" He was pressing a fist to his mouth and pointing at me accusingly.

"HOW old are you?" I pressed with an expectant look.

"Fifteen! GOD DAMNIT!"

I harrumphed. "I honestly would have believed you had you told me 18, especially since twinks go out of their way to LOOK younger than they really are, and you look, oh... between 16 and 17."

"I turn 16 in June..." He now looked miserable and vulnerable.

"Listen, I really don't plan to touch you, and even if you tell me to fuck off, I'll let you keep that money in the HOPES that you invest it in your future, but I think I can make a MUCH better offer than that," I informed him.

He perked up at that. "Oh? Does that mean that you want me as your exclusive paramour? I could go for that, you're so bloody gorgeous I nearly offered to give it to you for free!" He slapped his hand over his mouth in dismay at that bit of honesty.

"So a gorgeous but heartless bastard could take advantage of you?" I asked in concern.

He shook his head. "No! I never make less than 200 euros a night just giving head, so it's RARE for me to even consider shagging for money, but there's just something about you. I feel like a moth while you are the warmest yet coolest flame ever - and I'd REALLY like to stop telling the truth now, please!"

"Thank you," I accepted graciously. "But getting back to you, I want you to come home with me."

He grinned at that and pushed me onto his bed (it's a SMALL flat after all) so that he could straddle me and give me more kisses. I held my hand up to stop him.

"What the problem? We can always go to your place when we're done here," he pointed out.

"I said I wasn't going to touch you," I reminded him. He pouted so prettily.

"But why not?! You're the first person in ages that I've WANTED to shag me!"

"That's because you have excellent taste, but I'm serious, I'm married and engaged, and my men
wouldn't approve of me shagging a fifteen year old, but if I'm honest, ***I*** wouldn't like me shagging someone young enough to be one of my MANY kids. That's actually what I was getting at. I want you to come home with me IF your parents really are as horrible as you say. I can officially foster you. In exchange for YOU promising to go to school and learn anything at all you like, ***I*** promise to pay for it. And give you a home to live in until you're old enough to live on your own for real."

He was narrowing his eyes at me. "You think I am some poor street rat that can't do better for himself than turn tricks! Did it ever occur to you that I LIKE what I do? My parents are crap - sure - but they were never abusive to me and gave me pretty much everything I asked for. My dad deals a fuckton of drugs, and my mum's pretty much always too high to notice much of anything, really. I didn't run away from them because they treated me badly or anything, I ran away because..."

He trailed off, suddenly looking sullen. "Well, because I realized I was gay, and when my dad noticed me doing things like dying my hair and painting my nails, he actually DID try to beat me. I'm not even sure why, since I have never seen him discriminate against gay men before, but for some reason, ME being gay seemed to make him lose his mind! So I left and I never looked back."

I frowned in concern. "And how do you manage to live here all on your own?"

"I already told you, I make a lot of money, and because I am gay, I really like blowing men and making them feel good. They always look so dreamy and happy when I'm done with them." He smirked at me flirtily. His hands were unbuttoning my shirt. "DAMN! So fit!"

I sighed and gave him a quelling look. "Stop that. I'm trying to get you to think about your future. What will you do in - say - 10 years when you no longer have your perfect twink looks going for you, and the men that liked that about you no longer want you? What will you do then?"

He gave me a light glare, and then rolled his eyes. "I'm smart enough to save my money. I live in this cheap arse flat and keep my bills to a minimum. IF the day comes that I can no longer make a nice income off my looks and skills, THEN I'll go to stupid fucking college and get a boring as fuck office job somewhere, probably as a secretary for a Horny married woman who wants to think she could have me."

I laughed. "Fine, smart-arse. But what if you could do ANYTHING. What if money was not a problem. What would you do then?"

He bit his lip in thought. "Well... The only other thing I love is..." he looked away and itched his lower left eyelid. "Drumming. I don't get to do it much because these walls are like paper. But I have drumsticks and I like to quietly tap them on everything I can."

I laughed and shook my head. "That's ironically perfect! My oldest daughter runs a performing arts school."

He squinted at me suspiciously. "Wait... You're still trying to get me to give up what I'm doing and be a responsible adult somehow."

I shrugged. "Listen, you still so very young. Even if you really do love this - and I'll admit that you probably do since you're under the influence of Veritaserum - but even so, things change as you get older. My oldest daughter wanted to run our orphanage very passionately until she decided to open a performing arts school instead. My second oldest son ran his own bar until he got caught up in drugs, had a baby, and decided to go into banking instead. My oldest son had his own spa until he decided to be a house husband and co own that bank with his brother. My second oldest daughter -"
"How many bloody kids do you have?!?!?"

I roared with laughter. "20. 1!!! 21!!! Sorry, we just adopted another. Still not quite used to saying 21 yet."

"What the bloody fuck?!?!?" He asked, his eyes now wide and staring at me like I'd just lost my entire mind.

Still chuckling a bit, I pressed on. "Listen, the point is that I can help you. I know it sounds a bit scary, but if you'll just allow me to get the paperwork going to declare you, erm... a troubled teen in need of a safe place to stay, I can 'enroll' you in my orphanage and officially foster you, and as I said, all you need to do is go to school. My daughter's school, in which you can drum as much and as loudly as you want. And meet kids who love to play the guitar and the piano - among other instruments - and who knows? Start a band. Get famous. Earn LOADS more money than you do now."

He sat glaring at me. He was still straddling me and his hands were resting on my bare chest. Abruptly, he picked his hands up off me and crossed his arms over his chest. "God fucking damn it! WHY do I have to find the ONE fucking bloke in all of creation that DOESN'T want to shag me into the bed?!?! You know what? I'm done with this, if you're really not going to touch me, then please get the fuck out of my flat!"

"Alright," I agreed with a disappointed sigh. "But you're going to have to get off me, unless you want me to toss you on your arse."

"Yes please! Oh wait, you mean on the floor or something," he sighed in frustration. Then he leaned over and got so close to my lips that he could have licked them. "Are you sure you don't want ANYTHING? A blow job? Frotting??? I could rim you..."

"I'd be lying if I said I was completely uninterested, as evidenced by the persistent and impertinent arsehole in my trousers, but NO. I am not going to shag a minor. Ever."

He got a shrewd look in his eyes. "Then why haven't you pushed me off you yet? Maybe you just want to SAY no when you really MEAN yes."

I rolled my eyes. "I wanted you to listen to me, and I could tell that you felt in control so long as you were on top of me. Notice I haven't touched you at all, I asked you to stop trying to undress me, and have repeatedly told you that I will not shag you. I think I've been fairly clear and consistent, except now you've told me to leave but won't get off me so that I can do so. I think maybe YOU'RE the one saying no to my offer when you REALLY mean yes."

He growled at that, reluctantly and slowly shifted off to the side, and watched me sit up. I focused all my attention on my buttons so that he wouldn't feel threatened. "My name is Draco Malfoy and I'm staying in Paris for a few more days at the least. Here're my details if you change your mind."

He took advantage of the fact that I looked up a bit to fasten my last button - at my neck - by pulling on my neck with his hand so that I had to look him in the eye.

"What's wrong with me that you don't want me?" He asked, looking so very vulnerable.

Still afflicted by Veritaserum, I had no choice but to answer him honestly. "You look like... half of my kids, in one way or another. I can't in ANY sort of conscious shag a minor who looks like he belongs to the Malfoy family - or ANY minor honestly. I think at this point in my life, my absolute minimum age would be about 25 or 30. And even more than that, I get shudders of horror thinking
about ANY man or woman over the age of 25 shagging a FIFTEEN year old!"

"Why are you so hung up on age?" He grumbled petulantly, once more crossing his arms over his chest.

I sighed in frustration, and then chuckled. "Elena, River, Parker, Cassie, Viona, Eris, Orion, Hazel, Shtara, Siri, Zwei, Zaire, Jaz, Persephone, Lily, Caelum, Atreyu, Gabriel, Dylan, Morgana - OH! And Nora."

"Who're they?" He asked curiously.

"My kids. I TOLD you I have 21 of them. And that's not even counting my honorary kids that I didn't officially adopt. They range in age from 26 on down to 10 months old. So tell me, WHICH kids should I forget and NOT see when I look at you?"

"You know what? I think you're pulling my leg! I don't know how you're making me tell the truth like this, but I call bullshite! No way in bloody hell do you have THAT many kids! You don't even look 40!"

I narrowed my eyes at him a moment, tempted to be offended, but since he happens to be right - more or less - I let that slide. "Believe whatever you want."

He gave me a shrewd look. "I tell you what, IF you're telling the truth, I'll consider going to that school you're talking about. BUT if I'm right and you're lying, you talk those men of yours into letting me have you for an hour or so."

I laughed and laughed and laughed. "Alright, I can make that bet!" I held out my hand for him to shake on it, which he did, looking a bit smug, like he'd just gotten one over on me. "What's your name, KID?"

"Jules," he informed me with a shy smile, looking rather love-struck, disconcertingly enough. I found it funny how he rolled his name a bit so that it didn't sound like Jewel, but rather Zhewl, with a long, soft, and nearly sensual Zh sound. Ugh! Sorry! I'm doing that thing I did with Mahafsoun where I focused on the, erm… wrong bits of her personality.

Seriously, Oliver - and you too Harry, as I know you HATE reading emails in which I describe these things - I'm NOT trying to sound like I'm interested in HIM in that way. My interest from almost the first moment was that he looked like a kid (which I was right about) and that he seemed to be doing things that he shouldn't be at his age (which I was right about too). The fact that he seems to have innate Occlumency shields just sweetened the pot for me.

If you manage to read this email all the way to the end before I finish my meal (and Jules is eating quite a bit as well), hopefully you'll let me into our suite and let me talk to you about this. I know you're both probably the most pissed about me doing this without consulting either of you AT ALL, but there wasn't time. Well… I suppose there was time, but it didn't FEEL like there was time.

And now I'm a bit tired and starting to ramble, unless this whole email has been one long ramble, in which case, I'm sorry, I meant to be coherent. I'm going to sign off now, finish eating, and make sure that Jules doesn't renege on his bet.

Too erm... foggy to come up with an appropriate song lyric,
Draco
P.S. Oliver, in case you didn't know it, Veritaserum does have a bit of a... not a high like a drug, but
the same sort of after effects of a drug when you're coming off the high, and that's why I'm fuzzy and rambling. That and I'm terrified that you're still convinced that I followed a boy home and shagged him dirty rotten rather than try to convince him to clean up his life.

P.P.S. If you're STILL not convinced, I'll take MORE Veritaserum!

Chapter End Notes

WARNING! Drama and Angst ahead.
Basically, Chrissie and I thought it was time for another heavy arc.
Thursday February 22, 2018 – sometime after midnight

Draco,

Of course you are not going to be locked out of our rooms if you attempt to come back. You and I have taken vows, Oliver plans on taking those same vows. We are a united team, locking you away from us will accomplish nothing. All us fighting or being angry will accomplish is pushing each other away.

That's not to say we haven't each put up emotional walls. Oliver has spent the last hour since we received your email, the hour before it arrived as well if you want to get technical, sobbing. We're trying to keep our emotions as low as possible, we've cast a silencing bubble around the kids so they can't hear us. But it's really hard.

I ... we ... believe that you didn't go to the loo to do anything. We also believe you when you say you didn't do anything when you got to his home. There will be no need for veritaserum. I know, and I'm sure Oliver knows as well, that you wouldn't lie to us. That's not your style. What is your style however is pushing the limits. Your style is attempting to talk your way around things, dance around loopholes, stick to the exact letter of promises made. We fell in love with a Slytherin, we knew what we were getting into.

Feel free to take that statement however you'd like. You know I'm not saying Slytherins are evil or we should have expected you'd break our hearts. But I am saying that while you may have stuck to behavior that isn't explicitly something we've asked you not to do, it doesn't change the fact that you have hurt us both.

Would you like to know what your fiancé is saying between sobs? When he's coherent over the moaning, hiccuping, and frantic breathing at least. "I'm not enough. We're not enough."

It makes me wonder honestly. I know that you and I used to play all the time prior to falling in love with Oliver. I get that the sharing and the voyeurism is your kink, but are we kidding ourselves acting like it's something you can live without? Because it's starting to feel as though it's not something you can live without. We have more sex than any other couple I know. You and I have been going at it like rabbits for years, you get to shag Oliver and I multiple times a day. You've always said your voyeurism is about watching our pleasure, if that's actually the case then why
isn't watching the two of us enough?

We find out you have a bit of a craving for fanny and we start shooting curses at each other to fill your needs. You have access to female bodies, you have complete unrestricted access to our bodies, but somehow you still need more.

Sure, technically you didn't do anything we've not explicitly stated was alright. Kissing and groping in a party atmosphere and going home to shag with us. Those were the limitations yeah? Then tell me why you didn't come home with us? Why you didn't shoot us an insta-owl. Why you didn't catch my eye and poke at my occlumency shields so I knew you were safe and doing something to help out a young person in trouble?

Look, everything you explained once you left I totally get. You're fantastic at talking around someone's excuses, it sounds like you quite possibly saved this boy. I'm quite proud of you for doing your best to help him realize his life needs something different. I swear to you, your fear that we are mad because you offered to help an essentially orphaned youth without discussing it with us first, absolutely not the case. I know your enormous heart wants to help every sad stray puppy you find.

But the rest of your actions tell me a slightly different story. You didn't notice some kid who looked too young to be hooking up in loos. You didn't see someone who needed saving. You saw someone who was "bloody gorgeous." Would you like to know how many times in your email you called him a "gorgeous twink"? Four. It would have been more but after four you switched to talking about his "perfect twink looks." You may have eventually felt uneasy and then tricked him into the veritaserum, but that can't be completely true. Either you immediately thought he was underage and then proceeded to snog and grope him, OR you were initially attracted until you realized he was too young.

It just can't be both Draco.

Yes, Oliver and I spent the evening dancing and grinding in a pile of sweaty bodies. But we were together, and until you started spending most of the evening in the loo, we were focused on putting on a bit of a show for you. But you were focused on snogging and grinding on strangers. Again, we've talked about it and it's something we've agreed to, but I have to admit the allowance of that for me was getting you all hot and bothered to come play with ME. It just seems like you wanted last night as a way to blow off steam, to destress from a long week, and we were not your chosen stress relief.

We're just the blokes in love with you who get to listen to yet another apology.

Another apology for taking things too far.

Another apology for an overly descriptive gagging for someone else email.

Another apology for not coming home with us.

Another apology

Another apology

Why aren't we enough? What will be enough? When will we be enough?

-Harry
Thursday February 22nd
MERLIN DAMNIT!

Before I start rage typing, let me get the tidbits out of the way. What took me so long after emailing you was that Jules - being French - insisted on taking nearly an hour to eat his food. During which time, I decided to fill out that paperwork to list him as an official occupant of Unity France. I know, you're probably wondering how I had the paperwork on me, but basically, when my lawyers sent the packet necessary to file and start up a new branch, the actual forms the Orphanage uses for various things were in with the packet - so that the French Officials could look them over and verify that they work here too.

Thus, I had them in my carry all case. Once the correct form was filled out (I started with the wrong one before I remembered the troubled teen form), I sipped on a cup of tea as Jules finished up his meal. At that point, I had to remember how to WALK to our hotel since I hadn't once NOT Apparated there.

As it turns out, I could have just Apparated anyway, since the moment I let us into the hotel suite, Jules blurted out: "MON DIEU! C'EST HARRY POTTER!!"

I gave him a sharp look. "You mean to say you're a wizard?!"

He shook his head. "Non. Ma Mere, eu..." He flapped his hand palm down and palm up several times to indicate that she is sort of a witch. Then he mumbled something about her being so weak magically that she's practically a squib - hence her drug problem. Meanwhile, Jules himself has never exhibited any magic - to the point where his mother never even told his muggle father that it could be possible.

Apparently, his mother's sister used to babysit him when he was younger, and she told him all about the great Harry Potter. But then she died and he had nearly convinced himself that the world of magic was just a fairy tale his aunt made up to entertain him.

I could tell by the rather grim look on your faces that neither of you were particularly welcoming to this kid who was delaying our, er... conversation... So, I turned to him and said: "Here, take our family photo album into the spare bedroom and look through it. Feel free to get some sleep as it is too late at night for me to officially win our bet. Let me show you where it is..."

I took a few minutes to escort him to the spare room, make sure he knew where the loo was, and then actually use the loo myself, which gave me a few minutes to read your email. The first thing I felt as I read was the need to apologize. Then I felt a little bit offended. Suddenly, I felt bloody angrier than hell!

"HOW DARE YOU?!" I shouted as I marched out to the sitting area of the suite, where you were both waiting.

This predictably lit a fire in Harry's eyes. "How dare we what?!"

"HOW DARE YOU THINK THAT ***I*** FEEL LIKE THE TWO OF YOU ARE NOT ENOUGH!!!" I had my magi-tablet in hand and was pointing to my email, NOT that you could actually read it from where you were across the room. "NOWHERE in this email did I say I actually WANTED anyone else!!! I said I was attracted to others! I said I have eyes and can appreciate someone gorgeous when I see him. I ALSO said that he had gotten me to the point that I wanted to GO HOME WITH YOU TWO!!! The only reason I didn't was because the longer I was around him, the MORE I realized that something was wrong!"
I ran a hand through my hair and paced to a different corner of the room. "I can understand why you'd be upset when you thought I MIGHT have actually gone home with another bloke, as that WOULD have been clearly and blatantly wanting someone else, but I DIDN'T go home with him for that!!! If you believe me about that, then the only reason you can possibly think that I feel like you two aren't enough, is because I mentioned that I was so bloody turned on by the two of you putting on a show for ME! How in the bloody fuck is THAT me considering someone else?!!"

I growled in frustration and paced back to the part of the room I'd entered to begin with. "YES I PUSH! I understand that that might not feel the best, but I'm NOT pushing you to do things you don't want to, and I'm NOT being unappreciative of the things you do for me. I just want to take advantage of every ounce of flirtation I'm allowed - SALAZAR DAMNIT!!! I AM AN INCORRIGIBLE FLIRT, AND YOU ***KNOW*** IT!!!"

Damnit, I was too tired by this point to remember my bloody point or why I was so upset by the fact that you two were upset by what I'd done. I mean after getting some sleep, logically I know that you both have the right to be angry with me for IMPLYING that I was doing things I wasn't, but since I didn't do anything wrong, I'm still rather mad that you're mad at me.

Fortunately for all of us, an owl arrived just then, rather unexpected as it was the middle of the night. I took the letter from him and ordered Muffy to give him a treat as I read the letter. Out loud. At the top of my lungs.

"DEAR MR. MALFOY! WE AT THE MINISTRY ARE DELIGHTED TO INVITE YOU BACK TO DISCUSS YOUR BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY! PLEASE STOP BY TO MEET WITH US LATER TODAY AT 4PM!"

I crumbled the letter up in my anger, and then tore it to pieces before finally just casting an Incendio at it. "Fuck this! I'm too bloody tired to argue any more tonight, and I'm going to bed so that I can get some Merlin be damned sleep before my meeting tomorrow!"

And with that, I stormed into our bedroom, conjured up a cot next to the large bed, and lay down fully clothed. I either passed out from emotional exhaustion, or you cast a sleeping hex on me, because the next thing I knew, it was morning, and neither of you were in the room with me. There's a note from you two on the bed, but I haven't had the courage to read it just yet. I'm more than a little afraid that it's going to tell me that you both returned home with the kids and that I can just go ahead and stay in France until I die.

I don't know what to do. I suppose the only thing I can do at this point is to go to my meeting in a couple of hours, and then see if I can have an emergency meeting with Yesenia to discuss what I'm feeling and how I can feel, erm… the right way to make you both forgive me. Or... I dunno, accept me?

Ugh! I'm not making any sense, not even to me! If I don't see you before I leave for my meeting, just know that while I'm still mad at you both for jumping to the wrong conclusion even though I basically made it look like that was exactly what was happening, BUT I still love you so damn much that I feel like I can't breath because we're fighting. I fully expect that the French Officials won't be able to hear a word I'm saying because I won't have enough breath in my body to speak above a whisper.

And to top it all off, I'm rambling!!!

Sigh...

Boy you belong to me, I got the recipe, and it's called Black Magic,
If y'all are wondering why Harry and Oliver didn't argue back towards the end there, I interpret it in two ways: Either they did and Draco just wasn't paying enough attention (was too involved with his own shit) to catch it, or - more likely - they recognized that Draco was in not-going-to-listen-to-anything mode, and since they were already keeping a tight reign on their emotions, just let him bluster and go to bed without trying to say anything.

Which ever makes more sense to you ^_^
Chapter 235

Chapter Summary

The fight isn't exactly over, but it's not currently in progress either.

Chapter Notes

Sorry, I didn't mean to leave y'all hanging after the heaviness of that fight, but I got caught up with other things. Then AO3 was down when I went to post before going to work today, so, better late than never I guess ^_^

Thursday February 22, 2018

My Love,

If you had read the note you wouldn't have had to worry so much about where we had gone and if we were ever coming back. It said: "We are taking the kids on a long walk through Paris. We're stopping at a few gardens. We may be back before you leave for your meeting, but if we're not, Good Luck. We know you'll do amazing. Love Always, Harry and Oliver"

As you can obviously tell, we did not make it back in time to see you before you left for the meeting. We really tried, but dragging our entire crew through the streets of Paris took longer than we imagined it would. Shocking I know. Whatever could have possibly distracted our ragtag crew in this city that would have made attempting to have them walk in a straight line look like an attempt to herd cats.

Our Nora giggled about it a few times when Ollie and I tried to corral them all together. "Nous ressemblons aux filles de Madeline Papas!" It was adorable no matter what, but once Nora explained to her sisters who Madeline was and why she thought our crew looked like something out of the pages, Seph and Lissa insisted we get all the girls matching blue coats and yellow hats so they really could look like the storybook. I pointed out that we could do the yellow on yellow combination they wear in some of the stories and was told with quite a few Malfoy eyebrows that they would end up looking like they were trying to be the Man in the Yellow Hat from Curious George.

So, I put my foot down and refused to buy them the outfits. Ha! Yeah right, I'm too much of a pushover for that. We probably spent a full hour searching for a proper store to find exactly the right accessories to complete their looks. Don't worry, I'm sure you'll see it again soon, but if not I did take quite a few pictures of our little ladies walking through the streets looking like Madeline. It was quite precious.

We got back to the hotel right around 3:45 so we must have just missed you. If it helps, we had quite a bit of time to cool off with culture. Beautiful gardens, giggling children, walking through timeless streets hand in hand with (one of) my love(s). It all combined to pull me out of my head a bit, cool off so I could look at last night's debacle a little more objectively. I feel as though tempers
were too high last night to really be able to come to any sort of good solution. I was heartbroken from watching Ollie cry, you were still a bit high on the Veritaserum ... or on street food I'm not really sure which one. And Ollie was drained from crying his heart out.

I know that last night you responded to A) assuming we weren't going to believe you, B) our angry and anxious looks when you got back to the hotel, and C) my less than kind email response.

Draco my love, I don't think you quite know what it's like to deal with these situations we keep finding ourselves in. You know that when it comes to you, I am always ready to give you the benefit of the doubt, I love you unconditionally, and I would happily go rage halo Harry on anyone who hurt you. I'm not impartial when it comes to love. But now that I'm also in love with Ollie, I feel the same way for him. I want to go back in time and absolutely annihilate Edmond for abusing our wonderful man and ruining his sense of self worth. I want to get to his ex-in-laws and make them suffer every bit of heartache they caused him.

But what do I do when one of my loves hurts the other? What do I do when I see Ollie broken in my arms, crying because he feels as though he'll never be enough? My immediate reaction is to stop whoever is hurting him, but right now the things hurting him are you and his own self-esteem issues. How to I battle that? So not only was I heartbroken for Ollie, and a little annoyed for myself to be honest, but I was also confused and feeling powerless. I probably should have just avoided responding to your email because I think it did more harm than anything else.

I can't go back and change what I wrote. I can't fix it so you never have to read it. And honestly, it's not as though I lied about any of the feelings, I just probably didn't need to be as harsh in their descriptions. I think your idea to talk with Yesenia is a good one. I think we could each use some individual therapy right now, but more importantly I think we need another joint session.

Something about our current "limitation agreement" isn't working. I don't know if it's the kissing, or the fact that you were off on your own, or the overly descriptive discussion about how attractive you find everyone else ... okay I DO know that one, the overly descriptive gagging over others is NOT something either of us enjoy. Think it, notice it in your head, bring your horniness back home to us, but for the rest of time I don't ever need to know when you find someone else bloody gorgeous. Ever.

I think the thing that pushed me over the edge last night was your continued kissing and groping when you went back to the line for the loo. If we were all there together, and you were flirting to take it home with US, going out of our line of sight and continuing to flirt and grind and snog hot and heavy was too far. Figuratively and literally.

I know you're frustrated with the lack of playing. I do. It's been such a huge part of our lives for so long I imagine it's quite a few years of habit to get out of. But the more you push, the longer it's going to take Oliver to ever get comfortable with the idea. The "subtle" references to missing play. The toeing the letter of the agreement while not really sticking to the spirit. It's going to end in one of two scenarios; either Ollie will NEVER want to play or he will give in for fear of losing you and hate every minute of it. Am I correct in assuming neither of those outcomes are something you want?

Last night, after you fell asleep, Ollie and I watched you sleep for a long time. We, erm, actually brought you into bed with us and just put you back on the cot before we left. Don't worry, we didn't grope you in your sleep or anything, even with your somnophilia kink it wouldn't have felt right to do in the middle of a fight. But neither of us could handle you being that far away from us. We held each other and stared at your peaceful sleeping face. Let some tears loose. But mostly we talked about how much we hate fighting. It took a long time for either of us to fall asleep.
We love you, we trust you, we're not mad. But I definitely think we need to have a long discussion on what exactly happened last night that caused so many intense reactions. I can't keep watching our Oliver break down Draco.

Anyways, I hope your meeting is amazing. If we're already asleep when you get back please wake us up so we can reconnect after our fight with reassuring kisses and hugs?

Oh! Hopefully you get this before the end of your meeting. I know you should do what you need to do to seal the deal, but you NEED to be at the Manor for family night tomorrow night. You need to be there when our children all meet our newest child for the first time. If you have to miss Saturday's circle dinner I completely understand. But I really really need you there to welcome Nora home okay?

Good luck! See you soon! Love you always,
Harry

Thursday February 22nd
My Harry and my Oliver,

When I woke up, after writing my earlier email, I did gather up the courage to read your note, so I was at least relieved that you hadn't left me after all. You were both off with the littles, and apparently, Jules had woken up from all the noise and surreptitiously watched you all get ready to go before raiding our kitchen until Muffy popped in, terrified him a bit, and offered to make him anything he could possibly want.

Then Zaire just so happened to return at the same time that Jaz and Vani were coming back for lunch.

"DAD!!" Zaire called out much louder than necessary. "ARE YOU AWAKE YET?! JAZ AND NESSA WANT TO TELL YOU ALL ABOUT MY FOOD TOUR!"

I heard Callista snort. "You mean YOU want to tell him that."

I cast a spell to open the door to our bedroom portion of the suite. "Zaire! I'm about to get out of bed and start on my morning routine! You should probably come in here and work off some of that food you just ate!"

Zaire roared with laughter, "I probably should! But you MIGHT want to come out here and rescue this bloke from Jaz! She's under the impression that Muffy feeds the burglars!"

I let out a hearty laugh at that, popping my head out of the door so that I could wave and catch Jaz' attention. Once I had it, I signed: "Sorry, my little love, I didn't have a chance to introduce you to Jules yet. He's, erm… possibly going to be staying with us."

"He is?" Zaire blurted out in surprise, then he watched himself repeat the letters for Jules so that he could work out how to say it. "Jewels?"

I chuckled. "Close, no s and more of a zh sound."

"Alright," Zaire murmured before squaring his shoulders and thrusting his hand out at Jules. "Hi there, Jules, I'm Zaire - one of the middle sons. This is my favorite sister Jasmine - Jaz for short - and our cousin Vanessa. They're both deaf, so don't worry if they don't seem to hear you."
Jules shook Zaire's hand, but couldn't really understand him. Or maybe he can a bit, I mean he hasn't SPOKEN English, but he might have learned it in school. In any case, he didn't really say anything other than: "Bonjour."

"So, as I was saying," Zaire continued as if he hadn't detoured in the slightest. "Callista took me to ALL the food carts that served breakfast and everything tasted SO GOOD!!! I'm already planning to add crepes served with fresh fruit to my restaurant! AND! There's a place nearby that has earned THREE Michelin Stars!!! It's naturally impossible to get a seat at, but I had Callista Confound the staff until a table cleared up for us for lunch! We're going there in a bit - if you want to come with."

He was saying and signing all of this at the same time, so Jaz immediately answered him with: "That sounds great! We were just going to have Muffy make us some chocolate pancakes, but three stars beats pancakes any day!"

"Have fun, my loves," I said and signed. "Did anything good happen this morning while shooting?"

Jaz practically danced in excitement. "We got to go up in a hot air balloon!!! The cameraman is afraid of heights but still managed to get some really good footage!"

Vani nodded with a grin and a silent laugh. "There was even a PERFECT picture of a partially cloudy sun, painted with shades of sunrise!"

"Are any of you interested in coming with me to the Ministry for my meeting today?" I wondered, hoping that my Jaz would want to come at the very least. They all shook their heads.

"I'm going to see if I can get footage from the top of the Eiffel Tower," Jaz informed me.

"And I'm going to visit the food market to see if there's anything good I can buy to bring back to my restaurant for a limited time special," Zaire explained. "I'm thinking escargot! And probably lots and lots of chocolate!"

"Mmm," I moaned in appreciation. "That reminds me, I need to buy some chocolate as well.

"When's this lunch reservation?" Jaz asked Zaire, a hand rubbing her grumbling stomach.

"We can go now, I stopped eating breakfast when I realized that I'd be having such an excellent lunch," Zaire told her.

Leah laughed. "How can you eat so much?!"

Callista giggled and shook her head. "He may buy full portions, but he only really takes a bite or two of each thing. Even with me also taking a bite or two, a lot of the food ends up going to waste - unless we find someone who wants to eat the leftovers."

"You're going to get fat!" Jaz teased. She danced over to me and gave me a big hug before kissing my cheek. "See you later dad."

"Later," I murmured, returning her kiss. Vani also gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek, which made me wonder: "How have you been coping? No magical flare ups?"

She grinned and shook her head. "I get too interested in what we're doing to care if there are other people around."

"And besides, we all do our best to ensure these two are safe at all times," Leah reminded me, gesturing to the crew for Jaz' show, who were not waiting for Jaz to actually eat before digging
into their own lunch as - presumably - they wouldn't be included in Zaire's lunch invitation, and would probably be filming it.

"Excellent!" I exclaimed, giving the crew a probing look that let them know that they had BETTER make it their priority to keep the girls safe.

Jaz was still half hugging me and gave me the sweetest look she could manage. "Daddy... Our petty cash is running low..."

I rolled my eyes at her and waved my hand over my carry all case to summon some money. Which I handed to Leah. "Here, all I have left at the moment is Galleons, so you're going to have to get it converted appropriately."

"Can do!" Leah saluted cheekily as she accepted the money.

"Oi!" Zaire roared indignantly. "If JAZ gets more money to faff about with, then ***I*** should get more money too!"

I raised my brow at him and stared him down a bit. "Oh? Is your restaurant not making enough to support one little business trip to France?"

He glared at me. "Don't even JOKE about that, dad!"

Chuckling, I handed him a little money too, which he gave to Callista since he knew she'd have to get it converted. Unless he simply planned to pocket it for later use.

At that point, Zaire's Magi-Tablet alerted him to an incoming Skype call. "Is dad up yet?"

"Dad, it's Shtara!" Zaire informed me as if I couldn't hear her. He also held his tablet up to face me.

"Good morning, love, something wrong?" I asked in concern.

"Nothing bad," Shtara assured me. "Just that I don't have to work today and I'm BORED! I KNOW you are all coming home tomorrow, but I feel like I'm missing out on all the fun! Let me come to France too! I WANT TO GO SHOPPING!!!"

Laughing, I gestured to our beautiful daughter. "Muffy, Apparate back to the Manor and pick up Shtara. Shtara love, prepare yourself, because you are going to HAVE to tag along with Zaire as he eats lunch and faffs about."

"I NEVER FAFF ABOUT!" Zaire protested.

"BRILLIANT!" Shtara crowed. "ZAIRED WILL GO SHOPPING WITH ME OR I'LL BREAK HIS NECK!"

"OI!!!" Zaire growled.

Shtara changed her demeanor 180 degrees. "I NATURALLY mean sing at the top of my lungs everywhere we go until you get so embarrassed that you give into my demands."

Zaire sighed in frustration. "DAD! Tell Shtara that she can't embarrass me in public!"

"DAD! Tell Zaire that he can't make me eat every scrap of food in France!"

Jaz was now glaring a bit at both of them and signed. "If we don't get to that restaurant soon, I
might just eat YOU BOTH!!"

Shtara laughed and blew her little sister a kiss. "Alright love, lucky for you that Muffy is already here and waiting for me. See you in a few seconds!"

Which barely gave her time to end the Magi-Skype chat before Muffy popped her over. Shtara came over and kissed me on the cheek while practically strangling me.

"I missed you so much, daddy! Can I have some money to go shopping with?"

I sighed, feeling like I should have seen that coming. Grumbling a bit, I pulled out some more money and handed it to her.

"Now go on, the lot of you!" I ordered sternly. "I need to get ready for my meeting!"

Shtara ruffled my still tousled hair. "You look rather chic as you are. Good luck with your meeting!" And with that, they thankfully took off to do their own things.

Meanwhile, Jules started laughing at me. "Tu es fou! TRES fou!"

I sighed in resignation. "Yeah, I probably am." With that I gave him permission to lounge around our suite while I performed my entire morning routine. That said, I also insisted that he have a nice long chat with Elena about her music program, letting him use my magi-mobile so that it automatically translated the conversation if necessary.

Surprisingly, he was still in deep conversation with her when I was fully ready to go. I decided to interrupt them for a moment. "Elena, my love, I'm headed off to my important meeting. Please give Rafael hugs and kisses from me."

"Are you going to need your phone?" She asked in concern.

"Nah, I have my Magi-Tablet and my Laptop with me, so I'll be fine," I assured her with an air kiss.

"Love you, dad!" She called out as I handed the phone back to Jules. "And good luck with your meeting!"

"Thanks!" I accepted before Apparating away. And yes, it was about 3:30, so you definitely missed me. The good news is that the meeting was extremely quick and easy. They simply wanted Pippa and me to answer a few technical questions, and then informed me that they had agreed to accept my proposal.

Thus, I am officially done with my business meeting here in France! That said, I had time to write this email (while drinking wine with the Minister and Officials) as clerks went over EVERY detail of the agreement with a fine tooth comb to spot loopholes and the like. Now that they are done, I'm going to sign the contract, the Minister is going to sign it, and I'll be free to head off to the best Chocolaterie in France to buy chocolates, flowers, possibly jewelry, and a dozen bottles of the best wine I can find before returning to your side.

Warning, I might sing.

Eternally,
Draco
Chapter 236

Chapter Summary

Off page: All parties have decided to put the argument on hold until they can speak to their Mind Healers and come back to it with a clearer frame of mind. Thus in this chapter, they seem to make up and put everything behind them, but I promise, it comes back up and gets settled later on.

Friday February 23, 2018

Our Love,

Alright, let's get the slightly less fun and less entertaining portions of the email out of the way.

First of all, congratulations on the French negotiations not only ending the way you'd hoped but in record time! We are both very very proud of you. Knew you could do it Love.

So, our mooching little spoiled brats shook you down huh? You are such a pushover. How do you ever manage to negotiate in the board rooms when you can't say no to a handful of preteens telling you their petty cash is running low? It's hilarious honestly. The Malfoy business mogul, wheeling and dealing, raking in galleons hand over fist, can't manage to say no to a few sets of big brown eyes.

I'm so happy Shtara had the day off yesterday, we had such a lovely evening with her. I love that she's following her dreams, but I hate that we don't see her as often as we see most of the other young kids. I tend to lump her in with the older/adult kids since she's working full time, but she's only fifteen. I still have a few more years of her being my little girl, why does my brain try to rush it?

And it's fantastic she was here last night when you came in with your arms full of bribery ... I mean gifts ... serenading away at us. I'm not sure if it's from years of singing together, or if your voices just naturally fit, but listening to the two of you sing is nothing less than magic. Your voices are so complementary. I don't think it's quite what you expected when you got back, I think you were planning on a lot more groveling based on the sheer amount of chocolate you bought, but an entire evening of singalong with our children was perfection.

But the night? That was for us.

When the songs started getting a little slower, a little softer, we started putting the kids to bed, tiniest ones first. Lullabies, drinks of water, "just one more kiss" and we eventually got everyone but the three of us to sleep. Ollie and I each grabbed one of your hands and dragged you (not that it took much) into our room. With promises from the other adults, the bigger kids, and the elves, we knew we had all night to reconnect with no interruptions.

You looked as though you were going to start talking, likely to apologize if the look on your face was anything to go by. But we quickly shushed you, reminding you that you hadn't broken any rules, we loved you unconditionally, and it was our turn to show our love for you.
We stripped you down, kissing each bit of your skin as the clothes fell away. Taking little nips at your ink, tonguing each hill and valley of your beautiful moonlit skin. I asked you if we could tie you up, you looked drunk on kisses as you just dazedly nodded assent. We again each grabbed a hand and led you to the bed. Propping you up, sitting up against the headboard, I tied your left arm to the bedpost while Ollie tied up your right. With one final filthy kiss from each of us, we climbed off the bed and away from where you were sitting.

See, we know you didn't explicitly do anything against things we had already agreed on. But what I kept hearing from you was that you wanted to watch the two of us. Well, that is until the moment comes where we are all together. You ignore your voyeuristic tendencies in the spirit of joining in. Well, being the loving fiancés we are, we thought we'd help you fulfill your cravings.

Aren't we so helpful?

What followed was an absolutely glorious three or four hours for Ollie and I. How was the view for you? Did you enjoy watching Ollie rim me? His tongue buried in my arse while I stared right into your eyes. Or I did until my climax hit me so hard I closed them tightly enough to feel a few tears leak out. Mmm, I can't believe I came without a single touch to my cock.

I didn't really talk though, I just stared into your eyes while grunting and moaning. I'm sure all you could hear were my intense pleasure noises and the sloppy way Oliver got my hole positively dripping. Did you enjoy the sounds Love?

How about when I proceeded to give Ollie a ridiculously long and teasing blow job? His stamina has really improved huh? I was able to keep him on edge for quite a long time. I'd take him down my throat, swallowing around the head, squeezing him inside of me. And when I felt his length start to swell, I'd pop off, the both of us panting for breath. I was in the zone and wasn't paying much attention to anything but the velvety smooth, spit slick length in my mouth, but when I did pay attention it seemed Oliver was giving you a wonderful play by play of everything he was feeling.

Did you enjoy hearing him scream my name when I finally gave in and let him come? And wasn't I awfully nice to come over and share the bitter taste in my mouth with you through kisses? You are very welcome Darling.

How about when we crawled back into bed with you, close enough for me to splatter when I eventually came a second time, but far enough away where you couldn't touch at all? Did you like watching me kiss Oliver's beautiful shaft until it was hard enough for me to play with? Until it was hard enough for me to impale myself on? I straddled his hips, dropped myself onto him in one long slow glide, and then rode him until I managed to spray all over your beautiful chest.

That made two completely hands free orgasms for me. Did that give you a lovely view? Just seeing my cock spurt and spray with nothing getting in the way of you seeing every single pulse.

And before you complain about how much we tortured you, we did eventually include you! Oliver used your rock hard dick like his own personal toy. Mmm, always knew it, but that man can RIDE!

By the time Ollie covered you in a second layer of your fiancés' seed, you seemed like you'd had quite enough of being a voyeur and needed something a bit more than a pretty view. So we let you watch us snog. I know, when we told you all we were going to do was snog each other you whined and begged, pleading to be allowed to come. Well, we're not monsters Draco, of course we were going to let you come. We planned on doing some kissing.

But we never told you what kind of kissing. Did you enjoy the two of us, filthily kissing, spit
everywhere, roaming hands, moans, while we kissed around your cock like it was some sweet we were fighting over? We didn't even have to suck on you, eventually all the stimulation, the licking all over the crown, moaning around your length, the occasional sharp sweet feeling of teeth scraping, had you erupting into and around our mouths. That didn't stop us, we just kept kissing and licking, moaning and fighting, until every last drop had been cleaned off. Your spent cock shiny and pink.

We didn't end there, but I do need to finish getting everyone ready for tonight's dinner. We have some children to introduce! See you at dinner!

Love Always,
Harry and Oliver

Monday March 5th,
My dearest loves,

Oliver, I know that you were eager to spend the day with Parker, just bonding for his birthday - despite the fact that we threw him a nice party just yesterday.

And Harry, I know that you were actually a bit eager to get back to work after two weeks of bonding with our newest pride and joy.

Don't worry, either of you, I made sure that all the littles were well occupied with their loving grandparents before heading into the Ministry. I decided that I was better off going in just long enough to see if Hermione ACTUALLY needed anything, and then since she's had things well handled all of last week, more than likely come right back home - in PLENTY of time to join any and all of you for dinner.

Love you!

Here comes the hotstepper, I'm the lyrical danger, pick up the crew in de area, still love you like that,
Draco
Chapter 237

Chapter Summary

Harry and Oliver are worried and Draco is having a bit of a mental crisis.

Chapter Notes

So, as I've promised, the argument arc is NOT over yet, but it's on a bit of a detour.

Monday March 5, 2018

What the Hell Draco?!?

I just got back from class, excited to share my day with my men. All the hot gossip from two long weeks away from these hormonal lunatic teenagers. But no, you're gone. Not physically gone, you're right there. I'm literally poking you in the shoulder as I write this. But absolutely no response. I would think you were catatonic if I wasn't seeing the slight flutter of your eyelids as I speak to you.

I tried calling 'Mione to see if she knew what the heck was happening. But all she knows is that you were planning on stopping in and chatting with Robards on your way home.

Fucking Robards.

I even tried calling him, and wouldn't you know it, the guy isn't answering.

I'm trying to act like I'm mad here, but I'm mostly just freaking out that you're meditating so hard you can't hear me.

Come back to me?

Harry

----------------------

Tuesday March 6, 2018

Love,

Okay, yesterday I went with annoyance. Today I am going a little heavier into the freaking out territory.

You're still meditating. You've never meditated this long.

I tried calling Hermione again, she knows nothing. I tried calling Robards again, he's still not answering.
The fucker.

I've tried waking you up. Ollie's tried waking you up. You're still out.

Please come back to us? We need you.

Harry

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Wednesday March 7, 2018

Well, at least I know you're done meditating. Imagine my happiness when I walked in from class
and knelt next to you, doing my best to poke through your occlumency shields and actually
succeeding. I found a teeny tiny version of you staring at me warily and said: "Draco, my love,
PLEASE come back to us." Then there you were, starting to shift and move a bit from your
meditative state. Finally! I could talk to you and find out WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING!!!!

But no, you opened your eyes, looked right at me, and then your eyes fluttered closed. What? Were
you going back into meditation? Nope, you apparently were so exhausted you fell into a deep,
although thankfully natural, sleep.

Ugh, I suppose you needed it.

But now could you wake up already?!?

Harry

Wednesday March 7th

My solid foundations that I lean on for EVERYTHING,

I'm so sorry that I freaked you both out. See what happened was... Well, I was having a bit of a
crisis, but let me start at the beginning.

After I stopped in with Hermione, decided that she wasn't doing anything more important than
color coding future plans (she calls it preemptive organizing or some such), I told her that I was
going to be dropping in on Robards and then heading home to cuddle with Morgana and Nora -
who seem to get along fabulously, thank the Gods!

In Robards' office, he looked relieved to see me. "Malfoy! Come in and close the door. I was just
considering summoning a demon to go pester you until you came to visit me."

"Oh?" I asked with intrigue. "Sounds like it might be important."

"It is!" Robards blurted out, but waited until I'd closed the door and sat in the chair on the other
side of his desk. "You see, I have an undercover mission of a delicate nature that I honestly don't
feel I can trust to anyone but you."

"Oh?" I asked, still interested but now rather surprised as I am clearly better at organizing and
conducting raids than undercover missions. That said, I HAVE gone undercover a few times and
do tend to have skills for those particular missions that not everyone has.

Robards sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "See, I have eyes on a man who may or may not
be running a potions ring. He may actually be running far worse crime than that, but I can't say for
certain because he keeps himself extremely clean. I've been ITCHING to raid him for MONTHS, but I can't find a cause!"

I raised my eyebrow at that. "So.. you've found one?"

"Well... it's more like I've managed to persuade his long-term Partner to let us send someone undercover as him in order to dig up whatever dirt we can. The problem is that the lover is half loyal to him still and doesn't want to just tell us things outright - despite being irate he was cheated on (the criminal doesn't know he knows about that) - AND part of it is that the lover literally CAN'T talk about certain things, having made an unbreakable vow."

I nodded in understanding. "I see, so you need someone who can go undercover in a potentially dangerous situation. Someone who can not only protect himself, but is also able to do whatever it takes to get the information you need to authorize a raid and/or an arrest."

"So you'll do it?" Robards asked hopefully.

"I..." I hesitated. "You know I can't just agree without asking Harry and Oliver first. I have a feeling that we're going to need a few days to talk this over, discuss every aspect, and come to a decision."

"Fuck!" Robards blurted out in dismay. "I think I'm suddenly in DIRE need of a few days of holiday! I'm going to go tell Roche, Ramsay, and Bletchley that they're in charge until I get back."

"Have fun on your trip," I bade with a smirk as I stood up to leave. Robards was already shoving things in a bag in preparation to leave.

I took a leisurely stroll to my office to make sure there wasn't anything important - such as messages that were mistakenly delivered to me that were intended for others - that needed to be dealt with. As I walked, I realized something important. TWO somethings important.

Important thing number one: I want to do it and I was feeling a bit angry all of a sudden that I needed to ask for permission. Important fact number two: OF COURSE I need to ask for permission because this could involve some potentially huge things that we're already still half fighting about.

I know, we sort of abandoned our fight until we could each individually get some therapy and then come back to have a group session until we hash everything out and get it settled once and for all. For now, at least. But still, this was going to be an explosive trigger that was almost certainly going to blow everything up.

So, I decided to return to our Quarters and meditate until I could figure out the right thing to do, only, I got a bit lost.

Literally. Once inside my own head, I started out by strengthening and reorganizing my Occlumency shields. As I was going through them, I was reexamining old issues and trying to figure out what I feel about them now that I'm older and hopefully wiser. Among the issues was the fact that you're both convinced that you're not enough for me.

Which made me wonder if it was true, and if so, what in the bloody hell was wrong with me that I can't be satisfied by the two most perfect men on the planet! As I was wandering through that mess, the issue of this current request kept popping up at random. Half the time, the request was personified by Vince - of all people - who cruelly poked fun at me for NOT being the boss man in charge of his own life. Of being a submissive and whiny little arsehole who can't ever do anything
he's not told to do, and even then, can't always follow through - such as that time I failed to murder Dumbledore and spent an entire year trying to sabotage the castle and nearly failing at that too.

The other half of the time, the request presented itself to me as a tiny little girl wearing nothing but bandages who kept asking me why I didn't want to help her. After all, wasn't I supposed to be some sort of good man who always tried to help others when he could? Didn't SHE matter? Wasn't she worth saving???

And when I was brought to my knees by all of that - no! Literally on my stomach on the ground! As I was mentally laying on the ground in mental agony during a rather intense existential crisis, the two of you would pop up and ask me:

"Haven't you done enough? When will it be enough? Are we ever going to be good enough for you, Draco?"

I lay there sobbing and asking myself why in the bloody hell I ALWAYS wanted EVERYTHING I couldn't have when I was SO FUCKING GRATEFUL for everything I do have! I know I'm a bit greedy and always want the best, but I HAVE the best, so apparently I want the best AND every-fucking-thing else!

Honestly, when WILL it be enough?

I have no idea how long I was laying there in my mind being tormented by all of these things - especially the little girl squatting over me, stroking my hair and asking me to please save her.

SHE DOESN'T FUCKING EXIST!!!

Sorry, back to the point. I have no idea how long I was like that - or rather, didn't until I woke up and read your email, then confirmed the passage of time via my computer, magi-tablet, AND my bloody mobile!

So, it's been three days, and considering that it's coming up on midnight, it might as well be four. I may have come out of my meditation, my loves, but I'm still mentally in agony. I think I may never have come out if not for you breaking into my mind and calling me back, Harry.

I don't know what to do. Please tell me what to do.

All of my heart and soul,
Draco
Chapter 238

Chapter Summary

Draco goes undercover.

Chapter Notes

Note: For this chapter only, we change the format to Oliver, Harry, Draco - thus the first email is written by Oliver.

Warning! Tomorrow is my birthday, so I might not post as I have plans that involve Chrissie ^_^

Thurs March 8th
Draco...

Oliver here. Harry and I had a lot of time to talk while you were out of it. Also, while you were sleeping, before we fell asleep. You were sleeping again as we woke up, but we pretty much expected that. It was a shock to find out that you'd woken in the night and wrote us an email explaining everything.

Then we had time to talk some more because how in the bloody fuck could we teach CLASS at a time like that! Well, it was only breakfast at that point, but still. We came to a decision, and it's going to be a hard one on ALL of us, but...

We want you to do it. We both HATE the things that might happen - and Harry reminded me what had happened during your LAST undercover mission - but...

We both hate the idea that you agonized over what we wanted so much that you nearly lost yourself. We hate *that* thought more than ANY other thing that could potentially happen. Well, assuming you don't die, as we would clearly hate that most of all.

But what I'm saying is that yes, I personally have a lot of issues and hangups involved in this situation, but that I don't want my issues to stop you from doing everything you can to help make the world a better place.

Harry feels the same, but since he is currently back in the Manor going all Rage Halo on the Crystal Room, I have a feeling that he's supportive but not exactly HAPPY about what you'll be doing.

So, when you wake up again, give me some reassuring kisses before going and calming Harry, yeah?

See you then,

Oliver
Thursday March
Draco,

I hate it. I hate everything about what's going to happen. But I'd hate it more if you didn't do this because of us.

Go, get it done. Keep yourself safe in every way. Come home to us.

Don't call anyone gorgeous.

Love,
Harry


Sunday March 10th
My loves,

I'm currently safe and in my office. I just sent you an Insta-owl saying exactly as much, but I thought I should take a few moments to recap before I finish up my paperwork and come home.

I'll start with when I woke up on Thursday. I habitually checked my email before even getting out of bed to go to the loo. I was relieved to find an email from Oliver and (after going to the loo) rushed do exactly as he asked by giving him as many kisses as he could stand. Then - hand in hand - we went and did the same to Harry - who was definitely still in rage mode.

All day Thursday, we focused on each other. Cuddling, kissing, rubbing each other's backs. Talking - which was hard on all of us as we were all rather raw and emotional. There was a lot of weeping involved. Some of it may even have been mine.

On Friday, we called a family meeting. Since we'd literally JUST had everyone here a couple of weeks ago, it wasn't exactly easy nor appropriate to insist that everyone drop everything and come back home for an hour, so we had a magi-teleconference with those who weren't there in person.

Once everyone was gathered or on Magi-tablet, I stood up and let everyone know what was going on.

"Sorry to worry or upset you all, but I learned the last time I did this that it was best if I told you everything up front and addressed any concerns," I began.

"Which one of you is pregnant this time?" My father asked with a look at my mother like he was expecting to win a bet in about 5 seconds.

"None of us. Yet." I couldn't help but look at Oliver, which made Cassie gasp.

"Seriously?! You're going to have a baby?!!" She asked in excitement.

"Well... I'm going to try, but not just yet," Oliver confirmed, not looking anywhere near as happy about this as he probably would have been had we not been in the middle of a serious meeting.

I held up my hand to prevent any other interruptions. "No, I'm talking about me going undercover."

Orion perked up. "You mean your going to pose as ANOTHER teenaged girl prostitute???
"Then I might just win this bet after all!" My father stated with a smirk at my mother.

My mother looked worried but trying to keep calm about it.

"NO!" I blurted out in dismay. "I will NOT be getting pregnant again! Once-twice, er... FOUR TIMES was enough, thank you very much!!"

This made most of our kids laugh.

"Four times?" Jules asked in confusion as he looked around at all our kids. "I thought you were ALL adopted!"

"That's probably my fault," Elena murmured. "I said that I was the oldest but that I wasn't adopted first. I might have accidentally implied that all of us were adopted."

Harry shook his head. "No, River, Eris, Orion, Hazel in a way, Siri, Zwei, Lily, Caelum, Persephone, Gabriel, Dylan, and Morgana are all blood related to at least one of us."

"Oh," Jules muttered in understanding. His rusty English rapidly improving since he came here, but he was still wearing his translation devices as he probably felt overwhelmed by so many people talking at once, as usually happened in our crowd. "That explains why they look so much like you..."

I turned to Orion. "To answer your question, no, I'm not going to be a prostitute this time. I'm actually going to be posing as a man's long-term lover, and since the lover is also a man, I am reasonably certain there will be NO risk of pregnancy."

"What can you tell us?" Viona asked, looking almost stony behind her Malfoy mask, and so, probably the most worried out of everyone but the two of you.

I reached out and grabbed her hand. "Well I don't know much yet, but I can tell you what I know. This man is suspected of being a criminal, running potions at the very least, but he's keeping himself very clean and Robards can't dig up ANY dirt on him. He apparently cheated on his lover, which angered him enough that he agreed to let someone pose as him in exchange for finding whatever incriminating evidence there is."

"Why doesn't the man just TELL the Aurors what they need to know?" River questioned from the very crowded screen of the Magi-tablet showing him, Mahafsoun, and Evangeline.

I very slightly threw up my hands in a sort of shrug. "Apparently he can't. He's taken an unbreakable vow."

"Why you, Grandpa?" Sammy asked as she sat in my lap and looked me in the eyes.

I stroked her short and fuzzy hair (why does she insist on being practically bald??). "Well love, I suppose it's because I CAN do some of the things that might be required of me, that OTHER people wouldn't or couldn't do."

"Will you die?" Blake asked in morbid fascination.

"No," I replied firmly. "I will not be in ANY danger."

"Liar!" Sebastian accused with an amused snort. "If you weren't going to be in any danger, we wouldn't be having a full family meeting."
I sighed in defeat. "What I mean is that so long as everything goes according to plan, the risk that the man I'll be spying on finding out that I'm not who he thinks I am will be very small. Thus I should NOT be in any danger, and even if he does find out and tries to hurt me, I can more than defend myself." I stroked Sammy's hair again. "Which is the other reason I'm perhaps the best choice for this. I can kick butt!"

She grinned at me. "That you can!"

Lily and Persephone were now tugging on my sleeves. "Does this mean that you'll be arresting a bad man?!"

I snorted in amusement. "Well, it means that if I do MY job right, the AURORS will be arresting a bad man."

"HOORAY!!" They cheered. "KILL ALL THE BAD MEN!!!"

"What?!" I blurted out in dismay. "Who said anything about killing him??"

They gave me unbearably innocent looks. "Well... isn't that what happens to bad men in Azkaban?"

"Azkaban," I corrected them dryly. "And no. They're usually kept quite safe for many many years."

"Oh..." They murmured in disappointment.

The rest of the meeting was more of a general chaotic chat than a meeting, but at least I accomplished my goal of letting everyone know what I planned to do in case something went wrong.

After the meeting - Friday evening - I went into the Ministry to see if Robards had returned from his holiday yet. As it happens, he was JUST sneaking back into his office. When he saw me, he sighed in relief.

"I figured that if you hadn't contacted me by now, then you'd probably decided against it and it was safe to return," he informed me.

I laughed. "Actually, I was just coming to tell you that I'm going to do it."

"Excellent!" He crowed in triumph. "I'll contact Corbin and let him know that it's a go."

"Corbin?" I asked in confusion.

"The bloke you'll be Polyjuicing into," Robards stated.

"Ah."

At that point, it was actually a matter of about an hour for Corbin to come in. He looked rather sour.

"I'm almost certain he's having dinner with that floozy!" He informed us. Then he kicked the chair intended for him a bit before flopping into it. "We've always had an agreement that he can have women whenever he's in the mood and I won't care so long as he never sees the same woman more than a couple times a year. And he's always been good about NOT breaking our agreement - until recently. I think he bought a bitch a house and has been going to see her there whenever he THINKS I'm not paying attention!"
"That sounds rough," I commiserated.

"Wait, aren't you Draco Malfoy?" Corbin asked suspiciously.

"Yeah," I confirmed with a nod, holding my hand out for him to shake.

"Why in the bloody hell would a rich boy like you do something like this???" Corbin asked in confusion.

I sighed heavily. "I did things as a teen that I STILL regret. If doing things like this can help me feel better, even a little, then I'll gladly do them."

"Yeah but, aren't you married to Harry Potter? Shouldn't HE be the one doing things like this?"

I snorted. "Do me a favor and NEVER say that to Harry's face!" Then I smirked. "And if you do and he starts looking a bit fiery, RUN!"

Corbin looked like he was thinking this over carefully and rather amused by whatever was happening in his head. Then he brightened up a LOT. "Wait! Does this mean that I get to Polyjuice into YOU and go home and be married to Harry Potter for a couple of days???"

I snorted, and then laughed, and then guffawed rather hard enough to practically fall out of my chair. "I'd love to say yes, but unfortunately, Harry and Oliver - our fiancé - already know what I'll be doing and will NOT be fooled by you. But by all means, try wearing my shoes for a few days! And if any of my 21 kids ask, they've got enough money for the moment!"

"21!!!" Robards blurted out in shock. "I thought it was like... 15..."

I laughed. "It was 15 before I had my triplets and we got engaged to Oliver. Then it was 20. As of now, we've adopted another baby girl, and so, it's 21."

"THAT'S TOO MANY KIDS!!!" Robards let me know with a look of mild horror.

I shrugged. "Maybe you'd feel differently if you actually had any."

He shook his head. "No. I may only have nieces and nephews, but I love them to bits. I CAN'T IMAGINE having to watch all seven of them at the same time, not to mention actually RAISE them!" He then gave me a wary look. "Speaking of, how did you manage to leave Morgana home today?"

I grinned at him. "Harry distracted her with her favorite food while I snuck away."

"Good. This is no time to have a baby in hand."

"Quite," I agreed.

After that, Corbin and I chatted for a couple of hours, him telling me everything he could think of that I should know. At the end of it, I wondered: "Why don't you just confront him about this woman?"

Corbin sighed. "I'm afraid he'll say he don't love me anymore, and worse, maybe he'll leave me for her."

I patted him on the shoulder. "You do realize that if things go the way we hope they will, he'll be going away for a very long time."
Corbin looked gutted, hanging his head down. "Yeah... but... maybe he deserves it..."

After that, we finalized the logistics and I got ready to go. Meaning I Polyjuiced into Corbin and made sure I had enough potion in a ring flask to last quite a while if necessary.

Astonishingly enough, the story from that point on is rather quick and to the point. I returned to Corbin's house - that he shared with Brock. Yes, the man I was trying to bring down has a name like a dense brick. Makes me wonder how he's ever managed to be smart enough to keep his reputation clean.

Anyway, I returned to their house and entered the security codes to let me in. Brock wasn't home, and so long as he was gone, there wasn't MUCH I could do. Corbin had already warned me that if anything incriminating existed, it would be on Brock's laptop - which he ALWAYS kept with him. Thus, the only thing I could really do was let my camera bots loose and snoop through the house to familiarize myself with everything. Also see if I could find anything that might not look suspicious to Corbin, but was actually evidence.

Funnily enough, I found a secret room, but it was warded strongly enough that I don't think Corbin even knew it existed, and I certainly wouldn't be able to break into it without a lot of unrestricted time and a massive refresher in curse and ward breaking.

Then Brock came home, smelling of cheap wine and even cheaper perfume.

"Sorry I'm late, love, business ran late. Forgive me?" Brock begged, handing me a rather lovely bouquet of roses - that CLEARLY didn't come from Neville's shop. They looked dull somehow, like they came from a muggle place.

"Forgive you?" I questioned in a frosty tone, then I hit him over the head with the roses. "WHY IN THE BLOODY HELL SHOULD I FORGIVE YOU?!?!"

Brock looked surprised for a moment. "Because you love me."

"AND THAT MAKES IT FINE FOR YOU TO DO WHATEVER YOU BLOODY LIKE?!"

He looked at me glaring at him with my arms crossed over my chest and narrowed his eyes suspiciously. "You figured it out, didn't you?"

"FIGURED WHAT out? " I demanded, sounding like a fishwife. "That you're CHEATING on me with some FLOOZY?!!"

"THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK??" He roared incredulously.

I gave him a LOOK. "Don't waste your breath by trying to deny it!"

"I'm not! Er, well yes, I have shagged her, but what happened was that I got her pregnant and -"

"HOW IS THAT NOT CHEATING?!?!

He waved his hands back and forth frantically. "I mean originally, all I did was shag her, and that was part of our agreement! THEN she got pregnant! THEN she demanded that I take responsibility for the baby, so I bought her a house and I've been going to doctor's appointments and the like?"

"Doctor?" I questioned, momentarily thrown off.

"Yeah, she's a muggle," he grumbled. "And she doesn't MEAN anything to me beyond carrying my
I started beating him over the head with the roses. "SO RATHER THAN ***TELL*** ME THAT ***WE*** ARE GOING TO BE HAVING A BABY, YOU KEPT IT ALL TO YOUR BLOODY SELF!!!"

"Corbin, baby, calm down!" Brock cajoled, trying to defend himself. "I didn't think you'd get quite this mad. I thought you'd basically glare at me and never speak of this again."

I harrumphed and tossed the utterly trashed bouquet across the room toward the rubbish bin. "Do you know what I spent today doing?"

"Er..." Brock droned blankly.

"I spent the day pampering myself in my favorite spa!"

Brock grinned at that. "I always love when you're fresh from the spa."

I held up my hand to prevent him from kissing me. "AND while I was soaking in the mudbath, I realized something important! IF I am worth pampering and massaging and just generally trying to be happy, THEN WHY IN THE BLOODY HELL SHOULD I QUIETLY ACCEPT YOU RUNNING AROUND BEHIND MY BACK?!?!"

"What??" Brock was clearly flustered now.

I pointed my finger in his face. "IF it's as you say and you were just following our agreement that you can have a woman when you like - so long as it doesn't MEAN anything to you - THEN WHY IN THE BLOODY HELL DID YOU KEEP IT FROM ME?!"

He winced and I nearly felt sympathetic because I've been on his side of the argument - back when I was working with Ginger and letting you think I was cheating rather than tell you what I was actually doing.

"I didn't think you'd want a kid..." Brock nearly whispered.

I pressed my lips together and remained silent because I hadn't thought to ask Corbin his thoughts on this subject. Then I sighed and threw my hands up in the air. "Well I guess we'll never know what I would have done, because now that I know, I'm too mad to know how I feel about having a kid!"

Brock tried to pull me in his arms. "Maybe we should just go to bed and sleep on it."

I feebly pushed against him. "IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO LET YOU SHAG ME RIGHT NOW, YOU'RE MADDER THAN THE BLOODY HATTER!!!"

He laughed and rested his head against my shoulder. "I'm ALWAYS madder than the bloody hatter when it comes to you."

I softened my expression and stared at him. This was one of those inside couple things that Corbin had told me about. After a moment, I sighed again.

"Fine, we'll go to bed and sleep on it, but I'm serious, DON'T try to touch me."

"But Corbin, babe! I haven't shagged since we had our afternoon delight on Tuesday!"

I glared at him lightly. "Maybe that should have been a clue to you that I thought something was
He sighed in defeat. "Alright. I'll keep my hands to myself, I promise."

"Good," I stated, letting him give me a peck on the lips.

That night I literally couldn't do anything at all, because he is clingier than I am when I'm trying to impersonate an octopus! I basically had to lie there in his arms until I could fall asleep. I awoke to him bringing me a tray of breakfast in bed.

He gave me a kiss on the cheek. "Listen, love, I have to work today-"

"But it's Saturday!" I protested.

"Yes, I know, but something came up. I promise to have it handled as soon as I can, and then I'll come right home and we can go to dinner at that restaurant you love."

I gave him a suspicious look. "WHICH restaurant I love?"

He laughed and kissed my forehead. "You know I can never remember the name, but it's that one with the green house as part of it."

I raised a brow in disbelief. "You mean GREENHOUSE?"

He laughed again. "Yeah, that one."

I rolled my eyes.

"As I was saying, we'll go there for dinner. While I'm gone, you should go shopping. I put a couple of thousand in our spending account. Feel free to go redecorate the house - if you'd like."

I growled and pouted. "I'm still too upset to shop. The way I feel, I'd probably buy the entire store and NOTHING would match! But maybe I could find some comfort in my tailor."

"As I was saying, we'll go there for dinner. While I'm gone, you should go shopping. I put a couple of thousand in our spending account. Feel free to go redecorate the house - if you'd like."

I growled and pouted. "I'm still too upset to shop. The way I feel, I'd probably buy the entire store and NOTHING would match! But maybe I could find some comfort in my tailor."

He raised a brow at that.

I gave him a bit of a look. "Oh really?! YOU'RE going to think the worst of such a stupid little statement after what YOU DID?!"

He sighed in defeat and got up. "Fine, do whatever you want. Just try to be home in time for dinner." And with that, he practically stormed out of the room.

Once Brock was passed out, with a light sleeping hex to keep him that way for good measure, I slipped out of bed and grabbed his laptop.

As Corbin had said (but wasn't 100 percent certain), his password was: Buford_is_the_best1!

Which reminded me that I would like to rewatch Phineas and Ferb with the Feisty Foursome when I get a chance.

Once into his laptop, I had the ability to really take a good look around, and sure enough, there was
an abundance of incriminating evidence. Even so, I wasn't certain that it would be enough for Robards to authorize a raid or an arrest. So, I copied the entire contents of the laptop to a pocket drive, and then sent it to the Ministry Magi-computer-technology lab. Which, by the way, they had to create because of all the tech my shared company with Blaise and Pansy invented.

Once the pocket drive was in the hands of a Technomage (I kid you not, that's the title of the wizards that work in the lab), I asked that they rush the process so that Robards would have the results first thing in the morning, then I pulled my head out of the floo and returned to bed to wait until morning.

Happily, I woke up to a raid!

And as I said, I'm now in my office finishing up paperwork before I come home and hug you both for a good 20 minutes straight.

With this little cobweb potion, you'll fall into dark devotion,
Draco
Chapter 239

Chapter Summary

Harry remembers that something important is drawing ever nearer, and all three boys have a joint session.

Chapter Notes

Because I probably won't be posting anything tomorrow since I'm planning to be off celebrating my birthday, I'm going to post twice tonight.

Funnily enough, when I sent Chrissie tonight's email, she replied with: "I don't know when I'll have a chance to replay as I'm going to be celebrating a friend's birthday tomorrow..."

LMAO ^_^

Monday March 12, 2018

My Safe and Sound Sweetheart,

I thought after reading your account of your time undercover I'd have a million things to say. Maybe I'd have questions about the specific crimes committed. Perhaps I'd have questions about exactly what you did. I thought I might be upset and cry and whine about you having to do things I'm uncomfortable with. I was pretty certain I'd be upset about how long you were gone because of how much I missed you.

Nope, none of that. I have no questions, comments, concerns, or objections. I'm just thrilled you came home safe and sound to me. To us. I'm obviously pleased you didn't have to go very far physically, but I would have understood if you had had to do what you had to do. I don't want to hear another word about it. I just want to move on and be thankful you're home.

Okay, I may not have to do most of that first list, but in all honestly I was upset at how long you were gone. Which is ridiculous because you were gone much less time than I had assumed you would be. I thought this could be a week or more. I should have never underestimated you, you got things done and fast. But my whiney needy self definitely wished you had been gone less time. Perhaps maybe not at all.

And ... enough of that. I am done with this whole situation.

Now I want to stay calm and describe a little something important.

Draco!!!! Oliver!!! We are getting married in twelve days! Twelve days! We're not going to be ready! We have so much to do. Decisions still need to be made. Last minute fittings and oh hell, what if the weather doesn't hold up? We're getting married in the woods, what if it's rainy and
drippy and gross?

And what were we thinking planning it for the 24th? I know it timed well with Easter Hols, we won't have to take time off for the honeymoon. Especially since we just took two weeks of paternity leave off. But holy hell, we have so many birthdays in this next twelve days. Today is Ronnie's fifteenth. And in two days? Two of our tiniest peanuts turn a year old! We have to do adorable pictures of smashed cakes and frosting covered faces.

It's going to feel really weird though, celebrating Dyl and Gabe's birthdays without Morgana. I mean, obviously she'll be there, but even though I consider them triplets, her birthday isn't for another three weeks.

And we have Blake's birthday on the seventeenth, our sweet little Luka on the nineteenth, and River on the twenty-first. But he'll be spending it in California with his family. Which is fine. It's FINE! We'll see him two days later, they're all coming in the day before the wedding. But it's not the same!

And on the twenty-second we have Bee and Rod. They're going to be eighteen. How did those teeny little babies become adults? I don't like it. I do not approve. I did not sign off on this.

Ugh, so many birthdays!

But not too many kids. Seriously, fuck Robards. Twenty-one kids is too many. Excuse you arsehole, no one has ever asked you to babysit them, pay for them, raise them, you can suck it.

Eew, and you know who can not suck it? Corbin. No fucking thank you man! I would know someone else was polyjuicing into you from a mile away. Nuh-uh, never gonna happen.

Anyway, look, twenty-one kids is obviously a LOT of kids. But if we don't think it's too many, and we can afford them, and they are all well-loved and well-adjusted, then it's our life to live. Our kids don't seem to think there are too many of them. They adore all their brothers and sisters. Even if none of them (so far) want to have such a big family themselves, I've never heard a single one of them complain about missing out due to the size of our family.

And Cassie! Oh did you see her face light up when she realized we'll eventually be trying for another baby? She doesn't seem to think there are too many kids in her family! And every one of our children was loving and sweet and excited to welcome Nora into the family.

Although, I will say, I don't think there are too many kids, but some of them have become a little too bloodthirsty. The little savages think Aurors go around murdering every person sent to Azkaban? Hehe, Ass Cabin.

Then again, they probably hide their soft side under that scary veneer. Just like our Viona. Such a hard arse in the business world, but the squishiest inside. I could see her at Friday's family meeting practically crumbling underneath her Malfoy mask. My sweet Princess. She's going to make such a fantastic mum!

Okay, enough rambling. I had free time to write between classes, but I should be spending this time a little more productively .... WEDDING PLANNING!

Twelve Days!!!

Your Fiance,
Harry
Thursday March 15th
The flames of my heart,

Today was the day that we've been waiting for for weeks. ALL three of our Mind Healers were available for a joint session at a time when WE were all available. Yes, I will admit that most of it is my fault for working nights when everyone else works days. I had tonight and tomorrow off anyway (and most of next week) to deal with the wedding preparations, so, our mind Healers decided that this time worked for them as they were actually all off work for the day.

So, I feel like real progress was made. I talked about my concerns - that had more or less all come up in my recent meditation, so I had them all fresh in my mind. And you both stated your concerns. And I *think* we reached a reasonable compromise. Only I'm not entirely certain because it seems to be the same compromise we already had, only with a few added stipulations.

Basically, I wanted the two of you to let me flirt like I have been and trust that I WILL NOT take things too far. And in return, you've both asked that I keep the descriptions of it to myself. For example, don't use the word gorgeous. Don't leave your sight to snog someone, even if I'm basically trying to trick them into saving themselves.

Alright, I know that from your perspective, I'm probably skipping the really important stuff to focus on the things that just don't matter as much, but you know how much I hate talking about my feelings. It's enough that I talked about them in the session, I don't have to mention them here!

So, maybe it's actually better for our records if YOU recap this day, Harry. You can talk about all the emotions without wanting to go to the Crystal room and hex yourself into temporary oblivion.

And Oliver love, I know that this email thing of ours isn't your thing, but if you want to add your thoughts and impressions of the session, maybe that'll be for the best?

Love you both too damn bloody much!
Draco
Chapter 240

Chapter Summary

First Harry recaps their session. Then Draco expands on it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Thursday March 15, 2018

Really Draco?

You're really going to make me do today's recap? Not that I can't, but almost twenty years of being together you still can't quite admit to your emotions? I love you, but it's not weak to cry. If anything, I would say that you admitting to your feelings, allowing yourself to cry, and then admitting it happened shows an amazing strength. Especially in your case since you had such a long hard road getting here.

I am very proud of how far you've come and I will absolutely do the recap if you'd like. We all know our Oliver - who is apparently pretty darn proficient in computer knowledge and use - isn't going to! I'm just teasing you love. I get that this email stuff just isn't your thing. It's alright by me. You know I'm just being silly. If I can't tease the loves of my life who can I tease?

Well, the session was certainly an emotionally exhausting few hours. I know I'm a cryer, and I have no embarrassment admitting to that! But it was a lot of crying even for me. I ended up with quite the headache and my eyes hurt. As soon as I'm done writing this I think I will be taking a mid-evening nap. I don't want to sleep the entire rest of the day away, I don't want to mess up my sleep cycle and have my body end up thinking something like 3:00 A.M. is an acceptable time to wake up in the "morning." As much as I'd kind of like to go to bed and hibernate for a full twenty-four hours minimum, I will be setting myself an alarm to make sure I can still go to bed at a reasonable time tonight.

We were all three at the session obviously, and we had all three of our mind healers there, and it was so intense I feel as though I could never forget what we discussed. But I've made that mistake before, thinking I'd remember what was said or done forever, only to find out that time faded things. Or our own biases mean that we ended a conversation where we all felt as though we were on the same page, only to eventually realize we each interpreted the outcome differently.

Which is why, even though I won't do a word for word recount seeing as that's not my style, I am going to try and write out, as plainly as possible, precisely what we agreed upon and why.

I want to apologize to start with. I'm so glad we did this with the mind healers because I don't think any of us went into the session looking at things from each others' perspectives. Oliver and I had our feelings hurt when the most recent flirting/snogging-going "too far" situation happened while we were in France. You were initially mad and then supremely apologetic. We talked and we all love each other, but the weeks between the incident and this session included a lot of Draco apologizing over and over again while Oliver and I kept forgiving and forgiving.
Ollie and I didn't take any responsibility for our own part of the misunderstandings. First, we came up with a set of guidelines to playing or flirting, and Draco never specifically violated any of them. We were both so upset, angry, hurt, emotional, but ultimately our feelings might have been hurt but Draco you never actually did anything outside of things we had previously told you were acceptable. How is that fair to you? You have your loves giving you the cold shoulder, crying, and making you feel like a monster when you had every reason to think your actions had been within the limitations we'd all agreed to.

That was unfair. Not the part where we were hurt, because whether or not it was against our rules, we WERE hurt. We have every right to change our minds or become aware that the things we had previously agreed to once in practice were actually hurtful. But it does not give us the right to make you apologize or make you feel like you've done something wrong. Either we didn't realize when creating the guidelines that they would be upsetting, or we agreed to limitations even though we knew we weren't okay with them. We can't fault you for acting in a way we told you we were fine with.

Or at the very least, you may have violated what WE interpreted the limits to be, but all three of us had completely different ideas of what constitutes flirting or what is taking things "too far." That doesn't make what you did WRONG, it just means we need to be more specific in whatever we all agree to.

Also, it's not your fault that Oliver and I have both been victims of emotional abuse in the past. We both have battled low self-esteem, low self-worth, and feeling as though we are not enough. We both keep saying that YOU are making US feel we're not enough. Well maybe we need to stop projecting that on you. We already felt unworthy. We already felt "less-than." We used your actions to justify our own self-loathing. It's as though we took one comment too many about someone else's beauty as proof of our own inadequacy.

I don't know if I'm describing this particularly well, but it's the best I can do right now.

Harry - Oliver here - I think you're doing well. I would agree that you and I were both projecting our feelings and using Draco's action to define ourselves as inadequate.

Thanks love, glad you're here with me for this. Let me know if I forget anything, yeah?

I have to own my actions, I need to admit faults where I've made them. I overreacted to your actions. I used my own unhealthy feelings towards myself to blame you. And I definitely acted as though I was completely without fault and you were one hundred percent to blame. That is untrue and unfair. I know I already apologized in the session, but I want it in writing as well. I am sorry I hurt you. I love you Draco Lucius Malfoy.

Draco - I'm sorry as well and I also love you very much - Oliver

But ... you knew there was going to be a but didn't you? Of course you knew now since you were in the mind healing session, but I wonder if you knew at the time there was going to be a but?

But! Realizing we were also responsible doesn't mean you were completely in the right either, Draco. Whether or not you were abiding by the letter of the agreement, I think you realize you were pushing the limits. Even doing so in an attempt to save someone doesn't mean you should have done what you did. You have known for quite a while that both Ollie and I were uncomfortable with how you've flirted. We've had this same fight so many times, you take the flirting to the extreme, Ollie and I break down, we sob that we don't feel like we're enough, you get furious that we assume we're not enough, and get defensive about us being upset.
Lather, rinse, repeat.

At some point, when you could recognize your fiancés were not enjoying the flirty playtime as it was happening, you should have cared more about our feelings than you did about proving your innocence. It just seemed to me that you were more concerned with proving your innocence and being right than you cared about the hurt feelings of the men you love.

But we also should have had a discussion with you instead of letting this whole situation fester. We could have easily told you "we aren't comfortable with the current parameters and we'd like to discuss them."

The basic issue I had, and Ollie seems to feel the same way, is that your flirting seemed to be about going as far as you were allowed to go because we are holding you back from things you enjoy. When you and I played in the past, even when we were on opposite sides of the room, we were in it together. You knew at all times what I was doing and who I was doing it with. But since we've had the flirting, snogging, and groping ban tentatively lifted, it's seemed more like you were using it as a way to get your rocks off and not as a way to increase our relationship's sexy times.

It's like you were focused on touching as many body parts on as many people as possible until we forcibly dragged you away. Again, that's us projecting, but it is how we felt. I've always felt our playtime was about US as the priority, using playtime to increase our own intimacy. And whether or not you broke any rules, I don't think you realize just how much of your recent flirting has seemed to have nothing to do with US.

So, one of the new limits is nothing happens outside of sight of each other. Obviously, same rules of our own triad remain. You do not have to wait for me to be there to do anything with Ollie, I don't have to wait for you to do anything with Ollie, and you and I don't need to wait for Ollie to do things together. That same rule holds true of playtime, if I'm in the loo but Ollie is still in the room watching you? You don't have to stop until I get back. But you can't take your flirting partner to some abandoned hallway out of our sight.

Obviously these rules go all three ways, I can't take some flirting partner to the hallway either, but seeing as that's neither mine nor Oliver's kink it's probably a moot point. Still, worth spelling out.

Here's the other specification, particularly based on your meditation and you feeling as though you were losing yourself. Flirting does not have to equal kissing, groping, grinding, or other playtime. We can and do accept that you are an incorrigible flirt. We know this about you, we love all of you and that includes that personality feature. However, you seem to think if you can't kiss someone or grope them that we are somehow stifling your flirting and therefore your entire personality. There are no limits to you being a flirt besides actually telling someone you will do something sexual with them that violates our feelings.

As an example; if you were to say to Hermione "Granger, you look positively delicious today. I could absolutely eat you up!" That is flirting. If you say to her, "Mmm, 'Mione, I would absolutely love to shag you into your desk!" That is promising something we're not comfortable with. Is that clear enough? If not, please let us know and we can give you more specific examples of things we wouldn't want you to say or you can give us examples of things you've said before that you found to be regular flirting and we can let you know if that is too far.

I think what it comes down to is, we need to be communicating our feelings. And checking in from time to time to make sure we're all still on the same page. You can't know we're upset if we don't tell you, you can't always know you've crossed a line if we don't explain to you where the line is.

And when it comes to you being on assignment or undercover. It's funny, because even though
you've gone further sexually undercover than you have during a time we've been upset at you taking flirting too far, it bothers me much less. It's a job to you, I know you aren't enjoying yourself, I know you don't want what's happening. Even if it somehow manages to feel good, it is just part of your job. I can understand that. I hate it, don't get me wrong. But besides hating that you had to be violated to catch these despicable criminals, the shagging doesn't upset my jealousy. Again, besides hating that it had to happen at all, I am much more upset or jealous about you snogging random guys in the clubs than I am about you having had to actually sleep with people while undercover.

I think that's about it honestly. Step one: communicate. Step two: communicate. Step three: have more specific guidelines as to what we're all comfortable with. Step four: communicate again. Step five: remember that this is hard because we all love each other so passionately. If we didn't love you so much none of this would bother us.

Always,
Your Harry - and Oliver

Thursday March 15th,
Dearest Harry,

Oliver I'm addressing this bit specifically to Harry, not to push you out of it, but because I'm going to be talking about things he brought up. I'll get to your concerns in a bit.

So, Harry, I think you did a really good recap of our joint session, but I feel like I should add a few things that you thought were important at the time, but seemed to have omitted from your recount. I get why though, they are my issues and you probably felt like bringing them up for the record would upset me.

But how am I ever going to fully deal with and get past my issues if I don't talk about them? Or rather, let you talk about them, haha.

You were really rather concerned about my recent meditation in which I basically got lost in my mind for a few days. Things came up in my description that upset you outright, and merely worried you on the second hand. I think the thing you were most concerned about was the part where I had a version of Vince in my mind taunting me about being submissive and not in control of my life - like it was a bad thing.

First of all, I do understand that everything that happened in my mind WAS an aspect of me - or at least that's what Yesenia continually tells me. However, I don't necessarily think that means that I personally BELIEVE what was being said in the way it was being said. In that instance, I really think Vince using the word submissive was completely wrong for what he was describing. Even at the time all of that stuff was happening, I was never submissive.

Sure, I was honestly trying to do what the Dark Lord had ordered me to, and I was trying to be a good servant to him - in a way - but at the same time, I was rebelling in my mind and heart. I was doing my best to accomplish my tasks without actually harming anyone. I think part of it might even have been me subconsciously stalling in the hopes that someone or something (perhaps even YOU) would step up and fix things.

Meaning defeat the Dark Lord. We've talked about this all the way back to the beginning of our marriage, Harry, and come to the agreement that I was the world's worst Death Eater. I was talented enough to be promoted to the highest rank of the Inner Circle, in essence Inheriting my
father's temporarily vacated spot, but I wasn't good enough to actually, erm... go through with it...

See? You two aren't the only ones with issues of not feeling good enough.

And that's what I actually think the part of me represented by Vince was getting at; that I was FEELING like I wasn't good enough to make my own decisions or control my own life. Sort of like I was always bragging about how I was BETTER than everyone else, and that I was going to possibly be as great as the Dark Lord himself someday, but when it comes right down to it, I can't do anything without permission.

THAT'S actually... well... an issue I have to deal with and get past.

Perhaps not even the fact that I was - sigh... Crying... Let me pause for a moment and address the crying thing. I never have and never will feel that crying is a weakness. I utterly believe that being able to do what needs to be done even when crying (such as talk about ones feelings) is the highest form of strength, but I just can't help the ingrained belief that it is not the done thing. That if a person must cry, it should always be in private to avoid imposing on another person. And so, whenever I deny crying, it's not because I feel ashamed by DOING it, it's that I feel embarrassed that I did it IN FRONT of others.

It might ultimately be the same thing, and a fatal flaw in my personality, but there it is.

Anyway, not even the fact that I was crying while talking about the fact that I sometimes (or maybe a lot of the time) feel like I am not in control of my own life, well I don't think either of you truly registered that. You both seemed focused on your own guilt for projecting your feelings on me, and for finally apologizing for making me feel horrible about something I personally feel was a win - rescuing a kid - even though I went about it in a questionable way.

See, you hit the nail on the head when you said that we had different definitions of 'too far' in which you both think any action - agreed to or not - is too far if it's not directly in your sight so that you can supervise me and see for yourselves that I'm not taking things to the point that I define as too far. The point where I actually do things that go beyond flirting and become genuinely sexual with the INTENT of shagging or at least climaxing without either of you.

I think the part that frustrates me most is I now feel (and have for a while) that neither of you can possibly trust me like you say you do if you assume that the moment I'm out of sight - for example, kissing a stranger in a secluded hallway - that I'm going to take that from kissing to full on shagging against the wall. I'm actually not interested in that.

Let's pick apart the incident in the Labo. I went to the loo on my own, and at that point - from my perspective - the both of you trusted that I had no ulterior motives. Indeed I didn't. I went to the loo, conducted my business, and then returned to the dance floor. The actual problem occurred when the person that had piqued my interest followed me.

Yes, he had piqued my interest on a base level, but notice how (even though I glossed over it), my FIRST concern was the fact that you two were together and having fun. You'd stopped putting on a show for me and were focused on simply having fun. You'd stopped putting on a show for me and were focused on simply having fun. THAT'S the part that bloody turns me on to no end!!!

Only, BECAUSE I was interested in Jules - and at first it wasn't really a concern so much as a feeling that something wasn't quite right, and also some attraction. I made a decision to take advantage of the attraction to see if I could figure out what it was that was triggering something in me. Now that I've had a few weeks to think about it, I *THINK* I might actually have been feeling that nameless thing that Harry felt when he wandered all around Paris not knowing what was
wrong, but eventually finding Nora's magic tugging at him.

I wasn't necessarily feeling magic tugging at me - as I am reasonably certain that Jules doesn't have any magic - BUT he does seem to be a squib. He could have potentially inherited magic from his mother, and I think that he may have actually inherited so little that he can't use it - hence being a squib - but that he can sort of put that tiny little bit into his, erm, goals and intentions - if you will.

For example, he said it outright and I seemed to witness the tail end of it, that he liked giving men head and that he never fails to leave them dreamy and satisfied. He took his tiny spark of a gift and turned it to his advantage. The Slytherin in me admires that.

Back to my point before you accuse me of rambling to avoid it. Where I was going with this is that the more I was around Jules, the stronger my feeling got that something wasn't right. I went from a vague and indefinable feeling to actual concern, and at that point, I committed to doing whatever it took to get to the bottom of it and 'solve the case.'

I can clearly see that THIS is why you both got so concerned. I know you both know that I really will do whatever it takes to do what I consider my job. In this particular case, it's not a paid job, just my uncontrollable urge to 'save every stray I can' - as you so often put it Harry.

So I recognize that even if you HAD thought that I wasn't just playing to get off - that I MIGHT have had a altruistic reason for what I was doing - you would have both been concerned about how far I would go in order to do what I felt I had to.

Back to my perspective on the situation. I said it in my original email that I understood that my actions looked bad, but that I assumed that Harry would trust that I wasn't doing what it looked like, and that hopefully (this bit wasn't stated), he would explain it to Oliver so that both of you would trust that I was doing something important. Especially once I literally disappeared from the club.

I mean honestly! WHEN in the bloody hell have I EVER disappeared from your sight specifically to sneak off and shag some random bloke?!?!

Thus, when I read how upset and hurt you both were, my first reaction was to apologize because I understood that all you saw was the bad part - the part when I 'snuck off' with some unknown twink, presumably to play in the hallway. It looked bad. BUT then I got angry, and it was an immediate and hot anger that I just couldn't rationalize away because I was HURT that neither of you trusted me long enough to be calm and wait to see if there was a rational explanation.

I expected you both to insist that I take Veritaserum or maybe print up the memory so that you could verify for yourselves that I really hadn't gone too far, in my definition, meaning that I hadn't touched him with the intent to shag him, and also repeatedly insisted that it wasn't going to happen.

I don't know, I guess that I usually do have such control over my emotions that even when I'm literally crying about something, it just doesn't seem as, erm… Serious? Important? Real? As your feelings, because both of you have such intense feelings that you talk about ALL THE TIME.

So, my issues that I need to work on are that I feel untrustworthy AND not in control of my life.

Now this is a bad example, but it's the most recent, so I'll use it. For example, most people - when ordered to do something for a job - might have to say: "Oh, erm, I have to think about this and discuss it with my loved ones." ***I*** have to say: "I'd love to, but I need to get permission from my husband and our Fiancé - that we're finally marrying in just 9 days! - before I can agree to anything.
Once again, as I said, I understand why. It was a hugely important thing, not just some order to pose as a delivery person in order to slip some camera bots into the suspect's house. Which sounds fun, if I'm honest. But at the same time, it's aggravating as fuck!

Also, yes, I know I know! It's NOT actually my job so much as my weirdo calling to do what I can when asked to.

So, to get back to you both being afraid or concerned about the fact that I seem to be acting more from a place of: Playing has become about doing everything I'm allowed and NOT keeping the focus on US, well...

You're not entirely wrong. I think I actually DID do that. As a sort of irrational rebellion. That came up in my meditation too, when I was upset myself that I have everything I want and need - and am truly grateful for it - and yet I always try to push and want more. I think without realizing it, I was acting like a teenager again - trying to push my limits until I felt like I would be trusted to NOT break them.

But I hope I've already covered that part adequately. Moving on. The other thing - Harry - that you were concerned about from my meditation was that I talked about having a lot of past issues and things in boxes. You felt this was alarming because - in your mind - it meant that I was boxing up and Occluding my feelings. And I can see why as that is generally how Occlumency works. But I want to reassure you once again that in this instance, it's just my way of constructing my mind palace. Everything is organized and in it's place so that I can easily find it when I need to. I learned a long time ago that Occluding anything inevitably leads to extremely painful breakdowns when I finally have to confront my issues.

Far more painful than the session we just had.

And Oliver, your biggest concern, which didn't make it into Harry's recap because even during the session, you more or less glossed over it, but I understand that it's bigger than you let on. Your biggest concern is that you're afraid that if you don't cave in and give me everything I want, I'll eventually call it quits. My love, I hope I can explain this in a reassuring way.

I'm not pushing my limits because I want you to abandon YOUR limits; I'm pushing because I am overreacting to those things I'm actually projecting on the both of you - such as the fear that I will never be trustworthy. I agreed to the stipulations added to our agreement - and be warned, I more than likely will push those to the exact letter of the agreement. Because I want you to feel safe and secure in our relationship, but I also want you to get to a point where once you do, it's BECAUSE you trust that even if I *looked* like I was shagging in secret in a closet, that I was really using the ruse as a deflection from something else entirely that I feel is important to me.

Also... and I left this for last because I hesitate to bring it up. I didn't even say it in session - aside from I may have babbled it incoherently while crying. I, erm... I'm starting to feel like...

*Draco pauses and paces his closet in the Manor for a few minutes (where he's hiding so he can get through this emotional email in one piece, lol) while stroking his Komboloi*

Sigh... I'm starting to feel like I'm the only one expected to compromise and not JUST follow through with it, but ALSO stick to the parts not said. For example, we originally compromised that if we went to a club or other place where we could do a bit of public fooling around as a sort of foreplay for ourselves, Oliver, you said explicitly that you wanted to see me do it, but every time it actually happens, you get upset. Alright fine, it's not your thing. I can accept that. That's why I agreed to abide by the limits you and Harry have given me. In theory, the compromise is that so long as I follow the rules, I get to play around, but from my perspective, it FEELS more like: You...
don't want me to do anything at all, but are afraid of pushing me away by saying so, and so agree to give me a little of what I want, only to get mad or upset when I do the things I want.

Or in other words, I feel like there is no compromise. Simply an expectation that I will conform to your unspoken rules despite promises that I can be myself. "Yes Draco, go ahead and flirt and have fun, just don't actually flirt and have fun while you're doing it."

Please PLEASE don't feel like this is any sort of attack. I'm NOT trying to upset or put you on the defensive, simply that Harry is always going on and on about how I need to be honest about my feelings, and so that's what I'm trying to do. This is MY issue to deal with. It even came up in my meditation when I lay there wondering what was wrong with me that I want everything - even the things that I *shouldn't* want.

All I know at this point is that there must be something wrong with me because I can't just... stop.

So, to finish up this email - which might come across as a bit of an attack, even thought that is NOT my intention - I once again promise that I will uphold my part of the compromise we made, and I will go so far as to hope that we reach a point in the future where an actual compromise is not needed because we all trust that in any given moment, not a single one of us will actually go too far.

… I normally sign off with a lyric, but I can't find one that feels appropriate for this email...

So...

All my heart,

Draco

Chapter End Notes

So, warning, as you probably caught, this chapter reignites the argument. The next chapter hashes everything out rather brutally, thus WARNING! Angst and Major Drama ahead.
Chapter 241

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco FIGHT while Oliver tries to mediate.

Chapter Notes

Since I'm home from my birthday festivities, I decided it's the perfect time to post again :-)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Draco,

I'm addressing this bit to you because it's directed at you.

Fuck. Off.

No, seriously, get the fuck out of here with your fucking bullshite. I am so mad at you right now I can't see straight. I just. You.

You're the only one having to compromise? You? I know we each have our own perspective, I know we all see things from our own point of view. But honestly? I can see where you've compromised. I can see where you've made sacrifices or altered your personal wants to keep the peace. But you truly can't see where ... and you know what? I am going to leave Oliver out of this because he can speak for himself. I will not put words in his mouth. But you truly can't see where I have made compromises?

Fuck. You.

I have hated every single moment of playtime for the last year. I have hated the flirting and groping and dancing. I feel filthy and disgusting every time I let some stranger touch me. You know why? Because I look to you to make sure you're as turned on as you always have been, I turn to my love to make sure I've pleased him. I do so love to be your good little mutt. But oddly enough, you're almost never looking. You're enjoying yourself. Letting loose. Getting out from under the thumb of your oppressive, controlling, monstrous spouse/fiancé.

I used to love performing for you. Because at the end of the day it was always about us. But somehow, since we've brought Oliver into our relationship, you seem to think if I'm distracted enough with him that I won't need your attention, your affection, your care. Oh Harry, he'll be fine, he's with Oliver, now let me go shove my tongue down some twink's throat.

Well, I'm not fine. Oh poor little Draco, his husband, who hasn't felt as though he's loved by you for a long time now, is cutting all of the fun out of his life. What an absolute monster that Harry is, he doesn't want his husband getting his fucking dick wet in or on someone else. Poor, sad, Draco, has two men insanely in love with him and it's still not fucking enough. His need for validation
from strangers is more important than Harry or Oliver's feelings.

You don't want me to feel attacked? Too fucking bad.

I've NEVER said I didn't want you out of my sight so I could SUPERVISE you. It was because I thought playing was something we did together to increase our own intimacy. But I was a naïve moron apparently. I should have known it, I'm so goddamn stupid. I thought playing was about US. But it's about YOU. I don't need to babysit you, but how am I supposed to get hot watching you snog some stranger if I can't SEE YOU snogging the stranger? I thought that was the pull? I guess not.

The other night? You were so bloody turned on that we had switched from putting on a show to actually enjoying ourselves? You know WHY I finally admitted to being hurt? Because I didn't have complete control over my emotions, because I had to get utterly pissed to perform. I didn't need to blow of steam that night, you did. I didn't need a break from my new daughter and my other children, you did. I didn't need the release of anonymous sex, you did. I needed to bury my rage and sadness and hurt under a mountain of whiskey. It's probably why I was so mean when you came back to the hotel, because I was coming down from my drunken high.

I didn't lose myself in the moment and start enjoying myself. I got drunk enough to forget I was hating every moment. I focused on Ollie being in my arms when I was close to freaking out.

I did things physically, sexually, groping, and grinding, that I did not want to do. For you. Because I got myself drunk enough to forget whose hands were on my body ... and whose weren't. I'm disgusting. I'm disgusted. I'm ashamed of myself. No matter how mad I am at you right now I loathe myself a million times more.

Poor poor poor Draco, he has to ask his husband for permission before he goes undercover and fucks someone else. What a nightmarish life you lead. How dare I care about whether or not you put yourself in danger. How dare I care about you getting mindlessly fucked by a criminal bad enough to need an entire undercover mission devoted to them.

Don't you worry your pretty little head for another fucking minute. You never need my permission for anything ever again. Fuck who you want. Raid where you want. Do whatever the fuck you please. You never have to answer to me again. I do not fucking care anymore. Hope that helps.

Here's a fucking lyric for you;

As I walk this land with broken dreams, I have visions of many things. But happiness is just an illusion, filled with sadness and confusion,

Harry

---------------------------------

Draco,

You should probably come home. Or not. Or do. I don't know, I have never seen Harry like this. I thought he was mad, he seemed mad the entire time he was writing to you. Except he didn't tag me in it. He didn't show me what he wrote. And now, I wish he was angry. I wish he was going Rage Halo Harry. But he's just staring at the wall with dead eyes.

I've never seen him so despondent.

Love,

Oliver
Harry!

I've been hiding in our closet in the Manor waiting for a response from you, because I wasn't certain if it was going to be an understanding acknowledgment that I had FINALLY admitted to feelings I've kept buried, or if you were going to be upset and hurt but willing to talk more about our respective feelings. I wanted to know what to prepare for before coming back.

But then I got your email and now I'm filled with so much rage! How dare you encourage me to be honest about my feelings, and then misinterpret and GET MAD about them! I'm just so...

You know what, I'm too angry to NOT fight with you in person!!!

Draco takes his laptop and floos back to their Quarters, before essentially tossing it aside on a chair. The dictation device kicks in automatically as programmed, but Draco's been working on it's capabilities, adding basic descriptions too.

"FUCK YOU!!!" Draco roars, casting a minor blasting hex at a vase next to Harry.

"FUCK YOU MORE!!!" Harry roars in return, shattering a picture of picnic being invaded by ants behind Draco.

"NO!!! FUCK YOU MORE!!!" Draco shouts at the top of his lungs, seeing red and wondering what else he can shatter.

"NO!!! FUCK YOU MORE!!!" Harry returns, physically picking up a book to hurl at Draco.

"MERLING BLOODY DAMNIT!!! IF I DIDN'T FUCKING LOVE YOU SO MUCH, I'D FUCKING PUNCH YOU IN THE TEETH RIGHT NOW!!!" Draco half threatened, pointing at Harry accusingly.

"YEAH?!?! WELL FUCKING SAME TO YOU, YOU BLOODY ARSEHOLE!!!"

The two are standing across the room from each other because they don't want to risk actually throwing a punch. Draco summons his favorite statue of a Marmoset to throw instead. Harry dodges it and tosses a statue of a fox.

"FUCK YOU!"

"FUCK YOU!"

"FUCK YOU!"

"FUCK YOU!"

Things are flying back and forth, creating a rapidly growing debris field around them.

"STOP BLOODY ARGUING!!!" Oliver roars over the both of them.

"STAY OUT OF THIS!!!" Both shout at him.

"NO!!! I BLOODY WILL NOT!!!" Oliver sticks to his convictions. "YOU'RE BOTH ACTING LIKE FUCKING BRATS AND I WILL NOT HAVE IT!!!"

This actually succeeds in calming them down just enough to stop shouting. Unfortunately, they
aren't saying anything at all.

Taking a deep breath and wiping the sides of his face with both hands, Oliver calmly continues. "Now, let's start with Draco. Draco, why in the bloody fuck are you so mad?"

Draco inhales a sharp breath to start shouting again, but growls and clenches his fist tightly as he tilts his head to the side and closes his eyes. Once he succeeds in summoning up his patience, he grounds out: "I FEEL like the two of you don't accept me for who I am. Ever since BEFORE Harry and I actually got together, back when we had literally JUST agreed to try dating, I warned him that I was a flirt who had a habit of snogging others when I got drunk, and that if he saw it happening, to just remind me that I was taken now. It just so happens that THAT incident ended with me punching Dimitri out, but I've been utterly honest since THE VERY BEGINNING!!"

He takes another breath and starts pacing. "And after we'd been married a while and both felt secure in our relationship, Harry told me straight out that me being a flirt and kissing others doesn't bother him - that he understands that it's a part of who I am and accepts that about me. For YEARS, we have been a TEAM!!! We have been in this life together 100 percent!!! When things like this have popped up over the years - the surprisingly RARE bumps in the road - it's usually because one or both of us was being less than honest about underlying issues that ultimately have nothing to do with my being a flirt who kisses everyone at the drop of a hat! Things that blow up using that as a catalyst!"

A loud growl of frustration. "BUT NOW IT FEELS LIKE THE TWO OF YOU ARE TEAMING UP AGAINST ME!!! THAT ***EVERYTHING*** WE HAD AGREED ON IS NO LONGER ACCEPTABLE AND ***I'M*** THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS TO CHANGE!!"

Harry decides not to wait for Oliver to say anything. "HOW DARE YOU USE MY OWN WORDS OF ALL OF THIS BEING ABOUT ***US*** AGAINST ME!!! TWISTING THEM INTO ME BEING AN IDIOT FOR FEELING LIKE ***YOU*** ARE NO LONGER A COMMITTED PART OF ***US***!!"

"GODDAMNIT HARRY!!! YOU ARE THE VERY BLOOD IN MY VEINS!!! I LIVE AND BREATHE FOR YOU AND OLIVER!!! I WAKE UP AND GET OUT OF BED FOR THE TWO OF YOU!!! ***WITHOUT*** YOU, I PROBABLY WOULD BE A RECLUSE WHO NEVER LEAVES THE MANOR!!!"

"YEAH, WE'LL FUCK YOU, DRACO!!! I LOVE YOU SO MUCH THAT THE THOUGHT THAT YOU ARE PULLING AWAY FROM US HAS ME SICK TO MY STOMACH!!"

"I'M NOT PULLING AWAY FROM YOU!!! YOU ARE TEAMING UP TO PUSH ME AWAY!!! DO THIS DRACO, DON'T DO THIS DRACO - LIKE I'M A BLOODY FUCKING ***CHILD*** THAT THE TWO OF YOU SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT YOU HAVE TO REIN IN BEFORE MY REBELLION GETS OUT OF HAND AND I HURT MYSELF!!"

"THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE BLOODY ***ACTING*** LIKE A FUCKING CHILD!!!"

Oliver sighs and pulls on his hair a bit. "STOP!!! This is getting us nowhere! Alright Draco, you're feeling suppressed, unaccepted - and if I remember your email correctly, untrusted. You've admitted to rebelling like a teenager in an attempt to push your boundaries back to where you'd like them, and also complained that our teaming up 'against you' has you feeling not in control of your life. That's a lot to process. HARRY. What are YOUR biggest reasons for being angry right now?"

"ONE! Draco's definition of 'too far' is WAY TOO BLOODY FAR!!! I don't want him kissing ANYONE in a more than friendly manner WITHOUT the intent of it being FOR or INCLUDING
US!!! TWO! Draco seems to think flirting is MORE than just speaking in a flirtatious manner! That kissing, GROPING, and WHATEVER he wants that isn't directly SHAGGING is simple flirting and should be allowed!"

"IT IS!!!" Draco roars emphatically. "Because the INTENT is nothing more than a bit of harmless fun before returning to what I really want: THE TWO OF YOU!!!"

"BUT WHY DO YOU FUCKING NEED TO WARM UP WITH OTHERS?!?!?!!" Harry demands.

"I DON'T!!! I ONLY ***EVER*** DO THIS SORT OF THING WHEN AND ONLY WHEN WE GO OUT SOMEPLACE WHERE THIS SORT OF THING CAN HAPPEN! THE REST OF THE TIME, I'M NOT EVEN THINKING ABOUT OTHERS BECAUSE NO ONE CAN HOLD A CANDLE TO THE TWO OF YOU!!!"

Oliver holds out his hands to stop them. "Let me get a word in, please." Both his fiancés close their mouths and look at him. "What is it about playing that you NEED, Draco?"

Draco takes a moment to think this through carefully. With a helpless sigh and a shake of his head, he tries to explain. "I'm not certain I'll ever be able to explain it in a way that you'll understand, but I'll try. Let's set the scene a bit: Early on, Harry and I were in a crowded place at Glastofest, and he was in his puppy costume while I was on the other side of the room. We were connected by ONLY an invisible and intangible leash. He was doing his thing and I was doing mine, and we were both having fun TOGETHER even though it was also completely separate."

He paced a bit as he sought the perfect words to come next. "Now, keep that same scenario in mind. Let's say that I turned into a snake. As a snake, I might pretend to ignore my prey - which in case it wasn't blatant is Harry. I might circle the room and try my hand at catching other prey. I MIGHT make it seem like I haven't even NOTICED my true prey, but all the while, I'm watching him. Keeping ALL my senses on him. Giving him a false sense of freedom before I coil up and strike."

This didn't seem to come across in an understandable way, so Draco sighed and tried again. "The most recent example, Harry says that he felt that I wasn't watching the two of you, and that made him feel like he had to get drunk to forget. Yet I stated in my original email and AGAIN in my more recent email that my first concern was the two of you. That while I was reasonably certain that the two of you were having fun doing your own thing, I could do my thing of stalking you from a distance. The only problem is that I got sidetracked."

"The ONLY problem?!!" Harry snapped angrily.

"Alright fine! NOT the ONLY problem but rather the START of the problems!" Draco admitted in a frustrated yell. "But look at this from my perspective, Harry! IF YOU had traded places with me that night to sneak off with someone else, I would have been concerned and I probably would have tried to follow and maybe even spy on you. BUT when it became apparent that you were doing something OUT OF CHARACTER, I would have bit my lip and let you get on with whatever it was until you could come back and explain things to me."

Draco flung his hands out to illustrate his point. "I TRUST YOU MORE THAN I TRUST MYSELF!!! NAME ***ONE*** BLOODY TIME IN OUR RELATIONSHIP THAT I HAVE ***EVER*** SAID THAT I DON'T WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING!!! OR! OR! CAN YOU EVEN RECALL A TIME WHEN I'VE SAID THAT I DON'T PARTICULARLY LIKE A THING YOU WANT TO DO, BUT THAT I'LL BITE IT BACK AND LET YOU GET ON WITH IT?!?!? NAME ONE TIME WHEN I WAS LESS THAN 100 PERCENT ON BOARD WITH ***ANYTHING*** YOU'VE WANTED TO DO!!!"
"FUCK YOU!!! THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE I ***NEVER*** PUSH THE BOUNDARIES LIKE YOU DO!!!

"FUCK YOU!!! IT'S BECAUSE I ACCEPT YOU FOR WHO YOU ARE 100 PERCENT AND ***NEVER*** TRY TO LIMIT OR RESTRICT YOU! IF SOMEONE PISSES YOU OFF AND YOU WANT TO THROW YOURSELF INTO DANGER TO GIVE THEM A PIECE OF YOUR MIND, I'LL SIT BACK AND EAT POPCORN WHILE I WATCH! OR IF I HAVE TO WAIT AT HOME SO THAT OUR KIDS HAVE ONE PARENT SHOULD THE WORST HAPPEN, I WOULD NEVER FOR A SECOND IMPLY THAT YOU HAVE TO ASK ME FOR PERMISSION BEFORE HEADING OFF TO GO SAVE THE BLOODY WORLD!!!"

Oliver looks from Harry to Draco to Harry, and notices that Harry seems to be temporarily too upset to properly respond. In fact his Rage Halo had finally popped up.

Growling in frustration, Oliver sighs and tries to redirect the conversation. "Alright. It seems that FIVE BLOODY hours of joint therapy today was CLEARLY not enough to get everything out in the open! But now that we HAVE gotten everything out - hopefully - let's see if we can find a resolution."

Draco points at Oliver. "NO! YOU have this habit of breaking down and crying to Harry AFTER I've hurt you, but NOT just coming out and saying whatever's on your mind to begin with before it becomes a bloody problem! I want YOU to tell US what it is that you DIDN'T say in therapy!"

Oliver hems and haws for a minute, shifting from foot to foot and fidgeting. "I... I... erm... well... I - I WANT YOU TO PROVE TO ME THAT YOU ARE 100 PERCENT FULLY COMMITTED TO ME LIKE YOU ARE HARRY!"

Draco raises a brow, his curiosity piqued. "Alright... how?"

Oliver takes a few deep breaths and looks a bit like he wishes he had a bag to breathe into. "I want you to promise not to kiss or play with or flirt with anyone at ALL from now until at least three months after we get married." Oliver mumbled so incoherently that neither heard him clearly.

"You want what?" Draco asks in confusion.

More deep breaths. "I want you to promise... NOT to do any sort of playing with others AT ALL - not even kissing... Until at least three months after we get married. Don't do it and don't even mention WANTING to do it!"

Draco looked defeated for a moment and closed his eyes so that he could think with a semblance of privacy. "Alright," he agreed, opening his eyes to look at Oliver and prove his seriousness. "I can promise that. And I'll ALSO promise not to start chomping at the bit should you happen to forget to revisit this subject at the three month mark. You see, the point was NEVER about whether or not I could play around, it was that I wanted you to reassure me that you trusted me that even if I DID flirt with or kiss someone, you wouldn't feel jealous or uncomfortable that it actually meant something to me. But I guess that I can't expect you to trust me when I haven't EARNED your trust. So I'll promise and I'll stick to it and I won't complain nor mention it. Just please try to remember to let me know when I've proven to you that I'm in this for life. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go get something I forgot in our closet in the Manor."

Draco grabs his laptop and hits send before leaving.

No sign off.
So... now that you've read the fight, can you see it? There's something else going on and it's being kept a secret. One of us was real sneaky and sly about it too, but the hints have been there, so maybe you caught it?
Good Morning Draco and Oliver,

Outside of yesterday's screaming fit I had a few things I would like to say now that I am calm.

I'm sorry I screamed, shouted, and cussed like a fool. I should not have let my anger overtake me that way. Nothing is accomplished when things spiral into screaming and throwing things. I am not sure what I was thinking, it was inappropriate and unhelpful. I'm very glad Ollie was able to calm us down and the two of you were able to come to a loving compromise where you both felt heard and loved.

I am also sorry for misinterpreting your original comment about compromise. I took you saying "I'm starting to feel like I'm the only one expected to compromise" as though you were saying you were the only one expected to compromise. Obviously I should have known that's not what you were saying.

I am sorry that we all have such different definitions of flirting. I thought there was a difference between flirting and flirtatious kisses and snogging, I thought there was a difference between snogging and having someone else's hands down my pants, I should have known that anything short of anal or vaginal penetration is just harmless flirting. I now know that to love someone means accepting every single thing they want to do forever otherwise you're an unsupportive control freak.

I am very sorry for thinking I was allowed to feel differently about things over time. I can't believe I'm not the exact same person I was at nineteen years old and had the audacity to change how I felt about something.

I know what I said all those years ago. I said I understand you're a flirt and a little flirting and kissing was fine by me because I didn't want to change who you were. I stand by that actually. I haven't changed my mind. I just didn't realize how different our definitions of flirtatious kissing were. I suppose it does seem confusing and "all of a sudden" to you. Because we were talking about two completely different things.

I meant what I said in my last email. You don't have to ask me for permission ever again. Please don't. You don't need it, but for ever after you have my express permission to do any thing you possibly want to do for all time. Let me know if you need this signed or notarized.

I know we talked about going to lunch today to do lunch, cake sampling, and make some last
minute decisions for next weekend. I'm going to have to raincheck. I have way too much work to do, I need to catch up from all the time off I've taken and maybe even try to get ahead before everyone leaves for Hols. Have fun you two, pick some yummy cake.

See you later,
Harry

Friday March 16th
Dear Harry and Oliver,

Hello my loves. First of all, I need to apologize for my behavior last night. I was feeling emotionally raw and defensive and let my reactions get out of hand. I may also have abandoned the fight just when it seemed like things were going to be resolved peacefully, and that makes me a coward and I shouldn't have run off like that. I assure you that all I did was go back to our closet in the Manor like I said I was going to, and then stay there for the rest of the night.

As for today, despite the major fight that I'm quite certain is not fully resolved yet, I have every expectation that we WILL be able to work through this like we've worked through everything else in our life. Together. With love.

To that end, I kept my commitment to getting up early and heading off to the tailor for my final fitting while Oliver, you were meeting up with Neville to see what he has for the floral, er... leaf? Arrangement. We HAD planned to meet up for lunch before going to cake tasting, but it sounds like Harry might have canceled that. So Oliver, if you actually read this (or if you don't), I'm going to show up to lunch so that you're not left sitting alone on the chance you didn't get or read Harry's email.

Which I wouldn't blame you for, since you can't feel good being caught in the middle of an argument that is essentially the two of us exercising our explosive tempers. I'm so sorry about that, and as I said, I'll be there for lunch so that we can talk about things and maybe cement our current agreement now that no one is shouting.

That said, I might possibly be a tiny bit late. See, while I was walking from my tailor's shop to Gringott's to restock my pocket money (a couple of the kids hit me up again the other night), I was rather stupidly NOT paying attention to my surroundings, nor expecting to defend myself.

So, I'm currently at St. Mungo's having Rowe check me out. I don't THINK anything happened, but an unknown assailant popped up in front of me and cast a hex that seems to have had no effect on me. I was - as mentioned - completely unguarded, and also didn't have a chance to incarcerate the attacker before he or she Apparated away.

The important thing is that I feel fine and my own basic diagnostic spells revealed nothing, so I'm just having Rowe confirm them and I'll be on my way to lunch presently.

Love you like a love song,
Draco

Chapter End Notes
I know y'all are like: This is SO close to the wedding! EEK!
That was Chrissie's reaction too, she was like: ROXAANNNE! They're supposed to be
getting married, why are we making them fight NOW???
And I was like: Because this shit needs to get out in the open and be resolved BEFORE
they get married!
So, there is a light at the end of the tunnel ^_^
Chapter 243

Chapter Summary

Harry's sneakiness and all the underlying issues are revealed.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Friday March 16, 2018

Draco and Oliver,

I am a liar. Let's add that to my list of flaws. It is a long list. But the lying is probably the worst. I said I was going to do work instead of lunch and cake and I didn't do any work.

I came home. Not home to our rooms at Hogwarts. I went home to the manner. I needed to see our bed. I needed to see our room. I needed to see our wall of love. Pictures from a lifetime of loving. I was thinking if I looked at these memories then my passionate feelings, the ones that aren't being angry, would come rushing back to me.

I just felt sad. So very sad. I miss you both. I miss us. I miss me.

I thought I would find Luscious and have a nice day-drink with him. That's something that always lifts my mood and makes me overly obnoxious. But Lulu was busy. Something about not wanting to let Draco win, having to get back on top of the Malfoy business game. So I could have gone back to Hogwarts and done what I said I was gonna do. Or I could have gone to lunch like I said I would. But noooo, I said I was going to do the drinking and the drinking I should do.

It isn't as fun as when I do this with Lucy. No one is here to brag about my sexy times with. When I thought hiding under the table would be funny, it wasn't, I was just a sad loser under the table all by my self. I just feel sadder. Sad.

I then thought maybe it's what I was drinking. I was drinking my favorite red, but the other night when I was able to forget for just a minute when I was drinking whiskey so maybe I should switch drinks.

That didn't help. I'm not forgetting I just remember. I can't forget. I can't forget how terrible I am. How terrible I feel. I know how much you hate me being on the potions Draco. They're a crutch that you hate and think less of me for taking. I can't help it, I'm weak, and stupid, and unloveable.

I thought I would be more passionate when I wasn't dulling myself with potions but I feel worse. I don't feel more, I feel less.

Oh shite, I wasn't supposed to say anythi

Friday March 16th
Our darling Harry,
Oliver and I were just a few bites into our lunch when we received your email, and based on its contents and timing, I'm going to assume you hadn't even had a chance to read my previous email.

For the record, Healer Rowe confirmed that there was nothing wrong - so far as her scans could determine. There is nothing to worry about, that hex was either a dud or the caster didn't actually have any power and just wanted to scare or play a joke on me.

So, the moment I read your email, I knew we had to pack our food up to bring home. We returned to the Manor in about five minutes, and sure enough, you were under the table, just as you'd said. I couldn't help but smile at you as I got on my hands and knees and crawled to you. You were more than half out of it and I took advantage of this by running my hand through your perpetually wild hair and taking a good long whiff of your unique scent.

**GODRIC** I've missed you so much!

So, I delicately pulled you out from under the table, giving you kisses that you probably would have refused had you been aware and not half passed out from drinking. Then I looked up at Oliver.

"Isn't he the most adorable thing you've ever seen when he's drunk?"

Oliver wasn't expecting that and smirked. "Well, I suppose I prefer him when he's sober and looking at me like I'm the most precious thing in the world."

I grinned at that. "I understand. His gaze could melt the hardest heart and stop criminals in their tracks. Here, I'll help you pick him up, but then will you carry him to our bed? It's the weekend and we have a birthday party here anyway, so we might as well just stay here."

Oliver gave me a curious raised brow. "Can't you carry him yourself, or is he too heavy for you?"

I rolled my eyes. "I can most certainly carry him, I just want my hands free to call Katja."

"His Mind Healer? Why?" Oliver asked even as we worked to pick you up and cradle you safely in his arms.

"She needs to know that he's off his potions," I stated.

"He didn't say that," Oliver murmured with a frown.

"He as good as said it, and besides, I've actually been wondering if something was wrong for a while now. Harry hasn't quite been himself."

"How do you mean?" Oliver asked even as he oh so carefully carried you toward our suite.

"Our beloved is hot tempered, sure, but he's also usually quick to forgive. Like insanely quick to forgive. He even more or less forgave the Dark Lord!"

"That's a grudge that should have lasted forever!"

"Exactly!" I concurred. "But as I was saying, not only has he been even quicker to anger lately, but he's also been holding onto his anger, and maybe most telling of all, he has spent YEARS working past his issues and moving on, and he had basically succeeded, and now suddenly, they all seem to be back in full force."

"So... are you saying that the potions he takes basically occlude his true feelings, and now that he's
off them, he's feeling everything he's ignored?" Oliver wondered with a concerned frown.

I shook my head. "It's not like that at all. Let's see how to explain it... Well, his childhood was traumatic enough that at a time when his brain was trying to develop normally, it developed slightly abnormally. This slight quirk makes it very easy for him to feel all of the emotions he felt in his childhood: depression, lack of self worth - basically everything bad. At the same time, it makes it harder for him to feel the good things, except for in short and somewhat unsustainable bursts."

Oliver hummed in thought. "So you're saying that because he's ever so slightly different than the rest of us, his, erm... default setting is depressed?"

"Basically, yes. Take the both of us, we both had more or less normal childhoods. We had parents who might have been strict at times, but clearly loved us. Our brains - despite the craziness of the war - managed to develop normally. Thus, when either of us encounters a trigger, we might spiral for a bit, but once we realize that we are doing this, we can sometimes choose to simply work through the issue, or maybe we need a temporary bit of help, but we have the ability to return to a normal, more balanced state of mind."

"Ah," Oliver stated in clarity. "But Harry can't do that without potions."

"Exactly," I agreed.

By this point, we'd reached our room in our suite and the two of us tenderly tucked you into bed to sleep off the alcohol. Oliver climbed into bed with you and held you like he would rather deflect a bombard with his bare hands than let you go any time soon. I was running my hands through your hair again.

As we sat there in otherwise silence, I made that call to Katja and informed her of the situation. She confirmed that I was correct in assuming that she had no idea what you'd done. With a sigh, she promised to come over later tonight when you'd have had a chance to sober up a bit without help. It was important to her that we didn't just jump into casting a sobering charm on you, or giving you a potion to negate the effects. Not yet anyway. Apparently, it'll be better for your current state of mind if your body is allowed to go through this process naturally.

Then I leaned over and kissed Oliver. "As much as I want nothing more than to stay here with you both until he wakes up and can see the both of us before anything else, I still have things to do. As per our agreement, I'm going to be handling the bulk of the wedding preparations while you two work - it was only a fluke that you both had today off - more or less." This was referring to how you both had your grading and planning to do, but that wasn't conducting any actual teaching. "So, I'm going to head off and do what I can while seriously distracted. I'll be back tonight before Katja arrives."

"Alright, see you then," Oliver murmured, pulling me a bit closer for a last kiss before I left. I used this closeness to give you a couple of kisses too, and then took off.

Having still been a little hungry, I decided to take a break after a couple of hours to get some ice cream and write this email. Harry, my love, I know that you are probably going to feel grumpy and still rather angry at me until your potions kick back in and clear your mind, so can we call a truce and wait to officially resolve our fight until you've had a couple of days on your potions?

With all my love - wait! I need to make something clear, just in case you are suddenly questioning everything. With our triad wedding coming up, and with all the drama and fighting we've been through recently, you might be wondering if I still love you and want to marry you. The answer to
that is yes and always yes. Even if you COULDN'T take potions to help you feel normal, even if you were ALWAYS depressed and moody with almost no bursts of happiness, you are still such an ingrained part of my heart that I would rather argue with you for the rest of my life than not have you next to me.

Think about it like this: Oliver and you have similar issues and seem to get along better than either of you get along with me. I'm the rogue in this relationship, the wild card, the one who is motivated by: 1- the two of you, 2- the kids, and 3- my own selfishness. Meaning that I will ALWAYS choose to do things that meet one of those three criteria in unpredictable ways (or at least I like to think they're unpredictable), and that can be rough on the two of you who like to be stable and certain of everything at all times. When I do things that shake up your foundations, the two of you naturally want me to stop and just be a good little rock in your stability.

That maybe sounded bad, but my point is that I'm almost the opposite of the two of you, but even knowing that, I have never ONCE suggested that I would be better off without you both. NOR have I EVER suggested that you two would be better off without me. And that's because I truly feel that the three of us make a far more stable tripod together than any of us individually could manage. I would rather be fought with, subjected to the chaos that seems to follow you around like a puppy, and occasionally feel like I'm being harassed by your two similar expectations, then EVER be without either of you.

Because with the two of you supporting me, there's NOTHING I can't do!

Remember that Harry, if the next few weeks feel impossible to you. We've got you and we'll continue to support you through everything until you're feeling better again. I'm going to risk speaking for Oliver - who isn't here - WE LOVE YOU!

Forever,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

And y'all thought it was Draco that was hiding something, lol.
Saturday March 17, 2018

Good Morning,

I'm so sorry. I ... yeah, that's all I have. I am just so very very sorry. I wish I had something more to say. I wish I could wave my wand and make the last two months disappear. Take away all the mean words I said. Take away the pain I caused.

It's late morning. I just woke up about an hour ago. The two of you must be off getting party prep ready for tonight's March birthday festivities. Sorry I'm not being any help. But Katja felt pretty strongly that starting my potions back up last night after two months off meant I was likely to be a bit sleepy and possibly a little dizzy or confused so I should spend most of today resting, napping, or at the very least relaxing if I had any hope of going to tonight's celebrations.

I wish either of you had been in bed with me when I woke up, but the day was getting on. And erm, I suppose I don't blame you for not wanting to be around me much right now. I've not been a very good ... fiancé? husband? I haven't been a very good friend. And I think that's worse than all the other things. Neither of you had me to lean on, to have support them, you deserve more than what I've given you. Either of you.

I'm sorry if I'm being angry or grumpy. I know it's expected while I'm riding these stupid hormonal and chemical imbalances. If it helps at all, I don't feel angry. I don't feel grumpy (although that's REALLY all about perspective) I just feel sorry. And sad, confused, along with very embarrassed.

I thought, well I don't know what I thought. I wasn't thinking clearly obviously. I just, I kept thinking to myself how much you hate the dependency on potions. Or, erm, anything that you can't have complete control over. Draco, I mean, Ollie you've never mentioned one way or another caring whether or not I took mental health potions. I kept equating my need for potions to Ori's addictions. Or addiction in general. I couldn't stop that running through my head.

So in a remarkable lapse in judgment I stopped taking them. I figured if I started to feel badly I could just start up again. But once they were out of my system, my chemical imbalanced brain had me convinced I deserved to feel the way I was feeling. That I was an addict. That I could just handle the withdrawal, white knuckling my way through. Depression is a liar and my depression convinced me I didn't deserve anything good.

Luckily, I was too selfish to not keep holding onto the both of you with both arms. I was mean and angry, I held grudges, I was unwilling to forgive. But you two beautiful men just kept loving me through it. I may not deserve either of you, but I'm selfish enough to be okay with that as long as you're both still willing to have me.

My brain chemistry is messed up. I need to be alright with that. I am not taking anything everyone else isn't taking. It's just the rest of you make your own serotonin and dopamine, my lazy brain just
needs storebought. I uh, erm, I think I'm going to be alright with that. I know I should be alright with it. I know I will be alright with it. I just need to power through this terrible time where I can still hear the mean voices depression is speaking in. I need to shut them up.

The both of you help me realize I might deserve to be happier than I have been. And our children and grandchildren help me realize it as well. I need to be healthy and happy and fun Daddy or Grandpa Harry. My March babies deserve having me watch them blow out their candles. Blake deserved all the snuggles I was able to give him this morning? afternoon? when he poked his head in to say hi before running off to the stables.

Our sweet Nora came in for a little bit as well. I got to read her a few stories, we sang a few songs, and we were at the beginning of what was looking to be a very long story about something fun she got to do with Gramma Cissy, when Atreyu came storming in demanding his Nora come with him to the stables. Most of the littler kids were out there with Blake and Trey did not think it was alright that Nora was missing out.

I suppose it's probably best that I am getting sleepy again. Maybe it's time for another light nap. Because I was just about to start talking about whatever monster attacked my love. I want to rage. I want to absolutely lose my mind on whoever thought hexing what's mine was alright. But maybe I'll do that after a little snooze.

No matter how I'm feeling, I could never refuse your kisses.

Always have to steal my kisses from you,
Harry

Monday March 19th
The men I can't wait to marry!

Five days and counting! Six if you count today.

After this weekend of birthdays and drama - not DRAMA but rather the usual family chaos - it was sort of nice to spend the night in our bed at Hogwarts. All three of us were too exhausted to do anything other than kiss with a little bit of light groping. That said, I've been up early several days in a row on top of being up as late as normal, so my body wasn't even willing to attempt to perk up with interest.

Not that I cared. Honestly, just being able to hold you Harry - you were in the middle for once - and at the same time, hold hands with Oliver... it was beyond perfect!

Once again, I am up early for me. The both of you are conducting classes for about 20 more minutes before lunch starts, but I probably won't see you. Well, I might as I DO plan to grab a pastie or something on my way out of the castle, but what I mean is that I'm not going to be sitting down to eat.

I've mentioned this before, but with everything else, I realized that I haven't actually put it in any of my emails, but ever since the beginning of March, whenever I have the time, I've been running around the Quidditch Pitch because I realized that my arse has grown larger than ever and I want to look less wobbly and more fit in my wedding outfit.

So, since I've been up earlier than my usual lately anyway, I decided to use that time to run. It's a bit strange because it just so happens that both Siri and Zwei have a free period before lunch most
days, and once they realized that I was running around the Quidditch Pitch, they were genuinely happy to join me. I'm not sure how to take it that they're both able to run circles around me!

Well, that's not entirely true, but it's clear to me that I've been letting the endurance portion of my exercises slide in favor of the more gentle yoga routine. No WONDER my arse keeps growing ever larger!!!

Anyway, my loves, here's what I have planned for today: Stop in at Zaire's restaurant and double check that they have the correct catering menu - since I'd swear I had Pippa send it to them last week, but she shockingly can't actually remember if she did so. Then I'm going to meet with Neville at the Manor because he's apparently going to see if he can just charm the actual forest to look the way we want it - rather than have to bring in a bunch of perfectly colored leaves from elsewhere.

Yes Harry, he has all the flowers ready and waiting in stasis, which I'm certain Oliver probably forgot to tell you on Friday.

After that, I'm going to check in with Jules real quick to see how he's settling in at Elena's school. Then I plan to stop by the Ministry and ask Robards how things turned out with Corbin and Brock. Then I might pop in to see how Hermione's getting on.

I should be back in time for dinner, but if not, then I'll definitely be back in time to crawl in bed and pass out with the two of you.

All my love and more,
Draco

*Added about 4 hours later*
P.S. Jules still looks a bit punch drunk. He wanders around the school in a daze, repeatedly pinching himself, muttering something about dreaming. Apparently the school's drum room alone nearly sent him into cardiac arrest when he first saw it. Elena tells me not to worry about him as she'll keep him well in hand. Harry! That's one more kid in this world SAVED because you had the courage and heart to start up Unity House ^_^
Chapter 245

Chapter Summary

The wedding is drawing ever nearer.

Tuesday March 20, 2018

My Fiancés!

I am so close to no longer using that word! Four more days! It's so exciting! I am having such strong emotions concerning our upcoming wedding. I know I would be extremely emotional no matter what, but coming up on the last week of engaged status at the same time I'm trying to regulate my brain chemistry has me a bit all over the place.

I remember all those years ago, before marrying Draco the first time, anticipating our wedding, looking forward to married life, excited at the idea of maybe having a handful of kids (hahahahahahahahahaha, hehehehehehe, ho, ho, hooooooo) and there was a sense of confusion and wonder. It was all hopeful idealism, dreams of a picture-perfect, cookie-cutter, beautiful life.

And it has been perfect and beautiful. Wonderful. Life altering. I love my Draco now more than I even knew was possible all those years ago. It's a life I love.

But it's hasn't been without flaws. It hasn't been without sadness. Fighting. Grief. Periods of intense loneliness even though your love is lying right next to you in bed. Times when I thought I was drowning in the drama. Moments when I couldn't see the wonder of our life because of the sadness of someone in it. It's also included parenting teenagers and we all know how well THAT can go.

My feelings right now in the days leading up to our vows are weighing on my heart. Vows where I will promise to love each of you, together and apart, for the rest of my life and beyond. My heart is so full of love for the both of you that I feel it could burst right out of my chest. My mind will not stop flying through a million possible future moments; at least one more child being born, more grandchildren to love and spoil, a million different mornings waking up wrapped up cozy in our bed. But it will also include heartache; arguments that aren't easy to kiss and make up through, losing people we love, more of our children becoming teenagers.

I guess what I'm trying to say is my thoughts leading up to this wedding and marriage of ours are so much different than they were all those years ago. Because I know now what a marriage entails. I think the best way I can describe this is the difference between anticipating parenthood before your first child and how you feel before your second arriving. You think your life will be powdery fresh baby smells, sweet little gummy smiles, and eternal adoration. It ends up being sleepless nights, disgusting nappies, and eternal worry because a piece of your heart walks around outside of your body. But prior to that first experience, you think you know how wonderful things will be, but when you meet that child for the first time you realize you had no idea how much love your heart could hold.

That's how I feel right now. I know all the bad things that could pop up. I know there will be times when each of us will falter, will need the others to drag them out into the sun. But I also know that there is the greatest joy I will ever know yet to come. Twenty years from now I will look back on
this day and think past Harry had no idea how much more love he was capable of. I feel today as though I could not possibly love either of you more than I do in this moment. I think about my love for you both and my heart literally aches with all the emotions it has to hold. Yet some day I will look back at how much love I had today and realize it wasn't even a fraction of what I'm capable of.

Can Saturday hurry up and get here? I can't wait to walk down the aisles to the loves of my life and the rest of our lives. I need to see our combined beautiful family all dressed up and full of smiles and love to start our future out right. I need a full, beautiful, perfect, huge family portrait for my Love wall!

Oooh, thinking about the two of you in your wedding finery has gotten me all hot and bothered. I need to come find you both!

Love has surely shifted my way,
Harry

Friday March 23rd
The loves of my life,

This week has been so exhausting that I haven't even been able to get it up! But it's all been SO worth it!

The forest is gorgeous. The paths are clear and precisely designed, lined with candles and floating lamps. The foliage is gorgeous shades of summer and fall - with a little spring thrown in. The flowers are sheer perfection and charmed to stay that way until tomorrow night at the earliest.

The Altar is breathtaking! The tables lining the dance floor are elegantly set and the floor itself is just waiting to be danced on. Part of me wants to preserve this setting for the rest of our lives so that whenever we have a party, we can use this space and remember the sheer love that flows through our lives.

But as I said, now that everything is perfect and the only thing we need to do tomorrow is get ready before the ceremony - and then HAVE the ceremony - I'm going to go to bed and crash. I know! It's before the two of you have even returned from dinner in the Great Hall! But I'm so worn out from running around and getting ready this past week that I feel like I felt that time when I was pregnant with Eris and stupidly wasted all of my magic!

Well... maybe not QUITE that bad, but darn close.

And Harry, since I know you're now wondering, no. I am NOT currently carrying any extra humans inside me. I checked twice just to be sure. This exhaustion is normal rather than from a parasite (and I mean that with all affection) leeching all my magic and energy.

But as I was saying, I'm already in bed and I'm just going to sign off and pass out. See you both in the morning!

… Wait...

GODDAMNIT!!! We agreed to each sleep in different beds tonight so that we don't see each other before the ceremony tomorrow, which means that *I* have to get out of bed and floo to our suite in the Manor since Harry is sleeping in our quarters here and Oliver is sleeping in his - for the first and only time.
Sigh... I ache too much to move, but here goes. See you both at the Altar!

I see your true colors, that's why I love you,
Draco
P.S. Oliver, remember that the word you is both singular AND plural, so even if I don't add the word both to a lyric containing the word you, you can ALWAYS assume that I'm referring to the both of you.
Chapter 246

Chapter Summary

It's the day and Harry is nearly overcome by the pre-wedding fluff, while Draco has to go to the loo to hide how emotional he is after the event.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Saturday March 24, 2018

The Loves of my Life,

To the men who are about to become my husbands, I tell you these upcoming hours are torturous. I hate not being married to you both. And whoever's absolutely asinine idea it was to sleep apart last night is out of their mind! Even though I'm pretty sure it was mine. I have to wait hours until I can be with you, and I didn't have any arms wrapped around me last night. I didn't fall asleep to the soft sounds of your breathing. I didn't wake up to beautifully flushed cheeks and sweet sleepy smiles.

But after today I won't wake up alone ever again. I might be the only one waking up since I'm the early bird, but I'll have your solid presences next to me. I'll be able to softly kiss your cheeks, run my fingers through your hair, creepily peep on your naked chests and my favorite appendages a little ways south of chest.

Tomorrow I am going to wake up in my bed with my husbands! We're going to give each other sweet loving kisses, whispering to not break the romantic spell, excited murmurs about the honeymoon we're about to go on. Giggles while we tease each other about the surprises we may or may not have packed for the honeymoon. It's going to be amazing.

But before we do that, we need to get married! And today is the day. As you both know, I've avoided going anywhere near the location of the wedding. I really wanted my first views of the foliage, the flowers, the candles, to happen as we arrived and began walking down the aisle. But when I awoke this morning I realized something important; there's no way I will notice a single thing about my surroundings once I can see the both of you. No matter the beauty of the ceremony, it will pale in comparison to the faces of the men I love.

So, I decided to go out this morning and peek at what will be the place I vow to love you both for the rest of our lives. Oh my loves, it's so beautiful. I had to sit down and take a few deep breaths to calm myself enough to properly appreciate it. I was standing at the altar, seeing the place where in just a few short hours I am going to promise forever to you both. The place I will be standing when I hear the two of you make promises to each other. The spot where I will hear both of your words of love to me. It was almost too much to bear.

I knew it was time to leave when I began to weep openly looking at the gorgeous displays of lilies, narcissus, and irises that were beautifully placed throughout the clearing.

I headed off to check on our children. The room our ladies were getting ready in was already chaotic, messy, and loud even though we had hours to go before the ceremony. I didn't realize this,
but Lainie had ordered them all matching dressing gowns. Our mums, our daughters, and our
granddaughters all swathed in matching lavender silk robes with "Malfoy~Potter~Wood" on the
back and their own initials embroidered on the front. Even Morgana had a teeny tiny dressing
gown! And against one wall, they had hung up their dresses in a line. No two dresses matching.
Just a wall of soft greys, greens, and browns. In satins, silks, lace. Teeny princess dresses for our
smallest ladies, and elegant gowns for the young women. No two exactly the same, but all together
a gorgeous mixture of complementary colors and fabrics.

Much like our family. No two exactly the same, each one an individual that somehow works
seamlessly as a whole. Beautiful in their individuality and breathtaking all together.

I could feel myself becoming overwhelmed again at the sights in the room. Maha painstakingly
arranging Shtara's hair. Nora giving kisses to Viona's (adorable) little baby bump. Molly hovering
over Cassie trying to get her to eat something. Jaz practically vibrating with excitement over Eris
doing her make-up. I went through giving each woman a hug and a kiss before sneaking out to see
our boys.

The boys' dressing room was just as full, just as gorgeous, but a different atmosphere. Luscious had
cigars and drinks given to all of the older ones, Arthur was in the corner calmly holding Gabe and
Dyl while they napped in his arms. River and Orion were telling embarrassing stories about Draco
and me to Parker, who was laughing uproariously. Trey and Cael were a bit grumpy - which I
found out was due to being shut down when they tried to bring some horses into the dressing room.

Again, a wall of suits and robes ready to be worn. Ready for our young men to put on so they could
watch their fathers and grandfathers (and sons since all three dads were in there as well!) get
married. My heart was so full of love for this group.

Well, I should probably sign off here since it's about time for me to start getting ready myself.
Time to prepare to make the biggest commitment of my life. To promise the rest of my days to you
both. I can't wait to be married to you both.

All of my love forever,
Harry ... soon to be Malfoy-Wood!

Saturday March 24th
My dear husbands!

I'm a weirdo, I know, but I snuck away from our reception to go to the loo, and then once there,
HAD to write down my impressions of our day, so far.

I took my time this 'morning' getting ready for this ceremony. I wanted to look absolutely perfect. I
was even happy with the shape my arse has gotten into during the last few weeks of running.

As a small detour to my recap, I just wanted state for the record how proud of Siri I am. He's been
running with me every chance he gets, and so we've spent a bit of time together (along with Zwei).
I feel so bad about being so very driven and caught up in my own shite that I was literally
undercover when Siri had his very first professional Quidditch match. He's been so gracious and
understanding, NOT holding it against me in the slightest. He has given me a play by play account
on more than one occasion, and while he's disappointed that his team didn't win that match
outright, he's excited that they earned enough points overall to keep them in the running. His next
match in mid-April shouldn't interfere with ANYTHING on our calendar, and so, barring another
unexpected undercover mission, I should be there to cheer him on.
But getting back to our day.

Once ready, I made my way to my starting point, because let’s be honest, the two of you had probably already arrived at your starting points an hour or three before I even got out of bed. Sorry! I desperately needed to catch up on my sleep! Even so, I still ended up awake a good hour before I normally do.

To my peace of mind, I had arrived when there was only about a half an hour for the guests to finish arriving and taking their seats. Our three starting points formed points of a giant triangle in the Forest on Malfoy Manor property. The points were far enough away from each other that we couldn't see the Altar (or each other), but we could hear the guests chattering as they gathered and waited in their seats.

At some point, my father signaled the band to start the music, which in turn signaled us to begin our walks. We'd (I'd) gone to great lengths to ensure that our aisles (walking paths) were the same distance and clear of any sort of debris that could trip or delay us. They were all lined with candles and fairy lights.

Our paths quickly converged on the clearing where everyone was seated. Each of us - after a LOT of debate - had chosen just one attendant. We all knew that if we'd chosen all the attendants that we wanted, our entire circle would be crowding the altar with us with maybe a handful of people in seats watching us. So, even though it was hard to choose just one, we had. Harry got to cheat ever so slightly since Hermione was performing our wedding for us, thus he was able to narrow it down to Ron fairly quickly. Oliver had to literally flip a coin to decide on Parker rather than Cassie (which she was fine with once he promised that she would always have first pick of babysitting duty when the time came). As for me, I simply had to realize that Pansy was far more likely to murder me than Blaise if I didn't choose her.

The three of them really didn't have anything to do but witness our vows and sign off on them on the marriage certificate.

If I spent any time at all talking about the outfits everyone was wearing, I might as well be here the rest of the night! So instead, I will narrow it to just ours. As with last night, we hadn't wanted to see each other's outfits before the ceremony. Which I will admit that for me, it was a BIG weight on my mind, a nerve-wracking weight, NOT knowing exactly how the two of you were going to look and if we would match enough to not clash atrociously. It took having Hazeris look over your outfits and giving me a thumbs up for me to resist the urge to sneak in and check them over myself.

So it was that we each emerged from our paths into the clearing to get our first looks at each other since, erm… Well I'm sure you both saw me yesterday morning when you woke up, but for me, it was the night before. You. looked. GORGEOUS!!!
Oliver was wearing a brown muggle style suit that perfectly accented his eyes and hair. Harry was wearing a striking green suit that not only complemented his eyes, but looked extremely good with his skin tone and hair. I was wearing a gray suit that also matched my eyes, but the jacket portion was extremely plain compared to the fact that my waistcoat was silver (some of it real threads of actual silver) and I was wearing a pink tie to bring out some of the color in my complexion.

As for my hair, for perhaps the first time in a long time, rather than opt to have the tips dyed any color, I had my entire head of hair trimmed and styled to platinum blond perfection. My nails were actually painted a shimmering opalescent that at first glance, didn't even look painted - aside from being shiny - but at second glance, the individual colors and sparkles leapt out. Part of the sparkles were pink to match the tie (and it's probably the white and the pink that give the name opalescent), but there were also tones of green, blue, and purple.

Enough about my nails, they aren't important aside from the fact that I put care and attention to detail in them.

Each of us was wearing a 'matching' set of earrings. On our right sides was a plain but rather large stud. My stud was a diamond, Oliver's stud was a rich topaz, and Harry's was an emerald. On our left sides, from a plain gold stud dangled a bit of gold necklace. It was originally a heart that had been cut into three pieces, puzzle style. My piece said "We have," Harry's piece said "Found the,"
and Oliver's said "Missing piece."

When we were all at the altar and ready to begin, Hermione made a speech about the unique challenges presented by a multiple marriage, and how she feels that the rewards far outweigh the extra effort. Then she got right to the point and led us through our vows.

Harry was clearly itching to go first. He was nearly vibrating from the effort of waiting, so Hermione turned to him with a smile and asked him to say the vows he'd written.

Harry turned to Oliver, taking his hand and giving him that look like he was the most precious thing in the world that makes the both of us melt into helpless puddles of goo. "Oliver, I promise you my love, life, magic, heart, and soul. I give them unconditionally. I will spend the rest of my life trying to devote myself to making you as happy as your love makes me. I will love you through the end of time."

Then he turned to me, still holding Oliver's hand and now holding mine. "Draco, I promise you my love, life, magic, heart, and soul. You are my forever and always, I am going to spend the rest of my days trying to be worthy of the care and love you have given me. I will love you through the end of time."

He kissed both of our hands before continuing. "Ollie and Draco, I pledged to each of you the entirety of my love, my life, my magic, my heart, and my soul. Giving these to both of you hasn't made them smaller; neither of you are receiving only a portion. Expanding our family never gives smaller pieces of love to the individual parts; giving love only increases our ability to give more. I love you Oliver. I love you Draco. I love you both more than I ever thought possible. I vow to continue loving you more and more, every single day of our lives."

Oliver looked rather teary at this point, and he wasn't the only one. Hermione looked ready to cry from happiness and pride for us. I myself MAY have even felt a tear well in my eye.

Oliver decided to go next because he was too emotional to hold back any longer. Still holding our hands, he kissed them. "Harry, Draco, you have both given me so much love that I sometimes feel like I'm drowning in it. I didn't know how much love was possible to give, but the more you give me, the more I find I have to give in return. So much that I often can't breathe when I think about it. But I'm a simple man. I don't have the capacity to form beautiful words, so instead, I will keep this simple. I love you both so much that I am making this vow to love, honor, cherish, and be faithful to the two of you for the rest of my life."
We smiled at him encouragingly, understanding that he was actually so nervous that he was shaking.

Then it was my turn. I shook my head wryly. "I have to apologize, because when I sat down to write out how I felt about the both of you, I found that I felt so much that I filled up about 12 or 14 inches of parchment in my tiniest script. My vows could go on and on for DAYS and I would still have more to say. So rather than attempt to narrow down my feeling to the most important points, I decided to do something that likely will surprise no one: I'm going to sing my vows."

Harry snorted in amusement and wore the biggest grin he could physically manage. Meanwhile Oliver looked a bit sheepish. One day, you might even become used to me singing to you at the drop of a hat.

"I do swear that I'll always be there, I'd give anything and everything and I will always care, Through weakness and strength, Happiness and sorrow, For better for worse, I will love you both with every beat of my heart." The beginning of the song was partially spoken, to emphasize the seriousness of the vows.

"From this moment, life has begun, From this moment, you are the ones, Right beside you is where I belong, From this moment on. From this moment, I have been blessed, I live only for your happiness, And for your love, I'd give my last breath, From this moment on." I was doing my best to look back and forth between you with each lyric so that neither of you felt like you received less attention.

I also felt disconcertingly teary eyed the longer I sang. It got to the point that I thought I was going to get choked up and have to stop, but I persevered. "I give my hand to you with all my heart, I can't wait to live my life with you, I can't wait to start! You and I will never be apart, My dreams came true because of you!"

That particular part - about my dreams - was aimed at Harry, but the parts about starting and never being apart were for Oliver. "From this moment as long as I live, I will love you, I promise you this, There is nothing I wouldn't give, From this moment on, oh!"

I honestly think I may have started leaking at this point, but I'm trying not to dwell on it.

"You're the reason I believe in love (aimed at Harry), And you're the answer to my prayers from up above (aimed at Oliver), All we need is just the three of us, My dreams came true because of you!"

To my surprise, you both actually knew the song and joined me for the ending of it, which quite possibly made my heart burst from my chest, because I have been feeling like I've died and gone to the Elysian Fields ever since.

"From this moment as long as I live, I will love you, I promise you this, There is nothing I wouldn't give, From this moment on, I will love you as long as I live, From this moment on!"

At that point, everything is a bit of a blur. The only things I can clearly remember before our first official dance as husbands is the part where we OFFICIALLY put on our rings - that we'd been wearing since our engagement. Those quirky yet gorgeous symbols of our love - a love that is odd looking and not 'normal,' but still so very rock solid. And - strangely enough - I remember when we cut and ate our cake - which we did before dancing because we wanted to get right to it and save dinner for a bit later.
Our cake was naturally elaborate and exquisite, a sheer wonder that must have taken an artist HOURS to create, but the part I actually remember was the forks we used to eat it. Oliver's said: "I do," mine said: "Me too," and Harry's said: "Me three." They were oh so perfect for us and I may even hang them on our wall of pictures.

But then we started dancing, and from the moment I held you both in my arms, I felt overwhelmed with happiness. Hence me hiding in the loo. I may need a few more minutes to process this, but then I'll be back to hold you both some more.

Forever and always,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Sorry that I didn't link the official video for From This Moment, but the official video didn't have the beginning lyrics, plus it wasn't this awesome duet, so I linked what I could find ^_^
Chapter 247

Chapter Summary

Harry talks about their first dance as a married triad, and Draco talks about their first major decision ^_^

Chapter Notes

Hi y'all! Today is Chrissie's birthday, but it's also my older son Gryffin's birthday. He turned 15 today and I'm freaking out a bit, but honestly, I managed to do something right over the years because my sister came over and immediately accused my boys of showing her 11 year old daughter a YouTube video of a man pretending to murder someone and playing around in the blood (which is apparently pig's blood), that is very disturbing to watch. My boys had no clue what she was talking about and my niece herself was like :"Mom, it wasn't them." So... I apparently win a good mom award?? No idea how that happened...

Happy birthday Chrissie! ^_^

Sunday March 25, 2018

My Husbands,

Husbands! My beautiful, perfect, beloved men.

Today is the first day of our married lives. I keep wanting to say the first day officially together, or the first day we've committed to this. But I think we all know that's just not true. We've spent these last months choosing every day to be together, choosing the day after that and the day after that to stay together. Every moment of our lives is a recommitment to each other and this life we're leading together. I chose you yesterday, in front of all of our loved ones. I vowed to you both and to anyone listening that my love was forever.

I don't ever want to take either of you for granted. I woke up this morning with a joyful heart, deeply thankful that I woke up married to you. I want to burn this feeling into every cell of my body. To remember every single day, the sheer joy and wonder at waking up married to you.

Draco, Darling, your recap of yesterday was just lovely. Our vows to each other were perfect, and perfectly us. Or I suppose I should say the both of you had vows that were perfect, I can't speak to my own but the looks on your faces as I spoke them seemed fairly pleased with them. Just as our clothing was exactly us, Draco's extra sparkly and beautiful, Ollie's a neutral tone intending to blend in but only making your natural beauty stand out even more, and mine an odd mixture of posh and earthy, I think our vows were very much us. Mine was rambling, full of run-on sentences and flowery declarations. Oliver, your vows were perfect in their simplicity. And Draco you had to sing out your heart, but seemed even happier when we joined you in song.
I'm a bit surprised you remembered all those details though! If our rings weren't on our fingers I would wonder if yesterday was just a beautiful dream. Thankfully we'll have about a billion pictures to remember the day! I can't wait to place that enormous family portrait above our mantle at Hogwarts. Not seeing every one of our children and grandchildren every day is hard, but hopefully having that gorgeous photo of all their smiling faces will help a bit.

It feels as though it was a dream because I don't think my feet touched the ground the entire day. The weight of my heart is probably the anchor that kept me from floating away. I was walking on clouds from the moment I remembered I was marrying you both yesterday until the moment our heads hit our pillows.

I loved the ceremony, I loved watching our family get ready all together, seeing the two of you coming down each of your aisles was a dream come true, but I would have to say the dancing was by far my favorite part of the entire day. I danced with my new husbands separately, and the three of us even managed to sway and dance all together for quite a few dances.

Our first dance, I just can't explain to you how much that moment was perfection for me. I will never forget that moment as long as I live. I've always joked that I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles) is the second most romantic song of all time, it's just a shame it's considered this silly bop dance song. But now that I've heard the beautifully sweet Sleeping At Last version, it's now number one. Although it could still be the silly bop dance song and I would think it the most romantic song now that it was the first dance with the loves of my life.

"When I wake up, well I know I'm gonna be, I'm gonna be the man who wakes up next to you."
"And if I grow old, when I grow old, well I know I'm gonna be, I'm gonna be the man who's growing old with you"
"When I wake up, well I hope I'm gonna be, I'm gonna be the man who's waking up to you."
"And when I'm dreamin', well I know I'm gonna dream, I'm gonna dream about the time I had with you."

Oh my loves. Today, and tomorrow, and the next day, and all the next days after that ... it's our forever. It's my forever with you.

Now, come on and wake up. Come run away with me. To our honeymoon and our forever.

Yours,
Harry James Malfoy-Wood

Sunday March 25th
To my fox and our elephant,

I'm currently in bed unable to sleep, so I'm going to write. Tonight, the first night of our Honeymoon, we made an important decision. A HUGELY important decision. It began shortly after we checked into our glass igloo cabin at the Kakslauttanen Artic Resort.

We didn't even take the time to unpack or settle in, we simply tossed all our luggage into the room and tore each other's clothes off as we stumbled to the bed. That was when things took a sharp detour from where we'd planned. Oliver pulled back and gave us both this extremely serious look.

"I... I don't want to wait anymore! I've been waiting for over 20 years! What if waiting even one more day turns out to be one day too long?"
Oliver may well have continued on like this for some time, but I turned to look at Harry and smirked. "I had a feeling he might say this sooner rather than later, so I came prepared."

You looked at Oliver for a long moment, and then looked at me. "Well, if you're both sure, then I have no problems with it."

I kissed Harry's hand before kissing Oliver's hand. At that point, I slipped out of bed and summoned a small bag I had packed with my luggage. It contained everything we needed.

"As we previously agreed, we wanted to give your body, Oliver, a chance to succeed on its own. I know you still feel like it won't be able to because that's what your truth was for so long, but I have faith that this will work, so here, take this fertility potion. I made it myself, so I can guarantee that it's of the highest quality."

Oliver accepted the potion, took a deep breath, and then downed it in one go. "That... wasn't as bad as I was expecting..."

I chuckled. "I once slipped it into Harry's drink and he liked the taste so much that he wanted me to give it to him ALL the time, but I sensibly had to refuse, hahaha."

Then I picked up a ring that you most definitely recognized, Harry. Oliver recognized it too, and tilted his head to look at me in confusion. I grabbed his hand and slipped the ring on his right ring finger.

"This ring that was Harry's wedding band for so many years, was chosen specifically for him because it has several spells on it, one of which is a fertility enhancing spell. We have no idea if the ring truly helps, as Harry has conceived every time he tried and we can't say for certain if it was ONLY the potion or if the ring helped, but I WILL say that the first time I tried to conceive didn't work, and the second time - when I was wearing the ring - did."

Oliver, you looked so emotional as I explained this to you. Were you wondering if it would have worked all those years ago - had you not been sabotaged? I squeezed your hand comfortingly and gave you a kiss to let you know that I was behind you all the way.

Then I removed the final potion from the bag and set it on the table next to the bed. "This is the potion that will combine our DNA into a viable semen sample that should create a baby that genetically belongs to all three of us. All it takes is our blood..."

I made a small slice along the ulnar bone of my wrist, just big enough for about a fourth a cup of blood to drain into the bottle. Then I let Oliver cast a healing spell on me before repeating the action on Harry's arm, taking a nice long drag of blood – and thus hit of Harry's magic – while I was at it. Harry simply shook his head and gave me a goofy grin while we waited. In just two short minutes, the potion had finished shifting through the spectrum of colors to end up a thick and viscous white goo.

AKA it worked. I held up the bottle with a smirk. "What do you say Harry? Want to prep our husband so that we can inseminate him?"

"On it!" Harry agreed eagerly, putting his hands and tongue to work while I pulled a syringe out of the bag. The syringe - just for fun - was magically shaped like Harry's perfect shaft. When Oliver was thrashing about on the bed and BEGGING for deliverance, I gently inserted the syringe and squirted the sample inside him. Not very sexy, perhaps, but hopefully effective.

After that, we didn't want to disturb the sample, so we let Oliver top us both. At the very end,
Harry, you begged me to top you as well, so that you could go to sleep feeling utterly fulfilled. Unfortunately, my long and exhausting week had taken a toll on me and my shaft would not cooperate by rising to the occasion. Thus, I had to promise to top you tomorrow. It's a date and I know you'll hold me to it, which I'm quite looking forward to. Maybe Oliver will tie me up and Harry will ride me until I just can't see straight!

I'm in love with the shape of you,
Draco
Chapter 248

Chapter Summary

More honeymoon shenanigans.

Monday March 26, 2018

My Husbands,

Yeah, that's not going to get old any time soon. My husbands, my husbands, my husbands!

I may as well amuse myself in whatever way I can because I have a feeling it's going to be a long couple of weeks waiting for the results of our honeymoon shagging festivities. Ugh, has it been two weeks yet? No? How about now? Alright, I will stop being obnoxious and go back to just saying the word 'husbands' a million times instead. Hi, I'm Harry Malfoy-Wood, there are my husbands Draco and Oliver. Why yes, I'll take a bottle of your house red to share with my husbands. Hey! Stop looking at my husbands' arses! Why yes I am walking with a limp, have you met my husbands?

How about now?

I'm done! I promise! I'm probably just a little hysterical this morning because I'm so very tired. I had so many plans for today but I'm a little loopy from lack of sleep. See, I don't know if I thought this glass igloo thing all the way through. Last night? Watching the skies dance for us was breathtaking. I was absolutely right, falling asleep in my husbands' arms while the sky put on a performance just for us was the perfect romantic honeymoon setting.

This morning? Sunrise at 6:45 A.M. in a completely glass building? Not quite as romantic. I don't even know what I thought initially, wow who turned on the lights I think, but upon fully opening my eyes I was actually a little afraid I'd been blinded. Somebody turn off the damn sun! I felt like those two obnoxious neighbors in that Christmas movie, Christmas Vacation I think? Stumbling around crashing into things because the light was blinding. Knocking over glasses of champagne. If there had been a set of stairs I would have fallen down them.

Tomorrow should be a lot better. Not that I think the light won't be as early or as fierce, but now that I know it's going to happen, I am going to make sure to cast a shielding or dimming charm on the glass before I fully fall asleep tonight. We can still fade into rest with the beautiful sights but I won't have to grow a new pair of retinas.

The glass isn't the only thing getting spells shot at it. What is happening with your bits Draco? I know, I know, I know, you're tired and stressed and wedding planning is insane. And I am not complaining ... okay I'm complaining a little. What? I miss your cock. It's one of my very favorites and it's been too tired to play with me for days and days and days! But I'm getting a bit worried, Draco you have been exhausted before. You have been up to your eyeballs in projects. You have had WAY more stress than this. And he's never been too sleepy to play with me before.

I suppose it's a good thing we only needed your blood for last night's DIY craft of human making. Now that I know there's a possibility of a baby with all three of our genetic make-up? I want it so
badly. Ollie, thank you so much for being impatient and asking to start trying last night. I don't think I was going to be able to hang on much longer. I really to get Draco's concerns, worrying over you potentially not keeping the job you love. I just don't see it happening.

The kids absolutely adore you. Some of them too much ... stupid lists. The parents think you're awesome. McGonagall has loved you for probably thirty years at this point. No one is sacking you. And when you get to a point where you can't fly, I would have no problem taking over quidditch refereeing for you. And while you prefer to be in the air, you CAN teach flying from the ground. And when you have the baby, they will just have to find a substitute teacher for you.

Ooooh, I wonder if we can talk Viktor into spending a few weeks training Hogwarts fliers. I'd be willing to bet that even those who might be a little crabby with your leave of absence wouldn't object when the substitute is Viktor Krum.

I am getting ahead of myself here, I don't even know that you want to keep teaching after the baby is born. I know I work, I know Draco works, and most of the kids work, but I promise you don't need to if you don't want to. You were robbed of having a newborn to cuddle and spoil, if you want to spend every single moment from the second they're born doing nothing but holding them, you have my complete blessing.

Wow, I am getting even further ahead of myself than I thought. We don't know for sure that last night took. We may have to try again. And that will be okay, if it doesn't happen now, it WILL happen eventually. I tried not getting my hopes up, but that lasted about fifteen seconds. Sorry!

Would you sleepyheads hurry up and wake up already? I have so many fun plans for today! There's a Husky Farm right next door to the resort, we can play with puppies and then go on a Husky Safari! Eeeek! Doesn't that sound amazing? The three of us all snuggled up nice and cozy, going for a dogsled trip through this winter wonderland?

Or I suppose we can do the SNOW TANKS!!!! Not nearly as romantic, but I wanna ride a tank!

Oh, what in the world is wrong with me? I must still be a little overtired and out of it. I can just come wake you both up. With my mouth. Yeah, wake up my husbands!

Your husband,
Harry Malfoy-Wood

Monday March 26th
Dear Harry and Oliver,

Yes, I know that our honeymoon is the WRONG time to get a new puppy, but she's not only adorable, but they were going to get rid of her because her paw is shaped a little bit wrong and she can't run like she's supposed to!

She can still run a little and have a full life, dammit! I REFUSE to think otherwise! She can't help how she was born!

She's mine and I'm keeping her!

Everything I do, I do it for you (two) (except keep this puppy, that's for me!),
Draco
Monday March 26, 2018

Our Draco,

Sigh. Not sure what I was expecting when I suggested the Husky farms. I thought we'd just go for a fun dog sledding trip.

I've known you for long enough that I should have known. Honestly, Ollie has known you long enough that he would have known. I can't even blame this on you being a Daddy away from his babies for too long and finding things to love on. We all know what happens when you meet a set of irresistible puppy dog eyes. You're such a sucker.

We stayed inside to snog while you took Lumimyrsky out for about the billionth time today. But I think we're going to come join you for a walk with our fuzzy little "Snowstorm."

Love your husbands,
Harry and Oliver

P.S. NO, I'm still not sick of it!

Tuesday March 27
Oh Harry! Oliver!

It's love! It may have happened quickly and it may have come at a bad time, but it's real. I love my little Lumi! She's still just an adorable puppy, but she's so gorgeous and I can already see how she's just going to get better and better as she grows. Her fur is made up of clouds of white, light gray, and dark gray. Swirling through the clouds are lines of black that give definition to her coloring. Her muzzle and most of her face is pure white, but her head - especially her forehead - has lines of black that highlight and make her startlingly blue eyes just POP!
I really hope she gets along well with Amala and the cubs (who aren't so little anymore!). I mean Amala took Wojtek in stride, so I assume she'll be fine with a new dog, but this dog is so delicious looking that Amala might consider her a tasty treat. I suppose that Lumimyrsky could always live at Hogwarts with us. It's NOT like they don't have a billion cats AND Fang the Third.

I can't WAIT until the kids meet Lumi! They're going to love her as much as I do! She's so fluffy and sweet ^_^

But... I suppose that I can drag my attention away from my newest love for five minutes to talk about something alarming. Here we are on our honeymoon and...

I can't get it up...

BAH! Just SAYING that is hard as fuck!

Thank Merlin and Salazar that the quick spells work. Thanks to an instant erection spell, we've been able to have fun, so long as we add a cock ring spell to keep it up, and then when I'm dying of frustration because nothing is progressing like it should be, an instant orgasm spell finishes things off nicely.

But - did you hear a but coming?

BUT it's... not... the same. I mean it's clearly happening, but I barely feel it. It's almost like I'm watching someone else spunk all over the two of you, which would normally turn me on so bloody much, but this... This is frustrating.

Which is why I DON'T want to think about it. Can't we just have Oliver do all topping for the rest of the Honeymoon? I'm actually having a lot of fun as the bottom. I feel everything the same as I usually do, well everything except my prostate seems to have gone a bit numb.

Do you suppose that I used it so much in such a short time by shagging the bloody fuck out of you as much as magically possible, that I broke it?

Yeah, let's NOT talk about this! Let's return to my new puppy. I know that every time I fall in love with something fast and hard, and go on and on about how much I love that thing, you get super irritated. After all, when I opened my email by telling you that I'd fallen in love with Mahafsoun, you mistook that for romantic love rather than a sort of fatherly interest (that was twisted by her unknown Veela traits, I'll admit).
THANK MERLIN I avoided that whole mess by not saying the same thing when talking about Jules!!! Which, hmm... I wonder if maybe he has latent Veela traits? How likely is that though, unless I have some sort of veeladar - yeah, not likely. He just triggers my protective father instinct, but all is well in that he's settling in at Elena's school beautifully. He even calls her his big sister! It makes me purr just thinking about it.

Just like Lumi does. She's SOOOO soft! I could just lay here petting her all day!

Oh wait, the two of you are looking at me like I've just lost my bloody mind, and so, I can tell I must be saying embarrassing things out loud again, such as: "Who's a good puppy? You are! You're such a good puppy!" Which makes her wag her fluffy tail and give me a thousand kisses.

Perhaps I should go take a quick shower so that I can hold you both close and give YOU a thousand kisses instead. Will that make you stop looking at me like I've lost the plot?

Off to get naked and wet!

I'm in love with the shape of you,

Draco

Chapter End Notes

FYI Draco was a little tipsy from wine when he wrote his email, lol ^_^
Draco discovers a bit of a problem to solve.

Wednesday March 28, 2018

Sweetheart,

I love you more than life itself, you know this, but I have to ask if you've had some sort of blow to the head recently. You actually do not see the difference between saying you're in love with Mahafsoun, Jules, and a puppy? Whenever you start an email saying you've fallen in love with something I get annoyed? Nope, when you went on and on and on about loving Amala, all I could think about was the fact that we were going to end up living with a Cheetah. I wasn't annoyed at all, just needing to resign myself to living with a wild desert cat.

When you've gone on and on and on and on and on and on .... about loving specific kinds of food? Not once have I been annoyed. I have sometimes needed you to stop simply because my morning sickness couldn't handle the description, but I was never annoyed at you loving your garlic fish biscuits or some other disgusting concoction.

Thank you for restraining yourself from saying you love Jules. I was not in a healthy place, I'm in a fairly healthy place now and I still don't want to hear it; I can't imagine how badly I would have taken that description those weeks ago when everything was crashing down around me.

Again, thank you for recognizing that I do not appreciate hearing you've fallen in love with any people that aren't myself or our husband Ollie, but that dislike doesn't extend past people. You can be as in love with this fluffy little ball of fur as you want. I promise. She is pretty darn lovable!

I'm sure Amala will be just fine with her. She's good with Remus and Romulus. I know, it's different when dealing with a puppy versus a set of older, fully grown dogs, but she's always been good with anyone you've let her know was family. We just need to introduce them well and she will probably just think she's gotten another baby. Remus and Romulus will love her. And my Venus will make sure she stays on tabletops or at least high enough not to be reached by a hyperactive pup.

Alright, I know you don't want to talk about it, but .... we need to talk about the not-hard elephant in the room. Look, I have no problem topping you. I've done it consistently for years. Yes, I generally prefer to bottom, and even if you never wanted to top again, I would be fine with that. Oliver has no problem topping you. I have no problem bottoming for Oliver. But something is going on! I actually tried to sit and think about how long this erection embargo has been happening. You've been too tired to get it up for a while now. I couldn't think of how long it's been since you weren't having this issue. A week ago? More? Maybe less? Something is happening.

Should we head home early and go check with Rowe?

Worriedly,
Your husband Harry
Thursday March 29th
My beloved husbands,

That tank tour thing was unexpectedly fascinating. I really thought we'd be better off staying in our cabin and just snuggling up in bed, but nope! SO worth it!

That said, I will admit that I got very thoroughly sidetracked. The driver had this picture of a good looking man in his early 20s, and I got a strange feeling when looking at the picture. A sort of sadness, but also... I dunno, hope? Wistfulness? I can't define it.

So I asked him who the man in the picture is, and he told me all about how it's his son who went missing about 8 years ago. The area can be treacherous, so everyone assumes that he got caught up in a bad storm and died. The problem is that they never found his body, just a boot. And so, naturally the tank driver and his wife have the hope that he maybe just hit his head and is now living with amnesia. They've prepared themselves for the worst, after all, his boot was nowhere near his body, and so, he likely would have lost his foot to frostbite and been found by SOMEONE if he was alive to be found.

But the not knowing very quickly got to ME. So, I offered to hold the boot for a bit and see what happens. We're about to stop at the driver's house and chat with his wife to see if she's on board with this plan, or if she'd rather keep her hope. I'm writing this quickly because I am a little nervous. I haven't had a vision in a while, so what if - like my little problem that we shall NOT talk about - I can't do it.

Oh, I must have gotten a weird look on my face, because you both decided to give me reassuring kisses.

You mean the world to me, you are my everything,
Draco
Chapter 251

Thursday March 29, 2018

Draco,

You seem to have locked yourself in the loo. I'm not sure if you're panicking at the idea of having a vision, or not having a vision, or the problem that must not be named, but I hear a bit of wheezing and hyperventilating. We'd love to come in and give you even more reassuring kisses, but you've barricaded the door.

We're not going to let you do this alone. We're not going to let you down. You think there's a chance on this planet that your possessive, jealous, stupidly brave, Gryffindors would let you go do this on your own? Not for a moment. So, take as long as you need, throw some cool water on your pretty face, and we'll all three go together.

We're with you for whatever needs doing Love.

Always,
Harry and Oliver

Thursday March 29th
My foundations,

Sorry about my sudden panic attack. I was reeling from the thought of: what if I CAN'T have visions anymore?! What if my little problem is MAGIC related and my visions are magic related and MY MAGIC is gone?!?!

Well, after shooting off a few spells to reassure myself that I still could. I then picked up a towel and half forced myself to get a vision from it, and when I saw the wife fold and put it with the rest of her linens, I was relieved. So, confident that I'm not broken after all, I washed my face and regained my composure.

After returning to the kitchen of their cozy home, I did exactly as I said I was going to. The driver's wife gave her blessing by handing me the old boot. I held it, examining it closely for a few seconds before closing my eyes and letting the vision flow.

Usually, my visions go in 'chronological' order. So, I almost always see the beginning of what happened first. This time, it went in reverse. I saw years of the driver and his wife holding the boot and grieving over their son. Then I saw them 'give' the boot to a man who took it away. The vision followed the man and the boot back to where it was found in the snow.

But as I was seeing things in reverse, I watched the man conduct a thorough search of the area before 'planting' the boot and only half burying it. Then he walked away. Quite some time passed. Days and nights flashed by in seconds.

Suddenly, a dog came by and played with the boot for several hours - as far as I could tell. He was a husky that I can only guess had run off from the nearby farm for a bit of a lark. His playing of the boot eventually brought it to a clearly frozen foot in a bit of snow freshly fallen from a small cliff. The foot looked like something had tried to nibble on it at some point in the past.
The dog left the boot rather abruptly and more days passed in the blink of an eye. In the darkest part of a night, something with white fur that could have been a wolf, or an arctic cat of some sort, or I can't even begin to guess what because it nearly blends in with the snow. Anyway, it is trying it's best to chew on this frozen foot, but it can't quite do more than leave teeth marks. It looks to me like it puts the boot back on the foot in it's frustration, only I realized that this was how the boot was taken off to begin with.

After the smallish animal appears to give up, the foot is buried under a lot of snow as it storms and storms and storms. Eventually, the storm stops and the snow completely clears away. I watched as it flew back up to the top of the small cliff, revealing a small cavelike impression in the side of the cliff that does actually look like a good place to wait out a small storm.

After a tiny bit more time passes, the body looks less frozen and more pink. I can see breaths creating a faint mist, that get bigger and more 'steamy' until the body sits up and leans against the wall. Eventually, the man wakes up and - somewhat ironically - tends to his OTHER leg. This actions calls to my attention the fact that it's been broken somehow. He's done a rather good job of splinting it, and looks like he'd be more or less fine if someone happened along to help him at that moment.

I was curious by this point to see what led up to the man breaking his leg and taking shelter here. So I waited until that part of the vision came, rather than stop since I'd technically found the body and what had happened to it. Now I sort of wish I hadn't let the vision go on so far, since what had actually happened was that the man was hunting and accidentally found a bear trap. That's what broke his leg. That's the reason he ended up needing shelter.

I can only assume that the break was bad enough to send him into shock, which was why he never woke up again before dying from the cold - and probably starvation.

In any case, I opened my eyes all ready to go. I planned to lead his parents to his body so that they could bury him and be done with it. I HADN'T planned on you holding a hand to my head and frowning.

"You were gone in that vision for much longer than we thought it'd take, Draco. Now you're clammy and a bit feverish. I'd feel better if you rested before doing anything else."

I sighed and said nothing because I actually FELT worn out. I really have to wonder if maybe I'm coming down with the Dragon Flu again. Just my luck, eh? I visit the arctic on our honeymoon and catch that Merlin be cursed flu A-BLOODY-GAIN!

Anyway, reluctantly agreeing with you, I pulled your head close to mine so that I could stare intently in your eyes and let you see the important parts of the vision - hopefully enough so that you could identify the area and lead the tank driver to it. At least for that, he'll be able to DRIVE you in the tank.

As for now, I'm letting the wife fuss and cluck over me, making me chicken noodle soup and hot chocolate with chili pepper of all things.

Go, save the world, or at least give a poor couple some peace of mind and closure.

I love you both so much that I can't breathe when I think about it!

I belong with you, you belong with me, you're my sweethearts!

Draco
Friday March 30, 2018

My Husbands,

Can we just go home today? I know, we were going to stay until tomorrow, we even put ourselves down as tentatively checking out Sunday instead. Just in case we wanted to extend our honeymoon a bit longer. After yesterday's trek through the tundras of Narnia, I think I'd like to be out of the snow and settled in at home. I'd especially like to get Draco to Rowe's to get him checked out.

No, I am not accepting any arguments, you WILL be going to see Rowe! If you want to stay here through tomorrow or Sunday, we can have you go into St. Mungo's on Monday instead, but either way I am going to force you to be seen. You, Ollie, and I all know there's no way you would be alright with either of us sitting back and acting like everything's fine when there could be a serious issue being ignored. Well we love you enough to not allow you to let this go on any longer than absolutely necessary.

I miss our babies. I miss Nora. Who is one of our babies but you know what I mean. I'm thrilled we had this time to ourselves, our marriage is a priority and celebrating that without the children is important. But we had quite a few days just the three of us. We've enjoyed ourselves. Draco got to do one of his heroic vision things. Can we go home?

This is the longest we've been away from the babies. This is still so early on in our life with Nora that I hate to think she might feel abandoned. If we went home we could see the kids, we could have almost the entirety of our family together for a few more days, and then in the night we can hide away in our bedroom, in our playroom, and continue our honeymoon right where we left off.

What do you think? The best of both worlds. Our family, our home, and still have any moment we want full of blushing skin and sweet kisses.

Plus we'd have the spanking bench! My poor arse is upsettingly pale and without a single mark. It's practically criminal I tell you!

I'm glad yesterday's trip through the wilderness didn't include anything criminal. As much as I know it was hard for that couple to lose hope, they did gain answers. And the answers came with no side of criminal activities, no murderers or kidnappers or people attempting to use someone for their own gain. It was a tragic accident, but it's unlikely the young man's final hours were spent in terror. He likely fell asleep from the shock and just didn't wake up.

I know you and his parents seemed to think Ollie and I were going to drag them all over to find their missing son, but there was no way I was going to do that. First of all, no parent needs to see that. You only had a vision of what he looked like very long ago, while the boot was still with him. I couldn't imagine time had done the physical aspect any favors. And I was right. The group of police we brought with, Ollie, and I certainly did not enjoy the vision we came upon. His parents,
while they didn't get a beautiful view, at least got a slightly cleaned up version of their son to identify.

The other reason I thought it was best to go without them? They're older, not in great shape, and I didn't want to have to go slowly. It was already hard enough hiding the warming charms we kept casting on ourselves from the police. The dogsledding with blankets? Cozy warm and romantic. The tank riding? Plenty warm with the heaters and super cool. A long trek on cross country skis to find a body? Freezing and terrible.

Can we please just go home?

Yours,
Harry

---

Friday March 30th
My beloved husbands,

Yeah Harry, you're right; that's not getting old anytime soon.

Oliver, you woke up before me and had an hour or so of Harry pouting and begging to go home, so by the time I woke up, we were all packed and ready to leave. That was absolutely the right decision as our honeymoon stops being a honeymoon when less than all three of us are into it. Plus, I was actually getting a bit itchy to get back to the kids. Honestly, Oliver, I hope that you're not disappointed by the fact that Harry and I promised that our honeymoon would be several days of nothing but shagging, but instead, we spent a lot of time out doing other things - such as finding our new puppy.

And then taking her for walks.

Anyway, since there was nothing for me to do when I woke up - other than eat and drink some tea - we used our international Portkey to get home without Harry exhausting himself by Apparating us back in his haste. Once home, I barely had time to order Muffy to put everything away when Harry said:

"Quick, let's go now, before the kids realize we're home!"

Which was how I was dragged practically kicking and screaming to Rowe's office. My very reasonable argument of: "There's nothing wrong! I'm just getting a bit older and going through a dry spell!" Fell on deaf ears.

Apparently, Oliver, the fact that you are older than me and never had these issues convinced you that I must be going through something decidedly NOT normal. Harry avidly agreed, thus, I found myself in Rowe's office faster than I could say Hippogriff.

Once there, You both clammed up to give me a chance to talk about it - after all, it's MY problem.

"Good afternoon, Draco. What seems to be the problem? Your intake was rather sparse on the details," Rowe pointed out.

"I'm, er..." I looked at the picture of a soothing sunset on the wall next to me. "I'm having a personal problem."
"What sort of problem?" Rowe asked with a frown of concern.

"It's nothing, I just, erm… well, you see... I can't, erm… can't... you know?"

"OH FOR MERLIN'S SAKE!" Harry roared in frustration. "Draco's been unable to get an erection for DAYS!!! MORE THAN A WEEK EVEN!!!"

I glared at you and clamped your mouth and head between my hands. "Shout that a little louder, why don't you?! I don't think they heard you in the Janus Thickey Ward!"

You tried to verbally defend yourself but couldn't get more than mumbles out because of my hands. I may have been strangling you a bit as well.

In a reasonable volume, Oliver quietly explained that neither of you could recall me being able to get it up since about a week before our wedding. This prompted me to let you go so you could take a breath.

"And even if it IS just age and stress related, I NEED Draco to get better as soon as possible so that I can have his gorgeous shaft up my arse at least three times a day again!!!"

I blushed a bit at that.

"Good Godric! Three times a day, really?" Rowe asked in surprise.

Harry nodded his head so vigorously that it appeared to be simply vibrating.

I looked away from her - at the sunset again - and mumbled. "I think I've probably overdone it in the last 20 or so years, and this is just my fate - I used up all my lifetime allotment or something."

Rowe snorted in amusement. "If there WAS such a thing, I think every man would probably use it up by his 40th birthday, and then we'd have millions of men insisting that we come up with a spell or a potion to fix it. No no, let me do some deep scans and see if I can't see what's going on."

So, she took nearly an hour to scan me with everything she could think of before FINALLY figuring out the problem. "Draco, luv, remember that hex you thought did nothing? Well, it seems like it's an Impotence Hex. As in IT'S the reason that you cannot get erect, and though you didn't give me specifics, I assume that even if you did get erect, you can't maintain it."

Once again, Harry decided to be helpful, which actually saved me from having to say any of it out loud. "As far as we can tell, an instant erection spell WILL get him hard, but it takes a cockring spell to KEEP him hard."

"And then an instant orgasm spell to finish him off," Oliver added.

"Otherwise it never happens," I grumbled. "And even the spell doesn't feel right. Bottoming is fine, but even then, it feels a bit like my prostate has gone numb."

Rowe nodded in understanding. "Yes, that all sounds like I'd expect - in regards to an Impotence Hex. Unfortunately, I don't currently know of a counter curse or antidote potion. In fact, I have never heard of this curse/hex before. My scans had to take all the bits and put them together to figure out what was going on. Which means that this hex may have been created recently. If that's the case, it may take us some time to find the cure."

I actually sighed in relief. "So... there's nothing actually wrong with ME, I've just been hexed?"
"Exactly," Rowe confirmed with an encouraging smile. "I'm going to start with the very basics - but I don't expect it to work." At that, she cast the basic spell canceling or ending spells. "There. Tonight - or whenever is a good time for you - test to see if those spells happened to end the hex. If so, great, just drop me an owl. If not, come back in on Monday and we'll see if I've found anything else to try."

Sighing, I nodded and stood up to lead the two of you out of the office. Harry gave Rowe a hug and an envelope full of vouchers to River's Song. This understandably made Rowe very happy. She wished us good luck, and then we left.

So now we're home introducing our new puppy to our babies, and so far, Nora has decided that Lumi is HERS. Ha bloody ha. That pup's MINE!

You got the peaches, I got the cream, sweet to taste, saccharine, 'cuz I'm hot, so hot, sticky sweet, from my head to my feet,
Draco
Chapter 253

Chapter Summary

Harry tries his best to break Draco's hex.

Saturday March 31, 2018

My Draco,

Sorry, Our Draco,

First of all, I am so glad we have an answer to what was happening. I mean I definitely wish you hadn't been hexed. Obviously I am going to find and murder the person who dared mess with what's MINE!

Sorry Love, I will murder the person who dared mess with what is ours.

What Ollie? That wasn't the part you had an issue with? Oh! The murder thing! I said I wouldn't ask Grandmama to do anything again, I never promised I wouldn't murder someone. What?!? Ugh, fine! Draco, Ollie is adding new requirements to our promise. Apparently I'm not allowed to do anything fun! No murdering at all!

Killjoy.

I would love you no matter what Draco, even if your dick never worked properly ever again. I married you for better or for worse. While a broken penis is definitely in the worse category, I love you for always. But knowing that it's temporary really helped my emotions level out a bit. If this is frustrating for me, and for Ollie, it has to be torture for you. I'm so sorry this has happened to you Darling.

So obviously Rowe has her work cut out for her trying to figure out this stupid hex you were hit with. So, erm, I tried helping the situation last night. I ... well ... so ... okay at least I didn't make things worse! I may have waited until you fell asleep and then cast a spell on you to make sure you stayed sound asleep while I worked my magic. I apparently am awfully full of myself because I thought maybe I could just overpower the hex.

I was not able to do that.

I know Rowe tried it, but I thought maybe with my larger power base I could make things happen she couldn't. I'm not trying to brag or be too full of myself, but I do have quite a bit of raw power. I don't like to talk about it but I'm probably on the more powerful side of average in the wizarding world. I thought maybe if I threw a super powerful "Finite Incantatem" at you the hex would go away. Nope.

Alright, most hexes or curses are immune to a simple finite unless the finite is cast by the original hex caster. I had more tricks up my sleeve.

I thought maybe if I made you insta-orgasm enough times you would just ... erm ejaculate the hex right out the orifice it went into. Yeah, that didn't work either. I just made a mess. Or technically
YOU made the mess. I cleaned it up though! Aren't you so proud of me?

Yeah, I thought not.

Since orgasming didn't seem to do the trick, maybe if I just got you insanely hard and held the spell long enough it would overcome the hex. So I cast the instant-erection spell, holding the spell's magic on you as long as I possibly could. But it also didn't work. I mean, it worked you got hard. But just for a moment. Even though I was still holding the spell, you went soft pretty quickly. But - fun fact - even when soft, the instant-erection spell seems to make you horny. So you just started rutting into the mattress while still sound asleep.

I tried about five or six fairly basic counter-curses after that. Similar to a "finite" but slightly different magics or methodologies. Eventually our Ollie forced me to give up on you and ..

Heye'a]v! My MP! Noooooooo!

Draco, I did not force Harry to give up on you. I made him stop his nonsense. I spent an hour watching him cast spells at your dick while you slept. The man had to be stopped.

Ugh, rude husband stealing my computer right out of my hands! Yes, I am talking about you Oliver Leonard! I'm not talking about my other husband who is sleeping ever so sweetly.

Okay, nevermind, Oliver is an amazingly wonderful husband. I must go and .. yeah. Do the thing I'm not going to talk to you about because you can't quite do the things I am going to do to him and I don't want to upset you. So .... yeah. Sorry, I just get insanely randy when I get to use the word husband when describing the two of you. If it helps we are going to climb into bed with you and shag each other hard until you wake up to our noises. If you can't be as involved as you want to be physically you at least get a front row seat.

People in the front row are encouraged to touch as much as they'd like to! By order of management (hehe Management is what I'm calling my cock!)

Love,
Harry
And Oliver of course

Saturday March 31st
My perfect men,

There I was, sound asleep, when the bed started shaking so vigorously that I had to wonder if the Earth was quaking or something. I popped open an eye to scan my surroundings with, and that's when I discovered the two of you, mmm... Harry was pounding Oliver into the bed so hard that I might have been shaken right out of it had I not had the foresight to cast a spell to prevent that.

Such a glorious sight!

You know, I have talked recently about how - no matter how much I love to watch - I tend to join in sooner or later because getting to touch you - to run my hands and mouth all over your bodies - is every bit as fun and often leads to an orgasm quicker. But this time, I had no actual urge to orgasm. I wasn't all that horny, and in fact, I felt that lazy lethargic feeling one gets after a good orgasm.
I now know that's because I had rather a lot of them while I was sleeping last night, but anyway...

So, there I was, laying on my side, hugging a pillow to my chest even as another perfectly cradled my head, simply watching the show. Best of all, when I got into it and started giving directions, rather than you both telling me to shut up and let you get on with it, you followed those directions. When I told you to shift positions a little so that I had a better view, you complied. When I told you to stroke yourself - Oliver - so that I could watch every flick of the wrist and twitch of your shaft, mmm...

With no urgent need to HAVE either of you, I got to indulge some of my other tactile fantasies. I shifted so that I could stroke Harry's back, ruffle his sweaty hair, squeeze his firm little arse. Pinch his rosy little nipples. And then spank him lightly, praising and encouraging him to do his best to ram our Oliver into the bed.

Then Harry decided that he didn't want his orgasm until he was on his back and Oliver was plowing him good and hard. At that point, I got to lick trails up Oliver's spine, distracting him and making him slow down - JUST to frustrate Harry. I naturally kissed both of you at every opportunity, but eventually, I relented to your pleas to get comfortable and watch the show so that you could speed up.

And I did just that, but Oliver soon looked like he was going to finish long before Harry, so I decided to change things up yet again. I fluffed up the pillows under me and reclined at the perfect angle for Harry to straddle me so that I could suck him as Oliver pounded into him from behind. Or rather, it was more like Harry fucked my face, as the pace soon grew too fast for me to do much more than hold still.

I could almost see the shiver of orgasm go up and down Harry's spine. Sure enough, my mouth was soon pumped full to overflowing, and the sounds coming out of Harry's mouth were so pornographic that I'm dead certain that Oliver had succumbed to the pleasure too and was pumping him full as well.

And that was how this became my second favorite way to wake up.

I'm looking forward to doing it again tomorrow morning! Alas, unless I'm remembering it wrong, tomorrow is Easter, and so, the two of you will more than likely be out of bed doing things with the kids LONG before I wake up.

As for right now, I'm actually still in bed, enjoying the fact that Morgana, Gabriel, and Dylan are wrestling around with Lumi in the most adorable way, while the two of you are off running with the Feisty Foursome and Nora. She's still too little and frail looking to truly keep up with any of you, but she has no problem riding in a carrier and cheering you on.

I look forward to giving you all kisses when you get back inside. It's nice and warm in here. And we MAY have hot chocolate.

You make me sing OOOOOO, la la la, you make a boy go OOOOOO, I'm in love,
Draco
Chapter 254

Chapter Summary

Harry is feeling so much better and Draco learns some shocking news.

Tuesday April 3, 2018

My Everything,

Ooh, I think I like that greeting. I always want to say My Heart or My Soul, but heart and soul are singular. Saying My Hearts or My Souls sounds weird. All of a sudden I'm Voldemort running around with pieces of my soul. I'm definitely not a Time Lord either, just the one heart here. So even though the both of you are individually and together my entire heart and soul, saying it sounds as though I'm discluding one of you.

But the word Everything? Yeah, that definitely can work when I'm speaking of you both. You (plural) are my Everything (also plural). What do you think? Does it work? Or do the both of you not actually care about the semantics of it all the way I do? I just never ever ever want to make either of you feel as though my love for you individually is less than my love as a whole or as much as I love the other. I'm sure I'm over-analyzing this whole thing, but I need you both to know how much both of you are truly my everything.

Well, as I'm sure you both know when I start extrapolating about the meanings of a singular word used in an email, I am rambling nonsense to avoid talking about something I would probably rather not talk about. My appointment with Katja this morning.

I hope you've both noticed how much better I've been doing these last few weeks. I admit going off my potions was a mistake. I admit that I need these potions, and going off them at all is probably not the right choice for me and going off of them cold turkey without talking about it with my healer was probably the worst thing I could have possibly done. I know I was difficult to live with while I was unmedicated, and I think I was probably almost as difficult to live with when I was getting back on them. I love and appreciate you both so much for putting up with my mood swings. For loving me through all the stress I was putting you through.

I promise to you both right now, I will never make such a huge medical decision on my own ever again. If I ever feel like I need to make some sort of change I will only ever do that under the careful eye of one of our trusted medical team.

I know my behavior wasn't particularly pleasant. I was having massive jumps from happy to sad and back again with every emotion in between. I definitely got stuck on anger much more than usual. But I'm so very very very thankful that as much as the anger was horrible, I didn't revert back to self harming or ... erm ... permanent self harming thoughts. That was one of the harder things to talk about during my session, the fact that I could have easily dealt with suicidal thoughts. And it's only through sheer luck that those aren't the feelings my brain decided to harp on.

I know the trauma I put my family through when I was quick to anger and slow to forgive, I can't even imagine the trauma I would have caused my loved ones if I had harmed myself in any way. Please forgive me for not looking at the big picture when I made the stupid decision that I did.
Thank you both for loving me through it all.

One of the other parts of my session that was hard to deal with was talking about Draco having been hexed. I hate that someone got to you. I hate that you've been harmed. I was having a really hard time putting into perspective that this hex hasn't caused permanent damage. It didn't kill you. It just took away one singular aspect of our very full life. Not trying to downplay it, but Katja pointed out that I was focusing a bit too much on my anger at the scum who did this. Instead I should be focusing on supporting my husbands through this hard time.

I'm hopeful that my favorite researcher, despite her busy schedule, will come up with some amazing solution as soon as possible.

Otherwise I think the session went well. I just need to keep communicating, keep taking my potions, communicate some more, and try to put into perspective every amazing thing in my life when I dwell too hard on the things I'm worried about.

And I am ready for Thursday's amazing thing in our life! Our little Queen turns one entire year old on Thursday. I can't wait to see her demolish her cake! Although, let's be honest, her dainty self is not going to smash that cake. I'm picturing pale icing on her pudgy little cheeks but I think we all know she is going to demand one of us feed her.

I've got ten galleons on Draco folding first!

Yours,
Harry

Thursday April 5th
The fires in my soul,

As you know, I spent all day yesterday trying to decide details like: Should I put out an advert HERE and hire people specifically to move to France, or should I return to France and put out the advert there to hire locals? A combination of both might be best, so then should I do one and then the other, or do them both at the same time.

And then, once I get there, should I have Tabitha with me for the first few weeks to train in the new person in charge? The most likely scenario is that I actually have to oversee the renovation of the derelict property WHILE I'm hiring people to take it over when it's finished.

All in all, it's quite a lot to think about, even though I've been through this process a lot of times before. The only thing that gives me slight pause is that this will be the first time that I'm in essence doing it by myself with the goal of getting it running well enough to operate without me as soon as possible. With all the others, getting it ready to run without us was never really the goal. Oh sure, we knew at a certain point that we would be moving on, but we never went into it SPECIFICALLY to abandon it and go home.

I'm overthinking this, just like you over thought the word everything. It speaks to all of us and works very well, what's to overthink?

In any case, my stress level had gone up a bit just thinking about everything I was about to do, and the fact that doing it meant frequent trips without you because you would be doing your own jobs. Alright fine, I can handle this. No problem.

Maybe I started freaking out a little bit or something, because today at Morgana's birthday party -
Anyway, Elena noticed that I seemed very preoccupied by something, and since it's unusual for me to sort of half ignore Morgana (or any of our babies) at such an important event, she pulled me aside and asked me what was wrong. I reminded her that I'd basically created a ghost branch of Unity in France so that we could take care of (and adopt) Nora. Then I realized that we'd never actually explained the rest, so I explained that I'd been asked by the French Minister for Magic if I'd ACTUALLY create Unity House France, and since I agreed, I was mildly freaking out about how to go about it in as efficient and timely a manner possible.

That's when Elena shocked me by grinning. "That's perfect!" She cried out. "My whole life - since I was 9 - I've wanted to run Unity House some day, except that I didn't want to take the job from Tabitha. I started my school because I am passionate about the performing arts, but also, it would give me some of the best experience possible for the future when I DO take over Unity. But I've been thinking lately that I ended up missing out on a lot of the Unity building that the others got to have because I went to Hogwarts. SO, I want to come with you!"

As I already said, this was a bit of a shock. "What? You want to leave your school so soon in order to help me start Unity France???”

She nodded. "Yeah, actually, this is perfect timing because here's my five year plan: Step one, now that I know you need help with Unity France, help with that and get a little more experience starting/running an orphanage/school. Have this baby, convince Ethan, Rose, and Rodrigo to move to Spain (or maybe France) with me, and then start up a Unity AND Traditions - and maybe even ANOTHER performing arts school! Doesn't that sound fantastic?!"

"Wait, hold on, back up! HAVE THIS BABY???” I blurted out in surprise.

Elena looked a bit shy for some reason. "Yeah... I just found out, and so, I haven't had a chance to tell them yet, and also, haven't had a chance to perform any sort of paternity test spells, so I don't know if it's Rigo's or Ethan's, but... well... I could actually USE a bit of space to think in. See, I think they will all take the news well, and things seem to be going well for us in general, but what if this is the thing that breaks the delicate balance? What if it's the straw that breaks the camel's back? What if -"

I cut her short when I realized that she could go on like this for days. Pulling her into my arms, I stroked her hair. Then I avoided the actual problem she was having.

"So, you want to go to France with me and help start up the newest Unity House. I can certainly use the help! I think it'll be lovely to have you there with me."

"Excellent!" She crowed joyously. "I'll go tell Greg and Millie we have a job for them!"

"I thought they swore off traveling for work!" I exclaimed in confusion.

"Yeah, but they have such a soft spot for Unity House that I KNOW they'll be irate if you even CONSIDER hiring anyone else," Elena informed me confidently, and come to think of it, she's not wrong.

"Alright, let them know that I plan to leave for France on Monday, but if that's too short a notice for them, they can come later. There's already a property I've been asked to fix up, revitalize, and use - so, it'll be renovation rather than building from scratch."
"Unless they decided to demolish and rebuild," Elena pointed out with a kiss to my cheek before running off. Presumably, she's also going to be telling her lovers that ***I*** desperately need her help and that she couldn't possibly let me down.

So... if you can't find me during the next few hours, I may or may not be conducting my planning in our closet. Under NO circumstances tell Ethan or Rodrigo where I am, since I don't want to have explain to them why I suddenly NEED my daughter to come to France with me. Nor do I want to have to evade and avoid the real reason she wants to come with me.

I loved you since I knew ya, I wouldn't talk down to ya, I have to tell you just how I feel, 
Draco
Chapter 255

Chapter Summary

Lol

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Saturday April 7, 2018

Damn it,

One of my husbands is going to France on Monday. My other husband and I have to go back to work on Monday. My baby girl is apparently also leaving for France on Monday. This weekend should be full of last minute packing, last minute snuggles, and mostly just spending every spare moment together until we need to leave for our respective weekday responsibilities.

Instead, I am laid up in bed nursing a cold. And it can't even be something cool like the Dragon Flu ... fine Draco I know having the actual Dragon Flu isn't any fun at all but at least it sounds cooler than "I have a cold."

Also, I think it's bullshite that it's called a cold when I am so ridiculously hot. Honestly, what kind of setting do you people have the heating charms on this damn Manor huh? Surface of the sun? Satan's arsehole? I'm so hot right now that I think my eyes are leaking. No, I don't mean I'm crying and unwilling to admit it. I mean I think my eyes are literally leaking. I feel tears coming out, and my face becomes even damper than just the sweat was causing it to be.

To be fair, every so often I do flash quickly into freezing my bollocks off for a minute or two before I go right back to sweating the aforementioned bollocks off. I will concede to calling my illness a cold during those specific moments in time when the chills hit me hard out of nowhere. But no other time.

And I think I've lost it. There's a chance the fever has gotten high enough to cook my brain a little. Not enough for me to have serious brain damage, but just enough to make me a loopy idiot. How loopy do you ask? Well, I read your email earlier today. Usually I don't go two days without reading an email but we've been pretty busy the last few days preparing for our upcoming things we have to do. Like you going to France and Ollie and I going back to Hogwarts, and ... wait I already said all of this didn't I?

Anywho, because we've been so busy and I knew if there was something super important happening you would have just told me, right? So, I let the email sit unread for two days. Yeah, I assumed you'd tell me and Oliver important things like OUR BABY GIRL IS HAVING ANOTHER BABY!!!! Draco Lucius, what in the actual fuck? We're going to be Grandpas again!!

I'm so excited but I can't believe you just sat on this information for two whole days! I have half a mind to come kiss you senseless! Which normally wouldn't be a threat, but besides being gross and drippy, I am also very likely contagious. So, if you don't want to be germified, I would suggest not keeping things from us you wanker!
But I think I might pass out now. Better go take another Pepper-up!

Boogerily,
Harry

Saturday April 7th
WAIT!!!
Whoa whoa wait! Harry, YOU have a cold??! A COLD??! Nothing more?
Uhnt-uh! No! I do not accept this!
No Oliver! DON'T you DARE tell me to calm down! You don't understand! HARRY NEVER GETS SICK!!!

Like in all the time I've EVER known him, he NEVER gets sick! Something is wrong! Something is terribly TERRIBLY wrong!!! I'm calling Rowe! I'm canceling all my plans for further notice! I'm canceling Sunday! Sunday may NOT come until Harry is better!

Or in other words, this shit better clear up NOW!

Oh good, Rowe just arrived. I suppose offering to give her a two week paid holiday in the Maldives was a proper incentive...

I WAS RIGHT!!! I fucking KNEW it! You can't get one past me, Harry bloody Potter Malfoy Wood!

Rowe says that you have phenomenal luck. See ANYONE else with this sort Volcano Flu would probably be in utter misery and practically DYING, but YOU have such a high healing factor that you probably wouldn't have even gotten sick if you weren't abnormally stressed over the past few weeks. And sure, heading off to the Arctic might have been what exposed you in the first place, but it's not a big deal because you would have just fought it off - so don't feel guilty or anything.

I suspected something was wrong when you said you weren't feel well, but when you went on and on about being hot, I was definitely certain you didn't have JUST a cold. Good thing I pay attention to everything you do! You almost never get sick - sure, there was that ONE time with the pneumonia (I think), but other than that, nope!

BUT there's been your usual lack of sleep, getting married, adopting a new child, my own health issue, and me leaving for business. You MAY even be worrying that I might go out and do things while on this trip. Yes, being literally impotent does hinder such things, but as you and Oliver have noticed, I CAN still bottom and quite enjoy it.

But I hope you can rationalize that particular fear away. I'm going to be WAY too busy working to do anything else, and even if I did go dancing or something, I can guarantee that the arsehole in my pants won't even notice anything anyway. Plus, I'd probably just dance with Elena.

So, all in all, nothing to worry about. Happily, Rowe prescribed you sleeping potions in addition to the potion that can help you get over this particular flu quicker. Probably not overnight, but hopefully before I leave on Monday.

And by the way, the REASON I didn't say anything about Elena out loud was that I assumed that
you were pretending you didn't know anything in order to help keep her secret until she's ready to
tell it. It didn't occur to me that you hadn't found out yet.

Anyway, Oliver, since I was right and NOT overreacting! You owe me, so we're going up to the
playroom to discuss payment options. See you there in five minutes or less.

I will rock you,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

FYI It was Chrissie who actually had the cold, lol ^_^
Chapter 256

Chapter Summary

Draco has left for France.

Monday April 9, 2018

Draco,

We miss you already! Hurry up and come home! How long are you going to be gone again? An hour? Two hours? Ugh, fine, I know it's more than two hours, I'm just trying to ignore that particular information.

It's just a bit of a rough day for me. I'm not contagious, I'm feeling better, but I'm at that point where I may not be sick but I am recovering from the lack of eating or sleeping properly for the duration of my illness. Add to that the fact that I'm not used to being sick as you so sweetly pointed out and I'm probably not anyone's first choice to spend time with today.

Then, it's our sweet babies' birthday today. I managed to bring Eris her traditional breakfast in bed. Although, unlike when she was a child, I definitely had to get one of the elves to make sure everyone was decent before I went barging into her room. Yuck, I've had quite enough of our kids being adults thank you very much! Good thing I made enough for breakfast to feed a small army. Our little Luka ate about half of Eri's breakfast! He must be going through a growth spurt or something.

Our Luka ... he is so beautiful I kind of can't stand it. Our children could be absolutely hideous and I'd think they were the most beautiful human beings on the planet. But we have had enough random compliments from perfect strangers that I'm pretty sure it's not just Daddy-Bias and they really are insanely gorgeous. And again, even if they were ugly I would want to see their little faces repeated in their children. I love seeing your features in miniature on Gemi and Evie, I love having a glimpse into Elena's baby face when I look at Raf, and I love seeing my own eyes mirrored back to me from Luka's little face.

I won't even pretend to be a good person about it and I will fully admit I want our grandchildren to look completely like our side of their family. So far it's been pretty well according to my master plan! They do each have hints of features from their other parent, Evie's face might be River, but her coloring is all Maha. Gemi looks so much like Ori, but I see hints of Farrah in their features. And Luka, he looks mostly like Eris, but he probably has the most non-Malfoy features of any of our biological grandchildren. Eri and Eric are both so ridiculously beautiful and somehow they've made this child who could be the poster-baby for human perfection. He's so beautiful I kind of can't stand it.

I can't wait to see Ollie's features in miniature ....

Merlin! In all the hullabaloo over me being sick this weekend, I completely forgot it's been two weeks. Two weeks since we got married. Two weeks since we went on our honeymoon. Two weeks since ... we tried. And we completely forgot to test Ollie while you were here. For crying out loud we could have had him professionally tested by Rowe when she was here for me! And
now you're in another country! Should we wait or should we test?

Screw it! I'm not waiting.

**Dictation device turns on**

"Harry, why do you look freaked out? Why are you pointing your wand at me?"

"I promise I'm alright love, just can you do me a favor and close your eyes?"

Oliver gasps, "You're freaking me out Harry, you're not Imperiused or anything, are you?"

Harry laughs, "No, definitely not. I'm immune. I just want to do a quick spell but it will be easier if your eyes are closed. Please Love, trust me?"

"Of course I trust you, go ahead."

The sound of a spell being cast is heard.

Harry whispers, choking back tears, "It worked. Oh my Gods, it worked. Ollie! It worked!"

Oliver's eyes pop open as he asks "What worked Harry?"

"Look at your stomach Ollie, just look!"

"Is that?" Oliver asks like he wants desperately for it to be true, "Am I?"

"Yes, yes, yes, oh thank Merlin yes! It worked! Ollie! You're having our baby!" Harry manages to get that final sentence out before he starts sobbing.

Crying and kissing noises can be heard for a few moments before the dictation device sends the email and turns itself off.

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Monday April 9th
My dearest Harry and our precious Oliver,

As you know by now, but apparently didn't when you wrote your email, that cheeky mini me of mine came home for his birthday. He arrived when you and Oliver were off getting the younger kids ready for lunch and actually making lunch, I'm sure. I was getting ready to leave for France in our suite, doing my morning routine and the like, waiting for Elena to finish her packing and arrive, which I'm sure she was being extra thorough on because she knows I take 'forever' to get ready in the morning.

Anyway, there I was, doing a fabulous Warrior Pose - if I do say so myself - when Orion startled me by laughing. "I forgot you do yoga, dad. I suppose that I just picture fire dancing when I think of you exercising."

"Orion!" I blurted out in surprise, rushing to hug him and give Gemini a bunch of kisses. Ze is looking more adorable than ever! I had noticed but ignored Orion's companions.

"I missed you too, dad," Orion informed me with a tight hug. Then he gestured to the approximately 25 year old man and 30 or so year old woman with him. "This is my secretary and assistant."
I raised a brow and gave him a look of pure Malfoy disbelief. "Oh? Is THAT why you have them both collared?"

They both blushed a bit and looked down, but didn't say anything.

Orion chuckled and flapped his hand at me. "No, I have them both collared because they're fantastic subs! I apparently ALSO forgot that you'd know what the collars meant."

I snorted in amusement. "Ha! Go take a look at the collar on your dad's neck and ask him how long he's had that, and then wonder again how you forgot that I gave it to him before you were even born."

"Fair enough," Orion conceded with a shrug. "This is Ben and Mara."

I studied the collars on their necks for a moment, taking note of the fact that they 'could' have just been regular jewelry - thick gold chains that were tight but not quite tight enough to be called a choker. The only reason I knew they were actually collars is that they both had pendants dangling from them that looked like odd dots and lines unless you have a child named Orion and could recognize his constellation anywhere.

"Lovely to meet you both, but I'm afraid you all will have to excuse me soon. As much as I am delighted to get a chance to hug you, Orion - Happy birthday by the way - I have to leave soon for France. Whenever your sister shows up ready to go."

"Which sister?" Orion asked curiously.

"Elena. She has drama you may want to ask her about going on and is coming with me. That said, I'm curious about one thing." I looked the decently fit and attractive man and woman over. "Do you actually know that he is JUST turning 18 today?"

They both nodded and mumbled a respectful and obedient: "Yes sir."

"Dad," Orion lightly growled at me. "I'm CLEARLY the one in charge in this relationship. There's no need to blather on about age and them taking advantage of the fact that I'm recently a widower and only three months into a vow of sobriety. I own a bank, I am their boss, and if anything, people could accuse me of using my power and position over THEM. But it's not like that."

"Hmm..." I harrumphed lightly. "Well, since you actually are 18 as of today AND already living on your own half a world away from me, I'll not make a fuss, but forgive me for being a little concerned about you."

"Thank you, dad, but there's no need to worry about me. I'm doing MUCH better than I was," Orion assured me.

I sighed in acceptance. "Well, so long as you're happy." I took Gemini from him and held zir up. "And as long as my gorgeous grandchild is happy, that's all that matters to me. OH! Lumi! LUMI, come 'ere girl!"

Muffy popped into the room with Lumi, who promptly ran around in far too enthusiastic excitement.

"This is my newest pet, Lumimyrsky. We got her in the Arctic Circle, she's obviously a husky, but she's got a small birth defect in one of her front paws and can't run quite as well as all the other dogs, and so, they were going to get RID of her. After seeing her and falling in love at first sight, I just couldn't leave her there!"
Orion was laughing happily as he played with my energetic furball. "Hi there, Lumi. Aww, such a pretty girl!"

I sighed a bit morosely. "Unfortunately for me, Nora has declared that Lumi actually belongs to HER and that I'd better not take her with me."

"ARE YOU READY TO LEAVE YET, DAD?!" Elena roared as she popped into our suite, likely in the loo. "I SWEAR that if you try to tell me that you haven't got your face on yet, I'll murder you with you're own intestines!" She got closer as she threatened until she poked her head out of the door to our bedroom. "Ethan and Rose are supportive enough, but *Rigo* - OH! ORION!"

She ran over and hugged her brother. "Happy birthday Ori!"

"Dad mentioned something about drama; what's going on?" Orion asked in concern.

"AHHH!" Elena cried out in frustration. "I'm pregnant again, and since I was being STUPID and maybe half-consciously hoping to get pregnant again, I wasn't using any sort of protection, even though THEY assumed that I was taking potions to vanish my egg each month, and so, I have NO IDEA if Ethan or Rodrigo is the father, and I DON'T KNOW how they're going to react to this news. If it's Ethan's, I think Rodrigo might actually get mad and decide to dump me, and if it's HIS, I think he might insist that I commit to just him once and for all, and I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM!!! WHY CAN'T HE JUST BE HAPPY WITH THINGS THE WAY THEY ARE?!?!?!"

Orion chuckled a bit awkwardly. "Yeah... I'm not getting in the middle of that. Good luck sis!"

She exhaled in exasperation. "Well you're no help! In any case, I'm going to France until I can figure out how to deal with all possibilities."

"Okay, well, can both of you do me a huge favor? When you go say goodbye to dad and Oliver, can you NOT mention that I'm here? I want to set Gemi in his path and hide while I watch him find her and start freaking out. After all, Jaz was Apparating from that age, he might assume that Gemi somehow came to see him by Apparating herself across the entire ocean. I think it'll be hilarious!"

I couldn't help but laugh. "That's a bit cruel, so try not to have TOO much fun trolling your father."

Orion promptly looked both scandalized and innocent as fuck. "Who me? Go overboard? Since WHEN have I EVER gone too far?"

Elena and I both gave him *LOOKS* that plainly asked: "Are you serious??" To which he waved his hands back and forth a bit frantically. "Don't answer that! I'm perfectly well aware that I was joking and why!"

"DAMN Ori!" Elena blurted out as she inspected Ben and Mara's collars. "TWO subs?? I don't even want one! My kink is having my feet played with."

"I didn't need to know that," I replied with a flinch that made Ben smile and Mara uncontrollably giggle in amusement and cover her mouth with a fist as she looked away.

Elena smirked at me. "And dancing! If we can start things with a hot and passionate dance, I'm raring to go for HOURS!"

"I'm just going to stick my fingers in my ears and sing at the top of my lungs until this conversation is over," I informed them dryly.
Orion and Elena both ROARED in laughter at me, giving me hugs and kisses on the cheek.

"NOW you know what it's like to just be minding one's own business and learn things best unknown!" Orion heckled me, even going so far as to poke me in the side with his elbow. "Such as that time we popped back home real quick only to find you looking way way WAY too bloody hot in leather trousers and pirate earrings of all things, talking about how you and dad were hosting a play party. That was like above and beyond in the category of things I didn't really need to know!"

I stroked my chin in thought for a moment. "Yeah, but would you have really have felt more comfortable if I said something else? I'm certain you were old enough by that point to put two and two together and realize that things were sexual even if I'd claimed it to just be a regular party."

This made Orion think a moment. "Hmm... you're right, I think I might have been even more horrified if you'd tried to hide it and then I realized later on that I'm a bit weird in that department. I'd have felt like maybe I couldn't talk to you about it."

Elena laughed and slung an arm over my shoulder. "Dad has certainly come a long way in the being comfortable about talking about our sex lives with us department. Sure, he still doesn't want to know details, but I bet he didn't really react when he noticed your two subs there."

"That's true," Orion agreed with a nod. "He just hinted that he'd prefer me to be with idiots my own age."

Which actually made me think for a moment. "Ah... yeah, I could actually see that being a bad thing if they were completely new to kink. It would be harder to get the dynamics right until they've had some experience."

"Exactly!" Orion agreed with a smug nod.

"Alright, well, as much as I'd love to stay and chat about sex with you all day," Elena said, kissing Orion on the cheek. "We really do have important things to do today. We've got to meet with the French Minister in about an hour to discuss the property she wants us to use, then look it over, and eventually sign paperwork if everything looks good. Which means that Greg and Millie are probably waiting at our hotel in France, rather impatient to get started and taking bets on how long it'll be before dad is finally ready to go."

"Oi!" I protested indignantly. "I don't ALWAYS take forever!"

For some reason, this made both Elena and Orion laugh so hard that they couldn't breathe, had to bend over, and eventually started coughing and hacking. I stood there, crossing my arms and glaring at them. They carried on for a good five minutes before I could get through to them.

"I thought you said we were going to go say goodbye and leave. NOW who's taking forever?!"

With Pippa's help, I managed to get Elena to sober up so that we could come say goodbye to you two and the littles. I look forward to hearing the results of Orion's little prank.

And Oliver, my love, I am so bloody happy for you and us! I think I'm going to make an international floo call when I'm done here just so I can kiss you a bit. Or a lot!

You are my angel, come from way above, I love you love you love you love you, Draco
Bwahahahaha!

Was Orion joking with that farce of a prank? You think I can't recognize a pointy little Malfoy nose from a mile away? I know we have powerful children and grandchildren, but even I as a fully trained and grown wizard can't apparate here from California. So when I saw Gemi, I knew immediately that even if they had apparated to me, it would have been because their Daddy was very close by.

Which was the case. I'm sorry I didn't react like Ori expected, but hopefully me being so unbelievably thrilled to see them both helped soften that blow.

I am definitely still missing you Dragon, but having Ori here on his birthday and having the breathtaking Gemini here to smooch all over helps ease the heartache just a little.

Sorry this is short, but I am off to get in some more of this California-Baby cuddles while I still can!

Love,
Your Harry

Friday April 13th
My loves,

So, this week has been hugely productive. On Monday, we met with the French Minister for Magic, and she brought us to the property she wants us to renovate. Greg and Millie inspected it and found it to be in really good condition for a building classified as derelict. So, they immediately started on the planning process - which Elena helped with as she already had a mental map of the building in her head and was able to plan out how to best use the space.

Or in other words, she spent so much time at Unity House over the years that she's got really good first hand knowledge of which bits of it work and which bits could use improvement. With the three of them well in hand, I insisted that Pippa and Muffy clean up a room that I could use as a temporary office for the hiring process. I'd taken out an Advert in both Britain and France before coming here, so once I had a space, I had Pippa contact the applicants that had responded and tell them where to come.

The hiring process has been interesting. It seems that the Minister sent a person from the Department of Children and Families - or their equivalent - to come apply for the top spot, which makes sense as this person would be able to liaison with the Ministry easily. The person happened to be a woman named Sophie, and since she passed my Legilimens boosted interview, I hired her and had her meet up with Elena to chat for a bit before sending her to Tabitha to do a bit of training.

As the rest of the employees have been hired, they've been given the task of helping out with the renovations, specifically the part that happens after Greg and Millie are done with a particular room. The painting and decorating bits. Elena's been having a blast shopping for every single thing that needs to be bought - the beds and bedding, other furniture, the dishes, a variety of clothes in case of emergencies, and probably a lot of things I can't even think of at the moment.
Happily, to destress and relax each night that we've been here, Elena and I have had a bit of a dinner date when done working for the day. We've gone out to a lovely place where we can dance to some lively French music. Thus, we've had a wonderful amount of bonding the last week.

But at this moment, I'm actually in this office trying to tie up as many loose strings as possible so that I can come home. One of those strings is telling you about what just happened with Elena. See, I had decided to take a break for a few minutes and went to go check on how things were progressing. Elena was in the middle of helping Greg with the dining hall - while Millie was working on the kitchen - and my visit provoked a small tea break.

During the break, Elena unsurprisingly burst into song, and this prompted me to join in with her. She was glowing with happiness, dancing back and forth between me and Greg - both of us obliging her with dances - when some soft laughter startled us.

"I LOVE when you get lost in a dance."

"Ethan!" Elena blurted out in surprise, spinning around to face him. "Rose! RODRIGO?!!"

The three of them waved at her. Rodrigo explained things. "I know I'm in charge of the school when you're gone, but I decided that since it's Friday, I could take off a bit early to come visit you. See, the three of us have talked about things, and we've come to a decision."

"Oh?" Elena asked nervously.

Rose nodded, taking over as spokesperson. "None of us are idiots. We KNOW you, so we figured out pretty quickly that you're running away from something. After we brainstormed about it for a couple of days, it occurred to us that you've seemed uneasy about being caught between two valid yet separate relationships. So, we decided to take the drama out of the situation by talking it over and agreeing that we WEREN'T going to make you choose between us."

Ethan nodded in agreement. "Roddy and I are probably never going to want to form a Quartet like your Aunt and her lovers have, but we do like and respect each other as friends. And we both love you. We both want you to be happy. So, we've all promised to work with you and each other to maintain a comfortable balance so that you can stop being uneasy."

Rodrigo nodded to emphasize Ethan's point. He caught Elena's hand and pulled her into his arms. "I love you and want nothing more than to marry you, but even if we DID get married, I wouldn't ask you to stop being with Ethan and Rose. They are married and they are committed to you every bit as much as you're committed to them. It would be heartbreaking all around if you stopped being with them - in essence tearing the children apart - JUST to appease some sort of societal expectation that we as a couple - married or not - have to keep to ourselves and never love anyone else."

Elena was silently crying by this point. She hugged Rodrigo before pulling out of his arms and burying her face in my chest. I stroked her gorgeous riot of curls soothingly and kissed her on the head.

"And what if Elena has more children? How do the three of you feel about her having kids? Will it matter to you who the father of them is?"

Ethan and Rodrigo looked at each other for a long moment before shrugging.

"I already have three, so I don't NEED to have more biological ones," Ethan said. "But also, I feel that since Elena's children would be Rafael's siblings, they would automatically be my kids' extra
siblings, and thus, my kids whether they are mine or not."

Rodrigo smiled. "And I would LOVE to have kids, so I'm not unhappy if Elena wants more. I actually suspect that I cannot have any biologically, that I'm infertile, so if Elena lets me, I'll love ALL her children as if they were my own. I've always loved kids, it's why I wanted to help her run her school, so I could be around kids, even if I can't have any."

"So none of you will be upset if Elena happens to be pregnant right now?" I wondered, trying to sound casual and unconcerned.

Rose gasped in delight. "Oh Elena!" She ran over and pounced on our daughter, swamping her in an enthusiastic hug. "I WONDERED if that might be the case! You've, hmm... I dunno, glowed or something. I'm so happy for you!"

Elena's silent tears transformed into messy sobbing as she blubbered all over Rose. It was incoherent, but she was babbling things like being worried and relieved and so unsure about everything. While trying to calm her down, Rose let it be known that they'd also talked about Elena's goals and dreams.

None of the three of them really have anything they want to do with their lives other than Rodrigo's desire to work with kids, and Ethan and Rose's desire to bring music to kids in any way possible. Thus, they've decided that if Elena needs to move on in order to follow her dreams, they'll happily move with her. This - unsurprisingly - brought on stronger blubbering.

All in all, it looks like things are going to resolve perfectly for our baby girl.

The four of them are going to spend this weekend here in Paris (Ethan's parents are watching all of the kids, just in case you wanted to pop in on them for a visit and a chat), discussing what to do from this point on. If Elena decides to stay here with Unity France, they'll need to figure out what to do to ensure that her school lives on strongly without them, and also, things like where to live, and more importantly, one house or two.

Currently, Ethan and Rose have their own house, Rodrigo has a flat, and Elena pops back and forth between their places, the Manor, and her school (where she has a flat), but if they all move here, such an arrangement seems excessive and unnecessary, so we'll see if they decide they're all ready to live together.

But as for me, other than the last two interviews I have scheduled for today, I'm going to be coming home. I've gotten this place to the point where it'll be in the hands of a capable and caring staff, and so, the only thing I need to do is let them get on with it and come check on them once or twice before the official opening.

Thus, as I said, I just need to finish things up here and I'll be home.

Give a little bit of love to grow,
Draco
Chapter 258

Chapter Summary

Harry wakes up next to Oliver and Draco full of ideas, and Draco is dragged out of bed against his will.

Chapter Notes

Potential trigger warning: Abortion is discussed.

Saturday April 14, 2018

My Dragon,

Oh what an absolutely perfect morning I had, waking up with the correct amount of arms in our bed. Seeing a head full of platinum hair snuggled up to the brunette head I did manage to see all week. Six arms, six legs, three hearts, all wrapped up together.

Well, technically four hearts since we know there's a teeny tiny stowaway inside of our husband.

I have so many things I want to talk about, and I know we will all spend time together this evening and chat, but I think I should get most of it out now before I forget. At the very least I should broach the topic for later even if I don't go in depth. Such as I have some awesome ideas for Elena and Crew's housing options, but I don't necessarily need to draw up the blueprints in this email. The specifics can be narrowed down in person. Also, it may be important for Lainie and her loves to be present for that conversation.

Details, amirite?

So, I am going to write for a bit. Then Ollie and I plan to sneak off to Ethan's parents' and spend most of the morning with Joel, Jayden, and Rafael, then come home hopefully right around the time you wake up. If you're up and finished with your morning routine without us having come home yet shoot us an insta-owl and we'll head back right away.

Or as soon as I can, you know how long my goodbyes can be when it includes snuggly grandbabies!

Since I already brought it up I should probably start with my ideas for Elena's housing situation. First of all, and stop me if you hate this idea, but I think we should offer to pay to build the perfect house/houses for them. If they try to get all "we can afford to house ourselves ya pushy dads!" we can always pretend it's part of their pay for helping build Unity House.

Of course in that case, we could actually use it for Unity France staff in the future if or when they decide to move on to Spain or anywhere else our little world traveler decides to drag them off to!

So, they may have already figured it out during their weekend in Paris. Not that I don't think
talking about realities is important, but I hope that's not what they're spending their weekend doing. I hope they're having romantic lunches, walking hand in hand ... or hand in hand in hand ... along the Seine, or even just spending the time together all four of them growing their friendships as people whose lives will be intertwined.

Anyway, as I was saying, they may have already figured it out but I have some ideas. First is to do either a duplex or houses next door to each other. Each "couple" can have their own home but close enough to the other couple that the lives can be intertwined and the kids will have access to all of them at any time.

The other idea is similar, but in my opinion better. Similar to a duplex but not so separated. Instead of it being essentially two homes with a shared wall, a single home with shared common space while also having separate spaces for when it's needed. I think of it almost like the Manor. We are a family, we all live in the same home, but all of the individual families' rooms are in different spaces. We can and do all gather together for shared meals, we all spend our time together in the game room, I see your parents and brothers and sisters throughout the entire Manor at any time of day. But when I need to be with just MY children or MY husbands, we can go to our rooms or to one of the smaller dining spaces and be secluded together.

I'm picturing a large home with a master suite on each end, one side for Rodrigo and Elena, the other side for Ethan and Rose. A huge kitchen, dining room, and living area in the middle of the house. This would be for shared meals, shared time together with all the children and adults together, a way to make the children feel part of a whole family instead of fragmented pieces or two families.

The kids' rooms could be interspersed throughout the rest of the house however the kids want. Shared rooms, individual rooms, the babies next to the master bedrooms, that's for them to decide obviously. And then near each of the master suites there could be a smaller kitchen/kitchenette and a breakfast nook or a small dining space for when the separate couples want quality time with just their portion of the family.

I'm sure you can tell I've thought about this an awful lot. Don't worry, I have no intention of trying to get us to move! I actually was thinking about something similar for Sirius, Pippa, and Leah if or when they ever want to leave the Manor or their individual homes. Leon and Pierre are being raised as the brothers they are. While I don't know for certain if any of the three adults are dating each other or anyone else, I do know they are all committed to raising the boys together.

They could have something similar. A square home with three of the corners dedicated to each adult's suite, the fourth corner being comprised of a common kitchen, dining, and living area, with the boys' rooms being centrally located so they have access to their moms and to Sirius.

I really like house planning. Maybe when I retire from teaching I'll see if Greg has any work for me in building design or redesign! It's like a puzzle people can live in!

But the sad part of these fun housing ideas is that I have to think about my baby girl moving further away from us. It was hard enough when she moved out on her own not seeing her constantly, but now she'll be in another country? Ugh! I hate it! At least this country is close by. It could be worse, she could have moved to another continent like Riv and Ori! I'm so thankful her partners have been so loving and understanding, everything wrapping up beautifully like you said, but a tiny selfish part of me wishes they'd made it just a tad bit harder so she'd think about staying.

I know, I know, worst dad ever.

Oh shoot! I promised I'd be over to see the kids by 8:30 and it's already 8:25! I have to run but
remind me to tell you all about Miss Nora and her Nana Minnie!

Always,
Harry

Saturday April 14th,
UGH!

So there I was, sleeping all snuggly and sound in our warm and cozy bed, minding my own business and having a rather pleasant dream, when all of a sudden, two rotten brats - I mean wonderful sons - practically yanked me out of bed.

"Come on dad! Stop sleeping already! We want you to come run with us!"

I opened a bleary eye to peer at them. "Siri? Zwei? WHY are you breaking my ONLY rule?"
Which of course is to NEVER wake me for anything less than a dire emergency.

"Come on come ON!" They insisted, still trying to yank me out of bed. "Run with us!"

I growled and glared at them a bit. "Get your OTHER dad to run with you!"

"No! No! It HAS to be you!" They insisted.

I tried to roll over and evade their grasp. "I'm already married again, my arse can expand all it likes from here on out."

"Aww, come on dad, we just want to spend time with you," Zwei pouted, making me sigh in defeat and roll out of bed so that I could crawl to the loo and take care of that business until I woke up enough to stand properly.

Thus, right about the time I normally like to wake up, I was already dressed in a comfortable track suit and headed with the boys to the Hogwarts Quidditch Pitch. As it turns out, the REASON our boys insisted so hard is that during those weeks of me running my arse off - literally - and also lightly sparring with them to help keep us all in shape, other students had watched us. When we stopped, it seems that a lot of students asked why we'd stopped and if our boys could teach them Krav Maga basics. Well, the boys know better than to promise something like that unless they had the proper time and attention to devote to it, so they declined. That said, enough students pestered them that they decided that having a sort of gathering on Saturday afternoons could be helpful. They assumed that I could start by running with the group, and then just spar with our boys and let the rest watch and learn.

Which is about ALL I want to devote to it until I've got a little less on my plate, but if the students are serious about learning Krav Maga, I suppose I can teach them and keep myself in top form while I'm at it.

Thus, you and Oliver more than likely returned to our bedroom right about the time I normally wake up only to find me missing. At that point, I hadn't even woken up enough to send you an insta-owl letting you know where I was, but I was running about a quarter of the school around the Quidditch Pitch. Then I led the kids through stretching and blocking drills.

All in all, I was MORE than ready to call it quits, find the two of you, and grab a bite to eat - oh... 2 hours later? Only there was probably another 20 or so students sitting in the stands just watching
us, and as I told all the sparring participants to bugger off before my hunger takes control of my mouth, one of the girls in the stands made her way over to me.

"Erm, excuse me, Mr. Malfoy?"

I sighed a bit reticently, SUPER reluctant to do anything that didn't involve food and tea. "Yeah, what can I help you with, luv?"

She twisted her hands nervously and looked all around to see if anyone was close enough to hear us. "Erm, well, I remember that you let that one girl - well actually she just hugged you, but we could all see that she was distraught and you took her away to talk."

"Yeah?" I prompted, already certain that she wanted to talk about something, so I gestured for her to walk with me. "Shall we head to my quarters and have a nice chat over some tea and biscuits?"

She looked like she'd just been drenched by a bucket of relief. "Yes please!"

So, not wanting to spend a single second longer than necessary getting to my refreshments, I encouraged her to jog with me all the way to our quarters. Once there, I commanded Muffy to bring me the entire Hogwarts kitchen, or at the very least, a full breakfast, not to mention the aforementioned tea and biscuits. Once I had a good gulp in me, I sighed and invited the girl to speak.

"Er... well... My name is Shayla, and I'm a Ravenclaw. Sixth Year..."

"Lovely to meet you," I stated reflexively. "What can I help you with?"

She was fidgeting with her hands, staring at them as she squirmed. "Well, you see, what happened was, erm, well, I'm kinda, sorta... pregnant."

I set my tea aside and sat up a bit straighter. "Are you hurt? Or I mean, WERE you hurt?"

She shook her head. "No, it was fun and mutual, no coercion involved, but the problem is that neither of us had had any practice casting the pregnancy prevention charms, and I'm dead certain we didn't cast them right. So, well, what I actually want to know is... Can you help me get rid of it?"

I sighed heavily and picked my tea back up so that I had an excuse to delay answering. I took a sip and even managed to nibble my bacon sandwich. Then I took another sip of tea to clear my mouth.

"Well, that's not exactly an easy question to answer. See, as a father, if you were MY daughter, I'd hope that you'd talk to me about options before deciding on that one. IF you genuinely feel that there is no better option, then I would support you in that, but I am not so sure I can just give you the help you're asking for without knowing more. Have you talked to the baby's father? Have you considered adoption? Have you talked to Madam Pomfrey to ask for a referral to a Mind Healer to discuss this matter?"

She shook her head. "Basically no to all of that. I've known about this for about 2 weeks, and I've agonized over it the whole time, so it's not like I just found out five minutes ago and decided that I have to get rid of it without giving any thought to why."

I nodded in acceptance. "Alright, so what are the reasons you've decided on this option?"

"As I've said, I'm only in Sixth Year. With the timing of it, I'd still be pregnant next year, and that would make my studies harder. The father is actually a Fifth Year and I don't think it's fair to him
to even let him know. He almost certainly would want to keep it, but is it right to just dump a baby on a boy like that? He's younger than me and his family is poorer, I don't think they could afford to let him drop out, nor care for the baby while he stays in school." She paused for a moment and sighed. "As for adoption, for all the reasons I just listed, I don't think it's the right option. First of all, staying pregnant that long would interfere with my studies. Staying pregnant would eventually alert Bertram to the situation, and he'd bug me to marry him and ruin both our lives. Lastly, I just... I can't stand the idea of a baby out there of MINE unless I'm ready to be a mum and take care of it. I'd want it to NOT be adopted so that I could take it back when I'm graduated and able to raise a kid."

I remained silent to see if she had anything more to say. She seemed frustrated enough to start shouting, and I wanted to give her a moment to calm down. It also let me finish chewing my bite of food.

"Alright, here's what I'm going to do, I'm going to call in a Mind Healer named Yesenia. She's been working with children and teens in Unity House for over a decade and happens to be the person I trust to heal my mind when needed. IF after she talks you through all the issues that not even I can think of and you still want it, and IF she clears you as mentally capable of making this decision, then I will either give you the potion you need, or I'll bring you to the Healer that I trust to treat me and my family to prescribe it. It'll depend on if I have any legal issues I have to abide by. SO, while you are talking to Yesenia, I'll be talking with my lawyers to find out if I legally CAN help you, or if I HAVE to send you to professionals."

Shayla looked torn between frustration and relief. "If you're hoping I'll change my mind, I won't."

I shook my head. "No, I believe you're serious and that you've thought this through. If I thought for a moment that you might change your mind, I'd tell you how angry I was to find out that my oldest son lived for five years before I found out about him. How I would have loved and raised him from the moment he was born if I could. How I've adopted so many kids and would promise to adopt this one - if I thought for a second that it would make a difference."

Shayla pressed her lips together and looked away. Then shook her head. Nodding in acceptance, I said: "Then excuse me for a moment while I make a few calls."

At that point, I called in Yesenia - who is talking to Shayla as I write this - and I called my lawyers, who are looking into the legalities and will be calling me back shortly. I just figured that I should use the time to let you know what's going on.

I'd start a revolution... if I could get up in the morning,
Draco.
Chapter 259

Chapter Summary

Siri kicked butt!

Chapter Notes

Warning!!! Draco presents some information in his email that might be considered over the top and TMI. Please keep in mind that there is an underlying reason ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sunday April 15, 2018

Best Day Ever!!!

Okay, probably not the best day EVER. We've had adoptions go through and children born. We've had beautiful weddings and loving naming or welcoming ceremonies. We've had too many amazing days throughout our lives for me to count today even close to the top twenty days. But as far as regular days go, it was certainly way up there.

We rented out a private box at the quidditch game. It may seem as though we're being snobby and not wanting to rub elbows with the commoners, but really there are just so many of us, with a lot of us being quite young, that a contained area seems the best choice for everyone involved. Plus it seemed unfair to have brought a cake but not enough to share with the entire stadium. That's just rude.

I just can't believe our Teddy is already twenty! Twenty years old! How did he get this old? How did WE get this old? I mean, Molly hasn't yelled "he's just a boy" at anyone on my behalf in a very long time. It's not that a want to be a teenager again, a hard no thank you on that end, but this whole pushing forty thing isn't as awesome as I thought it might be. And that's just talking about those of us who are ALMOST forty ... not a certain someone who's already surpassed that milestone some time ago who will remain nameless.

His name may or may not rhyme with Foliver.

During the match, I obviously spent most of my time watching the actual quidditch play. I wanted to take note of every move our Siri made so I could analyze each swing of the bat ad nauseum later on. But I was able to catch a few glimpses of our group in my peripheral vision that were great enough to steal my attention from the game for a little while.

I have been friends with Ron for almost twenty-seven years. In all that time I have seen him root for precisely two quidditch teams; the Gryffindor House team and the Chudley Cannons. The poor man chose the worst teams to support in terms of wearing gear that clashes with his hair! But after almost three decades of friendship I saw something I thought was previously impossible; Ron Weasley decked out head to toe in Tutshill Tornado Blue. I've known for a long time that Ron was
my brother. I've known my children are his beloved nieces and nephews. I've known he'd do anything for me and mine. But somehow it still rocked me to my core to see him pridefully wearing a previously hated team's gear just for our son.

I enjoyed watching Lissa, Seph, and Nora talk our Teddy into increasingly silly morphs. Just like his mum, always willing to use his talents to make someone smile. If he ever chooses to become a dad, he'll make a truly wonderful one.

Atreyu was sneaking around trying to eat as many sweets as possible without us noticing. I don't know about the two of you but I noticed most of it. I just couldn't talk myself into stopping him. He rarely has sweets, it was a special event, and worst case scenario he'll end up with a belly-ache that will teach him to be a bit more careful about stuffing himself full.

Surprisingly, Cael was not following Trey around trying to pilfer his own sweets. No, our little Caelum was glued to his seat. I think he was more intent on watching the match than even I was. Although, possibly not quite as much as his Uncle Ron. We've always had access to the quidditch pitch, good brooms, and all that, but we've rarely ever gone to an actual game. I am pretty sure that life is over and we'll be spending a lot of our time watching professional quidditch now that Cael's caught the bug.

And then .... Tornados win! Tornados win! Yes! Our boy is the best beater to ever exist! And oops, I did make the mistake of saying that in front of George today. I immediately attempted to apologize and he laughed the whole thing off, apparently Uncle George has no problem letting his beloved nephew hold that title. As long as I'm willing to rank Fred as a solid number two.

But birthdays, wins, and allegiance changes aside, the very best part of today was the note that was waiting for us when we got home from the game. Draco you decided to take a nice long soak in the tub since you didn't have quite as long as you would have liked this morning. And after you went in I found a note from Rowe sitting on my desk. Yes, after a looooooong search, Rowe is certain her analysis of the memories, analysis of the readings from the hex, and extensive research has found the correct counter-spell to remove that horrible hex you were hit with Draco!

So, hurry up and come out of the bath, you've been in there for almost an hour now. I need to get one of my two favorite playtoys working properly again!

Love,

Harry

P.S. I wasn't going to stick my nose in where it wasn't asked for, but since you did specifically tell me the story about Shayla I decided that was close enough to asking for it. I have a plan. It may or may not work, you know I support a woman's right to choose, but I have a way to overcome most of her concerns.

Monday April 16th

My beloved husbands,

Harry you were definitely amused, but Oliver, you looked like you were suffering from severe second hand embarrassment.

Let me back up for a second. On Saturday, Yesenia persuaded Shayla to wait one whole week - or nearly so - before taking any potions. Not because Yesenia felt that she hadn't thought things through or was mentally unsound or anything like that. No, Yesenia simply wanted Shayla to give us time to make absolutely sure that there wouldn't be any legal repercussions from helping her.
In that regard, my lawyers have assured me that since I am NOT actually a teacher here, I do not have to worry about any restrictions such as potentially being fired for giving a student an abortion potion. Legally, it is a bit more gray. If her parents found out and wanted to sue me, I could potentially be held liable, but the worst that would happen would be a civil fine and no criminal charges. In essence, the fact that I AM a Potions Master means that I can give out potions that I personally have made to anyone who ASKS for them, provided the intent is not to harm OTHERS (again gray) with the potion. Thus, I can give it to her...

It might still be better to let Rowe do it though. I still have a few days to decide, thanks to Yesenia. Shayla seems like she's put the whole thing out of mind and won't think about it again until she has to, which I wish her luck with as I'm dead certain that she won't be able to STOP thinking about it for months.

In any case, without breaking her confidence, I went to Minerva on Saturday night to have a bit of a chat. I wanted to know what she legally CAN teach about Sexual Education, and what she was willing to teach. See, way back when Miles was still in school, we basically talked her into offering Sex Ed, but since none of the professors were comfortable teaching it, and Minerva herself has some rather old fashioned hesitations about teaching it, well...

She basically feels that everyone should wait for marriage despite knowing that almost no one does. This conflict means that she recognizes that she herself would not be a good teacher for this subject. Hence the reason that the Sexual Education that has been offered for the last nearly two decades has consisted of handing all the students a book of basic information and spells that might come handy should the situation arise. Along with a strong warning that such things are not supposed to happen in school.

Again not breaking any confidences, I let Minerva know that there is a student in this school that feels she needs an abortion, and that ***I*** personally feel that this situation could have been avoided if the students had a chance to actually practice the contraceptive spells. She told me that ever since we asked her to include Sex Ed, she's made it a standard part of the agreement that parents sign that their children will be given Sexual Education as the school sees fit.

MEANING that I can actually talk to the kids and tell them as much as I want on the subject. Well, actually, I could do that anyway as I am not actually a Professor, but what I mean is that if I wanted to be a guest Professor for the day, I could make sure every student in this school knows everything I can possibly teach them.

So that's what I did today. That's the reason that Harry looked ready to laugh from happiness that the students are finally getting some much needed information, and Oliver... You looked like you wished you could cast a spell on the floor so that it would swallow you whole. Strangely enough, me giving you a reassuring kiss about halfway through the lecture DIDN'T seem to settle your nerves.

With full permission and blessings from Minerva, I hijacked this evening's dinner. I had a little help from my friend the Mediwitch, but I didn't rely on her to do anything other than correct any misinformation and help answer questions. I actually relied on a nice series of videos on that YouTube thing that Zwei told me about, called Sexplanations.

I didn't want to overwhelm them with videos, so I only used a couple. I magi-projected the videos to several 'screens' along each of the House Tables so that everyone had an excellent view of them. I chose the video on the penis, the one on the vulva, and the one on the clitoris. After the videos were over, I left the 'screens' showing the drawings of the penis and the vulva. And that's when I began the sex portion of the lesson.
Alright, I said at the beginning that I was going to be conducting a Sexual Education lesson, and as expected, all of you groaned and tried to beg me not to. Now that you can see the parts we're talking about, I'm going to tell you that the purpose of this class is to teach you what you need to know so that you can avoid accidental or unwanted pregnancies. And before you ask, the reason I am doing this is that I have a million kids and I feel that this is information that they need to know.

Most of the kids looked like they were curious about the drawings of the anatomy, but also rather afraid of others knowing they were curious. A few looked like they were sincerely considering swallowing live wasps rather than so much as glance at the drawings.

"So, to start with, I want to let you all know the most obvious way to avoid accidental pregnancy - don't have sex until you are ready to have kids."

As expected, this made most of the kids react by rolling their eyes and groaning in frustration. I smirked at them.

"That said, I know that most of you are not interested in that method. From my own personal experience, and from my kids that have talked to me about it, the main reasons for having sex are: 1- You are curious and want to know what it's like. 2- You've tried it and think it feels really good. 3- You love someone and want to be intimate with them. 4- You are being pressured into it by someone that assures you that you'll really like it. And 5- You got a bit drunk and suddenly it seems like a brilliant idea. No matter what your reasons are, I'm dead certain that getting pregnant is not on the list.

"So, I'm going to take you through all those reasons and help you deal with them appropriately," I informed them. "My goal here is to help you all remember this: Your goal is to pleasure your partner, not get them pregnant."

I paused to look around and gauge reactions. The younger kids looked rather repulsed. The older kids looked interested but trying to hide it, and our own Siri and Zwei looked like they would rather Elena or somebody was up here instead of me.

At that point, I listed several methods of pleasing a person that didn't involve penetration, including one demonstration involving a banana that had most of the Professors and all of the younger students cringing and you both looking rather eager to take my fantastic mouth back to our Quarters as soon as possible. I followed that with a demonstration on a peach. There were bowls of each fruit available for practice purposes – although I made it clear that no one was required to practice if they didn't want to, and they didn't even need to watch the demos if it made them uncomfortable. I noticed that many of the bowls got noticeably emptier, but none of the students seemed brave enough to actually practice in front of everyone else.

Except Romeo. He practiced so enthusiastically that I had to remind him that he didn't want to literally eat the banana - and by that, I mean penis.

"That goes for those of you who are interested in the peaches instead! When you hear the phrase: eat a girl; that doesn't mean eat the girl! No biting! Unless she specifically asks for that. Be gentle! AND if anyone tells you to eat their Arse, that requires special care and attention, like so..." I made that explanation and demonstration as clinical as possible, reminding those who seemed derisive of potential gay sex that girls have arses and can enjoy this too.

"Before I get into the penetrative acts, let me say a few words about consent. I'm not just going to say: 'No means no,' and assume you understand what I mean. Think of it this way: Let's say you offer to make your partner tea. Your partner says sure, but you aren't sure if they really mean it.
You can make your partner tea, but if they decide they don't want to drink it, you cannot make them. You can't get mad at them for not wanting the tea after you went to all that trouble to make it, and IF they should happen to be so tired or drunk that they pass out, DO NOT FORCE IT DOWN THEIR THROATS! Unconscious people do not want tea! If you think that is a ridiculous analogy, then perhaps it'll stick with you so that when you say: 'Hey... wanna shag?' And you get a: 'I dunno... I'm kinda tired...' You can take that as a no. Until you get an: 'Oh hell yes!' Assume the answer is no. Got it?"

The kids all looked to the floor, sort of nodding in understanding, but really, I think they were still a bit embarrassed by the whole thing. I wanted to add that if they were too embarrassed to SAY it out loud, then they certainly weren't mature enough to DO it, but I didn't want to come across as shaming anyone.

At that point, I mentioned that I was going to go through the methods to protect oneself during penetration, which was when Harry embarrassed Oliver even more by squiggling his whole body and waving his hand. "Ooo! Ooo! I'm the muggle studies teacher! Let me teach them about condoms and Sexually Transmitted Infections - both what's possible AND prevention!"

Happily, I surrendered the floor to you for a few minutes so that I could drink some tea and nibble on some biscuits. And kiss Oliver, which STILL didn't lessen his embarrassment. Admirably, Harry not only listed all the STIs and their common symptoms - or lack thereof - but he also did a REALLY good job explaining why condoms were a brilliant idea, why dental dams were a brilliant idea when going down on a girl that hadn't been tested recently, AND HOW TO USE THEM! I was seriously impressed when Harry insisted that everyone grab a banana and put a condom on it. Not to mention use the dam on the peaches.

Above and beyond, my love, above and beyond. Which is a compliment, in case you couldn't tell.

All that was left for me after that was to teach the magical versions. I decided that the contraceptive potions were both so simple that first years could do them. I mean seriously! It's FOUR ingredients for the 'unload the gun' potion, and FIVE for the vanish the egg potion. AND they're super basic in that all one needs to do is heat up the reagent, add the ingredients in order, and let them brew for five minutes or so until they turn a sky blue or a powder pink - respectively. I think even a frog could do that! In his sleep.

After the potions were finished, I taught the Anti-Pregnancy Spell, the Anti STI Spell, the STI DETECTION Spell, and the spell to ensure that if one planned to be drinking, NO ONE could remove their underwear if their blood alcohol level was above a certain number. I not only told them the spells, but I had them practice them until it seemed like they were confident in how to use them.

Surprisingly, all of that took maybe an hour and a half. The Mediwitch looked impressed with me for doing such a thorough job. She ALSO answered all the questions asked of her - which was mostly things like: "Does going wee after sex clean out all the boy goo?" Which of course, is a big fat no. And: "Can someone get pregnant from, you know, the back door?" Which she surprisingly took the time to explain that while UNCOMMON, there are actually certain circumstances in which yes, a person can get pregnant during anal sex - and not all of them are because they took a potion specifically to do that.

At the very end, after I was satisfied about a job well done, and you both were holding hands and giving me looks that promised some serious practice in the very near future, I decided to get to my surprise.

"Look, I know that I've given you a LOT of information today. I also know that MOST of you are
not ready to even think about USING this information for a long time. Great! I encourage you all to wait until you are out of school and with a person that you won't regret. That said, specifically BECAUSE most of you will probably actively try to forget this lesson, I'm going to give you something important..."

I cast a spell to pass out those magical remote control devices I invented way back when. Only these were custom made. I explained: "These remote controls are preloaded with the basic spells - such as the Anti-Pregnancy Spell and the Anti-STI Spell. Plus the STI Detection Spell. There is also a lubrication spell - because too much lubrication is always better than not enough! There is also a button to activate a spell that will ONLY work on the person whose finger is on the button casting it. It's a spell to help you out a little if you are curious and trying to learn what feels good to your body. It is 100 percent better to learn what you like BEFORE adding another person to the mix, so that when your future partner asks: 'Hey, do you like it when touched here?' You won't shrug and mumble: 'I dunno,' but actually be able to say: 'No, I prefer being touched here.' Got it?"

With an astonishing range of color, the majority of the students blushed while nodding in understanding. Happy to be done with the lesson - for now, I have a feeling that a few curious people will be visiting me in the near future to ask questions - I returned to the two of you, gave you both kisses, and let you lead me back to our quarters before one of the other Professors could object to our public display of affection directly following a Sex Ed lesson.

So... it's now several hours later and I'm lying awake rather than passed out simply because I missed being able to get erect so much that now that the hex is cured and I can again, my body doesn't want to stop. I think I've given you both enough time to recover. A little. Probably. SO... I'm going to pounce on you again!

Desire, I'm hungry, and I hope you'll feed me,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Note, I had actually planned for the cure to be MUCH harder and drawn out, but Harry was like: 'Oh hell no, I want it back NOW!' So you have Chrissie to thank for the quick resolution, lol ^_^
Chapter 260

Chapter Summary

Harry and Oliver were embarrassed during Draco's impromptu class.

Tuesday April 17, 2018

My Draco Love,

Okay, I just spent hours working and I'm about to go spend a few more hours doing the same. I am stressed, and even though the event is still a fortnight away I am already hitting peak Panicky Harry mode. So, if this email is insane, rambly, and even more all over the place than usual I apologize in advance.

But, before I get into all the planning I've already done and all the planning yet to come, I thought I would expand a bit on your descriptions from yesterday. And by expand, I mean I will tell you what was actually happening before you start thinking what you wrote was completely accurate. Everything you wrote that was a description of the lecture was accurate. I think now's the perfect time to mention that I am seriously proud of you. It was a fantastic lecture. You kept the students engaged and interested giving them a lot of information that I think will end up making a wonderful difference.

I really enjoyed doing my portion of the lecture. I've done the whole muggle aspect of birth control and other safe sex practices for my own classes, but I completely forgot that it's information that could help all the kids at Hogwarts. For some reason I just assumed the Muggleborn kids would already have been taught safe sex but I know that's not always the case. Some families don't discuss this with their children. And because our students come to us at eleven it's not likely they were given anything more than the basic biological functions in their muggle schools, if that.

However, darling ... sweetheart ... love of my life ... Oliver and I were not looking at you during your demonstration with heated eyes hoping to get your back to our rooms so we could ravage your pretty mouth. Don't get me wrong, when the lecture concluded and we made our way back to our rooms we definitely did ravage your mouth. Then, of course, we let you ravage both of our arses since we're all so happy all of your body is back online with us. But no, as much as just about anything you do turns me on, I was not sitting in a room full of hundreds of children watching you explain how to practice your skills on a piece of fruit and thinking "hot damn I want to get that mouth on me." I'd say my thoughts were more in line with the kids' "wow, this is informative but I'm suffering from a severe case of second hand embarrassment."

Since it ended with us going back to our rooms and letting you ravish us I can see how you'd be confused.

So for the future, the faces you saw me making were NOT "oh yeah baby, that's hot, let's get it on" but "oh dear Merlin this is embarrassing and I can't even pretend I don't know him!"

Not that I would want to pretend I don't know you, but I have enough internal sex shaming in me that I wanted to crawl under the head table and not come out until everyone else had left the Great Hall.
The other thing I wanted to talk with you about was my plan to offer Shayla a different solution. See, it seems as though her concerns are A) having to be pregnant and giving birth during a very busy and stressful seventh year and B) having to adopt out a child, knowing they would be out there for the rest of her life when she feels too young to raise them right away.

Again, she may just choose the route of termination. Yes, I agree you should leave the actual delivery of the potion to a Medical professional if that's the case. But, what if you were able to give her a different potion? A potion that we *know* is capable of being brewed and working. A potion that would speed up her pregnancy so she could give birth and be recovered well before her seventh year. If she wanted to she could either stay at Hogwarts or they could make room for her at Unity or Traditions, which has access to tutors if she prefers that way to finish out her sixth year.

Also, it's not done very often, it's actually been quite a few years since we've needed to use this option, but Unity house can essentially foster children without the ability to adopt the child out. We did it for the first time when you offered mind healing and a safe space for the child to anyone who'd had children as a result of the death eater's being on the rampage. We had a few people decide to fully give up custody of the child, but many chose to let Unity care for them in a safe space while they healed and when they were deemed healthy enough were able to regain custody. We even had that muggle woman who'd fallen into alcoholism after the death of her husband where Unity had custody of her kids for over a year while she got clean.

I've already brought this up with Yesenia and Tabitha. I haven't spoken with Shayla as I don't think it's my place, but I did want to make sure she was aware of all her options before making this huge decision.

Okay, enough of that conversation, on to what I'm incredibly stressed over!

The upcoming twentieth anniversary of the end of the war and the Battle of Hogwarts. Initially Kingsley brought this up to me before he had decided to step down as Minister. When Hermione was sworn in she told me that she absolutely thought the idea was important and wanted to keep the plans in place. The questions about HOW to do that were plentiful however. Do we do something solemn and focusing on lives lost? Do we do something particularly educational in the hopes of not letting us forget and then repeat these horrors in a generation or two? Do we have a celebration of a hard won victory?

The answer, because it was 'Mione and me doing the answering, was why not do it all.

The week of the anniversary, which lands on a Wednesday, there will be a different smaller event each day. Monday is going to be the kickoff with a display being put up in Diagon showcasing the changes our world has made over the last two decades because we've lived in a world free of constant fear. Inventions, increased muggle-wizarding relations, and increases success during and after Hogwarts for our most recent graduates being some of the bigger ones. Most of the businesses on Diagon are invited to decorate or display anything they'd like that relates to the anniversary on the streets outside their store. For example, I know Fortescue's is planning on giving out free samples of Florean's favorite ice cream in his memory.

Tuesday the Ministry will be the site of remembrance with a memorial being placed to honor all the witches and wizards who were stripped of their wands and often their dignity in those horrible farcical trials. Honoring the few that died while fighting, those that are still MIA from fleeing the wizarding world who could have been killed or maybe just living the rest of their lives as a Muggle in fear, and anyone who had to live through it and came out of the war physically unscathed but internally wounded.

On Wednesday there is going to be a solemn tour through Hogwarts grounds. Placing flowers, a
marker, and having a minute of silence at each spot someone fell during the final battle. A walking tour honoring each life given up, remembering they didn't die in vain but because they loved our world enough to die for it.

That should be the end of the most solemn and emotionally draining events. Thursday there is going to be the most ridiculous contest I've ever heard of. It was George's idea, and Hermione though it was so funny I could not talk her out of it. WWW is going to sponsor a War Heroes contest. The muggles will often have celebrity lookalike contests. This will be similar except it won't be for people who LOOK like war heroes. No, it will be almost a fashion show where anyone named after a war hero is invited to come dressed as their namesake. Yeah, these (mostly young) people who carry these names are invited to stomp around a catwalk dressed practically in costume.

And yes, Uncle George made sure to let Siri, Zwei, and Lily know they were very much welcome to be in the show and he would help them with their costumes as needed.

I'm not looking forward to all the Harry costumes, but I am going to laugh my arse off at the handful of Albus costumes. Those poor bastards tripping down the aisle in gaudy robes!

Friday is the event I'm most looking forward to. A quidditch event! Hogwarts is hosting an alumni quidditch game. By the end of next week anyone who wants to play needs to submit their name, we will then put together teams as fairly as possible, and we're having a tournament. Slightly different rules than usual since we don't have all day for one individual match. The snitches will be charmed to become increasingly easier to find so that we can be assured each match will be an hour or less to fit them all in.

The best part? Minnie has already signed up!

And then Saturday will be a day long party turned gala. The daytime will host a family and kid friendly party, similar to parties we've thrown in the past for Halloween but without the extra spooky stuff or costumes. There will be a massive buffet style dinner after that. Then we will have an hour to change clothes, put kids to bed, etc, before the big gala. It will open with a reading of the names, and once that is done it will just be a massive celebration. Music, dancing, drinks, a huge party of purebloods and half-bloods and muggleborns and squibs all celebrating together that we came through the other side of a war stronger for it.

I can't wait!

I just need to have a dozen or so panic attacks between now and then since I'm so involved in the planning. If I look like I'm about to lose it you'll just knock me unconscious for a bit yeah?

Thanks, knew I could count on you!

Love,
Harry

Wednesday April 18th
My rocks,

Harry, Oliver, I might legitimately need you to hold me and just silently be there for me for a few minutes tonight. See... here's the problem. I'm sort of a hypocrite, I suppose, in that as much as I SAY I am supportive of a woman's right to choose what's best for her body - and I WOULD have
helped her obtain that potion to abort the baby if she'd remained adamant about it - I just...

I'm so relieved that she changed her mind! It was eating me up a bit that she would go through with it. I mean yes, logically, I know that at only about 8 weeks pregnant, the baby was still at high risk for miscarriage, it was still too small to see without magical help, and that it was nowhere near viable, so the abortion would have ended the potential of a life rather than a fully formed and viable life.

I suppose that it's the POTENTIAL that gets to me. I just... I understand that there are more kids in this world than responsible adults ready to be parents, and I know that being raised in the system can be traumatic and sometimes worse, but... I just feel that when given the choice, I will nearly always choose to keep the baby.

Remember when I found out I was pregnant with the current set of almost triplets? It didn't take much at all to talk me into keeping them. I think that no matter how adamantly I didn't want them, I probably would have ended up keeping them and falling in love with them anyway. It's another of my fatal flaws!

But back to Shayla. After you told me your idea, Harry, I had to do a bit of soul searching because *technically* that potion could be considered illegal. I mean that it's one of those very gray areas that's not currently specifically illegal, but probably because I invented the potion and no one knows about it yet. If word got out, I think I *could* be held liable, especially if something went wrong with the baby.

Also, if word gets out that I invented the potion, some people might begin to wonder if I had a hand in Farrah's death. That thought provoked me into at least a good hour of agonizing over it in my closet. Ultimately, I think I talked myself into believing that doing this - or at least offering it - would help make up for my sin.

So, I went to visit Rowe. I first warned her that I had a student that was looking for an abortion potion, and she seemed surprisingly unsurprised by this information. Apparently St. Mungo's gets an average of 2-3 girls needing an abortion each year, at which point, the prescribing Healer goes through all the protective and preventative information that the girl SHOULD have learned before winding up in that situation.

I told her that I'd taken care of that this year for the entire school, and she not only laughed, but also hugged me tight and congratulated me on having the bravery to potentially embarrass myself in front of the whole school like that. Apparently Rowe's granddaughter had sent an owl asking for a time to chat, and based on the timing, she's certain that the chat is probably going to be on that topic.

After that, I told Rowe that I had created a potion that would accelerate the pregnancy - explaining Shayla's main reasons for wanting the abortion - and asked Rowe if she would personally be Shayla's Healer and monitor her if Shayla agreed to try that option. After some heavy thinking in silence, in which I am half certain that Rowe put two and two together, she finally nodded her head.

"In this instance and ONLY in this instance, my choices as a Healer are to prescribe an abortion potion or take a chance on an untested potion that could shorten the pregnancy enough that the baby would be born at an 'acceptable' time for the mother. I'll try it. HOWEVER, what about after that?"

"Harry is going to have the baby placed at Unity House as unadoptable until Shayla feels ready to take her back," I informed her.
She nodded in agreement. At that point, I returned to Hogwarts and brought Shayla to meet with Rowe. We explained that Rowe would be willing to prescribe the abortion potion, but that we wanted her to listen to the alternative first. I then explained your plan, Harry.

As I've already said, to my vast relief, she agreed. You were once again correct and oh so brilliant in your thinking that if we could just solve her dilemmas, she'd pick this option. When she realized that her baby would be safe and cared for in a rather loving environment, and that she could take her back when ready, Shayla burst out into sobs so great that I was forced to hug and comfort her for a good half an hour.

During that time, I made a few crucial calculations. See, I had come up with the idea for the potion when Farrah was already in her second trimester. Orion had mentioned that she was consistently measuring just a bit farther along than she should be, and I wondered if I could exploit that fact. Hence the potion, but I think that starting the potion this early could be TOO fast for the growing baby. So, I calculated that Shayla should only take a third of the potion each day - along with plenty of nutrition potions - until she was well into her second trimester. At that point, if Rowe feels that the baby is developing normally - aside from the acceleration - the dose could be increased to two thirds a potion until near the third trimester when she could take the entire potion.

Silent and feeling rather, erm… like a horrible murdering monster, I trudged toward the nearest floo after the appointment was over. Shayla followed me, probably curious why I suddenly looked like I was on my way to face a firing squad. Suddenly, a Healer that I can't recall the name of practically jumped out in front of me.

"Mr. Malfoy! I'm so happy I caught you before you left! I just wanted to let you know that our team of specialists finally finished analyzing the data from the magi-autopsy performed on Mrs. Farrah Malfoy. We're sending the report on to your son - of course - but I remember how much your family was interested to know if there was any sort of medical reason for the young woman to commit suicide, and I'm happy AND solemn to report that there was. Her brain scans show us that she had definite, erm… well, patterns that are associated with certain possible disorders. Disorders that had never been diagnosed nor treated, and so, we feel confident that had your daughter-in-law been diagnosed and treated, she would have been in a healthier state of mind and NOT killed herself."

I tilted my head at the Healer as I listened to him ramble on, and slowly, a brilliant idea filled me.

"So… you're saying that if your hospital was better funded and had better Mental Health screening, things like this could be caught sooner and treated?"

He hemmed and hawed a moment. "Er, well, I wasn't actually saying that, but it does happen to be true…"

Fine," I said with a heavy exhalation. "Let me just write out a voucher for a Million Galleons to fund the Mental Health department. I want the money to be used to hire more staff, better train the ones you have, and probably most important of all, offer free screenings to anyone who seems like it might benefit them."

The man had a fit of apoplexy, as far as I could tell, coupled with a minor heart attack. It took him a good minute or two to stop practically choking on his own tongue and spit out a thank you. Also, his hands shook so much that he dropped the voucher three times before managing to attach it to his clip board.

Strangely amused now, I escorted Shayla to Hogwarts, left her at her common room entrance, and made it my mission to find the both of you. Only, you're both still teaching, so, this recap. I'm
going to go run around the Quidditch Pitch and see if any of the students join me, or if they're still too embarrassed from Sunday night to look at me, much less speak to or run with me, hahaha!

Ave Maria, please will you keep me from the misery, madness, and fools who rule this evil world, Draco
Harry wants to know when they're making the announcement, and Draco wants to know what Harry mentioned but didn't explain.

Thursday April 19, 2018

My Everything,

Gods, where to even begin?

First of all, Draco my love, I can't believe you wrote out a donation for that much money dedicated to that area of healing. I mean, no, that's not true, I DO believe it because it's so very you. You know how much mental health - the detection of issues, access to appropriate therapies, studies to discover better therapies or medicines - is a cause near and dear to my heart.

Not only have I personally dealt with my own issues, but I've seen first hand how horrible things can go when someone doesn't have the support they need to get through. And I've seen first hand how beautifully someone's life can go when they're able to get out from under the immense weighted shadow that something like chronic depression or PTSD causes.

You've always been about putting money where your mouth is. Well, since you grew yourself a very handsome backbone and grew out of your spoiled prat phase you had going for a while. But you've usually given a generous, but normal, sum of your own money and then helped raise the additional funds through traditional fundraising efforts; galas, events, even creating businesses that give portions of proceeds to those charities. But this is probably the first time you've looked at a problem and seen the immediate need for proper funding. You didn't want to wait around for others to chip in, you acted so it could happen as soon as possible to help as many people that need it as quickly as humanly possible.

I would have held you all night long last night for no reason at all, it's kind of one of my favorite things to do. Well, since you grew yourself a very handsome backbone and grew out of your spoiled prat phase you had going for a while. But you've usually given a generous, but normal, sum of your own money and then helped raise the additional funds through traditional fundraising efforts; galas, events, even creating businesses that give portions of proceeds to those charities. But this is probably the first time you've looked at a problem and seen the immediate need for proper funding. You didn't want to wait around for others to chip in, you acted so it could happen as soon as possible to help as many people that need it as quickly as humanly possible.

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Also, the fact that I have the fittest husbands to ever exist and being skin to skin to skin with them is my idea of heaven meant I was all in the moment I saw the words "I might legitimately need you to hold me" pop up in my inbox!

Mmmm, skin on skin on skin. I - erm - uh - am awfully tired, I think we should go to bed SUPER early tonight.
Together
Just the three of us
Naked

Stop it Harry! You still have a class to teach! Mind out of the gutter!
Oh! Ollie! I've been wondering but keep forgetting to ask you when we're together, not sure why I get so distracted every time I see your gorgeous face, perky arse, and kissable lips. Wait, what was I saying? Oh! I wanted to ask you when do you want to tell people about the little sprout of ours you're carrying? I always wanted to blurt it out the moment I knew. Draco preferred waiting until he was quite far along, probably so he wouldn't be judged when he continued to do whatever he damn well pleased! But as the part of our triad doing all the work, you get to make the call.

Do you want to tell everyone right away? Just a few people right away and make a bigger announcement later? Do you want to wait until a certain time to tell anyone? Do you want to do a huge reveal with fireworks or an exploding cake or ... wow I'm really big on things exploding right now aren't I? I'm somehow channeling Seamus apparently! Anyway, we can do a big flashy reveal, or an intimate family meeting. Hell, I bet you MIGHT be able to talk Draco into taking out the front page of the Prophet with the happy news if you wished it!

Who am I trying to kid, you might need to actively tell Draco he CAN'T take out the front page of the Prophet with the happy news!

Seriously, the moment you read this if you do not want him to announce it in the Prophet you should probably drop everything, find him, and stop him from running with my idea I said in complete jest.

I don't think I noticed it when I was carrying Orion, Siri, Seph, or when I had the short time with Dyl and Gabe, simply because I spent most of my time vomiting. Seriously, so much vomit. Good luck Ollie, morning sickness should start any day now! What I was saying though, was that I don't think I noticed it at the time, but seeing Draco with you I'm having flashbacks of it, our Dragon is awfully protective and he hovers. Any time I'm in the same room as both of you, he's flitting around you like a moth to a flame. Like you're his personal sun and he's orbiting you. He watches you with this light in his eyes like he can't quite believe you're really his and really carrying his baby.

Shhh, don't tell anyone, but our Draco is secretly quite a sap!

So, long story short, you're five and a half weeks pregnant (out of forty) and no it definitely wasn't a false positive. How do I know? Because I'm so excited that you're carrying, I'm so in awe that it happened for us, that after you fall asleep I sometimes cast the pregnancy reveal spell at you and just watch your stomach glow. My own personal love-shaped nightlight.

Unless you think that's super creepy, then I was completely kidding.

Possibly Kidding,
Harry

Thursday April 19th
Merlin Damnit!

Harry, it's starting to drive me mad! You were going to tell me about Nora and Minerva, and every time I think you're finally going to tell me, something seems to come up that distracts one or all three of us! I'll admit that the thing that keeps popping up is mostly me, but still, I'm dying to know! Just exactly how adorable WAS our daughter when she met the Headmistress?

Curious beyond all reason,
Draco
Friday April 20, 2018

Love,

Thank you for the reminder! I had forgotten all about it.

So, while you were still in Paris working on getting Unity France up and running, I had a super busy couple of days of classes. The feisty four spent most of their time with Hagrid, the babies mostly came with Ollie and I for classes and to the three mums a handful of times. But our sweet Nora is actually in that tough age in our family, too big to be a baby and too little to be a big kid. Poor little lamb.

This meant that one afternoon when she had no interest in sitting quietly through my class, and it was gloomy enough outside that she didn't want to run around Hagrid's hut which also meant she didn't want to be on the quidditch pitch with Daddy Ollie, she went and had a lovely tea date with Nana Minnie. Minnie told me in no uncertain terms when Nora came into our lives that she wanted to have some one on one time with her and this seemed like the perfect opportunity.

I figured she would stay for a half an hour, maybe an hour, and end with Headmistress calling for Muffy to bring Nora back to our rooms. I was pleasantly surprised after my first class when I went to check on her that Nora was still behaving wonderfully. I walked into the sitting room and they were sitting in chairs across from each other. Nora was telling some very intense story in rapid-fire french to a very attentive audience of one. I said a quick hello, kissed Nora's little button nose, and headed back to my classroom.

After my second class I went to our rooms first assuming Nora would have definitely been done by then. Nope, no Nora to be found! Although Trey and Cael were in their room being sneaky about something I've yet to figure out. I made my way back to the Headmistress' quarters only to find that Nora was still there, this time in Minnie's lap being read her favorite Madeline books. Oh goodness it was so sweet. Nora didn't even notice me enter the room she was so enthralled with the story. I got a quick nod from Minerva and I left before I ruined the moment.

Finally, after my third class, I decided if Nora was still with Nana Minnie I would remove her before she wore out her welcome. Except I couldn't force her to leave the room. Because otherwise I would have woken up the very cozy sleepy cat that Nora was petting very gently in her lap.

I can hear you ask ... but wait Headmistress McGonagall doesn't even HAVE a cat! And you'd be correct, she doesn't have a cat ... however the cat in Nora's lap had some very distinctive markings around her eyes ... like spectacles ... yep, our little girl cuddled the strict and often stern Headmistress McGonagall so well that she went into her animagus form and promptly fell asleep.

Nora made sure to tell me "chut papa, grand-mere dort"

This little girl will be the death of me.

Anyway, that's the Nora/Nana story. But I had one other thing I wanted to discuss. But probably not over email.

I'd like to have another triple mind healing session. See, I am finally feeling completely like myself after my terrible decision to go off my potions. But I am honestly really glad I went off the potions. No, don't worry, I will NOT be doing that ever again. Or at least never without Katja's specific
I promise.

But the reason I am glad I went off is because my over the top emotions made me aware of things I had been trying to bury. I assumed that once I got back on my potions all of my anger would magically disappear. I would realize I was overreacting and that I had been angry for absolutely no reason. While my behavior was over the top and I never should have acted the way I did during my many temper tantrums, I really was having those reactions and those emotions. I reacted to them immaturely and sometimes inappropriately but the feelings were real and there.

I realize that I am often, whether due to my childhood, my submissive nature, or whatever reason you'd like to put onto it, a peacemaker. I will avoid conflict at all costs. I often give in to things simply because the fight isn't worth the potential hurt feelings. And if I'd been completely able to control my emotions and my behaviors, I may have very likely talked myself out of being upset. I may have even gone as far as to try and convince Ollie not to be upset. That would have been unfair. It probably would have been a lot less stressful, but definitely less honest.

So, right now while we're still solidly in Oliver's three-month flirt embargo, while I'm feeling emotionally healed and healthy, and we've had a nice enough couple of weeks that none of us are riding high on any particular emotions, I think it would be a good time to discuss how we're feeling after the big fight, how we're feeling during this three month pause, and where we may potentially be able to make small changes when the time comes.

I may be glad I had that breakdown because I think it got a lot of things in the open, but I'm so thankful to be where we are right now. Where my brain fog has cleared enough that most of the space in my thoughts are of how in love with the both of you I am.

Eternally Yours,
Harry

Friday April 20th
My dearest husbands,

I'm so sorry, but Hermione has reminded me that she is my boss, and so I will be in her office all day and probably well into the night helping her with the many things she has on her plate with the upcoming 20th Anniversary. So if you don't see me again until May 2nd, you know where to find me. That said, I've told Pippa to call up our Mind Healers and schedule our joint session for a time that is convenient for them and the both of you. I promise that I'll confound Hermione if that's what it takes to be at that appointment. See you then!

Now if we're talking body, you've got the perfect ones, so put 'em on me,
Draco
Chapter 263

Chapter Summary

The boys talk about their joint Mind Healing session.

Sunday April 22, 2018

My Own Loves,

Wow, today's joint session was intense. I think it went well but as we left it a bit open-ended, I'm not sure things were resolved quite as much as they need to be. But that was specifically done by the mind healers because they think we need to take our time coming to a solution that we think we can live with. We need to not just agree to something in the hope of fixing things without knowing we can abide by whatever we agree to.

Oddly enough an intensely emotional joint couple's counseling session was much easier to handle when I was comfortable with myself. Apparently, conversations held when your brain isn't a cocktail of negativity go better. Who knew?

I think this was the right time to have this session. With Draco's original promise to Oliver that he wouldn't even discuss or hint about playing until at least three months after the wedding, we could talk without worrying or wondering if later that night things would already change. Right now we're in this safe honeymoon bubble where both Oliver and I know we're enough, we know we're all you need Draco, and it makes it easier to talk about what might change in the future.

For Draco, I think a little flash backwards into our first early married life was an important thing to talk about. Again, we can't go into this new marriage hanging on to the past, but some of the lessons that were hard fought and tough to learn can be something wonderful we can bring into this one. If you'll remember Dragon, I initially was alright with you flirting but I thought I would NEVER want to so much as see someone else naked. We very very slowly progressed into playing. We started with you just literally tying up your friends in a nonsexual way. We invited Blaise into our playroom with the intention that all we would do was allow him to see me submit to you. It was months and months of being together before anything besides a little flirting and a little exhibitionism took place.

I know for YOU, you've already done the progression from nothing to what we had been living previously. But Ollie hasn't. He deserves to start at a snail's pace if that's what he's comfortable with. He deserves to take it one teeny tiny step at a time and put a stop to anything he doesn't like.

I KNOW you don't like feeling limited. I get that. But there were already limits even when we were playing constantly, don't you remember? I have hard limits, I've always had hard limits. You've never had an issue following them. You've never tried to get me to kiss someone else. Why not? Wouldn't you like to see that? Wouldn't it turn you on to see me with some fantastically fit man, moaning into his mouth? Yeah? But you've never asked me to push that. You know how important it is to me that I only kiss the men I'm in love with. Why don't you feel as though that's me limiting your fun?

What about me asking you to never call me "Boy?" I don't mind, and kind of like when you call
me your Good Boy. I don't have any negative connotations from my childhood from being called a good boy, especially YOUR good boy. But I was called "Boy" too many times in a horribly negative way that the idea of hearing that from my love's mouth makes me sick to my stomach. You've never once complained that I'm trying to control what you're allowed to say. Why? Because you know how much that would hurt me.

I also like when you speak filth into my ears. I love with you say things like I'm your desperate little cockslut. Not often mind you, but it does give me the sexy butterflies. But I don't like demeaning filth or being told I'm not wanted. I mean I wouldn't want to be told that you may as well fuck me since no one else will. Even if we both know that wouldn't be true. Lots of people have a humiliation kink, so why doesn't it bother you that I won't "let" you use humiliation on me since you are my Dom? Oh, because you know I'd hate it and it wouldn't make me feel good.

And even things that aren't emotionally laced but just things I'd find highly unsexy. I don't want permanent body mods (unless I choose them like my brand on my inner thigh).

Oooh, side note, I feel as though I may need a matching brand possibly on my other thigh. Ollie, I need your mark on me!

Anyway, my hard limits ... scat, watersports, body-mod, mummification, the list goes on as to things I don't want. Why aren't you upset at me limiting things?

My whole point is that there are limits that we are all comfortable with. I'm also working very very hard on only speaking for myself. It was really unfair of Oliver and I to gang up on you, make you feel as though it was us against you, and I will not be doing that anymore. I promise. But my point is that there are limits, and while you may not like being constrained, you already were. You were just comfortable with those constraints.

And I trust you absolutely and unequivocally. I KNOW that you will never go further than you know I am comfortable with. Never. I trust you. I trust you with my heart, my soul, my life, my magic, my love, my children, my future, my husband. I trust you to go anywhere and everywhere. I trust you to flirt around. I trust all of that. I know that if I or Oliver say we don't want you so much as kissing someone that you won't.

But I think we are at a bit of an impasse. And I'm not sure how we're ever going to come to a consensus. It seems to me that you want the absolute blanket permission or an absolute lack of needing permission to do anything you'd like to and have us trust you not to go too far. And we do. I do. I trust you not to go too far. But each of the three of us has a very different idea of what 'too far' entails. I am sorry but I don't think I will ever be okay with having an open marriage. I don't think I will EVER be alright with the idea that you can and will shag someone else without me knowing about it even if you're honest and tell me about it afterwards. I don't want an open marriage. I've never wanted an open marriage. All of the playing we've ever done has been together. All of the playing I will ever want to do would be together.

So the question our mind healers tasked you to answer is, will you be happy and fulfilled if I - or Oliver – am/are NEVER okay with you shagging someone else. Will you still want to be married to us if at no point in our lives will we ever be alright with you shagging anyone but the two of us? If, after talking and negotiating and compromising, either myself or Oliver comes to the realization that while we trust you, that we will NEVER want you to be with anyone else. Can you live with that?

The question I need to answer is, can I keep myself neutral and stay out of the two of your relationship? We are together as a triad. We have a relationship between all three of us. I have an individual and personal relationship with both of you separately as well. But I have to realize that
means the two of you have your own personal relationship. It is unfair of me to step in, take sides, and act like I have any right to decide how the two of you feel about your individual relationship. I have to realize that some things do not have to include me. I have to realize all marriages come with ups and downs, disagreements, and it's not my place to become personally offended when one of you is upset with the other.

Can I manage to step aside when something is not my business and not try to jump in and Rage Halo over one of you for the other?

And Oliver, you need to answer for yourself, if Draco comes to realize that he can not live without sexual acts outside of our marriage is that a deal breaker for you? Also, can you trust yourself to be honest and not just say whatever you think either of us want to hear? If at the end of the time out, Draco realizes he actually NEEDS to shag outside of the three of us, can you live with that - and when the time comes, will you answer that honestly?

I love you both so much. You are my very reason for living. I'm in this for the long haul no matter how hard things get. I'm in this for always. We'll make this work. I have absolute faith that we can get through this together.

All of my love beyond the end of my days,
Harry

P.S. If ... IF Oliver ever thinks he might want to start with some baby steps and dip his toe into the playtime world, what do you think about starting small and inviting our other universe doppelgangers as a way to sleep around while physically really only sleeping with people who are almost exactly like our own husbands. Just a thought I didn't think of in the session but popped into my head while writing.

Sunday April 22nd
Harry, Oliver,

I must be getting slower in my middle age, because it took me until AFTER the session - when I was sitting there thinking everything through - for me to realize a few important things. I thinking reading your recap email, Harry, helped trigger it in my mind. Basically, I suddenly understood that we're still having a misunderstanding in the definition of terms.

See, in the session, I think we used the term playing, which is a broad enough term that it can encompass *everything,* but in your email, you changed it to shagging. Ah... that's the first part of the underlying problem, in my opinion. On the one hand, yes, I do love those occasions when we are literally in the middle of a play party shagging all our friends - together as a couple even if we're on opposite sides of the room. On the other hand, for these last several months that we've been arguing about this subject, do you recall me even once asking to actually SHAG anyone else?

It goes back even farther, really. I can't really remember the last time I asked or even hinted that I wanted to shag someone else. The last time we played with anyone other than Oliver was when he first came to us and we were playing with our other selves - which both of us have considered basically playing with ourselves for so long that we don't really consider them as 'others.'

I'll be surprised if you can recall a time, because even when I was pouting because I was missing fanny, I never actually asked to shag anyone. I do not necessarily want to shag anyone else and would be quite happy to never shag anyone but the two of you until we die or our libidos literally vanish. IF - and only IF - we ALL find ourselves on the same page to play, perhaps as you
suggested, with our other selves, THEN I would more than likely take the opportunity to play because it is part of my kink to be able to watch you have fun even as I'm having fun too.

But no, what I have ACTUALLY been asking for is the freedom and trust to FLIRT and grope. All of the things that COULD lead up to shagging, basically those subtle or not so subtle negotiations where I use my persuasion and or my physical appeal to lure a person into my trap. Oh those heady feelings of power and possible subjugation. And then, when I have my figurative snake coiled around them - ready to strike - I can then hold up my hands and say: "Sorry, but no, do you see my husbands over there? They're the ones I really want, but thank you for the lovely offer."

It may be a bit cruel, but in the long run, it's also rather harmless as everyone in the Club (or wherever) is on the pull and they're expecting rejection almost as much as they're hoping for success.

Along the same lines - and perhaps one of the biggest reasons I want this freedom - is that more than just playing mind and power games with others, I want the ability to actually twist them to my will when needed. The situation with Jules is the perfect example, he was looking to shag and I used that expectation and hope to get him in a position where he had to listen to me. I never wanted to actually shag him, and my desire to simply snog and grind with him on the dance floor died when I realized how young he actually was. At the beginning - as I said to him - I really thought that he might be 18, but even that felt too young in my opinion to be doing what he was doing. I wanted to lay a trap for him and use some very tempting bait so that I could uncover the truth and talk him into at least trying a better way.

After all, even at 18, he would have still been the perfect age to enroll in a college course, and that money I gave him could have helped him out if he did so.

So, here are the levels and definition of the terms - as I see them: Level 0 - our current agreement where I don't kiss, touch, or otherwise play with anyone outside out marriage. Verbal flirting that doesn't cross the line into potentially offering/promising to kiss, grope, or shag anyone is fine. Level 1 - would be flirting as I define it. The freedom to not only verbally flirt, but also if we are at a club or if I was - say - dancing with Hermione or Luna (or other person such as Blaise or Ron), I could also touch and grope/grind. THIS is the level I've been asking for all along. Then there's level 2 - full permission to play or shag. I'm not asking for this level of permission and I'm genuinely not interested in it.

I think part of the underlying problem and lack of trust is simply that every time I have asked for the two of you to let me do what I like, you're both assuming I'm asking for level 2 when I'm only asking for level 1.

THAT said, when Oliver asked me for my current promise, I realized - much like you were saying in your email - that I was reacting like a rebellious teenager because it felt like I had already gone through all these steps to earn the level of trust and permission that I wanted, only for you two to 'suddenly' be taking it away from me. Except I wasn't really thinking about how I HAD earned it from Harry but not Oliver. I guess I sort of assumed that Oliver - once he learned how we were, and because he's so similar to Harry in expectations - that he would already be on the same page. Meaning the same level of trust and permission. But when I stopped to think about it, I couldn't explain why I thought that, and so, I made my promise - that I still intend to keep.

The only part of that promise that was hard for me is that it does feel a bit like... erm... well, it feels a bit like the way I imagine a wild dragon must feel. Having been born and raised in the wild, with the freedom to go anywhere or do anything, only to be caught by well-meaning men like Charlie, who simply want to preserve their lives by keeping them on reserves where muggles can't
find them and try to kill them. It CAN'T be easy for the dragon to understand this sudden change.

I - at least - am human and can understand why I need to be respectful of your levels of comfort for boundaries and limits. Plus I love you both so much that I never want to hurt you. I don't WANT to be that arsehole that comes home with lipstick on his cheek, smelling of cheap perfume, making vague excuses about working late. I just wish the two of you understood that I'm not asking for that.

Suddenly my mind is running around in circles, and so, to avoid rambling and not making any sense, I think I'll leave it here for now. I just wanted to end with a more definitive answer to the questions Yesenia wanted me to think about.

If the two of you are NEVER comfortable with me doing anything above level zero, I really do think that I can live with that. I can't promise to never complain, whine, or hint otherwise - simply because I am ALWAYS trying to persuade people into doing things my way. The hunt, chase, negotiation - the PROCESS - is part of the thrill. Part of what I need. The end of that process, the part where I have to make a choice between 'sealing the deal' or returning to my beloved husbands is a bit like taking a hit of a drug. It's a natural high; it's the rush that others might feel when riding a very tall rollercoaster or skydiving.

Sigh... I suppose that another part of the underlying problem is that it is almost impossible for me to explain what it is I want and need in a way that you can both understand without it just sounding like: "I want and need this because I am a selfish bastard and was also raised to believe that I am entitled by my very birth to always have every single thing I want."

But maybe - just maybe - knowing that I'm not asking to shag other people and can in fact live without that part, well, maybe it'll help the two of you - specifically Oliver - relax. Maybe you'll no longer be afraid that this will eventually be a deal breaker for us. The other part of the question, what will I do if I learn that you are just never going to be comfortable with the level I'm asking for, we'll I don't think I will really DO anything other than I've already mentioned - try to persuade you otherwise and do whatever it takes to make you feel more comfortable with the idea.

Who knows, maybe it will just be a part of our relationship that I will always come to you with a thing I want (sexual or not) and have to really dig deep and be at the top of my game while negotiating, all while you drive me to make hard bargains. Or in other words, Oliver, maybe one of your roles will be to force me to become even better at a skill I take for granted. I can live with that. Can you, or do you feel like this thing that I'm actually quite looking forward to is just going to be too much of a pain in the arse for you?

Much to think on.

Everything I am and more,
Draco
Chapter 264

Chapter Summary

Harry likes Draco's definition of terms, and Oliver writes a full length email ^_^

Tuesday April 24, 2018

My Own,

Have we literally been fighting over two completely different things? Your description of levels is probably something we needed months ago. Honestly, for my own personal preferences, I've mostly really only had an issue with level two stuff. Lately, with how you've been pushing, I've also hated the level one stuff, but that was in direct response to the pushing. And the possessive, protective way I've reacted to seeing Ollie hurting.

I'll be honest that I don't personally love the groping. I feel like that's, to borrow your descriptions, a bit more like level one and a half. So is actively snogging. Flirty kisses, mouths open or a bit of tongue, totally level one. Acting like you're trying to map their tonsils with your tongue? Level one and a half. Dirty dancing where parts are grinding, hands roaming a bit getting a handful of fit arse, totally the level one you're talking about. Anything under the clothes or even outside the clothes, rubbing or groping that if left unchecked could literally get someone off? Level one and a half.

So yeah, according to MY definitions of the levels my personal comfort level (after the level zero restrictions are lifted) is a level one. I want to be completely honest and tell you that MY level one and a half is outside of what I'd want or be happy with, but I personally don't feel like I need to place an arbitrary line between the two. I can't and won't speak for Ollie, I don't know what his comfort level will be after a few more months.

I still don't think any of our fights would have been avoided if we had known exactly what each person was talking about. Because you were pushing back against us like we were a pair of parents you were rebelling against. You weren't taking Oliver's need to go slowly and earn his trust into account. And I wasn't being fair to you as an equal part of our relationship, or to remembering that you earned MY trust a long long time ago. And I think these fights made our Oliver realize he needs to work on his own issues with self-worth.

I think the fights were uglier than they needed to be. But I'm glad they happened. I know I would have likely kept shoving things under the rug until they caused much bigger issues. In an effort to keep the peace I would have avoided talking about things that were bothering me. Gods, we've been adults for much longer than we were ever angsty teenagers yet I seem to forget the last two decades of being aware how important communication is.

Moving on. I know you're very busy helping Hermione put the plans for the anniversary gala in place. And even though it's a bit further away you're also doing the early preparations for the upcoming tournament. That's why I'm so appreciative of the fact that you were able to take some time off for our session this weekend. And I also appreciate that you were willing to confound Hermione to get there. Luckily, she is a grown woman who has relationships of her own so she was completely supportive of you taking the time to keep your relationship healthy.
In that same breath, I need to make sure you at least come join us for a late dinner. It's our one month anniversary! Happy Anniversary my love! One month down, a million more to go. So Ollie and I planned a lovely romantic dinner at Zaire's restaurant for the three of us. And I've made certain that we'll have plenty of time to celebrate. I made a reservation at the same time at Cafe Exquis for Minster Hermione and HER loves. I know they're proud of her, but they've also been missing her like crazy. So I kill two birds with one stone; I distract Hermione so she doesn't try calling you back and I get my friends some quality time with their love they haven't seen enough of lately.

Take your time, finish up your projects, run the world, but then check out and come celebrate with your men.

If you need extra incentive, I bought Ollie and I coordinating knicker sets that we will both be wearing under our robes!

Yours,
Harry

Wednesday April 25th
Dear Harry and Draco,

Last night was wonderful!

Our dinner was the perfect way to start the night, getting us all in a romantic and lovey mood. The two of you had a few glasses of wine - enough to make Draco go into full on silly mode while Harry only got tipsy enough to babble a little more than usual. I think that if the owner wasn't our son, we might have been kicked out for Draco singing love songs. Not just singing them, like the one he started with, but going up to a clear spot of the room (where a stage could fit if Zaire wanted it to) and secretly magicking up a sound system and microphone so that he could sing those songs with accompanying music to us AND the entire restaurant.

That said, the other diners seemed to think this was actual legitimate HIRED entertainment, and not only got into it, but also gave Draco tips to the point that even if we'd had to pay for our meal, he would have had money left over. As I understand that, he put the money in an envelope and set it in Zaire's office safe during a loo break.

But once in a very amorous mood, we returned to our Quarters and took advantage of the fact that MY parents were more than happy to watch the littles for the night. Well, they're watching all but Morgana, who straight up refused to let either of them touch her and is instead spending the night ordering her beloved minion Lucius around.

I honestly tried to refer to him as Grampy Lulu (like you both do in jest) but couldn't. I feel like if I actually use that term, even in the privacy of an email, the man himself will pop up and threaten to have all of my loved ones fed to a giant snake. Well, all of them that aren't part of his family.

Anyway, taking advantage of having no children for the night, we did something that I can't stop blushing long enough to describe, but it involved Draco holding us both and praising us. It was almost humiliating the way he called us good and practically pet our heads, but I found myself moved by it. He made me BELIEVE that I really was doing so well at making him (and you) feel loved and cherished. It got to the point that I think I started crying, but it was the good kind. The kind that left me feeling pure and released from all my burdens.
Which is part of why I wanted to write this email to the both of you. It's still not my thing and I probably won't do it again for a long time, but I needed to say this.

When I read your last two emails, talking about the definition of levels and the things that were being asked for and why, I realized that my fears are all directly related to shagging. My previous husband used to control me with it - not that I realized it at the time. If I didn't do something he wanted or wasn't in the mood when he was, he'd subtly suggest that he might get it elsewhere. I've had a lot of time to wonder since his death if he actually WAS going elsewhere, but then I cannot think of a time when he would have been able to slip away for that long.

But those things are part of MY issues. It's why my fear that Draco would go elsewhere was so strong. To be honest, I haven't worked through my issues enough yet to be comfortable with changing the agreement just yet. I feel I still NEED the current agreement to cement my newly forming trust. And as our therapists often point out, trust is an odd thing in that I've never actually been given a real example of Draco being untrustworthy, and so it's not his actions that make it hard for me to trust him, but rather my own hang ups and issues.

But I'm working on it.

So that said, I spent a lot of time thinking about Harry's suggestion. IF we were to start slow and do a little experimental playing with those two who are you from another world, HOW would that work? I sort of agree that they're NOT other people as every time that I've had a chance to talk to them, they have such similar cores that the - sometimes huge - differences between you don't truly make you different people, just, hmm... I suppose that they are the way you WOULD be if you lived their circumstances.

In any case, I dunno how it would work, but I'm interested enough to think it through and discuss options with you and maybe eventually see how it would work. I can't promise though because the only thing I can actually picture at this moment is the two of you playing with them while I watch, and I don't think I would like that at all.

But... that said, I had a dream about that last night and it was so bloody hot that I made a mess in our bed like a bloody teenager! So... maybe. We'll see.

But to answer those questions directly: What will I do if I come to realize that Draco legitimately NEEDS things I am not comfortable with? I can't say for certain as I haven't been presented with the reality, but I think that at this moment in my mental health journey, I'm still in the mindset that those things should be secret. That if they happened, I would be fine so long as I didn't know about them. The rational part of me understands that THAT'S bloody mental and a surefire way to destroy everything in the end.

So... I suppose that I need to work through my hang ups and detrimental core beliefs before I can truly answer that question, but... I think that I would react much in the same way that I reacted recently, and by that I mean sob out my hurt feelings to Harry and hope that he will go all Rage Halo over Draco on my behalf. My Mind Healer helped me to realize that I prefer to play the mediator, that even if I'm actually the one hurt, I'd rather have someone else fight my battles for me so that I can step in and make peace.

Obviously, this is not healthy nor will it work if Harry manages to keep his promise to let Draco and me resolve our personal issues on our own. But it's probably where I'd start, and if Harry can't talk me into a calmer and more rational frame of mind, I might work myself into confronting Draco directly, but ultimately, I think that I am in this for life and that no matter what happens - unless it is purposely abusing me or any of our kids - I would stick with this marriage and treat each individual incident as a problem to solve and work past until we can strengthen our foundations.
and move forward.

I don’t think - and this might actually be the residual part of me that was controlled for so long - but I don’t think that the infidelity I fear so much would actually be the thing that breaks the marriage for me. I think I could live with that as part of me sort of expects it eventually (again, I’m working on it). I think that now that I’m committed and can’t believe how blessed I am to be part of this family full of love, that maybe NOTHING could drive me away.

But obviously, I prefer to live with you both in full trust and love, so I think that while I might take a VERY long time to get there, I think I DO actually want to get to a place where we can ALL be at that level Draco wants and not have anything but trust between us. If that makes sense.

I’m not fancy like Draco is, so my sign off will be a simple - and probably rather abrupt,
Love always,
Oliver
Chapter 265

Chapter Summary

Harry sees his husbands for who they are, and Draco has to rush off in the middle of a thing with Oliver.

Thursday April 26, 2018

To my Beloved Draco,
And our Beloved Oliver who pretends emailing isn't his thing but he's SO good at it and adorable,

When it comes to you two, the loves of my life, I truly believe you are the best men on the planet. I cannot believe my luck in finding you two, being given the gift of being allowed to fall in love with you both, and through some strange twist of fate you both fell in love with me as well. You both know me inside and out. You know my flaws, my background, my strengths and weaknesses. You know who I am when I am sleepy and grumpy. You've become well acquainted to my temper tantrum self that we've dubbed 'Rage Halo Harry.' You've seen me wallow in my lack of self-worth, and seen me giggle like a toddler while watching cartoons.

What I am trying to say is, you've both seen the worst of me and love me anyway. You know me better than anyone else and you still think I'm someone worth loving. My husbands' continued love and support through everything is what makes me believe I might actually be as good of a man as you both seem to think I am. When I look at myself through my own perception, I see every one of my flaws in technicolor. But when I look at myself through your eyes, I feel like I could actually be the man you both believe me to be.

You make me better.

Because I know what the power of someone believing in you can do to the soul, I think I need to make more of an effort to let you both see yourself through my eyes.

Draco, I see you. I see the things you do when you think no one is looking. You act as though you want glory and fame. You pretend to want recognition for being the Ice Prince of Slytherin. You want to act like your Malfoy mask is your real face, calm with indifference. But I see you. I see the wad of tips you got for singing love songs being placed in our son's business. I see you setting aside proceeds from different businesses and earmarking them for Unity Iran and their quickly disappearing fund. I see how generous you are with your time and money. I am constantly amazed that my childhood nemesis who I would have thought was the greediest little spoiled prat I'd ever met is actually more generous and unselfish than anyone I've ever met.

Oliver, I see you. I see how deeply you've taken all of our children into your heart. I've seen you go from overwhelmed from the sheer number of tiny humans when you first got to the Manor as our guest to someone who seems to thrive on the chaos that is our lives. I see you dismantling the walls you built around yourself. Walls to guard your heart from hateful in-laws. Walls to guard your heart from an abusive husband. Walls that you constructed between yourself and the pain from not being able to carry children. Walls you placed between your children and the rest of the world. I can't believe the strength it must have taken you to let us in. To allow our children to become your children. And possibly more terrifying, for your children to become ours as well. Somehow Draco
and I lucked out in finding the one man in the world who might actually love children more than
we do.

Okay, I was going to write a bit more but I find myself a little weepy thinking about how lucky I
am to have found you both. You make me a better man.

I'm everything I am because you loved me,
Harry

Friday April 27th
Oh Harry, you should have seen it!

Oliver had only a couple private lessons to teach today, so he came back to our Quarters to wake
me. He did it in the cutest way possible too. He simply got undressed and slipped into bed with me.

I think maybe he was hoping that I'd be in the mood to shag or at least snog heavily - and to be fair,
I was - but the expression of love on his face was so tender that I couldn't help but simply hug him.
Well I did give him a kiss, but it was a gentle one. After I finished holding him, I pushed him until
he was comfortable on the pillows, then I kissed a path from his neck on down to his stomach. His
shaft twitched with interest, but wasn't even at half mast yet.

"Hi in there. This is your daddy Draco speaking and I know you probably don't have ears yet, but I
still think you can hear me somehow. I just wanted to let you know that you are SO loved! Your
daddy Oliver has been hoping and praying for you all his life, your daddy Harry started loving you
probably right about the time Oliver kissed him for the first time, and I love you because you make
my husbands so happy. I can't wait to take you shopping and teach you how to run businesses. I'm
quite looking forward to spoiling you as the official last baby - I think. You're going to be my little
spa buddy!"

"DRACO! Stop talking to the baby and start playing with ME! Please..." He pouted like an
adorable cherub. I couldn't help but kiss him.

"Calm down love," I reassured him. "I'm just starting my new morning routine of telling our baby
to be the hundred reasons we love him or her."

"And I am quite looking forward to hearing all of them, but perhaps a bit later. Say AFTER you
take care of this sheer unreasonable horniness I'm feeling," Oliver pressed insistently.

"No, I think this is very important, and it shouldn't take me long. Perhaps an hour or two. I can play
with you then," I pointed out with a warm smile and another kiss. Then I shifted to press my mouth
to his stomach again. "Reason number one that we love you so much, our precious baby, is -"

Suddenly, I was interrupted, and it wasn't just Oliver doing his best to yank me away from his
stomach so that he could top me if I continued to deny his request for bottoming.

"Sorry to interrupt you - or more likely wake you - Draco, but I have a few things that seem urgent
and I'm not sure I can get them all done in a timely manner without your help. Do you think you
could drop everything and get here. Nowish. Or now would be better actually. PLEASE?" A
silvery otter begged as it swam through the air.

I let out a deeply heavy sigh of defeat even as I grabbed my wand and cast the Patronus spell. "Tell
Hermione: Yeah yeah, alright. No need to send more otters to nag me into it. I'll be there as soon as
I find a suitable set of robes to pull on to cover all my delicious naked bits - that Oliver is currently
trying his best to entice into rising to the occasion. Unless we're having nudist day in the office, in
which case, I'm all in!"

My Silvery Dragon seemed to roar out intangible flames of laughter as it flew around the room.
Oliver protested: "DRACO!" Even as my Patronus flew out of the room.

"What?" I asked in genuine confusion, thinking that maybe he wanted me to suck him off before I
left. "I tell you what, why don't I cast an instant erection spell, give you a blowjob for exactly 60
seconds, and then cast an instant orgasm spell to have you fill my throat and mouth?"

"Er..." Oliver droned, clearly enticed by this suggestion. "Er, wait, no. That's not what I'm
complaining about. I don't like the way you offered to go to work naked."

"What?" I asked, even more confused now.

"It's just that a LOT of people must pop in on the Minister during the day, and you sitting there
naked is..." He trailed off but was then interrupted by a return Patronus.

"Honestly Draco, I don't really care if you show up naked and shag Oliver over my desk, just read
this report while you do so and give me your thoughts on it."

"Well now!" I exclaimed a bit gleefully. "Sounds like I could have a highly satisfying day in the
office after all!"

"DRACO!!" Oliver roared in protest and a bit of embarrassment mixed with horror.

I gave him a kiss, thoroughly enjoying the way his face was flushed from too many conflicting
emotions trying to fill him at the same time.

"Admit it, a good part of you would love to shag on the Minister for Magic's desk right in front of
her - and possibly her staff of advisers."

Oliver's face got so red that I really thought he might explode from it for a moment. Giving him a
last kiss for now, I slipped out of bed and summoned one of my better business robes to wear to the
Ministry today. I didn't even bother to put anything on underneath it, and honestly, if Hermione is
serious, I might actually take it back off while I'm working.

"What... What about... about... you know... ?" Oliver muttered, looking gorgeous in his need.

"Alright, but I really have to make this quick, before Hermione decides to send a few more otters to
kill the mood," I reminded him, setting myself to the task I had suggested. A minute later - give or
take a few seconds - I cast the spell on him to give him an instant orgasm, swallowing down every
drop of it. Looking adorable once more in his lethargy, I gave him another kiss before leaving to do
my job.

See you both when I get home, which will hopefully be in time for dinner.

From within, you'll begin, feel the rise, feel the rise, breathe deep, wind down, reach back, hear the
sound, you will see,
Draco
P.S. Oliver, give some of those kisses I gave you to Harry, yeah?
Chapter 266

Chapter Summary

Oliver is being mean and stingy, Harry is desperate and whiney, and Draco is ordered to join the conversation like a civilized person.

Saturday April 28, 2018

Draaaaaacooooooooo!

Oliver is being mean. Mean and stingy. Mean and stingy and kinda selfish!

You told him specifically yesterday to give me some of the kisses you gave him. But he didn't! He refused to share at all. I mean, he gave me his own kisses. Lots and lots and lots of his own kisses.

Side note: bloody hell am I enjoying this first pregnancy symptom of his increased libido! As I'm typing this, our Oliver is literally kneeling on the bed behind me sucking marks into my neck.

Sorry, sorry, sorry, he hit that one spot behind my ear that makes me lose my mind. Yeah, I am enjoying the increased sex drive almost as much as I've enjoyed the last few months of him discovering his list of kinks. You know which one he's currently testing? He's decided to see how long I can continue doing something else while he tries to destroy my self control.

He's being a tease Draco! As I write to you, he's rubbing his palm over my pants, stroking my cock through the soft fabric. But what happens when I try to pull my pants down to give him better access? The monster just laughs and pulls his hand away. It's torturous! He's touching me, not enough to get me off, but just enough to make me desperate and whiney. I mean, when was the last time you heard me this whiney?

On second thought, don't answer that.

Okay, you know what? I can't keep telling you what he's doing. That's just adding to the torture. I am going to completely ignore the fact that he's now close enough that he's grinding his own hard cock into the cleft of my arse. I will not say a single word about the fact that he just bit right at the junction where neck meets shoulder. Not a peep about how badly I want to fall to my knees and beg him to let me worship his cock like it deserves.

So, uh, how to distract myself? Oh, I know .... I can't believe you actually made it home in time for dinner last night. This is the last weekend before the big anniversary week festivities begin. I'm surprised Hermione let you go home at all, let alone at a reasonable time. And she didn't send her patronus to come get you until you were already awake? Let me get this straight, Hermione Granger has a massive week's worth of important plans starting two days from now, you were allowed to sleep in yesterday and today, and she let you go home to have a meal with your family? Who is this woman and why didn't she exist during my fifth year?

I still have nightmares about the revising schedules she put together our fifth years O.W.L.S. prep! I was never going to run away from my responsibilities with Voldemort, but I almost changed my
name and went into witness protection to save me from Hermione!

It stinks that you're working on the anniversary plans all weekend, but I rather expected it anyway and at least we've been able to sleep in the same bed and see each other for dinner.

Don't worry, since you've been gone so much, I still have someone to talk to! I can't believe Ollie let you talk to the baby already! I've been dying to for weeks now! But now that I know, Oliver had better prepare himself to be privy to a LOT of Daddy/Baby conversations from here on out.

First topic of conversation on the schedule; Daddy Oliver being stingy about sharing Daddy Draco's kisses with Daddy Harry!

Unghhhhhhh, nope, tapping out! Ollie just started whispering filthy promises of filling me up into my ear.

Love you, Miss you, Hurry home,
Harry

Sunday April 29th
The passions of my heart,

Well, wasn't that a surprise? We've been wondering why the Viper and the Tiger haven't come for a visit in a while, and there was even speculation on my part that it might be because one of them had decided to get pregnant again and thus, didn't want to travel to our world until the initial lethargy and nausea subsided. As it turns out, I was wrong.

See, my counterpart ALSO ran for the position of Minister for Magic in his world, only he won that election. To be fair, HE wasn't running against Hermione, but rather, some shady fuck that NO ONE trusted. In any case, he's been so busy working that he hasn't had TIME to visit - although Viper has popped in and out for an hour or so here and there, but it's all been to visit his kids, and so we haven't seen him either.

So, today, it seems that Tiger was adamant that he needed an entire day off in which NO ONE could get a hold of him and persuade him to go back into the office. The only place he felt he could be certain of being completely incommunicado was here, and so, we had them as special guests for dinner.

Interestingly enough, they brought their Oliver with them, and even though we (alright fine, ME) expected them to be in an official relationship with him now, they are not. Oliver is not interested in them for whatever reason. If I wasn't still on a no flirting stipulation, I'd have flirted with him so heavily that he almost certainly would have changed his mind (toward them) hahahahaha!

In any case - oh! Well, It seems that I've been ordered to: "Stop writing that bloody email and join this conversation like a civilized person, Draco."

So, all my love,
Draco
Chapter 267

Sunday April 29, 2018

My Everything,

I know that Tiger and Viper are theoretically just like us. They are who we would be if we had lived their lives. Physically speaking, minus the tattoos and their ... harder personalities (due to their circumstances of course), they look practically identical. If I were half asleep or very drunk, it would probably take me a moment to tell the difference between the two Dracos and the two Olivers. If I were pissed enough, I would probably have a moment of "what am I doing standing over there?" when confronted with my own counterpart.

But those subtle differences are enough to make them completely different people. I think he's bloody fit, but I could never fall in love with the Tiger. The Viper is so vastly different from me that it's almost scary to see how hardened I would be in a different world. Not that I blame him, he had it rough, but he has shadows in his eyes that even these past years of love and safety haven't been enough to chase them away. And again, their Oliver obviously gorgeous, but he doesn't hold a candle to our Ollie.

And honestly, they've gotten close enough to their Oliver to drag him to another universe but they aren't together? Why? Are they hoping he will become interested when he sees how sappily sweetly in love we are? Oi! I just re-read your email, you said THEIR Oliver isn't interested in THEM. So they are interested in him but he doesn't feel the same way. Hmm, it is actually a pretty solid strategy to bring him here then. Viper going back and telling Tiger all about OUR love was the starting point for them falling for each other.

Sneaky boys, very very sneaky!

I'm feeding the babes right now, which is why I currently am not with the rest of you joining the conversation like a civilized person. Well, not all three babes obviously. I think Dylan for whatever reason is early weaning himself. So he's just running around acting ridiculous while Morgana and Gabe top off their tanks before bed. You know I've never had an issue feeding them wherever and whenever, I'm not secluded because of modesty or embarrassment. But lately if I feed Morgana in a room anyone else (except the two of you) is in, she pops off constantly to assess her surroundings. The constant latch/unlatch cycle is hell on my chest. So, hidden away it is.

On the bright side, I get some quality Daddy/Babies time when I do this. They're growing up too fast! I don't like it!

Anyway, I'll finish up here, rock them to sleep, and join the rest of you for whatever is on the schedule for tonight.

With every beat of my heart,
Harry

Harry!

You are missing something by feeding the babies. It's honestly fulfilling my voyeurism kink even though nothing sexual is happening. Mostly.
So Viper was asking us if we had set a date for our wedding yet, making me realize that we haven't actually seen them since, hmm... Shortly after we got engaged, I think. Of course I had to explain that we were already married.

"And are you planning to have a baby together or are you all satisfied with the millions you already have?" Tiger asked curiously.

I smiled at Oliver and kissed his hand. "Actually, our Oliver has wanted to have a baby since he first married that Edger."

Oliver started to correct me before sighing in defeat. "Ed - never mind, at this point, I'm pretty sure you are just doing it on purpose."

I feigned a higher level of haughtiness than I actually felt. "There's no need for me to concern myself with the names of people who don't matter. In any case, as I was saying, since Oliver wanted a baby fairly badly, we used a potion to combine my DNA with Harry's so that we could have one genetically belonging to all three of us, and it took on the first try."

"Wait! You mean you're pregnant?!" The other Oliver asked incredulously. He was now staring at our Oliver in awe.

"Yep," our Oliver confirmed with a tender smile.

"Oh wow!" Other Oliver exhaled reverently. "Do you mind if I talk to him?"

"He doesn't even have ears yet!" Our Oliver protested with a blush.

"We don't want to talk to the baby because he or she can hear us," I pointed out. "We want to talk to the soul that WILL be our baby, which doesn't need ears to hear us."

Oliver sighed in defeat and gestured at his fit stomach. "If you really want to, I suppose I don't mind."

Other Oliver sounded almost giddy as he knelt on the floor in between our Oliver's legs and got his mouth real close to the baby.

"Hi there, little one. This is your uncle Oliver speaking, but you and only you can call me your Uncle Verry - when you're old enough to talk. I want to tell you a little bit about me and how I'm different from your dad. Honestly, we could be twins, we're so much alike, but your dad fell in love at some point and got married and had kids. Meanwhile I kept on playing Quidditch and shagging around -"

"Oi!" Our Oliver protested. "Don't say that word in front of the baby!"

"I thought you didn't think the baby could hear me," other Oliver pointed out with a smirk.

"Still!"

Chuckling, other Oliver continued. "I always wanted to have kids some day, but I never found anyone I loved enough to settle down with, and before I knew it, I was too old."

"We're literally the same age."

Other Oliver laughed. "Or so I thought until I met your dad. He makes me think that maybe it's not too late. I could find a woman to share what's left of my life with and we could have kids. OR I can
just be your fun Uncle Verry and come spend time with you when I get lonely."

"I wouldn't mind that," I murmured with a mischievous smirk. "Two Olivers for the price of one!"

Our Oliver got a weird look on his face and cast a Muffliato on us so that he could have a private conversation with his doppelganger. Hence my voyeuristic fulfillment. I'm currently watching the two of them chat while one Oliver is giving the other a light stomach massage.

Tiger and Viper seem very amused; my counterpart looking quite happy to watch too, while the Viper is getting rather handsy with his husband. The three of us are talking about Nora, since she's also a new development since the last time we saw them.

Maybe when you get back from feeding the babies, we can persuade our Oliver to let us take him to bed so that I can add some tactile delights to the kink I'm currently reveling in.

And if this would runs out of lovers, we'll still have each other, nothing's gonna stop us now, Draco
Chapter 268

Monday April 30, 2018

My Strength,

Phew, today was a very long day. We really should have put more thought into dragging Oliver back to our bed to delightfully devour him. We were up much too late for this old man to get a good start on what was a very long day.

Maybe we could have left the other universe's trio sooner to get an earlier start on taking Ollie apart piece by sexy piece. Hmm, no, I had a lovely evening catching up with them. Especially hearing about how Scor and Hyper are doing! It's been much too long since we've seen those little troublemakers!

Okay, but perhaps we could have just cut our sexy times with Oliver's naked bits a little shorter to get to sleep at an earlier time. Bwahahahahaha hee hee hoo ho ho hmmm. Yeah, no, not a good idea. I am never going to choose the option that ends with me getting less naked sexy time with our bloody fit, gloriously naked, husband. Mmmm, I kinda want to drag him into the nearest cupboard and have my way with him again.

I may actually cut this message short and do that. Hours and hours of shagging last night barely even took the edge off my hunger for my husbands.

I suppose we could have slept in a bit and missed the beginning of the first day of Twentieth Anniversary of War End weeklong celebration and remembrance. Again, that was going to be a big fat NO. If Draco is willing to get up at the crack of dawn to get his fit arse down to Diagon, then I can certainly do it as well. And if Oliver can grin through his morning sickness to get there then I have no cause for complaint.

Actually though, I am going to complain .... Oliver doesn't have to deal with morning sickness! I know, I know, I know, I don't ACTUALLY want him to be nauseous every step of the way. But I'm a bit jealous as all of my pregnancies were months and months of nausea. Even with the anti-nausea potions, I still dealt with it. It just meant most of the time I could keep food down, but I still felt off.

I apologize Love, I am thrilled you aren't exhibiting this terrible symptom I had to deal with. I just wish I hadn't had to deal with it. I probably wouldn't think anything of it if I weren't already a bit overtired and cranky.

But as tired as I am, I also think today went amazingly. And thank goodness too! I can't imagine how Ron, Blaise, and Kisa would handle going home with a defeated or moping Hermione tonight. I know how excited I was to go home with a victorious Draco tonight. Dragon, you're doing kid bedtime rounds right now but I have the feeling that, depending on who finishes first email or goodnight stories, you're either going to walk into me already shagging Oliver into the mattress OR I'm going to walk in on YOU shagging Ollie into the mattress. Don't worry, I will nix my earlier idea of dragging him into a cupboard and use our bed to make us easier to find.

So today, I think we should have thought about exactly what would be expected of us when Hermione and I put together for the Diagon Day for the celebrations. It was a showcase of Businesses on and around Diagon Alley ... of which we run or contribute to several. Even the ones we just helped get running or back on their feet after the war asked us to stop by, how could we
refuse when they're all businesses we support? There was the Display highlighting the advances made in the Wizarding World ... like all the things you invented Draco, the overhaul of the education process that Traditions changed, and the way we handle cases of children's safety. Many of which we had a hand in and needed to visit to show our support. And the changes in Muggle/Squib/Wizarding relationships ... again something our Unity House and Traditions had a lot to do with.

Maybe we should have spread some of these things out more.

Did you see how cute Ollie was when we walked around and stopped at Quality Quidditch Supplies? He seems to try blending in the background when we go places all three of us. He likes to pretend he isn't a war hero who participated in the battle of Hogwarts. He likes to pretend we're the high profile faces and he's just our pretty arm candy. (Or maybe that's me who thinks he's some bloody gorgeous arm candy!) But we got to the QQS and all of a sudden, he's mobbed by broom designers wanting him to endorse their broom, the shop-owner who wants to know if he can get a signed picture of Ollie to hang up in the store, and a gaggle of fans all excited to meet a quidditch star.

We snatched up quite the trophy husband Draco!

And I'm going to go cash in on my reward! Mmmm, naked Oliver bits! And hopefully some naked Draco bits sooner rather than later!

All of my love,  
Harry

P.S. I can't believe Oliver is seriously SERIOUSLY thinking about playing around with other Oliver when his self-imposed three month limit has been met! Sooooo many naked Oliver bits.

P.P.S. I disagree about the two Olivers for the price of one comment though. He's pretty enough to look at and nice to talk to, but other Oliver doesn't hold a candle to our perfect husband!

Monday April 30th
So sorry, my loves,

I'm so sorry that this email isn't going to be more than a paragraph long, but with how early I got up this morning and how vigorously we all just shagged, I don't have the energy to keep my eyes open, much less write a full email. I just wanted to be the one who officially writes this down for the record:

Harry can still take two!

I know I have another early morning again, so could one of you replace my alarm clock and wake me up right?

Boy I wanna taste you, I wanna skin you with my tongue,  
Draco
Tuesday May 1, 2018

And the crowd goes wild! We can hear the fans chanting his name, "Harry! Harry! Harry! Harry!"
Some may have doubted him. Rumors abound that at one point, even his own father in law
doubted him (although the witness in question was drunk and may not have remembered the event
accurately). But we saw it here last night folks, Harry James Malfoy-Wood, with the back-door we
adore, can still .... take .... TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

If that wasn't enough, and it should be enough, we have to give him a standing ovation for his
morning activities. On game night, he manages two absolutely glorious cocks up his arse, and the
following morning he tests his limits. And he stuns us all as we find out, through a bit of
gymnastics from his fit as hell team-mate husbands, he can also stretch his mouth around those
same two willing shafts. They say it can't be done? Well naysayers, he's proven you wrong yet
again.

The crowd goes wild!!!!!!

Sorry, that was a bit out of place. But after today's extremely emotional events, I had to lighten the
mood. How better to lighten the mood than start where you left off in your very praise-filled email
Draco?

So, on to the heavy stuff.

I should probably start by saying today's ceremonies were beautiful, subdued, hopeful, and
moving. I think those in charge of this particular day's events really toed the line between it being
respectful of the victims while maintaining enough strength positivity to keep us hopeful for a
better future. No matter how hard I try, I will never be able to understand what the victims of the
trials went through. I am privileged enough, my parenting was widely known, that I never had to
fear being forced into a farce of a trial where I had to prove I came into my magic "legitimately."

I was on the run, I went on the camping trip from hell, I was caught by snatchers, but underneath it
all I was able to hold onto knowing who I was and where I fit in this world. Those witches and
wizards who had to decide whether to flee to safety or stand up and say they're innocent, the people
who thought they'd come to a safe place when they were eleven, were being told they were
unwanted, told they didn't belong, called thieves for possessing the magic they were born with.

So many witches and wizards of muggle heritage died, fled, were tortured, had their wands
snapped, and lost faith in a society they had thought was magic. It could have been so
disheartening. But we watched dozens of unbelievably strong people walk to the front of the
courtrooms where their wands were snapped, in front of a community they were consistently told
they didn't belong in, and announced to all of us their names their status their acknowledgment of
being a witch or a wizard.
And under the words "That we may never forget that division only weakens us" each of them used their new wand and their original magic to carve their name upon the walls of the courtroom where they were treated as 'less.'

But I am exhausted, it's been a lot of late nights and longer days. Tomorrow I have to be up even earlier than usual, we need to be ready at Hogwarts early for the ceremony, which means I need to wake in enough time to get Zaire his birthday breakfast. I will not allow his birthdate to stop me from giving my sweet boy the birthday he deserves. I can't believe he's twelve, taller than me, and running a successful business. Where did that tiny little boy go?

Okay, off to sleep before I waterlog my computer with tears.

Yours,
Harry

Wednesday May 2nd
Our most precious Harry,

You are currently unconscious in St. Mungo's. Rowe assures us that there's nothing seriously wrong with you and that you aren't about to die, but it's also taking her a bit to figure out how to revive you. It seems that one of two things happened.

One: either that same person who cast the impotence hex on me a while back decided to try something else on me and accidentally hit you - unless you sensed it and managed to intercept it without me realizing it.

Or two: someone - same person or otherwise - ACTUALLY attacked you. On the 20th anniversary of the Final Battle...

Oliver and I are currently holding hands and trying our best not to freak out completely. Honestly, without his hand here anchoring me, I might be out aimlessly searching for the culprit so that I could rough him up good and proper. But Oliver seems to sense this because he won't let my hand go. Also, he is thinking about having Rowe do a check up on him while we're here, so, maybe you'll wake up to a hologram spell of the baby.

Our love belongs to you for eternity,
Draco and Oliver

P.S. Oliver has decided to drag me for a walk around London because I'm looking a bit deranged as I talk about hunting the culprit down, so if you happen to wake before we get back, don't worry, we've already told the staff to contact us right away and we'll be back before you have a chance to finish asking where we are.
Chapter 270

Chapter Summary

Harry is awake, Oliver is bemused, and Draco had to take his mind off of Harry by rescuing the first thing he came across that needed him.

Mmmm, My Loves,

The two of you just went home to care for the children, bedtime kisses and last minute stories and snuggles, but I'm sitting here at St. Mungo's. So far, everything is coming back fine. Every scan shows no lingering effects of whatever I was cursed or hexed with. I've felt wonderful since I was awoken, so it seems as though I'm going to have a nice, albeit long and lonely, night to myself.

I can't believe someone thought to shoot hexes on such a solemn occasion. And it seems unlikely that it was even a hidden Dark Witch or Wizard. That at least would have made more sense that they'd be willing to disrespect such a memorial with their actions. But with the type of hex/curse/spell/whatever you want to call it, it seems as though this was some arsehole who just thinks the three of us don't deserve to be married!

The first hex, the impotence hex, was sent at you Draco. Again, seemingly sent to stop an important part of our relationship. This could have been someone who specifically had it out for you personally, or didn't think you deserved to have sex with Oliver or I. It could have been someone still holding grudges from the war, or one of mine or Ollie's rabid crazy fans.

But after today, I think it's pretty clear that it's one of Ollie's rabid crazy fans. I think you were so worried about me that you weren't thinking very clearly Dragon, but I wasn't standing near you when the curse hit. I know, because even though I immediately fell into a deep sleep, I remember a moment before it hit being far enough behind you AND Oliver because I was admiring both your arses from a ways behind you both. I remember vividly because when I noticed myself ogling your perfect bums, I mentally slapped myself for being distracted by my fit husbands during the memorial.

Well, this could have theoretically been completely unrelated from the first attack EXCEPT ... Rowe said the magical signatures were almost certainly from the same person, as well as the curse itself. Apparently the attacker seemed to change tactics, instead of taking away shagging, they decided to force us to confront this not being a true love match. They cursed me with the sleeping curse that can only be broken by True Love's Kiss TM. I guess they were hoping to make sure Oliver KNEW he wasn't my true love.

Except that isn't the case. Draco, you are so strong and resilient. You carried two of our children on your back while fighting a mad-woman in Diagon Alley. You kept your cool when I've flown off the handle and RHH myself in the middle of a crowded mall when we went to Minnesota years ago. But when I am in danger? You tend to panic. You were kept calm apparently, only from our Oliver holding your hand and walking you through London. So when Rowe called you both back and told you she felt a kiss from either of you would break the spell, you panicked a little bit.

Until Oliver specifically told you he thought you should do it because everyone KNOWS you're my true love. Thankfully that made you angry enough to shake you out of your panic. You
demanded he kiss me. To prove to everyone else, to prove to the attacker, but most of all to prove it to himself, that he absolutely is my True Love.

Which is why I awoke to those big brown eyes inches from my own.

I love you both so much. I can't wait to be deemed well enough to go home. I miss you, I hate going to sleep without your arms around me.

Missing you,
Harry

Thursday May 3rd
Our true love,

Harry, you were released this morning while I was technically awake but about as aware of my surroundings as an Inferius, I imagine. I've been doing OVERTIME this week with Hermione, but also, the whole fact that you were attacked made it nearly impossible for me to sleep last night, and then I had to get up early again today for... I don't even remember. I'm certain I did whatever it was, but mentally, I was NOT there.

Yesterday - by contrast - is MUCH easier to remember. Oliver and I were walking along, smiling at each other and almost openly flirting (but trying to rein it in until a better time) when we heard a thud and turned to find you lying on the ground. My first thought was that maybe you had done the not sleeping thing again and had collapsed from sheer exhaustion.

We ran to you and decided to bring you to see Healer Rowe just in case there was a more serious reason for your collapse - such as a tiny human stealing your energy. It actually came as quite a shock when Rowe told us that her initial scans showed that magic was at play. She basically kicked us out of the room so that she could do in depth scans.

Oliver and I sat in the waiting room until I apparently squeezed his hand so hard in my natural way of suppressing my emotions and wearing my Malfoy mask - clench the fist but don't let the emotion cross my face in public. Well, Oliver has learned enough about my mask to at least realize when I'm wearing it, and as I said, my clenching his hand prompted him to decide that the best course of action was actually to go for a walk so that I could vent - or at the very least, try to take my mind off of what had happened to you.

So it was that we were walking hand in hand through London, and since we were wandering rather aimlessly from St. Mungo's, it wasn't particularly the better side of town. Surprisingly, Oliver's plan worked. I had no choice but to take deep breaths and calm my tumultuous mind. As we walked along, I heard the sounds of retching coming from an alleyway.

It was a very dingy alleyway, covered in so much rubbish and bodily waste that it was covered in a sort of swampy slime that smelled worse than the Bog of Eternal Stench. I cast spells on both of us to negate the smell, protect us from the guck, and give us a bit better lighting.

There in the back, next to and mostly hidden by a large garbage container, was a girl. She was on her hands and knees and spewing more unpleasantness onto what was already there to begin with. With a frown of concern, I cast a spell to see what was wrong. Was she sick? Was she poisoned?

No to both. She was so drunk and high that her body was attempting to rid itself of the toxins even as she was growing weaker and nearing the end. Despite being certain that she had no idea we were
there, it almost seemed like she wanted to prove to us just how weak she'd grown by collapsing, but it wasn't simply falling onto her side. It was a gradual slumping onto her face and chest while her legs slowly slid out from under her body.

Oliver looked concerned, but ultimately he held himself back. I think he was thinking that this was a terrible shame, but not really something we could do anything about. After all, this girl had to be at least partially responsible for getting so drunk and high that she was dying in a nasty alley wearing extremely dirty and torn clothes and appearing to have never bathed before in her life.

I gave no fucks about casting a spell to conjure a cushion to sit on - which I also spelled to repel the muck. Once on the cushion, I cast cleaning spells on her and pulled her onto my lap, stroking her hair even as I crooned soothingly.

"Oh luv, how did you get like this?" I asked even though I didn't expect an answer. Then I looked up at Oliver and gave him a tiny smile. "I was beginning to think that I'd never get a chance to test this potion."

"What potion?" He asked curiously even as he watched me summon one out of my carry all watch. I set it aside for a moment and repositioned her head so that her neck/throat should be completely unobstructed. Then I cast an Aguamenti into her mouth - a small one - to rinse it and make sure that she didn't have anything stuck in her throat from a few moments ago. This made her cough a bit and sure enough, there was something in there. I cast a spell to clean out her mouth and throat completely.

Oliver gasped in astonishment when I performed a muggle procedure I'd seen on one of those telly shows we watched. The thing where one looks like they are kissing someone while really blowing air into them - usually to prevent dying. I was actually checking to make sure that her mouth and throat were now fully clear so that I could pour the potion down it without choking or drowning her.

Once the potion was in her, I looked back up to find Oliver watching me with an expression of fascination, as if he couldn't figure out what strange and alien things I was doing.

"This potion is something I created back when I was taking Laudanum. I never once felt like I was close to addiction - no matter how much Harry was worried that I was. That said, I knew that it was possible and could happen before I realized it. So I created a potion that would not only sober me up, but also completely cure any addiction I might have."

Oliver frowned. "Why take a substance that risked addiction if you were so worried about getting addicted that you created a potion to break it?"

I smiled at him. "People drink and do drugs all the time without getting addicted to them. The reason people become addicted is that they are trying to solve a problem that can't be solved without Mind Healing. I WAS receiving Mind Healing, but it wasn't quite enough, so I chose something I felt would give me just a little push into happier feelings when I needed it. A tool I could use and bend to my will. I NEVER want to be under the control of a substance, but I don't feel like they are evil and without purpose."

"But you still wanted to be prepared just in case," Oliver stated with a nod of understanding.

I nodded in confirmation. "If I'm right, this potion should go a long way to healing this girl. She can't be more than 20." I conjectured as I stroked her hair out of her face and watched her breathing slowly get deeper and more peaceful.
"You are being surprisingly caring toward her, even though she's a complete stranger you've never even seen before," Oliver pointed out, looking almost suspicious.

I sighed and focused on her by using a hint of magic to clean her hair so that I could comb my fingers through it and enjoy the texture. "Harry finds the little ones. Aside from Zaire and Jaz - which we actually found together and realized were ours within about a day or two of thinking about it - Harry has been the one to find ALL of the little ones. I tend to find the bigger ones. Harry finds the little ones and falls in love with them at first sight, and then agonizes over the fact that we already have SO many kids that we really shouldn't adopt any more, but when I find the big kids and fall in love with them at first sight, he tends to get upset with me. But I told him so very long ago that I have to put a wall around my heart to stop from wanting to love, help, and adopt them all. The PROBLEM is that just being with Harry has completely shattered that wall. So now, I see kids like Mahafsoun and Jules, or this girl here, and all I want to do is bring them home and take care of them."

Oliver looked a bit faint. "You want to ADOPT her?! She's... clearly an adult already! CAN we adopt someone once they've become an adult???"

I shook my head. "No, I don't adopt the ones I find. I claimed Miles as an unofficial son, Mahafsoun became a daughter by marrying my actual son, and I'll probably refer to Jules as an honorary son in my head without ever saying it out loud. This one will be less than that. I just want to make sure she's alive and taken care of long enough to give her a chance to change her life."

"Why her? Why not just pick one of the kids at Unity House if you have an urge to adopt another kid?"

I don't think Oliver was purposely trying to discriminate against her, but that most people tend to naturally want to avoid people in situations like this. She's an utter wreck, although my potion had worked enough that she didn't seem to be on the verge of dying any more.

"Today is the 20th Anniversary of the Dark Lord being defeated," I reminded him.

"Yeah... so?"

"Have you never wondered what life would have been like had he won? If not, ask Viper what life was like for those two years in which the Dark Lord had actually won the war in his world. I don't really need to wonder, I always knew what my life would be like had he won. It may not have been sexual, but I would have been his whore in every other sense of the word. And actually, based on the Viper's account, it might well have been sexual too. But for the sheer LUCK of Harry, I would have been a career Death Eater charged with fucking or killing anyone the Dark Lord commanded me to. And probably both at the same time."

"Well THAT'S not a pleasant thought!" Oliver exclaimed, actually covering his mouth with one hand as his stomach seemed to visibly heave for a moment before settling back down.

"This girl is exactly what I would have been. When I see those kids - like Jules - that are using their wits and their bodies to survive, I see myself. Is it any wonder I can't help but fall in love with them?" I asked with an amused snort.

Frowning, Oliver conjured a cushion so that he could sit next to me. "Wait, if Harry knows this about you, then why did he get so mad when you got drunk and hinted that you loved Jules. Thinking back on it, I personally felt uncomfortable with the idea. Actually, I sort of couldn't stop myself from remembering the way you practically fondled Mahafsoun's hair and purred like a cat. You had that same look of bliss on your face as when you were drunkenly playing with Lumi,
muttering things like: 'I love you Lumi, just like I love my Harry and my Oliver, my kids and my not kids like Mahafsoun and Jules and Wojtek and Amala and her babies.' I mean I was able to shrug it off because you were clearly drunk and rambling, but Harry got a very annoyed look on his face and had to excuse himself to the loo for a few minutes, so I am pretty sure he was angry.

I chuckled ruefully. "It seems that I always have the worst timing for finding these strays. When I found Mahafsoun, Harry was off his potions and the way I talked about her was influenced by her latent Veela magic. What I learned from that incident was that I can't tell him in actual words when I fall in love with a stray because he takes me literally. He assumes that I mean romantic love. Which is a bit funny when I think about it because the only time I have ever used the word love to mean romantic love was with him, and then when we realized that we were falling for you, I had to search my soul and sort of give myself permission to use it with you too. Thus, for all other uses of the word, it can be safely assumed that I mean it in the familial sense."

Oliver gave a short chuckle to that too. "I actually understand what you're saying. When I read your tipsy email apologizing for saying that you loved Lumi when you know Harry hates that, and then Harry responded by saying that he only hates it when you refer to other people, I thought it was odd that the two of you were clearly referring to two different types of love. You were referring to animals and kids, and he was referring to us."

I nodded and then gasped a little when the girl opened her eyes and glared at me.

"Oi! Could the two of you shut it please! My head is KILLING me and I feel like I'm dying!"

I smiled at her. "I have some medicine that can help you with that." I held up a vial of hangover potion for her to see. "Interested?"

"I don't even care if it's poison, ANYTHING would be better than this!"

I helped her drink the potion and waited in silence until she sighed in relief.

"Better... not perfect, but better." Then she squinted at me suspiciously. "Who in the bloody hell are you?"

"My name is Draco Malfoy and this is one of my Husbands, Oliver. What's your name?"

"Er..... Hang on, I know this... Er... Well that's stupid! Unless I've gone completely around the twist, my name is *Erma* of all things!"

"Lovely to meet you, Erma. Is there some place we can take you?"

She squinted at me again. "I thought you said you were married to that bloke, which would imply that you're gay. Why the hell do you want to take ME???

I snorted in amusement. "I MEANT do you have a place to live or a friend to stay with? I'd like to make sure you get home safely."

She shrugged. "This *is* where I live, but don't you dare tell the police. They'll just - hang on! I'm sober!!! How long have I've been laying here?!!"

"I have no idea. We only found you a bit ago," I informed her with a shrug.

She covered her stomach with a hand and groaned. "The last thing I remember... I was... Oh! I'd managed to steal a bag that happened to contain a bottle of rum and an ounce or so of cocaine. I was hoping for cash, but no such luck. So I drank the rum and took the coke since it was better than
"Are you hungry now?" I asked her.

She laughed so hard she nearly threw up again. "I'm so used to being hungry that I have no idea what being full feels like!"

"Well then, if you think you can walk, I'd be happy to take you to a nice restaurant and order you whatever you want," I offered.

She tried to sit up and failed. This made her sigh rather morosely. "No... I'm pretty sure that I don't have enough energy for that. I feel so stupid and weak at the moment."

"Erma, when you say you live HERE, where exactly do you mean?" I wondered even as I pulled a nutritive potion out of my carry all case and offered it to her.

"This spot. I can usually get some cardboard out of the trash to cover up with when it's cold. What is this? It looks like strawberry milk, not that I've actually drank any before."

"Actually, I never thought of it before, but it tastes a bit like strawberry milk too," I murmured speculatively.

"That's putting it nicely," Oliver grumbled, recognizing the potion as the one he's been taking to make sure the baby gets all the nutrients it needs to grow healthy and strong. "I think it tastes like chalk."

"Better than nothing," Erma murmured, shrugging weakly. Then she looked at my watch. "You know, at first, I assumed you had a bag or something, but that really looked like you pulled the bottle out of your WATCH."

"Slight of hand, I assure you," I half lied.

"Wow! I feel..." Erma trailed off as she sat up and looked at her hands. "Better. I feel like I actually could walk if I needed to."

"Good," I stated, standing up and helping her to her feet. "Let's start by getting you a sandwich or something."

We found a small café a couple of blocks away, and as Erma ate a bacon sandwich, I sent out an Insta-owl to one of my squib friends. This particular one happened to run an apartment complex, so I asked if any of the flats were available. Upon receiving a yes, I promptly told him to expect us to show up soon with a tenant.

I felt better than when I go around giving instruments to kids for Christmas! The expression on Erma's face when I paid for her to lease the apartment for a year was priceless! She stood in the middle of the small flat looking around as if the amount of space was overwhelming.

"I've got some spare furniture an old tenant left behind when he moved," my squib friend offered, still looking rather concerned about the sheer scruffiness of his new renter.

"Lovely!" I exclaimed.

He conscripted about a half dozen strong lads to quickly get the furniture into the apartment, and to be honest, it wasn't a lot. Just a couch, a chair, a table set, and a bed. After that, Erma started pinching herself, and when that didn't wake her up as expected, slapped herself a couple of times.
I looked at Oliver and gave him a happy kiss. He looked like I was a strange new species of animal he'd never seen before. Taking this as a good thing, I turned back to Erma.

"I really think we should do some shopping before you fall off your feet from exhaustion."

"Shopping??" She questioned in confusion, so I led her to the nearest grocery store. As Oliver helped her navigate the store with a cart and pick out whatever she wanted, I went over to a clerk for a nice chat.

"How much do you think a single person would spend on groceries in a year?" I wondered.

"I dunno, I suppose that would depend on how much they ate. But I suppose that a single person would only need to spend a hundred or so a week..."

This sounded reasonable to me, so I calculated a year's worth and asked for it to be put on one of those cards things that people give as gifts. It was then that Oliver returned to my side with Erma and a cart that had just five things in it: bread, milk, eggs, butter, and ham.

"That's all?" I asked in disbelief.

Oliver looked rather embarrassed as he gruffly gestured to indicate that Erma was now crying.

"It's too much! You're spending too much on me!" Is what I THINK she said between her sobs.

I gave her the card I'd just bought with a sympathetic smile. "Listen, I put just a little bit of money on this card for you so that you can buy yourself food until you are recovered enough to get a job. Go ahead and test it; pay for this - and actually, you should buy some fruit and vegetables to go with this."

That said, she was still sobbing too hard to be persuaded to buy more, so I let it slide for now. She was shaking like a person having a seizure as she used the card to pay for the food, and then clutched the card in her hand so hard that it looked like it might actually cut her palm.

At that point, I wanted to bring her to a store to buy her a new wardrobe, but that desire was cut short when we received a semi-urgent message from Rowe asking us to come back to the hospital. Thus, I hastily grabbed whatever muggle cash I had in my wallet and shoved it in her bag with her groceries.

"Listen, luv, we have to go be with our husband, but I want you to use this money to buy yourself clothes. Then go back to that flat we were just at because it's YOURS now. Go home, rest, get better."

She was clinging to me rather desperately at this point. "I can't! It's too much! I don't DESERVE this!"

I kissed her on the cheek. "Of course you do," I stated patiently. "Every person on this planet deserves a chance to make the most of their life."

More sobbing. "R-r-repay?"

I shook my head. "The ONLY repayment I need is for you to promise me that you'll use the time I've given you to get better, and then once you are, fix up your life. Get a job. Go to school. Do something that makes you happy."

The last thing I gave her - aside from another kiss on the cheek - just before I pulled free from her
grasp and Apparated away with Oliver, was a business card for a different squib contact, who just so happened to be a muggle version of a Mind Healer.

After that, Oliver and I were so relieved to learn that you only had a sleeping curse on you. Insanely enough, my first reaction was to panic because what if neither of us could wake you? But then Oliver told me to do it and I felt like a bucket of cold water was dumped on me, clearing me of my panic.

"You seem to believe in something that is both a myth and a fallacy," I informed him in a harsher voice than I intended.

"Oh?" Oliver asked warily.

"Yes. It's the lunacy that there is only and will ever be only one person that can be called one's true love," I explained. "Harry loves you. I love you, and you love us. That love is true. It's not a lie, nor is it anything we are simply claiming to make you feel better about yourself. Thus, YOU should kiss him."

He took a deep breath before sighing. "Well, I suppose that if it doesn't work, you can always give it a go."

I gave him a tender kiss. "Is it your love or Harry's that you doubt?"

"... I don't doubt the love... I just feel like I can't possibly be his true love like you are..."

"See? Fallacy. Go on!" I pushed him on the back so that he nearly fell on top of you. Taking another deep breath to calm his nerves, he kissed you, making you wake up and give him a brilliant smile.

Rowe and I exchanged happy grins. As much as I would have loved to stay and chat with you all night, I was rapidly growing exhausted, and so, I left with Oliver to take care of our kids and get some sleep before the events of today. Which I still don't recall. Did I... make a speech? Was it coherent?

Fuck it! At this rate, I should probably just take a nap until my brain starts working properly again.

True blue baby I love you,
Draco
Thursday May 3, 2018

My sweet, sleepy Love,

I can't believe you don't remember anything about today. Yes, there was an event. Yes, you were there. Yes, you gave a speech. And yes, it was coherent. But then again, you were trained to wield that silver tongue from birth to comport yourself as a true aristocratic Malfoy. You could give a beautiful speech in your sleep. It sounds like today's events are proof of that since you were apparently asleep at the wheel.

I'll put some of the best memories of today in a pensieve for you as there were plenty of moments that were too brilliant to have you miss out on. If you remember now that you've had a chance to get some rest, today was the WWW sponsored war heroes fashion show. Not that actual war heroes mind you, but a ridiculously over the top fashion show where the children born since the end of the war who are named for war heroes got to dress up as their namesake and walk the runway.

Zwei was adorable, looking so much like me but dressed as you. Siri being the same way, his features all Malfoy while dressed in clothes fit for a motorcycle ride to look like his Uncle Sirius. Our beautiful Lily Narcissa was the perfect blend as she dressed as though she was her grandmother Lily but those features being all Grammy Cissa.

The (unfortunate) kids named Albus were hilarious going down the aisle in the most obnoxious wizarding robes known to man, little half moon spectacles, and a couple of truly impressive fake beards. I really enjoyed the itty bitty ones who toddled their way through the event, most of them bribed to go from one end to the other with promises of sweets from their parents.

My favorite, by far, was Teddy. He couldn't settle with something as mundane as dressing like his grandfather whose first name he carries, or his father who he gets his middle name from. No, Teddy dressed fairly neutrally, just some basic slacks and plain button-down, but used his metamorph abilities to shift his features back and forth between the two men he's named for.

I would love to just focus on how fun today was, but I would be remiss to ignore what your last email told me. I'm truly sorry that you feel I will never be able to accept your love for the older children. Because I don't feel that way.

First, I immediately accepted Miles into my heart and our home. From the very first moment. I think I might have even been the first one to call him our honorary son. We didn't adopt him simply because by the time we realized he was OURS he was too old to adopt in an official capacity and we didn't need a piece of paper to know our hearts.
Second, I didn't have a problem with MAHAFSOUN! I accepted her into our lives. And at this point, I love her like another of our daughters. I had an issue due to her age with the way you described your feelings. If you had just said you fell in love with this child the way you fell in love with Lumi (obviously different since we're talking human vs animal) I wouldn't have had an issue. But (and we now know it's because of the Veela genes affecting you) it was always uncomfortably overtly sexual. And I don't think it's ridiculous to have been upset when she planted her naked self in our bed to "thank" you for saving her!

Third, I didn't have an issue with Jules, even being off my meds and a bit out of my head, I didn't hate HIM. I was angry with YOU. Again, you had snogged and were grinding on him. I don't think I'm being crazy were I to react to you saying you love someone who only had a thin layer of fabric between their dick and yours while your tongue was in his mouth.

Fourth, she was a bit younger obviously, but you found us Elena. And not once did I ever get mad when you fell in love with her. I never was upset to find out you'd spent the day wandering about London with her. At one point, you thought she had a crush on Ethan and your response was very paternal even before you knew we would be adopting her.

If you are referring to loving someone in the same conversation where you talk about their body being physically attractive or admit that the arsehole in your pants wants to shag them, then I don't really care what kind of love you mean. I will always take that poorly. I have to ask you, when have I ever been upset with you loving something or someone, wanting to care for them or bring them home, if you didn't also talk about their shaggable or snoggable physical self?

I'll tell you when, never.

Anyway, I don't want to argue. I'm not even mad. I just felt the need to clarify your descriptions. If a part of you wants to shag them, then your love can't be completely one hundred percent familial. I don't care if you're a Black by blood, we don't shag our family members!

Eeew, now I have to go obliviate myself.

Anyway, I hope you get plenty of sleep so you can enjoy the rest of the planned festivities the next two days.

Love Always,
Harry

P.S. Have you checked up on Erma? I hope she's doing well. And if you had that immediate feeling to care for her, I'd love to meet her and help where I can if possible.

Friday May 4th
My beloved husbands,

UGH! Remind me to murder Hermione if she ever DARES to suggest that I get up several days in a row much earlier than normal for an event like this. It's Friday and there's still all of tomorrow to get through!

This morning, I was supposed to get up early once again to finalize things for the Alumni Quidditch Match this afternoon, but I'd have rather severely displeased my dear sweet Grandmama than get out of bed before noon for the millionth day in a row. Thus, when my alarm charm went off, I wandlessly cast a Bombarda on it and went right back to sleep.
Thank MERLIN that Oliver realized why I was not getting out of bed like I was supposed to and stepped in to take over the final prep. Thus, at around 11 - which was still earlier than I wanted to get up but I could deal with - I woke to find a young angel in my bed looking at me with an impish grin.

"Good morning, Jules. Something I can help you with?" I wondered curiously.

He shook his head. "Not really, I was just wondering if you would take me with you the next time you went to France. There's something I want to tell my parents."

"Something good or something bad?" I asked with a raised brow.

"Something good! I formed a band and we're actually playing small gigs all around London. I just feel like I should let them know that I'm doing well and am happy - in case they actually care."

I smiled at him and ruffled his hair - which was clearly styled on purpose to look like a wild mess. "Well, I have no idea when I'm going back to France, but I can arrange for a Portkey to bring you to Elena - or actually, I could probably have Muffy bring you there."

"That would be great! Just let me pack a small bag first."

I gave him a kiss on the cheek and slipped out of bed, ignoring the fact that he groaned in appreciation as he watched my naked arse walk to the loo.

"Just let Muffy know whenever you're ready to go and she'll pop you over to Elena."

"Thanks!" Jules exclaimed as he jumped out of bed and ran off, presumably to go do as he'd said.

Once alone, I performed my morning routine, and at some point while I was brushing my teeth, I decided that I should probably just go over to check on Erma right away so that I could get back in time for the Match. As I thought this over, I realized that I should probably actually do a bit of shopping first, to buy her things like dishes, flatware, and bedding, because based off her reaction, I'm willing to bet that she was still huddled in a nest on a bare bed eating nothing but ham sandwiches and possibly raw eggs.

I should probably add some cookware to the list.

As my mind wandered and my shopping list grew ever bigger, I started thinking about what had happened to you. By the time I was dressed and ready to go, I was rather irritable and felt a bit like someone had just pulled all my skin off and left me a raw ball of overly sensitive nerves.

Shopping was rather interesting! That irritable feeling only grew bigger and bigger as the minutes rolled by, until I was storming through the shopping center screaming at everyone in my path. Rather than kick me out of the store - as I would have expected - one of the employees rushed around helping me gather everything I asked for so that I could buy it all and get out as soon as possible.

I then went to a tea shop to get some refreshments and attempt to calm down. Only that didn't exactly go according to plan as some belligerent bloke in front of me took offense to my attitude and started a brawl with me in line. To my surprise, he was actually trained in Krav Maga too, and so, it was actually a bit of a challenge. The police were called and I ended up in a large scale brawl on the streets with them until I managed to escape into the nearest alleyway and Apparate home, at which point, I ordered Dibly to deliver everything I'd bought to Erma - without being seen.

A Ministry Official was looking for me on behalf of Hermione and was unfortunate enough to get
in my way as I stormed towards the Crystal Room. I verbally tore him to shreds and stood glaring at him as he sobbed and wailed and tried to insult me. Deciding that the Crystal Room just wouldn't be enough, I Apparated to the Adventure Park and took advantage of how slow it was (due to the Anniversary Festivities) by marching into the Cave of Inferi where I steadily murdered them all.

I feel a bit better now.

I think I might even still catch a bit of the game. I'm just going to pop home and take a shower and change into something suitable before hunting you both down and resting my head against your shoulders.

Who wants to live forever?
Draco
Chapter Summary

Harry and Oliver try to comfort Draco, and Draco is in the loo.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Friday May 4, 2018

Our Draco,

I've been told by Ollie to let you know that he's happy he could help with today's planning. Quidditch is something he knows and knows well, and after enough time in our family he's no longer overwhelmed by large mobs of chaotic people!

Truly Draco, you do so much to help me and help others, I was actually relieved that I had the ability to help you out this way. -Oliver

See? So, maybe next time you're getting this overwhelmed while helping Hermione, please realize you have some fairly competent husbands who love to be able to help you out. And while we may not have some of the specific business skills you do, we have some specialized areas ourselves. Take tomorrow for example, if Hermione has assigned you any prep work in getting the family friendly party put together you KNOW that is something I've done a million times for all the Unity Houses and Traditions throughout the years.

No one needs you to get to the point where you've been able to make a ministry official cry. If he's been able to work with Hermione without breaking down but you broke him? I would be willing to bet you'd gone to extreme levels of tantrum that maybe even I haven't seen before. You started a brawl over tea? I think we should have you pensieve that moment so we can bring it out the next time someone suggests you get up early for a week straight.

I'm glad the inferi cave seemed to do the trick. You looked much calmer than I would have expected when you showed up at the games today. Clean and cute and cozy! How are you somehow able to make a track suit look like high fashion? I could wear the same black, green, and silver ensemble and appear as though I've just gotten back from a marathon. You look like an advertisement for gym wear that will never see a drop of sweat.

Anyway, please sleep in tomorrow. I will take care of any prep before the party. You just come join the party whenever you're ready. Take your time getting ready, calm yourself with your morning routine. Wrap up the babes in your favorite wrap carriers and we'll see you when you're ready to party the day away!

Love,
Harry and Oliver

P.S. Because it's even more important to mention when something is done well than to complain about something I didn't appreciate ... The way you described your interactions with Jules this
morning? It was perfect. Exactly what I'd expect a parental figure saying about his teen child. He is a bit angelic looking isn't he? I love you, and whether or not you did it on purpose, thank you for writing in a way that didn't hurt my feelings.

Saturday May 5th
The lights of my life,

Tonight was pretty worth all the stress and hassle of the past week. Getting a chance to let loose and just party with 2000 of our closest friends... Getting to hold you both tight and dance - individually and all together... It was all perfection.

I had no reason not to drink, especially since I helped put together the wine list and knew that it had some excellent offerings. Thus I got rather tipsy quickly and unsurprisingly broke into song. To my surprise, Oliver has taken some dance lessons recently. Apparently he felt less than fully skilled and qualified to dance with me. Our wedding reception was more about swaying together than actually showing off any real talent, but it was enough to make Oliver secretly vow that he would get better.

Especially since we do tend to go to so many galas and other formal functions. It's definitely a skill worth investing in. Thus, the highlight of the night, for me, was watching as the two of you danced while I sang Everything I do, I do it for you.

Currently, I'm taking a break from the dancing to do some business in the loo. I'm less tipsy than I was, so I remember that I forgot to tell you about Erma. I haven't had a chance to check on her in person yet, but Dibby has been popping over to her flat when she's sleeping and making her small but nutritious meals, and just a few days of eating properly has transformed her from a fragile waif into an undernourished but mostly healthy person.

When I have a chance - after I've slept for at least three days to recover from my week - I'm going to meet with that squib friend of mine who's now her landlord, and see if I can't persuade him to spearhead a project for me in which homeless people like her have a place to stay. Not to mention food to eat.

Erma got me thinking about how I created a park so long ago for kids to go when they needed a safe place to play or hang out... Why did I never do that for adults? It's a shameful oversight on my part. One that I plan to fix as soon as possible!

But for now, I'm done in the loo and about to return to your sides with so many kisses that those watching you like you're either their Savior or Favorite Quidditch Player, will grow nauseous with envy, buwahahahahaha!

Have we eyes to see that love is gathering?
Draco

Chapter End Notes

FYI: fun fact, when I wrote Draco's tantrum, I was actually on my period, so after I sent Chrissie the email, I told her to describe Draco wearing comfy period clothes, lmao ^_^
Chapter 273

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Draco has still not returned from the loo.

Draco Lucius,

You went to the loo hours ago. You are not back in our arms. In fact, you are not in the loo, not in the venue the gala was held, and as of five minutes ago when Ollie and I apparated back home to see if you were at the Manor, you are also not at the Manor.

There are a million thoughts racing through my head. Instead of doing the bull-headed Gryffindor thing where I chase you down, cause a scene, and potentially start another massive fight that I certainly don't have the strength for right now, I am going to write out my different thoughts as to what may have happened. If you get this and you are safe and well somewhere I would suggest contacting us as soon as bloody possible.

First, seemingly innocent option; you were tired and/or tipsy enough to forget to come back to us and you actually are sound asleep in our rooms at Hogwarts. As soon as I send this off I am going to floo Minnie and have her check our quarters to see if that's the case. I can't imagine that is what happened, you've always thought of Malfoy Manor as home no matter where we lived. If it had been the other way around I could see you not paying attention and coming here instead of going to Hogwarts, but not so much this way. But not completely out of the realm of possibility.

If that is what happened and you get this message, please contact us, we'd love to come join you at Hogwarts or come drag you home to be with us here.

Second option, you went to the loo, got distracted by some big saving people thing and completely forgot to let Ollie or me, or anyone else for that matter, know that you went to save someone. Maybe you were thinking about that safe space for homeless adults and somehow in your exhausted brain you thought you needed to go do that right this moment. Or, you found some cute teenager who needed saving and felt the need to rush off and save them without telling your husbands. As you've been known to do ...

If that is what happened I would suggest you contact your husbands. Also, you should probably contact Neville about getting us some beautiful flowers, contact a jeweler to get us something big and shiny, and possibly contact Grandmama and remind her that she shouldn't murder you no matter what Harry says.

Here's the third option that is making me a bit hysterical ....

I really want to think it's the first option and you're just adorably sleeping somewhere. Or even the second option which would just make me furious with you. Because either of those options I know you're safe. I know you're fine and whole. And in the case of the second option, I know wherever you are you are plotting the INSANE amount of arse kissing you have ahead of you.
Except I think it's the third option I am having trouble even typing. You're somewhere and not alright. You're not safe. You're not off being a ridiculous lion in snake's clothing. Something has happened to our husband and we're just sitting around waiting to hear that something terrible has happened. You know how upset I was about you going off to save Jules without even shooting me a look to let me know you were leaving, I can't imagine you making that mistake so soon after seeing what happened with that fight.

Darling, please come home. Please let it be one of those other options where I will just be annoyed with you and force you to wait on Ollie and I hand and food while feeding us chocolates while you're naked. Please don't be hurt. Please? Please Draco, for me, for Ollie. Please be alright.

****Dictation device picks up sounds of Harry sobbing****
Additional crying noises, likely from Oliver
A broken screech of "Draco!" is heard right before the device signs off and sends the email

Sunday May 6th
Draco...

It's the middle of the night and I can't sleep. You still haven't returned and are nowhere to be found. Harry is pacing our suite in the Manor. He's slowly working himself into a state that I don't think I can soothe - or handle, come to think of it.

This isn't quite Rage Halo... It's something else. Something perhaps far more dangerous. I'm worried that you're - I dunno- hurt or something, and then I'm worried that Harry's about to rush off and murder everyone in his path until he finds you. What am I supposed to do? Help him? Stop him? Stay home and watch the kids???

Helpless,
Oliver
P.S. Please just come home already!
Chapter 274

Chapter Summary

Draco is safe, Oliver is relieved, and Harry is NOT best pleased.

Mother-Fucking Shitebag Cocksmoking DoucheCanoes!

Not you two obviously, I'm talking about the Ministry officials I'm dealing with right now. Stupid Ministry, forcing me to sit here waiting around for some Auror to take my statement. I should be in St. Mungo's with the two of you, holding my husbands in my arms. Being able to physically and visually reassure myself that you are both safe and whole.

No, instead I am sitting in some interrogation room waiting around for them to find an Auror who will be able to question me and take my statement without the bias from having hero worship. I think it's going to be hard for them to find someone. Honestly you have the younger crew of Aurors who only know what they've read of me in their history books who have a little bit of "ooh he's famous" going on. OR there's the older crew who have all been taught by, led by, directed by Draco who probably want to give me a medal for rescuing him.

Or, if they remember your training classes well enough they might want to get a solid kick in my bits in for rescuing you.

As much as I hate him and have my own bias, at this point I think the only person they're going to send in to deal with me is Robards. Fucker is not in awe of me, does not respect me or our family, but does have a massive amount of respect for you Draco, so it might balance out enough that he's the one who takes my statement. That's probably what's taking so long, he's summoning up the courage to deal with me instead of leaving the country for days because he's an enormous chicken who doesn't want to deal with me.

You'd think at this point though we'd both be on the same page that we are glad Draco was found safe, sound, and unharmed.

I may as well start describing what happened from my own point of view so it's clear and concise and ready to tell as soon as someone comes in here. And honestly Draco, how did you survive when you come into the Auror department, not a decent cup of coffee or cuppa tea to be had anywhere.

So, let's start with last night. We were at the gala, dancing the night away. My gorgeous husbands looking like supermodels in their formal attire. Draco with the wizarding robes that were stylized to look like a muggle tuxedo, but with some of the traditional pieces wizarding robes are known for. A longer coat and a magically embroidered waistcoat being the most noticeable differences. Ollie, you were actually wearing a muggle tuxedo. Mmm, you looked gorgeous in that deep navy suit with the bold plum bowtie. I went the other direction and had more traditional wizarding wear, the long one piece robes similar to the style of formalwear I wore to my first wedding to Draco.

Draco, you took a break to go to the loo. And while there decided to send off an email. I would question what was going through your mind that you decided to dictate a message at such a weird time and in an odd location, but I've known you a long time and you've done much weirder things.
Although you signed off that you were on your way back to the party, you never joined us. I thought you were spending a long time on your loo break, but just assumed you were double checking your (perfect) face and hair, or had run into someone on your way back in and got to talking. Maybe you'd found some well to do philanthropist and were trying to talk them into donating to one of our important charities.

After roughly an hour, we really started to worry, Oliver and I split up and searched the entire grounds for you and didn't find you. Not in the gardens, not on the dance floor, the loo, not sitting at the bar, or loitering in the halls. You were nowhere to be found. I was a bit worried but with how exhausted you'd been, I thought it was likely you'd just headed home and instead of dragging us with you decided to go without us so we could enjoy the rest of our evening.

However, you weren't at the Manor either. Luckily, we didn't have to actually search the grounds, we just asked Muffy if she was able to sense you on the property since she's tied to you and the land. That's when I wrote my previous email, trying to convince myself that you'd done something foolish because it was easier to think of you doing something I'd be mad about than to think of you in danger.

But my gut was right and you were in danger. After a few hours without you coming home or replying to any of our insta-owl messages, without you answering your magi-mobile, we contacted the Aurors. I normally would have just chased you down, but with our recent promises to Ollie I didn't trust myself not to just go exploding in somewhere, killing everyone in sight, and break my promise.

After about three or four hours of the Aurors doing what they could with no results, I changed my mind. I had been meditating most of those three or four hours. It sounds like Oliver said it looked like pacing and working myself up? I just happen to not sit still during my best meditation. Anyway, I had sufficiently calmed myself enough that I knew I'd be able to stop myself from just murdering everyone in sight without absolute necessity.

I will say that if I had gotten to you and seen you being tortured in some way, I would have had no qualms about killing in that instance, I would have just waited for your forgiveness Ollie.

Thankfully I did not apparate into a scene of you being tortured, and I was able to keep calm enough that the piece of molding gobshite is now in Ministry custody as opposed to the morgue.

I did my modified point me spell, caught on to your trace, and apparated myself to the cabin the fuckhead had brought you. I silenced my steps and my breathing, and tried to stealth my way into the cabin. Imagine my surprise when I made my way to the dining area and saw Draco sitting there calm as can be seeming to be awaiting my arrival.

He smiled at me, "Hey sweetie, sorry I was gone so long. Should we head home now?"

I played along, "Sure honey! But I've just missed you so much, kisses first?"

His smile got even wider, "Of course Har!" and he stood up to walk into my arms.

Which is when I used some of my mediocre Krav Maga skills and took him down to the ground. Throwing an incarcerous at him, but not a stunner, wanting to keep him able to tell me what the fuck was going on. "Ow! Harry that hurt! Why are you doing this to me?"

Yeah, nuh-uh, not a chance would I believe this fucker. "There is no way you are my Draco. My Draco doesn't simper and give me sweet smiles, he smirks like he owns me. He NEVER calls me sweetie or Har. And if I ever called him honey he'd immediately tell me that the only place honey
is appropriate is smeared all over his and Oliver's bodies for me to lick off. Who the fuck are you and what have you done with my husband?"

"I'm Draco! You know me, let me go please!"

I scoffed, "You're not him you moron, Draco could get out of those ropes in no time. I'm going to ask this one more time and then I'm going to start using all of my favorite torture techniques I learned at the hands of my favorite Mafia members. Where is my husband?"

Again he didn't answer so I grabbed him by the back of the neck to begin hurting him, sorry not sorry. But as I picked him up I saw the blond hair begin to shift to a dark brown. But an ugly dyed brown. Like he was going for your rich brown coloring Oliver but fell way short. The aristocratic features rounded out into a boring non-descript face. The grey eyes shifting into something I couldn't name because they were covered by brown contact lenses. "You want to try convincing me you're still Draco now that I've seen your face?"

"No, I'm not Draco, your husband is in the back bedroom. I'll just stay out here and wait for Oliver to come get me."

The fuck?

"First of all, you're going to stay wherever I put you. Secondly, Oliver is not coming anywhere near you. Third, you are so very very lucky you'll be able to wait anywhere, if this was six months ago you'd already be dead just as punishment for wearing my husband's face so badly." I then dropped him face first onto the floor, giving him a solid kick to the kidneys on my way to find Draco.

What? I didn't kill him, you never said I couldn't kick a kidnapper when he's down!

I walked to the room he'd indicated and found our Draco. Sound asleep (a simple renervate woke you so I assume it was just a sleeping spell) in the creepiest room I've ever seen. I mean, technically I liked all the things in the room, but it was really really creepy. It was a shrine to Oliver, dolls and posters and what looks like old worn gear.

I grabbed Draco, popped him to St Mungo's and now I'm here.

Oh, door's opening, see you both soon!

Love Harry

---

Sunday May 6th
My wonderful husbands,

I didn't have a bad experience, all told. I was asleep for most of it, but let me start at the beginning.

So, after finishing my business in the loo, and yes, repairing my appearance while I was at it, I emerged in a rather happy mood, eager to get back to the two of you. I never expected anyone to be lurking behind an ornamental tree just outside the loo. My back was probably an easy target.

All I know is that I blacked out rather abruptly. When I next opened my eyes, I was magically tied to a chair. Even my hands were bound in a way that made it impossible for me to use wandless magic.

Looking around, I noticed that I was in a room dedicated to Oliver, and my first thought was that someone had set all of this up to surprise us - you know, as a way to let Oliver know that while his
role in the war might have been minor compared to the two of us, he was still an equal part of everything. Only...

Neither of you were anywhere to be found. Instead, there was a man who appeared to be wearing an Oliver costume. He'd dyed his hair a similar color and was wearing contacts that were sort of close to the original. I'm betting that he'd used a really high quality poster of our Oliver to have the contacts made as close to the real shade as possible.

In his arms, he held a life sized doll of Oliver. A doll he talked to as if it were a real person standing next to him.

"See Oliver? I told you that I would bring one of your husbands here to join us for dinner. Didn't I promise? Didn't I?"

He paused to wait for a response, and then beamed as if given the highest praise. "Thank you! I DO always keep my promises! I love you too." He then kissed the doll.

At that point, I had wrapped my head around the situation. All I needed to do was wait for the opportune moment, and then I'd be able to incarcerate him and drop him off with the Aurors. Until then, I was rather tied up and unable to move.

"Yes," the crazy stalker fan agreed with something in his head. "Yes, that's a brilliant idea! I should definitely do that! All I need is a hair..."

After looking me over carefully, he very gently ran his hand through my hair until a loose one stuck to his fingers.

"I wouldn't, if I were you," I warned seriously.

"Wouldn't what?" He wondered in confusion.

"Try to Polyjuice into me," I stated. "My husbands will never be fooled by it."

"How would they know the difference? In every sense of the meaning, I will BE you. It's only for a couple of hours. I just want to meet Harry Potter and see if he's worthy of my dearest Oliver."

I raised a brow. "You want to see if HE'S worthy, but not me?"

He shrugged. "I already know that you can't do anything untoward to my Oliver, so since Harry Potter somehow passed the test of True Love, all I need to know is that he treats my Oliver right. Then I can come back and deal with you."

"Deal with me how?" I asked since he seemed to be in a chatty mood.

"Oh... however Oliver wants me to. Isn't that right, love?"

Once again, he waited for a reply that I couldn't hear because it was all in his head. "Oh? You want that? Well, I suppose that could be fun... But first, I should go make dinner for the three of us. We can't have him too tired to eat though, so..."

And then I was unconscious again until I woke up to you rescuing me like a bloody damsel! Godamnit Harry! I'm NOT ungrateful for you barging in and ensuring that I was safe, but couldn't you have waited a bit longer so that I could rescue my own damn self?!

Sigh...
In any case, I'm about to go into the Ministry to have my own little chat with Robards. See you when I get home.

Love you both to the moon and back!

Would you like to swing on a star? Carry moonbeams home in a jar, and be better off than you are, Draco
Chapter Summary

Harry is boggled, Oliver is upset, and Draco is taking the kids to the park.

An Oliver doll. An OLIVER doll. An Oliver DOLL. The absolute nutter had a life sized Oliver
doll that he spoke to and somehow thought spoke back to him.

I'm honestly really pleased that I didn't see it when I went into the shrine room. I was so focused on
my beautiful husband, and can you really blame me you're bloody gorgeous, that I didn't notice
much besides the fact that it was obviously dedicated to my husband. I think if I had seen a creepy
lifesize depiction of Ollie I may have gone back out into the dining/kitchen area and just AK'd the
man. Damn the consequences.

I'm just so happy we finally have you home safe and sound Dragon. I know you weren't technically
gone all that long, but when I knew you were missing every second felt like an eternity. I can't
imagine how horrible it would have been had you been missing for a truly long time. How did you
survive me missing all those years ago? Ugh, never mind, let's not talk about things that will upset
all of us.

Instead let's focus on what's important, Draco is home safe and sound, the criminal who'd been
hurting Draco and I in an attempt to get to Oliver is locked up, and I didn't break my promise!
Aren't we all proud of me? Not only did the man hex your dick to go limp, curse me to sleep until
my kiss, kidnapped one of my husbands, but he tried to steal your face. AND he made me miss out
on a night of dancing with the both of you.

My memories of this huge twentieth anniversary celebration should have been bittersweet from the
loss but mostly happy. I should have fond memories of watching the name-a-like contest and
dancing at the gala, combined with sweetly sad memories of hearing my loved ones names read
where they were lost during the battle. Instead I have memories of dropping halfway through an
important ceremony and spending the end of the gala searching for Draco and watching Ollie's
face become equally as terrified as I'm sure my own was.

Somehow this cretin thinks he's worthy of OUR Oliver! I'm not even worthy of our Oliver, and this
festerfing scab thinks he deserves that love? No. Oliver has had so many parts of his life that were
taken from him. He wasn't able to be pregnant until now. He had to live through an emotionally
abusive marriage. He had to watch his in-laws take everything from him. He had to hold his
children during that trauma. And somehow this gangrenous pile of scum thinks he should control
Oliver's life to accommodate HIM?

Not fucking likely. I may not think I'm worthy of the pure love given to me, I may spend most of
my days wondering at my luck in these two men thinking I'm worth being married to, but I sure as
hell aren't going to give it up any time soon.

How hard do you think it would be to break back into the Ministry, break my promise, stop
somewhere to buy my Ollie a new broom and a new horse in apology, and come home? Asking for
a friend.
Or okay, how about this, instead of killing him, I just kill his spirit? What if I break into the Ministry, go to his cell, and explain in lurid detail just how many untoward actions you were able to perform on Oliver? Tell him how even his hex didn't keep us from worshiping every centimeter of that glorious body we have the privilege of loving.

Fine, he's not worth it. I should take a page out of your playbook Draco and forget he even exists.

Instead, I am going to finish off this email, climb into bed with Ollie, patiently wait until you get back from your talk with Robbins, and then show you both exactly how much I adore your bodies.

Yours,
Harry

Mon May 7th
Dear Harry and Draco,

I'm taking advantage of the fact that I have this afternoon free by visiting my Mind Healer. I feel a little traumatized by what happened to Draco. And then I feel bad for feeling traumatized by something that didn't even happen to ME. It's confusing.

See you when I get home,
Oliver

Monday May 7th
Dearest Harry and Oliver,

After sitting in on the interrogation of the crazy Oliver stalker fan - named Fran or something - from the other side of a magic wall that lets me see without being see, well, it very quickly became clear that the man wasn't JUST a crazy stalker, but legitimately insane. A Mind Healer specializing in criminals was called in today to evaluate him, which I was also allowed to sit and watch, at the freaking crack of dawn this bloody morning, meaning that I'm grumpy and tired as fuck!

In any case, the Mind Healer is certain that this man needs treatment rather than prison time, and I actually had to agree. So... I decided to provide funding to the secure ward at St. Mungo's so that he could be treated AND kept under lock and key.

Upon returning home, I was too influenced by an entire pot of tea (which I needed to drink to wake up enough to attend the evaluation) that I couldn't possibly take a nap before potentially going in to do my job as Hermione's assistant. So, rather than try to sleep, I decided to take the babies out to that park I'd once upon a time ago created as a safe space for kids. I suddenly had an urge to check up on it and make certain that it's still in good repair and helping kids as I intend it to.

Thus, I strapped Morgana to my front, Nora to my back, Dylan to my right hip, and Gabriel to my left. Hopefully Nora will consider herself a 'big girl' by the time the new baby is born, otherwise I'll have to carry her on my shoulders or something. I'm dictating this right before heading out so that you'll know where to find me if you need me, but yeah, I'm just going to be playing at a park with our kids today.

And maybe having a meeting about that adult version of the safe place like I mentioned. And maybe checking up on Erma. And maybe heading back to the Ministry at some point.

We'll see how it goes.
Love you beyond a reason why,
Draco
Harry is finally ready to admit something important, and Draco is finally ready to see a different important thing. (Oliver knew both things a while ago.)

Oh Draco my sweet silly man,

You do know that when I or Ollie take Nora places she doesn't need the carrier? With the exception of me going on a run or a very long hike, she has no problem walking along with me. I think you seem to forget that it was already months ago that she was wandering the streets of Paris alone for two days. Do you think she just tricked strangers into carrying her?

No, notre petite fille intelligente has seen her Papa Draco carry her little brothers and sisters around and sweetly demanded he carry her as well. I bet you didn't even know you were being manipulated into it did you? Not that it bothers you at all. Even though she doesn't need it, your little girl wants it and we all know that Draco Malfoy would fly to the outer limits of space to get his children a star if they wished for it.

But yes, things are definitely going to be a bit different when the newest baby arrives. We have so many small children, often throughout our lives the babies were spread out a bit further, but we will really have our hands full with Nora still being little, the babies will be running little monsters, and an infant to care for. Which is why there's something I'd really like to talk with both of you about.

We will definitely need to talk about this face to face, don't worry Ollie if you were thinking we were going to make an entire life decision based on a few emails. But since I believe you've at least skimmed through most of our old emails you'll probably remember that when it comes to big decisions or things he may have to emotionally handle, our Draco does better if he can process it alone and come to the conversation already having had a chance to come to terms with the topic.

Er, so, with all the upcoming weddings and galas, my job as muggle studies professor and head of Gryffindor House, Oliver's job as quidditch/flying instructor, and Draco's many businesses and position as advisor to the Minister, I really feel as though we've stretched ourselves too thin. We have a giant horde of children, many of them very young, and sometimes I feel as though mealtimes are the only times I get to see them. I know that's not true, when I look at it logically, I know there are a million moments throughout the day where I am catching up with the feisty foursome (usually at Hagrid's) between classes. I know that I have the babies with me during class time more often than not. I try to sit with Siri and Zwei at their house tables at least one meal per day. I spend much of my down time messaging or calling our kids who don't live with us.

But it's not enough. I know I want to stay busy. I know that while we may have enough money that I don't NEED to work, I want to stay busy and productive. But right now it's just too much. So, how would you both feel if I didn't come back to my teaching position after summer hols? I wanted to talk with you both before I went to Minnie, but I also think I need to make the decision soon so I
can give her plenty of time to find my replacement. I was thinking I would offer to stay on until she found a replacement even if it's into autumn semester as long as I can be done by the time our little caboose is born. I will offer to train my replacement, potentially write out an in depth curriculum, and even offer to stay on as a substitute professor or just an occasional speaker as needed. With Ollie's job it's not like we wouldn't be living in the castle anyway.

I just feel like I need to be home with our children. If seeing our tiny babies grow up to be adults, most of them parents themselves, falling in love, getting married, doesn't prove just how fast they grow up I don't know what could. I want to be able to come along with you Draco when you decide to take four small children to a park. I want to be able to take a random day and spend it in the stables with Ollie. And right now I feel as though my time is divided between being a professor with the occasional break for a big important event. I want to go back to gardening in the afternoon with Narcissa while a pudgy baby eats dirt and my toddlers get into mischief.

What do you think? Am I being selfish? Can I do this?

Torn,
Harry

Monday May 7th
My loves,

We have a problem. But before I get into it, let me just respond to your emails by saying: Oliver, if you need me to have a joint session with you until you feel better about what happened, I'd be happy to. Harry, I'd like a bit of time to think this over in before we all talk about it, but my first thought was: Why not remain Head of Gryffindor House but step down as the Muggle Studies Professor? That way, you can still do all the things you love about the position, helping the kids with their homework, giving them advice, just SEEING our kids in Hogwarts on a daily basis. But then you'd also be able to do things with Oliver and me whenever you'd like.

But back to our problem. See... er... well... What happened was, erm, well the kids were playing, and actually, it was adorable. Dylan and Gabriel were climbing a short slide made for toddlers, and then sliding down it on their tummies. Morgana was piling sand into a sort of wobbly tower without really intending to make anything out of it because she was also throwing the sand around whenever she thought it would be funny.

Nora was playing with a toy car that had been left in the sandbox that didn't seem to belong to anyone. Suddenly, a boy that was about the same age as Nora came over and tried to take the car from her. He was backed up by about 4 other little boys that he had just been chasing around. Nora has already been influenced by the Feisty Foursome and did NOT just let him take the car from her without a fight. They two of them were yanking the car back and forth and even hitting each other to make the other let go.

That's when Morgana screeched and crawled over to defend her sister. Or at least it appeared that way to me, but she didn't get far because A: I was already rushing over to help settle things. B: The boy's mum was also racing to get involved, already apologizing profusely for her son's behavior and telling him to drop the car since it wasn't his. And C: ...

The boy started screaming and clutching his chest. The car was promptly dropped and forgotten about, and Nora was now holding on to him with a worried expression. I didn't even care what anyone saw or thought, I immediately pulled out my wand and performed a scan that showed that he was having a bit of a heart attack. The scan said that it was minor enough not to kill him
instantly, but clearly painful enough to make him scream.

Luckily I was taught a few helpful spells in my Auror training - that you were oh so right to insist I take, Harry - and was able to cast a healing spell on him that was effective enough to stop the pain and get him to calm down. Then I told his mother than I felt it might be worth it bringing him in to be seen, that I would pay for the exam, and that I actually insisted that she see my own personal, erm... Physician. That's the muggle term, right?

So now, here I am, with all four of the kids in St. Mungo's, trying to console a nearly frantic mother as she's watching Rowe do: "Strange things" to her son in an attempt to find and fix whatever is wrong. So far, it seems that my quick thinking helped a lot, but it could have been...

Fatal...

And that's the problem. I have been doing my best to ignore this. I've been rationalizing it away. I've blatantly made excuses when all of my grandbaby cheetahs - except for one - have mysteriously died over the last year. But this... I can't ignore or explain away this.

Morgana... is apparently killing things.

I don't think she intends to. I don't even think she realizes what is happening. So far, it seems to happen when she's scared or feeling a little threatened. That said, today, she wasn't scared or personally threatened, but rather, trying to defend her sister. I...

Sigh!

I don't know what to do! HOW do we try to teach a BABY that she's not supposed to kill things! How do we teach her not to get scared or upset? How do we teach her to CONTROL her magic if she does?! SHE'S ONLY A YEAR OLD!!!

Thank all the Gods in existence that no one, not even Rowe or that poor muggle mother, has made the connection. I tried to talk myself out of making the connection, but I well know that Morgana has attack magic when she screeches. I have ducked or repaired many a thing when she's shrieked only to blow up lights or literally burn or otherwise harm a hand or something. I can't deny it any longer, sigh...

What are we going to do...?

Even if we can't find heaven, I'll walk through hell with you, Draco

Chapter End Notes

Note, when Harry teases Draco about being manipulated into carrying Nora, it wasn't that at all. She didn't ask, he simply wanted to make sure all the kids were under his control until he was certain everything was safe and they could go play. He just doesn't correct Harry, lol.
Chapter 277

Chapter Summary

Harry has a plan.

Draco and Oliver,

First of all, thank all the deities involved that this didn't end tragically. Secondly, thank those same deities that Draco has finally come to an awareness the rest of us came to quite a while ago. Our little Queen seems to have been given an apt nickname. Instead of being a benevolent ruler, she's a bit more Queen of Hearts with her "off with their head" behaviors.

You both know how much I love her. With my entire heart and soul. I would and will do anything for her. If the worst had happened and I thought our toddler was going to be punished for her accidental magic I would run us far far away to that island I DIDN'T buy that DOESN'T exist. Just to save her from the repercussions of her actions. Again, I am so glad it hasn't come to that. I'm just relieved we can finally have this conversation. I don't think, prior to today, you would have been able to have this conversation rationally. I am still a bit worried that Ollie can have it rationally, we all know how tightly wrapped around Morgana's fingers you are love!

Anyway ... See, I've known for a while that something is off with Morgana. If you'll notice I've kept her away from the stables and from any of our pets. Apparently that same can't be said of everyone since she had access to Amala's cubs. But it did seem as though for a period of time things were improving. Keeping her from being upset seemed to keep the worst at bay. But because I knew making sure she was never scared or upset wasn't a realistic long-term strategy, I have already found the solution.

In my defense, in case either of you decide to be angry that I didn't just try to knock some sense into you instead of waiting until your own realizations, I didn't actually get the solution fully figured out until about a week ago. So I've not just been sitting around waiting for the worst to happen, I just didn't prioritize getting it done while we were up to our eyeballs in anniversary preparations.

The long and short of it is, Draco you are pretty much the only one with the abilities to stop her.

When I saw what almost happened to the little horse that spooked her all those months ago, I knew I had to figure out what was going on and how to fix it. But it wasn't exactly easy to find someone I could go up to and say "Hey, my infant seems to be killing indiscriminately, can you help?" I thought to myself "Who could I speak with about this who won't immediately call for something like her institutionalization or maybe attempt to remove her magic completely?"

I figured out pretty quickly I had to speak with someone who had knowledge of keeping things discreet while getting shit done. Who better than my beloved mum-in-law? Yep, I went to Narcissa, who was luckily having tea with Grandmama when I went to have what I knew was going to be a hard conversation. I explained everything we'd seen. The deaths we didn't even notice at the time, thinking maybe one of the animals had died of some sickness we just hadn't known about, and the deaths or close calls that were becoming increasingly obvious to me.
They agreed with me that we needed to find a solution but also agreed that we needed to keep this quiet for fear that someone would try stripping her of her magic or somehow otherwise containing her. Unfortunately, neither of them had the answer. Usually I would go to Hermione for this, she is my favorite researcher after all, but I was a bit worried that she'd not react well. I should have known better, Hermione is my ride or die best friend. No one lights a professor on fire when they're eleven, or keep a witch kidnapped in a jar for months when they're fourteen without having the ability to justify some sketchy behaviors to keep the ones they love safe.

We spent the following months meeting roughly once a week, 'Mione, Narcissa, myself, and Grandmama when she was able. Discussing what we'd found in research, I'd keep them updated on any new or problematic behavior. When she killed Ollie's former father-in-law we all agreed that while her behavior was concerning the man was evil enough and was threatening Draco so we'd let people continue to believe it was a heart attack. We came up with a few solutions that weren't ideal, but we could make them work if we absolutely needed to. None of them something I particularly wanted to subject my little girl to.

The one solution that seemed the best option was magic dampening bands. We had pretty much decided this was going to be the best choice in a field of terrible choices. It would mean putting heavily runed bands on her little baby arms which would limit her magical power without stripping her of her magic. It would essentially mean whatever magic she was using would still be used, but with little enough power that it wouldn't kill whoever it was aimed at. We could reassess when she became old enough to reason with. We could even create them beautifully enough that anyone looking at them would think she was just wearing some pretty bracelets. Not exactly out of the realm of possibilities from Draco Malfoy's daughter!

The downside would be that as she was growing up her magic would be limited. She wouldn't be as powerful as she could be without the bands. Not squib levels of magic or anything like that, but it would be likely she'd eventually notice that she was less powerful than the rest of her siblings. But, a small price to pay for not allowing our child to murder people.

Before you start asking yourself why you'd be needed for the solution when we've already explained the bands, we've actually managed to find a much better way to keep our daughter and other people safe.

Cut to roughly a week or two ago and apparently we'd been less than vigilant about warding the room we were having the meeting in. Not sure if we dropped our defenses because we thought we had a solution or if we were all distracted with the upcoming anniversary preparations, but either way we had an eavesdropper during one of our meetings.

Snape wandered his way into one of the portraits in Narcissa's private drawing room. Apparently being a good spy transferred into his portrait's abilities because we managed to have about twenty minutes worth of discussion before we realized he was there. And we didn't even realize it ourselves, it took him speaking to us before we noticed his presence. "Why don't you just bind the little witch's ability?"

I did NOT shriek.

So I said, calmly, and in a normal tone of voice, "We've thought of that Snape, but I refuse to turn my daughter into an obscurial or force her to be a squib when she wasn't born as one!"

"I didn't say bind all of her magic or strip her of it, idiot boy."

What followed was not several minutes of me arguing my own intelligence and adulthood with a canvas of oil and magic and snark.
When the argument was at its peak Narcissa shut it down and was able to get Snape to explain by saying, "Severus, if you have a solution tell us. You may doubt Harry's intelligence, which is wrong but your prerogative, but I know you don't want your Godson's daughter to suffer. Tell us what you know or get out."

Snape went on to explain, "There is a way to block an entire family of magic if the binder is skillful enough and the bindee either willing or particularly susceptible to the binding magic." That gave me pause because while Morgana is young she isn't particularly willing to do anything she doesn't want to do and doesn't seem to be susceptible to others magic. And I said so.

"Potter ..."

"It's actually Malfoy-Wood if you remember Snape. Draco loves you enough that I know your portrait was there for the wedding. If you can't call me Harry after I gave birth to many of your favorite person's children then the least you can do is call me by my actual surname!" Which certainly wasn't the most important point I needed to make but you know how much I hate being called Potter, especially by him.

"My most sincere apologies Mr. Malfoy-Wood," I didn't not believe the apologies were sincere but whatever, "you are all in luck. While the littlest Malfoy may be powerful and unwilling to trust most, all we need is a highly skilled Legilimens that she trusts unconditionally."

Well shite, we have one of those!

"I can explain the precise process to Draco himself as he will obviously be the one performing it, but for the rest of you I'll give an overview; Draco will delve into Morgana's mind as gently as possible, while in there he will be able to find her magic. You see, each family of magic while part of the whole is made up as separate threads of magic, if he isolates the thread that leads to darker killing magic he can place a block on the individual thread."

I had to interrupt, "And this block won't place her in danger of becoming an obscurial? Or cause her magic to shift so that the other threads take on darkness to compensate?"

"Fairly insightful questions, you must spend quite a bit of time with your husband and his intelligence is rubbing off on you." Hehe, rubbing off. No, shut up Harry, not the time! "Neither of those scenarios will happen. The dark killing thread is a small portion of total magic, even in the darkest of wizards that thread would make up no more than twenty-five percent of their magic. That much blockage is nowhere near the amount of containment that would cause an obscurial. As for the shifting, again while all the threads share the same magical core they do not transfer energies. She will be safe."

I gave his portrait a bit of the judgemental Malfoy eyebrow I've developed, "I promise I would never suggest something that would possibly cause harm to Lily's granddaughter or my godson's child" his gaze shifted to Narcissa, "and alas, even in portrait form I am quite terrified of what Narcissa would do to me if I were incorrect."

I suppose that does add up.

So, now that you're willing to admit there's a problem, and now that we've come up with a solution, the only hurdle ahead of us is for Snape to explain the process and for you to complete it. I promise our daughter will be fine, as will anyone who angers her.

Let me dry those shiny eyes,

Harry
Tuesday May 8th
Dear Harry and Oliver,

I'm very disgruntled by this whole situation. I mean, once my eyes were opened to the truth, I realized that I'd been purposely NOT seeing it, but to find out that you already knew to the point that you'd come up with a plan? I...

I need to go climb a mountain or something. See you when I get back.

That blind arsehole you're married to,
Draco
Chapter 278

Chapter Summary

Harry apologizes and Draco meditates.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tuesday May 8, 2018

Draco,

I'm sorry if this seemed underhanded to you. I don't want you to think I was going behind your back. I was going to tell you as soon as we had a solution. Which I would have done over a week ago if I hadn't been preoccupied with anniversary prep. I will absolutely take responsibility for not telling you months ago as I should have.

If that's not what you're upset about, and what you really have to think about is your own inability to see the truth, please give yourself a break. It's hard to see faults in our children. Believe me, I have a really hard time with it. I mean, we're parents of teenagers and toddlers, it's easy enough to see simple flaws like "Zwei isolates himself a bit too much" or "Seph is way too willing to throw herself into danger." It's really hard to see something as scary as "my baby is killing things."

Honestly, if I hadn't known exactly how healthy that little horse was prior to his run-in with Morgana I probably wouldn't have seen it as soon as I did either. She's a baby. And she loves her family. She's powerfully loyal and protective of her loved ones. She's gone from attacking when scared to attacking to defend her family. In theory it's not a bad thing. In reality it is, because she's too young to know what she's doing and that it should probably be saved for lifesaving moments and not for when a kid steals your sister's toy.

And I do want to clarify, you labeled your email to both Oliver and I. Then with the pronouns the way they were I couldn't tell if you were directing the "you already knew" to me or to the both of us. Oliver did not know, he was not in the planning session. I kept this all to myself. I really thought I was doing the right thing, not burdening either of you with something scary before we had a plan in place. I'm really sorry that my actions hurt you (both I'm sure).

I understand you need to come to terms with everything that's happened. You take all the time you need. And when you're ready, you can come home, Ollie and I will snog you senseless, and then we can go make sure our daughter and the people she surrounds herself with are going to continue to be happy and healthy.

I know you're strong enough to do this. Get out whatever rage, frustration, or disgruntlement you need. Then come home and let's take charge of Morgana's safety and future.

Love,
Your Harry
Wednesday May 9th  
My dearest Harry and Oliver,

I have currently reached the summit of Mount Everest. Yes I know, being able to use a Portkey to get to this area took a significant amount of time off this whole trek, but also, just using magic to be able to keep warm and clear up undesirable weather - not to mention the paths in front of me if they were too covered in snow - means that I got to the top in very little time. Now that I'm here, I'm laying on my back looking up at the sky.

And meditating. The reason I was so upset is all me. ***I*** was too willing to tell myself lies to keep the truth from myself. Now that I have seen it, I need to come to terms with it, and actually, climbing this mountain was super helpful in that regard.

Hermione sent me a Patronus yelling at me for not coming to work last night, and then when she received my return Patronus letting her know that I was (at that point) nearing the summit of a mountain, she sent me a return Portkey - which made me realize I had forgotten to obtain that, stupid idiot! Thus, when I feel rested and calm enough, I plan to Portkey right back to the Manor.

See you soon.

When I look into your eyes,  
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Yeah I know, it's probably not realistic for Draco to have climbed all the way to the top in a single day, even with magic, but let's just say he had a wizarding guide that knew several magical shortcuts, lol.
Chapter 279

Chapter Summary

Draco's back from Everest and Harry and Oliver help him do what needs to be done.

Wednesday May 9, 2018

Only you my Draco,

Only my beautiful, ridiculous, intense, brave, brilliant man would think he needs to be at the top of Mount Everest to meditate. Ollie and I certainly missed you last night. As did apparently Hermione. Yeesh, sorry you ended up getting the patronus equivalent of a howler for not showing up to work. I can't believe Hermione did that.

Wait a minute, I actually believe it. You see, the reason I didn't think she would be upset is because she knew you weren't home. I had sent her a message letting her know we'd probably be doing the legilimency fix soon and to give her a heads up that if you seemed distracted at work that was probably why. So when you said she sent you an angry patronus I almost couldn't believe she'd be so insensitive. Until I realized Hermione being fully aware of the situation and knowing you better than almost anyone but myself and Ollie meant she probably knew exactly what you needed ...

You needed something else to focus on, you needed someone else to be frustrated with, so that you could stop drowning in your own self-reflection and self-destructive behaviors. She gave you something to think about so you didn't end up sitting at the TOP OF MOUNT EVEREST for three days stuck in a meditation cycle. She's one brilliant witch you know?

Anyway, when you finally made your way home a few hours ago, Ollie and I were prepared to drag you off to our rooms to distract you just a bit further. Get you out of your own head (and into my arse! Mmmmm buggering!) but you had other ideas.

You came striding into the kids' play room where those of us who were home were congregated. We figured things might be stressful leading up to the ... ritual? And we didn't really have any idea what to expect after the fact. So we decided some family time where the little kids played with toys while the adults relaxed and watched our little loves enjoy themselves was just what the healer ordered.

The kids all clamored to give you hugs and kisses, your mum took her own turn hugging you and kissing your cheek, as Oliver and I waited until last since we had, as I previously stated, planned on dragging you to our rooms.

But you stopped me before I could drag you off, "No Harry, this has gone on long enough. I will not be waiting another moment to do what needs doing."

"Erm, sure Draco, that makes sense. But shouldn't you go get the details from Snape first? We've waited this long, we can wait another day or so to make sure you've got the process right."

You stopped me before I could get into a long-winded Harry rant saying, "I stopped in to see his portrait as soon as the portkey dropped me here. Somehow I knew there might be some certain
husbands of mine who might try and lighten my mood. Therefore I made sure to get all the information I needed prior to finding you.

Okay, now I was nervous. When I was focused on how you were handling things I could distract myself, but now that we were ready I found myself working up to a panic attack thinking about what needed to happen to my little girl. Thankfully your mum could sense my distress, maybe I was giving off some sort of stressful pheromones. Or she noticed the crazy glint in my eyes. Either way she took charge, directing us all like the General she is, "Harry, Draco, Oliver dears, take Morgana to the sunroom, Severus should already be residing in the painting of the gazebo."

I spluttered a bit, mumbling something about what to do with the rest of the children or other such ridiculousness.

Again, in her no nonsense way, Narcissa told me that not only could she take care of them single handedly if needed, but that she had Lucius, and Molly and Iris waiting to hear from her, both planning on flooing over as soon as they were needed. "Us Grandmums will have a lovely time with our grandchildren, whom we do not see nearly enough of I might add!"

Spend more time at the Manor, I heard the command loud and clear Mum!

The four of us headed to the sunroom, Morgana didn't seem distressed by our moods. If anything, the little queen acted like the walk through the halls was her personal parade. Her pudgy little hands waving to the portraits like they'd all stopped by just to watch her procession. It actually did a pretty good job of calming me, a little giggle therapy to make me ignore the worry for a short time.

When we arrived, we (you) decided the way we would be situated. We would all sit on the floor, no one wanted to risk someone tumbling off the furniture, Oliver held Morgana in his lap and you sat between the vee of my legs. This way Morgana would be held safe and sound by her second favorite minion, and you could focus fully on your mental efforts while I kept you physically supported.

Once we began it was all a little anticlimactic. You were relaxed in my arms, Morgana seemed content in Ollie's, and then we all sat in silence for what felt like eons but was actually about an hour and a half. Your beautiful quicksilver eyes staring into Morgana's pitch black ones. I know you were working intently, but from our end it just looked like an intense staring war you were waging on a baby.

When it was done you declared "it is done." Although when you pulled out of her mind I could see the exhaustion on your face and Morgana fell asleep almost immediately. Ollie and I dragged the two of you into our rooms and wrapped you up in bed. I decided to write out what happened while you sleep but as soon as I'm done I'm going to climb into bed with the rest of you.

Thank you my love for being strong enough to keep our baby girl safe.

With everything I am,
Harry

Thursday May 10th
My beloved husbands,

Yesterday was certainly intense. The interesting part was that as I was wandering around inside
Morgana's mind and organizing things while 'playing' with her - that was how I kept her calm and engaged, part of me was singing to and dancing with her, and playing with her favorite stuffed animal, etc. - well, I got a chance to look around her mind, which was... A bit like a large blank canvas in which a part of a big and complicated painting has been started, but so far, it was mostly the rough sketch that had been colored in here and there.

If that makes any sort of sense.

In any case, what took so long was that I had to organize things enough to locate the magic threads I was looking for, and once I found them, I had to be absolutely certain which was which. From Morgana's perspective, it probably looked light pretty lights on strings. It actually was amazingly beautiful.

I took each string in hand and activated it with a bit of my own power so that I could see what it did, and I can already tell you that our girl has the potential to use any and all magic if she wants, and her inner well is deep and full. Using my own magic to evaluate hers did take a lot out of me, and that's why I was so exhausted when I was done.

That said, once I was certain I had the right thread of magic, I did as told by my godfather and carefully gathered it up in a bundle, sort of like winding it into a ball of yarn. That bundle was placed into a box that I clearly labeled as Morgana's death magic. I sealed the box with a seal that I designed to wear off over the course of about 15 years or so, so that if I should happen to die before she grows into an adult, she'll still slowly regain use of her magic at a time when she can hopefully learn to control it.

Once I was done with that, I slept until today, waking up around 9am. I promptly returned to Hogwarts to - well, I PLANNED to pop in on one or both of you during your classes, as a marmoset on your shoulder. Unfortunately, I was waylaid quite thoroughly. It seems that my favorite Hufflepuff Romeo (I really need to learn his name) spotted me on my way to your classroom (Harry) and gave me those big puppydog eyes that I just can't resist.

So, I took him back to our Quarters and served him some tea and biscuits as he cried all over me. It seems that he's heartbroken again. What happened was that a boy took interest during that sex ed class I conducted, and asked Romeo out on a couple of dates. Things seemed to be going well, until Romeo asked why they always ended their dates with Romeo using his mouth on the other boy and nothing in return.

That's when the boy said a bunch of things that ultimately make Romeo think that he was just being used as an easy lay. I can't exactly disagree since I have no idea who the boy is or how he actually feels on the subject. Thus all I can do is let Romeo cry it all out, and then when he's ready to listen, give him advice on choosing a better boyfriend in the future.

Oh! It seems he's returned from the loo! Signing off now.

Come with me, you will see what I mean, there's a world inside no one else ever sees,
Draco
P.S. Huh, that worked... I decided to call Jules on my magimobile and have him talk to Romeo a bit as a slightly older peer - since Romeo just turned 15 - and the two of them hit it off rather well. Maybe Romeo will call Jules in the future when he needs advice on his love life :-(
Friday May 11, 2018

T.M.I.F.
Thank Merlin It's Friday!

It's been such a long week I am ready for the weekend. I plan on not getting out of my pajamas the entire time. Although for during the day I do mean actual pajama bottoms and not just my usual sleepwear of nude, or the occasional times I go to sleep in a pair of pants.

We dealt with you Draco up on Mount Everest, which is very cool and I can't wait to see the pictures you took with the MMM you brought with. Aren't you glad you consistently keep one in your watch carry-all? Can you imagine only having those views in your memories and not having a physical copy?

Anyway, it was an awesome thing you did but the emotions behind why you went were a bit harder to handle. I had to deal with my own guilt over keeping it from you, my worry over it going well and us saving our daughter, and my fear over you potentially falling down a mountain. Less likely, but you know I'm a worrier.

Then we had the actual ... process? Ritual? Event? Whatever you want to call it, we dealt with hours of worry while we waited for the results. Never knowing if one of you might injure the other in the process. Thankfully it just meant we had some sleepy cuddle-bugs so I'm counting it a solid win! Any time I get extra sleepy snuggles is best case scenario.

And now that you've described her actual mindscape and the beauty of the magical strands I'd love to see that in a pensieve picture. It sounds gorgeous and intense. I certainly don't have the skill to view it on my own, but I'd love to ride your metaphorical coattails to be able to visualize it.

Then! On top of all the extra family drama, I was still doing my regular parenting duties and my full time job. And bloody hell are some of my students in a mood. I understand why, the fifth and seventh years are stressing about their upcoming OWLS and NEWTS, which puts them in a state of not having gotten enough sleep combined with their brains being oversaturated by revising. And the other years not only are hitting that end of term wall where the weather is getting lovely and they're just burnt out from a year's education, but they're also sharing a school, and common spaces, with the highly emotional fifth and seventh years.

All in all, I need a weekend to relax and pretend my students don't exist for a few hours. I'll obviously still be available in an emergency, and I'll do my Sunday evening family meeting with my Lions, but other than that it is pajamas and biscuits while I binge the most recent episodes of Doctor Who.

Before I sign off to search out my sexy husbands and talk them into some Friday Night Wrestling I did want to bring up one other thing. Draco Darling, are you actually that oblivious or are you just being sneaky? Between last night, class today, and the hour since I've been done with classes, I have witnessed both Jules and "Romeo" (you NEED to learn his name man!) with their noses buried in their mobiles with dreamy smiles on their faces. Did you mean to set them up? Or did you actually think you were just giving the kid a mentor to talk with?
Less Oblivious than you,
Harry

Friday May 11th
I'm brilliant!

So, I was sitting in the entertainment room with the Feisty Foursome, Zaire, Jaz, Vani, Shtara, Nora, and Morgana (Dean and Seamus took Dylan while Oliver had Gabriel out in the stables, I think), watching Phineas and Ferb. Not watching in the slightest but still in the room was Jules. He was off in a corner, rapidly sending and receiving Insta-owls.

And that's how I'm brilliant. See when I originally suggested that Romeo and Jules have a chat, it was really to give Romeo a chance to speak with someone his own age that was actually gay, to give him another perspective on things. Also, I hoped that Jules - with his worrying life experience - might be positively influenced by Romeo's more innocent worldview.

It wasn't my first intention to set them up, but I will admit that I wondered if it might happen. Even I didn't expect it so quickly! But then again, it seems that both of them are quick when it comes to matters of love, as evidenced by Romeo kissing his first crush rather than try talking to him. And also, Elena has reported that Jules is very popular at her school, which is not surprising since the performing arts often attracts people who are different or at least open to different sexualities.

In any case, when I was looking over at Jules at one point, happy to see him happy, he looked up at me with a huge grin. "Thank you so much for introducing me to John!"

"John...?" I wondered in confusion.

Jules looked even more confused than me. "The boy you wanted me to talk to..."

"Oh! Romeo! Heh, so that's his name..."

Jules gave me a soft smile and shook his head. "Romeo, huh? I could see that..."

"So you like him?" I pressed.

Jules nodded his head. "He's... almost the complete opposite of me. He thinks I'm pulling his leg when I tell him things like my biodad deals drugs, but when I asked him why else I would be staying with you, he seemed to actually understand."

"Your English has improved dramatically," I murmured the praise.

"Thanks..." Jules was quiet for a moment, then he gathered up a bit of courage. "Can... Can I invite John over here for dinner and to meet in person?"

I shrugged. "I suppose."

"Chouette!" Jules cried out as he raced off, presumably to wait by the floo for Romeo's arrival. You know what? I'm dead certain that I will never be able to replace his name in my head and will probably continue to refer to him as Romeo for the rest of time.

No Harry, I am not oblivious, I figured that if the two of them got on at all, that they'd probably try dating. That said, I will say that I am still a tiny bit naïve in that it took me until after Jules had been out of the room for at least a half an hour for it to occur to me that two blokes that really like
messing around with blokes probably did more than just say hello and maybe give each other a hug/kiss of greeting.

In fact, Jules probably gave Romeo the typical French kiss on each cheek, and that almost certainly encouraged foolish young Romeo to get carried away, and by this point, I am beyond afraid to go check up on them. Probably best to just ignore the whole situation and send in a house elf when it comes time to actually eat dinner.

As for now, I'm going to sign off and finish watching - oh! Looks like you and Oliver wish to discuss something urgent. In our playroom. For the next several hours.

Lean on me when you're not strong,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

So, after I wrote this email and sent it to Chrissie, I was reading bits of it to my son and trying to explain what was going on in the story in general as he doesn't read it, just gets updates from me from time to time, and THAT'S when it occurred to me that I'd set up Romeo and Jules...
So I sent a message to Chrissie and we both laughed about it. But just so you know, no, that totally wasn't planned, lol ^_^
Chapter 281

Chapter Summary

Stuff happens, lol.

Friday May 11, 2018

My Everything,

Okay, both of you wish me luck. I was planning on doing a whole bunch of nothing this weekend but I FINALLY got a reply from Minnie that she has the time to do an in depth meeting concerning extending or not extending my contract.

I have to go tell my surrogate grandmum who took a risk on hiring me that I'm throwing in the towel after only one year. Hopefully my willingness to stay on as Gryffindor head of house and that I'm willing to step in as substitute flying instructor when Ollie is laid up after having the little caboose will soften the blow.

Here I go ...
Harry

Friday May 11, 2018

Or is it Saturday yet? Hmm, 2:00 A.M. yep, definitely Saturday at this point

My Loves,

Another beautiful night spent with the loves of my life. Another night of passion and love and so so much pleasure. A night spent worshiping your bodies. And now I'm awake while all the rest of my world is asleep. Not sure if it's because I'm feeling emotional, or perhaps it's because my heart is still racing a mile a minute after really putting it through the wringer for hours. Either way I'm awake with nothing to do but write and stare at my beautiful husbands.

When I got back from my meeting with Minnie, which went so much better than I worried it would, I figured I would come help the two of you put the little ones to bed before dragging you off to the playroom. However, apparently the Grandmothers got a taste of babysitting the whole crew the other day when we were off with Morgana and decided to have their own Grandmum trio slumber party with the kids to give us a night to ourselves.


I did still sneak in and give them all a quick hug and kiss. What? I may like an evening free to be with my men but I HATE letting them go to bed without my goodnights.

I am not sure what came over me but I had a very odd dynamic going on. I was feeling very submissive, I wanted to serve my men. I wanted to kneel at your feet while you ignored me until you needed my mouth or my arse. But I was also feeling aggressively submissive. I knew what I wanted and was willing to make a demand for it. Normally when I'm feeling so subby I like to let
you lead, but I was on a mission and not taking no for an answer.

As soon as we got to the playroom I began giving orders. I think you were both surprised by this but seeing as my orders meant good feelings for you you were willing to run with it.

I shucked off my clothes revealing nothing but a pair of lacy cheekie knickers and demanded the two of you to strip off and sit against the headboard. Once you'd settled next to each other I crawled up the bed and proceeded to kiss, lick, and stroke your beautiful cocks, while taking Draco down my throat I would use my hand to teasingly wank Oliver then would swap. For a while the two of you were watching me go back and forth between your shafts but I must have given Draco enough of a look that he could sense my feelings because I heard, "Oliver Luv, we don't need to keep an eye on the little mutt, come here." which was followed by the wet noises of snogging.

Ungh, thank you so much for understanding I just needed to serve, not perform.

After a while I could tell you were both ready for more. Again, I directed things the way I wanted them. "Master, stay where you are please. Sir, keep on snogging but if you'd please give me access to your arse?" Draco was sitting back, Ollie on all fours letting me prep his hole, all while continuing to noisily kiss each other.

Once your gorgeous arse was ready Oliver, I directed you to climb into Draco's lap facing out so your back was against his chest. I added lube to Draco with a few strokes of my hand and then held his shaft steady while you slowly impaled yourself on it.

Again, you both seemed to have caught on because Oliver began directing me to please you both. Demanding I suck his dick while he rode Draco. Telling me at one point to turn around and prep myself, getting my hole ready for you to use. I saw Draco grab onto Oliver's legs, hooking his arms under your knees Ollie, and spreading you wide, fucking up into you. Draco then joined the directing, "now that your hole is all ready Mutt, get back here and put your mouth back on us." which I did by lying down on my front so I could reach where you both were joined. Licking and kissing where Ollie's pink, puffy, rim was stretched wide around Draco's cock. Licking a stripe up that shaft as it pulled out enough to slam back in.

When you both seemed close Draco pulled out but kept fucking into Oliver's slippery cleft, rubbing past the hole, sliding smoothly past those bollocks that were tightening and drawing up, the head poking out from beneath Oliver's own rock hard cock. You both managed to come from that stimulation, and I managed to receive one of my favorite taboo acts, a faceful of both your essences.

"Clean us up Pup!" Draco drawled out in his filthy posh Master voice. I obviously obeyed, licking you both all over to clean off all traces. Once I was done I rolled off the bed, sitting up straight while kneeling on the floor waiting for direction.

The two of you took your time, chatting with each other, casually kissing, catching up after a busy week. Occasionally talking about me like I wasn't even there. You know, if anyone else read this description they'd probably think it would make me feel left out, but Merlin I needed this. I needed to drift away on my knees. I needed to feel that grounding feeling of being your little sub, there for you to use without requiring anything for myself. Although it actually is for myself. It's such a paradox to wrap my mind around. I'm glad I don't have to explain it and the both of you just understand that I need it and thrive on it.

Eventually you turned back to paying attention to me. Having me crawl over to my spanking bench. The two of you lovingly strapped me in, kissing each part of me before you locked it up. Once I was settled in and so far into my submission that I could feel my skin vibrating the two of
you took your pleasure with my body. Praising me, calling me good, talking about what a beautiful piece of property you own. Ungh, thank you my loves it was perfection.

Eventually I was unstrapped, cuddled up into bed with chocolates and water. And when I finally came up for air I was deliciously wedged between you both. Beautifully sore, loose-limbed, and sated, but unfortunately wide awake.

But after dictating this I am finally feeling like I could sleep.

I love you both so much more than words could say. My Master and My Sir.

Yours,
Harry

Saturday May 12th,
My perfect husbands,

My day started with Siri and Zwei coming in to wake me around 11. Lucky for them, I was too sated and in such a good mood that I didn't even care that they'd woken me a bit early. So it was that they helped me get dressed in a comfortable track suit and handed me a delicious bacon sandwich to eat as we made our way to the Hogwarts Quidditch pitch.

Once on the Quidditch pitch, I led about half the student body through a run that equaled - I dunno - a mile? Then we cooled down with some stretches, before pairing off to learn more about Krav Maga. And by that, I mean I taught them another very informal lesson and let them mostly practice the move on each other.

When the majority of the students gave up and took off to eat lunch - Zwei included - Siri stayed behind to show off some of his newest Quidditch moves. His next match is next weekend, and he is very optimistic that the Tornadoes are going to win. Mostly, this just gave the two of us an excuse to fly around chatting.

It seems that Siri likes a girl, but she's currently dating a different boy. I gave him some practical advice along the lines of just being there as her friend for the time being. IF she should happen to break up with that other boy, when she's ready to try dating again, Siri can ask her out then. He seemed unhappy about having to wait and asked what a Slytherin would do.

I grinned at him. "A Slytherin would probably arrange for them to break up sooner rather than later, but then that Slytherin would also have to deal with the repercussions when it inevitably came out that he manipulated the situation and the girl. That normally doesn't turn out well."

Siri sighed in disappointment but accepted this as a sign that he should probably just wait for her like I originally suggested. I smirked at him. "You could always try having a practice run by asking someone else out and learning basic relationship things - like when to hold hands - before presented with an opportunity to ask the girl you really want out."

"But... What if I end up liking the girl I ask out as practice enough that I don't want to hurt her feelings when the girl I really want becomes available?"

"That could certainly happen, and maybe it's a sign that it was meant to be. Of course, you're still so young that you don't REALLY need to be worrying about relationships yet."

"Maybe not, but if I become famous like I hope, then it'll be even HARDER to know if a girl really
likes me... or if she just likes my fame..." Siri moped

I flew close enough to give him a comforting back rub.

"It already sort of happens, you know?" He grumbled. "Everyone on the planet knows that we're 'Harry Potter's' kids. Even though I look more like you, lots of girls come up and flirt with me just so they can ask about him, you know?"

"That's definitely rough," I commiserated.

Siri looked me in the eye. "That's why I like this girl. She doesn't seem to care who my dads are. Actually, she doesn't seem to notice me unless I go over and talk to her, and then she's always nice. I can't help but think about how Orion once told me that he was attracted to Farrah because she was one of the few people that didn't fawn all over him. In fact, she always seemed to hate him even as she clearly also liked him. I don't want the crazy bits, but I'd love the, erm... normal ones?"

I looked down as I was nearly overcome by a wave of guilt and remorse. Then I looked at him again. "No matter what happened, Farrah actually was mental. She should have been treated but she was never even diagnosed. I'd advise you to stay away from anyone who comes off as even half crazy, and remember, if you really DO become famous - like Oliver - then you might have to deal with all sorts of crazy people."

"Such as his stalker?" Siri asked curiously.

I nodded. "In that situation, I didn't have to endure anything truly bad, but it could easily have been terrible."

"You said he'd hexed you to sleep, right? How do you KNOW he didn't do anything terrible when you were asleep?" He asked with perverse curiosity.

I shrugged. "I suppose that I don't, but I have to assume based on the fact that my clothes remained on me at all times that he couldn't have done anything worse than fondle me when tying me up or laying me on the bed. Even when I was rescued, I never had the feeling like I'd been touched. Plus, he did make a vague crazy reference to doing bad things in the future, which implied he hadn't already done them, and then your dad swooped in and rescued me like a bloody damsel, so from my perspective, all I really did was sleep."

"If dad hadn't rescued you, what would you have done?"

"I'd have just waited for him to relax his guard and leave my hands free. I don't think he knew that I am good at wandless magic, but he probably guessed that I could at least summon my wand, and thus had my hands tied in a way to prevent that. The moment my hands were free for any reason, I'd have incarcerated him, freed myself, and called for the Aurors to come deal with him."

"But..." he hesitated, looking away. "What if he never let your hands free and did things you didn't want? What would you have done then?"

"Endured them with the confidence that nothing on this planet could keep your dad from finding me eventually. He basically has me tagged with his magic so that there's no place on Earth I could hide from him if I actually wanted to. He would have found me eventually, and if there was even a hint of bad things done to me, he'd have put a permanent end to the culprit. I'm beyond relieved that it didn't come to that," I admitted.

"Why don't you care more about having bad things done to you?" Siri asked in concern.
I gave this some serious thought. "I suppose... it's because I've already had the worst things done to me and I survived them. Just knowing that I have your father and Oliver at home waiting for me gives me the courage and confidence to face any situation head on and - ha! Being a Slytherin gave me the skills necessary to turn just about any situation to my favor. I'm NOT a damsel, I'm a survivor!"

He smiled at me and didn't even look to see if we were being watched by anyone before leaning over and hugging me. "I'm happy to hear that. I'd actually been having a couple of nightmares in which I was held captive by a stalker, and in my nightmares, it never turns out in my favor. BUT I also don't seem to fight or anything. You're right though, having the family I have means that I know how to defend and protect myself. I have no need to worry about being helpless. But wait! You've mentioned it before, but I never thought to ask, what do you mean you've had the worst things done to you?"

So, taking advantage of the fact that we were high enough up that no one could hear us without jumping on a broom and joining us, I quietly told him about what had happened to me as a teen. Siri looked heartbroken on my behalf and I had a flicker of concern over whether I should have told him something like that so honestly, but... I also didn't want to hide it and make him feel like he also has to hide it if anything like that ever happened to him.

Our stomachs began to grumble shortly after that and we decided to go fill them. Thus, I dropped Siri off in the Great Hall before heading over to the Manor to get Muffy to bring me some blood sausages and Sanguinaccio Dolce. And before you asked, no I was just in the mood for them, there's nothing causing cravings. I checked!

While in the Manor, I found out this somewhat alarming tidbit: Eris is moving out of the Manor. It seems that Eris had remained in the Manor for this long because Hazel is still here and they DO have a thriving business together. But since Hazel plans to marry Pearl soon and move out, Eris has come to the conclusion that it was time for her to do so as well.

So I asked: "Are you planning to marry Eric then?"

She laughed. "Nope! Actually, Eric and I decided a while ago that we didn't really make a good couple. We're still committed to being friends and excellent co-parents, and he's definitely still staying in my room with me, but that's actually why I decided that it's time to move out. I wanted to have the space and privacy to find a boyfriend and it's not exactly easy to bring someone home and say: yeah, this is my son's dad, but he and I aren't together, even though we still sleep together..." She trailed off with another laugh.

"So... the two of you are planning to move into a flat together?" I asked in confusion.

"More like a house somewhere in the Wiltshire countryside. I haven't found the right one yet, but... yeah, we're going to be living together in a place where we each have our own room and our own lives, but are also right there raising our son. Best of both worlds, really."

"Aha... Well, I suppose I wish you both luck. Also, that probably explains why I've heard you two arguing a lot lately," I said, more to myself than her.

"Yeah, well, Eric had agreed to us NOT being a couple, but then he kept getting mad at me for going out and trying to, erm..." She blushed and looked away.

I harrumphed a laugh. "Uh-huh."
"ANYWAY, he's been yelling at me for trying to find others when he's still right there in my bed if I need anything like that, and so, our arguing led to this decision: to move out."

I sighed in acceptance and gave her a tight hug. "Do me a favor and go tell this to your dad before he reads my email and accuses of me of keeping important things from him again. Plus, he should really hear it from you."

She nodded in agreement and ran off to do exactly that. So... I wrote this email.

I like it when the beat goes, baby make your booty go,
Draco
Chapter 282

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Harry is not a prude and Draco checks on Erma.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sunday May 13, 2018

My Dearest Ones,

I am an adult. I am NOT a prude. I have an extremely satisfying sex life. A sex life that often falls well outside of what others would consider vanilla. I have had long conversations with almost all of my children (infants and very small children not included) about safe sex, good sex, emotional components to sex. Five of my official children, even if I were able to pretend the others were celibate, have children or a child on the way - both in Elena's case, so I know they've had sex. I have always been hopeful that some time in their adulthood they would end up with a fulfilling and satisfying sex life.

My sweet Hazel I've probably worried about more so than any of the others. With her transition process, we knew lack of sexual compatibility could be a factor. Eventually we knew from her own words that she was having some issues with her sex life. And eventually, you heard with your eavesdropping ears that pick up everything, that things were working out well in that regard for our Haz. I was pleased she was happy but also thrilled that I was not the one to have heard it for myself.

In my mind, each of our children are permanently a specific age. I'm not sure why, and it's not consistent, it's not as though in my head each of them are eternally all six years old, or even stuck at the age they came into our lives. But my Hazel is forever five years old in my heart. She was finally fully (outwardly) living her life as the gender she'd always known she was. She was coming out of the sadness that had plagued her while she was three and four. When I picture our little girl the image that always comes to mind is of her at five years old after a shopping trip with Grammy Cissa, twirling into the sunroom with bright eyes and the biggest smile I'd seen from her in years. Wanting to do a fashion show and show off her pretty lavender dress she'd just gotten.

This was the image I had in my mind when I was bringing her her birthday breakfast. Thinking of sparkling eyes, little girl giggles, and how glad I am that she came into our lives. Yeah, not the image I got when I walked into the room. Now, I know that when my children have their significant others over that I should knock before entering their rooms. But Pearl hadn't spent the night last night, and Haz is such a morning snoozer like Daddy Draco that I couldn't imagine I'd be walking in on anything other than a sleepy girl huddled under a million blankets.

Apparently, Pearl must have floo'ed in last night after we all went to bed. It's so sweet that she wanted to surprise her fiancée by showing up in the middle of the night on her birthday. She likely got in very late, or very early, since they were .... still at it when I walked in this morning.
So I'm gonna need a solid brain bleaching. Maybe an obliviate or two. As a matter of fact I should probably delete this entire email so I don't have to read it and possibly learn this information again in the future. Although reading that it happened is completely different than witnessing it.

I should probably come to terms with the fact that she is not five years old anymore. She is eighteen, a successful business owner, a graduate, a loving fiancée, and amazing sister, who's only weeks away from marrying the love of her life.

And our Eris isn't five years old anymore either. Although, five years old isn't the age Eris is stuck in forever with me. Somehow Eris is the "oldest" of all my imaginary ages. She's eternally eight or nine years old in my head. That awful, yet beautiful, time in our lives where we were building Unity Iran. This sweet young woman, obsessed with fashion, one of our "divas" as we lovingly called them at that time, would be up to her elbows in dirt if that's what the children of Unity Iran needed at the moment. I remember seeing one of the Kids wheel themselves into the kitchens wearing Eris' favorite sparkly shrug, her prized clothing item at the time, and Eris' eyes lit up with pride seeing how much happiness something as simple as a sparkly new clothing piece brought to that Kid.

But I digress ... thank you for having Eris let me know about moving, although she didn't quite get to me before I read your email. And just for the record, I never accused you of keeping things from me! I just couldn't believe you managed to not blurt out Lainie's news and want to talk about it immediately. I wasn't mad, just surprised.

I was not so surprised to find out Eris wanted to move. I knew that she was only still staying at the Manor because of the ease of raising Luka here and wanting to be near Hazel. I'm actually pretty darn pleased to find out she isn't staying with Eric. Look, I have nothing against the kid (anymore) but I never felt they were truly right for each other. So few people actually meet their forever love with they're a teenager. The stress of young parenting, navigating a new romance while dealing with sleepless nights, isn't exactly a recipe for a healthy long-lasting relationship. Not that it would have been impossible, but unlikely. I'm just glad they didn't stay together because they thought they "should."

Although I do want to have a talk with Eric and his attempts to control our baby girl. Not cool dude, don't make me change my feelings about you. You were doing so well up until now!

I talked with Eri a little bit yesterday about her plans to move and I told her I had some great ideas if she and Eric wanted to hear them. So this afternoon I am going to sit down with them both ... as well as my Luka who I'm sure needs a lot of Grandpa Harry snuggles ... and talk about my ideas for their housing. I know Eris has plenty of money to purchase whatever home she'd like. But I've been part of the Malfoy family for a long time, we like to give extravagant gifts. So I'd like to offer to build the house for her whenever they pick out the land. And I can show them all my blueprints I've created for the alternative homes I've talked about in the past.

Looking at the time, neither of you will likely read this before I actually sit down to talk to them. So I think I'll come find the both of you, give you a heads up on my ideas, and see if you want to join me in talking with them both. And if neither of you are in the mood to talk I could probably be convinced into a quickie!

Incoming!
Harry

Sunday May 13th
My perfect men,

When I got up this 'morning,' it was to Morgana's adorable face as she was playing on the bed next to me, basically babbling happily and quietly to herself. When she saw that I was awake, she crawled over to give me gooey baby kisses. So, with her underfoot, I did my morning yoga routine, but opted to skip the face and skincare routine because I wasn't planning to do anything that required me to look my best.

Thus, with Morgana in a wrap carrier on my chest, I met up with you two to talk with Eris and Eric. During that conversation, Nora insisted that I summon her cozy sling carrier so that she could actually take a nap in it. After we'd come to a satisfying agreement with Eris, Romeo came into the room and surprised me with a hug.

"Thank you so much!" He exclaimed, looking like he'd just been beaten half to death by the Brand New Love stick. Or maybe he looked shagged out and I just didn't want to see it. In any case, I ruffled his hair and asked him: "Whatever for?"

"Introducing me to Jules. But more than that, just being there whenever I needed to talk to someone."


"I'd love to stay for lunch or tea, but I really have to get back and finish up my homework. I left Jules a note, but if he doesn't notice it and asks, tell him I went back to Hogwarts, yeah?" Romeo asked nervously.

I exchanged a look with both of you that was very amused that these two boys had hit it off so quickly. "I'll be sure to tell him, however, you'll likely end up chatting with him before I see him, since I'm planning to leave in a minute."

"Alright, bye then!" Romeo called out as he ran over to the fire and tossed some floo powder in. Once he was gone, Harry raised a brow at me.

"And... where are you planning on going?"

"I decided that since I had some time before Hazel's birthday dinner tonight, I should probably go check up on Erma in person. Dibly reports she's doing well enough, but he also reports that she acts a bit skittish at times and mumbles something about a weird ghost or something in her flat. I think I should talk to her and encourage her to go to see a Mind Healer if she really thinks she's seeing weird things in her flat."

"Oh! Can I go?!" You asked excitedly.

"Of course," I stated with a happy smile.

"I would like to come too, since I actually was with you when you found her. I sort of want to know how she's doing," Oliver added.

"I'm glad to hear that," I informed him with a kiss. "I was half afraid that I'd made you feel uncomfortable by suddenly taking in a stray - so to speak."

"No, just, erm… I suppose that I've never been close enough to such a person before that I even had to think about what I would do. I didn't feel uncomfortable so much as I felt lost and confused, but I've had some time to think it over, and now I have hope that I would do the same as you have," Oliver explained, giving us both kisses.
"Then let's get going so that we can be back in plenty of time," I suggested. "In which case, you two can fight over who gets to wear Dylan and Gabriel. I think it'll be safe enough to leave the Feisty Foursome here for the day, since they're out in the stables anyway. I'm dead certain that I saw Atreyu riding his favorite thestral around the North Fields..."

You both sighed, probably alarmed but accepting of the fact that he just does that and there's really not much point in trying to stop him all these many months after he started.

So, with Harry wearing Gabriel and Oliver wearing Dylan, we set off for Erma's. I'm not certain what her life was like before I found her, but I feel that she must not have had a lot of positive contact with other people, because when we knocked on her door, there was utter silence in her flat. I knocked a second time with no response, and then tried calling out:

"Erma? It's Draco. Can we have a nice little chat?"

At that point, I could hear her moving in a way that was nearly silent, but just enough to think that the flat wasn't empty after all. She actually could have been out getting something to eat. In any case, after a long moment, we heard no less than five different locks being unlocked before the door opened and she peered at us warily.

"It's... really you... I was beginning to think I'd made you up. That ALL of this is just in my head and I've died or something."

We went in and - since we'd had Dibly prepare us a small picnic of beverages and biscuits before we left - had a nice chat over tea. Erma seems physically healthier than she was, but mentally... she definitely still needs help. I didn't think she'd bother going to see anyone, even if I paid for it, which was a bit depressing.

It seems that you must have picked up on the same thing, Harry, because you offered to call in Katja, and Erma visibly couldn't bring herself to say no, so we considered that a yes. Yes, I know, I just lectured a bunch of kids to consider anything less than an oh hell yes as a no, but this is different in that it could help save a life - or at the very least, a sanity.

Once Katja arrived and introductions were made, the three of us excused ourselves with the promise that we'd probably pop in next Sunday. We left but before we did, I took her hand in mine and let her know that I was hoping that she got better, and that even if no one else did, I cared about her.

She seemed so confused that she was near tears, but she nodded and let us go so that she could talk with Katja. Hopefully the meeting will do her some good. Out in the hall, before Apparating away, I gave you a thorough kiss as a reward, and then gave Oliver a kiss because he was pouting and deserved one too.

Before we actually Apparated home, I popped in on the Landlord to discuss my idea, and since I plan to do this with or without him, all I really wanted to know was if he was interested in helping. He declined, but gave me his sister's business card, as she is a social worker who would be THRILLED to spearhead a project like this. Also, he grumbled that she'd probably conscript him into helping anyway, and thus, wouldn't be completely out of it.

Chuckling, I wished him a good afternoon and returned to the Manor with two of you - and our kids, naturally.

Speaking of, I found it nice how the four of them were really rather good, simply sitting in our laps and listening to us talk. I would have assumed that they'd have wanted to crawl/walk/run around
getting into everything, but they somehow knew the situation called for their best behavior. Which is not so surprising from Morgana as she can sit for hours in my lap without making much a fuss - unless she's hungry - but the boys have been getting into everything lately, and so, I thought there might be a bit of a bored baby brawl, but nope. Perfect angels!

In any case, I needed to take a shower and change into something better when we got home, so I accepted the quickie once the kids were down for a nap, and then left you two lounging in bed as I hopped in the shower. You were gone when I got out, but that just gave me time to write this email.

That said, I definitely have to get to dinner before I'm sent a howler.

'Cuz I gotta have faith,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Note: since it never got worked into the story, the ghost or something that Erma thinks is haunting her flat is actually Dibly, lol ^_^
Chapter 283

Chapter Summary

Harry is pissed off at Pearl's father and Draco leaves to fix shit.

Monday May 14, 2018

I'm going to murder Pearl's father. Literally murder. Ollie sweetheart, can I please? I know we're on a no flirting and no murdering embargo but I really think it's important. If I can't murder what about a surprise genital amputation?

So, after class today I headed back to our rooms. I was thinking about taking a little nap, I'm feeling a bit run down at the moment, probably all the crazy events we've had going on the last few weeks. And instead of a set of empty rooms, or maybe some of the feisty foursome taking a break from their usual feral outdoor existence, there was Hazel sitting on our bed - wrapped in our blankets and cuddling a pillow hard enough that I have to assume it tried to escape at one point - and crying her poor little heart out.

I would love to have been helping Hazel and Pearl with their wedding prep. The big day is about two months away so there's plenty of time, but every time I've offered I get the feeling that the offer is appreciated but not particularly desired. That's fine, it's their wedding. And honestly they're both so involved with the fashion industry that it's not like I'm really going to be able to make any suggestions that are going to fit their vision of their wedding. They know I'm willing to help, so I'm just patiently waiting for if or when they ask for my help.

But Ivan, fucking Ivan, is still being a dick. He's supporting them in theory, he hasn't made any more shitty comments about it not being a real marriage, I haven't heard another stupid mention of our relationship being invalid, and so far Hazel has seemed content enough when she's around him. However, you know they've set the date for their wedding for 7th July.

If you'll remember, he tried negotiating and set a bunch of time frames where he was willing to pay for specific things depending on how long they waited. Here, I'll copy and paste to refresh your memory; "If they elope and marry before seventeen he will give them nothing but also won't disown or stop loving them. If they get married after the birthday but within the following month, he will pay for their honeymoon. If they wait six months past that, he will pay for their honeymoon and a small home, if they wait until after Pearl's eighteenth birthday he will pay for the honeymoon and a full estate."

Well, we're well past the elopement stage, her birthday is 10th January so we've also passed the following month, and when the girls set the wedding date they were very excited that it would mean they'd get the small home because they managed to wait the six months. They picked the 7th because it was a Saturday and we would still be in the country, not having to leave for Iran until the 9th.

Except Ivan the absolute douchnozzle is adamant that they are not fulfilling the six month rule as Pearl's birthday is on the 10th and they're getting married on the 7th. He's making his daughter and OUR daughter feel like shite because of a 72 hour difference.
So, if you need me I'll be in the Forbidden Forest blowing up old acromantula nests.

Yours,
Harry

Monday May 14th  
Dear Harry and Oliver,

When I told Hermione that I needed to go have a chat with my best friend and why, she gave me tonight off. Thus, I am currently about to floo to Russia with Hazel so that we can talk to Pansy first, and then Ivan. Since Pansy has always been on our side in this wedding, I feel confident that between the three of us Slytherins, we can come up with a calm and businesslike way to overcome all of Ivan's concerns.

Or we'll just let Pansy go all Hell-Raising Shrew over his arse. Either way, things should be settled by tonight. See you when we get home.

Love forever,
Draco
Monday May 14, 2018

You're probably already on your way, and I'm not exactly sure what I'd say to you before you left anyway.

I just, is it too much to ask that every single thing not be a fucking fight? Is it too much to ask that our daughter be treated like she's worthy of respect. Is it too much to ask that our future daughter-in-law be treated as though she has a brain in her head and the ability to make decisions?

How hard is it to just love someone and respect them? Worst case scenario and Pearl is making the absolute biggest mistake of her life, what is Ivan's complete inability to listen to his daughter going to help? You think it's going to make her want to break off the engagement? Stall the wedding? Do you think if something happens in the future and Pearl feels like the marriage is over, you think she's going to go talk to her father about it?

He's too stupid to realize he's driving an enormous wedge between himself and his family. I hope his pride and his absolute denial about reality keeps him company because he's made these young women well aware that he will support them as long as he gets to control everything. I've known these women since they were infants, they were not made to be controlled.

You tell those beautiful daughters of ours that we'll build them the biggest damn palace the world has ever seen wherever they want it built.

And tell Ivan he can suck my metaphorical dick. But he can't suck my real dick because he's a piece of gobshite I don't want near my dick.

Love you,
Harry

Tuesday May 15th

My loves,

Yesterday went well. After having an emotional chat with Pansy and her reassuring us that she was still on our side, the four of us (including Pearl) were successful in persuading him that he was being unreasonable. Actually, it was a surprise last minute addition that turned the tide in our favor. It seems that Paige is her daddy's absolute pride and joy, because when the rest of us were gearing up for a battle, she floated into the room, looking every inch the Russian near royalty that she is, and pouted at him.

"Daddy, if someone was trying to come between ME and the one I loved most in the world, wouldn't you be upset?"

Well, when asked like that, he didn't have the heart to argue anymore and basically caved into our demands - er, suggestions, about being fair and not putting his daughter through so much stress on what should be the happiest day of her life.

Then, since I was in Russia, I stayed for a nice dinner, Hazel and Pearl looking over the moon to spend time together. During dinner, I received a message from Hermione saying that so long as I was in Russia, she'd quite like it if I met with their Ministry and basically stood by as an official as
their delegate who has been in London working with our Ministry reported in on the progress of the Tournament.

I sent you an insta-owl explaining the delay in my return, and we even had a Magi-Skype chat before I went to bed last night. This morning, I got up much earlier than I'd've liked, but I was having a hard time sleeping by myself, and so, got up, ready, and to their Ministry practically first thing in the morning. The meeting went well. Just basically as I've already said, their delegate reporting in with me on hand to answer any questions if needed. There weren't many that the delegate herself couldn't answer.

Then, since Hermione had sent me a message this morning saying as much, I stopped by France on my way back from Russia. There was the French Delegate waiting for me and we had a nice lunch before we met with the French Ministry. Same sort of meeting, everything went well. The plans for the Tournament are coming along nicely. Hermione is quite pleased.

Then, since I was in France, I decided to stop by Unity House and see how Elena and the others were getting on. Turns out that things are ahead of schedule and that Elena was planning to send me a message soon because the place is almost up and ready to go. Basically, all I really needed to do was sign over the authority to the woman I'd hired to run the house on our behalf.

Elena is going to stay in France long enough to help out with the very first fundraiser, but then she's decided to come back home and think over what she wants to do next as she's feeling a strong pull to go to Spain, but she wants to figure out something official to do with her school before she just abandons it. Which will understandably take a bit of time to sort out.

In any case, Elena and I are currently about to head out to dinner and dancing, after which, I WILL be back home in time for bed with the two of you.

I like that you're broken, broken like me, maybe that makes me a fool,

Draco
Chapter 285

Chapter Summary

Harry doesn't understand why there are sides at all, and Draco decides to try something new (meanwhile, Oliver is shagged out ^_^)

Tuesday May 15, 2018

Mine Own,

You know, I think it's utter malarkey that there have to be sides at all. Why does Ivan only give in when the daughter he loves points something out? Why do we like him again? Hell if I know.

Oh! That reminds me, what do you get when you cross an elephant with a rhino?

Elephino!! Ha! Get it!

But seriously, we do not cross an elephant with a rhino, that elephant is all mine. Erm, ours. No one is riding him but me. And you of course Draco. Wait, nobody said nothin bout ridin no elephants. Just crossing them. Crossbreeding different species sounds like a bad plan if you ask me. Can you imagine if we actually crossed an elephant and a rhino? What would that even look like? It sounds freaky. Like something that Australia cooked up to scare the piss out of the rest of the world.

So, here's my theory. A long long time ago, many witches and wizards lived in Australia. And they thought, hey let's magically create some really effed up creatures. And they were meant to stay in the wizarding world. But someone, probably one of Hagrid's ancestors if we're being honest, decided not to watch them closely enough and all of a sudden we have an entire continent full of some sort of DIY animal insanity. What other explanation do you have for the thorny devil, which has an extra FAKE HEAD on the back of their necks?

Or or or the southern cassowary. This bloody bird is flightless and lethal and descended from dinosaurs!

And we all know how weird the platypus is, except for Perry of course who is an angel and I love him.

You know, there's really not anyone on Phineas and Ferb that I don't love. I mean even the people you're not supposed to love, I love. Dr Doofenschmirtz? He just had a really messed up childhood ya know? And he never actually accomplishes any of his evil plots. Poor misunderstood Doof.

And the sugar glider! How cute is the sugar glider. I want one! Can we get a pet sugar glider? We could name it like Soary, or Princess Floats-a-lot, or Anemoi for the gods of the winds, or Steve!!!

I decided to stay up late tonight so I would be awake when you got home Draco. Our Ollie is already sound asleep and you're not back yet. But don't worry, I fondled him in his sleep. But then technically he woke up and we shagged and then he went back to sleep. So I don't know if he was really all that soundedly asleep. He might have been faking it so that I would fondle him and we could shag.
He's so sneaky.

I thought to myself, I miss Lucius. Which is weird because of all those times he tried to kill me. Remember that Luci? When you used to try and kill me? And then there was the time I gave you a stinky sock. Bahahahahaha! You should have seen the look on your face Lulu. You were all "grrr" and I was all "ha-ha" and you were all "someday you will shag my son and carry my grandchildren"

No, wait, that didn't happen. Ha! Can you imagine if we went back in time Luscious? I tell Draco all the time I should go back in time and tell little Harry in the cupboard that his life will get better and .... hold on a mo

Okay, your Daddy says he didn't know I acutualal ... akshull .... actyuo all ... really lived in a cupboard. Didn't he read my books? Oh, see your spoiled prat Daddy apaprenlty thought I was being overly descriptive and I just meant my room was small.

ANYWAY, as I was saying before you so rudely interrupted Luly, we should go back in time and tell 1992 Lucius Malfoy that some day his only son was going to get knocked up by the ruddy savior. Do you think you'd have a heart attack?

Your Daddy's face is so read.

Anywho, you should come home before I start bragging about our sexual exploits to Luci again. I know he's depraved and all that but every time I talk about how well you shag me into exhaustion he gets all pink in the ears. Or that's the wine. Maybe both.

Mmm Wine.

Come home!

Harry James Malfoy-Wood

P.S. Wood is a fun last name to have, it sounds like a euphemism for an erection.

P.P.S. I'd like YOUR erection ... in my arse

P.P.P.S. Your Daddy wants me to stop talking about your erection going into my arse

Wednesday May 16th
My beloved husbands,

So, since I had not much to do today before heading into the Ministry to report to Hermione how my meetings went, I decided to do something different. But before I get into that, let me back up a moment.

Oliver, when I got home last night, you were most definitely asleep, looking a cross between shagged out and just so freaking adorable now that your very fit stomach has the tiniest little hint of a bump. I know we haven't exactly kept this news a secret, but I don't think we've shouted about it either. So, maybe we should plan a full family dinner for this weekend? Call Cassie and Parker to come back to the Manor - since she's been recruited/hired by Viona and lives in a flat in London to be closer to her as her personal assistant, and Parker is doing well as a live in Manager for Orion's Hog's Head.
I'll set Pippa to the task and she will see to it that all the other kids who don't currently live here get here for dinner, if they can, we might need to conference River and Orion in via Magi-Skype. Then we can formally make the announcement - provided you are ready. No rush if you want to wait a bit longer. I tended to wait until it was nearly blatantly obvious before announcing it simply because I didn't want to disappoint anyone - including myself - if things went wrong. Harry always wanted to blurt the news out the moment he found out, so...

Come to think of it, everyone probably already knows and is simply taking bets on how long it'll take us to finally tell everyone, ha.

Harry, I love that I came home to find you half lying on the table, giggling with my father about something I couldn't quite comprehend. For once, my mother was not the instigator, nor was she in the room, but since you were giving my father another lesson in emailing, and he was apparently writing my mother, I'm dead certain that she knew exactly what was going on.

I watched you two silently for a bit, happy to see you getting along as well as ever, before walking over and running a hand along your spine. You turned your head to look at me, took a second to realize that it was actually me, and then pulled me into your lap to kiss and grope me in welcome.

"Draco, you're home!" You exclaimed as if I'd been away on business a LOT longer than a day. "I need you in my arse! Right now! Now! Now!"

I gave you a kiss and chuckled. "How about we relocate to our bedroom first, love. We DO have another husband that might enjoy the show."

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...." You purred happily as you thought this suggestion over. I stood up and tossed you over my shoulder, carrying you to bed and smacking your firm arse as I went.

We then made excellent use of the enormous bed right next to Oliver until he was definitely awake and watching us. He seemed rather amused that you were obviously drunk and BEGGING for it in every way possible. All in all, it was a rather fun night that I will bet a hefty sum on that you are at least partially regretting right now, since you have to teach a class, hahahaha!

In any case, when I woke up at my usual time today, the two of you were long gone to class, and the babies - toddlers - were happily playing with each other under the supervision of Muffy, Dibly, and (surprise surprise) the elves that Muffy had hired to be THEIR own personal elves. At this point, I have given up all attempts to remember them all. It sometimes takes me a minute to remember all 21 of our kids names, remembering 21 elves on top of that is just a bit too much, innit?

But as I was saying to begin with, since I had some time before heading into the Ministry, I took Nora, Morgana, Dylan, and Gabriel with me to the Ballroom. I had decided that my morning exercise - rather than yoga - was going to be dancing. But something occurred to me when I was dancing with Elena...

I haven't ever danced AS a woman. I mean that's only to be expected as I am a man and not interested in trying to be a woman. That said, I have tried the Damsel Curse once or twice for orgasmic reasons and liked it well enough that I'm still sad that neither of you are interested in that. And no, I'm not hinting anything of any sort other than that I really would genuinely enjoy having one or both of you shag me as a woman sometime, but probably not soon.

So, with the urge to try dancing as a woman, I remained naked, cursed myself with the Damsel Curse, and then spent a good two hours just seeing how my shorter and fairly petite body moved.
How it flowed. How freaking graceful I was. I mean I've been dancing for years, so I didn't need to learn any steps, but it did take me a few minutes to work out the new center of gravity, and then, I just flowed...

It was beautiful and wonderful, and I thoroughly enjoyed watching myself in the mirror. I think I might do that at least once a week from now on. But in any case, I eventually had to change back into my actual body and get ready to go to the Ministry. I brought the four littles with me, and they had fun 'coloring' as me and Hermione chatted about that meeting and the little things that still needed to be planned out and decided on in regards to the Tournament, but the majority of it is being handled by the official planning committee, and thus, we only really have to approve the most important decisions they've made.

For now, this Tournament is rather fun. Ask me about it again closer to the date when Hermione has me working around the clock and I brew into Hurricane Draco. I probably won't love it so much at that point, ha.

There are no actual words to the love song I want to sign off with, so remind me to 'sing' it to you when I get home,
Draco
Chapter 286

Chapter Summary

Harry, Oliver, and Draco have a wonderful family dinner for a birthday and a special announcement.

Saturday May 19, 2018

My Everything,

I kind of want to crawl into bed and go to sleep already. I want to wrap up in the arms of my loves and fall asleep with tonight's perfect memories on my mind. I'd meet you both in dreamland, where I can revisit every beautiful moment of tonight in vivid detail.

I already know I plan on checking the Manor's MMM's to see if we got any beautiful pictures of the million different wonderful moments that happened tonight.

Draco, when you asked the other day if Ollie was ready to make the big announcement, and possibly announce it this weekend, the timing ended up working out perfectly. He's ten weeks tomorrow, which is closing in on the end of the first trimester. Every one of his scans has shown a happy, healthy, perfectly growing little caboose. And when we double checked the dates and availability with Pippa, she reminded us of what we already had going on this weekend.

Not that I thought you would forget today was Lissa and Cael's eighth birthdays, but you may have forgotten that the last time we all got together our little Lily thoroughly guilt tripped Ori, River, and Mahafsoun into promising they'd visit for the big day. So when we brought up the dinner with all the kids, we realized we wouldn't have to worry about magi-skyping Ori and Riv since they were going to be here to celebrate anyway.

Not only did the timing work out so we'd get all of our kids together for the big reveal, but it also meant no one really questioned it when we put the dinner-time specifics together. If we had had no specific reason to have a big family dinner, I can see most of the kids questioning why they were being summoned home for a random Saturday night dinner. And by questioning, I mean knowing exactly what was about to be announced.

Even without any sort of an announcement, it was one of those perfect evenings. I got to snuggle up with all of my grandchildren. I got all of my children in one room. I still can't get over how absolutely lucky I am that my family is made up of all these wonderful people. And this wasn't even a full circle dinner, just our immediate family; parents, children, their significant others, grandchildren, my husbands.

You know me, I could go on and on for hours, probably days, about how much I adore our family. I will save that for a future anniversary or something like that. Instead, let's talk highlights of the evening.

As always, any of the feisty foursome's birthdays are sure to be an event. Lissa wanted songs sung, and apparently this year, fireworks were on the schedule. After our delicious dinner, we decided it was time. We had gone back and forth dozens of times on how to do the announcement. Do we just
blurt it out? Do some sort of performance theatre to announce? Do we let Ollie get a little nauseous and just sprint out of the room gagging so they will notice?

Side note: still a bit jealous of you Love that you've managed to escape the horror that is morning (all damn day) sickness!

We came up with a few ideas until I remembered a conversation we'd had quite a while ago. When Oliver was reading through our old email chains he came across the time we announced Draco's pregnancy with Viona wearing an adorable shirt saying "My Daddy doesn't think you're *annoying, it's just the hormones!" - and then in small print - "*he does think you're annoying” Then, when I gave Draco the news that Eris was a girl, Viona wore another shirt saying "Daddy are you ready for two princesses?"

Well, I remember how emotional you got Ollie, you mentioned that even after you adopted Cassie and Parker, you still wished for more children (wished a bit too hard there, look how many you have now!) and dreamed about telling Cassie and Parker about it by gifting them something that said "Big Sister" and "Big Brother" on it.

So, when dinner was winding down, everyone was rubbing their tummies from how full they were, we brought out some gifts. Obviously we gave Lily and Caelum a birthday gift. But then we had a gift for Cassie and Parker. We had them open them at the same time. When they opened their matching shirts that said "I'm the Big Sister/Brother" I could see a bit of confusion in both of their faces. And a bit of desperate hope in Cassie's. "Dad, you could have gotten us these shirts when you told us we were officially going to become part of this family. You could have given them to us when you guys got engaged or married" her voice hitched and she got very quiet when she finished with "Why now?"

Viona had been sitting right next to her, I guess they're not sick of each other yet despite working together, looked into the partially opened gift and crowed, "Yes! I knew it! You fools owe me so much money! I was the only one who placed their bets on a May announcement!" She cackled a little maniacally "I knew he wouldn't be an early blunter like Mumdah, nor would he wait until it was glaringly obvious to everyone the way Dad would." Then Vivi did an impressive "told you so" dance. Which was extra adorable due to her own expanding belly.

While money exchanged hands, high-fives given, and many hugs and congratulations were given to all three of us, Cassie and Parker seemed to still be sitting with their shirts in shock. I went over to the two of them while Ollie was distracted with the littlest ones trying to scream through his stomach to say hi to their baby. I whispered to the two of them, although with the rest of our group making so much noise it was probably unnecessary. "He loves all of our kids. You two know more than anyone else how much love he has to give. But he loved you first. You have such a special place in his heart, why don't you go tell him what you're feeling."

That could have backfired, they could have gone over to Ollie and completely crushed him by saying they were jealous or angry or whatever negative emotion could have happened. I know them better than that, they both immediately darted over to our Ollie. Clinging to him, crying, and telling him how excited they were for him. How excited they were to become big siblings. Parker had already thrown his "Big Brother" shirt on over what he'd been wearing.

Those two didn't leave Ollie's side for the rest of the night. When we went outside to let the little ones burn off some energy, they were glued right to his side. When we all went to the game room to watch some cartoons while we waited for it to get dark enough for fireworks they took up the spots directly to his right and left to snuggle into. And when we all went out into the onsen to watch Lily and Caelum's birthday fireworks, I could see both Cassie and Parker's eyes completely
unable to pull away from the teeny little curve of their dad's abdomen.

I'm a bit surprised to be honest that they even went back to their own homes at the end of the night. I thought we were going to have to expand the bed while they climbed in with us at the end of the night.

Basically, with the exception of the ludicrous amount of money that exchanged hands from our children who may have gambling problems, tonight was perfect! And I'm thrilled we've finally announced it because it was getting harder and harder every day to not tell everyone who was willing to listen ... or unable to leave ... all about how much I love my husbands and our upcoming child.

Practically Floating,
Harry

Sunday May 20th
The fires of my heart,

Today was rather interesting. I got up early - around 10 - in order to have time to do my full routine well before we left for tonight's Quidditch Match, but actually, what I needed the extra time for was to do the things I promised to do BEFORE I did my entire routine and got ready for the Quidditch Match.

Just as I was slipping out of bed, Jules let himself into our suite. "Hey Draco, do you think I could come with you to that Hogwarts place?"

"I suppose," I murmured. "After all, Shtara has been there once or twice."

"Bien!" Jules cried in elation. "John has talked about the place enough that I'm really sad I've never seen it."

"Well, let me just find some clothes to pull on and then..." I trailed off as Muffy popped up with the perfect track suit for my morning activities. "Thank you Muffy, you're the best House Elf ever." I pulled on the black with blue contrast outfit and cast a couple of charms to clean and style my hair.

A minute or so later, with a bacon sandwich in one hand, I tossed some floo into the fireplace and directed Jules into it. Shortly after emerging, we ran across Zwei in the corridor, rushing out toward the Quidditch Pitch because I'd told him last night that I planned to arrive early today.

"Morning Zwei, where's your brother?"

"Siri's in the library flirting with some girl," Zwei informed me.

"Oh really?" I asked with interest. "Well, I suppose I'll just have to go find him then."

"See you on the pitch in a few, dad. I'm going to be practicing my Krav Maga with Lila today, since she's so timid that she can't bring herself to practice at all, but really wants to learn in case she ever needs to defend herself. She's also no good at defensive magic, but -"

"Zwei? The sooner I go find your brother, the sooner we'll get started," I pointed out.

"Right!" Zwei agreed and ran off.
I led Jules to the library, watching in amusement as his eyes got so wide and he tried to stare at EVERYTHING at the same time. This really just made his eyes dart around in awe, hahaha.

In the library, sure enough, I found Siri sitting in a group of students studying, which is so rare that I hastily took out my magitablet and snapped a picture before anyone noticed that I was even in the room. Also, I managed to get a good picture of him looking at the girl next to him as if she was the only person in the room and was telling him the secrets of the universe. And don't worry, I got a picture of the girl too so that you can see her for yourself. As she is a student, you might even recognize her, although I don't recall seeing her before.

In any case, I eventually put the magitablet away and stepped closer to the table of studiers. Jules finally managed to stop looking around the library in wonder - which, even for a person not interested in books in the slightest, is a rather amazing sight - and followed me closely, as if mildly afraid that if he lost me in this endless place, he'd never find me again.

"Ready son?" I asked Siri, bringing to his attention the fact that I was there.

"Oh, hi dad! Right!" Siri replied, his excitement level increasing rapidly. "I'm hoping to be nice and limber for today's game!"

"I'm surprised the manager didn't insist that you spend the night with the team last night," I murmured in amusement, but before either of us could say anything else, we were basically interrupted.

"JULES!!" Romeo cried out happily, having apparently finished the problem he was working on for his homework and looking up to see me and his boyfriend standing there. "You're here!" He jumped up so quickly that his chair fell over, earning a scowling glare from Madam Pince. He raced to hug and kiss Jules so excitedly that he practically knocked me over.

Those two did not care in the slightest that they were in front of a group of spectators; they got rather hot and heavy in about a second flat. I had to grab Romeo by the back of his collar and shake him a bit.

"Oi! Save that for later on, when you're alone," I advised because I really didn't need for the students to think that I was just going to let them shag in public - which could cause all sorts of problems.

"Oooooo! Too bad he's gay," I heard one girl murmur to another as they avidly eyed Jules up and down.

"Right? Just look at that gorgeous blue hair, and those eyes..."

"And that arse!" The first whispered, but I was standing right next to her and so could hear her every word.

I chuckled. "How many of you are planning to go running around the Quidditch Pitch with us?"

A couple nodded and started packing up their things. The rest shook their heads and continued to work. One boy in particular looked rather angry. He stood up and glared at Romeo.

"You have been babbling about your boyfriend for days now! It's distracted you from everything and made your grades suffer! And now he's here to distract you in person! You SHOULD tell him to bugger off and let you finish your studying!"

Ah... I remember this boy now. He's... erm... Crispin, I think. The boy that Romeo kissed rather
"Crispin, it's fine. I'm pretty much done anyway," Romeo informed him with a shrug, still wrapped around Jules as much as possible. Jules COULD have been standoffish and trying to play it cool in front of so many strangers, but he was more than content to hold Romeo in return and stroke a hand up and down his back.

"I'm telling you! He's GOING to make you fail all your finals!!!" Crispin cried out angrily, and since he is a Ravenclaw, I really didn't think much of why he was so concerned, but Romeo did. He frowned and bit his lip.

"Why are you so upset?"

"Because he's not the right person for you!" Crispin roared. "If he was, he'd let you study and get good grades!"

"Yeah?!" Romeo countered defiantly. "Well, YOU dumped me because you're not gay, so YOU don't have a say in what I do!"

"I thought you said I'm your BEST FRIEND! I think that gives me the right to be concerned!"

Normally, I probably would have sat back and watched this play out, but I really didn't have all day for this drama, so I decided to intervene. "Right! BOYS!" Both stopped shouting abruptly and looked at me. "You are BOTH going to be out on the Quidditch Pitch running your arses off with the rest of us, NOW, because I don't have all day. And if either of you refuses or tries to give it less then your best effort, I'm going to ask my brother to assign you both some extra potions homework, or maybe I'll ask my husbands to ALSO assign you some extra homework!"

"YESSIR!!" They both blurted out before I could come up with something worse, such as asking Minerva to give them detention with Hagrid in the Forbidden Forest.

"Good, now let's all go before I get cranky from the fact that I'm up early and have a LONG day ahead of me."

"Yes sir!" Everyone that was coming with me (minus Siri) exclaimed and followed me as I jogged them all out of the Castle.

What followed was a surprisingly calm run around the pitch followed by Krav Maga practice. After that, I had plenty of time to go to our Quarters and do my morning routine before we (our entire family since they all happened to still be in the Manor from yesterday) had to leave for Siri's third official Quidditch Match.

OH it was a close one! Both teams were FEROCIOUS as they fought over the Quaffle. They scored points so quickly that it almost made my head spin. Our son was a fully capable warrior as he defended his teammates from the Bludgers with his Beater partner. I really felt like I was hanging onto the edge of my seat the entire time.

AND THEN THE TORNADOES CAUGHT THE SNITCH!!! HOORAY FOR THE TORNADOES!!! OUR SON IS CLEARLY THE BEST PLAYER ON THE TEAM AND THE REASON THEY ARE DOING SO WELL THIS YEAR!

Sorry, got a bit carried away there for a moment. In any case, I'm a bit tired now, so I'm going to wrap up this email and come to bed to see if either or both of you are ready to put us all to sleep in the best way possible.
Walk me home in the dead of night,
Draco
Chapter 287

Chapter Summary

Harry and Oliver go out on a date, and Draco has a poker night with the blokes ^_^

Saturday May 26, 2018

My Draco,

I just had the most beautiful night with our husband. With my husband Oliver. I'm sorry you weren't invited, but when I discussed this with you last week you seemed to understand. And since you had a fun night of drinking and gambling set up with Blaise, Greg, Theo, and Ron, and are still out running amok with them, I assume you are still fine with it.

Unless of course you're with them complaining about being snubbed by your husbands but I hope that isn't the case. Especially since our conversation earlier this week ended with you ruffling my hair and calling me an adorable little mutt, I'm thinking you found the whole thing cute.

See, for the first time in nineteen years I wasn't spending the month of May thinking of fun anniversary activities to do with you. I wasn't planning a trip. I wasn't trying to track down a time turner so past me could shag future you. I wasn't trying to figure out if I should do an emotional gift, or something shiny, or just planning to tie you up and shag you until the only thing you could remember is my name. I was coming up on the anniversary of the day I married you and I was at a loss as to what to do.

I didn't want to do a big anniversary celebration. For the same reason those last months before our recent wedding I called you my fiancé instead of my husband. I wanted a fresh start, a new marriage, a triad ... not a couple with their new lover. To me, that means our wedding anniversary IS the 24th of March. However, for almost nineteen years now, the 29th of May has been an important day. A day to celebrate the love that you Draco Malfoy and I Harry Malfoy-Wood have for each other. And while I won't ever consider it our wedding anniversary again, it is still a special day to our individual relationship.

That's when it came to me, we have been very good about prioritizing our triad but often our individual relationships fall by the wayside. Similar to sometimes I am so involved in OUR CHILDREN, that I forget each individual child needs a relationship with me that has nothing to do with their siblings. So, it's not going to be a big international trip or some elaborate vow renewal, but I plan on taking my husband Draco out for a very special night on the 29th of May, just like I do every year. My relationship with you is so important to me. I never want to lose US just because our marriage is made up of three people.

That being said, how could I possibly have a special day with just my Draco if I didn't also have some special day where I can celebrate my love for Oliver? So I wracked my brain trying to come up with a day I could celebrate with Ollie. I could pick the day he moved in but we weren't in love then. Or I could choose the first time we did any sort of sexy shenanigans, but again I didn't know I was in love with him at that point either. And I definitely couldn't choose the day we proposed or got married because that was about all three of us. Finally I realized, what was the moment I KNEW without a doubt that this was a relationship that was headed somewhere? When did I know
this was more than a crush? When did I realize my life was going to be forever changed by my Oliver?

The day he kissed me. He found me out in the Manor fields, knee deep in mud from wading through marshes, holding two squirming babies and wrangling four feisty little kids. Instead of running from the chaos, running to someone whose life is less dramatic, he walked up and kissed me. And unlike any time anyone else has come anywhere near my mouth, I didn't get upset. It felt right. Like I was kissing someone whose kisses I'd been waiting for far too long.

And May 26th is the anniversary of the first time my husband Ollie ever kissed me.

I'm sure the two of you will come up with some anniversary of your own. Maybe something like June 24th, the day you admitted you were close to falling in love with him. Whatever you choose, it's not something I need to pick, it's your business. But just know that whatever the two of you come up with, I will love and support you through whatever way you choose to celebrate together. I will have a lovely evening thinking about all the fun things you're doing together to grow your individual relationship.

We had a lovely evening. It was simple and sweet. Wonderful in its simplicity. We went to separate rooms to get ready. I knocked on our doors all dressed up with flowers to pick him up. He did that adorable blushing to the tips of his ears thing. I was wearing dark denims, a cozy cream sweater, and my dragon-hide (ethically sourced from sheddings of course) boots and matching motorcycle jacket. Our Oliver was devastatingly handsome in a dark pair of brown dress pants and a navy button-down. I helped him into his chocolate brown bomber jacket and the two of us headed off to the city for dinner and a movie.

We ate yummy food at Zaire's restaurant. A cozy corner table with candles and wine ... don't worry just the one glass for Ollie. We played footsie under the table and ate one handed so we could hold hands the entire time. We caught up on things we may have missed over the last couple of busy weeks. Daydreamed a bit about how gorgeous we figured this little caboose was going to be. And after sharing a decadent mousse we headed over to a nearby cinema. We saw Solo ... which was amazing! I know you're not a huge Star Wars fan like I am which is why I figured you'd be okay missing out and we can all snuggle and watch it again when it comes out on DVD. If you're massively disappointed I could probably be convinced to go see it again.

What I won't do for love!

While we watched the movie, we cuddled and snogged a bit. Tangled our fingers together over some buttery popcorn. And then we (I) drove us back home to the Manor.

While I write this Ollie is relaxing in a tub full of sweet smelling bubbles. I am about to climb in with him. I plan on washing every inch of his body, proceeding to get his entire body filthy, and then clean it all up again. If you're in the mood and not having way too much fun with your boys, I could use a hand thoroughly cleaning and then ravaging our husband.

See you soon,
All my Love,
Harry

Saturday May 26th
My dear husbands,
Around 7PM
I am having a blast! I had no idea how much I needed this. Poker night - or as I like to call it, Unity Fundraising night. I'm not certain why my friends still agree to play against me, but they do. Perhaps they enjoy the challenge and don't mind contributing to such a worthy cause.

In any case, we're sitting here, eating organic tortilla chips, a variety of dips, and drinking different things depending on who is in charge of the round. I started it off with Tequila Sunrises, Ron chose IPA, Neville went for a nice lager, Blaise opted for Long Island Iced Teas, and... I'm getting a bit fuzzy on what came after that. Oh! Theo wanted Sex on the Beach, and Greg asked for Scooby Snacks!

More importantly, I've won a lot of money already. Greg was unsurprisingly the first to lose all his money, and now plays for promissory notes - which I'm letting the others win if they can, or buy from me if they want to. It's things like doing chores and remodeling and things like that.

Ron, despite being married to a wealthy Slytherin, a Russian Mob Heiress, and the Minister for Magic, is somehow TERRIBLE at poker! He lost all his money to me and tapped out to watch the rest of us and make comments. AKA heckling.

Neville and Charlie make nice comfortable incomes, but don't necessarily have the financial cushion to waste a large amount of money on charity donations, so, they each picked an amount they could live with and stopped playing once they reached it. They're currently sitting next to Ron, cuddling with each other, and just enjoying a night free from their kids.

Dean and Seamus also don't have an enormous amount of money to play with, but they at least are making me work for my wins. Or they were. They're nearly out and should be leaving the game to watch with the rest of them any time now.

Which'll leave just me, Blaise, Theo, and Derek. The four of us are still partners in a VERY lucrative business, and our budgets for what we can just fritter away in a poker game are much bigger than the rest. This should get rather cutthroat, buwahahahahahaha!

I'll write more after I've won.

About 9PM
Ah, so the poker game is over. I finally managed to squeeze every last Galleon rom my foes - I mean friends. I've also drank enough that I'm nice and fuzzy, but as far as I can tell as I reread and edit this email, I'm not so drunk to be incoherent yet. This is a good stage to be in. I plan to enjoy this stage to the fullest.

Starting with fire dancing! Most of us can dance pretty well. Well enough that I should be able to teach them a few pressive moves. Of those that can't really dance, they'll still be able to use fire staves or poi to add some visual effex to the performance. Who are we performing for? Ourselves of course!

Don't worry, I'll make sure we're all nice and naked so that nothing can catch on fire. Also, keep in mind that alcohol and exercise equals extra sweaty, thus, extra fire proof.

About 10PM
WOO-OOO!!! We got trired of the hot ballroom in Blaise's ol place - that he still owns and uses for tings like this. So, we came outside to enjoy the cool night air. Neville and Charlie parently got cold at some point, because they made short work of a few nearby trees, and now we have an absolutely GORGEOUS bonfre to dance round.
"ALL MY FRENS ARE HE-THENS TAKE IT SLOW, WAIT FOR THEM TO AX YOU WHO YA KNOW!"

Gotta go, time to sing and jump! Charlie also wanna firewalk, and isss benn while since I las firewalk.

Latr!

About 11PM
OOOOOOOO! Charlie braut a baby dragon! I ha Muffy apprate Amala here - vo-tech too! Theo has a cutey wooty wolfie! Blaise has snake. BIG snake! We all dancin with our aminals. Ron is treating wo-tech like is long losted bruthr. All in all, great time!

Oh, I just realzded tha wir outta drinks. gimme minute to make sum green rushins.

Mmm...

About 12PM
Me n blaz r rguin. blaz tinks tht HIS name better!!! Wel oh hell nope natta, nvr! DRACO THE BRILLIANT is clry bettr! So, wir makin bet! Wir all gunna rite r names inda snow. erm… sand? Yeah, san! whoevr us can ite his name betta is de winnr an has de bes nAm. It'll be me!!!

If snot me, den I'mma hafta name Ollie's baby babbykins - him or her - de middle name ov duh winnr.
Iss gunna be me. hang on. smy turn.

GAH MOTHERFUKKINDAMMITTT!!!!!!! Isss blz! Blz winned the bet! Now I'mma hafta name de middl name of supr preshus dorbble babbykins BLZ!!!

SNOT MY FALT! Blz has a hose llk hoarse! No! elfunt! His hose is so mch biggr dan my hose! I hadta go so badly an I did rate job spellun my name (attaches picture of impressively well written name: Draco the brilliant), bu blz wro blz's bettr tan Draco (attaches picture to prove that Blaise wrote very legibly: Blaise is better than Draco) an evreebodee GREED wit im!!!

sigh...

I bost le let...

Oh? Teo wanna huggin me. Teo warm... Teo maks me sleepee and wanna snuggl huzbendz. WATE!!! Teo wanna kiss g'nite! NONONONONE!!! No kissin for tree more muns! I...

Weir... My fAc covrd. Whole bdy covrd. Feel dizee...

HOM sun.

Rinky dinky dooo!!!
Draco the Brilliant
Harry is exasperated and Draco is passed out and sleeping it off.

Oh for Fuck's sake Draco!

Last night Ollie and I had a lovely night of love-making. Sometimes we shag, sometimes we fuck, I often get buggered, but last night was absolutely making love. We worshiped each others' bodies in the tub. We dried each other with fluffy towels. We crashed into bed, limbs intertwined and slick skin sliding against more slick skin. We made love staring into each others' eyes, connected to my beloved.

We were hoping you'd eventually come join us, but you were still out with your friends when we were finally too tired to stay up and wait for you. Don't worry, we were missing you but also glad you were taking some much needed time to let loose and have fun without any of your usual responsibilities. And reading your email from last night, it sounds like you had an absolute blast! I'm so glad.

Minus the fire of course. We've talked about this Draco Lucius!

Anyway, imagine my surprise when I woke up to an insane looking black mesh covered, tiny little padlock filled .... creature in our bed. Oh wait, not a creature, it was my husband. My beautiful husband Draco, black mesh muzzle and a full body suit covering your nudity. The body suit has probably a million tiny locks all over it. No keys. The locks aren't responding to any Alohamora's or Finite's. And you partied so hard last night that I literally cannot wake you through normal or magical means.

Wake up you nutter so we can figure out how to make you look less like a swamp creature and give Ollie and I access to your pretty mouth for kisses!

Exasperatedly,

Harry

Sunday May 27th
My patient men,

That was weird, I must say. I honestly had NO IDEA why I was muzzled and covered in locks when I woke up this morning, until I reread my email and most of it came back to me. I'm pretty sure that bit at the end there was accidental magic ensuring that I couldn't accept the friendly goodbye hugs and kisses my friends were offering. I must have been drunk enough that I didn't trust myself.

Thankfully, the solution was simple enough, I simply had to vanish the whole lot. Since it was made up of my magic, only I could do it, and good thing I could, because THAT would have been an awkward outfit to wear for any amount of time!
That said, I feel it would make a pretty good Halloween costume...

In any case, now that I am awake and still have an entire day (or at least what's left of it) to relax in, I am not going anywhere for any reason short of a dire emergency. I'm going to stay right here and relax. I'm going to take a long bubble bath, do my morning routine, and -

GODDAMNIT!!! I just remembered! I PROMISED the boys that I'd Krav Maga with them and half the school for a bit today! Sigh... Looks like my relaxation will have to wait. But the good news is that by the time I'm done exercising, I should be in an excellent mood! I might even be amorous. In the tub. Naked. Waiting...

See you then!

An endless aching need,
Draco
Chapter 289

Sunday May 27, 2018

Come and play with us Draco,

Come and play with us, forever ... and ever ... and ever.

Or at least come play with us this evening! And by play I mean come eat an obnoxious amount of treats while we snuggle with the kids and watch a movie to close out the weekend. We're going to watch The Greatest Showman. Come on, hurry up, you know you want to watch Hugh Jackman sing and dance with Michelle Williams! And Zac Efron and Zendaya!

I had a bit of a problem when I heard about the movie initially, you know how I feel about circuses as a rule. I hate the inhumane treatment of the animals ... elephants in particular! And the humans that worked the circus were treated so poorly. The real P.T. Barnum exploited pretty much anyone he could for his own gain. But, it's not like seeing the movie is going to line the dead creep's pockets. It's just going to make me want to DANCE!! Terribly I'm sure, but you've never seemed to mind my lack of talent as long as we were in each others' arms.

While you were spending the day Krav-ing Magas with the entire student body, and Ollie was spending most of the day with some last minute Quidditch coaching to prepare for the upcoming Cup Game, I decided to catch up with some of my favorite tiny people. I found the feisty foursome down at the edges of the forest. I can't believe how old they're getting. Lissa, Cael, and Seph are eight already! And Trey will be seven in September. I know that's still a ways away but it's going to be here before you know it. Today they're six and eight but I am going to blink and they're going to be holding seventh and eighth birthday parties for their own children. And then for their grandchildren. And before you know it they're old and we're dead and life is moving too fast!!

Wow, I may have let that get away from me. Maybe I should just appreciate them being this age while they still are?

Trey took us on an extensive trek through the forest, introducing me to pretty much every animal we saw. I wouldn't be surprised if he ends up being a Magizoologist. Maybe a veterinarian, magical, muggle or both. Maybe he'll follow his Uncle Charlie to a dragon sanctuary. He just gives his whole heart to every animal he meets. Eventually it started raining a little bit and we headed inside. I'm a little grateful for the rain, not sure how many more animals I was going to be introduced to. Possibly the entire forest full.

Cael seems to be almost as obsessed as Atreyu, but at least he tries to limit his obsession to the horse-like variety. He loves the thestrals, obviously he adores his horse Fondue, and he has a soft spot for the unicorns, but he's not trying to name every single squirrel or chipmunk that crosses his paths. If Atreyu is going to end up being a vet or a magizoologist so he can take care of all animals, Caelum is going to end up running and probably expanding our stables.

Anyway, on our walk back into the castle, Lissa was talking my ear off about her upcoming showcase. She's only been skating for four months now and the showcase is in a month's time. I think she's secretly nervous but covering it up with some intense Malfoy bravado. If I didn't know her sweet little self as well as I do, I might have even believed her cocky attitude. But she did that lip-biting tell she has so I know she's actually nervous. I wouldn't be surprised if we didn't see much of her over the next month. I'm not sure if you knew but SOMEONE who's pretty little face matches her Grammy Cissa's was somehow able to convince a certain Grampy Lulu that she
NEEDED her own indoor ice rink at the Manor.

Guess what Malfoy Manor officially has within its walls? Yeah, an indoor ice rink.

Right as Seph was launching into a tirade about not having her own rock climbing wall at the Manor (which I'm sure will be rectified pretty soon, I have met the aforementioned Grampy Lulu) we entered our rooms. I herded them into the kitchens, hoping to make some sweets together, but found Zaire, Jaz, and Ness already occupying the space. We were in luck, since they were actually trying out some new recipes that Z was planning on trying out at the restaurant if the went over at home well enough.

As the eight of us were fully entrenched in the kitchens, covered in flour, dirty mixing bowls from one end of the kitchen to the other, Minnie let herself in to bring Nora back after their weekly tea date. Nora immediately launched herself into the fray, stirring anything Seph commanded her to and taking little tastes every time she thought I wasn't looking. Minnie herself stayed for the entertainment but refused to actually help out. Something about WAY too many cooks already occupying the kitchens.

I'm pretty sure that sneaky headmistress took quite a few photos of the circus our kitchens resembled.

And just as we were pulling that first batch of biscuits out of the oven, your brother Sebastian and Sirius came in with a small army of babies (their combined three and our three). While the older kids were being entertained they were having quite the Daddy/Uncle/Baby party. They refused to admit it, but I think they were doing Daddy and Me Yoga, I'm not sure how they were planning on denying it since they didn't shrink their yoga mats until they'd already come into our rooms.

Would you have ever thought Sirius Black and Severus Snape's son would ever become close? I can't believe those two bloodlines tolerate each other let alone become close enough to take six babies out on a regular yoga date. They also brought Teddy since with only two arms apiece they may have had a hard time wrangling six babies at the same time. Two babies per adult isn't a bad ratio.

Oh, I made an appointment with Rowe for tomorrow evening. Sirius mentioned he saw Gabe's eyes go unfocused for just a moment at a time, but on three separate occasions. It may be time to reassess his potions regimen, or this could be fairly normal since he seems to be going through a growth spurt if his eating has been any indication!

Anyway, after we cleaned up after the baking extravaganza, I made dinner while the kids tried to run off their sugar high. We ate a lovely meal together, I was just missing the two of you since you were STILL doing your Sunday activities. And now they're all being given baths, getting into jammies, and getting ready for an evening movie date. Won't you hurry up and join us?

I got a message from Vivi a few minutes ago saying she was going to join us for movie night in case you needed extra incentive! I DO call dibs on all snuggles with the pregnant Princess in case baby kicks. Grandpa Harry plans on claiming this one pre-emptively!

Yours,
Harry

Sunday May 27th
My cohorts through thick and thin,
Well... So, I was taking advantage of the fact that I had nothing else to do today - or anytime soon, really - by putting all interested students through a basic self defense class. This was similar to but different from Krav Maga in that I was teaching quick and easy maneuvers to take an attacker down if necessary. That said, a lot of the moves were things I'd already introduced during Krav Maga sparring.

Honestly, if they want to actually learn Krav Maga, I might need to call in Oleg, because I'm only giving it about 10 percent of my attention at best. I mean when I'm here, I'm giving it my all, but that the times I come out here and the class structure themselves are spotty and really rather low on my list of priorities.

Anyway, that's why I opted for a more general - and intensive - class on self defense today. I wanted to leave them with a fairly coherent plan of attack if they ever needed to defend themselves. And because it was intensive, I took them through all eight of the major pain spots. Don't worry! ***I*** did not hit any of the students to demonstrate those spots!

At one point during the practice portion, when I was standing back and watching them all to see how well they were learning, I had Zwei next to me. He was watching Siri and muttering almost murderously under his breath.

"Is he really that stupid? She DOESN'T like him like that! He's flirting like an idiotic peacock, all 'Oh look at me, I'm gorgeous and brilliant and you should love me,' and she's like: 'I'm sorry, who are you again?' It's pathetic!"

Ah... That mouth takes me back to my youth...

"This is exactly why I'm going to wait to have a girlfriend until I am ready to get married. Why act like a fool to gain attention from girls when he's already half a famous Quidditch player and they're going to be throwing themselves at him soon enough anyway? I don't even do anything that people know about, and just having the dads I do means that girls are constantly trying to get my attention. They're all blithering idiots! STUDY ALREADY!!! It's bloody why we're here!"

I gave him a bit of a sarcastic look. "Study??"

"Well, I mean I don't, but they should. They CLEARLY don't have anything else going for them," he mumbled, a little embarrassed by the fact that I'd pointed out a major flaw in his rant.

I was curious so... "Are you really going to wait for marriage?"

"Well yeah. I know I'll probably feel differently as I get older, but at the moment, I feel a lot like Uncle Bastian. I completely understand him. Why need people? Why BE with people when they're inevitably idiots who can't understand the simplest things. I feel like everywhere I go, I've got at least two brawny idiots following me wanting me to give them orders because they can't think for themselves."

I couldn't help but laugh. "They would happen to be called Crabbe and Goyle, would they?"

"Like Uncle Greg??" Zwei asked in bafflement.

I clapped him on the shoulder. "Don't worry so much about them. I'm certain eventually you'll consider them friends."

Out on the field, the girl that the girl Siri likes was partnered with managed an impressive maneuver that threw the girl Siri likes into him, knocking him on his arse with her groaning in pain on top of him, and he looked like he'd be perfectly content to lay there all day just looking up at her
face. Poor lad...

Literally NOT noticing him, she sat up (on him) and inspected herself for injuries. finding none, she got up and walked away without so much as an: "Oh, sorry, didn't mean to land on you." Or even a: "Erm... sorry, didn't realize you were under me."

"SEE?!” Zwei roared, flinging his hands out emphatically in their direction.

Just then, Parker jogged over to me, looking... concerned about something. I was surprised because he's already graduated, but since his dad is here, it's not totally out of the ordinary for him to come visit. I tilted my head as he got close enough to have a private conversation.

"Hi Draco, erm... Do you know where my dad is? I looked in your Quarters and his, his office, and the teacher's lounge. I figured that if he wasn't in any of those places, he'd be out here on the Quidditch Pitch, but he's not." At that, he looked all around again as if thinking that Oliver was just hiding in the crowd of students.

"Actually, yes, I do know exactly where he is," I said, and then literally pointed him out. "He's currently about 200 feet above us, working with the more advanced Quidditch players on their broom safety at great heights."

"Oh..." Parker murmured in disappointment. "I don't suppose that you can call him down, can you?"

"Well..." I was going to offer to cast a Patronus, but Parker cut me off.

"I mean I want to talk to him really badly, but I am not sure what he can even do to help!"

I frowned in concern, gesturing for Zwei to go help a couple of girls who had somehow managed to tangle themselves up to the point where they almost looked splinched together.

"Is something wrong? Are you in trouble?"

He heaved a great groaning sigh. "Sort of..." He looked up to the sky again, biting his lip and looking ready to try jumping up to get Oliver if possible.

"I can cast -"

"I got a girl pregnant!" He shouted in a whisper.

I felt my mouth hang open in shock for a moment before casting a circle of silence around us. "Alright. So... Are you together? You're not exactly a teenager anymore, so this can't be the worst thing in the world," I pointed out, trying to be supportive.

"Well, no, I mean if it was just an accident and she was being decent about it, I probably wouldn't be so stressed out," Parker admitted. "But she's just a one off from MONTHS ago, that I was too drunk to remember the bloody protection spells, and now that she's figured out that I'M the father, she's served me with papers demanding that I NOT ONLY give up all rights to custody, BUT ALSO wants me to pay her an enormous amount of child support because I'm 'the wealthy owner of an insanely popular pub.' I don't actually own the pub, NOR am I all that wealthy!!! What the hell am I supposed to do?!!?"

"First of all, do you have those papers?" I asked, holding out my hand.

He nodded and fished them out of his back pocket so he could give them to me.
"I can guarantee you that no matter what these papers say, they're nothing to worry about. My legal team will turn this around on her so fast that she'll get whiplash. Second of all, I advise you to think long and hard about what you want, because if you want full custody, we can probably make that happen."

"BUT! SHE SAID THAT I'D NEVER GET CUSTODY BECAUSE I DRINK A LOT AND OWN A BAR AND WOULD MAKE A LOUSY FATHER!!" Parker roared, still frantic and frazzled from the encounter.

"She's wrong," I stated firmly. "And these papers actually prove it. Any member of the Wizengamot is going to take one look at them, see that this is clearly an attempt at blackmail or extortion, and rule that the best interests of the child lay with you. Unless you don't actually want custody. In which case, we can STILL do better for that child than this. Now please don't interrupt me..."

I cast my Patronus and waited a moment for the ephemeral dragon to stop flying around and look at me. "Tell Oliver: Hey love, Parker is here and would quite like to talk to you at your earliest convenience. Such as now, if you could call off practice early. That'd be appreciated. Thanks!"

The dragon flew off to deliver his message, and to our relief, Oliver came flying down in about a minute, even as the students simply came to a more reasonable height and continued on without him.

"Hi Parker, what's going on?"

I gave Oliver a kiss, smiled at Parker, and said: "As I said, I'll have this taken care of, so don't give it another thought. Go on and have a nice long chat with your dad. Oliver, love, I'm going to head off to meet with my lawyers for a bit, but don't worry, I should be back soon."

This made Oliver frown as he looked at the papers I'd indicated a couple of times - first by waving them in front of Parker when saying that I'd take care of them, and then again when I held them up to explain where I was going. "Is something wrong?"

"Parker should be the one to tell you, just know I'm on it and that there's nothing to worry about aside from, well... you'll see..." With that, I gave him another kiss and returned to MY class... sort of... and dismissed them for the day.

I did exactly as I said and called my lawyers to insist that they meet with me on a nice sunny Sunday afternoon, and so, am currently writing this as they go over the papers with a fine tooth comb. As I said, nothing to worry about. Once they've finished and we discuss things, I'll be home. I'm certain it won't take more than an hour at this point.

Love you both MUCH farther than I can throw you,
Draco
Chapter 290

Chapter Summary

Harry figures it out! Draco and Oliver have a nice chat.

Monday May 28, 2018

Holy Bloody Buggering Shite!

I should probably start this email with a little explanation and apology. I didn't come home last night. I mean, I'm sure you both know that. And are probably confused since I sent you an email saying "hey, family fun night, come play with me!" and then by the time either of you came home I wasn't actually there. To begin with; I am safe, I am fine, nothing is wrong.

Well, lots of things are wrong. But nothing is actually WRONG wrong. You know?

Well, you probably don't know. Because I'm babbling. In case you were wondering, spending the day wandering the woods with your children, then baking and eating way too many sweets, then spending the entire night encased in a dark library and instead of sleeping come morning you go to the school where you teach .... plus multiple pepper-ups and probably half a dozen pots of coffee is a recipe for hysterically babbling Harry.

Oooh, we should tell Ori ... or Parker? No, probably tell Orion AND Parker that they should do a whole line of drinks named after their family members. Like the Babbling Harry which might be combined with a mild babbling charm so you accidentally spill your biggest secrets. Ooh, or the Prickly Pansy made of prickly pear which you think will be sharp because duh, it's a cactus, but is secretly sweet. They could do some cute play on Ollie's last name, the Flying Wood, and it makes you float a little and gets you super hard. Because WOOD and also, seeing Ollie makes me so hard. And definitely some sort of Draco Long Island Iced Tea which is delicious, made up of a lot of very expensive ingredients, and if you have enough you want to take all your clothes off.

I want a Flying Wood and a Long Draco Iced Tea and two cocks!!

What was I talking about? Oh shite, yeah, I was talking about my night. So basically, I sent you both my email, then I snuggled up with the kids to watch the movie. Which was amazing by the way, I am going to FORCE Shtara to learn "This is Me" and sing it to me every single day of the rest of my life. That song is gorgeous but I can't even imagine how insanely beautiful coming from the lungs of the best singer who's ever lived! Sorry Draco, I do absolutely love and adore every time you sing to me, but even you have to admit that our girl is something special. How did we get lucky enough to find her? I can't believe the perfect way fate led us to her exactly when she was ready to join our family.

Focus Harry! Maybe there's something else I can take. I mean all those pepper-ups and cups of coffee ... Oooh, In daylights, in sunsets, in midnights, in cuuuuuups of coffee, in inches, in miles, in laughter and strife!

What I was saying was, pepper-up and coffee means that I can stay awake for thirty-six hours (so far!) but they don't seem to have helped with my focus. Do you think there's a potion I could take
on top of everything I've already taken that can help me really buckle down and say what I'm trying to say? Let me know okay?

So, to sum up, outside, inside, movie, then I got your email Draco talking about Parker giving you his news, you heading off to the Lawyers while Parker gives Oliver the news. Well, I now know how easy it is to completely forget about letting people know you're alright when you decide to follow your gut. Except I still managed to call Dibly to me and told him to tell you both I was safe! Because I know how much it sucks when your husband goes missing!

Once the movie finished and the two of you weren't back I put the littles to bed and sat with my first (of MANY) cups of coffee waiting for you both. Well, I was alone with coffee and my thoughts. My mind went a bit crazy.

Without actually letting myself fall down the rabbit-hole of my rambling thought process, what I basically did was sit alone with my thoughts and try to figure out what it is about our family that we've managed to have about a gazillion unplanned pregnancies.

Could it be about how open we are about sex? That can't be right, all the studies I've ever read show that an open dialogue between parents and children makes it LESS likely that there will be unplanned pregnancies or sexually transmitted diseases. Could we have dropped the ball on teaching them the safety aspect of sexuality? Again, I KNOW that's not the case. I mean, at this point I think we'll have the sex talk with Nora and she'll be all "I'm almost four Papas! I know all this!"

I made a few jokes in my head about having adopted myself into the Weasley family has certainly had quite the fertility affect on me and mine.

And that's when it hit me. Molly's rolling pin. Hahahahahaha, just kidding, she's never whalloped me! Even when I make jokes about the fertility of the Weasley family.

But really, it did hit me. Our fertility. See, we're an all-male triad. And we've essentially NEVER been unable to conceive when we put our minds to it. Oliver's sabotage notwithstanding obviously. I mean, even with potions it's supposed to be a little more difficult to conceive as male pairs than it is for a usual male-female coupling. But with the exception of the very very first time your pregnancy didn't take Draco, we've conceived when we've tried, we've conceived without trying, you even somehow managed to carry three separate pregnancies from damsel curses at the same time. Lily and Caelum are naturally conceived twins from a male carrier. Practically unheard of! Technically that's because of the double potions but that wouldn't normally cause twins, just an increased chance of carrying at all.

And our children, biological or not, Elena has ONE night with Ethan and becomes pregnant. Eris has sex once, for the first time in her life and falls pregnant. River and Maha have no issues conceiving. Viona and Alric have no issues conceiving. Farrah may have meddled with the spells Orion cast, but that still shouldn't have been that easy for her to conceive with how powerful of a wizard Ori is. Ollie gets pregnant on the first try with a previously untested triad potion? And now Parker has a one off and his bedmate is up the duff.

This made me wonder, because some of those children were adopted, maybe the bloodlines they come from were highly fertile in the past. Where could I go to find wizarding families' history? The STILL uncleaned out Library in the ancestral Black home! So I popped off to Grimmauld. I haven't been there in years, I'm really glad we have a staff that keeps it clean or I probably would have died of dust inhalation!

That's when my theory that they were genetically predisposed to large families and great fertility
did NOT pan out. Look at the bloodlines of many of these births, YOU Draco were an only child of an only child of an only child. Viona is of the Crabbe bloodline and they've not had more than an heir and a spare in five generations. YOU Oliver, no one in the last four generations has had more than three children (and that was once two generations ago). And the Potter line hasn't had two children in the last six generations!

I did end up spending a few hours really tracing our family trees. It was so interesting and some day when I'm not half high on potions and coffee I am definitely going to come back and look into this further.

But eventually I went back to the problem at hand. Well, not a problem, it's fantastic we've had so many children. Or, wait, right now it IS a problem because Parker is now stuck in a terrible situation where he's essentially being blackmailed. But I was very very curious as to WHY generations of limited fertility despite longevity of wizards' lifespan has ended with us.

Long story ... well it certainly wasn't short but I'm sure it is going to take you less time to read this email than it took me to find the information ... short. What is the ONE consistent factor in every single member of this family? Every single person in our family has either been conceived while one of us was wearing the Malfoy fertility wedding band OR has participated in some sort of naming/welcoming/ or ancestral introduction ceremony where I was one of the narrators and wore the ring. Yeah, including the intimate ceremony where Draco and I welcome Cassie and PARKER into our family officially. The week we got back from our honeymoon.

The Malfoy fertility ring that I found reference to in a very very old book in the Black Library. Where it referenced using it as a fertility ring ... not as a wedding band. Which is probably why it was in the Malfoy vault when you found it all those years ago Draco and not ... oh say ... adorning your mum's finger!

I've been wearing this ring, on my ring finger until March and then around my neck attached to my collar since the wedding, nonstop for nineteen years!

I fertility roofied our children!

I'm going to go have a few more cups of coffee to keep myself awake until the both of you get home from YOUR day's activities!

Harry 'The Fertilizer' Malfoy-Wood

Monday May 28th
My beloved Harry and Oliver,

Harry, while you were out having fun researching last night, I had a chance to talk to Oliver about what happened with the Lawyers. I was right. My lawyers found so many loopholes and nearly criminal acts in the contract that that woman wanted Parker to sign, that even if he HAD signed it, they could have gotten him out of it with no problems. In fact, the only way it would have been any sort of binding was if he had used his wand to cast a cutting hex on his finger and signed it in both his blood and magic.

And even then, our lawyers probably could have gotten him out of it. The fact that he was so freaked out that he ran to us before even considering signing it just worked in his favor. All we need from him now is to think about his options and decide what he wants.
This will probably come as no surprise to you, but Oliver is 'secretly' rooting for Parker to file for sole custody. He actually told me this tidbit that he just found out Friday and just hadn't had a chance to talk with us about it yet: Remember that poor girl that is carrying Oliver's ex's parents' new heir?

Well, the girl conceived sometime in January and is due in October. She's currently staying in Unity House, and that means that several of our kids have met with her and talked to her. Viona alone visits Unity far more often than I realized, and because Cassie is now her assistant and goes with her, Cassie has had a lot of time to get to know the girl. It seems that Cassie has decided to adopt the baby that is more or less her deceased father's sibling.

It seems that she's planning an official gender reveal once the adoption process is as far as it can get before the baby is actually born and adopted. So, I know we're all looking forward to that. Oliver is sort of beside himself wondering how his life went from relative calmness and Edsit and two nearly grown children - to chaos, pregnancy, and two grandchildren of 'his' own is so short a time.

I'm sort of loving the whole fertility ring is to blame thing. Perhaps I was divinely guided when I chose it for you all those years ago. Magic herself knew that our lives needed to be a riot of kids and more kids. Remind me to kiss you very thoroughly when I see you next as a reward for being you and solving this puzzle at long last.

I love you!

So, also while you were gone, Oliver and I did something that, well I'm not certain we could have done if you were home. It started with me kissing his adorable teeny little baby bump and telling the baby all about how much I loved him or her. How much I love Daddy Oliver and Daddy Harry. How much love there was in our family in general.

Oliver started off mildly protesting and looking rosy and a little embarrassed, but then he grew quiet.

"Say, Draco?"

"Yes love?" I asked as I shifted to kiss him.

"Have you ever read Harry's mind? I mean I assume you have as he's written in emails that he was upset you didn't look him in the eye and mentally poke him before running off with Jules. But I mean, have you ever spent like an hour or so just wandering around inside his head?"

"Yeah, it's been a while, but yeah, there was a point when I think I was trying to help him strengthen his Occlumency shields, or maybe I was actually trying to teach him Legilimency to get him to read my mind, but either way, we've been in each other's heads," I confirmed.

"I thought as much," Oliver murmured. "Ever since you did that thing with Morgana, I've been dying to know what it's like"

"Reading a baby's mind?" I asked in amusement.

"No, well yes that too, but I mean what would it be like to have you in my head?"

"Probably messy," I remarked.

"Messy?" He questioned.
"Well yeah, unless you've gone in and organized things a bit, your mind will probably be disorganized and chaotic. It's like... you know how when you're listening to someone talk, no matter how close you are paying attention, you have thoughts pop up. So now imagine that the conversation is the setting - like a sitting room - and all of those thoughts are like our kids popping in and out to ask questions or demand five seconds of attention before running off again. You can see how that might seem messy to a visitor who normally likes to keep a nice and tidy house."

"Are you saying your mind is nice and tidy?" Oliver asked with an amused smile.

"Maybe not completely, but yes, I do like to go in there somewhat regularly and clean things up."

"Well... would you be willing to try it?"

I kissed him for a few long and leisurely minutes. "Yeah, I suppose that I would like having an opportunity to walk around your mind. Once in, it's actually relatively easy to bring you into my mind too, if you want."

"It is?" Oliver asked happily.

I nodded. Then I made sure we were both comfortable, laying on our sides and holding onto each other, before proceeding. When ready, I told him to look me in the eyes without blinking until I was inside him.

He made the comment that I'm dead certain you just made in your head, about wanting me literally inside him. So I did that as well. It was sort of awkward actually, in that position and not moving, but hey, inside a beloved is always a nice feeling.

So, staring him in the eyes, I entered his mind and took a good look around. For privacy reasons (you can ask Oliver and he'll tell you all of it, I'm sure), I'm not going to describe too much. Just that I was more or less right. His mind was messy, but it was also sort of organized at the same time. It was the stables overlooking the Quidditch Pitch. And he did have our kids running in and out of his thoughts.

In addition to other things, I rolled up my sleeves and helped him clean and organize the stables. This gave me access to some of his more recent or recurring thoughts. Fun fact - that Oliver actually asked me to tell you - there's a bassinet in the middle of the aisle running through the middle of the stables, and in that bassinet is a tiny and adorably perfect baby. Swaddled in a soft yellow/golden blanket and sound asleep. When we went to pick up the baby to see if it was a boy or a girl, the baby would fuss until we stopped touching him or her.

After Oliver stared at that baby as if it was the greatest treasure in the universe for about five minutes, I asked him if he wanted to come into my mind. He nodded and took my (mental) hand as I led him through a door. On the other side of the door was my Mind Palace. Years and years of neatly organized memories and things I wanted to be able to easily recall. NOT that I'm perfect at it and can remember everything, but it's definitely better than having no organization at all.

Random side note, remember when I said that one of the things that fascinated me about Jules is the fact that he has natural occlumency shields? Well, I asked him if he would mind me poking around inside his head at some point to see if I could figure out how they got there and why, and he had to think about it at first, but now he wants to know too, so I might be busy this weekend doing that.

Anyway, in my mind, Oliver and I sat and had tea while he asked me if he could see specific memories. He wanted to see one of the times we'd gone to Glastofest and you'd been on one side of
the room as a Pup while I was on the other. He got to see from my perspective how I had that invisible and intangible leash around my wrist to let me know your every move. He got to see me dominate about half the crowd, how I did it, why it was fun, what kinks it fulfilled, and all the while, just how often I actually did tug on the leash, look over at you, or pretend to be focused on one thing while actually watching you out of the corner of my eye.

It seems our Oliver is thinking more and more about having a session of double masturbation with his doppelgänger, who - while about 90 percent straight - is actually on board with this idea. He said that when he and Other Oliver talked about it while encased in the privacy bubble, the only real downside - aside from having to wait until the Viper has time to bring him back - is that Other Oliver doesn't want to be watched by two pervy husbands, and our Oliver is torn between wanting us both right there for kink and consent reasons, and not wanting to have to 'perform' for us.

So, there's a nice big conversation we'll need to have.

In any case, Oliver asked to see a few other memories in which I was doing things such as 'stalking my prey.' Then - because he was making me horny - I ended up breaking our connection and just shagging him into the bed.

Now that I've written this email recap of last night, I'm horny all over again, and so, I'm going to hunt one or both of you down and -

Actually, Harry, it sounds like you need me to spank you and get you out of your head for a bit, and so, that's exactly what I'm going to do.

Turn that shit up louder, make it all go faster, blame it on the witching hour, take it to a thousand horsepower, yeah!

Draco
My Love,

I am sorry I wasn't awake when you came home last night. I'm mostly sorry that I wasn't awake to see and talk to you in person. I'm a little disappointed that it now feels as though it's been days since I've seen you last because of my all night library fest. But I'm the most sorry for me that I wasn't awake to have you give me a rousing spanking, letting me fly right out of my head for a bit.

I can tell you didn't spank me while I was asleep, my arse is much too pale for that right now. But my arse is sore enough that I assume you at least got to fulfill your somnophilia kink? Hope sleeping Harry was everything you wanted him to be.

I apparently crashed hard as soon as my classes were over for the night. If I remember correctly, I sent off my email to you and then went into the bedroom to "rest my eyes for just a mo" and the next thing I remember is waking up this morning. Which means I got probably thirteen hours of sleep, although I was up long enough that I still didn't quite feel one hundred percent rested when I woke up. But I've been much more tired for longer, it just took a cup of coffee and a few minutes of watching your and Ollie's sleeping faces to feel ready to take on the day!

I already contacted Hermione, assuming you may have forgotten to let her know you wouldn't be coming in to work tonight. I'm taking you out on our special date. And no, I'm not telling you what I have planned, you'll just have to see for yourself. But I really really really enjoyed your spanking suggestion I missed out on last night. So, when we get home from our date can we do that?

Gods I'm already so hard just thinking about being at your mercy. Letting you, begging you, to spank my arse until I float off into my favorite space.

Hurry up and be evening already damn it!

Wherever you go, whatever you do, I will be right here waiting for you,
Harry

Tuesday May 29th
Dear Harry and Draco,

I really hope that you are having fun on your date. I know you're not calling it an anniversary anymore, but it still is one in my opinion and I'm alright with that. As Harry keeps saying, we all have our individual relationships in addition to our triad relationship.

So, while you are both out and I'm here all alone, I decided that it was a good time to take a long hot bath and see if I've cultivated enough stamina to edge myself until you get home. Even if I
don't, it'll still be a rather pleasant time, don't you think? Maybe I'll use my magi-tablet to get a video clip for you two to watch...

See you when you get back,
Oliver
Chapter 292

Chapter Summary

Harry is happy and Oliver has some news.

Wednesday May 30, 2018

Good Morning Loves of my Life,

Last night was absolutely lovely in so many ways. I had an absolutely beautiful date with my Draco. Then towards the end of our date, we decided to check our email to see if our Ollie had in some way told us where he was going to be. And OH MY GOODNESS did he ever!

But before I get to the filthy stuff, let me talk about the beginning sweet stuff.

When I took my Ollie out on our date, I decided to do a very traditional date. Falling in love the way we did, almost backwards where we began as an old married couple taking care of our children all night and eventually did some sex acts before realizing we had any feelings at all, we didn't do very much traditional dating. None at all in fact. So what would be better for my sweet husband who wasn't really courted, than dinner and a movie where we really got to get to know each other even better?

But that isn't the case for my Draco. I really thought hard about what kind of date to give my Draco on our special day. We've had so many special days over the years. Do I go big and posh and fancy for my spoiled prat of a husband? Do I just ignore the idea of a date at all and drag him to the playroom for sexy shenanigans? While I might enjoy that in theory, I wanted to do something special, remind my Draco that even nineteen years later, I do choose him again and again every day. We've had a lot of big dates, huge international anniversary trips, and SO many filthy fantasy fulfillment.

So, why not go back to our roots. Our first date, where we just talked for hours. I made a lovely picnic full of finger foods. I hand fed them to you to avoid your poncy waistcoat getting all messy. I laid in your arms watching the sun set. You ran your hands through my hair while we talked about everything and nothing.

I could have just fallen asleep to the feeling of complete love and safety. But as much as I enjoyed our time alone together, we didn't need to leave our husband home alone just so we could sleep on a blanket outside. Unless of course he had chosen to have a boys' night, get utterly pissed (which you obviously can't exactly do right now Ollie-Love), play with fire, and promise middle naming rights to an aforementioned friend.

That is NOT what happened. Instead, we read an email written almost two hours earlier, that promised an edged and desperate, soapy and wet, gorgeous man waiting for us when we got home. We didn't even need to discuss what we wanted to do, one look in each other's eyes and we were already apparating home to play with our Oliver.

Instead of climbing into the warm and cozy tub with you, we grabbed you and dragged you off to the playroom. There was a little yelping, probably due to the temperature change, but once I
dropped to my knees and took your dripping cock into the back of my throat your displeased yelping turned into satisfied groaning.

Once I managed to have Ollie come down my throat, I shuffled over on my knees and took care of Draco’s throbbing shaft as well. I figured one orgasm from each of you should take the edge off enough that I could get what I’ve been needing for what feels like months. Weeks at least.

I crawled towards the spanking bench, hoping against hope that I was going to get my arse thoroughly reddened; Draco stopped me. "No my little Mutt, you're going to have to be the best little sub for us and keep yourself still without that bench to help you out. As long as you can stay still, I will keep spanking that gorgeous arse of yours, it's up to you how long that will happen."

Oh, I can stay still, I will stay so still for you! You at least cast a lovely cushioning charm for my knees and allowed me to rest my head and shoulders in Ollie's lap. If I hadn't been able to stay still on sheer willpower alone, Oliver's calming praise would have made me get through it anyway.

Draco, you started with your hands, knowing skin to skin is my favorite way to warm into a good spanking. The entire time Ollie told me exactly how well I was doing, just how gorgeous my submission was, and how much I was pleasing my Sir and my Master. Anything for my Master and my Sir.

Eventually you switched to a paddle, the crack of the paddle adding a new and deeper element into my spanking. Still Oliver gave me his touch to focus on. You both gave me your beautiful voices as another focal point.

I stayed so still and kept begging for more, that you pulled out the rarely used cane. Oh my bloody hell was it absolute bliss. The slicing, intense pain of that particular device adding a third completely different physical sensation. I don't necessarily remember sobbing, but I do remember feeling fuzzy and hearing you both thank me for my tears. Telling me "you're so beautiful when you let it all go Harry. Thank you for gifting us your tears. Can you keep going for us Love?"

And I could. I'm not sure how long I did though. I remember looking up into Ollie's face, seeing the pride in his face as he wiped my eyes. "You're doing so well, just a bit more and you're going to fly for us aren't you?"

And I did.

That's the last thing I remember before waking up this morning all wrapped up in a mountain of blankets in our bed. My head still feeling a little fuzzy, my arse so unbelievably sore, and feeling so right with my body and mind.

Thank you both for a gorgeous night. I love you to the ends of the world and beyond.

Yours,
Harry

Friday June 1st
Dear Harry,

You know, for the first time, I think I can understand why you and Draco like to write these emails so much. Or maybe like is not the right word. More like rely on. You've said so many times that this gives you both an outlet to learn about difficult news and process it before coming together to talk, and...
I'm so afraid to tell you this news in person. So I'm hiding behind an email. Harry...

I think I broke Draco...

See, what happened was that when I woke up, you had already left for the morning. Normally, Draco is still sound asleep, but he just so happened to get up to go to the loo and crawl back in bed right when I woke up, so I thought I'd take advantage of the situation. I started by tickling him.

Things were rather funny, with Draco twitching and groaning unhappily, but not actually fighting me off. So then I got more into it. When he just couldn't take any more, he rolled onto me and gave me some kisses. After that, he tried to tickle me, and that led to us rolling around, wrestling playfully, and trying to tickle and kiss each other.

Until he tickled a spot that triggered a reflex that made me kick him right out of bed. This would have been fine, and has happened before, but well... Draco hit his head on the edge of the little cabinet right next to the bed.

"Oh God! Draco!" I cried out and rushed to help him up. He remained unconscious long enough that I started to panic. Magicking robes onto both of us, I rushed him to St. Mungo's where Rowe immediately scanned him.

Rowe says that Draco is fine, more or less. He originally had a bit of cracked skull and swelling where he hit his head, but she took care of that. The problem now isn't anything physical, it's...

It's what happened when he initially regained consciousness. He didn't recognize me! But worse, he didn't even know who HE was!!! I had to escape the room and cry for a bit that I broke our husband and there's nothing we can do about it.

Now that I'm slightly calmer, I decided to be a coward and write this all out to you rather than go find you and tell you in person. I hope you get this after your last class of the day so that you don't freak out in front of your students. But whenever you get this, I know you'll come straight to me, and... I really hope you're not surrounded by your Rage Halo...

Worried sick,
Oliver
P.S. (Sent about an hour later)
So, there's a bit of good news. Draco - due to the effects of hitting his head - is still rather sleepy. He had dozed off after learning that he has amnesia, and that was when I called his mother in to tell her the news. Once she was ready to see him, we went back into the hospital room and he opened his eyes and said: "Mum..." So, Rowe is certain his memories are in there, they just might have to take their own sweet time in returning.
Chapter 293

Chapter Summary

Harry tries to reassure Oliver and Draco is trying out this email thing his healer told him about.

Friday June 1, 2018

My Sweet Ollie,

Of course I am not going to Rage Halo at you. You and Draco were being silly, joking and wrestling around, this is not your fault any more than it's Draco's fault. Unless you're telling me that you tricked Draco into playing around and tickle/wrestling with you with the intention of injuring him, I think we're okay. And even if I did blame you, which I absolutely do not, I'm pretty sure you're already punishing yourself much more than I possibly could.

My Sleepy Draco,

Apparently you woke up long enough to recognize Narcissa as your mum, but by the time I got here you had fallen back asleep. Hurry up and come back to us. Back to us in the land of the awake, back to us as your husbands you love and recognize, back to us so I can hug and love and squeeze on you.

Honestly, you fight fake inferi at the Adventure Park. You've been rock climbing and hang gliding. You've battled wizards intent on hurting you. You've been hexed and kidnapped. And somehow you're taken down by a sleepy morning tickle war.

Now, I am going to go cuddle our husband who is obnoxiously blaming himself for your injury. Hurry up and come fully back to us so you can join me in telling our Oliver to stop being such a ridiculous martyr. Accidents happen and he's not to blame. Maybe HE needs some spankings!

Oh! I'm getting told you seem to be waking up again.

I remember how much we love each other, enough for the both of us,
Your Harry

Friday June 1st
To, erm... my husbands, I suppose...

So, well, Healer Rowe has explained to me that even though I don't remember much of anything, I should do this email thing. She thinks that doing this thing I do so much might help trigger and solidify my memories. She thinks it'll be so familiar that I just... become me by doing it.

Thus, I'm giving it a try.

The first thing I remember is waking up. I saw a man I didn't recognize watching over me rather fretfully, and then there was a woman who introduced herself as Healer Rowe. Apparently she's
been my healer for nearly two decades. She scanned me with her wand and asked me some basic questions - none of which I could answer.

Not even my name, which she told me is Draco. The man - who introduced himself as Oliver - ran out of the room and Rowe told me that she didn't want to give me too much information and inadvertently overload my mind. She thinks the most important thing at the moment is rest. So, after she left the room, I dozed off.

While I was dozing, I had a dream in which I was walking up to a large house/mansion/palace. It was seemingly endless, and even though there were windows and doors, none of them would open, nor could I see inside the windows.

When I came to what seemed to be the main entrance, I saw a regal blonde woman watching me through a window next to the door. I went up to the door and knocked on it to no avail, so I pounded and demanded to be let in. Rather than let me in, the woman floated through the still closed and locked doors to come out and talk to me. She put a hand to my cheek and murmured: "Draco, my darling boy."

And that's when I heard something in the hospital room that pulled me to full awareness. It was the arrival of the unknown man - Oliver - and the woman from my dream. I felt disoriented because I recognized her. I even called her Mum. But honestly, that was all I knew about her.

She sat and held my hand, calling me her darling boy for real, and we chatted about things of no importance - such as the weather and what I wanted for tea. Actually, we had a lovely cup of tea and some delicious biscuits. But rather than try to fill me in on everything I've forgotten, she followed Rowe's advice of only answering a few questions and giving my brain time to recover on it's own.

When I started feeling drowsy, she kissed my cheek and told me that she'd let me rest as she had to return to my father and the children that they're babysitting.

That's when I dozed off for the second time that I remember. I had THE strangest dream! In the dream, I was flying on a broom of all things, but... it felt natural. Right. Wonderful. Suddenly, I realized that there were a lot of people sitting in, erm... these tall wooden structures. Those people were cheering, and even though there were far too many of them to count, they only wore one of four main colors contrasting with long black robes. The colors were Green/Silver, Red/Gold, Blue/Bronze, and Yellow/Black.

As I was looking around at the crowd, a boy with black hair and green eyes flew past me. He zoomed toward a set of three tall rings in which an older boy with brown hair and eyes I couldn't see from this distance sat on a broom, smiling as if he hadn't a care in the world. The first boy captured my full attention as he flew around erratically, up and down and all around.

I couldn't really see myself in the dream, but I heard the words that came out of my mouth: "Training for the Ballet, Potter?"

No sooner had I wondered who that was, than I opened my eyes in response to the sensation of someone holding my hand. Imagine my surprise when I saw that boy from my dream, only he was a fully grown and rather fit adult.

"Potter??" I asked in bafflement. I think there may have even been a hint of scorn mixed in. It wasn't coherent nor a LOT of memories, but I had a bunch of flashes cross my mind. Things involving the Potter boy and a school that we both apparently attended. All the memories that crossed my mind suggested that I hated the boy so much that I was utterly obsessed with him.
For a heartbeat, the man that looks like a grown up version of the boy from my... memories? Looked distraught bordering on heartbroken, but then he quickly recovered himself and gave me a smirk that looks oh so familiar for some reason.

"Malfoy-Wood, actually."

"Malfoy..." I murmured because it occurred to me that Malfoy was supposed to go with Draco, as in Draco Malfoy. That's MY name. Huh... "But...?"

"I haven't been Potter in a very long time."

I raised a brow and looked him up and down. "But you WERE... Harry Potter?"

I received a nod of confirmation, and a bit of a wary look.

"We weren't friends, so why are you here? And why did you change your name?" I asked.

"Well, that's true enough. We weren't friends back in school, but once we grew up we..." he hesitated for a moment before taking a breath. "Got married, so that's why I'm Malfoy. And then the two of us together married Oliver, which is why I'm Harry Malfoy-Wood."

"I MARRIED HARRY BLOODY POTTER?!?!?!" I shouted out in shock. That's when Rowe decided that I should be left alone for a bit to wrap my head around this news and write this email to help me sort everything out.

But if I'm honest, I'm still rather confused and don't know what to think about anything. I'm also drowsy again, so I'm going to get some sleep and hope that more of my memories return.

Erm... sincerely?
Draco
Chapter 294

Chapter Summary

Draco is a bit overwhelmed.

Saturday June 2, 2018

My Husbands,
Or Erm, I suppose I will call you by name since one of you doesn't quite remember being my husband.
Dearest Draco and Oliver,

Well, it's been a long day ... or two days since everything happened yesterday. But then again it's the beginning of the day and everything happened yesterday at the beginning of the day so it's really been almost exactly twenty-four hours. Which means a day. But it's now extended from Friday into Saturday and therefore has affected two different days.

Apparently it's been long enough that I have lost the plot and sunk fully into panicking Harry turns into Babbling Harry mode.

Draco, that is something you will need to remember or learn again, when your Harry is overexcited or exceedingly nervous he babbles nonsensically until someone stops him or he literally runs out of words.

I have spent all last night into this morning trying to wrap my mind around the missing memories of my husband. Draco, I know you don't remember this since you don't remember anything, but a very very long time ago I had my own bout with amnesia. You were so loving and supportive through the whole event. I couldn't remember you, but I still felt so safe with you. I'm hoping very much that I can be that rock of love and support for you that you were for me all those years ago.

However, I am pretty sure I won't be quite as calming of a presence. That will likely be left to our Oliver. He's the bloody fit man with the gorgeous brown eyes who you saw the first time you woke up. I am overly emotional and prone to bouts of temper and sobbing. Since falling in love with Ollie, he's really been our calming rock. Our calm in a relationship that was quite volatile before our sweet Ollie came to us.

Not that I'm planning on acting a fool and hoping you'll keep things steady Oliver my Love. It's not fair to you, and I know you're going through your own pain and worry with Draco's memory loss. I'm here for you and if we both need to keep a calm, strong face to be there for our Dragon, just know you can sob in my arms or rage away at me. I am here for you. I'd love to pay you back for the balance you've brought to my life in any way I can.

I have faith that Draco will regain his memories and all will be well. We're pretty darn unforgettable. Draco, you've already mildly recognized your mum Narcissa, you recognized child-aged me and were able to see I was the older version, and it seems you're dreaming up memories of Hogwarts, Quidditch, and Flying. It will all come back to you, maybe it will be in small bits until it all fills in or maybe you'll get knocked upside the head and it will all come rushing back at once. No matter what I know you will come back to us.
And while you haven't quite remembered our Ollie yet, your body knows him. How do I know that? Last night during one of your healing naps Oliver was holding your hand. When the two of you hold hands, you always wind your fingers together and rub your thumbs back and forth. Even in your sleep, even with your memories missing, when Ollie had your hand in his your thumb knew to rub against Ollie's. See Ollie? He may not have his memories but his body knows ours.

And when Draco woke in the middle of the night, seemingly scared of something he didn't want to talk about, I climbed into bed and hugged him. I felt him lean in, taking a deep breath into my crazy hair, then he ran his hands over the top ruffling it even more. He's in there, we just need to find him.

And while I have utmost faith in our Draco coming back to us, even if he never regains his memories I am crafty enough that I will just make him fall in love with us all over again. Oliver, you and I managed to make him fall in love with us once, we can do it again!

My best guess as to what is keeping those memories away is that Draco somehow managed to lock himself out of his Mind Palace. You have all your feelings, thoughts, and memories beautifully organized within your mind. You call it your mind palace. And your description of a neverending mansion reminds me of how you've described that in the past.

Hurry up and let yourself in! We miss you. I miss you. The kids miss you. I miss you. Your animals miss you. I miss you.

All of my love forever,
Harry Bloody Potter ..... actually Harry Malfoy-Wood, but I'll accept anything as long as you come back to us.

Saturday June 2nd
Dear Harry and Oliver,

You know, I think this email thing actually does help. See, I woke up in the middle of the night, I couldn't bring myself to talk about the things I'd... Dreamt? Remembered? But when I woke up again this morning and had time to think it over, I realized that writing it down would help me analyze it and figure out what to think.

So... in the dream, I was in a room with a man with no nose and red eyes. He was telling me to murder an old man. Giving me advice and tips. Teaching me to use a spell to do it instantly. Then he was torturing a person he called a filthy muggle. He had me do a bit of that too. Then he stared me in the eyes and told me that I now knew what I was in for should I fail.

That's when I woke up, those eyes glowing in my vision for a good five minutes. I felt like I needed to run and hide, only I didn't know where to go. To my relief, the both of you helped me immensely.

Shortly after waking up and eating breakfast, Healer Rowe came in to tell me that there was really no reason for me to stick around, and that she was discharging me so that I could go home and be with the ones I loved in a familiar place that might trigger more memories.

And so, you brought me to a bloody ENORMOUS mansion. I was amazed just looking around, but I also felt... safe. Loved. At home. My mother and father came to fuss over me, and I recognized both of them, however, I have little to no memories of them, and those that I do have are old and... Stern? Cold? almost the complete opposite of the warm and loving people that welcomed me
I mean, my father was still a bit aloof and standoffish, but it was softened by genuine smiles and a hug, and so, was nearly staggering compared to the man in my memory who used to glare at me and order me to stop babbling about that Potter brat.

And then... it began...

Apparently the word had spread of my condition, and it had been decided that this called for a full... introduction? It seems we have kids - a LOT of kids!!! - and they were determined to remind me who they were and jog my memory, by force if necessary.

The first to enter the room in which I was sitting in a large comfortable armchair like a bloody king, was Eris and Hazel. They had others with them, but they had those others wait a few feet back while they came and said hello.

"Welcome home, daddy!" They both exclaimed as they gave me kisses on the cheek. "I'm Eris, and this is Hazel. I'm not the oldest, but I AM the first one you gave birth to."

"And I'm a complicated case that I'll tell you all about later - AFTER you've wrapped your head around everything so far," Hazel added.

They beckoned to the others. "This is Eric, the father of my baby boy Luka. Here, hold him! He LOVES his grandpa Draco."

Sure enough, the somehow sticky boy that smelled like oranges grinned at me as he sat in my lap and gave me kisses on the cheek. My heart tugged a bit, even as I couldn't help but feel a little repulsed that I was getting a little messy from his touch.

"And this is my fiancée Pearl," Hazel stated, holding hands with the young woman who looked familiar or some reason. I raised my brow in surprise.

"Fiancée...?" Well... I suppose that if I can be married to two men, my daughter can marry a girl. Honestly, why did this take me aback so much?

Rather than say anything, they simply smiled. Another group had just entered the room, so Eris took her son from me and they left to give the newcomers some time alone with me (with the both of you loitering around the room doing your own things while still being on hand if I needed you).

This next group was: "Hi daddy, it's me, Viona. And in here is your next grandchild, and no, I haven't revealed the gender yet. This is my husband Alric, and my stepsister Cassie - Cassiopeia, one of Oliver's two kids that you now claim since you're married to him."

"Don't worry, I don't expect you to remember all our names or a while," Cassie added with a laugh.

"How many of you ARE there??" I asked in apprehension.

"Oh... A few..." Viona answered vaguely. "Quick background: I run the majority of your businesses now - so don't worry about them! I've got Cassie here to help me, and she's proving to be invaluable - worth her weight in gold! We've definitely got everything handled. Meanwhile, Alric is doing fabulous managing the Malfoy Import/export business. Even if I DIDN'T make a fortune each day, he'd be more than capable of supporting me and our baby."

I smiled at them because they were holding hands and giving each other looks that made it clear that they were in love. "That's good," I murmured. Viona and Cassie took turns kissing me on the
cheek - and Alric shook my hand - before they wandered off to talk to you a bit.

Which gave the next group a chance to pile in and overwhelm me. "Hi! I'm Shtara! I'm your most brilliant daughter! This is Siri, Zwei, Zaire, and Jaz."

"Erm..." I droned, feeling like my life had just taken a turn for the Bizarre. HOW are two of my kids black and another erm… middle eastern???: Rather than answer, the one named Jaz made a few hand gestures at me.

Even though my brain was so confused that I couldn't tell up from down, I automatically understood: "How are you, dad? I haven't had a chance to come snuggle with you in a few days. I missed you so much."

I looked at the absolutely breathtaking child and felt my heart nearly burst. Suddenly, it didn't matter if she was a different ethnicity, she just... felt like mine. I pulled her into my lap and kissed her on the cheek. I wasn't quite sure what I was doing or if she'd even understand me, but I made gestures with my hands that I THINK meant: "I'm well, thank you. I probably missed you too."

She immediately grinned and gave me a tight hug.

"Here, eat this!" The one called Zaire insisted, practically shoving a spoon full of pudding into my mouth. "I finally had Muffy teach me how to make your favorite - Sanguinaccio Dolce."

Mmmmmmmmmm.... I couldn't remember if it really was my favorite, but it certainly tasted better than anything I'd eaten since I woke up with no memories.

The one called Siri talked my ear off about Quidditch for a few minutes before Zwei (did we really name our son TWO???) showed me a video he'd made from clips he's taken of me over the years. Actually, he said that they were something called printed memories, so... a form of magical video recording?

When the video was over, he transferred it to something he called my magi-tablet, and then they were shoved out of the room so that the next group could swarm me. This was Persephone, Lily, Caelum, and Atreyu. They... quite honestly chattered at me in high speeds and all at the same time and about things such as horses, wolves, ice skating, and cliff diving. It was hard to follow any of it, but the gist was that they were happy to see me - not to mention happy in general - and really needed to get back to their own things before the stables burst into flames, the ice rink melted, and the thestrals disappeared.

???

Anyway, moving on.

The next half hour or so was rather peaceful. We had Nora, Morgana, Gabriel, and Dylan come in and have tea with us. I was still mildly repulsed to be drooled on, touched with sticky hands, and given slobbery kisses, but they were all so adorable (why is one of them French???) that I just... melted, I suppose.

Harry took them away for a nap, leaving me and Oliver alone with the next two.

"Hi, I'm Parker - one of Oliver's two that are now yours too. And this is Harrison - Hazel's twin from another universe. He's not technically one of yours, but I gather he's an honorary son. We've been running Orion's pub for months now, and... We've decided to try dating..."

"Oh?" Oliver asked with interest. "What brought that on?"
Parker smiled. "Well, we've been sharing the flat above the Hog's Head, and we've each basically enjoyed being young adults free to do whatever we want, but slowly, we both started getting jealous of each others' pulls, and also started having UST so bad that it was affecting our job. So we just said 'Hell with it!' and started dating."

"That only happened a couple of days ago," Harrison added.

I pointed at Harrison in confusion. "Wait, if you're not actually our kid, then WHY do you look so much like Harry?" Also I understood that twin from another world meant unrelated lookalike, but seriously, this was like looking at you from the time my scant memories have shown me.

Harrison chuckled in a way that sounded like: Heh heh. "Erm... well, that's complicated. I think I'm going to wait to explain that until after you've had a chance to wrap your head around everything so far."

"That's what Hazel said!" I protested.

"It's complicated," Harrison, Parker, Oliver, and Harry (who had just returned) all said in unison.

I sighed in frustration but let the matter drop.

Parker and Harrison left and this strangely beautiful boy with dark blue hair and vivid blue eyes practically danced into the room. "Bon jour, Zhraco!" He greeted with a grin.

"Bon jour, chere, ca va?" Wait! Why did ***I*** know French?!?!

"Bien! C'est l'amour! J'aime John - le Romeo!"

"Er... D'accord..." I murmured, wondering who this was and if he was another of our apparently endless kids.

"Ciao!" He cried as he ran off, saying something so fast I didn't quite catch it, but I think meant he was running late to see his lover.

This cleared the room for two men and two girls. "Hi Draco. I'm Miles. This is my husband Colm, and our two daughters - Sammy and Charlotte."

"I AM A BOY TODAY!!!" The one called Sammy protested indignantly. She then threw her arms around me and gave me a kiss on the cheek. "It's been FOREVER since I last saw you, grandpa Draco!"

"Can you take us shopping?" Charlotte asked, looking so innocent that I got suspicious for some reason.

"Love to." The response came out of my mouth before I could even think about it. Habit??? "But perhaps not until I can remember where I keep my money."

They laughed and Miles told me a little about the new show he's doing - his last before he and Colm take the girls on an extended summer holiday.

"Dad!" A woman interrupted, prompting Miles to herd his family out of the room. I hadn't even had a chance to ask how in the bloody hell I had managed to have a son who looked nearly as old as the man I see in the mirror - when I can bear to look.

"Hello..." I greeted cautiously.
"I'm Elena, and I dropped everything when I heard you were home and receiving visitors. I'm the oldest and I'm currently pregnant with my second child. This is Rafael - say hi to grandpa, Raf!"

The boy jumped into my lap and gave me a tight hug, but since this was another babbling sticky child (do we bathe them all in sticky stuff???), I focused on Elena. "This is Ethan - Rafael's father - his wife Rose, and Rodrigo. I'm dating Ethan and Rose on the one hand, and dating Rodrigo on the other."

I was shocked by this! "AND YOU'RE ALL ALRIGHT WITH THAT?!?!?"

"Definitely!" They all stated with a grin. Well... alright then...

"I'm currently tying up all the loose ends at my performing arts school so that we can move to Spain and start up a new Unity House - that I plan to run for the rest of my life - unless Tabitha decides to retire."

"Is that another daughter...?" I wondered, having lost ALL track of how many there were.

"Oh! Finn and Bea just arrived! Blake will probably want to hug you for exactly three seconds before running off to the stables."

I felt a bit faint when I saw the three newcomers. HOW MANY KIDS DO WE HAVE?!?!?!?

Finn and Bea said hello, Blake ran off, and then the two adults went over to talk to you, Harry. I felt a bit relieved, but I didn't have long to stop my head from spinning.

"Hi Dad!" A rather good looking blond man said. "I'm Orion, this is my baby Gemini, that's my older brother River, his wife Mahafsoun, their daughter Evangeline, and my two lovers - Ben and Mara. Somehow, Mara's pregnant..."

I felt at a loss as to how to respond to this. "Erm... congratulations?"

He harrumphed. "I suppose so, even though I was adamant that I didn't want kids, let alone more than one, but the ONE bloody time I forgot to cast the protection spells, wouldn't you know it!"

They took turns hugging me and having the babies give me kisses. The alluring woman named Mahafsoun seemed to somehow put me under a spell, since I stared at her to the exclusion of all others, wanting to run my hands through her long and silky hair. It was like a beautiful black waterfall that just flowed and floated and called out to me.

She smiled and gave me another kiss on the cheek. "You can braid my hair - if you'd like."

"Mmm... yes please," I murmured, sounding strange, even to me. I have no idea how long I sat there, playing with her hair and purring, but eventually, Harry grabbed my attention and told me that dinner was about to be served - and that I had just enough time to go get dressed. To which a wrinkly... thing - who says she's my house elf Muffy - told me that I actually had a lot of time to get ready, so I decided to write this email while it was all fresh in my mind.

Now, onto dinner, I suppose,

Draco
# Cheat Sheet for Draco

## Chapter Summary

A spreadsheet that lists general info and descriptions of the Malfoy-Potter-Wood kids

![^_^](image)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Child</th>
<th>Birth Information</th>
<th>Godparents</th>
<th>House (if applicable)</th>
<th>Physical Features</th>
<th>Nationality not English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Elena Rojas Malfoy</td>
<td>22-Oct-90 Adopted @ 9 years</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Ravenclaw</td>
<td>Dark brown curls, brown eyes, 1 inch taller than Harry</td>
<td>English/Spanish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rafael Rojas Malfoy</td>
<td>20-Dec-16 Birth</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Looks just like Mama Lainie</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baby Parker Ballard Wood</td>
<td>5-Mar-96 Adopted @ 3 years</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>Gryffindor</td>
<td>Draco lookalike with brown hair and eyes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>River Lewis Malfoy</td>
<td>21-Mar-96</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Assumed Hufflepuff</td>
<td>Long black hair, beautiful River lookalike with darker coloring</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mahafsoun Malfoy</td>
<td>7-Jun-96 Married In</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>Egyptian</td>
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<td>Evangeline Maharet Malfoy</td>
<td>9-Dec-17 Birth</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cassiopeia Mulciber Wood</td>
<td>1-Sep-97 Adopted @ 2 years</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td></td>
<td>Straight glossy brown hair, brown eyes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Viona Skye Malfoy</td>
<td>24-Jan-99 Adopted @ 6 months</td>
<td>Hermione and Greg</td>
<td>Slytherin</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alric Avery Baby</td>
<td>Aug-97 Married In</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>Ravenclaw</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[^_^](image)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Carried by</th>
<th>House</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Eris Lyra Malfoy</td>
<td>9-Apr-00</td>
<td>Birth</td>
<td>Draco</td>
<td>Slytherin</td>
<td>Harry lookalike, black curly hair, green eyes, very petite</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luka Aiden Malfoy</td>
<td>19-Mar-17</td>
<td>Birth</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Looks more like Mama Eris, but a little like Dad Eric as well</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orion Draco Malfoy</td>
<td>9-Apr-00</td>
<td>Birth</td>
<td>Ron and Blaise</td>
<td>Ravenclaw</td>
<td>Draco lookalike with even blonder hair, grey eyes with hints of green, tall, wears glasses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hazel Storm Malfoy</td>
<td>13-May-00</td>
<td>Found @ 6 months</td>
<td>Neville and Luna</td>
<td>Slytherin</td>
<td>Harry lookalike, black curly hair, green eyes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pearl St. Peter</td>
<td>10-Jan-01</td>
<td>Married In</td>
<td>Draco</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>Pansy lookalike, Russian/Eng</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shtara Grace Malfoy</td>
<td>6-Jan-03</td>
<td>Adopted @ 9 years</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>Dark brown skin, dark brown eyes, American-born black hair, curvy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sirius James Malfoy</td>
<td>30-Jul-03</td>
<td>Birth</td>
<td>Charlie and Millie</td>
<td>Gryffindor</td>
<td>Draco lookalike, Blonde hair, grey eyes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draco Lucius Malfoy II</td>
<td>30-Jul-04</td>
<td>Birth</td>
<td>Dudley and Donna</td>
<td>Gryffindor</td>
<td>Harry lookalike, dark messy hair and green eyes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Age</td>
<td>Adopted By</td>
<td>Characteristics</td>
<td>Nationality</td>
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<tr>
<td>Zaire Langa Malfoy</td>
<td>2-May-06</td>
<td>3.5 years</td>
<td>Kisa and Sebastian</td>
<td>Dark/Black skin, dark/black eyes, slim, tall, tight curls when he lets his hair grow out</td>
<td>South Africa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jasmine Kamaria Malfoy</td>
<td>9-Feb-09</td>
<td>Days old</td>
<td>George and Angelina</td>
<td>Black curly hair, deep tan skin, Iranian brown/black eyes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Persephone Hikari Malfoy</td>
<td>21-Apr-10</td>
<td>Birth</td>
<td>Miles and Eliza</td>
<td>Born with black hair which lightened to a dirty blonde, wide silver eyes, extremely small for her age</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lily Narcissa Malfoy</td>
<td>19-May-10</td>
<td>Birth</td>
<td>Sirius and Ginny</td>
<td>Narcissa lookalike, blonde hair, blueish grey eyes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caelum Arthur Malfoy</td>
<td>19-May-10</td>
<td>Birth</td>
<td>Viper and Yesenia</td>
<td>Strawberry blonde hair, light blue eyes, pointy Malfoy features</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atreyu Miguel Malfoy</td>
<td>30-Sep-11</td>
<td>Almost 5 years</td>
<td>Bill and Teddy</td>
<td>Dark brown straight hair, dark Mexican-brown eyes, American pudgy cheeks</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nora Madeline Marseilles Malfoy</td>
<td>6-Aug-14</td>
<td>3.5 years</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Honey-Gold hair, deep blue eyes, French button nose</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Birth Date</td>
<td>Mother Carried by</td>
<td>Father Carried by</td>
<td>Description</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------</td>
<td>------------</td>
<td>-------------------</td>
<td>-------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gabriel Pan Potter</td>
<td>14-Mar-17</td>
<td>Draco then Harry</td>
<td>Gavin and Della</td>
<td>Copper-red hair, blue-green eyes, round features</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dylan Sheen Potter</td>
<td>14-Mar-17</td>
<td>Draco then Harry</td>
<td>Dean and Seamus</td>
<td>Dean lookalike, Medium brown skin, black tightly curled hair, light smokey grey eyes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morgana Guinevere Malfoy</td>
<td>5-Apr-17</td>
<td>Draco</td>
<td>Mahafsoun and Tiger</td>
<td>Black straight hair, black eyes, pale skin</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baby</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Oliver</td>
<td>English/Japanese</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
(In a private email addressed only to Oliver)
Saturday June 2, 2018

My Love,

I am trying so hard to stay strong for our Draco. I am being supportive, introducing him to the kids. Explaining to the smaller children why Daddy Draco is being so weird. Staying positive about knowing his memories will return.

But today was so hard. I can't sleep. I can't stop crying. Our husband is missing. And unlike when he was kidnapped, I can't just search him out and attack the creep holding him hostage. His own brain is holding him hostage.

Please come hold me. Or let me hold you. I need to feel arms that know and love me surrounding me.

Please?
Your Harry

---------------------

(The usual email to both husbands)
My Everything,

Tonight went fairly well I think. Draco, you obviously don't remember anyone quite yet but seeing as at your heart you're naturally so loving and nurturing you were able to be the wonderful person we know you are. Just without the memories, a little less snark, and a bit more confusion.

First things first, it seems as though you had a few moments where you started judging yourself because of your reactions to our children. Please don't stress yourself out. I've said it to you a million times, and I know you have no memories of that so I'll say it again, "The first thought that goes through your mind is what you have been conditioned to think. What you think next defines who you are."

You remarked upon being a bit confused at your parents' openness and warmth because your memories of them were cold and standoffish. You've come a long way from your upbringing and so have they. Both you and your parents were raised in pureblood homes where purity and portraying the idea of perfection was the most important thing. Going through .... what our entire community went through .... years ago was enough to put things into perspective. Your parents realized that their child (children now) was more important than the ridiculous values that had been indoctrinated into them since childhood. You realized your parents weren't infallible. All of you really grew into the wonderful people you always were underneath the carefully polished shell.

I know you're there underneath the confusion. I know your memories are just waiting to resurface. Which is why your description of what things were a surprise ... came as a surprise to me. You seemed most confused about your daughter being in a relationship with a woman and three of your children (it's actually five, but I suppose Morgana's and Dylan's ethnicities aren't quite as obvious as Shtara, Zaire, and Jasmine's) being a different race than you, Oliver, or myself. Or maybe you did notice Morgana and Dylan but since you'd already been surprised once by the earlier three introductions you didn't think anything of it. Or maybe you were so distracted by the stickiness that
you weren't paying attention to anything else.

Side note: it's actually very likely that Jaz and I DO actually share some nationality background. The more and more research I've done with the Potter line shows me that while it was a few generations back, more than once has the spouse marrying into the family been from the middle east. Most often from Pakistan. Apparently before my father was the first in the Potter line to marry a Muggleborn his ancestors were a bit ahead of their time. They were snobbish enough to not marry Muggleborns, but seemed to actively seek out pureblood arranged marriages from other areas of the world. They were snobs and blood purists, but enlightened enough to realize intermarrying with the same few families generation after generation wasn't the best recipe for healthy progeny.

Anyway, it's unsurprising to me that you would question a same-sex marriage because you grew up assuming you had to marry a proper pure-blooded witch. Even with the ability for wizards to carry children, your family still held to the ideals of a "traditional" marriage. Assuming it would mean a greater chance for multiple children. (Bahahahahahahaha! We showed them!) It's also unsurprising, since some of the portraits at the Manor are awful dickbags to those of our children who don't look like a traditional Malfoy. Not even from a racist standpoint, they're not super supportive of the idea that your heirs could be brunettes.

You, being the wonderful person you are, didn't make any of your children feel less. Even being in a headspace where you are still feeling all those troubling ideals from your upbringing, you knew in your heart these were important and wonderful people. I love you.

No, the funniest and most surprising aspect of your (lack of) confusion to me was the fact that you seemed to have no comment at all about having two redheaded children! That's the one judgment you do still claim and tease about. And not one single hint of "I understand the strawberry blonde but how'd I end up with that copper haired little baby?"

Not going to go into the complicated parts of our children's backgrounds since I don't think you're quite ready for some of the big stuff, but I figured I'd check off some of the easier bits of confusion. First of all, no we did not name our son Two. Well, we kinda did since he really doesn't ever go by any other name. But his given name is Draco Lucius Malfoy II. His nickname was born of my frustration at not being allowed to call him any shortened version of his name. Since I didn't want to also call him Draco, I'm a nicknamer, and you hate all nicknames for Draco (Drake, Dray, etc) I had to get creative. And since he's Draco the second, I jokingly called him Zwei and it just stuck. Now I can't imagine him being anything else honestly.

Pearl. She looks familiar for one of two reasons. One, she is your goddaughter. So while you may not have your memories back yet, perhaps your mind just told you she was known. Or, since you seem to be getting your earliest memories back first, it's probably her similarities to her mother that have your brain making the connection. One of your earliest childhood friends was Pansy Parkinson, and Pearl resembles her quite a bit.

Nora. The reason Nora is french is because she's our most recent addition to our family. She was adopted during a trip to Paris where her magic sought us out. Somehow knowing we were her forever family. She was born and raised in France, and while we are trying to make her more fluent in English as this is where she lives, we don't want her to lose her heritage or her first language.

Uh, the man in your dream ... that's one of those hard things that I am not going to explain fully. But please know those are very old memories, two decades old actually, and that evil man is hella dead. He can't hurt anyone else ever again. I promise you're safe from him.

And since you asked just how many children there are. Officially we have twenty-one ... and counting ... children. We gave birth to or adopted twenty-one beloved children. We currently have
seven grandchildren with I think four more on the way. We have roughly six additional heart children. They are ours, we claim and love them, but we never officially adopted them. The blue hair boy Jules was one of them. And we also have two, almost three, children-in-laws who were brilliant enough to fall in love with our children.

I'm sure you were overwhelmed at the introductions and then during the loud boisterous dinner. Although you certainly loved all the spontaneous singing that happened around you. You even seemed to be less repulsed by all the sticky babies. To be fair, it's usually your fault they're sticky since you want them all to be foodies like you and constantly feed them as many different foods as possible. It sounds as though with Cassie's introductions she was super understanding about how overwhelmed you would be. It's probably because she didn't grow up in this chaos and when she first came into our lives she had to learn to live within the circus we created.

I know you'll eventually either remember all these wonderful children of ours or you will learn all about them and start fresh with falling in love with them. So don't worry about not remembering them all yet.

Don't worry about not remembering our son Parker and our daughter's twin from another universe Harrison were in a relationship. Apparently that is news to everyone! And believe me, we will be talking all about that when your memories come back!

And definitely don't worry about that random guest we had in the middle of dinner who initially came to ask you a favor and then upon realizing your memory was gone introduced himself. His name is .... erm ... Robertson. He's nobody. Don't worry about remembering him.

Ooh, I should sign off. Someone seems to have gotten my message from earlier and has arrived with the snuggles I ordered.

Love,
Harry

P.S. Seriously? No memories at all and you're still enchanted by the veela with the damn hair. Fuck my life.

Sunday June 3rd
Good morning!

Last night was... interesting... See, I'd asked how in the bloody hell we managed to have three men in one marriage (I didn't say it but I would have assumed that if I married a man and then married a second time, it would be one man and one woman so that I could always have one of each), and the two of you looked at each other for a long moment before slowly grinning and offering to show me.

Now I may be short on memories, but I'm still of age and rather healthy - a rather healthy MAN with healthy urges, and just looking at the two of you (snuggled up in our enormous bed) was enough to make a certain something rise to the occasion. So I naturally agreed and surrendered myself to the demanding yet gentle hands of my husbands.

I'm sure that we don't ALWAYS do it exactly this way, but I have to tell you that being inside Harry while Oliver was inside me was one of the best experiences of my life. I really don't think anything can feel better, so I don't think having my memories come back will suddenly change my mind on how good it felt. The only mildly frustrating thing was that I just kept on going and going.
when I actually would have quite liked to finish quickly and get some sleep.

Meeting all our kids was exhausting! I remembered all of their names long enough to write them down in the email I wrote yesterday, but this morning when I woke up and tried to get them all straight in my head, I got them all mixed up and couldn't remember at least half their names. That was a shadowy way to start the day.

However, things quickly improved when Shtara and Jaz let themselves into our room. They each had an animal that made me nearly shout out in shock and fear. Both girls giggled.

"Daddy, this is Wojtek and Amala. Technically they are both YOUR pets, but in actuality, I commandeered my precious bear a long time ago and Amala has been spending a lot of her time with Jaz lately because Amala lives in the Manor and you've been living in Hogwarts."

"Why would I live in something called Hog WARTS??" I questioned, making both of them laugh again.

The cheetah jumped onto the bed with me and immediately started, erm… snuggling? Playing? Trying to eat me??? The bear ALSO wanted to play, and he was rough enough that I had to wonder how I managed to survive the two of them. Surely ***I*** didn't want to have wild animals as pets?!?! Did our many kids somehow talk me into them???

After I felt quite mauled, the girls finally rescued me by having the bear perform a funny little dance while the cheetah lay across my legs and insisted that I rub her belly. Literally insisted! If I paused for more than a second, she'd try to bite my hand!

Saying they had things to do - and joined by a little girl named Vanessa - the three of them and the bear took off while the cheetah wouldn't leave my side for NOTHING. I swear she practically insisted on taking a shower with me, only refraining because there was water in there. Instead, she waited just outside the clear glass door of the shower and watched as I scrubbed up and rinsed off.

It was a little disconcerting!

Anyway, while I was still drying my hair with a fluffy towel, letting the rest of my body air dry because it felt really good on this fairly hot day, I received a visitor. It was that Robinson bloke you told me not to worry about remembering. It seems that since he was allowed into the Manor last night for a few minutes, but left when he realized that it wasn't a good time, he decided to come back today when he knew I'd still be making myself pretty for the day.

Huh... DO I make myself pretty? Like... Do I wear makeup and pretend to be a woman??? Is that why there are so many dresses in the huge maze you claim is our closet? Most of them are more like robes than dresses, and they are somewhat manly looking, but still... Do I want to be a woman???

Anyway, it seems that the reason Robbertson visited last night - and then returned today - is that he needed my help with something.

"I dunno if this'll work without your memories but... here, hold this a minute."

I took the soft and fuzzy stuffed dog in hand, petting it happily and loving how the hair - or fur, I suppose - felt to my fingers. Suddenly, I... SAW a... memory? I don't know if it's a memory of mine, but it seemed to be about a little boy. The little boy was playing in a forest. He was about three and he was holding the stuffed animal and talking to it as if it was his best friend. Suddenly, he, erm, how to explain it? It was like he went between two large bushes to pick some berries, but
he unknowingly stepped in a small hole that made him wobble and throw the puppy, right before the ground around the hole dissolved into a slightly bigger hole JUST big enough for the boy to fall into it. He screamed for a long moment, and then abrupt silence. The memory ended at that moment, and suddenly I could see the man standing in front of me again.

He was stroking his chin. "That means he can't be too far from where they found his dog. They searched the area all night, but I bet they weren't looking too closely at the bushes and the ground under them. I'll have to go give it a good look myself, it might not be too late - Thanks Draco! You're a good man."

"Erm..." I droned as he ran off and disappeared with a loud crack. "What just happened??" But there was no one to answer my question.

In any case, I'm now dressed and rather hungry, so I'm going to go look for some sort of kitchen or a maid or something to see if I can get a bite to eat.

I'm so grateful for all your support,
Draco
P.S. You said we had roughly six extra kids, did I meet all six of them?

P.P.S. I hesitate to actually write this, because, erm… It's possibly hurtful, but... Last night, I had a dream in which I was - I dunno, 16? And there was this girl with short black hair and a button nose that was in bed with me having a really good time. I think I might normally keep that sort of dream to myself, but it's bugging me that I can't tell if it's just a dream, or if it's a memory. Especially since at one point, I looked over to find a good looking black boy watching us and stroking a, erm… MASSIVE shaft. Am I some sort of Size Queen??? Why does this all have to be so bloody confusing?!
Chapter 297

Chapter Summary

Harry is not best pleased and Oliver is worried. Draco has no idea.

Sunday June 3, 2018

Draco,

Good morning indeed. I wish you had woken up with your full memories of course, but knowing you woke up and spent time with some of our kids and had a lovely visit certainly makes it a pretty good morning.

And instead of a terrible nightmare of the dead monster who tortured you, you dreamt of a lovely teen years' memory.

Don't worry, it's not hurtful. Ollie and I are well aware of your past sexual history. The young woman was the aforementioned childhood friend Pansy, the attractive young man watching you was your good friend Blaise. Blaise is married to our niece Kisa (as well as our friends Ron and Hermione) and Pansy as I mentioned before is your good friend and the mother of our Hazel's fiancée Pearl.

The three of you had some fairly regular sexual encounters as teens. We went through some hard times during our formative years, there was a war that we were all involved with to differing degrees, and the three of you managed to have a safe haven to feel and care and let out some of your frustrations. Again, don't worry about the memory or you remembering it fondly as something that is hurtful. It's a lovely memory for you, and for them I'm sure.

And no, you are definitely not a size queen. You enjoy a nice shaft up your arse, and you HAVE taken Blaise-sized shafts before. That happens fairly rarely and only after a lot of prep and many days of rest afterwards. You do bottom fairly often with our normal sized cocks, more often now that we have Ollie who's more of a switch than I am, but for the most part you prefer to top and I prefer to let you top! Oliver bottomed during his first marriage almost exclusively, at some point actually just assuming he WAS a bottom. However, since being with us, he has the opportunity to do both about as often as he'd like to and so he's a pretty equal opportunity shaft user.

Me, on the other hand, I like topping ... sure. But if something happened and I could never top again? I'd be fine. I just don't understand why you'd prefer sexual contact that is just on the outer layer of the skin of your dick. When you're the bottom it's happening inside of you. It's intimate and the closest you can let someone near you.

Okay, I'm making it sound more romantic than it is. While I DO feelbottoming for my husbands is intimate and I absolutely love it .... I am the size queen. I've taken Blaise multiple times. I've often taken two cocks at once, and now that I have both you and Ollie? That happens OFTEN.

Actually, speaking of that, when I get back from an errand I have to run, I think your husbands should show you another glorious way three men can be together that should feel just as wonderful as our activities last night were. If you're not in the mood that's fine. You might be thinking we're a
bit insatiable. It's just been a very long time since we've only shagged once per day or less. Most
days we have some morning shagging, night time shagging, middle of the night sleeping shags, and
usually during the day we drag at least one of our husbands into a cupboard for some mid-day
quickie.

However, while I may be the size queen, and I have the feeling that Ollie is going to be even more
of a beloved child collector than I am, YOU are most definitely the reason we have so many
animals. And the ONLY reason we have wild animals. Even the one animal we have that could be
thoroughly classified as mine was still found and brought home by you. My cat Venus was found
by you at a pet store where she was unwanted because of her unique looks. You took one look at
her and decided she needed to come live at our house. You were slightly jealous to find out she
immediately decided I was her person.

Your most recent animal acquisition you found on our honeymoon, your husky Lumi. She
absolutely adores you and if you're not reading this while she's snuggled up next to you begging
for petting then I'm a monkey's uncle.

I may not be a monkey's uncle, but I am uncle to a lot of children. As are you and Oliver obviously
since we share that title amongst all of our collective nieces and nephews no matter whose side
they're from. You actually met one of our nieces earlier today, Vanessa is the daughter of your
brother and .... uh his coparent. It's a long story and if I tell you she's the child of your brother and
your sister's other universe twin, you'd probably feel really awkward and squicky about that. No
blood is shared, and while they are co-parents, no nookie is shared either. It's all completely
normal, you just wouldn't think so when I say your brother and your sister's twin have children
together.

And you did meet most of our six honorary children. Blake's parents, Finn and Bea we've known
since they were children and we claim them in our hearts. We especially claim our little Blake, he's
the quietest and most affectionate of our grandchildren so far. Miles and Colm, parents of Sammy
and Charlotte, were two more of our honorary children. Miles actually lived with us for quite a
while during his pregnancy with Sammy and into their subsequent babyhood. Colm we didn't
really claim until they got back together about a decade after they had Sammy. And Jules, and his
boyfriend John ... or Romeo as you call him ... are the last two. So, you met five of them and were
told about the sixth.

Speaking of Miles, he talked with you a bit about his current show. Well, Miles headlines a very
popular drag show. Which you've performed at a few times with him, once dressed as a man and
another time dressed in drag. Yes, you like to feel beautiful. Yes, you have worn dresses in the past
although not very often. You have performed in drag and can ROCK an evening gown. But you
most definitely have always identified as male. And seeing as you know, support, and love people
who are trans, genderfluid, nonbinary, crossdressers, and pretty much everywhere on the gender
spectrum, I feel confident that if you really didn't identify as male you would have told me. You
just enjoy being an absolutely beautiful man.

Most of the "dresses" in the closet are actually robes. In our -erm- culture, men wear those robes
for everyday wear and definitely for special occasions. For our first wedding you wore the most
beautiful set of dress robes and I promise you, you were every inch a man.

Anyway, I put together a list of our children and a little info about each of them. Their looks and
such in case you need a reference sheet. I promise you they all are very understanding of why their
Daddy doesn't seem to remember them. They might look at you with a lifted eyebrow and a look
that shows their attitude, but you don't have to worry if you forget a name or two or mix any of
them up. Some of them look A LOT alike!
So, you enjoy visiting with any of the kids that come see you. Snuggle up to Ollie, he's the gorgeous guy you're married to in case you forget. I'm just going to run a real quick errant to see that guy Rubbish who you met last night and was kind enough to come "visit" you this morning. He needs to know just exactly what I thought of his super awesome impromptu visit.

I'll see you soon my love,
Harry (The other guy you're married to!)

(In a private email to Harry)
Dear Harry,

Merlin's Bollocks Harry! I appreciate that you kept your promise and didn't actually kill him, but did you have to scare him that badly?

There I was, lying cozy in bed with Draco, Nora, the babies, Lumi, and of course Amala who refuses to let Draco out of her sight. When I heard Draco's email notification sound. He hasn't quite gotten used to jumping at that little ding the way he usually would, so I went and grabbed his magi-tablet so we could read your message together.

We're reading along, and I'm glad we did so silently since it had quite a bit of not safe for Nora's ears information. I must have read faster than Draco, probably because I know most of the information you gave in the email while he's relearning things for the second time around.

I got to the part where you mentioned visiting Robards to, how did you put it, let him know "just exactly what I thought of his super awesome impromptu visit."

I stuttered out some nonsense about checking on something and apparated myself to the Ministry. Asked someone where Robards' office was, and made my way there. I was a bit worried I would either get there too late or in time to see a grisly show.

Thankfully there was no blood, hell you weren't even touching him, but he was cowering behind his desk. And bloody fucking fuck Love, he had wet his pants! What in the world did you say to him?

I reminded you that I appreciate you keeping your promises and then came back home. Would you hurry up and get home, assure me that you kept that promise, and join our cuddle party?

Love,
Oliver

Sunday June 3rd
Good evening,

So, after my shower and that visit from my friend (?), when I got lost in our closet and was wandering around looking at a section that simply HAS to be costumes... Right? I don't normally just dress up as a dragon, do I? Anyway, it occurred to me that if I could touch something like a stuffed dog and get a memory from it, then why can't I just touch EVERYTHING and get memories from it?!

So... That had limited success. I touched various things in the closet and would get images of me wearing it - or one of you two wearing something. But there weren't really any memories to go with
it. That said, I did find one outfit that gave me an image of Oliver looking very handsome and... well, I suspected that it was during our wedding.

That led to me wandering (after taking at least a half an hour trying to find my way OUT of the closet) along the massive wall jam packed full of pictures. Sure enough, there were some from our wedding day and Oliver was wearing the outfit I'd found. Wow! We all looked amazing that day!

Curious, I went around touching things at random - such as our bed, which had images of YEARS of us sleeping with a child or three. Strangely, there weren't too many images of using the bed for more interesting things. Especially considering how often you claim we do it, I would have expected so many images that I might as well've been watching a porn. But nope...

So then I wandered to the cabinets next to the bed planning to touch everything on them, except I noticed something fascinating. On what I think must be my side of the bed - based off most of the images I saw - there was a clear rectangular glass cage of sorts full of ants. I was strangely spellbound. I stood there watching their every move for... minutes? Hours? Days?? Alright, so probably not days as Oliver came into the room with Nora, the babies, and the most adorable puppy you've ever seen in your life! She was so gorgeous that I managed to tear my eyes off those beautiful ants.

"Oh good, you're awake, Draco my love. How would you like to snuggle up in bed with all of us? Since these four just had their lunch and might be ready for a nap."

I smiled. "Sure, sounds cozy."

Oliver kissed me, and for a brief moment, I saw a flash of... sadness? Guilt? Something, but then it vanished to be replaced by love. Actually, the weirdest part about being married to two men I don't quite remember is the kissing. I mean shagging is fun and definitely powerful and loving, but I am capable of doing that without my heart getting involved. Whereas with kissing, I feel like it's something more intimate and special. For example, Oliver kissed me and I had a warning blare in my head that said something like: Don't kiss ANYONE for three months!!! Which left me confused and wondering if I should push him away and tell him that I had to wait a few months before I could kiss him.

The... six of us climbed into bed, and I had Morgana standing herself in my lap and petting my face, giving me lots of little baby kisses. It was so strange to see my eyes in an almond shape surrounded by lightly tan skin and straight black hair. I looked to Oliver.

"So... all the other ethnicities and the gingers are adopted, right? So then how did this one get my pointy face?"

"Ermmm..." Oliver droned. "She's... biologically yours and some Japanese man's..."

My eyes probably went wide with shock. I looked from him to the baby and then back to him. "Erm... Diiii... Did I... Cheat? And wait! That one's black and has sort of wild hair like Harry, so did Harry have him with a black woman - or man? Did we BOTH cheat?! Wait, or was this one of those things where we agreed to have other peoples' kids for some reason???

Oliver looked like he was silently chanting a prayer to summon patience. "I wasn't here for that, but as I understand it, you both had a playdate with some friends of yours in which YOU wanted to be cursed into a woman for the night - s! Nights! It was two separate nights a couple of weeks apart. And because the curse to turn you into a woman had some potent side effects, you got pregnant both times. Once was with Harry, and that's this little angel Gabriel. And the other was with Dean - a bloke we all went to school with, back in the day. And that was AFTER you'd gone
undercover by polyjuicing into a 15 year old girl who was a prostitute and gotten up the duff while working. I'm not explaining this very well..." He muttered at the look on my face.

I was more than likely aghast. "I... WHAT?!?!" I looked at the three babies, who were all VERY close in age. "I got pregnant with triplets?! And I WAS a woman!!! Did I stay a woman the entire pregnancy? And come to think of it, it's been mentioned multiple times that I've been pregnant! ERIS said she was the first one I gave birth to! HOW MANY TIMES ***HAVE*** I BEEN PREGNANT AND ***WHY*** WOULD I AGREE TO THAT?!?! MORE IMPORTANTLY ***HOW*** IN THE BLOODY HELL IS THAT POSSIBLE????"

Oliver looked almost anguished, turning his head away to hide it. "These are questions you should be asking Harry. Maybe YOU should be rereading all your old email conversations..."

I did my best to calm down because I didn't like seeing him upset. "Hey... I'm sorry... I didn't..."

He shook his head and gave me a kiss. "It's not your fault..."

That was when a sound rang out and he jumped out of bed to grab something so that we could read the email from you. He jumped out of bed again and disappeared (How DO you bloody do that?!?!?), leaving me to snuggle and play with three adorable babies, a sleeping toddler, a dog, a cheetah, some ants, and a strangely gorgeous cat that was laying on a shelf looking down at all of us like we were literally beneath her and she didn't even hope we'd provide her with decent entertainment.

That was when a woman popped in and flustered me. "Hi Draco, I know that Harry said you can't remember anything, but I could really use some advice. See, the Wizengamot is going to be voting on a new law this week, and I'm not certain that I have enough support to get it to pass. I WAS thinking that I'd just let things go the way they'll go and learn from it, but then I started panicking thinking that MAYBE it not passing NOW means that it'll NEVER pass! But it HAS to pass! I mean Kingsley did wonders for the so-called near humans - like werewolves - but he STILL didn't quite get all the magical creatures given rights. It's not enough that house elves can ask to be freed and given paid employment if they want, ALL new elves born after the law goes into effect should AUTOMATICALLY be free and have the right to grow up and seek employment just like any other free person! AND -"

"Oi! Hermione!" Oliver called out upon his return. "You might want to take a breath."

"Right! Hooooooo HAA! So, as I was saying, I need your advice on what I should do. Should I have the Wizengamot reschedule the vote for a later date when I'm more confident? Should I rewrite the law so that it's clearer and easier to understand?! SHOULD I COLOR CODE THE LAW?!?!"

"Erm... This calls for tea," I suggested, feeling like I needed something bracing to get through this conversation.

"TEA!!! YOU'RE BRILLIANT! THANK YOU DRACO!!!" She cried out joyously, gave me a kiss on the cheek, and disappeared.

I looked over at Oliver with wide eyes. "Do I even WANT to know who that is?"

He grinned at me, highly amused. "That's your boss."

"WHAT DO I DO???!" I asked in bafflement.

"Well, that's the Minister for Magic, and you work for her as her number one adviser. You've also
gone on business trips to Russia and France under her orders," Oliver explained.

"I... huh... I guess I'm pretty brilliant then?"

"Definitely!" Oliver agreed with a grin.

"Then who was that Robson bloke that came here earlier? The one that Harry went to visit?" I wondered, as I had the feeling he was a boss or coworker of some sort. "And wait! DID YOU SAY MAGIC??!!"

Oliver sighed and rubbed his temples. "Oh boy... This is going to be a LONG day... Alright, so -"

"Hold on a minute, I just heard a small noise..." I murmured as I looked over to see the gorgeous husky batting a paw at the cage full of ants. This was mesmerizing all over again, making me hum softly as I watched the ants and the dog. I pictured the dog shrinking to the size of an ant and running around happily inside the cage, barking a super tiny little bark and trying to get the ants to play with her. This was amusing enough to make me laugh softly.

"You are an absolute lunatic!" Harry informed me with a laugh, giving me a sound kiss.

"About time you got back!" Oliver exclaimed.

"Perfect timing! It looks like the littles are asleep," Harry observed. "We should... go do something..."

"Can I eat first?" I asked curiously since I was starving. "I never managed to get out of this room long enough to find the bloody kitchen and grab something to eat. Thus, I could eat a horse!"

"No problem, I'll go make something I know you'll love!" Harry insisted as he disappeared.

"I'm going to go make sure it's not a horse," Oliver informed me with a chuckle. "And check up on the middle-littles while I'm at it."

"I suppose I'll just watch these babies, or erm, this bloody cheetah actually, as she's trying to lay on me again."

"Take her for a quick run," Oliver suggested.

"We'll see," I murmured noncommitally. After he left, I decided to write this email as I think it's helping me to remember the things I'm learning - or at least keep things reasonably straight. So, yeah...

Food would be great, and some biscuits. Although, if the mirror is anything to go by, my arse has had a few too many biscuits over the years, so... Maybe a salad? Topped with steak tartar, mmm...

See you then!

Draco
Chapter Summary

Ollie didn't really appreciate Draco's comments on Mpreg, Harry is not okay, and Draco's dreaming about possible memories.

Chapter Notes

Warning!!! Draco has a dream that references his rape as a teen. It's not descriptive, so I hope it won't trigger anyone, but still, warning.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday June 4, 2018

My Rock,

Ollie, if last night's activities didn't shake the memories back into Draco what are we going to do? It's been days. He's missing. I mean, his personality is there but under a layer of fog. I still love this memory loss Draco, and reintroducing him to the playroom and everything we get up to in there was certainly fun, but I miss our husband!

You can't tell me it didn't break your heart when he went on and on about how he couldn't possibly imagine ever wanting to be pregnant? I've watched him coo and talk and love on and kiss your sweet baby bump. He's madly in love with our sweet little baby caboose. And to hear him speak so crassly about male pregnancy? I want to cry and/or hex him for it!

I have no idea how to fix this. Seriously, I feel as though I haven't slept in days, all I do is sit awake, stare at his (and yours) beautiful face, and try to figure out a solution. Right now my only idea is to bash him over the head in the hopes of knocking loose whatever got knocked in the first place! And while my frustration level kind of wants to hit something over the head with a frying pan, I think adding trauma to his already traumatized brain might be counterproductive.

Tomorrow is his birthday Ollie! His birthday! We should be celebrating. We should be waking him up earlier than he'd normally like with a tag-teamed blow-job. And then let him go back to sleep while we make him his favorite brunch foods. And then letting him go back to sleep again while we head off to classes. Instead I'm going to spend another day pretending I'm okay so I don't upset him.

I'm not ok.

Yours,
Harry

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Monday June 4, 2018

Draco,

How are you feeling after last night? Still thinking the combination of Ollie inside of you while you're inside of me is the best configuration? Or are you seeing the benefits of the both of you being inside of me at once? Insanely tight, dripping wet from the amount of lube needed, gliding your aching cock up against Ollie's own length, all of it encased in my tight heat?

It's alright if you have a preference obviously!

Weren't you pleasantly surprised by our amazing playroom? And possibly a little intimidated. I think the sex swing got you interested but the St. Andrew's Cross terrified you a bit. And if that wasn't scary enough, the extensive selection of impact implements displayed nearby seemed to stop your breathing for a moment. If it helps, most of the time those lovely toys are used BY YOU on MY SKIN. You've had your arse paddled a time or two. And you do enjoy a few light smacks with the flogger then feeling the tails dragged against the rosy skin.

Sorry, I need to stop talking about this right now. I don't want to cast an impotence spell at myself and since I'm about to teach a class I may have to if I don't get this problem in my pants calmed down a bit.

Speaking of spells. That's a bit concerning to me, and we will definitely have a nice long talk the three of us tonight when Oliver and I are done teaching, but you seem to have forgotten something quite important. Possibly the most self-identifying thing you've ever known. You're a wizard Darling. You are magical. It's how your pregnancies were possible. It's the culture I spoke of before where we wear robes. It's how Oliver and I take off so quickly it seems as though we just disappear.

I'm sorry if this freaks you out, but if I know you as well I as I think I do, I know that being alone to deal with scary concepts is how you get through things best. Let you come to terms with your emotions without having to pretend you're alright in front of others, then calm yourself before you have to actually talk about it in person. There's a set of beads in your nightstand, it's called a komboloi and I gave it to you years ago. It's a stress relief bracelet from Greece. You stroke the beads while thinking of something stressful and it should help keep you calm or calm you if you've already gotten upset.

You often need calming, because you come from a very long line of Drama Kings and Queens. Your last name is Malfoy, but your mum's maiden name is Black. My Godfather is a Black, that's Sirius the man with two babies you met at dinner that first night. Your mum Narcissa is probably the least dramatic Black I've ever met, the rest of them are absolute nutters. You have rows and rows of our closet devoted to costumes. When we were very young you hid in a tree for a long time, possibly hours, so you could jump out of it at exactly the right time to tease and make fun of me.

It's adorable and one of the many many many things I love about you, but the over the top emotions get a bit overwhelming for you occasionally. So, go hide in the back of our closet, have Muffy bring you a pint of Chubby Hubby, and I'll come get you this afternoon and bring you to the boarding school I teach at, some of our kids go to, and where you, myself, and Ollie attended. It will definitely be a lot to take in, so make sure you bring your komboloi along.

I'll see you soon my love.

Love forever and for always,
Harry

P.S. Don't worry, I promise you there are NO limitations on how much you're allowed to kiss Ollie and I. Neither of us will ever turn down kisses from you!

P.P.S. The gingers, Caelum and Gabriel, are NOT actually adopted. YOU carried both of them! Genetic matches the both of them Darling. Sorry to disappoint.

Tuesday June 5th - About 1 AM
Harry and Oliver,

I just woke up from a... nightmare? I'm shaking and a bit horrified that it might be a memory. See... in the dream, I was, erm... beating... Harry. Like not spanking as you've explained that I sometimes do, but actually using my fists to beat on his back and buttocks, then it seems like I forced myself on him and... strangled him...

I'm now sitting in bed clutching my heart because it won't stop racing. Am I such an abusive monster???

Earlier today was such an amazing experience, you both brought me to Hogwarts and explained magic to me, and the most staggering of all, I CAN DO MAGIC!!! You had me cast a few spells and they all worked!

There were a couple of students that hugged me, which was weird, but at least not the worst thing they could have done to me. Touching things - like the long table in the Great Hall, gave me flashes of Harry as a... teen? I mean there was one or two when he was this teeny tiny thing, but then there were a lot more when he was older and... I went to a loo at one point, and as I was washing my hands, I looked into the mirror and saw a flash of Harry looking at me in concern, which... Apparently made me want to murder him as we were suddenly having a fierce battle.

Remind me again how I went from hating Harry to married to him with a billion kids???

No wait... Maybe I don't really want to know...

*Dozes off for a bit*

Huh! I must have fallen back asleep, because now that I'm awake again, I realize that I just had that dream I had before - the first one I can remember having - in which I'm outside this palatial house and I'm trying to get in. Only I can't.

However, this time, rather than my mum watching me through the window, it's Oliver. So I started shouting at him to let me in, or at least come out and talk to me, but he just stood there, shaking his head. Then he put a finger to his lips and held up a glowing golden bundle, like he was telling me to be quiet so that I didn't wake the baby.

I turned around for a moment to see if maybe I could find a rock to break the window with, but there was nothing, and when I looked back at the window, there was a dragon in the reflection that I realized with a start was ME! It had a marmoset - of all things - on its head petting it.

That made me look at my hands, only they were wings, then I looked back at the window and inside was a tiny fox chasing a large elephant around. So then I looked up at the sky and saw a gorgeous shimmering dragon flying around with three smaller dragons behind her. The mother dragon landed so that I (back as a human I guess) could climb on her back and ride around. After a
little while, she got tired of me there and shook me off into a lake in which I nearly drowned because I couldn't swim, but there were fish people and a giant squid of all things. The squid grabbed me around the waist, making me try to scream in terror as it threw me...

Into a dark place that was full of clothes and other things - my closet, I think. I was cowering in a corner, praying that the clothes and other things would hide me. Two or three figures passed by - as if they hadn't seen me - and just when I sighed in relief, they grabbed me and dragged me out and...

Everything goes blurry at that point, but then I was laying on the floor in pain as I watched them promise to come back every chance they got. But as I watched them, they turned to skulls that I spit on.

And at that point, I had had quite enough of that stupid bloody dream, so I shook myself awake to find that it was... nearly 6am.

Needing... I dunno, comfort I suppose, I turned to find Harry on one side of me, staring at me as if he'd been doing so for a while. I rolled onto him and whispered a plea to: "Make me feel better..."

So he did, waking Oliver up to help make me feel VERY good indeed. After that, I managed to get some dreamless sleep and finally woke up feeling refreshed. Now... I'm apparently under orders to make myself look as gorgeous as possible because we have special plans...

So, off to go do that!
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Can anyone decode that? ^_^
Tuesday June 5, 2018

Birthday Boy,

I know you don't remember that it's your birthday, but I remember, Oliver remembers, the rest of our family remembers, so we decided to be selfish and celebrate your birthday anyway. It helps that the selfishness still ends with you having a fun day, yummy food, and being surrounded by people who love and adore you.

Before I get into the fun part of writing about the celebrations, I wanted to help you come to terms with some of your dream memories.

You are definitely not abusive. We've had an active sex life since we got together. I am quite naturally submissive. I truly relish the parts of our sex life that have the dom/sub dynamic. We do often have very loving and/or vanilla sex. But I am very very fulfilled by submission. Luckily I fell in love with a man who's naturally dominant (you) and a man who's an amazing switch (Oliver). We've had almost two decades to play with all of our combined kinks. It's been plenty of time to try just about every single thing any of us have had even an inkling that we may enjoy it.

Since our Oliver married us, we've had the opportunity to discover even more kinks that we previously hadn't really tried.

However, when you have people who want to try pretty much every single kink that exists (with the exception of a few hard limits, no thank you to scat, I don't even need to try it to know that is NOT for me!) we are going to come across things that seem worth trying and then don't work out. Well, years and years ago, knowing I like submission, I LOVE impact play, and prefer my pleasure with a side of pain, we had you try fully beating me instead of our usual spanking. We had a long talk prior to that night, talked about what we would try, and the beating and breath play (the strangulation you spoke of) were negotiated and tried.

It is not something either of us enjoyed. You may have a penchant for dominance, but the pain and impact play is something you only seem to enjoy because you love how well I respond to it. You spank my arse raw because you have seen me fly into subspace and sob thankfully into your arms because it is so satisfying and wonderful for me. The beating, the breath play, went too far for both of us. It went from playing with the idea of pain feeling like pleasure into just feeling pain. I didn't fly into subspace, I fell into a foggy puddle of yuck.

We spoke in depth after that night, and we both agreed that full on beating as well as any sort of choking or breath play was something we weren't interested in trying again. The closest we've ever come to breath play since then is a bit of corsetry. Not choking, but just feeling breathless from the constricting corset.

I promise you, if you have any more dreams or memories and feel as though you have abused me,
it has NEVER EVER EVER EVER happened. Everything we do is consensual. I submit because I love and trust you unconditionally. You've earned my trust. You own my body. You've never abused that trust.

As to your other dream, I have no idea what it's trying to tell you. I can explain some of the people or animals you saw. Maybe that will shed some light on what's happening. I just, I feel as though with all of your descriptions the answer is probably staring us in the eye. I just am not enough of a puzzle solver to be able to say "Oh, your dream contained ____? Aha! Here's the answer and your memories!"

Being a dragon and seeing a marmoset: since you finally know about magic we can explain this. In the past, you have used a magical potion to transform into a Dragon. It was amazing. It was awesome. Also, your name literally means Dragon and it's a nickname I have called you for a very long time. Pretty much the only nickname you've ever really allowed. Besides 'Master' but that's an honorific, not a nickname. Also, with magic, some witches or wizards learn to become animagis. Your animagus form is a marmoset. So when you saw yourself as a Dragon with a marmoset, you were literally seeing different versions of yourself.

Speaking of becoming an animagus, the fox and the elephant? Those are my (fox) and Oliver's (elephant) forms. If you'd like, we could each transform so you can see our forms in person. The kids particularly enjoy it when we transform, you could see how adorable the babies are when they try and fight over who gets to put me in their lap so they can pet the fluffy little fox.

The lake, the squid, and the merpeople seemed like a caricature of creatures you met and interacted with while at Hogwarts. There is a lake on the grounds, The Black Lake, and it is populated with merpeople, squids, and quite a few other creatures. Your dorms were actually underground and the windows looked out into the lake, so I'm sure you saw even more lake creatures than I did. You were never almost drowned by any of them, and you do know how to swim, so I'm not sure what the images meant, but at least you have a little background information.

The people who hurt you while you hid in your closet, that was an actual memory. I know the basics, but it's something you almost never speak of. They did hurt you, and they are now dead. You never have to be afraid of them again, they will have no more chances to come back and hurt you. I promise you.

Waking up from your third attempt at sleep, you seemed to be in a much better mood. You made yourself even more gorgeous than usual, you may be confused and missing memories, but your hands seem to know exactly what to do to get the best results from your naturally gorgeous self. Oliver and I took the day off of classes, we had actually requested the day off months ago so we didn't even have to go check in or ask for the day off. We just got to sleep together last night in our bed and wake up all together. Multiple times waking up in your case.

When you emerged glorious and ready from the loo, Oliver and I each took one of your hands and proceeded to take you on a romantic walk through the Manor grounds. I planned to show you some of your favorite locations, thinking maybe they'd jog your memories. You didn't seem to have your memory jogged at all, but every time we got to one of your favorite spots, you did let us know how beautiful you found the spot. When we got to the area we got married, you did seem to have a moment where your eyes went glassy and you started touching your wedding band.

You may not have gotten your memory back at that moment, but seeing you go all soft and sweet, like your body knew this place was special to us, meant there was no way I wasn't going to take you. Oliver and myself had to have you at that spot where we promised ourselves to you forever. I know we keep telling you that we have a very active sex life, but seeing as we showed up after our
walk to your party with leaves in our hair and no one batted an eye, that should give you an idea of how often we shag no matter where we are.

I know you've been so overwhelmed with our massive family and the fact that you don't remember any of them. Hopefully the list I gave you earlier with their names, ages, physical descriptions, and a few facts about them was helpful.

More helpful, and apparently hilarious if your giggles were anything to go by, is what I forced all of your party guests to wear. If you were overwhelmed just by our children and grandchildren how hard was it going to be for you to keep our entire circle of friends, siblings, nieces and nephews, inlaws, coworkers, etc. straight? Well that's why I made everyone fill out one of those "Hello, my name is ____" name-tags with their names and how they know you.

I may have needed to make bigger nametags. Hermione, for example, filled hers out as "Hello, my name is Hermione. I am your boss, friend, sometimes lover, niece-in-law, and Godmother to your daughter Viona."

I think the thing that seemed to make you laugh the most was the amount of our children who filled theirs out as "Hello, my name is ____. I am your favorite child."

Now you're asleep, passed out after giggling yourself through quite a few glasses of champagne. I hope you enjoyed yourself tonight. But could you do me a favor and try to come back to us. I like this you. You're still yourself even without your memories. But I miss you so much. I miss your eyes lighting up with recognition and happiness when you see me or Ollie.

Happy birthday my Love, thank you for being born,
Harry

Wednesday June 6th
Dearest Harry,

Something weird just happened. I was back in the Manor checking on Draco between my classes when he said something like: "Are our four littles ALWAYS in the stables?"

I was leaning in to kiss him as he asked that and I immediately thought about the stables and how maybe I'd have time to stop in and check on the animals before returning to Hogwarts. Suddenly, I realized that Draco was in my mind with me.

"This is weird," he said as he looked around. "How did we get into the stables so quickly? Did one of us disappear and bring the other?"

I took a look around too and noticed that we definitely weren't in the real stables, and so, in my Mind Stables. "No, This is my mind. See that over there?"

"The cradle with the sleeping baby?" Draco asked as we walked over and looked at it.

Standing in front of the cradle, I took his hand in mine and held it as we simply stared at the baby. "We don't know if it's a boy or a girl yet, but that baby is the one currently inside me."

"Wait! You're PREGNANT?!" Draco asked incredulously, now staring at my small baby bump, and in my mind we were naked, so he could see it clearly. In fact, it glowed slightly.

I smiled at him warmly, feeling like I was radiating with love. "Yeah. You and Harry combined
your blood into one sample so that you could BOTH get me pregnant, and that baby is the result of all three of us loving each other."

His eyes got a bit melty and watery all at once. "We're... We're going to have a baby that's all three of ours?"

I nodded in confirmation and kissed him. A moment later, he turned to stare at the baby with the most tender expression of love you've ever seen in your life.

"Aww... I'm looking forward to it. In the worst case scenario in which I never get my memories back, I'm going to still love and cherish all our kids, but this one will be the one I remember getting to hold as a baby."

"Even remembering nothing, you still want a baby?" I asked in surprise.

"Yeah... I... I think... I think family is very important to me. Like I was raised to ensure that my family survives no matter what. Maybe that's why I agreed to have a million kids," Draco murmured, sounding lost in thought.

I had to look away because I was so overcome with emotion that I needed to breathe and get it under control. That's when I noticed a particular door off to the side. A door that sort of shocked me.

I turned back to tell Draco, but he was nowhere to be found in my mind. I blinked a couple of times and realized that I was no longer in my mind either. Instead, I was looking at Draco, who was down on his knees and rubbing my abdomen lovingly.

"Hello in there, this is your daddy Draco. I can't wait to meet you, so please grow healthy and strong."

I grinned. "You know, he can't hear you yet because he doesn't have ears."

"That's alright, I'm going to tell him or her every day until it doesn't matter anymore," Draco stated, looking up at me with a loving smile. "So just get used to it and hold still, otherwise I'll just have to drag you to that room the two of you showed me and tie you up so you can't get away."

That made me so happy for a good three seconds, before I remembered that this was all my fault and burst out crying. "I'm so sorry, Draco! I didn't mean to break you! I miss you! This is all my fault! If I hadn't made you hit your head, you -!"

He put a finger to my lips and shook his head. Then he kissed me. "Harry made sure to explain it to me, that you and I were wrestling around in bed when I fell out and hit my head. It was an accident. Blaming yourself does nothing but make you feel bad, and only a stupid bloody arsehole would blame himself when the actual accident victim doesn't feel that way. So pull yourself out of that bloody pit you're wallowing in and grow a pair! You're carrying a baby that needs you to be calm and loving at all times, yeah?"

I gave him a weak smile. He was right, of course, but it was easier said than done. That said, since he seemed to be in an affectionate mood, I kissed him as long as I could before I had to get back to Hogwarts for my next class.

See you during our next mutual break when I plan to shag you in the nearest bit of privacy I can find!

Love,
Wednesday June 6th
Dear Harry and Oliver,

Yesterday's party was fun. I loved getting tipsy and dancing and singing. I mean I didn't remember ANY of the words, but that was part of the fun, trying to make up the words as I went, haha.

At one point, Pansy and Blaise were standing in a corner chatting with me, and I was amused that Pansy's nametag said: "Hello my name is Pansy, I'm your best bitch forever, your first shag, and all around your favorite person in the world."

So I told her about the dream I had in which we were shagging and I looked over to see Blaise stroking himself, but his size was so impossible that it simply HAD to be an exaggeration of the dream.

Blaise, who's nametag said: "Blaise; ACTUAL best mate, your nephew in law, hung like a horse, the best shag in the world, and the middle name of YOUR next child." Roared with laughter.

"No, you probably dreamt it accurately." Pansy assured me with a grin. She reached into Blaise's trousers, shook her hand vigorously a few times, and pulled out something that looked like an elephant's trunk.

"BLOODY FUCKING HELL!!!" I shouted in shock.

Pansy gave me a catty smirk. "You should see when he and Neville try to take turns topping each other!"

"Mmm..." Charlie, dragon tamer, rider, and occasional Anijuice dragon (according to his nametag) moaned in anticipation. "Actually, ***I*** would like to see that again…"

Hi My Name Is Neville (florist) raised a brow. "Oi... should you be playing with that at a party where there are so many kids that could look over and see what you're doing?"

"We're in a corner," Pansy stated dismissively. "The kids would have to really come over and stand against the wall to get a good look. And if they tried, I could always just hex them blind temporarily."

"Pansy..." Neville murmured, rolling his eyes and shaking his head.

Blaise moaned happily. "In another minute, it won't matter anymore anyway..."

You know... I have the strangest feeling that this is completely normal for me.

"You're cleaning that up!" I stated, sort of looking forward to it. "Does he gush like a bloody fountain?"

"Watch and find out," Blaise answered a husky voice with a sultry grin.

So I did and wow!

Anyway, what I really want to talk about is the weirdest dream I just had. It was... like a daydream, I guess??? I mean I thought I was awake, but then I was dreaming. Dream Oliver told me we were in his mind, but since that's impossible, I know it had to be a dream. I'm just not sure when it actually ended.
In any case, you both said you would be home soon, and since the babies seem hungry, I'm going to see if I can find a pram or something and stroll them around until I can find the bloody kitchen. There MUST be one, right?

See you soon!
Draco
Chapter 300

Chapter Summary

Oliver has the key.

Chapter Notes

I find this supremely fitting for the 300th chapter ^_^

Wednesday June 6, 2018

My Ollie,

Gods damn-it Love! You can't just casually mention a secret shocking door in your mind stables and then expect me to wait patiently to find out what you saw! Do you even know me at all?

Okay, that's probably unfair. You were shocked by Draco slipping into your mind in the first place, and then when he slipped back out, you were distracted by his actions towards the baby. I have to ask though, did you think he wouldn't be happy about the baby? He's the one who got the potion to combine our DNA. He's the one who had it ready on our honeymoon because he knew you'd been ready for forever. I know you (and I) have a lot of issues with self worth, but Draco loves you. He loves our baby. And even without his memories, he's still the same man you fell in love with.

A man who may try and act unaffected. A man who often hides his softer emotions behind his pretty mask. But if you think that man is anything less than one hundred percent in love with you and with our baby, you should probably go have a few extra sessions with your mind healer!

When are you going to understand both Draco and I are in this for life? That we are having this baby with you, not because YOU want it, but because we both want this baby with our husband we're madly in love with.

I am not upset you were wrestling with Draco and he knocked his head.

I am not really upset you forgot to tell me all about the shocking door in your head.

I am not mad at you that your self worth seems to make you question our devotion to you and our family.

I AM a little mad that I haven't gotten my aforementioned mid-day break shag!

Hurry up and find me so I don't feel so empty.

Yours,
Harry

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Draco,

Once again, now that you have magic I can explain something to you. You will never be able to find the kitchens. You can ask Muffy to pop you into the kitchen. I, or one of our family members (except Orion), can lead you to the kitchen, but one of your totally insane ancestors made it perfectly clear that the kitchens are not the place for the heir of the manor.

Yeah, there is a weird spell on the house, or on you, or on the kitchen itself ... I'm not completely sure how it works ... but the very memory of the location of the kitchens is charmed to not stay in your head. Bloody elitist, sexist, pureblooded morons.

Anyway, you also should probably know that the "dream" you had about being in Ollie's mind? Completely real. Some wizards have the ability to enter another witch or wizard's mind. It's called Legilimency. They only way to keep a skilled Legilimens out is to use the mirror skill to Legilimency; Occlumency. Either an immediate shield where you're actively trying to keep the person out, or a very organized mind with shields permanently in place to keep others out. You are a very skilled Legilimens. You were legitimately into the mostly organized mind of our Oliver.

Now, this is the portion of the email where I am certain you're thinking I am going to be upset about or surprised at the events of the party. Maybe jealous you watched Blaise be tossed off? Or shocked at the fact that it happened at all?

No, none of this is surprising in any way. I actually almost started this conversation with "I can't believe Pansy just wanked Blaise off in the middle of the party!" but realized nothing about it was surprising. And unghhhhhhh, it is making me so hard thinking about some exhibitionism. It's been so bloody long since you've taken me in front of people. I know you don't necessarily remember taking me in any way (except for what we've done over the last few days) but you thoroughly enjoy buggering me in front of people. Showing off how you own me and how well I perform for you.

Damnit! You're at the Manor and Ollie still hasn't found me for a mid-day shag!

Hard and Frustrated,
Harry

Thursday June 7th
Imzadis,

Good news!

Since you are both teaching at the moment, I cannot be certain, but you may have actually known or suspected that I'd wake up fully me today. See...

Oliver held the key - figuratively. Last night after dinner, we spent about an hour or so reading stories to all the littles and getting them tucked into their respective beds. Once Lily, Caelum, Atreyu, and Persephone were in their room, probably pretending to be asleep long enough for us to go away, and Nora, Gabriel, Dylan, and Morgana were snuggled up in our bed, Oliver decided to try something.

He asked the two of us to get comfortable on the sofa and drink hot chocolate to relax. Once we were nice and cozy and in a rather amorous mood - as evidenced by me letting my hands wander wherever they liked - Oliver set his mug aside and knelt in front of us. I was at that moment, laying
with my chest covering your reclining lower half, Harry, and my face resting on your chest, listening to your heartbeat.

Oliver stroked my cheek and murmured: "Hey, look me in the eyes for a moment..."

I shifted my head just enough to comply, and my inherent and well practiced Legilimency skills kicked in and slipped me into his mind, which he had prepared for by having his Mind Stables ready for me to enter. Happy and encouraged, he took me by the hand and kissed me, which is interesting in that it feels nearly as good as the real thing.

"I know you don't remember it, but not too long ago, you did me a favor by slipping into my mind and helping me organize a bit. More importantly, while you were in here, you brought me into YOUR mind," Oliver informed me.

He turned and pointed at a door that was painted in shades of blue and green and had a cleverly camouflaged dragon in flight on it. The dragon was painted in the same shades, but the outline of its shape contrasted the rest of the pattern on the door just enough that you could give it a good look and figure out what was going on.

That's not the important part, the important part was what Oliver said: "That's the door you used to bring me into your mind, and I suppose that doing so must have created the link permanently, because it's still here. What do you say we try it?"

I hesitated for a moment, because what if it didn't work? Then I gathered my courage and nodded. "Worth a shot, I suppose."

Nodding in return and holding my hand, Oliver led me over to it, but it was locked. I sighed in disappointment because it seemed that my Mind was adamantly going to refuse to let me in, no matter what. But Oliver didn't give up.

"You know, most people hide keys someplace nearby in case they lock themselves out of their house. So..." he trailed off and started looking around. He looked in boxes and under rocks and piles of straw. He looked on top of wooden support beams and in an odd barrel that was just randomly in the stables - empty.

Then he looked over at me and gasped. "Were you wearing that earlier? No, you couldn't have been, I was holding that hand and it wasn't there."

Rather than answer his babble, I simply watched as he returned to my side and took my hand in his, lifting it to give it a kiss. This brought to my attention that I was now wearing an odd bracelet made out of green beads with silver accents.

"Harry mentioned this recently, but this is your Komboloi. He gave it to you so that you could stroke it rather than run and hide in your closet whenever you were feeling emotional. I wonder..." He gently pulled the Komboloi off my wrist and held it up to the light that was streaming through a window so we could get a good look at it. Then he turned and pressed it to the door with the dragon on it.

There was an overtly loud sound, a bit like a lock clicking, but... somehow different. Then there was a creaking. The door oh so slowly opened - a millimeter at a time. Eventually it was open wide enough for Oliver to poke his head through it.

"I was right! This is definitely your Mind Palace!" He turned to grin at me. "Come on! I'll show you around."
Feeling almost afraid for some reason, I took a deep 'breath' and placed my hand in his. He led me into my Mind Palace and helped me sort through a few boxes of memories (that all seemed to be rather recent). Logically, if the closer boxes were recent memories, then the further away ones should be older, right? I led him over to a dark corner, curious as to what might be in those memories.

Oliver gave the creepy black box a skeptical squint. "Are you certain you want to know what's in that one?"

I shrugged. "It's a memory. I need to remember them all eventually, why not start with the dark ones and work my way to the shimmering ones? Then I am left thinking about the happiest ones rather than the saddest."

"I guess..." he murmured vaguely.

I opened the box. As if we were in a Pensieve, figures formed around us so we could watch the memory. It was exactly the same memory of me being hurt that I had dreamt about in my crazy jumbled up dream. Oliver had silent tears running down his face.

"W... Why does it go blurry in the middle?" He asked, hiccupped, and then added: "NOT that I want to see the actual rape..."

I bit my lip in thought as the answer formed in my mind. "It's because I literally removed the painful part of the memory, only leaving enough to know what happened. I actually have that in a box in my actual closet, if you ever happen to want to see it. I can understand needing to know the details even if you don't really want to know them."

Oliver shook his head and wiped away his tears. "No, I DON'T need to know that."

I smiled faintly and kissed him. Then we turned to look at other memories, except that the next little black box that I picked up revealed a very familiar face - one that lacked a nose and had red eyes. This shook Oliver so much that he disappeared from my mind and - presumably - couldn't get back in with me in such deep meditation at that point.

I can only assume that it took me the rest of the night to finish sorting through my memories and accepting them as part of me. Because when I woke up, I was no longer laying on Harry on the sofa, but safely tucked into our bed, and it was right about the normal time for me to wake up. Thus...

I'm awake. And back to normal.

As much as I want to immediately rush to you and give you both kisses so passionate that we thoroughly scandalize all the students, I think that doing so would basically ruin both of you for any sort of teaching for the rest of the day, and so, I'm going to stay here at the Manor, do some Yoga, go dance in the ballroom, and then take a nice long shower in which I plan to enjoy remembering some of my better memories until I reach a satisfying conclusion. Maybe if I'm lucky, one or both of you will pop in at the perfect time.

I love you, I MISSED you (or rather me, I suppose), and I can't wait to see you both after classes are over.
Always and forever,
Draco
Everyone is so happy that Draco got his memory back.

Thursday June 7, 2018

My Dragon!

Oh thank all the deities that have ever existed or ever will exist that you are back with us! I tried to maintain as much calm as possible. I tried exuding the calm, steady strength our Ollie does. I tried wearing the Malfoy mask I have perfected over the years of being an official part of the Malfoy family. I used every ounce of self control I've ever developed and used it as much as I could over these last days so I wouldn't stress you out.

Your head was already a bit of a mess and I didn't want to add to it. So I pretended all was well and that everything would work itself out. Hopefully your memories were gone enough that you couldn't tell I was poorly faking that.

I vented and cried a bit to Ollie. We commiserated a bit about how much we missed you and how very scared we were for you. What if you never got your memories back? While I knew we could fall in love with this different you, what if without your memories you decided you didn't love US? But I couldn't completely break down to Ollie either. As you know, the adorable idiot was certain the entire thing was his fault. I wasn't going to go on and on and on about how horrible it was that your memories were gone when he felt personally responsible for them being gone.

But I just received your email a little bit ago and I am so very very relieved. Yes, after last night, I had high hopes that you would wake up with all of your memories, but I wasn't one hundred percent sure. I got your email, finished up my class, then went into my office and sobbed myself silly for about a half an hour. I've got about ten minutes left before my next class starts filtering in. And once this upcoming class is over, I am going to go find Ollie and drag him with me so we can welcome you home.

Don't worry, this next class is my actual last one of the day, I'm not skipping out early or anything. And Ollie actually finishes about ten minutes before I do. I know that because most Thursdays I end just before him in enough time that I find him in the broom shed and we have filthy fun almost every time!

I do keep trying to figure out what happened and why. Did the head bump cause the memory loss? Would you have lost your memories if there hadn't been a link? Or would you have lost your memories and just not had a fail safe way back to them? If you hadn't had a way into your mind palace through Oliver, would you have been restricted from your memories for the rest of time? How did the komboloi factor in? Ugh!! A million Who What When Where Why How questions are streaming through my brain. But ....


And in about an hour and a half, I am going to use my body to worship every inch of your body. I
have to remind myself that you're okay and what better way than with a shag in the middle of the ballroom? Mirrored walls, beautiful lights, sexy music. Okay, gotta go before I cream my pants in anticipation.

Your husband that you actually remember!!!
Harry

P.S. Sorry I didn't come running as soon as I heard you were back but with only two weeks until the end of term (two weeks and a day) I can't miss another minute of class. Eek only two more weeks of teaching then I can be a kept man!

Saturday June 9th
My loves,

It seems like the 7th was an excellent day to remember everything. It means that there was an extra reason for everyone to celebrate on what turned out to be a big combined bash for Mahafsoun and Sammy. The two of them get along rather well anyway, and since our California crew was here for the 'crisis' anyway, it just made sense to them (Sammy and Mahafsoun) to spend the morning together doing fun things before coming back for the party.

In any case, it's been a few days since I got my memories back, and I've been thinking about those questions you asked, Harry, and while I can't be certain, here's what I think:

Hitting my head must have initially damaged the part of my brain responsible for memories, causing my mind - or maybe my magic - to lock up my Mind Palace in order to protect them from ACTUALLY being erased or damaged beyond repair.

I think the key was ALWAYS the Komboloi, because it's THE most important thing you have ever given me, Harry - aside from your love and all our kids. From the moment you gave it to me, I wore it almost constantly for YEARS and continually poured my magic, my thoughts, and my love for you into it. It helped calm and soothe me through so many emotional or traumatic times. I actually think that if I had followed your advice and simply taken it out of my drawer and brought it in my closet, I might have spontaneously 'woken up' due to a thought/memory/magic power overload.

But since my Mind was stubbornly locking me out, and I didn't think to try holding my Komboloi (after all, I didn't remember how important it is to me), the door in Oliver's mind was actually a bit of a fluke. That was honestly a rookie mistake. I know better than to leave access to my mind in another person like that, but... Thinking back on it, even though it wasn't intentional, I think unconsciously, I was trying to prove to Oliver that I trusted him with every part of me. That he COULD use that door and enter my mind if he wanted to, and I wouldn't get mad.

It just so happens that he was brilliant enough to notice it in his mind and realize that it could be used to help me. I think that even if he hadn't, I would have eventually either touched my Komboloi and triggered my memories, or I would have had one of those dreams where I was trying to get into my Mind Palace and noticed that I was wearing my Komboloi and tried using it like a key.

Maybe. The part where it was a key might have taken me a while to figure out.

In any case, thanks to you, Oliver my love, I'm back in possession of all my memories.
Today, while you were off tying up some loose strings for your lesson plans for the upcoming week, Harry, and probably also in a kitchen somewhere baking some biscuits, I took Oliver by the hand and dragged him to the ballroom with me. I wanted to dance with him, but I also wanted to sing to him and basically express my love and gratitude to him for helping me get my memories back.

So, when I had him in my arms - after a few upbeat dances - swaying to a slower beat, I started singing a song that the enchanted instruments immediately recognized and started to play the music to.

"It's not where you come from, it's where you belong, nothing I would trade, I wouldn't have it any other way, you're surrounded by love and you're wanted, so never feel alone, you are home with me, right where you belong."

I sang the rest of the song to him, but after the initial chorus, I changed the lyrics just slightly to: "It's not where you come from, it's where you belong, nothing we would trade, we wouldn't have it any other way, you're surrounded by love and you're wanted, so never feel alone you are home with us, right where you belong."

Oh Harry, our silly elephant started crying and gave me a kiss so tender and full of love that one would think he was still blaming himself for that accident while we were wrestling around. So, I tried to reassure him by making sweet sweet love on a wisely conjured cushion on the floor of the ballroom. It was wonderful and took a lot of time to accomplish ^_^

You know how you suggested that I should come up with an anniversary to celebrate with just Oliver? Well I think that will be today: The day that Oliver FINALLY accepted that the two of us have a solid relationship that is every bit as equal and loving as the one I have with you - or the one you have with him, for that matter. I saw it in him when things just... clicked. It was like a huge burden was lifted off his shoulders and he suddenly realized that he was free.

So, that said, Oliver insists that the two of us (me and you) spend a couple hours or so tomorrow on a date, or maybe just snuggling up in bed - as he feels that I might have been so focused on reassuring him, that I may have neglected to properly reconnect with you. And... he might be right. I do feel like I need a few hours of making love to just you to reassure myself that we both still exist and are in love as much as we ever were.

What do you think?

You're playing so cool, obeying every rule, dig way down in your heart, you're burnin' yearnin' for some -somebody to tell you, that life ain't passin' you by, I'm tryin' to tell you it will if you don't even try,

Draco
Chapter 302

Chapter Summary

Harry is NOT turning down alone time with Draco ^_^

Sunday June 10, 2018

My Draco,

What do I think about you needing a few hours of making love to me to reassure yourself that we are still as in love as we ever were? The only appropriate answer to that is 'yes please!' I really thought you were the smart one Draco Lucius!

Here's the thing; I love that Ollie wants you and I to have a chance to reconnect after missing you for all that time. I think it's very sweet that after he had his day with you yesterday, he wants me to have that same time with you. I think it's wonderful that you want to devote so much time to me and to our relationship. However, I have to be honest, I don't necessarily feel the need to reassure myself of 'us.'

Don't get me wrong, I am NOT going to say no to a day of being made love to. I am not going to say no to a day where you are going to take it easy from all of your other commitments to remind me that I am a priority. But - while I missed you very much and I am quite relieved you're back - I had faith this is how it would all work out and I personally don't need the reassurance that I think Oliver needed. I think, if anything, I needed the reassurance that OLIVER was handling this alright. And I needed reassurance that YOU are handling this influx of memories coming back to you alright. I had a lot of moments of pulling a Draco and hiding in our closet to cry while you were missing. I got all my tears out and I am just filled with happiness and relief.

But like I said, I AM going to take advantage of your offer and get shagged into the mattress for hours on end today. Because I am not stupid.

I'm so unbelievably happy that you and Oliver figured out your special day. It's a wonderful thing that he finally lost that doubt that was weighing him down. I know I talked a big game about wanting us each to have some special days for our individual spokes of the triad but a part of me was worried I might feel irrationally jealous when it came down to it. I was certainly going to smother those feelings if they popped up, but I was a bit worried my logical side would war with my overemotional side.

Hearing about your reconnection yesterday, your beautiful singing and dancing, and what I'm sure was a delightful shag did nothing but fill me with joy for both of you. I could not have possibly been less jealous. I truly can't wait until this anniversary comes around next year. I'll watch the children (including our little caboose who should be an absolutely delightful almost six month old by that time) and relish in remembering the day Ollie finally realized he belonged to Draco every bit as much as I do. The day Oliver realized just how much you love him.

I had been questioning a bit why Oliver would marry someone he didn't think loved him. Why would he marry me if he thought I didn't love him as much as I do you, or you if he believed you didn't love him as much as you do me. And I think I've finally realized that he was completely
aware of the fact that we both love him. He didn't doubt our love. He just doubted that the amount
we have for him could possibly be as much as we have for each other. It's how I often was
perfectly content knowing I was our babies' second favorite Daddy and how I'm now perfectly
content with being their third favorite Daddy! I am alright coming in second and third since I know
they absolutely love and adore me, just not quite as much as they adore you two. Ollie was this
same way, he knew we loved him, but thought the love for him was less intense, all encompassing,
or unconditional as our love for the other.

Please be aware, this is not an attempt on my part to fish for compliments or assurances that our
babies love me. I know they love me. I am not the baby guy. That's okay with me. They are my
heart and soul, and I've always said our children are brilliant, which means they're smart enough to
pick some seriously awesome men to love the most!

But Ollie, our love, you are not second place in either of our hearts. Silly Oliver, you are so
beloved. And it sounds like you're finally aware of that. Thank goodness. You are so amazing, you
deserve to know how loved you are.

I'm sure it's been hard for you Oliver ....

... side note: I addressed this to Draco because he was sleeping before I started writing and Ollie
was nearby but now Ollie went off to do something or other and now I'm addressing him directly. I
know my emails are confusing sometimes, I go from speaking directly to one of you then switching
to the other - sometimes addressing you both - and I think even occasionally just talking at the
universe ...

As I was saying, I'm sure it's been hard for you Oliver, you have a lifetime of memories seeing
Draco and I interact. From our schooldays rivalry, to being on opposite sides of the war. You saw
us throughout the years at galas and Unity House meet and greet days. Not to mention it's hard not
to follow our lives and love if you so much as open up a newspaper in the wizarding world. Now
you have almost two decades of memories of seeing our love. You were what, fourteen the first
time you saw how obsessed with each other we were.

But I have to admit I'm a bit jealous of the two of your relationship. Draco and I started from
nemeses and had to overcome years of loathing each other to get to a place of love. The two of you
got to start fresh and grow your love from the ground up, not buried halfway down to bedrock. I
had to fight my way to where we are, but Ollie just got to have your love Draco. I wouldn't change
our lives, but I wonder if we would have fallen in love sooner if we hadn't had to overcome our
preconceived notions of the other.

Oh well, no use crying over spilt blood .... get it? Because both Draco and I have violently spilled
the other one's blood! Good one right? No? Too far? Yeah, I was going for gallows humor and I
think it just came out ugly. Sometimes I make a dark joke, it hits, and everyone laughs. And
sometimes I joke about the worst period of all of our lives and totally kill the mood.

Sorry loves.

Anyway, long story ... well it's still long because it's me ... Oliver and I will never have the exact
same relationship I have with Draco. Draco and I will never have the same relationship either of us
has with Oliver. I will never have the same relationship with either of you that you have with each
other. We have to be alright with that. We are three different people who are madly in love. We are
at our best when we're all together. That is beautiful and it's enough for me.

Okay, now that all the heavy stuff has been beaten to death, let's talk about super fun stuff!
Babies!

Or just the one baby, but nameS!

So, first of all, our sweet Oliver has not had the chance to name any babies. Whatever you pick Love, I will go along with it. I will only reserve my right to veto if you pick something truly terrible. But I doubt that will happen, so I'm not particularly worried.

But just because I think Oliver should have this chance to choose his baby’s name, doesn't mean I don't have thoughts and ideas. I know Draco promised me a day of snuggles and shagging just the two of us, but for at least some of the day, I'd really like it if all three of us could cuddle up. I need to talk to my baby and I’d like to kiss and hold each other while we argue names!

So, we have two children with Draco in their name (Orion Draco and Draco Jr), we have three of the four father's represented as middle names (Draco Lucius, Sirius James, and Caelum Arthur), most of the kids are Malfoys, Ollie you have two Woods so far (Cassie and Parker), and there are two Potters (Gabe and Dylan). Do you want this baby to be a Wood? A Malfoy? A Malfoy-Wood? Does your family magic have any requirements of an heir? Provided your magic didn't already allow Cassie or Parker to be your heir (it can be awfully picky about blood just wanting to make sure you don't get thrown for a loop like I did with the Potter heir problem).

Ollie do you want this baby to be named for you? Either first name, middle name, or both? You know I am not a huge fan of doing the naming people after others thing, which is why we don't have a Harry! But again, whatever you'd like. We can do an Oliver with a different middle name, an Oliver Leonard (which would also give him his Grandpa's name as a middle name obviously) or if baby is a girl we can do Olivia as a first or middle name. Olivia Iris if you wanted to honor your mum.

And I do have to put my foot down, I don't care if you lost a drunken bet Draco, unless Ollie wants it to happen, we are NOT giving our baby the middle name Blaise. If Oliver ever changes his mind about playtime, I will personally make it up to Blaise ... hehe. And if we never play around again, I will make it up to Blaise by buying him something shiny.

Right now I have been absolutely obsessed with girl names (which means baby will probably be a boy!). I love the names Quinn, Paige, and a few versions of Mia - It's a little bit different but I kind of like the name Miabella. Olive Quinn? Paige Iris? Miabella Leanne?

And the other thing I've been thinking about a lot ... now that I officially know some of my own heritage, I've been interested in traditional Pakistani names. Shahlyla means Princess or Queen of the night. Inaya means concern or care. And in boys names, I am kind of in love with the name Yeraz which means dream.

Okay, I have plans to reconnect with one of my loves today, so I should probably go get ready before I drop all the way down the baby name rabbit hole. Hurry up and wake up, Draco, so we can climb back into bed for snuggles and shags!

And uh, I can't write it in the correct alphabet so I'll do my best to write it as it sounds ...
Maim tuhanu pi'ara karada ham,
Harry

Sunday June 10th,
Oh my Harry,
Oliver, if you are reading this because you are part of the email group, but think that you're intruding on a private email, I hereby give you permission to perv on our private times.

Today was set aside - at least partially - for the two of us to reconnect. I had implied that that would involve us making slow and lazy Sunday love for a few hours, but in actuality, when it came right down to it, I knew we needed something else. So, I took you by the hand as I slipped out of bed - naked and still a bit sweaty from sleeping under the blankets during the hot time of year - and led you up the stairs to our play room.

Once there, I ordered you to strip off completely and put on a cock cage. I know it's not your favorite, and to be honest, it's not mine either, but I wanted to set a certain mood. Once ready - and whimpering, softly because you were trying to hold it back - I ordered you to run a bath for me, and then once it was ready, scrub me up very thoroughly. I gave you permission to touch me in anyway you liked, so long as I ended up clean.

So you lathered, scrubbed, and rinsed off every millimeter of my body, using your hands to ensure that absolutely no soap remained on my shaft nor any part of my privates. I let you have all the fun fondling me you wanted, honestly relaxing and enjoying every moment. Eventually, you were frustrated enough with the teasing of yourself that you helped me out of the tub and used a towel and your magic to dry me off completely without over-drying any part of me. As you did, you gave bits of my body kisses and tiny licks.

Then I let you choose what you wanted me to wear, and you dressed me up in one of my best suits, complete with my favorite waistcoat and tie. Now that I was properly in master mode, it was time to spank you. But I wasn't in the mood to just spank you until you went flying. No. I wanted to make a sort of love to you as I did so.

Thus, I would spank you a few dozen times, balancing on the very edge of gentle yet hard. I know you like it when I work into rather hard and painful impact play, but I didn't want to do much more than sting and give you a rosy glow. After you turned a lovely rosy shade, I stopped to kiss and lick your arse and the small of your back. Back and forth between the two, I spanked and kissed/licked you, over and over, until I was ready to move on.

"Oi, mutt, hop up onto the bed," I commanded, pointing firmly to leave no doubt that I expected to be obeyed.

You seemed to be slightly in puppy mode as you complied, hopping on the bed on all fours and even turning a couple of circles before I took you in hand and bound your arms and legs to the bed. You pouted a bit, but didn't protest nor complain.

Once you were secure, I decided that the time was right to remove your cage. I was somewhat reminiscing about our first time together, in that I had you tied up and was having my way with you however I liked. The only difference is that this time, I was still fully dressed in the suit you had chosen for me.

In no rush in the slightest, I worshiped your shaft, casting a denial spell on you so that you could not find release until ***I*** deemed the time right. It was my pleasure to use my mouth on you until you looked utterly wrecked and desperate. Then - when you started begging almost frantically - I relented and opened my trousers just enough to allow my aching and needy shaft free from its prison. He'd been begging me to get inside you already for about an hour.

Finally, I was in position to sink into your divine warmth. I maintained an iron grip on my inner monster until I had slowly bottomed out; I know you wouldn't have minded in the long run, loving when your arse is sore, but I didn't want to start by tearing you up. Once I was certain that you
were well lubed and enjoying things, I let go of all my control and just let myself pound into you until my inner monster was sated. That's when I might have considered pulling out and waiting to recover before suggesting another round, except, I didn't feel like I'd had enough yet.

So, rather than withdraw, I simply slowed way down and enjoyed rocking slowly in and out of you, even as I kissed you so many times that my head started spinning from lack of oxygen. Probably an hour passed like that before your needy little cries got desperate. Happy and almost ready to be done myself, I took the denial spell off of you and let you have your orgasm, which triggered one for me as well.

When we were done, I collapsed onto your helpless body and simply lay there recovering, and snuggling up to your warmth and listening to you pant breathlessly. Suddenly, you started giggling. "I made a mess all over your suit!"

"Yes, you did. I might have to make you wash it properly," I murmured, kissing you.

"I might need a nap..." you murmured, sounding happy and very lethargic.

I kissed you again. "You go ahead and nap. I'll go check on Oliver and the kids."

Even as I cast spells to release you, you purred and cast spells to clean my suit, put me away, and properly refasten my trousers.

"Love you," I murmured before kissing you again.

"Love you too," you mumbled sleepily.

Feeling full to bursting with love, I staggered my way to the stables, where Oliver was playing with the kids as they all cared for the animals. He took one look at me, smirked at the fact that my hair was apparently as wild as yours normally is, and then came over to claim a few kisses from me.

"If you're ready to talk names with Harry, feel free to go wake him from his nap and snuggle with him. As for me, I hate talking names until I know if its going to be a boy or a girl. That said, I have some thoughts... That I am definitely saving for when the time is right."

He grinned at me. "I think I can wait until he wakes up on his own. After all, he never sleeps enough."

"Right?!" I asked and agreed at the same time.

I sat down on a barrel to write this email even as they continued on with what they were doing. The kids all came over to me as they liked and claimed hugs and kisses. All in all, I'm having a great day, how about you? Come to the stables and find us when you're ready.

My world's on fire, how 'bout yours? That's the way I like it 'cuz I'll never get bored,

Draco
Chapter 303

Chapter Summary

Harry is counting down, and Draco and Oliver have a pretty serious conversation.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Monday June 11, 2018

My Brats,

Okay fine, you are both no fun at all! Wanting to wait until Ollie gets a bit further along to really start discussing names. Come on you guys! He's thirteen weeks! That's already well into the second trimester and only five to seven weeks until we get a chance to find out which version baby we're starting out with. I wannnnnnnnaaaaaaaaa talk about naaaaaaaaames!

Fine, I'll stop my tantrum. But if either of you are interested, I have a solid fit ready and waiting.

If we don't want to talk about names could we talk about something else? Like the fact that Oliver got through his ENTIRE first trimester with ZERO morning sickness. Oh, maybe he was one of those pregnant people who didn't have it in the morning but had it a different time of day and therefore didn't want to call it morning sickness? No, just zero nausea no matter what he ate or the people around him ate.

Maybe we could talk about the fact that you have gained pretty much exactly the amount of weight that Rowe wants you to gain at this point? You haven't lost weight from throwing up, but you also haven't gained a ton of weight from overeating or being too tired to do anything but sit around on your perky little arse. No, you have energy to spare. You get plenty of sleep but not too much. And especially with your job, you've managed to keep yourself beautifully fit.

As one of the people who gets to see you naked on the reg ... I thoroughly appreciate how gorgeous your body is. Especially now with that sweet little curve below your belly button. Gods you get me going with how utterly beautiful you are carrying the life we created together.

If we're not talking names, maybe we can start to have a different discussion. We have our three month wedding anniversary coming up in a little less than two weeks. Yeah, three months. And if you don't want to have this conversation until we hit the three month mark that's fine. Hopefully you're not upset that I've brought it up now. I erm, well ever since your other universe doppelganger game to visit I can't get the image of two sexy Olivers out of my head.

Whatever you need to do to feel comfortable, even if you are NEVER comfortable, is fine by me. And I get why you might want to do things with your other universe twin without an audience. But Merlin what I wouldn't give to watch. I promise I'd be so quiet (unless you wanted an interactive audience) and I wouldn't touch anyone or anything that you didn't want me to touch. I just cannot get the idea out of my head.

I really thought when the three month mark got closer that Draco would be the one to bring up the
idea of sexy times, well I was wrong. I want to see Oliver do filthy depraved things while I watch. I want to see him moan and cry and writhe and beg. I want to see you lose yourself in pleasure.

But again, I have to reiterate, nothing will ever happen if you don't want it to happen Love.

Sorry, I am trying to keep my mind on fun things like shagging and baby names because it distracts me from how unbelievably annoyed I am right now.

We are less than two weeks from end of term. Finals are happening starting this Thursday. What have these students spent the last nine or so months doing? I can promise you it isn't studying! It's like they had no idea finals would ever happen and they're panicking. I can give the little ages a pass because maybe they're not as used to the finals process, but sixth years? Sixth years! Apparently they were surprised by the tests that happen annually.

So, I have spent my entire day so far either dealing with moody, exhausted kids moaning because they aren't prepared. Or I get to deal with kids begging for an extension on the tests or projects, or asking for extra tutoring. Uhhhh, the test is in three days, I'll do what I can but I'm not a miracle worker! There's a reason I spent the last nine months teaching, because it's too much information to learn in three days.

Ughhhhhhhhhhh!

Will one of you knock me unconscious please? No? I have to go to my office hours where I will deal with even more whiny kids? Fine!

Crankily yours,
Professor Malfoy-Wood
For eleven more days!

Tuesday June 12th
Our Harry,

As you know, Oliver is doing his very best not to gloat over the fact that his classes do not have finals. After all, what can he possibly test his students on that he hasn't seen every time they have a class? Can you call out: "Up!" and have the broom fly into your hand? Can you mount that broom and fly? These are questions that have already been answered during the course of his teaching, and really the only thing the students need to do by this point in the year is keep on practicing (under supervision) until they are able to fly well enough that they don't have to worry about crashing, or have decided that flying is just not for them and that they aren't going to take the next level of class anyway.

Remember, it's only required for first years, and honestly, I think that once YOU proved to be such a natural that you were recruited to the Quidditch team after ONE half taught lesson, you didn't even have to take an entire class. The rest of us had to take it at least that one full year, unless we (ahem) were skilled enough to prove to the teacher that we didn't need the lessons either (such as I was).

In any case, with Oliver not needing to give finals for his class, and with the fact that most of his students have frankly decided to skip the last few days in order to study for their other finals, he's had a bit of free time. Hell! Even Quidditch is over for the year.

Thus, with his time free and you stuck in your office helping your students study for their OTHER
classes (since they all know that your final will be on stuff you helped them learn during the year, since you are an excellent teacher and your lessons are memorable), he had the ability to come back to the Manor and spend some time with me last night.

But before you get too frustrated, we didn't actually have sex. Shocking, I know.

Instead, we had an interesting chat. It seems that Oliver also felt like something clicked inside him recently. He says that nearly all of the worries and concerns he initially had in our relationship and marriage have, erm... been resolved in that he's worked through them. He's now certain that we both truly love him and that we both would do anything for him, no matter what.

He's still against either of us killing anyone for any reason short of self defense or immediate protection of another from mortal peril. Just so you know...

I have found some loopholes, but I won't bring those up in such an insecure manner.

Anyway, as I was saying, we had a chat, and one of the things he needed to know, I suppose to fill in a blank in his mind was:

"Draco... I was wondering... why did you fall in love with me?"

"What?" I asked in mild confusion.

"Well, if you and Harry are so in love then WHY did either of you fall for me, let alone BOTH of you?"

I smiled and kissed his hand. "First of all, you have to understand that it wasn't planned. Neither of us had made a decision to fall in love with someone else, and so, neither of us was looking for it. Harry has said it himself that he would be perfectly content being monogamous, and it was me that suggested he try playing. He is not nor will he ever be happy with an open relationship in which we both seek out and maintain lovers that have nothing to do with the other."

Oliver nodded because he understood all of this.

"And even though monogamous literally means one love, he considers our Triad relationship to be monogamous rather than bigamous because in his heart, his love IS one love dedicated to the two of us, and so, he is NOT looking for another person, nor will he ever be. He wasn't LOOKING for you, he just so happened to..."

I paused and smiled at the look of confusion on his face because I was CLEARLY not answering his actual question.

"He happened to have feelings for you since the time that you were his Quidditch Captain. Honestly, had he not been trying to fight the fact that he's gay, and had he not been just a bit too young to fully understand attraction as attraction and not something like simply getting along well with a person, well, he might well have fallen completely for you all the way back in school, and my rivalry with him would have remained just that. A rivalry. Once we parted ways after school, he more than likely would have sought you out - had you not already been married, or at least in a solid relationship."

Still a little confused, Oliver bit his lip in thought. "So you're saying that his feelings for me started all the way back in Hogwarts?"

I smirked. "Well, at least partially. He told me that he used to have thoughts and inappropriate dreams about you - but you had graduated by that point. You lost out on his initial love simply by
not being near him on a daily basis. In that, I at least had the ability to torment him and FORCE him to think about me every day until..." I sighed heavily. "Sixth Year. At which point, I had to more or less leave him alone so that I could plot to murder Dumbledore, and then plot to let Death Eaters into the School so that they could try to take over. It was... an all around bad year for me, but it seems that my determination to make Harry obsessed with me had paid off in that he was most definitely obsessed with me at the ONE freaking time I actually wanted him to shove off and mind his own business."

"Alright..." Oliver murmured, still not understanding where I was going with this.

"That's the foundation of it," I explained. "He HAD feelings for you, they just never had a chance to make it past wank bank material. Meanwhile, I didn't have feelings for you other than I do remember you as being bloody fit, and ALSO put you in my wank bank."

Oliver preened a bit at that news. "I *was* a fairly handsome lad."

"You were. Still are, actually. You make me want to shag you every time I see you, but as you can see, I do have the ability to restrain myself when the situation calls for it. That was a HARD won battle, I'll tell you!"

We both laughed at that.

"But as I was saying, that's why - when you first came to live with us - Harry was more or less caught off guard by his feelings. You spent all that time with him in the stables, and then by coming to help with the babies at night. You just being there and being oh so lovable not only reawakened what little had developed back in school, but ALSO the genuine spark of real love that Harry didn't realize he was capable of giving to anyone else until it had already happened."

"I think I more or less already knew all of this," Oliver said, frowning slightly again. "Harry's been open and honest about his feelings. It's YOU I have a harder time reading."

"Well, I haven't exactly tried to hide my feelings for you, but I was getting to that," I replied with a smile. "Harry WAS always open and honest. He told me almost the first moment he realized that he had feelings. He agonized over how I would take the news, and was so afraid that I would tell him to basically shove those feelings in a box and forget them. And if I had, he would have done exactly that and never said another word about it. BUT..."

Oliver grinned. "You love Harry so much that you couldn't hurt him by saying anything like that."

"Exactly!" I exclaimed. "At the very first, I was just going to pretend. I vowed to give Harry anything and everything he ever wanted, no matter what. And if he had come to me and said that he loved you and that he wanted to leave me for you, I would have been devastated, but I would have let him go because I want him to be happy - even if it's not with me. Fortunately for me, we are in this for life, and our love isn't going to just stop one day."

Oliver was quiet for a moment as he thought this over. "But... I KNOW you love me. I've been in your mind and I saw the glowing pink box labeled Oliver - right next to the glowing pink box labeled Harry. You CAN'T fake that!"

"Actually, I could," I informed him. "I'm skilled in Occlumency, and I COULD have set that up for you to see as a part of my shields - after all, that's exactly what Occlumency is. Creating shields that LOOK like what the person trying to read your mind wants to see."

This should not be news to him, but even so, he was taken aback by this for a moment.
"That said, please try to remain confident that what you saw was real," I stated with a loving smile. "I COULD fake it. I could fake it so well that neither of you ever knew that I was faking it, but what I cannot fake is how doing that would make me feel. Slowly, a part of me would die, and Harry WOULD notice that."

Oliver looked thoughtful now, but not concerned like he had been a moment ago.

"So, to answer your question about WHY I fell in love with you, the answer is both simple AND incredibly complicated. Harry wanted you. Harry LOVED you, and I wanted to give him everything he wanted, so I opened myself up to the possibility. It did take me some serious soul searching. I had to ask myself if I COULD love you, and if I could, could I SAY it?! Here's the thing, once I opened myself to the possibility, everything about you just sort of burst into my heart. It quite took my breath away since I had been so certain that I..."

I paused to laugh, a small chuckle at first that turned into a heartier laugh that I couldn't quite stop once it began. "I truly BELIEVED that I only had enough room in my heart for Harry. That I was incapable of loving ANYONE that wasn't him!" I had to stop talking because I was laughing too hard at this point to get any words out.

Oliver was frowning again. "Why is that funny?"

Trying to calm down but still chuckling, I answered him. "BECAUSE - don't you see? I've said it, my mother has said it, and even Harry says it all the time. ***I*** have a heart so big that I HAVE to put a shield or a wall or whatever around it to stop myself from bringing home every stray child I see! Me?! Not CAPABLE of loving you?! Ts! All it really took was for me to open my heart to the possibility and suddenly it was already too late! I couldn't NOT love you if I tried!"

Oliver thought this over as I continued to chuckle softly for a few minutes, giving me time to call for Muffy to bring us some tea and biscuits. Actually, I took the opportunity to feed Oliver some Sanguinaccio Dolce. And he asked for peaches and cream, and pickle ice cream. Good thing I'm not opposed to any of those things.

"So..." Oliver said around a spoonful of pudding. "What you are saying is that the WHY is Harry, but that he's not the actual reason you fell in love with me. The reason is that you just... love me?"

"Exactly!" I confirmed. "I would have never let myself even think about it if not for Harry, but once I did, it really didn't take much at all to fall for you. It's real. It's true. And it has nothing to do with Harry except that he's the reason I let it happen. As he says all the time, the three of us have our individual relationships in addition to our Triad. And that's the way it should be."

He was moaning around a mouthful of ice cream. I think he was eating the pudding and the ice cream in alternating bites, and then adding the peaches and cream at random. "That sort of puts my mind at ease. I was sort of afraid that the answer was that Harry told you to love me, and so you made yourself do it until you realized that it had happened for real. The fact that it was not forced, but rather happened naturally, well, it actually mirrors the way it happened for me."

I smiled at him. "You fell for Harry first, and then at some point, you realized that we were open to that, but no matter what, you would always have to deal with me. That I was never going to go away, and that Harry would never leave me."

Oliver nodded. "Yeah, and more than that, I didn't WANT a triad relationship. I WANTED a normal monogamous one, but the two of you were hinting that you wanted to be with me, and I realized that I was getting a bit too old to turn down the offer of genuine love out of the hope that I'd find my 'ideal' love by some miracle. So... once I opened my heart to the possibility, it just..."
happened."

I nodded in understanding, savoring my own mouthful of pudding.

"I didn't think it would and I didn't think ***I*** was capable of loving two people at the same
time - you know, romantically," Oliver added. "But... You were both offering me so damn much!
And... I WANTED it. So badly! So I... opened my heart to the possibility, and then I got to know
you better, and I can now very easily see why Harry fell for you so fast and hard way back when.
You're... amazing, honestly."

I waved that away. "That's seriously just a front I put up to hide how truly selfish I am way down
deep inside. I want what I want, and that's everything in the whole bloody world. The simple fact is
that the easiest way for me to get what I want is to compromise and give others what they want. It
just so happens that what you and Harry want is more or less exactly what I want, so it's in my own
best interest to give in."

Oliver snorted a laugh. "Ha! You're putting on that mask again, to hide what a big old softie you
really are. Would someone really as selfish as you claim to be REALLY donate a million galleons
to the mental health ward at St. Mungo's?"

I stopped smiling completely. Looking him in the eyes, I decided to tell him the complete truth -
rather than avoid it, because I would never lie about something like this. "If I was really simply a
generous person, would I donate such a large amount of money? No. I would give a more
reasonable amount and help THEM raise the rest. I donated an amount that I desperately hoped
would ease my conscious, but it didn't. I still have to live with the fact that I indirectly murdered
Farrah. There's nothing I can ever truly do to make up for that."

I sighed and looked away. "Not even the fact that the Head of their Mental Health Department sent
me a proposal to expand and completely overhaul their entire ward - renaming it the Farrah Malfoy
Ward - not even THAT will make a drop in the bucket. I could give them the entire Malfoy fortune
- or at least the part of it I own - and it would do nothing but prove how guilty I feel."

After a long moment of silence, Oliver set his spoon down and came over to where I was sitting -
on the sofa across from his armchair. He sat down next to me and pulled me into his arms. "Hey...
you have to give yourself a break. That was ONE moment of weakness, and it wasn't done by your
hands. Had YOU actually tried to do it with your own hands, you NEVER could have gone
through with it."

"So?!

"So... so give yourself a damn break! You do SO many good things that you cannot define yourself
by that ONE bad thing!"

"One bad thing on top of a long history of bad things! Just wait until the next time I'm having a bad
day and I start ranting and spewing venom everywhere," I pointed out. "THAT'S the real me that I
normally hold in check! The monster inside that I keep under tight control so that he doesn't
destroy everything I hold dear!"

Oliver shook his head, kissing my temple. "You are GOOD! You saved Erma and are having her
cared for by Dibly, with absolutely NO reason other than you saw her and knew you could help."

I scoffed a bit bitterly. "I saved her because saw ME in her. I saw FARRAH in her! I saw a person
that had made bad decisions and mistakes, and NEEDED someone to help her be better. That's...
just more of me trying to atone for all my sins. That's just me being selfish all over again."
He sighed. "Alright, fine, since you refuse to listen to reason, tell me: WHAT will it take for you to finally feel like you have atoned?"

At that moment, I thought to myself: Huh, maybe it might have been easier if I had simply stayed locked out of my Mind Palace. Or at least, perhaps let those particular memories remain locked up. Sighing, I shook my head.

"See... Well... I was trained to do things - as a teen - that... That...most people don't ever have to learn. I have all these skills and the CAPACITY to use them, but I can't. Or, erm... well if I DID use them, most of the time, it would be considered a bad thing. You know, most people don't like it when a man lurks near them, spies on them, reads their mind, and just basically IS a shady fucker. That's why I..."

I stopped and shook my head. "Never mind. It wouldn't make a difference anyway."

Oliver gave me a put upon look. "DRACO... You can't stop there!"

I caressed his cheek with a hand. "I'm suddenly craving spunk. How about I suck you off for an hour or so?"

He was clearly torn for a moment or so, before shaking his head. "Merlin damn it! I can't believe I'm turning that down! But no! I NEED to know what it is you're not saying!"

I examined my hands very thoroughly as I thought this over. You know how much I HATE having to admit to these sorts of things in person. I'd much rather retreat and think it over, and then write it out so that I can hide the parts I want to hide, but... Well... I'm utterly weak when it comes to denying those I love anything they want.

Sighing, I caved in. "Fine...It's why I love consulting for the Aurors so much. Being the Chief of Raids is fulfilling and challenging, and uses some of my skills. Especially when I get to sit in on interrogations. BUT - if you want to know the real truth, the part I love most about consulting for the Aurors is when Robards comes to me with an impossible assignment. When he wants me to go undercover somewhere where I can use ALL the skills I've learned, and accomplished near miracles using bad or dubious means - in other words using the bad things I was taught for good purposes - it's honestly the ONLY thing I've ever done that makes me feel like I've actually atoned for some of my sins."

"So... the time you Polyjuiced into a teenaged prostitute and accidentally conceived Morgana... that wasn't... HARD on you?" Oliver asked in a soft voice, trying to be considerate of how I might feel about the subject.

I shook my head. "Nope, the actual sex work was mostly boring, and when I was done, I freed not just that girl, but a bunch of kids from sex slavery."

"Then... a nice dangerous undercover mission would make you stop feeling so guilty about Farrah?" Oliver reasoned.

I shrugged. "It might. But... I can't right now. I'm not going to do anything like that until after our three month anniversary, and - as you might recall - our next several months are packed full of plans. The Triwizard Tournament runs from Friday June 29th to Monday July 2nd, Hazel marries Pearl on July 7th, and we're leaving for Iran with the littlest on July 9th with the intention to be there for every step of their 10 year anniversary celebration and fundraiser. It's going to take months. I simply don't have the time to do it. And Hermione is already freaking out about the fact that she's going to have to function without me for however long I'm in Iran. If I told her that I
needed time off for a case, especially so soon after having time off for losing my memory, yeah... I may as well expect her to murder me in my sleep with my own intestines."

Oliver gave me a suspicious look, but decided to drop it for now. "Alright... So, what you are saying is that you're going to just keep on working through your issues while we live our lives, and then when we come back, you're going to - what? Be an Auror?"

"No," I assured him as I kissed him. "I NEVER wanted to be just a grunt Auror. But I do think I will make more time for the consulting work I did in the past."

Oliver got a really odd look on his face. As if he was suddenly shy and trying to hide it.

I laughed. "You want that blow job after all, don't you?"

"Yeah, I kinda do," he admitted.

Smiling, I gave him exactly what he wanted until you came home and quite possibly passed out before you had fully flopped into our bed.

But that was yesterday. Today, I'm going to finish my morning routine and floo over to Hogwarts so that I can help the students with their frantic studying by dragging them out onto the Quidditch pitch and running their worries off. Literally. I'm quite looking forward to it! I'm even planning to bring Amala and her now fully grown remaining cub Enfuego with to help with motivation.

Perhaps I'll see you and we'll have a quick shag in a broom closet somewhere ^_^

Walk this way!
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Note: Chrissie only has 10 days left of school in real life, so let's all cheer her on ^_^
Chapter 304

Chapter Summary

Harry had no time for nookie, and it's almost time for the Tri-Wizard Tournament.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay, my internet went out for a bit yesterday when I planned to post :-(
But it's back up now ^_^

Wednesday June 13, 2018

My Loves,

Sorry I had absolutely no time for broom closet abductions yesterday. I think I'll be spending the next week or so with no time to do anything but fall asleep the moment my head hits the pillow. Both of you please know, even though I've said it a million times before I'm going to repeat myself, do not take my sleeping as a reason to not shag me. I think it would make the day easier to face if I wake up with a delightfully sore arse or a familiar taste on my tongue. Or both!

I have to say Draco, your description of what exactly I'm having to help my students with is spot on. I'm dealing with their stress and frustrations over classes I'm not even responsible for. Look, I get it, my subject is one of the easiest classes at Hogwarts. I'm just exhausted and frustrated that it's not my classes causing their obnoxious behavior but I'm the one dealing with it.

I'm probably being unfair; my subject is really very easy. Not that what I'm teaching is unimportant, I would even go as far as to argue that in a post blood status war world my subject is objectively the most important.

However, the point of my classes is to develop a respect for Muggles, an understanding of the ingenuity and resourcefulness it takes to live without magic, and the ability to blend into the Muggle world for short or even potentially long periods of time. But those aren't things that are particularly easy to test in some sort of standardized testing. Realistically, it doesn't matter if they can memorize historical dates or list the top ten telly programs of the last decade.

If I were to be staying on as professor, which I'm not ... although I might try again in another decade or so when we don't have so many high needs little ones who deserve more of their Daddy's attentions. Not to mention most of our kids still at home will be at Hogwarts by that time anyway. Sorry, off on a tangent again. What I was saying is that if I were to stay on as professor I think I'd like to have some sort of Muggle excursion as a year-end practical test. I could even design them for different ages, say the little ones could go on a field trip to a library where they have to interact with another child and attempt to register for a library card while the older ages could go to a career fair or a university tour.

Sorry, you can take the professor out of the classroom but you can't take the teacher out of the
Enough about me and my classes though. You two! I'm just so thrilled that the two of you finally came to the realization that you love each other without me being a factor. I'm glad you're both being so honest with each other and through the email being honest with me about your feelings and how they came to be. I will say that I am less happy knowing the both of you were willing to sacrifice your individual desires to be with me. It has all worked out, I love us, but we really need to work on the two of you setting limits as to what you'd do to keep my love.

I could probably say the same for myself though, it's easy enough to hear what you're saying in hindsight and hate that the both of you were willing to enter a triad to keep me happy, but I'd chop off my arms to keep either of you happy, so I'm all talk.

I just don't get it. Sure, I'm cute I suppose, I'm pretty nice, and I like to think I'm a good person. I just don't get how I can be so special to either of you that you were both willing and able to fall in love with me. And I certainly don't think I'm so great as to have the two most amazing men I've ever met be willing to fake or force a triad relationship for me.

Oh well, you've both gone ahead and fallen deeply for each other. There's no changing that. Thank Merlin! But I want you both to please promise me that you won't agree to massive life changing decisions just to keep me happy. Or keep me at all. There's nothing either of you could do to make me leave or love you any less, so be honest with me if I ask for something you aren't wanting to give.

Well, it's about that time. I had a spare fifteen minutes to write this out but it's back to the grindstone. Office hours again! Nine days and counting! Wish me luck!

Yours,
Harry

Thursday June 28th
My dearest Harry and Oliver,

Congratulations! Hogwarts is done for the year, the students are all back home, and you two can finally rest and spend time together. Oliver, I love the fact that you went in and helped Harry help the students during those last few days of studying. It shows how big your heart really is. All I did was show up at random, insist that some of the students go for a run to get out of their heads, and then had them spar with each other for a half hour or so before they HAD to go back to studying.

In any case, now that the school year is done, it's time for me to do my job. Starting tomorrow, I'll be by Hermione's side pretty much around the clock until Monday. Possibly Tuesday. And in fact, I'm already at Hermione's side and probably will not be coming home tonight. We're basically planning to sleep in her office and have hair and makeup artists come in each day to work on us so we look our best when hosting this bloody Tournament. On the plus side, it'll be HER that has to deal with Hurricane Draco when he inevitably pops up.

As a reminder, all day yesterday and today was when participants from Russia, France, and Britain were showing up to put their names in the Cup (same one, had to be modified slightly. It was THOROUGHLY checked for tampering!). Tomorrow around noon, the entry period will be closed to allow for the Cup to deliberate until 2pm. At that point - give or take a few minutes - it should give us our champions, and then, the first task should start around 5pm.
That means that non participating spectators have been piling in from around the world to the same campsite and venue from the world cup in our Fourth Year. THIS time, Hermione and I have worked hard to make sure that the entire campground is staffed by squibs, muggles in the know, and witches and wizards. This way, we won't have to confound anyone unless they are a genuine muggle wandering into the area by mistake.

At any rate, Hermione is glaring at me because we're due to meet with the French and Russian Ministers in about 10 minutes, so I have to sign off and go flirt my arse off. Love you both beyond my ability to express!

More than words,
Draco
Chapter 305

Chapter Summary

It's almost time for the first task!

Friday June 29, 2018

My Working Men,

It is I, your husband with no responsibilities! I've been chasing eight children aged eight and younger around a fairground so I've not been exactly unproductive, but I AM currently unemployed ... and loving it!

I'm sure I will miss it eventually. I will miss interacting so often with my students. I'm sure there are days when I will be sick of singing nonsense children's songs and want to tear my hair out if I have to watch one more episode of some toddler programming or have to hear "Daddy can I have just one more biscuit?" a million times. But I can't get over how happy I am right this moment.

The relief! I am so relieved being on summer hols, and I'm still riding the high from my first week as a full time stay at home dad. I wasn't aware of just how much weight I'd been carrying until it was taken off. I saw the Hogwarts Express take off with the students and I could feel my shoulders drop. I was officially (minus clearing out my classroom and helping my replacement with lesson plans etc) done being a professor.

I felt so much worry that I wasn't a good enough professor, was letting down my students by giving them a subpar education. I thought, even being muggle raised and us spending so much time in and out of the muggle world, what if I'm portraying Muggles incorrectly? Doing them a disservice? I knew I was letting down my husbands with how little time I was devoting to them together and individually. And I felt like the worst Dad and Grandpa in the history of the world.

That train got smaller as it chugged it's way into the horizon and I've spent every moment since reconnecting with my loves, my kids, my family.

Since classes let out for the year I have made a homemade, healthy, delicious breakfast every morning except this morning since we were setting up for the event. I've been home constantly with no other obligations, so I've been able to read the kids bedtime stories every night. I got to check in with my horses every day!! I sucked up to Venus, gave her extra treats so she wouldn't be so annoyed with my absence. It's been wonderful.

Right now though, I am having a few moments of quiet. We're in between two big events of the day. We finished up the Choosing of the Champions about an hour ago, and in another hour or so we need to head to the location of the first task. The babies are having some much needed naps. Nora is "resting her eyes." And the foursome are having some quiet restful time.

The arrival of the competing countries was absolutely wonderful yesterday. Much better than when Beauxbatons and Durmstrang came grunting and sighing into Hogwarts. They had magical displays and traditional costumes. It was obviously on a much smaller scale since there are only three countries competing here and the Wizarding world is much smaller than the Muggle world,
but the opening ceremonies reminded me a bit of the Olympic Ceremonies.

I'd have to say though, the Choosing of the Champions has been my favorite part of the event so far. First, the Goblet spits out the name of the champion from France, Josette Beauvais. Second, the champion from Russia, a Miss Tashka Yurievna. Third, the English champion, Daphne (no, not our Daphne) Saunders. Then? The best thing ever!! No other extra names were called. No surprises. No tricking the Goblet. Just a good old fashioned Tri-Wizard tournament with three contestants that entered their own name!

So after a lovely opening ceremony and a brilliant champion announcement, I'm quite hopeful the first task will continue the trend and be fun to watch and not horrifying.

And don't you worry Draco my love, I am sure that our beloved Minister Granger will send for backup when Hurricane Draco arrives. She knows precisely the team of men to call to tame that storm.

But for now, I am going to .... erm ... also rest my eyes! This dad thing is exhausting!

See you both soon.

All of my love,
Harry

Friday June 29th,
The loves of my life,

The opening ceremony and choosing of the Champions was beautiful, but you know what the part that touched me the most was? When the third champion had been called and the three of them were standing on the platform for everyone to see and cheer on, I looked over at our massive family - those that were there at least, as not everyone could make it - and was nearly blown away at the sheer happy excitement on all our girls’ faces.

Just one example, Lily - who has recently participated in a showcase for ice skating that amazed us all - looked like the fact that there were three (not ONE, not TWO, but THREE) female champions participating in this Tournament, meant that she personally was inspired to participate when she grows up. There's no need to mention Persephone, as she had already decided that a few months ago, and is still rather mad at me for not making a special exception for her in the age limit.

But getting back to the champions. I love how they are all women, but even more than that, they aren't all young ladies. The representative from Russia - Tashka Yurievna - is a woman in her 30s (36) who has 3 kids, aged 12, 9, and 6. Josette Beauvais of France is the youngest at 19, but she's the tallest of the three and looks as if she runs laps around Paris just for fun. Which leaves us with our Champion: redhead Daphne Saunders - a 24 year old mother of one small child. A two year old daughter named Velma, of all things. She must be a Scooby Doo fan, haha.

Incidentally, Josette may not have any children of her own, but she has a 5 year old nephew. WHY is this important information? Because as you are currently finding out (the First Task is in progress as I write this, but it's the only relative free time I've had all day!), the First Task was set up by our Russian delegates on the Tournament Committee.

A Snow Maze. Unlike the maze for the Third Task that you participated in, Harry, this one has been covered in magi-cameras. In fact, George and Ron came up with a variation of the MMMs
that work well for this entire Tournament. Thus, the important footage is being shown on large screens around the stadium.

But as I was saying, the actual task is this: Rescue the child. In Russia - in certain places especially - there is a lot of snow for a lot of the year, and so, it is a matter of Pride to be able to survive out there if necessary. Thus, the maze is full of things that might occur in winter, such as a blizzard. The children are sitting in nice warm caves with a fully trained guardian to protect them from - well - mostly from wandering out into the maze and getting caught up in the mild perils.

The Champions’ task is to navigate the maze until they find the correct cave that their child is in, and then navigate the maze WITH their child until they emerge from the official exit. But don't worry too much, my adorable worrywort, we have an entire rescue squad on standby to go in and help out if necessary. We're all committed to ensuring the kids' absolute safety. The blizzards, the fog, the avalanches, the yeti, the hidden pits to fall in, the polar bears, and the magic designed to confuse and obfuscate the Champions - ALL of it is designed to be as safe as possible, all considering.

Clearly, the Russians think they have the advantage here, and they actually might, but I wouldn't count either of the other Champions out just yet. They all three looked determined and tough as nails.

Oh! Looks like things are finally picking up. Tashka has found Josette's nephew, and so, needs to leave that cave and try to find the cave with her six year old son. It's hidden relatively nearby, and so should be an exciting part to watch.

I may be in the 'top box' with the Ministers and other important officials, but looking over at the Malfoy family box takes my breath away. As much of our family as could make it is crammed into that box, and it's SO full of love that I almost can't keep my heart from bursting. My parents holding their grandchildren, my siblings holding their nieces and nephews. Our older kids holding their precious babies...

I could just cry from happiness!

But I won't. This is DEFINITELY a time that calls for my calmest Malfoy mask. I'll try to sneak over there to give you both kisses when there's a lull in the action.

I swear,
Draco
1:00 AM Saturday June 30, 2018

Our Dearest Love,

It is bedtime in this tiny Malfoy tent. Fine. You're right Ollie. Even factoring in tent space per capita, we have a nice big tent. It's definitely not your parents' tent! At least I've never felt the need to bring peacocks camping.

Right now actually, the tent feels enormous. We're missing one very large personality we usually have with us at bedtime. You, your beautiful face, and your loving heart fill a room and your absence is practically palpable. I hate it. Oh, WE hate it.

Don't you worry though, obviously we understand. This is an important event. For so many reasons. For you, for Hermione, the Ministry, Wizarding Britain, France, and Russia. I definitely agree, seeing those strong capable female champions standing tall in front of the crowd was unbelievably important for our youngest magic users to see. Both male and female. The girls needed to see themselves up there. Representation where we've often fallen short. And the boys need to see women in powerful places, women fulfilling their dreams. It isn't enough to raise daughters who believe girls can do anything, we need to raise sons who also don't have a single doubt in their minds that girls can do anything.

Honestly Draco, we completely understand you being busy and don't expect anything more than you've already managed to give us so far this event. The occasional stolen moments where you come find us in the Malfoy family box for cuddles and kisses. Your last email, written in quiet moments during the first task. If anything we're pleased and surprised you had time for any of it. We both truly appreciate you making us a priority.

When this event is over we WILL be showing you exactly how appreciative we can be.

AND!!! All of your hard work has certainly paid off so far. The tournament has been wonderful. The use of the MMM's - or whatever they're calling them - was a stroke of brilliance. It's nothing like a crowd staring at the surface of a lake for an hour ...

It was almost TOO good! There was so much happening I couldn't decide which screen to watch sometimes. I almost wish they had gone one by one and just judged it by time. That way I could focus on each individual journey instead of splitting my time three ways. I even almost missed Daphne's win.

Yes, yes, yes, Ollie. You tried getting my attention a full minute before the win. I just couldn't get over that Yeti!

Congratulations Daphne, but poor Josette! She was within sight of the exit when Daphne went through with little Velma. I am curious if the age of the children needing saving was a factor. I can
see the parental instinct kicking in with a small toddler versus having to trek around with a chatty six year old. And if at any point the child needed carrying, a two year old is significantly lighter than the kid three times their age. Sorry, don't mean to try and take away any glory from Daphne's win. She kicked arse and earned every moment of her win.

With Russia getting a bit of the glory in creating the first (fantastic) task and Britain getting glory in their Champion being the first one out of the maze, I can see Josette and France feeling like they really need to come out swinging for task two. She seems like a fighter with something to prove. We personally can't wait to see what the next task holds.

Before we sign off though, Oliver and I wanted to make you an offer. One you know we are not making lightly. After we got the kids to sleep we had a long talk. Well, first we had a thorough snogging session and a quick shag. But after that we had a long talk. It felt like hours. It actually may have been hours. And we have both decided - for YOU in particular, for Hermione, for international relations in general - we're willing to let you use our names and fame for whatever you may need them for during this event.

If some French or Russian official wants to meet THE Oliver Wood, famous Quidditch player, our Ollie would love to schmooze and mingle. If some international guest of the tournament wants a meet and greet with The (gag gag gag) Boy Who Lived? I am at your service.

This is an important event and we'll both *happily (okay not happily, but we'll make sure everyone else thinks we're doing it happily) do our part to make our world a bit better. A bit healthier. A bit more connected.

BUT we will be absolute nightmares tomorrow if we don't get some proper sleep so ...

Goodnight Sweetheart,
Your husbands Harry and Oliver

Saturday June 30th
My loves,

I find it supremely unfair! Hermione told me that we'd be sleeping in her office until the Tournament was over, and I didn't really think about how stupid that would be because the Tournament is nowhere NEAR the Ministry, but I guess I was already running a bit ragged and didn't question this too hard. But no! We're in a freaking tent probably 500 feet from yours (ours), and what? 1500 feet from her lovers and kids?

So why in the ever loving HELL do I have to share a tent with her and not you?? Well, it's because ALL the Ministers and their Aides are in this tent, and we're apparently DAMN committed to promoting unity between the Wizarding Nations, because we're eating fabulous French food and drinking the highest quality Russian vodka until we pass out!

Or I mean we were, last night. It got to the point that we ALL needed to take bloody hangover potions this morning just to wake up and function semi normally. I could bloody kiss Muffy for serving us up a full English breakfast, complete with my favorite high quality tea and even that organic small batch coffee you love. Which smells SO much better than it tastes! (Although everyone else seems to think it's the best stuff they've ever tasted, shrugs.)

After waking up and having a lovely chat for a while, and then meeting with our own Champions for a bit of a congratulatory pep talk, we all had a photoshoot to capture the Champions, Ministers,
and Aides in various friendly poses - both singular and group - to be distributed for sale today and tomorrow (and Monday, for those still leaving the venue).

Then, as all the spectators were gathering back in the stadium for the Second Task, a nice live band was playing an exclusive concert. And by band, I really mean that every act the committee could finagle was given time to sing just one song so that the concert ran a good hour, plus a few minutes as the finishing touches were put on the - well, I suppose I can't call it a field nor a pitch. I mean if it was a Quidditch match, it WOULD be a pitch, but this was an underwater task, so it was more like a mini lake.

So, as you now know, the Second Task is a bit of a treasure hunt. Even as the last act of the concert, a mysterious boy in a fully covering costume, sang his heart out (give Zwei a HUGE hug and a proud kiss on the cheek from me until I can give him one myself), the Champions were getting into position. This was the Task created by the French Ministry, so Josette was strutting her stuff rather proudly, certain that SHE would be the victor of this one.

True, the French may have organized this one, but they used magical water creatures from all three countries, and so, there may well be things she is not prepared to encounter. We threw the giant squid in there just for fun!

Which means that the three determined women have to figure out how to survive underwater for a long amount of time - we reckon an hour or so, but we're not limiting the time so much as giving extra points to the first to return with all their tasks complete. And by tasks, I mean treasure.

Once in the water, they have to swim to their designated shipwreck - which they will have to first figure out if they're at the correct one - and then they'll have to find all the treasure on their list, but just to be arseholes - er... challenging, the French have decided that the list itself will be one of the treasures they have to find. While dealing with underwater creatures that might actually try to kill them. But probably not. I mean they are somewhat easy to defeat if one knows how, and there WILL be rescue teams standing by to pull a Champion to safety if she gets in too much trouble or looks injured or otherwise incapacitated.

In other words, we wanted the tasks to be a little dangerous bordering on actually, erm, perilous, but still maintaining safety and their health and happiness as much as possible.

Once they have their lists (and probably even before they find them) the ladies will have to find 10 items considered 'treasure' on their designated shipwreck. Once they have all 10 - and to avoid them just grabbing any 10 things that look like it might be treasure, there are fake treasure items too - anyway, once they have all 10 items, they simply have to get to the finishing point - which is the same dock they started from.

All in all, I'm sort of looking forward to this task. The ladies JUST dove in, so I think I might actually have a few minutes to use the loo in our box before anything truly exciting happens. If you need me, I'll be in the top box, eating and drinking with the Ministers and their entourages. I won't necessarily drop names (although I might if this runs on for too long and I can't find an opportunity to sneak away and give you all hugs and kisses), you could always come on over for a few minutes and drop your own names to schmooze for a bit. I know Hermione won't mind at all, and may even be happy to not have to entertain for a few minutes.

Love you both to bits!
Draco
P.S. I'm going to shag you both so hard the MOMENT I wake up on Tuesday afternoon!
Love!

Oh my poor sweet baby, I wasn't aware of what a rough life you were leading over in the Official's Tent! You were stuck eating delicious French food and even better Russian vodka.

Fine! I will come schmooze, mingle, flirt, and hopefully get a bit of time on your arm. Should I play off being your fit younger trophy husband? That you're my pretty arm candy? Or just be completely honest with our sickeningly sweet love and borderline inappropriate PDA?

Oliver and I decided not to come at the same time. That leaves one dad with the kids so they don't feel neglected. Although they've all, even the babies, been thoroughly enjoying the tournament so far. Plus, us coming separately assures you and Hermione double the respite from entertaining. We were thinking two separate visits gives you double the distraction instead of one, possibly overwhelming, visit to deal with.

Also, Ollie is looking forward to taking his turn during the third task, this way he'll actually be able to watch, cheer, shout, and heckle in a way he can't or won't do in the family box in front of the littles.

In our relationship, Ollie is our calm. He's the eye of our storm. Our safe harbour. Our conscience if I'm bring truly honest. Until this tournament, I think I had forgotten all about intensely competitive Oliver Wood. I've known the man since I was eleven years old. How did I let myself forget his highly competitive nature? During today's second task he was so redfaced, looking ready to jump over the Malfoy Box's ledge to join the contestants in the lake. Since he felt very strongly that they needed to "Open your bloody eyes! The chest is right next to you! No, not that one, take a Merlin-be-damned vision potion for the love of all that is holy!!"

The kids thought it was hilarious. Except for Persephone, who got a calculating look in her eye. I am a bit worried she's plotting something. Something to do with capitalizing on Daddy Oliver's competitive nature.

I, on the other hand, am planning on joining you this evening for food and drinks instead of during a task. It's taken me years, but after all the galas and ceremonies we've attended, I've gotten fairly good at mingling through "ego measuring" parties. All teasing from earlier aside, how DO you want me to play this? Should I be the pretty little naïve savior, staring adoringly at my brilliant husband? The powerful wizard whose travels through the world, creation of businesses and charities, and subtle behind the wings manipulation show my intelligence?

Or am I overthinking this whole thing, these officials could be much more perceptive than I'm giving them credit for, should I just be myself? A little flirty but bashful, nice but a bit tactless at times, and a high likelihood of dragging you into a cupboard for a quickie?

If I can't drag you off for a quickie, I may attempt sneaking into your tent tonight. I didn't realize just how close you were to our tent. If you're too tired that's fine ... I'll just ride you to my own completion while you sleep.

Between your long day yesterday, lack of sleep last night, hangover this morning, and today's
intense treasure hunt task I have to assume it won't be that hard to keep you asleep. How's that sound baby? You want to wake up sated with a raw dick? I can give you that. Maybe when I'm done I'll tapout and Ollie will do the same. Yeah? What do you think?

Mind out of the gutter Harry! I can't show up like this. NOT the impressions I want to give the officials ... probably.

Task two! Josette's thirst to prove herself and her inflated ego from France being in charge of designing this task could have been a liability. Instead it was fuel for her victory. I do have to wonder if the French officials designed it specifically with her in mind. She swam like she was born in the water. Similar to our Vivi come to think of it.

Not implying cheating, the Russians were playing to their strengths as well. Why not?

If I were to have entered the tournament (thank Merlin I did not) we could have designed the task to play to MY strengths. The goal is to get through Diagon without being mobbed by rabid fans. Or try corralling over a dozen children at an amusement park. Or just British strengths in general, try to go somewhere without running into a Malfoy!

I'm curious though, I'm sure you answered this at some point when I wasn't paying attention. Right now we are one to one to zero in this competition. What happens if Tashka wins the third task? Does the winner get declared based on prior points? Will the third task be designed differently based on previous wins? Or do you have a backup tie-breaker event ready?

Well, I am going to go make myself pretty. Buy a calendar of Minister Granger's fit advisor. Then join you for arse-kissing.

Love,
Me

Sunday July 1st
Oh Oliver!

You should have seen Harry last night! He was amazing! He showed up in the Top Box with remarkably perfect timing. The Russian Minister's Aide was JUST asking if we could persuade THE Harry Potter to come say hi, considering that one of us was his best friend and the other rumored to be married to him.

Don't take the rumor thing seriously, they well know we're married, Harry. It's just they're Russian and can't quite admit to the existence of same sex marriage.

Anyway, Harry was already approaching the Top Box, and when he heard the French officials add their desire to meet Harry as well, Harry came forward and said: "Oh? You were hoping to meet me? Lucky I was on my way to see my husband then."

"Harry, my love! I feel like it's been YEARS since I last saw you!" I exclaimed as I grabbed your hand and tugged you into my arms so that I could kiss you.

We got lost in it for a long moment until the Russian Minister made a very loud: "Ahem!"

"Sorry, not sorry," I informed him in English before switching to Russian and telling him that you had such a high need for affection that if I didn't give you as much as possible, you got extremely cranky and made life miserable for EVERYONE. There was no need to tell him that it was actually
the other way around. The Russians laughed in fond amusement at that and grinned as they came forward to shake your hand and offer you vodka.

Hermione smirked at me, knowing full well what I'd said, and then kissed us both on the cheek to convey her relief at the temporary break.

After you had schmoozed for an hour or so, Harry, eating some of our excellent catering and drinking not just vodka but fine French wine, you managed to make it back to the nearby Malfoy box to apparently entertain the kids with some hilarious drunken babbling. All in all, you made the officials so happy, and even answered a few questions about the war and the Dark Lord with nearly uncomfortable honesty.

That was last night. Today, Oliver did as suggested and arrived shortly before the Third Task started so that he could transform into a more vulgar and less kid appropriate version of himself. He arrived in enough time to meet with and get the pleasantries out of the way before the task began, delighting everyone as the other officials were getting a bit nervous and Hermione was getting a bit strained. Oliver charmed everyone, not blatantly demanding a kiss from me in public, but also not refusing it when I smooched him and held his hand.

The French think the three of us are adorable, and the Russians are politely pretending not to notice anything while seeming fond of our boldness and bravery at such a life choice. Probably the best indicator of their goodwill is that they promptly offered Oliver as much of their best vodka as he wanted.

Naturally, he had to decline, aside from the tiniest of sips to get a taste for it and compliment them on their quality. Then he explained how he was currently pregnant, and while flabbergasted, the officials were understanding. At least until Oliver burst out in language not fit for a child and they all looked tempted to cover his abdomen with a silencing spell, hahahaha!

Then the third task began. Since it was our turn to create the task, there was a strong possibility that it would focus on or include the ability to hold a tea cup perfectly steady while sitting in an uncontrolled dingy in a storm tossed ocean. Perhaps our committee wanted to give the competition a sporting chance, because they decided against that. Instead, they came up with a gauntlet.

Not exactly a British past time, I'll admit, but we ARE tough and rather stoic, so this seemed like NOT too big a stretch of the imagination.

Here's an overview of the way it's supposed to work, just in case you missed the announcer explaining it.

To start, the gauntlet had several tasks to complete. There was a potions test, a dangerous beast to get past, a logic problem, a seemingly impossible to escape room, and a hallway full of ‘Death Eaters' to defeat. Each Champion had their own gauntlet course, and the two previous winners - Daphne and Josette - got an advantage in that they were allowed to go a full minute before Tashka AND Tashka had to pass an extra challenge. The extra one being a simple Devil's Snare pit right before the end of her gauntlet.

Anyway, once the Champions made it through their individual gauntlets, one of two things could happen. If one managed to get through so quickly compared to the others that no one was in the final room before the finish line, then they could simply cross it and claim the Golden Goblet I personally had had made and provided as the trophy.

It will later be engraved with the Winner's name, but for now, it simply has the year and the words Tri-Wizard Tournament Winner on it.
IF the Champions get past their gauntlets at the same time, or close enough that none has made it to the finish line yet, then they will have to duel to determine the victor. Thus, even if Tashka is slowed down by her disadvantages, if she makes it to the final room while the other two are dueling, she will definitely have an equal chance of winning.

Also, UNLIKE Champions who have been selected from the best and the brightest students of a school, these women have largely been living their own lives and NOT in school for quite some time, so they presumably all have an equal chance of failing - or at least getting hung up on - remembering things such as the solution to the potions test. Or how to effectively tame the dangerous beast.

All in all, it should be something worth seeing, and don't worry, Oliver is already 'cheering' on the Champions rather colorfully ^_^

See you after it's all over! The moment there's a winner, I just have to make the final presentation, and then I should be free to give you some serious public displays of affection before retiring to the officials' tent for the final night of 'bonding.'

As I breathe,
Draco
Sunday July 1, 2018

So, erm, uh, we have a bit of a situation. I'm currently hiding in ... an alleyway? to write this. Oh! And before you panic, no this is not one of those situations where I found a kid and Bam! Surprise! Guess who's becoming dads for the twenty-second time?!!?

When the third task ended, which was so so unbelievably exciting by the way. Okay, no I can't just skip past that. The third task was so very exciting. Until it wasn't of course. With how evenly matched these brilliant women were, I really expected there to be at least one all out duel at the end. But no, even with her disadvantage of a time delay and the additional challenge, Tashka won by a pretty nice sized margin.

I don't know if it was a need to prove herself or what, but Tashka flew through all of her challenges with a speed that I have to assume frustrated the officials who wanted to drag the final task out longer. Although Daphne was right at her heels. Not quite close enough for a full duel, but we got a hint of it. Tashka was almost to the cup when Daphne got close enough to shoot an expelliarmus at the woman ahead of her. But the spell went wide, Tashka spun around and shot a petrificus at her attacker and Daphne went down hard. That was that!

After your (wonderful) presentation, you did as promised and came to find me for some fabulous PDA and then headed off after a bit for your final night of bonding. I, on the other hand, was dragged off to the pop-up marketplace by Hazel. She had been down there earlier in the weekend and wanted to see if there were any neat treasures she could use for a last minute decoration for her wedding next weekend, or maybe find some gift worthy of her Pearl.

I had a lovely little stroll through the booths, you know how much I enjoy a good market. But as we got closer to the end, I started seeing items that I wasn't completely sure were completely legal. I didn't really think much of it because perhaps they were selling things that were legal or normal in France or Russia that my delicate British sensibilities were just surprised by. But I just walked past a booth that was DEFINITELY selling things that shouldn't be sold.

There's a bit of a black market going on down here and I have no power or jurisdiction to do anything about it. So, uh, do you and or Hermione or someone in the Auror department want to come check this out? Or were you all already aware of this and turning a blind eye for the sake of international cooperation?

Help?
Harry
The entire Tournament has been a resounding success! I LOVE the fact that the oldest woman with the most children managed to win in the end - despite her disadvantages. She quite capably earned herself the Cup, which we took back from her for a few minutes as she waved to the crowd so that we could do a closing ceremony and officially present it to her.

To that end, the three Champions were gathered together and told by Hermione that they had all done so well, and that we were so proud of all of them. To prove it, I sang the song Fighter by Christina Aguilera to the three of them to let them know that we felt they all had admirable fighting spirits.

Then I officially presented the Golden Tri-Wizard Tournament Cup and a voucher for the grand prize money to Tashka - the cup having been magically engraved with her name when we took it back for a moment. She seemed rather stoic and determined to NOT break down crying, until I gave her a kiss on the cheek and pointed to the left, where her family was now waiting to congratulate her.

She started sobbing SO hard, hugging them all to death and babbling in Russian too fast for me to follow. Meanwhile, Daphne and Josette were looking rather happy and disappointed at the same time. They were disappointed that they'd lost, but extremely happy to be awarded the prize money based off the position they ended in - 2nd place for Daphne, and 3rd for Josette. I daresay that the prize money will be a welcome and helpful addition to their lives, haha.

Anyway, after some much needed public affection from my own family (especially my husbands), I was obligated to return to the Ministers' tent. There, we all celebrated a smashing success by eating a massive amount of excellent food and drinking vodka for the millionth time in a row (I'm not Russian, so I don't appreciate it nearly as much as they do, although I will admit that the stuff they brought was very good quality).

In the middle of the second course, I got the notification that you'd emailed me. I had to wait a moment for a lull in the conversation to politely check it, but once I'd read all the way to the end, I didn't really care about manners. I more or less cried out a demand for everyone to be quiet a moment and used my magimobile to conference call Robards and Bletchley.

To my surprise, they both answered. "Robards, Bletchley, sorry to call you at a time like this - as I'm certain you're both in the crowd celebrating - but my husband just -"

"Which husband?" Bletchley interrupted.

"Harry, he just sent me an email from the popup market, where he feels that some of the things for sale are not legal. He's convinced that the market is running a Black Market, and not all that secretly at that. Can I have Bletchley confirm that for me, and Robards, will you have all the on duty Aurors currently here message me so that I can quickly organize and mobilize a raid?"

"Sure thing, Chief!" Bletchley agreed.

"Yeah, I'll send out a group text to the Aurors - even those not on duty," Robards promised. "As they can get here quickly enough if they should happen to receive their message. We'll coordinate in the Auror tent."

"I'll meet you in the tent in five to ten minutes, as I will probably be popping over to my office in the Ministry to grab some of the more useful gear," I said.

"No good, Malfoy," Robards denied me. "If we're going to capture these shameless hooligans before they catch wind and run off, we need every moment we can get. We can do this old school
without all your tech."

"-!" I was about to protest when Bletchley cut me off.

"Before you pitch a fit, Chief, I actually have a bunch of your mapping drones in my carry all. I plan to deploy them as I verify this, and just so you know, I'm about to hang up because I'm approaching the area. Just make do with the drones, yeah?"

"Fine!" I agreed in aggravation. "Then I'll head over to the Auror tent now as I'm already receiving the texts from all those on duty. I need to set up a raid HQ before we can begin."

"So stop telling us what you're going to do and do it!" Robards roared just before he hung up, and since Bletchley already had, I sighed and put my magimobile back in my pocket.

Hermione grabbed my hand and gave it a good squeeze. "Ooo, sounds exciting! Let me know how things go!"

"Wait! I thought Mr. Malfoy was just your aide, why is HE in charge of the raid?" The Russian Minister asked.

I flashed my credentials. "I'm currently inactive, but officially the Chief of Raids. That means that when the Head Auror needs to organize a raid and wants it done with a certain level of precision, he calls me in."

"I did not know that," the Russian Minister murmured in an impressed tone. In Russian, he chided his Aide for being 'just' a secretary. I'm dead certain that his secretary is about to make his life miserable for the foreseeable future. In any case, I gave Hermione a kiss on the cheek and promised to let her know the moment things were over.

To which, after receiving confirmation from Bletchley that yes, there was a Black Market in progress, and a message from a random Auror stating that you had been located (Harry) and escorted to your tent safely, I quickly organized a fairly detailed raid, extremely grateful for Bletchley deploying my mapping drones.

I know I've said this before, but having my drones map out the area really helps me keep track of who is going where and doing what. Especially since they give life signs so I know where the potential criminals are located. Using literally JUST that tech (I really missed my other tech! The communications devices alone are invaluable!), and relying on a group text - insanely enough - I managed to conduct the entire raid from the Auror tent.

Thus, it's currently over. We took in over two dozen people that might be involved, but probably at least a third of those just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. It'll be up to Roche, Ramsey, and Fierston to determine who is actually guilty. Speaking of Fierston, now that he's been practicing his Legilimency for a while, I'm probably going to give him a surprise Final Exam tonight before I call it quits and go to bed. Should he pass as I feel confident he will, I will consider him a fully graduated student. If he doesn't, I'll have to give him a few more formal lessons when we return from Iran.

And who knows, maybe I'll even considering taking on another Legilimency student at some point. In any case, my current break is over, so I'm going to sign off, obtain some tea and biscuits, and finish up my paperwork while watching the others do their jobs.

Can you feel the love tonight?
Draco
Chapter 309

Chapter Summary

Harry is caught up in someone else's panic and hysteria for a change.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Monday July 2, 2018

Chief of Raids,

Hello, it is I, your husband. You know, the man who's so fragile that he had to be escorted to his tent. Escorted to the tent. Like some random wizard who either can't be trusted not to be a part of the problem or who no one has faith in his ability to keep himself safe. For crying out loud, I broke into Gringotts and the Ministry when I was seventeen! Hell, I've managed to get into the Ministry recently to "discuss" things with people who need discussing. I've blown through wards before Aurors can get through them in an attempt to get to one of my loved ones. I've ...

Hmmm, now that I am listing all the things I've interfered or blown through structured Auror plans maybe I wasn't escorted for my own safety but to make sure I didn't interfere with the raid. I might be a little offended. But really, that's fair. I have a history of ignoring best raiding practices to power through and get to the criminal. And I won't apologize for having done it before. When people's lives are in danger I don't care what protocol is, I'm going to blast in and get to my family.

But I suppose in this instance no one was in immediate danger and doing it the right way means no one was tipped off and you likely managed to capture everyone involved.

Not that NO ONE was in danger though. Did you see some of those "potions ingredients" they were selling? Mermaid fins? Adolescent dragon claws? And then there were the potions themselves, I don't need to be an auror to know full-powered amortentia is a no-no.

Anyway, enough about those criminals. I have the utmost faith that between my brilliant husband, Bletchley, and Rubbers, they will get what they deserve.

However, no one deserves what's happening right now. Well, except for me, I probably deserve to be on this end of things. See, through the months of wedding preparation, I have been blown away by how calm our Haz has been. I was surprised by how stress free the entire process has been leading up to a wedding of MY daughter and PANSY'S daughter! The children of a panicky little loon and a bridezilla were on a path towards a beautiful and stress free wedding.

I was surprised but then I thought about it and realized Pearl has lived with Pansy and is therefore aware of how obnoxious a bridezilla is and Hazel runs a thriving fashion business that often puts on events. So I assumed the calm preparation was going to last all the way to the wedding.

I assumed incorrectly. Hazel's genetic predisposition to panic has hit HARD. She woke me up this morning at the arse crack of dawn. It was so early that even I was a cranky arsehole being woken that early. Or that was probably from my own hysteria. When Haz woke me up practically in tears
as the sun was rising, I assumed I was going to have to murder someone. Or that someone had been murdered. So I woke up, jumped out of bed, and immediately started looking for the threat.

There was no threat, just my sweet baby girl with tears in her big green eyes, worried about all the last minute things that we needed to fix "RIGHT THIS SECOND DADDY!!"

So, in case you've all woken up this afternoon and wondered where I am, I am with Hazel working on wedding stuff. I'm actually hiding in the cupboard to write this, I ran off when she took a loo break. Send help and coffee!

Shite! I think she heard me!

Hellllllllpppp!
Harry

Monday July 2nd
My dearest husbands,

Buawahahaha! After receiving Harry's plea for help, I ordered Muffy to prepare a half dozen cups of the best and most caffeinated coffee that Harry loves. I figured that if they were put in stasis, there might be enough to last throughout the day. That said, I made sure that one of the mugs was a beautifully decorated treasure that said: World's Best Dressed Bride.

This was to ensure that Hazel would drink from the right mug, which I added a drop or two of calming potion to. I can't guarantee that it'll work, and if it does, it may not work for long, but maybe it'll be enough to calm her down so that she will listen to reason. Worth a try, right?

Anyway, I carried the tray into the Ballroom personally, as I felt that I might actually be able to soothe Hazel temporarily just with my presence. In the ballroom, I found that Oliver had now been roped into the general chaos, but you didn't seem to mind, love, as you also have a soft spot for weddings. You might also have a bit more tolerance for panicky people than the average person.

Charming the tray to float on its own, I pulled Haz into my arms and gave her a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. "Have some coffee, love?"

She took in a deep breath, and then accepted my offering with gratitude. I gave her a kiss on the cheek. "If you have any shopping you need done, hand me a list and I'll see to it."

"Brilliant!" Hazel exclaimed, summoning a rather long list she had already prepared, some of which was decorating accents, but a LOT of which seemed to be things she wanted for her new house when they move in. Was this her wedding registry??? Rather than ask, I simply pocketed the list and promised to buy it all. If they should happen to get some or all of these things as gifts, they can decide which ones they want to keep or return.

I waited a moment for you, Harry, to stop attempting to gulp down the entire mug of coffee in one swallow, and then cast a breath freshening spell on you so that I could demand a possessive kiss free from the taste of that vile drink. I then did the same to Oliver.

"See you both when I get back from shopping," I murmured

"Oh sure, pick the easy task," Harry grumbled, earning another kiss. I used that action to cover slipping a clearly labeled bottle of Calming Drops into your hand, trusting that you would know what they were for.
Then I gave Oliver another kiss, wished you all luck, and made my escape. I am currently taking a full Tea Break at Claridge's before I get back to the grind. Probably not so surprisingly, I am making good progress on this list and I'm rather enjoying myself to boot.

You're (both) everything I need and more,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter contains a line Chrissie wrote that made me laugh way too hard, and continues to make me laugh every time I reread/edit the chapter, lol. And yet, I think most people would just find it too true to be funny, lol ^_^
Chapter 310

Monday July 2, 2018

Draaaaayyyyyyycoooooooo!

You big faker, there's no way you can still be shopping! How much could Hazel possibly put on a single list for you to pick up? She can't have made that many demands ....

Wait, this is the child I've spent the entire day with. I apologize. I am well aware of her current level of things she wants done. If anyone is aware, it's me. And Pearl of course. I swear to you, your Goddaughter is an angel sent from the heavens. She has softly smiled through all of Hazel's neurotic behavior today. She has helped do the things that needed doing, delegated to the appropriate places where it made more sense to have someone else take care of it, and managed to talk Haz down off of probably a dozen metaphorical ledges.

Every time Hazel hit the point where I wanted to shake her and ask "you understand the peacocks can't actually learn choreography right?" Pearl stepped in, gave her a calming kiss, and distracted her with a much more reasonable project. You know I don't have favorites, but today Pearl might legitimately be my favorite. Not just my favorite niece or in-law, but truly my favorite person ever.

Sorry my loves, you brought me coffee and kisses, and Ollie probably talked me down from a half a dozen of my own panic-induced behaviors, but Pearl kept Hazel from going Full-Harry so she wins.

I'll keep the voting open though if you want to get in some extra credit points later ... in our rooms ...

naked.

This judge CAN be bribed!

But in all seriousness, thank you both so much for your help today. Ollie, as usual, you were such a calming presence for me during the shenanigans. And Draco, you brought me coffee and calming drops.

Completely unrelated question; how many calming drops are too many to sneak into someone's drink? Asking for a friend.

Don't worry! I didn't give our Haz the entire bottle or anything! That would have been impossible because I took some for myself. I think they were a really good balance to all the caffeine from the coffees.

Everyone else was a bit jealous though that you brought me half a dozen coffees and none for anyone else but Hazel. So I had Muffy make a few more. And we all agreed it was absolutely delicious and you had no idea what you were talking about with your breath freshening charm before you'd even smooch me nonsense! Oh well, more coffee for me then!

Today was definitely an eye-opening experience, but I think the funniest thing to me was which bride was the mess and which bride was cool as a cucumber. Just remembering all the emails you sent me from Russia when Pansy was getting married where you were keeping her calm and wanting to wring her bridezilla neck. So DRACO'S child was bouncing off the walls in a panic while PANSY'S child kept a pretty mask on and kept things moving.
Less surprising was the apparent registry list being a mile long. That definitely sounds like Draco Malfoy's and Pansy Parkinson's children.

I am officially tapping out for tomorrow though! Yesterday was much too scheduled with it being the end of the tournament so I couldn't do my traditional Grandpa Harry birthday special for Charlotte's eighth birthday, so I promised I will take her out for a movie and ice cream. And I can't put it off any longer because Miles' last big show is having its closing night this week and they're taking off for that extended summer holiday they told you about when you were amnesiac as soon as the wedding is over Saturday night.

But don't worry I'll be refreshed and ready to take on Hurricane Hazel bright and early Wednesday morning. And if either of you need tea or kisses reinforcements, I suppose I can make myself available for such things.

I am going to head to bed now though before Haz regains consciousness ... I mean wakes up from her completely natural nap .... and needs something else.

Deviously,
Harry

You...

You really drank a half a dozen coffees all by yourself? I don't know why I'm surprised by this, honestly! I thought it was just you and Hazel, and the half dozen was to be split between you throughout the day - hence the stasis - but then when I saw Oliver, I figured you'd share with him too. But apparently, when I said I'd brought them to you, you took that literally, sheesh! At least you called for more so the others could have some too, haha.

Note to self, never get between my man and his coffee!

In any case, now that I've finished buying everything on the list I was given, I'm preparing for tomorrow's marathon of helping out more directly by spending the next few hours in River's Song getting the full treatment. I might be home before you fall asleep, especially since you had so much coffee.

Digga digga doo,
Draco

P.S. For that friend you were talking about, a person could give someone the entire bottle of calming drops and it wouldn't harm them, just probably make them go to sleep.
Tuesday July 3, 2018

Meeeeeee,

Yes, I drank all the coffees! If you wanted me to share more than just the one mug, you probably should have labeled them all for other people. Otherwise I will assume all generous coffee flavored gifts brought into the room by my husband are for me. Although you are also Ollie's husband, so I probably should have assumed at least one of them was his. But as you mentioned, not a concern since they all ended up with their own mugs of coffee.

Would you judge me if I were to tell you that I also had additional cups brought to me by Muffy?

I still ended up asleep before you got home last night though. I had most of the caffeine early in the day, so by the time bedtime rolled around, not only was I exhausted, but I'd worked all the caffeine out of my body. I had a pretty bad caffeine drop actually. And instead of drinking more coffee to top myself off, I realized passing out and sleeping off the drop was probably a better choice.

Today I am quite thankful I thought to go to bed early. I promised Lottie I'd spend the day with her to celebrate her birthday but I also knew Hazel is a terrifying ... hehehe STORM ... that can take over the best laid plans. So, I set my alarm for even before sunrise, got ready, and headed out for the day before I could get dragged into the planning session. I obviously didn't want to unnecessarily wake our Granddaughter up early, so I went off to her favorite (non-Grandpa) bakery and picked up her favorite banana chocolate chip muffins. I grabbed sweets for Sammy, Miles, and Colm as well.

By the time I got there with the treats, two hot cocoas, a tea, and two cups of coffee, their house was just beginning to stir. I had a lovely breakfast and some sweet grandchild cuddles. We had already decided to do a movie and ice cream for our date, but obviously I got there much earlier than planned. It worked out pretty well though, Lottie ended up wanting to see Incredibles 2, so the five of us cuddled up with our baked goods and watched the first Incredibles. When that finished, I took us all out for lunch at Zaire's Langa.

After lunch we split up, Miles and Colm taking Sammy home while Charlotte and I went off to the movies. We had such a blast! I was up to my elbows in little girl giggles and buttered popcorn. It's silly really, but I am going to miss them so much while they're gone on their trip. The ridiculous part is that we're leaving for Iran in a week anyway! It's not like we'd be around to spend much time with them over the next month. But there's something a little emotional about knowing they won't actually be here to be missing US!

My favorite part of the day was when we ran into Blohards, and when he leaned down to give Lottie's cheek a creepy pinch, she kicked him in the shin!

I know I said Pearl was my favorite yesterday, but Lottie is in the lead today.

Oddly enough he didn't seem able to ask when you were coming back into the Ministry. It was one of the first times I've seen him where he hasn't tried to guilt trip and pressure me into trying "not to be such a control freak Potter" or to "let Draco off your leash." It was just too drastic compared to
our last run in. Practically like magic it was.

After ice cream I decided to take a page out of Grandpa Draco's book and take my little sweethearth out for a little pampering. Don't worry, we didn't do the whole top to bottom relaxation package, but I figured a little mani-pedi wouldn't take up too much time.

Now that I've dropped her back off to her dads and sibling, I decided to swing over to Cafe Exquis and come home bearing gifts for the wedding crew. I may have been willing to skip one day of panic, but I'm not heartless!

See you all soon!

Love,
Harry

Thursday July 5th
Dear Harry and Oliver,

I am the worst dad ever! I just can't take it anymore! I'm officially hiding until it's time to show up and have the wedding! Also, I'm not just hiding, but hiding in the Forbidden Forest so that Hazel can't find me.

See you when it's time for me to return and get ready.

All my love,
Your cowardly husband,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Note, it really hasn't occurred to Draco to ask Harry about Robards, lol. Draco just assumes that Harry doesn't like him, as usual ^_^
Chapter 312

Chapter Summary

Harry talks about Hazel's wedding.

Sunday July 8, 2018

My Beloveds,

We survived! We've had Hazel and Pearl's wedding and come out alive on the other side! No Draco, you are not the worst Dad ever. Our sweet girl was in fine form and pushed us all to our limits. Thankfully that is over and we will never have to plan another wedding for or with her! There will be some stress in the upcoming weeks, I'm sure, while their new home is being built, but we will be in Iran and thankfully will miss the entirety of that process.

We leave tomorrow for Iran, a place that our Ollie and most of our youngest kids have never been. And a place where the rest of us haven't visited in nine years. It was such a hard time for our family, we had to take a lot of time to heal after our experiences there. But it was also an experience that changed our family for the better. We were able to help so many people. We grew closer as a family. And we got our Jasmine out of the deal. But even with all the silver lining we found, it was still not somewhere I think we ever thought of visiting again. And yet, tomorrow we set off, to help fundraise, to help continue the healing process, to lend a hand wherever it's needed. I'm nervous but also looking forward to it.

But before we set off on this adventure, I think I want to talk about something a lot less stressful ... yesterday's wedding!

Yes, even after the drama of the week leading up to the wedding, it was not a stressful day at all. I guess our Hazel got all of her nerves and hysteria out in the days before, which left her ready to enjoy every moment of promising her life to the woman she loves. It was such a beautiful day!

I love that our girls chose to have their wedding at the site of their new home. They break ground tomorrow, but for the wedding, it was just wide open space. A beautiful field of wildflowers. I think the idea of starting their marriage on the land they'll make their home is heartwarming. You know how much I've loved having our weddings in the space we've made our home, built our family, loved and lived. I can look out the windows and see the trees that shaded us while we promised each other forever. Now our Hazel will have that same amazing feeling in her new home.

I especially love that their new home will be close enough to the Manor that Hazel actually got ready for her wedding in her childhood bedroom. Surrounded by her siblings. It was, in my opinion, a lovely way for her to say a sweet goodbye to her childhood.....

Oh Draco and Ollie, our baby girl is through her childhood! She's a young woman. A bride. She's someone's wife! How did this happen?!?!?!

Breathe Harry, breathe. This is what happens, children grow up ....

Oh my Gods! All of our children are going to be done with their childhoods someday! They are all
going to grow older and leave us! Why?!?!

Breathe, in one two three, out one two three. You've got years and years before this happens. Little caboose (who is yet unnamed!) has eighteen more years before they head off and leave their Daddies. You can do this!

Anyway, I love that their wedding being close by meant that Haz got ready at our home. But the thing I love the most about the location is how - with an entire world at their fingertips - Hazel and Pearl chose to make their home a stone's throw away from us. There was no pressure from us. I wouldn't dream of being those controlling parents who try to trick their children into staying where I can manipulate their lives. No, they both love the land, they both spent so much of their childhoods running amok through the fields of Wiltshire, that they knew this was the place they needed to put down roots.

I made my way into Hazel's room that morning, not sure what I was going to encounter. I thought there was a chance that the panicky little Harry clone was going to be in charge. But no, she was calm and serene and oh so beautiful. I actually asked Eris how many calming drops she had given her sister and she told me she didn't have to give her any. Apparently, waking up knowing she was going to marry the love of her life that day meant Hazel waking up calm and ready to begin the rest of her life.

The both of you joined us on and off throughout the morning. Draco, you sent Ollie in first to get the lay of the land. But you were as pleasantly surprised as I was to find the whole room to be full of love and laughter with no drama. Once you knew that, you settled in right next to our daughter, glass of champagne in hand, and that gorgeous Malfoy smirk on your face. The only time you left before you had to get ready yourself was to head off to where Pearl was getting ready so you could love on your Goddaughter on her wedding day.

You know I could easily go on and on about the wedding. But I think I will stick with the highlights. Hazel's choice to have the three of us walk her down the aisle meant I started the day crying and my face stayed pretty damp most of the day. It's hard to have three men walk one daughter down the aisle, so she had us do it in stages. She started with her newest Dad Oliver, Draco was stationed about a third of the way down the aisle, and I was another third past that.

But first down the aisle was our sweet Luka. With so many young nieces, nephews, godchildren, and siblings that could have been in the wedding, Hazel and Pearl decided to go simple. Just Hazel's Godson as the ring bearer, and Eris and Paige standing in as their attendants. Wasn't our Luka so sweet with his bare toes, those little suspenders, and the clutch of flowers he wanted to bring to his Tetya? We were a bit worried he wouldn't make it all the way down the aisle, so we had one of the littlest unicorns guide him down. He clung onto the golden rope we'd tied to her bridle and he made his way all the way down like a champ!
It does help that all his aunties and uncles were sitting in the front with sweets for him (and treats for the unicorn) once he'd finished his walk!

Then the maids of honor went down the aisle. Eris and Paige were stunning in their coordinating, but not matching dresses. Eris, looking elegant in her floor length deep blue tulle dress and matching long shawl. The entirety of the dress covered in gold-embroidered constellations. The entire look was finished by the beautiful Navy and Yellow-Gold Calla Lily bouquet she was carrying. Oh! And the kick-arse golden heels!

Paige had the same beautiful bouquet and killer heels, but as she's only fourteen her dress was a bit less elegant and a bit more playful. It had a deep navy solid mini-dress covered in a navy sheer long sleeved and knee length dress. Again, covered in stars.
While the little Ring Bearer was adorable. And the Maids of Honor looked gorgeous. No one could possibly hold a candle to the brides. Hazel designed her own dress, but as Pearl wanted to keep hers a surprise Hazel couldn't design hers. I've since found out that Pearl asked Eris to design her dress. It's been Hazel and Eris and then Hazel and Pearl for so long that I sometimes forget it's been a lifetime of Hazel, Eris, AND Pearl. I seemed to have forgotten how good of friends Eris has always been with Pearl.

Pearl was glowing. She was dressed in a blush-colored mermaid dress. The fitted portion beaded and embellished, while the knees down contained a riot of satin ruffles. Elegant, while also being playful and fun.

However, no one was more beautiful (even you my loves) than our Hazel. I don't even know how to describe Hazel's dress. She looked like some delicate fairy. Swathed in layers and layers of blush chiffon. It could have looked like she was hiding behind fabric, but instead she looked like something otherworldly. It was off the shoulder, the chiffon knotted in places to accentuate her feminine figure. And while all the rest of the women in the party were wearing fancy heels, I could see Haz's bare toes peeping out the bottom of her dress with each step she took.
Watching Ollie hand off our girl to Draco, then having her handed off to me, and finally handing her off to Pearl was the beginning of a tearful blur for me. I know the ceremony was beautiful. But all I can remember was the tears of happiness and being in the middle of my husbands holding my hands. Grounding me. Keeping me rooted to the moment.

I'm just thankful we're wizards and I could have Draco cast a calming charm at my eyes so they weren't red and puffy for the pictures!

Once we took about a million pictures, the entire circle of loved ones went back to get ready for the reception. With Miles' last show ending and a new one not starting up for a while, it meant his club was free and clear. I know you had hoped they would want to hold their reception at the Manor, but I think these young women holding it in a club was so perfectly them. They had a sweet, quiet, beautiful wildflower filled wedding and then headed off to a club to dance the night away.

And any disappointment you may have felt probably went out the window when you realized the change in venues meant time for a costume change! Most of the guests changed from wedding finery, to mostly appropriate clubbing clothes. Mysel, Draco, and Ollie changed into full-coverage Muggle clubwear while the older generations stayed in their traditional wedding robes.

But Hazel and Pearl blew everyone away with their beautiful wedding themed party dresses. Pearl had changed into a lace-embroidered floral white fitted dress. It would have looked at home in the pages of a Bridal magazine with the exception of it being short enough to barely cover her bum. While Hazel changed into a spaghetti strapped lacy, floral, tiny flowing mini-dress. They looked like brides on their way to do some serious damage on the dance floor. Which, in fact, they were.
Watching these two young beautiful women look into each other's eyes, singing to each other, while dancing their first song as wives, John Legend's 'All of Me' was a moment I will cherish forever. Someone, someone amazing, someone I love with all of my heart, was able to see our daughter, see all of her, and fell in love with that all.

When our Hazel first came out to us, and to be fair it was really Pearl who brought her out, my biggest fear was that the world wouldn't accept my wonderful daughter. My lovely Hazel with the giant heart. My happy girl with her arms wide open to accept anyone and everyone. I worried she wouldn't be accepted. Worried she'd never know the joy of falling in love. And now here she is, marrying the love of her life. As all the Gods as my witness, Pearl will never want for anything as long as she lives.

Nor will any of our other children because I have no shame in spoiling them all!

The rest of the night was a haze of dancing fun, joy, hugs, love, and cake. It was everything I wanted it to be for our girls. And getting to spend the night in the arms of my loves just can't be beat!

But now I suppose I've put it off long enough, I should get to packing. T minus twenty hours before we depart!

Yours,
Harry

Tuesday July 10th
ātashé del-am

Oh... Iran...

So here we are. We sort of half vowed to never come back here, but considering that it's been nearly 10 years and we've managed to heal, it seemed like a good thing to do for the anniversary of our last (until recently) Unity House. The last one WE actually created and not just me filing paperwork and being obligated to follow through on it.

Pippa, as capable and competent as ever, managed to rent us a large mansion in the wealthier area of Kermanshah - the capital city in the province of Kermanshah, Iran. We chose it all those years
ago (the province of Kermanshah) because it was on the border of Iraq and had one of the 10 most populated cities in all of Iran in the province in case we needed things that just couldn't be found in smaller cities or towns. Or middles of nowhere.

As for Unity itself, it's actually located in a different county of the province, outside a small to medium sized city called Qasr-e Shirin. This is as close to the border of Iraq that we could get while still feeling relatively safe. And of course, we chose the most isolated part along the Hulwan River we could find to set up Unity so that once it was established in the fairly fertile landscape, it had a good chance of sustaining itself with small scale farming and large gardens.

The winter is rather mild, but of course, WE chose bloody hot and arid summer to visit, sigh. Good thing we are masters at cooling charms!

But as I was saying, Pippa rented us a mansion on the other side of the province that is still in Apparation range, and also, had it temporarily connected to the local floo system during our stay. The reason we needed a mansion and couldn't just stay in one of the hotels in Qasr-e Shirin is that we had more people coming with us than originally expected.

See, we thought that with most of the adults and teen children busy doing their own things, it would most likely just be the littles coming with us. That made sense, right?

OH NO! River and Mahafsoun had to go back to America after the wedding for her show, but Orion insisted that he HAD to come with us, with Gemini, Ben, and Mara. Alright fine. The rest of the adult children are busy doing their own thing, right? Nope. Yes, Hazel and Pearl are busy - having just gotten married and wanting to stay near their home as it's being built, but Eris most definitely wanted to visit Iran again. Hazel actually said she will probably come for the actual gala, but until then, Eris lugged Eric and Luka with her.

What about Viona? She's too busy, right? Nope again. It seems that she would sooner go bankrupt than miss returning to Iran with the family, and she naturally brought Alric and Cassie with her (which Oliver is delighted by). (Note: there's no way in bloody hell that a simple extended vacation would make her go bankrupt.)

What are we at so far? The three of us plus... 10 adult children, or rather, four adult children and their families/partners/baby daddy.

Then I had actually counted on both Siri and Zwei not wanting to come with, since they were both still rather young 10 years ago and only barely remember being here. I was right about Siri; he *is* taking the opportunity to stay with his team for the summer to do as many practices as possible to learn as many new techniques as he can. Zwei - on the other hand - had nothing better to do (and can post to the magi-web anywhere in the world), and so, came with us. I'm rather happy about that.

Unexpectedly, Jules demanded to come with us, having never really traveled before. He was excited to see some of the local rich history, having a hidden passion for archaeology, which I'm looking forward to exploring with him while he's here. Oh, and in case you somehow missed it, he brought Romeo. Apparently Romeo's parents don't mind their son traipsing across the world with us, which I don't understand because he is a lovely boy and if I was his father (or mother, shrugs), I'd want him around all the time. Except when he's heartbroken, in which case, he can cry on someone else's lap for a change.

Luckily, he and Jules are getting along so well that it might actually be a forever thing. It's still early days, but we'll see.
But back to our large rented mansion in Iran. We hadn't counted on Shtara coming with because we assumed that she'd be performing in her show until fall, but apparently, that was wrong as the play was scheduled to end at the end of July, and she negotiated with the powers that be to end her role a few weeks early so that she could come with us. Zaire stayed behind with Callista and his restaurant, but plans to pop in at least once to go on a food tour (so we may not actually see him), while Jaz wouldn't have passed this opportunity up for love nor money. She naturally brought Vani... and the core of their film crew.

Which just leaves the ones we always assumed were coming: Persephone, Lily, Caelum, Atreyu, Nora, Gabriel, Dylan, and Morgana. So... 27 of us (plus Jaz and Vani's crew), more if I remember to add Pippa, Leah, Sirius, and their boys (and all our elves) to the count. Honestly, we probably needed a bigger mansion, hahahahaha!

As for Elena, she and her crew are still tying up all the loose strings for her school and move to Spain. That said, she promised they would come to the Gala.

You know, if I'm honest, I was genuinely surprised by Orion, Eris, and Viona, but I probably shouldn't have been. 10 years ago, they were definitely old enough to help out - and more importantly - remember doing so and... amazingly, feel like it was a mostly good experience that they look forward to helping out with again.

Our kids are bloody brilliant! How did we get so blessed?!

Today was spent unpacking and settling in. Our first mission is to shop and sightsee a bit tomorrow and Thursday, but then on Friday, we have the official visit/meeting with Unity House Iran and it's staff. I remember fondly how our favorite caregiver back in the day was Kamaria; who was so wonderful and GIVING that we named Jasmine's middle name after her. Well, it seems that Kamaria has worked her way into leading Unity House, so that's even MORE reason to look forward to the meeting.

Interestingly enough, as much as I'm looking forward to reconnecting with Kamaria, Viona, Orion, and Eris are looking forward even MORE to seeing some of the kids they bonded with. Usually, they would expect those kids to have been adopted out a long time ago, but there were simply SO MANY war orphans with challenging injuries that ended up here, that realistically, most of them are probably still here. The good thing is that those who are now officially too old to live in Unity House, have been able to stay on as part of the staff.

I will admit that out of all the Unity Houses we created, I'm possibly most proud of this one, because it created some much needed opportunities for *women* in the area. True, other Unity Houses were in areas where women needed a tiny slice of equality and opportunity, but here...

Anyway, I could go on and on, but one of the best parts about this mansion we're staying in is a nice big pool. So I'm going to end here for now and go swim in it to cool off from the heat of the day. It's so hot today that even poor Jules and Romeo seem unwilling to create any heat between them, buwahahahaha!

Sadly, it's so hot today that I'm not entirely willing to create any heat between us either. We're DEFINITELY casting a good half dozen cooling charms on our bedroom tonight!

Oh can't you see, you belong to me,
Draco

P.S. Oh! How in the bloody hell did I completely forget??? Probably because they're YOURS, but... well, Dudley, Donna, and their kids decided to tag along, and not just as a family holiday that is mostly paid. They (shockingly) want to help out a bit with the Gala.
P.P.S. I'm so sorry, Oliver my love. I honestly DIDN'T mean to forget that your parents tagged along as well. I just… didn't really spend much time with them on the flight here, and so, I suppose they got lost in the crowd, hahaha. Ask Pippa how many times I've forgotten about her when she's literally been AT MY BACK, and then maybe you won't feel so vexed that I forgot to include your parents in my email head count. Love you!

P.P.P.S. And since I'm on the subject of people I forgot to add to the official head count, there was one... person? that I didn't recognize, and so, probably Teddy? Hang on... Yep! He's wearing his name pendant! and wait! Isn't that Mac with him? HOW in the bloody hell did I not notice THEM on the damn plane?!

P.P.P.P.S. We've far surpassed 40 people, haven't we? Oh well, the more hands, the better. This House isn't going to know what hit it, buwahahahahaha!
Chapter 313

Chapter Summary

Harry wonders why they didn't return to Iran sooner and Draco is rather alarmed.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Friday July 13, 2018

My Own,

Why did we wait so long to come back here? Well, don't answer that. I KNOW why we waited so long to come back here. And perhaps if we had come back before now we wouldn't have been ready. Maybe it wouldn't have been a good experience. Heck, we haven't even been to Unity House itself yet, maybe it's still not going to be a good experience. But for now, I've had an absolutely lovely couple of days.

We got tons of sightseeing and shopping in yesterday and Wednesday. You can babble about that if you'd like, but I am more excited to talk about the wonderful time I've had with our family these last few days then actually talk about what we've seen or purchased.

You know how unbelievably proud I am of our Shtara. She is brilliant and motivated. She's talented and charismatic. She can control an entire room with a single note of song. But she's also my little girl. She's fifteen years old and I feel as though I never get to see her.

Realistically of course I see her. We see her throughout the weekdays when she has time off from her shows. We go see her perform fairly regularly. I like to pop over during time off from that job I don't have anymore!!! But she's a full time working woman who I sometimes wish would be underfoot and bugging me to take her shopping or bake her sweets.

I know she has a lifetime ahead of her to dazzle the world. She loves what she does and she's amazing at it. But I am so so so thrilled that she ended her run earlier than expected. Mostly selfishly I love that I get to see her so often. But also, she's got a beautiful set of pipes and a lifetime ahead of her to use them. I hate the idea of her straining them or not resting her voice properly and potentially damaging them.

Watching her these last few days while sightseeing has been fun. Just seeing her be a fifteen year old silly tourist. But it's been our time at "home" that's been my favorite so far. We've lounged by the pool, we've sat around snacking on crisps in our jammies late into the evening (you can pull a girl out of the theatre but ....). Gods, I've just really enjoyed these few days of relative normality.

Just like Zaire, he's just a little boy. He's my little buddy. He used to follow me around everywhere and now he's not even following when we leave the country! I miss him. I'm trying so hard not to guilt trip him into spending more time with us. He's spreading his wings and heaven forbid I try to clip those wings. I want him to experience everything life has to offer. I just wish he was home more.
Is it so wrong that as we wandered around that bazaar with upwards of forty people with us, all I could focus on were my babies that weren't with us? I get the adult babies that weren't with us, I don't expect Lainie, Parker, River, or Haz to follow us around their entire lives. But Siri and Z are just teeny tiny little boys who should be with their Daddies!

But then again, with those kids I'm missing, I am also pleasantly surprised at the ones who chose to join us. I feel as though I haven't seen Mac in forever! It's amazing that he's here with us. And as usual, I know he'll bring his special empathic gifts to the Kids at Unity.

I have such mixed feelings about Unity Iran, mostly about the Kids who live there. A part of me is so sad for them that many of them have essentially lived their entire lives within the House. The realities of the area mean many of them were never adopted. But then again, it wasn't just one or two children that lived there for most of their childhood. They may have never been adopted, but they certainly had a loving and close knit family they grew up with.

I'm so proud that all that heartbreaking work we did all those years ago meant a safe and loving home for them to grow up in. A home that was good enough that many of them chose to make it their livelihood as they became adults. What better proof of how amazing Unity Iran became can there be than the fact that when given the chance to leave, so many choose to stay?

And because I'm already admitting to some of my more self-centered feelings, I will admit that I LOVE the fact that we have come back a decade later and when we go there later today I will see faces I knew and loved all those years ago.

I'm a bit nervous to see Kamaria. I think that's why I am writing this right now instead of trying to rush everyone out the door. She was so wonderful to our family. I love her so much. She was so important to us we named our daughter after her! And then we went away and didn't come back. I know we kept in touch. I know we've sent letters and pictures. But it's not the same as visiting.

Do you think she'll be happy to see us? Or do you think a part of her hates us for abandoning her? For abandoning them all? You mentioned the sustainability of their farming or gardening, I think that's what kept them able to keep going as long as they did. Without as much funding going into Unity Iran as other Unity Houses, they've really made it work and thrive on their own.

I swear to anyone listening that I will make this gala the best event I've ever put together! I will make up for my own inadequacies and make sure they are able to keep this place thriving for many years to come.

Hope you brought the checkbook baby because this one is going to be a doozy!

Shamefully,
Harry

P.S. Alright, time to get the lead out. Let's go you slowpokes!!
Our kids who were here before had teary eyed reunions with friends - which made me feel guilty that I've never donated a bunch of magi-tablets so the kids could Magi-Skype with each other. I plan to fix that as soon as possible. That said, one of the things that nearly made ME cry was when Shtara went around personally greeting all the kids. She wasn't here back then, but has heard about what happened. She *thought* she was prepared to face the reality, but she wasn't. Seeing kids missing limbs or covered in burns really got to her, but rather than run and hide, she put on a mini concert of all her favorite songs.

And if that wasn't amazing enough, the fact that she was on the verge of tears just made her sound all the better. The kids here may not have seen her plays, but they know the movies and positively LOVED hearing her sing their favorite songs. As I listened, she sang one from Moana that made me wonder if she was planning to audition (Who are we kidding? At this point, she probably wouldn't need to audition to get the job) for that play next.

Anyway, as I was saying - Oh hang on. I just received an owl from Kamaria...

Huh... She didn't write much, just that an elderly couple came into Unity today asking an uncomfortable question, and she'd like one of us (I'll do it because I took delivery of the owl) to go visit her/them briefly.

Also, the both of you are currently feeding everyone except me lunch as I basically just woke up, so, definitely best if I go. Hang on, I'll not sign off so that I can add whatever the question is to my email.

-

Erm... So... Well... This might be a bit of drama. Harry, if you are not sitting while reading this, please sit. See... erm... What happened was that that elderly couple had one hell of a question to ask. It seems that on Thursday, they spotted someone out shopping that they would swear up and down that is dead.

Their daughter.

Except NOT their daughter as - if she was still alive - she'd be in her late 30s. So, rather spooked by what appeared to be a living ghost, they did some research. The same research they did do around 10 years ago, but this time, they had different results.

A while back, their daughter and her husband were traveling on a bit of an aid mission. For the most part, the couple was safe, and expecting their third child. The older two were in this couple's care. A boy and a girl, in case you were dying to know. In any case, they received word that the place their daughter and her husband was staying was bombed.

Their initial research concluded that the couple AND the unborn child were all dead, but the more recent research was not so certain, and told them that while their daughter and her husband were dead (the bodies had been documented, which could be shown to them), the fact was that the baby was not in the mother's body, and they weren't certain what had happened to it, except that all surviving orphaned children were sent to Unity Iran.

Armed with this knowledge, they located the place and showed up to ask if their grandchild was currently or previously at Unity. And... the only baby that fit the description that ALSO happened to be out shopping on Thursday is...

Jasmine.
Yeah... so the baby we had no idea who her parents were or any inclination as to where she came from (aside from a bombed out area over in Iraq), the baby we fell in love with at first sight and adopted, the baby we've watched grow into a beautiful young girl...

She might have biological family right here in this city. And... Suddenly I'm scared. Will they want her back? Will SHE want to be with her grandparents and siblings? If it came down to a legal battle, would their government ever actually side with non citizens over citizens who have a valid familial claim?

Sigh... I'm going to go... meditate. In the pool. I think we should each digest this information for a bit and talk it over before we say anything at all to Jaz.

Come find me when you are ready to talk.

Everything I do, I do it for you (both. And all our kids.),
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Blessed Yule! ^_^
Harry reassures Draco, who is slightly more at ease now.

Breathe Darling,

Hey, hey, hey. I need you to breathe Love. This is good news. I know, it's terrifying thinking about potentially losing our child. But you and I both know that will not happen. That will never happen. We have all the legal standing, we know Unity Iran did its due diligence in not allowing the adoption to become official before all available avenues were checked.

If you'll remember, we had her at only a day or two old. We knew she was ours. We even took her home with us when we left Iran. But while we were her legal guardians immediately, the adoption wasn't official until she was almost nine months old. Simply because they don't want to have to deal with a legal battle until they could be reasonably assured she didn't have any family.

Maybe if it were her biological PARENTS looking for her there may be a scarier claim to our daughter, but these are the grandparents.

And as you and Ollie are probably well aware, I'm not worried because she is our daughter and if there really were a fear she'd be taken from us, I know of a lovely place we can go where they will not find her. The only thing that would stop me is if SHE wanted to go and live with them. I know my daughter, there's no way she'd leave her family for these people she doesn't know. Not to mention the fact that they don't even speak the same language as our child. I mean, I only know the information you've given me, but I have to assume an elderly Iranian couple is unlikely to speak BSL.

However, in my opinion, none of this will be an issue at all. I don't need to steal her away in the dead of night. We won't have to get the Malfoy Lawyer Armada involved. We have ALWAYS been up front with our children about who they are and where they came from. Jaz knows all about her background in a generalized way, but now she can know who her parents were, she can know her relatives, she can and will have a relationship. Just like we used to send River to his grandparents on Rosalie's side every summer, I have no issues sending or bringing Jaz for extensive visits with her newfound siblings and grandparents.

I can't imagine her relatives wanting so badly to own her that they can't see how willing and able we will be to facilitate a good relationship. We can send her to visit here, they can come visit. Hell, you know as well as I do that if they wanted their own vacation home in Wiltshire, we'd be happy to provide them a place nearby where they could see Jaz every single day if they so chose.

I, personally, am quite excited to see her family members. To see if she resembles her grandparents. To see if she looks just like her siblings. I'm even curious, because we've never been able to ascertain if her hearing impairment was a result of being in the explosive area she was found in or is it potentially a genetic condition? I know you're worried, and maybe if you weren't worried enough for all of us I might be panicking myself, but I'm actually quite excited to see what comes of this new development!
I'll give you about an hour or so to read this, deal with your emotions, and then Ollie and I will come find you to talk.

Yours For Always,
Harry

Sunday July 15th
My solid foundations,

After being calmed by you both, and talking to Jaz last night, we decided to be proactive. The potential grandparents had left me their details, and I contacted them asking if they'd like to meet with Jasmine. And take a 'paternity' test to prove that she really is the baby they think she is. They are gracious and confident, agreeing right away.

Thus at 2PM today, just in time for a lovely tea, Radin and Pantea Avin emerged from our floo. That was actually a good sign, I suppose, that they are a local wizarding family, which would be almost required for Jaz to have magic. I personally believe that with her ability to Apparate as an infant, she almost certainly could not have been muggle born. In any case, the Avins stepped out of the floo and looked around in amazement at the opulence of our rented mansion.

We tried to keep it rather small, and so, it was just the three of us, Jaz, Leah, and Pippa.

I took the lead by performing the introductions. "Mr. and Mrs. Avin, this is Jasmine Kamaria Malfoy, my first husband Harry, my second husband Oliver, Jasmine's dedicated nanny and interpreter Leah, and my invaluable assistant Pippa. Jaz love, these are your potential grandparents, Radin and Pantea."

Leah was naturally interpreting, but I had also spelled out their names in sign because I had seen the names on their contact details and figured that Leah might not be able to assume that Ra-deen was spelled Radin.

Jasmine smiled and gave them a quick and respectful nod of her head as she signed: "Lovely to meet you." Which Leah interpreted for her. (Lucky the Avins speak English!)

"Do you mind if we perform the test before we sit down for refreshments?" I asked, eager to get that part over either way.

"Please do," Radin permitted with a kind smile and a nod.

I used my wand because I hadn't really ever had a need to practice this particular spell wandlessly. Taking the time to ensure that I performed it correctly, I cast the spell to determine blood relationship. I felt strangely happy even as my heart sank when the test confirmed that they were indeed Jaz' grandparents.

"Well... that's that, I suppose. Jaz, my love, it's true, they really are your grandparents," I informed her in both spoken and sign language.

She asked if that meant it was true she had a brother and a sister too then.

"Jasmine would like to know about her siblings," I interpreted.

Pantea smiled, looking nearly bursting with happiness and sadness. "Your sister Rohzan is about to turn 15, and your brother Kaveh is 12. I'm sorry if this sounds rude, but we didn't realize that
Jasmine was deaf. Did something happen to her?"

Well, I suppose that answers that as well. It can't be genetic if they assumed she was hearing.

You smiled supportively. "As far as we can tell, it happened before or shortly after she was born... probably when the place they were staying in was bombed..."

This visibly saddened the Avins for a moment before they smiled at Jasmine again. "We are so happy to meet you. We grieved for our daughter and her husband, of course, but it was sadder by far to think about a child who never got to experience a single breath."

With that, we invited them to sit for tea. Jaz insta-owled Vani, Shtara, and Zwei to come in and join us. She proudly (via Leah) introduced her brother, sister, and cousin, even going so far as to explain that Shtara was adopted from New York, Zwei was born to us, and Vani was adopted by one of my brothers.

That led to Jaz and Vani telling them ALL about their TV show for deaf children, until Shtara decided that it was time to tell them a little about her plays - which could well have lasted the rest of the night, except that all our littles ran into the room to demand attention (and probably a snack). Persephone and Lily rapidly signed questions to Jaz such as: Will you film us rock climbing/skating around the city? - Which Leah interpreted for the Avins.

Jaz and Vani did an impromptu planning session for a segment of their show in which they incorporated exploring the city and surrounding country (as much as we'd comfortably allow) by skating and climbing when possible.

Nora sat in Jasmine's lap and spoke to her in French, which Jaz can understand so long as she is wearing the translating contacts I made for her. Which she apparently was because she signed responses.

As that bit of chaos was ensuing, I introduced the littles to the Avins, who looked a bit overwhelmed by the sheer amount of kids in the room. The chaos did NOT settle down, as the rest of our large extended family decided that it was definitely time for tea and joined us. Aside from being overwhelmed, I think the Avins realized something very important.

We really ARE Jasmine's family. In every sense of the word. We've ALL fallen into the habit of signing everything we say when she's in the room, even if we're not talking to her directly. Which means that it's clear that we do our best to include her no matter what, and that is something they will have to work on if they want to have a relationship with her.

The visit ended with Jaz asking if the Avins would return when they felt ready and bring her brother and sister for her to meet. The Avins said they would discuss it with Rohzan and Kaveh, and then let us know. If they DO decide to come back and pursue this relationship, I'm going to give them magi-tablets so that they can Magi-Skype with her as much as they want.

In any case, I'm feeling... better... than I was before. A little more at ease with the situation, but not quite happy about it yet. I'll get there.

All for love,
Draco
Chapter 315

Chapter Summary

The Avins return for another visit with Jasmine, this time bringing her siblings.

Monday July 16, 2018

My Everything,

Gods Draco, you summed up our entire life in one email. Starting out with a "We tried to keep it rather small, and so, it was just ..." and then ending with a bunch of innocent people being overwhelmed by our entire entourage, chaos, a telly program planning session, multiple languages being spoken, and an impromptu musical performance.

I feel as though yesterday went well. Hopefully it went a ways into proving to you, Draco, that no one is taking our daughter away. And to remind you that she isn't leaving on her own. Those (admittedly lovely) people can and should be PART of her family. But we ARE her family. She knows it. She knows where she belongs. She's known whose arms she belonged in from her very first accidental magic.

We need to head off to Unity House in roughly negative five minutes to do some serious Gala prep so this is going to be embarrassingly short, but I wanted to bring up an idea.

We have the gala next weekend. I know it will be amazing and I'm excited to really hunker down and get this accomplished. Side note: I think with how well they've managed because of their ability to farm I think we should do something with the gala about farming, maybe a performance? And possibly have a pre-party out near the fields? Or ask everyone who comes to bring a plant or a goat or something. Please be aware from these suggestions that I know absolutely nothing about living off the land.

What would I do if I had to provide my own food? I don't even know where tacos live.

Anywho .... we've had a long year. We've had some wonderful changes in our family. We've had beloved people enter our lives. We've technically traveled. But besides our honeymoon, it's mostly been for business or something that HAD to be done. I think it's time we went on a trip. Somewhere beachy! It's been absolutely ages since we've taken the kids out surfing! Come on! You know you both want to see our resident surfing queen attempt to surf with an adorable baby bump!

If you both agree I will stockpile gillyweed and do some absolutely filthy things to you underwater!

Gotta run, we're so late!

Yours,

Harry
Thursday July 19
My beloved husbands,

Today was a perfect mess! I loved every moment of it. First, we had the Avins come over for tea with their grandchildren so that Jaz could meet her brother and sister. Once again, we tried to keep this a small affair so as to not overwhelm two teenagers who’d never met us before.

Rohzan looks rather a lot like Jaz. It's sort of weird to see her features in a slightly more grown up version. To make things as easy as possible, I had programmed Jaz's translation contacts with the local language, and when the Avins arrived, gave them all earbuds (or contacts) they could use if they wanted to translate English to their language. Thus, when Rohzan gave Jaz a hug of greeting and babbled something which was presumably: "I'm so happy to meet you!" Jaz understood and signed: "I can't believe you're really my sister!" In return, which Leah interpreted and Rohzan understood via her earbuds.

All in all, how could that NOT be chaotic? But also, perfect, right?

Kaveh and Jaz had a slightly different greeting in that - judging by his expression - he said something like: "Ugh, another sister. Hi." Because Jaz smiled at him, gave him a hug anyway, and told him that she was happy to meet him. Which made him blush a bit.

This was an ideal break from all the gala prep we'd been working on almost non stop for days. I mean that WE were able to take a break with Jaz, but the rest of our kids were still going at it under the supervision of Kamaria, Viona, Orion, and Eris. Which meant that we had Nora, our babies, Gemini, and Luka in with us.

Rohzan and Kaveh told Jaz all about their summer so far, and bits and pieces of their lives in general. Jaz asked her grandparents to tell her about her parents, and also, wondered if she had grandparents from her father. As to that, she does, just that the Avins haven't seen or heard from them since the funeral, and so, would have no idea how to contact them.

Jaz looked at me and signed that she'd need to think about it before having me have someone track them down, as she had enough new family members to keep her occupied for the moment. I signed in return that I'd have someone find them, but not contact them in any way until Jaz felt ready.

Tea was going well, and rather quiet and peaceful considering that Nora and Morgana were both on my lap fighting for my attention. Gabriel and Dylan were on Harry's lap being slightly energetic angels, and Luka was sitting on Grandpa Oliver's lap, gnawing on poor Oliver's fingers, from what I could tell. (Gemini was asleep in a pen off to the side.)

Suddenly, a ball of pure energy entered the room, headed straight for Jaz, and kissed her on the cheek. "I JUST made the most AMAZING Kabab Torsh and Saffron Rice! Here, have some!" Zaire insisted, handing her one of the dozen or so plates floating along behind him.

"Hello Zaire, lovely to see you again," I greeted dryly. "By this, I take it that you've been in Iran for a while, on a food tour, and have then come home to use the kitchen for an hour or so before FINALLY letting your dads know that you're here?"

"I missed you too, dad!" Zaire replied, handing me a plate. "The Kabab is made from Lamb and it's marinated in a paste made from crushed walnuts, pomegranate juice, and olive oil. You're going to LOVE IT!!!" He assured me, giving me a kiss on the cheek and moving on to you and Oliver. With kisses to everyone except for the Avins, he handed out the plates of food (including the Avins), and raved about things like how the saffron really gives the rice a lovely taste that's a bit like vanilla but indescribable.
Then - before any of us could really say a word - his eyes swept over our tea service which made him gasp from the deepest offense. "Is THAT *really* what you're having for tea?! It's nothing more than biscuits and pudding! That is NOT acceptable!!! I'll be right back with a proper variety of petit fours! I made them in France and put them in stasis in my carry all," he explained as he rushed out of the room.

Jaz grinned at her new siblings and signed an explanation that Zaire is her favorite goofball, always CONVINCED that none of us ate enough, and yet, somehow managed to look like he never ate a bite himself. This was probably a combination of his high energy and exercise regimen. Leah interpreted, adding an explanation that Zaire was one of our adopted sons.

"HOW MANY KIDS DO YOU HAVE?!" Kaveh blurted out, presumably having heard about the ones his grandparents had already met. Lucky, we were ALSO wearing the translation devices, because you laughed and said: "OHHHHH... 21. But Oliver's going to have another in a couple of months.

Jaz decided that she should be the one to name them all, rapidly signing all their names and ages - and whether they were adopted or born to us. The Avins were all quite pale with shock by the time she was done.

Zaire reentered the room with the little cakes he'd promised. He continued on as if he hadn't even taken a breath. "Anyway, as I was saying, I found SO MANY wonderful dishes here in Iran! WHY haven't we come here sooner?! They have this delightful *pawn-shawnt* for making things with walnuts and pomegranate. And I think Saffron is my new favorite spice!"

He sat himself next to Jaz and took hold of one of her hands. "What do you think of the Kababs?"

She pressed her thumb, fore, and middle finger to her lips, and kissed them as she broke them apart in his direction, letting him know that she loved it. He kissed her on the cheek, and then noticed our visitors. "Oh hi! I'm Zaire Malfoy, one of the middle kids. Jaz is my favorite sister -"

"Don't let Shtara hear you say that," I murmured dryly, as Shtara feels that despite the slight difference in age, she and Zaire are the best of friends and each other's favorites.

"And I really hope you like my food," Zaire continued, possibly not having heard me. "Have you ever been to London? If you ever visit London, stop in at my restaurant - Zaire's Langa - and ask for me, I'll see to it that you get as much as you can eat at a discount!"

Jaz signed to him that this was actually her biological grandparents - on her mother's side - and her brother and sister.

Zaire looked shaken for a moment, putting an arm around her even as he looked to you, Harry. "They're not going to take our Jazzy away from us, are they?"

You shook your head. "No. Our goal is to give Jaz the best relationship she can have with her family."

"Speaking of!" I burst out, suddenly remembering my plan. "I have a gift for each of you. I cannot actually recall if we've expanded our Magitech business to this country, but it shouldn't matter, these tablets can use regular muggle internet if that's all that's available. Otherwise, these tablets are designed to access and use the magi-web so that you can use apps such as Magi-Skype to talk to people - video chat - around the world. If you like, you can chat with Jaz whenever she has time. Right love?" I asked as I handed each of the Avins their own Magi-tablet.
She positively beamed as she signed: "I LOVE THAT IDEA! THANK YOU DADDY!"

That was right about the time that Hazel and Pearl arrived and entered the room. "We're HERE!"
They sang out joyfully. They each gave the three of us kisses before Hazel promised you a full account of their house construction - later - before turning to hold my hands. "Say daddy... would you happen to have any of that potion that turns blood into, ermm..." She made a mildly repulsed face. "That STUFF we need to get my wife pregnant with my child?"

Pearl bounced a bit giddily, clearly on board with this plan and eager to get to it.

"Erm... Not ON me, but I could probably have Dibly send us a vial, since he's back at home keeping an eye on Erma as necessary," I replied.

Harry just could not wait to pull Hazel into his arms and hold her tight, crying something about his baby having babies! This made Hazel cry and babble something about always being our baby.

"I'm HERE!" Elena sang out as she walked into the room with Ethan, Rose, Rodrigo, Joel, and Jayden. And Rafael, of course. "Here! Hold Raf! If I don't visit a loo soon, I might MURDER a little old lady if she got in my way!" She exclaimed as she set Rafael in Oliver's lap with Luka.

"Oi! ***I*** rather need to use the loo as well!" Oliver protested, and to be fair, it had been more than ten minutes since his last trip.

Jaz held out her hands for Rafael while Zaire volunteered to take Luka.

Siri burst into the room before anyone had a chance to escape. "You all MISSED my most brilliant performance yet! With this win, we're well on our way to the World Cup! But don't worry! I had it captured by an array of MMM video cameras!" He paused to look around. "Where's Zwei?"

You chuckled, Harry. "He's over at Unity House, helping out with nearly last minute preparations."

"Oh..." Siri murmured in disappointment. "I think I'll head over there and tell him everything he missed as I KNOW he'll be utterly heartbroken if he doesn't see me as soon as possible."

I smirked at him. "You mean YOU'LL be heartbroken if you don't see HIM as soon as possible."

"He WISHES!" Siri declared before leaving the room.

"I feel I must apologize all over again, Radin, Pantea," I told them. "With a family as big as ours, it's almost IMPOSSIBLE to have a truly quiet and peaceful moment.

Shtara burst into the room. "Has Elena arrived yet?! She promised me that she was going to write a song or two for me to sing at the gala! I have almost NO time left to memorize it!"

Since Elena and Oliver had managed to rush off to the loo, Rodrigo answered her. "No worries, love! Our Laina has not only written you two FABULOUS songs to sing, but she only has to finish her business in the loo before she plans to dedicate nearly every moment between now and then rehearsing them with you."

"Brilliant!" Shtara exclaimed, and then spotted Zaire and Jaz. "Zaire! You're here! Ooo! Is that a Kabab? Jaz, why aren't you over at Unity House? The kids won't stop asking when you plan to go there and play with them some more."

Jaz signed: "I'm meeting my brother and sister, remember?"
"Oh! That must be them! Our Jazzy is the kindest and most generous girl you've ever met. We love her so much! Did you know she can play the drums? You wouldn't think it, right? But she is actually BRILLIANT at it! Oi Jaz, are you planning to play at the gala?"

Jaz nodded and signed: "Yeah, Elena wrote music to go with those songs you'll be singing, and I've already been practicing my part when I have some time over the last few days."

"What's this gala you all keep mentioning?" Pantea asked with interest.

Harry avidly explained everything about how it was coming up on the 10th anniversary of when we founded Unity House Iran, and how we're planning to host a huge fundraiser. That's when Mr. and Mrs. Avin got a funny look on their faces.

"You... founded Unity House? We thought... Are YOU Harry Potter?"

And didn't THAT just cause a hilarious uproar? BUWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Because the greatest love of all is happening to me,
Draco
P.S. Where would you like to go? Any specific ideas?
Chapter 316

Chapter Summary

Harry can't help but be famous.

Chapter Notes

Merry Christmas all!

Friday July 20, 2018

Ugh!!!!

You know, I really thought I could get away from all of that "Oh! Are you Harry Potter?" stuff when I changed my last name. But I still get it all the time. Not quite so much when we're home in England since I'm mostly old news in all the circles we travel in. Traveling within the wizarding world yet outside of Britain is a different story.

You'd think with how uninvolved with our war the outside world was that they wouldn't know who I am. But my name traveled far enough that they know me. And then I went on to write all those books and clear my side of the story for the Muggles. And on top of that I had to travel the world creating this Unity Houses. I haven't done such a good job of ridding myself of my fame have I?

Oh well, I suppose I'd rather be known for building orphanages and schools than in accidentally yeeting someone's wand out of their hand hard enough to kill them!

If you didn't already know, "yeet" is a word that's super hip and popular with the cool kids. All the young people are using it these days. Since I am young and hella cool I know all about it.

Anyway, Draco again you summed up our lives perfectly in your last email. Previously you talked about us trying to do something quietly and small and it ending in chaos. Then, just now, you called our day yesterday a "Perfect Mess"

I am pretty sure my next book will either be a description of our adult lives or a memoir ... "A Perfect Mess: a Memoir by Harry Malfoy-Wood"

I'm really pleased with how well Jaz's interactions with her grandparents and siblings have gone, they've been lovely so far. It was a bit bittersweet being able to look at Rohzan and see a window into Jaz's own future face. However, I was so relieved at Zaire's reaction to learning about these people being located, seeing our worries come out. Knowing our fears that have been the elephant in the room just needed to be shouted out by a mouthy older brother! Not only did they see how horrified our children were at the idea of Jaz being taken from us, but it gave me the opportunity to assure EVERYONE that not only would that NEVER happen but that we were definitely committed to strengthening their connection to Jaz.
It was a very naturally occurring moment where I was able to assure Jaz we would never willingly give her up while reassuring the Avins that we had no intention of keeping them from Jaz or vice versa.

Oh our Shtara! I think it's funny that she insists that she and Zaire are the closest and each others favorites when it is SO SO SO obvious that she and Lainie have that bond. Maybe it's the age difference that keeps her from seeing it? Elena being the oldest has a different relationship with her brothers and sisters than most of the other kids have. She was significantly older than the rest of them and I think because of this she has always had a bit more of a beloved auntie relationship particularly with the youngest of the kids. With her children being the same age as her youngest siblings, she's definitely going to be more like and aunt to the kids Nora's age and younger.

But even though she's over a decade younger, Lainie has always treated Shtara a bit more like an equal. Maybe it's their common love of performing? Maybe it's because Shtara's upbringing had her growing up faster than most kids her age. Or it could be the simple fact of Shtara having lived at Lainie's school giving them a lot of one on one bonding time.

And while our little Nora may have claimed her Daddy Oliver as her favorite person ever, and she really looks up to Seph and Lissa as her older but not by much big sisters, that girl thinks the sun shines out of Shtara's ... face.

I love our family. Our children are by far the best children to have ever existed on the face of the planet. But I sometimes find myself thinking of them as a group. "My kids" or "each others' siblings." It's really amazing when I break it down, to think about all of their intersecting relationships. Just like each of us has our own relationships with each other and with each child individually, each of the kids have their own relationships with their brothers and sisters. I love seeing those relationships thrive and blossom.

A guy could just about cry thinking about all the love flowing through our family.

And uh, speaking of our family ... I wasn't going to pressure you guys about this upcoming possible trip. But since your P.S. included asking me if I had any ideas about where to take our family trip, I will admit that I have a definite idea. No pressure, we can go anywhere you'd like. But ....

It's been two decades since I've been. It was an unbelievable holiday to go on. And I'd love to introduce my family to the place I fell in love with traveling. I'd love to visit the area I got my Narcissa Mum her first (of many) special cuttings I found to add to her gardens. Show you Draco the place I bought you komboloi. Ollie, while you may not be a worrier, maybe I could get you your own set of worry beads.

So, come to Greece with me?

Se agapo,
Harry

Saturday July 21st
My exhausted husbands,

All in all, I think that was a big success. Sure, we had one or two near meltdowns before the gala started, but once it was going, it was really something worth attending.

Pippa has OUTDONE herself! I'll be perfectly happy if she gave herself a large bonus. See, she had
coordinated with Kamaria from the beginning of the planning on what exactly would be best for an
Iranian audience, and they agreed that many of the things we might do in Britain or California (for
example) - such as a Drag show - would NOT work in Iran. So what else was there?

Comedy.

Yep, Pippa managed to engage not one but TWO brilliant comedians to play for our Gala. It means
that between them and the live musical entertainment that played from time to time, the entire day
was jam packed well into the night.

The highlights, from my perspective, were when Ricky Gervais performed his hilarious routine
that JUST managed to balance on the line between funny and offensive (the best joke actually
being a question wondering why he'd seen so many things that looked almost magical while at this
orphanage). After him, Shtara and our kids performed an absolutely AMAZING mini concert, and
the last of the highlights was the arguable 'main' act of the night...

Fluffy...

AKA Gabriel Iglesias.

I thought it was rather touching that he came out to sit at our table with us before it was time for
him to get ready, and so, had a chance to meet OUR little Gabriel. I don't know if he likes kids in
general, but he was certainly kind, playful, and funny when holding or otherwise interacting with
our kids. I liked him and would be more than willing to hire him to perform for a gala again.

In any case, the entertainment was so enjoyable that everyone who attended the gala reported
giving more than they had anticipated, and no, I didn't cast any spells to make them do so.

Thus, thanks to everyone who helped out - Teddy and Mac, your cousin and his family, even the
Avins helped out! - we were able to raise enough money to give Unity Iran a good chance at
thriving for several years to come.

I'm so proud of all of us!

So won't you ride with me, ride with me, see where this thing goes, if it's meant to be, let it be, let it
be, Baby just let it be,

Draco
Chapter 317

Chapter Summary

Harry wants an answer.

Sunday July 22, 2018

Exhausted? Exhausted? I’ll show you exhausted!! Yeah right after I’m done writing this, I’m going to come attack you .... naked. And since you seem to think my gorgeous husband Oliver is also exhausted, I will force him to come attack and prove to you just how exhausted we are.

But first! Yes, the gala was wonderful. I’m so thrilled at the funds raised. And as of this morning when I messaged Kamaria, there are still donations trickling in. Whether it’s from people who didn’t donate that night, chose to donate even more, or people who didn’t go but heard of our fundraising efforts and wanted to help the cause isn’t clear. Maybe a mixture of all three.

I have to argue with you a bit though, the main act of the night was obviously our brilliant kids’ mini concert! Mostly because they’re my kids and I know they’re the most brilliant people to ever walk the planet.

But also, you know Gabriel Iglesias’ comedy is just not my thing. I try. You’ve had us watch his specials over the years. But I find myself barely chuckling throughout the set. But the night wasn’t designed for me, so he was obviously a fantastic choice of headlining.

However, while I find his comedy fairly “meh,” him as a person was absolutely lovely. I can’t get over how kind he was to the children, not just ours but any of the Unity Kids that made an appearance. Yes, it was so sweet watching him hold our own little Gabriel.

As far as the highlights from the entire trip so far? I can’t get over how amazing Dudley was in helping out at Unity. Look, I’ve known him my whole life, and it really was such a small part of it that he was awful to me. But those memories are my first, they laid the original foundation for our relationship. It took a long time for me to essentially forget who he was as a child.

This past few weeks, watching him hold children and roll up his sleeves, pitching in wherever he was directed? Of all the things past Little Harry in the Cupboard wouldn’t believe, this might be the biggest shock.

I’m just so unbearably proud of him.

What I’m not so happy about? Draco!!!!! You keep ignoring me! Can we go on a vacation? When can we leave? Can I finally introduce you all to Greece?!?!? Answer MEEEEEEEE!!!
Oliver, back me up here. Harry, with my personal motto being: give my husband whatever he wants - do you REALLY think you have to badger me into doing something you want? Especially a mere week before your birthday.

I was not 'ignoring you,' I was simply assuming that you knew I was on board. But to prove it to you that we are most definitely going to Greece (how many of us are going is up to you, we could even hand the littles off to some or all of our parents if you wanted a few days of just us), I had Pippa book us a luxury villa in Koutsouras, Greece.

My only stipulation is that if you want Siri and Zwei to come with us, YOU had best plan out something they'll want to do on their birthday.

Alright, I just lied, my OTHER stipulation is that we don't leave here until Wednesday as I am currently getting ready to bring Jules, Jaz, Vani, Zaire, and a few other of the kids to see the Bisitun Cave in the Zagros Mountains. Oliver already said he wanted to stay home with the littles (so I'm not cave exploring with toddlers strapped to me), but you haven't decided yet whether or not to come with us. So...

See you when I get back, or in a few minutes when you join us.

Love forever,
Draco
Chapter 318

Chapter Summary

The family heads home. Mostly.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Tuesday July 24, 2018

My Dragon,

Are you new? Do you think there was a chance that upon given the opportunity to explore ancient caves I was going to turn that down? What part of "Hey Harry, let's hike through natural beauty and explore a place rich in historical and archaeological significance" sounds like something I would say no to? You adorable moron.

It truly was an amazing experience, one I really wish Ollie had been with us for. But it's not exactly his favorite type of thing to do and there's no way we would have been able to bring the babies along. Okay, there are probably a lot of ways we technically could have. Strapping them to us is probably what we would have done, but it would not have been a fun time. They are getting quite heavy, want to be down exploring most of the time, and it was a rough hike in a couple of places. Exactly my type of exploring, but not so much with forty pounds of cranky toddler strapped to me!

Coming 'home' to seeing our smallest babes all cuddled up to our husband was definitely my type of thing I want to come home to though! Gabe nestled into Ollie's right arm, and Dyl his left. Morgana sprawled out over his chest like she owns him (she does) and Nora using his little baby bump as her personal pillow. So sweet. I had a VERY SMALL moment when we got home so late last night that I thought, "how is he sound asleep, we were the ones hiking all day" and then I immediately remembered that toddlers are exhausting and that we probably had the calmer day.

Especially with so much of our beautiful man's energy going to growing an entire new human. He blushes and tries shushing me every time I say it, but besides the vision of YOU carrying our children, I have never seen anything as beautiful as my husband Oliver growing rounder with our child. Kind of makes me want to knock you up to and see if watching the both of you glowing with new life would be twice as breathtaking!

We got in late enough last night, and had a tiring enough day, that I slept in this morning. The rest of today is going to be packing up, saying a few last goodbyes at Unity Iran, and hopefully turning in early so we can leave at the crack of dawn tomorrow for Koutsouras! Eeek! Greece! I'm so excited I'm practically vibrating! And no, it's not my rage halo! I am full of zero rage at the moment. I have two men I am madly in love with, a wonderful family, the best friends in the world, I just helped raise a ton of money for orphans who need it, and I'm heading off to my dream vacation spot with most of those people in the morning! No rage is making its way through my happiness shield.

Okay Draco, yes I know that you have a "give the husbands what they want" motto, but my request for a specific answer about going to Greece isn't completely ridiculous. What if I had assumed you
were saying yes and planned to have us leave yesterday? You would have either had to disappoint me and waste Mr. Lott's time when we couldn't go OR disappoint everyone who wanted to go exploring Bisitun Cave when you called it off so we could leave. And since I was one of those people you would have disappointed ME with either option!

Or what if you had desperately wanted to stay in Iran longer? If you had made plans with Kamaria to go in and help out with the Kids, or help out with the financial end of things to plan for the best use of the funds?

What if you had already promised Hermione that you would be home by a certain date and by having us go to Greece, I would anger Hermione? You think MY rage halo is scary?

No, wait, you do not think my rage halo is scary, you think it's hot. Hmmm, are you attracted to me or to rage? I wonder how turned on you'd be at Hermione in a full rage? Maybe worth looking into if we ever get to a point where we're playing with her and her two of her quartet again.

As per your requirements, I have definitely planned something for Siri and Zwei to enjoy for their birthday. I am taking them rafting on the Arachthos River. There are two main routes with beautiful sights, but I am taking them on the more dangerous route that drops in at the Tsimpovou Bridge. It's quite away from where we're staying, so I figure we'll have a lovely carpet ride in the morning as the sun is rising and fly back to the place you booked under the stars. Any and all are welcome to join us. Even if some of the littles or less adventurous bigs only want to join us for the carpet ride part and either do the beginners route or sightsee in the area and not raft at all.

Oh! Pippa showed me pictures of the Villa you rented. GORGEOUS! Can we just live there? Kidding of course, I love the manor, I love living in Britain. But sometimes the idea of living on a waterfront paradise is awfully tempting!

Thank you for being willing to hand off all the kids to the parentals and just have the trip be for us, but I want to bring my entire family. I know we need time together just as husbands, but I can't imagine not bringing the kids to this place that's important to me. However, I have already invited all three sets of parents to join us. They get a paradise vacation and we get six sets of arms ready to care for little ones when we need time to ourselves.

And speaking of time to ourselves, I KNOW I will have kids wanting to bring me breakfast in bed on my birthday, and I'd like to be back in time to snuggle up reading bedtime stories and watching a movie or something later that night, but I want to make the plans for my birthday if that's alright with the two of you? I want to spend the day with just the two of you, reconnecting, talking, shagging, more shagging, probably shagging some more, I'll watch the two of you shag while I rest, and then maybe a little more talking. I have the perfect place I want to bring you. So is it alright if I make the surprises even though it's my birthday?

If not, that's alright, I actually haven't had these plans for a super long time I just started thinking about it a few days ago. Actually yesterday to be precise. When I was reading your email and you said I had to think of something to do with Siri and Zwei for their birthday I laughed because of course I remembered their birthday was coming up and I already had those plans set just waiting on confirmation we were going to Greece. However I had completely forgotten my own birthday was coming up! I am getting old and senile apparently because I can't remember my own birthday!

Anyway, as much as it is not going to be fun, I really must come wake you both up. Normally we can count on the elves to do most of the packing, frankly we can count on Muffy getting her own rage halo if we try to help, but we do need to at least let her know what things should be sent home and what things are coming along with us to Greece. We even need to make a list of things for her to get from home to bring with us to Greece. Between the packing and saying our goodbyes at
Unity Iran I know you don't want to miss a moment no matter how grumpy you are being woken up!

Oh, duh, how long have I been married to you? I'll just come wake you up the fun way that does NOT make you mad!

Incoming!
Harry

Wednesday July 25th
My beloved husbands,

This is the part of the email where I USUALLY say: So I know we're all on the same plane and one or both of you are literally sitting next to me - OR: I'm in the bedroom of the plane while you're both out wrangling the kids, but I thought I'd email anyway. Except today, not so much.

See, YOU are both on the plane with all our kids and the rest of our entourage, on your way to London to drop off those that are not going to Greece (such as Dudley, his family, and Mac and Teddy), but *I* am still in Iran for another few hours. Don't worry, as I said and as I fully intend, I will be Portkeying to Greece, and so, may even get there before you. However...

As you probably remember, as it happened only last night, I ran into a bit of a problem. See, unsurprisingly, I decided to do some last minute shopping with my Divas - meaning Eris, Hazel, Pearl, Viona, Shtara, Elena, and Jules and Romeo (since they were all still here from the Gala) - when something that could have simply been minor drama happened.

I think most people would have just, I dunno, dealt with it in a quick and easy manner, but not me. Sigh... I have to be a bloody Drama King! Can't just let it drop, no...

I told you this last night, of course, but let me reexplain in case things we're not as clear in the moment as they would be now that I've had time to wrap my head around the matter. I, erm, nearly adopted another child, heh heh...

It started while we were shopping, as I said. We were prowling through the market in pack formation. I was in a generous mood, and so, each time one of ours found something they wanted to buy, I just paid for it. Thus it was ME that had a big old target on his head that said: mark with an endless amount of money in his pocket.

Truth be told, I had converted an enormous amount of Galleons into the local currency so that I could shop without having to worry about running out of money. This is also why I paid for everything, since not all the girls had had a chance to convert their money. Besides, it's not like they can't pay me back if I want them to. Except for Jules and Romeo, who only had what little pocket money I had given them, and none of it was local.

Sorry, I've gotten off track.

As I was saying, I was the one with all the money, and it probably seemed endless to the pickpockets and thieves who must've been watching us. It took them a bit of time to work out how exactly they were going to rob me, as I was literally surrounded by my pack. But eventually, I was 'hit.'

Now, you well know that we've ALL been covered in anti-theft spells. Thus I was not concerned in the slightest. When the spell activated to trap the thief's hand in my pocket until I could deal with
him or her appropriately, I braced myself to make a public show out of beating the culprit just enough to get the point across that I am MORE than capable of defending myself, and thus, they should give up on robbing me.

In literally almost ANY circumstance, I probably would have done exactly that. Had the thief been an adult (or even near adult) - man OR woman - I would have just roughed them up a bit, and then sent them on their merry way. I MIGHT have even gone so far as to summon and or wait for otherwise summoned policemen to arrive to take the thief into custody.

But this was not a normal circumstance. This was a child. A girl to be exact. And she didn't look more than 12 years old.

We've gone round and round about this relatively recently. ***I*** use an array of descriptive words when talking about everyone I meet or otherwise need to describe that tend to come off sounding sexual. This is my base setting - if you will. I described Jules as a gorgeous twink several times because the description was the best way to convey my impressions of him at the time. I think I went on and on about how sensual Mahafsoun was, because she WAS and that was something I felt needed to be described accurately. But you have pointed out over and over that my words make my intentions misleading if I use sensual descriptions for a person who is not an object of my sexual desire, and so, Harry and Oliver, my loves, I am going to try my best to describe this girl *without* using sensual descriptions.

Alright, to start with, she was dirty. And by that, I mean that while her skin was naturally a sort of tan/bronze color, she was also covered in a thick layer of dirt that made her look a darker black than she actually is. Her hair was matted and clumped so much that it was hard to gain an accurate determination of its color, but looked to be brown bordering on black, and so once clean, may well be a softer, richer auburn. Her eyes were a strange shade, that might well have been influenced by her general emotional turmoil at the time, but appeared to be a sort of molten honey color ringed with black. In fact, her pupils were so wide with panic that it was a little hard to see the small ring of color at all.

Her body was lithe and rather scrawny. I assume that she spends a lot of her days running away from the authorities and/or marks that she's just robbed. She had ragged and tatty clothing that covered the important parts decently well enough, but had holes in the bum area that she probably hated. Otherwise, her skin was on display as her tatty shirt was barely long enough to cover her small yet budding breasts.

Sorry! SEE?! This is how I describe things! I start at a point and keep on describing what I see/saw until it feel I have accurately covered everything. Yet, the fact that I am describing her breasts more than likely makes YOU think that I have noticed them in a sexual manner. I assure you that is not it. I just don't really know another way to describe how little her shirt was covering without actually referring to her breasts. And since she wasn't wearing a bra, I can only assume that she A: hasn't been able to find a better shirt to preserve her modesty (if she even HAS modesty), or B: feels that she hasn't developed enough yet to NEED a better/more covering shirt and/or bra.

But back to my description of what happened. There I was, standing in the middle of approximately half our daughters and a couple of honorary sons, with a young and raggedly disheveled thief frantically trying to pull her hand free of my pocket with as much money as she could grab. Only the anti theft spell wouldn't let her pull her hand free at all - with or without the money.

As I stood there, I looked her over, curious about her. She was clearly not an adult yet, and so, I didn't think that beating her up and leaving her as a warning to others would be a good idea. NOR would be having her carted off to jail. I mean what EXACTLY would happen to her in an Iranian
jail? I can only assume nothing good as IF it was any sort of good (such as transferring her to a safe and loving orphanage or other such place), then that probably would have already happened and she wouldn't BE in this predicament.

Plus, she was struggling FRANTICALLY. Meaning that she was seriously afraid of what would happen to her if she was turned over to the police. Thus my first instinct to have her dealt with in any way was put on hold.

She struggled and fought, and for the most part, I just stood there impassively, letting her try her best to get free from the spell without moving to so much as defend myself, as her small fist barely felt like anything when she banged it against me. She very quickly devolved into crying - sobbing and wailing - and babbling rapidly. I can only assume she was saying something like: "Let me go, damn you, or I'll have to kick your arse." She was actually kicking me in an attempt to escape.

This went on for a couple of minutes as I literally just stood there thinking the situation over. Our kids were more or less watching this silently, knowing that I wouldn't hurt her, and probably thinking about how I could HELP her. It wasn't until some of the shopkeepers - having realized that she was a thief trying to steal from me - had summoned a couple of policemen and were closing in on our group, that my brain finally shifted from: 'Hmm, this is a fascinating specimen' mode to: 'Wait, I have to do something constructive' mode.

And so, I wandlessly and nonverbally cast a few quick spells to gain control over the entire situation. The spells basically made her manageable by mildly Confounding her, Glamoring her to appear clean and dressed similar to our girls, and shifting her hand from my pocket to my actual hand.

"Is there a problem here!!" The police demanded with stern expressions in their language. I could only assume what they asked and replied in English.

"I'm sorry, but we are British citizens who don't speak the language here. We're just shopping as a family, and minding our own business. Why? What do YOU think is happening?"

Luckily, one (or perhaps all) of them spoke English. "We're responding to the report of a thief in the area. These shop keepers say they recognize this girl as a pickpocket that plagues this market."

I shook my head. "I'm sorry, but this girl hasn't stolen anything. And in fact, she's a member of our party. The reason that she may have appeared to be suspicious to the merchants is that she's autistic and often acts out inappropriately. In fact, just two minutes ago, she was pitching a fit to the point that it might have looked like I was abusing her, but now she's exhausted herself, and has reached a state where her eyes have glazed over a bit and she's more than likely going to pass out and sleep until she's hungry again."

This caused some suspicion to the police, who demanded to see identification on her, which was beyond easy to provide by simply handing over ID that was subtly conjured in my pocket. Once the police were gone, I had to truly stop and think about the situation, as I was well on my way to abducting an unknown child.

That's when I sent the kids on ahead (with some money) to get something to eat. They also happened to return home and tell you just enough to get your wild imagination running before I actually returned. As they were doing that, I wasn't sure WHAT to do. So I walked around the city until the charmed state I had her in wore off just enough that I could talk to her.

At that point, I had pulled out some translation devices for the both of us. Then, as we were walking, looking like aimless sightseers - I hope - I started talking.
"You seem like a girl in a hopeless situation. Obviously you feel you need to steal to survive. I
dunno if you're working solely to feed yourself, but I suspect that you're working for someone who
doesn't allow you to keep enough of the money you steal to properly clothe yourself."

At that, she looked away sharply, as if hiding something, and so, I guessed that I was probably
right.

"Look, I'm not the bad man. I'm not some enemy who wants you to work for me like a slave, NOR
am I the sort who'll just turn you into the police and let you suffer your fate. I understand that you
are in a situation that you were probably born or orphaned into, and I want to help," I explained.

"No one can help me," she muttered in her language which was translated by my devices.

I stopped next to a food cart and smiled at her. "You'd be surprised by how much I can help. Let
me start here. What would you like to eat?"

This utterly gobsmacked her. She reeled from the shock for a few moments until the vendor
snapped for her to hurry up and order something so that he could serve those in line behind us. She
mumbled an order that I didn't quite catch, but the vendor did. He nodded and asked me what I
wanted.

"I'll take whatever she's having," I informed him, feeling that it wouldn't hurt to have extra food for
her on hand.

In a rather short amount of time, we were eating easily portable kababs. I'd actually ordered a few
more to go. In any case, her hand was still magically attached to mine as I didn't want to risk her
running off before I finished doing as much as I could to help her.

She remained more or less silent, but I continued to talk. "I don't know much about your situation,
but I know you pick pockets. I can only hope that means that you are NOT being used for any sort
of prostitution. You do look a bit young and underdeveloped for that still, but I suppose that doesn't
mean it never happens."

At that, she gave me a fierce glare and slowly (jerkily) but emphatically shook her head.

Smiling and feeling relieved, I continued. "I can offer you a couple of options. The best option is...
Now please hear me out. I understand that this might SOUND bad to you, since you are so
frantically afraid of authority, but... I know a place - called Unity House - that is SPECIFICALLY a
place to care for young children who have nowhere else to go. There you'll find food, safety, and
friends."

She tried to pull free of me at that point. "He'll kill me if I leave," she muttered, almost too softly
for me to hear.

I shook my head. "No. This place is so well protected that NO ONE would ever be able to find you.
It's not even IN Kermanshah City. It's on the other side of the province, near a river that allows for
good food to be grown nearly year round."

She was shaking her head rather vigorously. "He'll find me, he'll kill me!"

I stopped, and now that we were in a bit of a clearing - in a street away from the market - I decided
to risk breaking the statute. With a smile, I shook my head and conjured up a flower to put in her
nappy hair. "Unless he has some sort of magic ability, I can guarantee that he will NEVER find
you. And if you think the other side of the province isn't far enough, I can bring you to a different
country completely. You may have noticed that I'm British and speaking English."
"No but... you're speaking..." she trailed off with a frown. "Huh! You are speaking a foreign language and I'm somehow hearing MY language in my ear."

I lightly tapped her of the tip of her button nose. "See? Magic. ***I*** have magic, and it's that magic that I can use to guarantee that this man you are afraid of will NEVER find you."

At that, I pulled out my wand and surrounded us with privacy spells, in case anyone was spying on us for that man she's so afraid of. Then I pulled some clothes out of my carry all watch that used to belong to the girls. I'm not really sure how they'd originally gotten into my carry all, but I presume that one or more of the girls had asked me to hold them at some point, I put them in my watch, and then they were never asked for again. In any case, I gave them to her and said:

"These used to belong to one of my daughters. If nothing else, I can help by filling your stomach and giving you some better clothes to wear. I'd LIKE to bring you back to my rented house and see to it that you have a bath and a bit more food. One of my sons would be DELIGHTED to make and feed you anything you can think of until you positively burst! If you feel safe enough at my rented house to trust me and my family, perhaps you'll consider letting me bring you to Unity House so you can see for yourself how well you'll be cared for and protected."

She was staring at the clothes in her hands as if they were made out of literal gold. "I..." She bit her thin bottom lip with her tiny teeth. "I still think he'll come to kill me..."

I made an impulsive decision to reassure her that could be considered a bad action. "See that rat over there? It's chewing on a kitten, one so young its eyes and ears haven't even opened yet. It must have snatched it from its mother while she was out hunting for food, yeah?"

The girl nodded with a suspicious frown, as if wondering where I was going with this unrelated topic.

I pointed my wand at the rat and softly cried out: "Avada Kedavra!" The rat naturally fell over dead.

"Look. See? I just killed that rat with magic. And if any bad men come looking for you, I CAN do the same. Of course there are better methods to try first - such as creating barriers to keep them out. But I can promise to keep you safe no matter what. So, what do you say? Will you let me help you?"

She was now staring at the rat with tears in her eyes, and for a moment, I was afraid that I'd accidentally murdered her only pet. Then she looked up at me and nodded. "Alright. I'll come with you to have a bath and meet this son that wants to feed me. And IF you are telling the truth, I'll take a look at that place you're talking about."

Then she wiped her tears away, tugged on my sleeve with her other hand, and asked: "Can you REALLY keep me safe?"

I nodded in all confidence. "I can. I promise."

Nodding in acceptance, she clutched the clothes I'd given her to her chest. "Then I'll wait to put these on until after my bath."

And that's how I nearly adopted a new child. It's also why I stayed behind when the rest of you left. I'm simply going to coax her into staying at Unity House. However, I was serious when I gave her my word, and so, if she refuses to stay there, I might have to figure out how to *legally* take her out of the country with me until I can figure out what to do with her. I think if nothing else, she
might actually feel safer at Unity Britain because it's clearly too far away for a boss thief to track her down and snatch her from.

But we'll see.

The only other thing I have to explain to you at this point is what happened after I brought her home and left her in Hazel and Pearl's care (for that bath). See... I was rather... snarly...

The whole situation had slowly but surely triggered my less than pleasant self. That part of me that turns into a dragon - or a hurricane - and goes on a rampage. Obviously, I couldn't just unleash that on the unsuspecting and innocent public, so I found an area that was populated by various thugs. Violent ones who were being violent towards each other. I happily imagined that at least one of them was the man the girl was so afraid of. And then I waltzed in and kicked all their arses.

I was so enraged, I don't remember all of it, if I'm honest. But I do recall clearly when it was all over and I was standing in a circle of unconscious bodies. I cast spells to make sure no one had died, and then cast first aid spells as necessary to ensure that no one died after I left. Thus, I am confident that I did not murder anyone. But I didn't exactly give them a bunch of love taps either.

Which explains the state I was in when I Apparated back last night. I talked to the two of you a little while I was taking a shower, but I think you were both tired enough that you took the basic overview as good enough (I hadn't even gotten to the rampage yet), and promised to support me whatever happened, but then basically went to bed. Hence me giving you all the little details in this email while you're on a plane and I'M still trying to persuade a young and frightened girl to let me bring her to Unity, sigh.

Maybe she'll be more receptive after we take a quick swim in the pool. It's certainly hot enough to NEED a swim! See you soon!

You're (both) everything I need and more, it's written all over your face, baby I can feel your halo, pray it won't fade away,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Note: I can't remember exactly why, but I was in a murderous mood and if Chrissy didn't hurry up and email me, I was going to kill a bunch of non important characters in the story. Chrissie was like: "So what you're saying is I should wait to write my email until you're in a better mood?" To which I promised that if she wrote it relatively quickly, I'd spare their lives, and so Chrissie single handedly saved a bunch of thugs lives, lol ^_^
Chapter 319

Chapter Summary

Harry takes thing in hand.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Wednesday July 25, 2018

My Heart
My Soul
My Most Ridiculous of Men,

I apparated myself back, leaving our poor defenseless husband alone with all of those children on the airplane.

Haha! He is most definitely not defenseless and certainly in his element. I am sure he is being pampered by the older children - who've decided in the last month or so that waiting on the cute pregnant man hand and foot is the best thing to do. As well as being smooched all over by the gooey babies who have recently decided that Daddy Oliver is ALL of their favorite! For crying out loud! I bought a stable full of ponies, horses, unicorns, and thestrals and somehow I'm still not the favorite!

Well, it's not like they have terrible taste or anything, he is pretty damn wonderful.

Anyway, I popped back here after I got your email, only to find you sound asleep poolside while your newest charge swam herself circles around the pool. You can take the boy out of the cupboard but can't take the muggle out of the boy because I immediately was freaking out that you'd left a child unattended in the water. Duh Harry, that's what the monitoring charms are for.

I had a chat with little Miss Qismah while you napped. Poor Draco, all tuckered out from your temper tantrum! Seriously? I suppose, a group of violent criminals is definitely a better choice than some innocent customer service person, although probably not quite as good of a choice as just letting out your rage in the crystal room. I don't know, if they were truly violent then it's possible it was the better choice. Hmm, hard to come up with a good equation for which is better. Divide by two and then carry the rage.

After I got some very basic info from her, I let her swim a bit longer while I came up with a plan.

Long story short ... she doesn't exist. I asked my 'Mione to do a lookup from her end if there was such a child reportedly in existence on any international database she'd have access to. I asked Kamaria for access to her databases (I figured I'd do it myself and give her plausible deniability). A child with her name, with the birthday she gave me (even give or take a year), in Iran or any of the surrounding countries ... does not exist.

Too many kids in this area of the world don't exist. They've fallen through the cracks or lost their families to war or some other traumatic thing. It breaks my heart but makes this next step much
easier. If Iran's proper paperwork channels don't know she's here then they sure won't miss her when she's gone. And if somehow we're (I'M) caught? I'll bat my green eyes, play the savior card, and plead my case. It's easier to ask for forgiveness than to get permission.

Seriously Love, you don't have to make everything so difficult. Once I've finished packing up a bag of things for her, Hermione should have procured our portkey and sent it to Kamaria to send along to us. We're bringing her with us to Greece. She can have a lovely holiday with a bunch of other teen/pre-teen girls. Swim her heart out. Act like a twelve year old for once in her life. And while we're there, we can tell her all about every single Unity House that is currently in existence.

Girl with no name? No identity? No home? Well that just means no limits. Where do YOU want to live sweetheart? Want to live nice and warm in California? Explore east Asian culture in Japan? Live in a climate completely unlike anything you've experienced in Britain or Canada? The world is your oyster!

I think we've got everything covered, we just need you to wake up sleeping beauty. The only thing I think we need to worry about is to make sure there's not anyone else under this disgusting cretin Qismah is scared of's thumb. Do we need to rescue any other innocents from his clutches? I suppose we'll try and get some of that info out of her once she's safely thousands of miles away from him.

Wake up!!!

Harry

Wednesday July 25th
Dear Oliver,

How was your flight with the wonderfully attentive kids? Harry must include Dudley and Donna (etc.) as kids, because he said you were all alone with them, haha. Apparently, Harry managed to pull the same trick he pulled for Mahafsoun all those years ago.

See, Mahafsoun didn't officially exist anywhere either, so she had to be issued an odd birth certificate to allow her to reside and be adopted in Britain. It seems that Hermione had no objections to issuing the same sort of birth certificate to Qismah, thus, she can legally come with us and be placed in our care until we can persuade her to stay in a Unity House. Who knows? Maybe she'll love the new one in France. Or maybe she'll have musical talents and want to go to Spain with Elena and her crew to start the new Unity there.

In any case, you might be wondering why I'm not trying to adopt her directly, and the answer is the same as it is for Harry's suggestion that he get me up the duff so he can watch us BOTH be pregnant at the same time:

I think I personally have enough kids, thank you very much. I'm not *opposed* to having more - if that turns out to be in the cards for us - I have simply reached a state where I'm not actively looking to grow our family any bigger than it already is (and I'm including the caboose in this ^_^).

In any case, with Harry having fixed the situation - and I'll admit, he really does have more experience with this part of it - I have no reason to remain in Iran. So, when the Portkey arrived, Harry, Qismah, and I all took it to the Manor, where we had a bit of time to wait for your flight to get there to drop off the extras and pick up the hoard of parents.

My parents were cool and refined, calmly waiting for their elves to finish packing for them. Molly
and Arthur had already arrived to wait, and were also more or less calm - with the occasional outbursts of Molly wondering if she'd remembered to pack something and if she'd turned everything off so nothing burns the house down. It was your parents, Oliver love, that were a bit frantic. They kept calling to ask if they needed this thing or that. Then they'd call to ask if it was going to be hot or cold. Or both. They called to ask how much spending money they should bring.

To which, my parents advised around 10 or 20 thousand galleons, but Molly and Arthur assured them that they could have an absolutely LOVELY time on as little as 10 or 20 Galleons - which rather scandalized my parents. I think my mother nearly fainted!

In other news, I forgot to tell both of you, but I accidentally spied on a rather lovely scene between Orion, Ben, and Mara the other night. And yes, I do mean accidentally. See what happened was that I was going to take a late night swim after the both of you were sleeping, and I was barefoot and naked, so it wasn't like I had anything on me to make noise. Thus I padded up silently to the pool area, only to hear:

"I never thought I'd find love once, let alone TWICE," Orion murmured, holding Mara on his lap and stroking her hair.

"You are too kind to us, master," Mara replied in a soft and sultry tone.

He stroked her hair some more. "I'm not being merely kind at the moment, NOR am I being your master. You and Ben both just... fill something inside me."

Ben tilted his head curiously. "Does that mean I have permission to break character for a few minutes?"

"Of course," Orion permitted. Ben sat on a footstool next to the lounger Orion and Mara were on.

Ben reached over to take a hand from each of them. "You know, when we first began this odd relationship, I was just in it for the fun. Playing my part because it was thrilling. But I didn't think for one moment that it would ever MEAN anything to me."

"But it does," Mara stated with all confidence. She brushed Ben's cheek even as she snuggled into Orion's chest. "I feel the same. I feel like I just wanted to play a stupid and silly game for a bit, only I slowly realized that it's NOT a game and that... I never want to stop..."

Orion kissed her on the forehead, and then leaned over to kiss Ben. "I probably will never understand why, but I actually did love Farrah. That's why - after she died - I thought I would never fall in love again. That only her brand of insanity would do it for me. But being with you both... it's... I dunno, healed something - I suppose - in my heart." He sighed and shook his head. "I'd marry you both if it was legal in California."

I raised a brow at that and decided that it was time to stop lurking. "You COULD always move back home and marry them there."

He huffed a soft laugh, sounding like he was thinking he should have known I was listening in. "I suppose I could - eventually. But I really love California. I feel like I belong there. I feel challenged in the best possible way while running our bank with River, and I love having my older brother next to me to keep me from making the wrong choices."

I took a moment to dive into the pool and swim a partial lap before popping my head above water and wiping the wet hair out of my face. "Well, just keep in mind that you'll have our undying support - no matter WHAT you do."
Orion smiled and nodded. "Thanks dad. It means a lot that you, Dad, and Oliver are always behind me. I mean, I even managed to become a bit of an addict and none of you threatened to disown me for it. Instead, you let me get on with it whilst plotting how to get me to stop. It's probably a good thing River stepped in to literally get me out of that situation, otherwise I'm a bit afraid to know what you were planning."

"Oh..." I purred mysteriously. "Nothing important, just a bit of the Imperius Curse and possibly a dragon guarded tower."

Orion laughed somewhat nervously. "Heh..."

After that, I had a chance to freely listen in as they planned a bit ahead to prepare for their upcoming child. All in all, it was a lovely bit of time spent with my son and his... Family, I suppose.

And I had more to discuss, but I've run short on time. It seems the plane has just arrived and I need to help with the passenger exchange. Especially since your parents just popped over here and are in a bit of a panic, love. See you in a few.

Love forever and always,
Draco.

Chapter End Notes

FYI: Draco and Oliver have no idea why Harry thinks he's not the favorite dad. Oh sure, some of them find it easier to manipulate Draco and Oliver by using puppy dog eyes and pouting, but Harry's the one they go to when they want biscuits, conversation, and better advice than: Have you tried turning them into your minions and ordering/bullying them into doing your bidding?

I imagine Oliver giving advice on flirting with women is something along the lines of: Alright son, just try to think of a girl as a Bludger and stay as far away from them as possible, or if you MUST date a girl, picture them like a Quaffle and make sure to always catch them when they fall and guard them from everyone else chasing them until you can shoot them into your hoop and the care of your keeper. Wait, that sounds wrong somehow...

LMAO ^_^
Thursday July 26, 2018

My Loves,

Greetings from beautiful sunny Greece!

Well, to be fair, it's not sunny yet. The sun hasn't risen quite yet. I looked up the sunrise time and set an alarm for about an hour before the scheduled rise. I just, I need to be awake to welcome the sun. I remember the Harry I was all those years ago, discovering myself, discovering the world, and I needed this morning to welcome the sun the way I did all those years ago.

Please forgive me for not waking either of you up this morning to join me. I KNOW Draco will forgive me for not waking him up before sunrise, I think it's more likely he would NOT forgive me for actually waking him up that early, but hopefully Ollie will forgive me for this.

I want to invite the both of you to spend the sunrise with me tomorrow morning though. I figure Ollie and I can go to bed early enough tonight to wake up that early and I think it's likely we can just talk Draco into staying up UNTIL sunrise and then going to sleep at that point. Or you go to bed, wake up for sunrise and a shag, and then go back to sleep until early afternoon. Whatever you want.

I know that I need to share a sunrise here with my loves. Not want; NEED. I can't explain it but I just needed this one alone to be able to enjoy one together. Does that make sense? Or am I just babbling hysterically since it's so early and I'm tired?

Draco, this villa you rented is breathtaking! Much different from the sweet little beachfront cabin I rented during my first visit! But then again, I came alone last time and this time I come with a small army. A small army I built myself!

Speaking of our small army .... I get what you meant Dragon about not actively searching out or truly wanting to add to our family unless either Ollie or myself really push for another addition. Besides the caboose of course! The funny part of your rationale to me is that you seem to think it's because you feel our family is just fine and large enough. When will you ever admit to yourself about your enormous heart?

I thought when you and Ollie had your real emotional conversation shortly after you retained your memories, where you finally admitted that you might not have too little love but so much that you literally have to guard your heart, that you were finally aware of your ability to love.

You really think your reasoning is "I think I personally have enough kids"? Oh hunny ... I may have been so adamant about building our family and filling our arms and hearts with children that we are on our way to twenty-two, but if you truly took the shields off of your own heart? We'd have that one hundred plus children you "joked" about when we first got together. We'd have to start our own sovereign nation at some point there would be so many of them.

But sure, go ahead and convince yourself that YOU think we have ENOUGH.

Anyway, last night's flight was really something. Ollie, I say it all the time, but you truly are our calm. Our balance. Our rock in otherwise turbulent waters. How in Merlin's name did you end up this calm zen-like man when your parents are possibly more panicky than ME?!!
I almost went into the cockpit with Mr. Lott to ask him if he could turn on the seatbelt sign simply so your mum could stop pacing. There might be a path worn into the flooring after yesterday's flight! And your dad? Even at our wedding I've never really seen him drink. I think he had a glass of champagne to toast us that night and that's it. But yesterday he was knocking back firewhiskies like his liver had personally offended him and he was out for revenge.

It was probably about halfway through the flight before I recognized their behavior for what it was; fear. You told me that you had traveled quite a bit as a child. So I couldn't figure out what it was about this trip that was freaking your parents out. You always took portkey's, floos, or some sort of ship or train.

They've never been on a Muggle airplane and all of a sudden they're going on a lengthy international flight with their in-laws and a ton of children that they are really just getting to know.

(Note: Draco had implied in a previous P.S. that Oliver's parents had been on the flight to Iran, but part of Draco's confusion over not having seen them was that they actually Portkeyed there, and then back home again before the gala took place, thus they actually HADN'T been on a plane before.)

Luckily their neurotic behavior turned out in their favor. Iris' pacing did wonders when Gabe became extremely fussy. He had at least one seizure that I noticed on the flight so I wonder if the altitude was messing with his system. She just grabbed him up, snuggled him into her shoulder, and walked him all over the plane until he finally passed out in her arms.

And Leonard was drinking the firewhiskey but he seems to be a Harry-style drunk where he just gets silly and babbles. The youngest big kids ... the oldest babies ... the feisty foursome plus Nora ... whatever you want to call them, decided to latch on to Grandpa Leonard who gets a lot chattier when he's had a drink to loosen his tongue, and listened to stories of their Daddy Oliver's childhood.

I know he was telling stories partly because he was nervous and mostly to keep the kids entertained, but I am personally VERY thankful that I know the story of you being a teeny little boy, already in love with quidditch, and such a little scamp that your father found you sleeping with your broom!

I would pay good galleons to see a picture of pre-Hogwarts Oliver, wearing flying snitch jammies, cuddled up to a training broom the way he now snuggles with our husband!

I should sign off though, sunrise is in about fifteen minutes now. I can see the colors starting to edge up on the horizon. I don't want to miss a moment! I'll see you both in a few hours. Can't wait to spend the day in paradise with you!

Yours,
Harry

Friday July 27th
My glorious husbands,

There's just something about seeing your naked bodies in the gorgeous sunshine that just makes me want to touch them and lick them and do things that are not appropriate in front of an audience of small children. Thankfully for us, I was persuaded to be woken up in a really nice way this morning so that we could all watch the fantastic sunrise together.
Yes, my wake up was oh so nice; a teasing and edging that got me up and raring to go, but didn't finish me off and put me back to sleep when the goal was to remain awake. Horny and amorous, I was all over the both of you as we got settled in on the private beach for our villa, on a soft and thick beach blanket big enough for 8 or 12 people - so we had room to play around. And honestly, having an hour or so of peace while we watched the sun and simply caressed each other was so utterly perfect that I might be persuaded to do it again.

The colors that painted the sky as the sun rose were indescribable. Then - once the sun was up enough that the sky looked normal - beautiful, but normal - we finally got around to finishing that playing. After that, I am sorry to say that I basically passed out. I love the fact that the two of you teamed up to charm a large umbrella to protect me from the sun as it moved so that I could stay and sleep right on the beach without being burned to a crisp.

I also love that the two of you kept all the kids so occupied as they (came out and) played on the beach and in the water, that none of them dared come over and wake me. As I understand it, my parents and even Molly and Arthur simply took it in stride that I was sleeping naked on a semi private beach where anyone could come along and spy on me, but Iris and Leonard were so scandalized that they kept asking if they should conjure up an entire tent, or perhaps a bathrobe, to cover me, hahaha.

Thank you, Oliver love, for trying to explain to them (several times) that I am a nudist at heart and honestly don't care if the entire world stops by to ogle me whilst I sleep. So long as they keep their hands to themselves unless they get permission from the both of you, haha.

Anyway, the funniest part of today so far has been Qismah. She's really trying to fit in as she does understand that in most places, she will NOT be allowed to steal indiscriminately. That said, it's been expected of her for so long that it's basically a habit she can't quite shake. We're all tolerant of her stealing because we've been able to charm all our belongings to return to us after she takes them. Not to mention we could just summon something if it went missing.

Thus, she's sort of pickpocketed us all (well, except for me because I haven't been wearing any pockets to pick), and we've basically just smiled at her and treated her like any other kid. After eating - lunch for all of you, breakfast for me - we took the kids on the first of what's sure to be MANY shopping expeditions, and I basically made a deal with Qismah. Now that I was wearing pockets, I stuffed them all full of local currency. The challenge to her was that if she had an urge to steal (or legitimately buy) anything, rather than do so and risk getting caught by the authorities, she could just pick my pockets. The catch is that she had to take only the amount needed to buy the thing, and if she took too much, she had to put the rest back.

On my end, since I'd basically disabled the anti-theft charms specifically in regards to her (it'll still work on others), the challenge for me is to try to be aware of how successful she is. That way, I can remind her that she can just ask and I'll simply GIVE her the money she needs. I'm hoping that in this way, we'll eventually train her into NOT stealing everything she passes.

Honestly, I'm thinking that the arsehole she's afraid of (and thus must have worked for) MUST have made a killing off of her because she's so good at what she does that none of us have really noticed her take anything until it pops back with a noticeable sound like a mini Apparation.

Also, I think Qismah has fallen in complete and total love with Zaire. She seems to watch him as if he is the sun in her personal sky. I've noticed her spot a potential mark from time to time, and just when she moves to perhaps pick their pockets, Zaire hands her a bit more food and suddenly, the rest of the world seems to disappear for her for a few minutes. And it doesn't matter that he speaks a bit too fast for her translation devices to keep up with, she just hangs on his every word.
But moving onto something more serious for a few minutes. Remember when I said there were other things I wanted to tell you, but that the plane had arrived? Well, I had an odd, erm… I dunno if it was a premonition or a vague sense of unease or what, but I had a feeling like my friend - the dragon I refer to as Opal (the Antipodean Opaleye that lives in the Forbidden Forest) - was in trouble. NOT like fleeing for her life, but... sick maybe?

So, I called up Charlie - this was actually while we were still in Iran when I was up extra late one night because I couldn't sleep. Having finally fell asleep after calling Charlie made me forget to mention it until the other day, and now again because, well, Charlie just called me on my magimobile a bit ago while we were shopping.

See, he'd taken me seriously when I said I felt like something was wrong with Opal. So, he'd gathered up his dragon tamer kit - that's full of tools he might need in order to help the dragons in his care - and set off to find her in the Forbidden Forest by following the somewhat vague directions I'd given him. After all, I'm usually in dragon form myself when I go in there, and it's not exactly clear when saying: "So fly about 100 meters in from the east, and start descending with a slightly left tilt when you get to the copse of trees that smells strongly of mountain trolls."

Luckily, Charlie speaks dragon well enough by now that he understood my directions and managed to locate Opal. The reason it took him a few days to get back to me is that she was, well, very advanced in age, and so, unable to fight off an illness that a dragon half her age probably wouldn't have even noticed.

Charlie stayed with her until she passed, and he even respectfully asked her permission to use some of her scales and things for potions and whatnot to help other dragons as needed - which she gave permission to do so. Thus, he can say with all certainty that she has died and that it was a rather peaceful event. The only thing that truly concerns him at this point is that her three young ones are at an awkward age in which they CAN hunt and feed themselves, and yet, are erm… still rather young. Perhaps too young to be on their own.

He wasn't sure what to do because if he brought them to his dragon sanctuary, there's actually a chance that the other dragons - none of which are Opaleyes - might harm them as intruders while they're still too small to defend themselves from fully grown dragons. Also, they've been raised in the Forbidden Forest up until this point, and so, it's their home. There's not really a need to make them leave unless something bad happens, and so far, they've been just fine as they more or less fended for themselves as their mother's health declined.

So, I promised him that once I get home from Greece, I'll pop in on them. I feel that even if it's only once in a while, having the chance to take the potion to turn into a dragon and simply go flying with them might actually cheer them up. Thankfully, they have each other, so they shouldn't be lonely. Right?

Do you think I should bring them back to the Manor until they are a bit older? There aren't any older dragons to fight them over territory at the Manor, so it'd be safe. I'd just need to seriously strengthen the wards so that they couldn't go flying off and get noticed by the muggles. My parents wouldn't mind, right?

Erm... don't answer that. I'm certain I know they'd not be best pleased in the slightest. Damn it.

Alright fine! No young dragons at the Manor! sigh...

I wonder if maybe I should go camping in the Forbidden Forest a couple of nights each week? I have a small amount of free time at the moment because Hermione has FINALLY relaxed enough in her role that she doesn't need me quite so much. Thus I could actually spend a few months
making sure the dragons can take care of themselves.

On the other hand, my good friend Robards has called me - the moment we were 'scheduled' to arrive home from Iran, via Bletchley for some reason - to remind me of something important we had discussed a while back. Something that has not only not resolved itself, but gotten a bit more urgent as time has passed. Something that... interests me...

But anyway, it's time to pause our shopping (I'm writing this as Siri and Zwei are trying to decide WHAT new clothes to buy, and are trying on everything to ask my opinion of it) and go eat dinner. So...

A simple sign off,
You are my sunshine,
Draco
Chapter 321

Chapter Summary

Minor drama in Greece.

My Heart,

Oh Love, I am so sorry to hear about your dragon. Opal was a gorgeous dragon and I know you loved her very much. It's absolutely lovely that Charlie was able to communicate with her and that she was able to give her consent for the harvest of her scales and whatnot. She's kind of like an organ donor in the Muggle world, she knew she had no need for those parts when she was gone from this world and so wanted them used for good.

Mostly I am glad she had someone who cared for her with her as she passed on. I know you probably wish you had been there with her, but I hope it helps give you comfort knowing that someone who loves dragons probably even more than you do was with her. That she didn't have to be alone.

I know you're grieving, and based on your email it seems you're aware of the ridiculousness of your request, but I really do want to explicitly state something. No. No, we are not having dragons come live at the Manor. We have a crazy assortment of animals who live on the Manor grounds but I really do have to draw the line at three adolescent dragons. In case you've been wondering where I would put my foot down, since it wasn't put down for a wild cheetah or a bear, this is it.

And at the risk of bringing up old fights that are long past, I don't want to control you. You are a grown man. I do not tell you where you can go, what you can do, etc. But, really? You're going to stay all night in the forbidden forest a few nights per week? My love. My Own. My Master. Please don't make me get into this with you. You have multiple small children who still need us in the middle of the night. Not as often as they did as newborns, but at least once per night. We have a pregnant husband and sooner rather than later we will have a newborn to care for.

I know we have elves and there are three of us. I know these dragons are important to you. But sleeping away from your husbands, your babies, and your newborn A COUPLE OF NIGHTS PER WEEK?!? For a FEW MONTHS?!? I'm not the boss of you, I don't want to tell you what the "right" thing to do here is.

I don't want to have to wake up in a bed without you in it.

Anyway, enough of the negativity. We are in paradise! We've been eating delicious food. We've done more shopping than any one family really needs to do. And we're about to do one of our favorite family activities! Surfing! It's been a really long time since I've been on a surfboard. I am ready for this. We had a bit of an argument amongst the kids whether we wanted to go surfing or parasailing. We thought for a bit that maybe we could split up into two groups, each going to their preferred activity. But since we have plenty of time and no schedule to follow, why wouldn't we just do them both? So today is surfing and tomorrow is parasailing.

I can't wait!
Speaking of, I am hearing my name called so I assume the group is finally ready and we are headed to the beach.

Last one to the water is a rotten egg!
Harry

Saturday July 28th
My foundations,

Here we are in a gorgeous place, doing things I quite love, and yet, I feel I have to apologize for only paying half attention. I mean I didn't drown whilst surfing, so obviously, I was paying enough attention to get by, but thinking about those poor dragons has had me nearly beside myself with worry. I may not have shouted about it, but meeting them was one of the top 100 moments of my life.

See, I'd been to the Forbidden Forest on and off back when we were living at Hogwarts, and had even gone flying with Opal as a dragon. When I took Oliver with me, one of the times I went to visit her in human form, he'd gotten a chance to meet Opal and see her eggs - and that was back in November. I'll understand if you don't quite remember it, because it happened at the same time we found out our son (Orion) was doing drugs, and I got in enough trouble that I'd more or less forgotten it myself.

Aside from that, I had visited Opal in the Forbidden Forest a few times afterwards, and at first, I thought it would be AGES before her eggs hatched, but to my surprise, they did so when I wasn't around to see it - sometime in May. That part saddens me, as I sort of wish I could have witnessed the event. In any case, right before Hazel's wedding, you may have found it odd that I went to hide out in the Forbidden Forest, but that's what I was doing. I was visiting with Opal and her three young dragons.

I'm going to have to actually pay a visit to Charlie, because he said the dragons were old enough to more or less take care of themselves, and I know baby dragons grow up really quickly, but I need to know for certain that they're doing alright. I wonder if HE'S been camping out in the forest with them???

Would you hate me if I popped over there for a few hours to check up on them?

Alright alright! Mind on my family! Focus on getting the littles to bed... Good thing I'm pacing anyway because I think Morgana must be teething or having a growth spurt, because she is FUSSY right now. Maybe she's coming down with something?

I wonder if I brought her WITH me to the Forbidden Forest, after all, dragon scales can be used in a potion to boost one's health, thus getting her over her cold before it starts. Yes, this sounds like an excellent idea!

But I suppose that literally bringing her with me would be pointless as I'd need to brew the potion in a real lab. I suppose that I COULD brew it in the potion's classroom in Hogwarts. My brother's probably there working on his lesson plan for next year. I - Oh! It seems Morgana just dropped off to sleep after all, I'll just set her in bed...

Yes, I trained my dictation device to pick up on low voices and whispers for when I need to dictate while pacing or otherwise rocking a child to sleep.
Alright, so, the kids are all in bed, Oliver's having a nice and relaxing bath, I have a lovely bottle of wine with my name on it, and Harry's baking a cake and some biscuits - Oi Harry! Are you baking the boys' birthday cake already? You should put some Spiced Brandy or Rumtoph in their cake. And decorate it with a dragon made out of icing. It could have cherries or berries as eyes.

I bought some gold dust if you want to sprinkle a little on the dragon (or other decoration - such as a snitch?).

Oh! I'm getting an incoming Magi-Skype call from Bletchley. Better sign off now!

*Draco is distracted enough that he forgets to sign off and send. Dictation device keeps recording.*

"Good evening Bletchley, how's your day going?"

"Oh, not too bad. Yours?"

"I'm working on my tan and surfing - we're going parasailing tomorrow - and trying to train a foster child not to steal everything she sees, but even with all of that, I'm a bit worried about a trio of young dragons. Their mother just died of an illness."

"Sorry to hear that - and good luck with the foster child. I'm calling because I'm trying to plan out this undercover mission that Robards assigned to me because he can't deal with it himself at the moment."

"Oh? Why not?"

"I'm not entirely sure, to be honest. It's weird, it seems like every time we start discussing it, he forgets what he's talking about to the point that *I've* had to ride HIS arse about it, for a change."

"That's strange. He's usually so focused when it comes to this sort of case."

"Yeah, but since he assigned the planning and execution of this mission to me, I've been wracking my brains on how to get it done!"

"I hope you're not calling to beg me to take it on. I already told you - and Robards too - that as much as I would really LOVE to do it, it's just really bad timing for me all around. I'm on holiday!"

"When AREN'T you on holiday???"

"Oi! I'm not ALWAYS on holiday!"

"Sure seems like it! Did you at least discuss the possibility of going undercover with your husbands?"

"Not really. I've hinted at it, but I can tell that this is bad timing all around, so it'll either have to wait for a better time, or you're just going to have to pick someone else to do the undercover part."

Heavy sigh. "I wish I could! I just don't... I'd love to have Ginger work it, but the operative needs to be male because the informant is straight. Of the male Aurors I have to choose from, only three have the right looks necessary, but all of them have significant others who refuse to let them consider this sort of mission, and not to mention, not a single one of them has your skill set. If this was just some secret meeting to obtain information, we'd have had it done MONTHS ago!"

"Bletchley, you're not telling me anything I don't already know."

Lighter sigh. "Look, if you really won't consider it, can you - as the Chief of Raids - at least do a
thought exercise with me on who might best be able to accomplish this mission?"

"My only choice would be Fierston because - as you said - it requires a certain skill set, and he's the only one who can use Legilimency to kept everything an absolute secret."

"Which is why we asked him, but his fiancée is ADAMANT that he will not be doing anything like that."

"Do you have ANYONE that would pass the looks requirement and is willing to give it a go? I could always attempt to teach him enough Legilimency to get the job done."

"You could always talk to your husbands -

"Listen! I'm NOT going to pick a fight with my husbands while we're basking in the sun in Greece! Pester me again when I've been home a few days, and provided I'm not camping out in the Forbidden Forest to ensure that neither trolls nor Acromantulas eat those poor defenseless dragons, I MIGHT consider thinking about bringing it up in a vague conversation to test the waters! Until then, this crime is just going to have to continue unhindered!"

Heavy sighs and growls of frustration. (From both of them.)

"But -"

CLICK! Silence except for the sounds of pacing. The dictation device eventually sends the email.
Sunday July 29, 2018

My Draco,

Normally I aim most of these emails at you, but often at least assume you're both reading this, and occasionally specifically direct some of my commentary to our Ollie. Not the case with this conversation. Not because I am trying to keep anything from him, please know that if you don't talk to him in the next day or two, I will be making sure he's read your most recent email and we are going to ambush you and force you to talk.

But before I get into the reasoning behind that, I have a few things I wanted to say about the nondramatic issues.

Well, a little dramatic because I know you're upset, but much less dramatic than "if you don't talk to him I will!"

First of all, there's no need for apologies about your distracted behavior. No need for any apologies. You're grieving your dragon and concerned about her young ones. You have always been my animal-loving, wish you could save them all, big-hearted love. I knew as soon as you told me what had happened with Opal that you were emotionally crushed. You take as much time to grieve and worry as you need alright?

And in that same vein, of course I will not hate you if you have to pop over to the Forbidden Forest to check on your baby dragons! Nothing you could do would ever make me hate you, let alone something that your enormous loving heart is telling you to do. Heck, I wouldn't hate you even if you ignored my earlier request and spent a few nights a week in the forest for a couple of months.

I wouldn't like it, but I definitely wouldn't hate you or even be mad at you.

I wouldn't hate you if you brought those temperamental, possibly dangerous, young dragons to live at the Manor.

I wouldn't like it, but I definitely wouldn't hate you.

I wouldn't even hate you if you brought Morgana with you.

I certainly wouldn't like that. I might be a little mad. But not hate. SHE might hurt you though if you took her away from her other Daddies! Little Miss has gotten quite used to having all three of us at her beck and call and I don't think she'd appreciate being down to a single minion.

You need to do what you feel is right. I can give my opinion, I can give my love, I can give my preferences or advice, but I will not force you into anything in this situation. Just tell me what needs doing and I will do it.
Speaking of not being mad at you, I have to admit something to you that I don't think you're aware of and I don't think you'll particularly like. Keep in mind, I was not eavesdropping or doing anything inappropriate to find out this information ...

I heard your entire conversation with Bletchley. How you ask? You didn't sign off your last email and your brilliant dictation device caught the whole thing. I am going to skip over the part of the conversation where you mentioned hinting things to us but not actually telling us about them. I don't need to argue with you. I will just state, for the record, the biggest issues we've ever had in our marriage has come from lack of communication. So, I would like to officially ask that you be up front and honest. Now that you've been called out, I'd like to have a mature adult conversation the three of us.

If you need to catch Ollie up to speed first before we all three talk so that he has a little warning, I am totally fine with that. Or if instead of being scared at my threat to bring this conversation to him, you'd like me to do that to spare you the initial telling? I can do that as well. But the three of us NEED to talk this out before it becomes a full-fledged, massive argument that threatens our relationships.

I am going to give you my initial feelings and ask you a few questions about this thing you've tried hinting to us but never talked about: secret undercover mission. I am only going to tell you how I feel. I am not going to tell you how Ollie will feel. I am not going to talk Ollie into feeling the way that I do. He gets to come up with his own feelings and opinions on the matter just like you've been able to for (days?weeks?months?hmmm?) and just like I have been able to since I read your email last night.

I'm NOT getting in between you and Ollie to get him on your side, but I am also not going to get between you two and get upset with you for potentially upsetting him.

First, completely unrelated to your involvement at all. Are we wizards or not? You're the ONLY possibility to do this mission? The only one with the right looks - the only male - the only one whose significant others aren't saying a 'hell no'? Honestly, you morons are magical. There is polyjuice, there are glamours, there are spells that can alter physical appearance or gender. Not a single person is capable of ... oh I don't know ... wearing your face with an altered polyjuice? Ginger can't glamour her hair and shoot a spell at her bits to make them the right formation?

I mean, I personally think you're one of a kind and completely irreplaceable, but you can't be literally the only human being who can possibly make this happen.

If YOU don't want to do this mission, that is your call. You and I both know I will never tell you I want you to go on an undercover mission. But don't you dare act like Ollie and I are such monstrous controlling pieces of abusive shite that you are afraid to even talk to us. THAT makes me angry. We're not unreasonable.

If OLIVER doesn't want you to do this mission, that's up to him. Just like all of the ACTUAL AURORS have given their significant others veto rights (see it's not just me), Bletchley should be understanding, and YOU should be understanding, if YOUR husbands don't want you to do this. Our feelings are valid and while I know you might like it to be otherwise, it's not exactly insane for someone to not want their husband shagging other people undercover.

But if YOU want to do this and you're just scared of talking to us? Stop hinting to your Gryffindor husbands, wizard up, and tell us what is going on.

Again, these are only MY feelings. But besides your safety, when have I ever had an issue with you going undercover from a touching other people standpoint? It's a job. I know you don't actually
want to shag these criminals or people who are criminal adjacent. Even if you manage to get off from sheer friction, it's not something you'd be looking forward to. It's no different than if you were an actor and had to kiss/pretend to shag a fellow actor for a role. When you're undercover that's exactly what you're doing, playing a role. Sometimes that character has to do things I don't want you to do, but that's the job.

To summarize, the three of us need to sit down and talk. Ollie needs to know what the talk is going to be about before we sit down to have the talk. But for me personally, as long as you leave after my birthday, I am willing to support you in this mission.

But that's enough drama! Let's go parasailing!

Your Harry

Sunday July 29th
Dear Draco - and Harry, but mostly Draco

While I'm not one to participate in this intriguing email exchange, I do usually read them because - as is often said - a lot of the time, things get brought up in the email that are important and need to be thought about before initiating conversation. It's weird, but it really does seem to help all of us communicate better when we have a chance to basically get some notes on a situation before talking it over. It's a bit like having the important points of a test written on the back of one's hand before taking it.

NOT that I've ever done that!

In any case, the last email has given me a lot of food for thought, and I'm really glad that the dictation device picked up on the entire conversation that apparently would not have been brought up otherwise. See, I knew from that conversation we had a while back, that there was some sort of important undercover mission that you've been asked about, but...

You are really very good at being subtle about it, because you SAID you've been hinting, but I don't recall picking up on any other hints. I understand why you initially declined, as you did say that we had too many things to do for it to be feasible (back during that conversation we had), but now that we're coming up on a time when you're going to be free to take it on - if you want - I...

Well...

I'm not sure what I think. I gather that it involves certain things that make you hesitant to even TALK to us about it, but I clearly remember that it's THOSE things that are what make you feel like you actually make a difference. That you can atone for your past and be a better person.

So... While I can't promise that I'll love the idea and give my full, unrestricted blessing... I DO actually want to talk the details over with you and have a chance to think them over before making any sort of decision on the mission.

How does that sound to you?

And for what it's worth, I didn't actually need to read the email (although that helped enormously) as I could hear quite a bit of the conversation from the tub as I was bathing. I was sort of wondering what to do about having overheard you, when the email came in and gave me a better understanding of the situation. That's why I spent a good portion of today while we were parasailing (one of the most fun things I've ever done! Remind me to get my parents a gift for...
watching the littles for us while we were having such fun.) lost in thought.

I... I think I might be more or less on board. Like I said, the details are going to be important in making the final decision, but... I think I've reached a point in which I can be comfortable with you doing things in order to stop a - presumably major - crime.

Love and support,
Oliver

A little later on Sunday night.

Dear Oliver and Harry,

Alright, so we just had the big discussion. It had to wait for the kids to go to bed (or otherwise go to their rooms and do their own things), but I think it went well.

I know I know! I have a habit of waiting to discuss things like this until it's unavoidable, but I swear to you that I really did intend to talk about this - when I thought the time was right.

Alright, so back to the beginning, more or less. Shortly before I lost my memories, Robards had been contacted by an unknown person who hinted that they had some important information that they needed to share in a VERY discreet manner. So discreet that this person refused to give ANY details on themselves OR the thing they wanted to discuss - for fear that the wrong person (AKA the criminal) had the ability to actually spy on them so well that even sending an anonymous email to the Head Auror from a public computer while shopping would be immediately known.

However, as time passed, this person (hereafter known as the potential informant) managed to send more emails to Robards. At the very beginning, Robards had contacted me because his first thought was that with someone as extremely skittish and afraid as this person was, a person with my skills of Legilimency would be useful in doing the actual meeting - as we could have one completely non-incriminating conversation out loud while having an entirely more important one in my head.

At the very beginning, I expressed interest, but there wasn't enough to base an actual decision on either way. THAT is what I was referring to when Oliver and I had our conversation after I regained my memory and I explained to him how undercover missions help me feel like I can use my 'bad' skills to do good. But at that time, not only was there not enough to go on to create an official mission, but we were definitely much too busy to even consider it if there was.

And so, at that point, there really wasn't much to talk about. I suppose that I just didn't want to make a big fuss out of such a small potential possibility.

But then, very recently, I mentioned that Robards had contacted me via Bletchley. Which I still find a bit strange as this is the sort of thing that Robards normally keeps ABSOLUTELY secret until he's ready to act. It's normal for him to ask me if I'm interested - or rather, re-ask now that he had more information to tell me - but he usually never talks about such a case with anyone he doesn't directly plan to have involved. Thus him going to Bletchley so that the both of them could call me...

I suppose he simply decided that he was going to delegate it to Bletchley and just wanted to be certain it was the right decision before doing so. In any case, that's not actually important.

What IS important is that over the past month or so, that potential informant managed to send
Robards 2 (and a half, since one was extremely short) emails giving slightly clearer information. Enough to know that the criminal is, erm… not necessarily dangerous so much as an evil genius - so to speak. He is using his magic to con hoards of muggles into giving him a ton of money.

The potential informant is actually his lover but they have one of those relationships in which neither quite wants to be exclusive, and so both play around with others. That said, the criminal is paranoid that she might betray him, and so, has her 'bugged' so well that it's a huge risk for her to use a public computer while out shopping. She can only do it when she has a valid excuse to cast privacy spells - such as when in a public loo or perhaps on a first date with a new playmate, but even then, she's dead certain he has an actually person watching her to read her lips and be sure that she's not saying anything she shouldn't.

Personally, I think she's being unreasonably paranoid, BUT if she's actually right, then I can completely understand why Robards and Bletchley think I'd be the perfect person for this mission. Yes, the person undercover would have to meet certain requirements to pass as a potential lover - but as Harry pointed out, there are magical methods of working around that. The truly important part would be the skills needed.

It sounds like the most important skill necessary for this mission is Legilimency, which is why I offered to give another person a crash course in it if he or she has ANY sort of aptitude for it. Note: Ginger does not have any aptitude for it. We've actually talked about it in the past, and I once let her try to read my mind when we were working together in the past, but as I said, she had zero ability, and so, nothing came of it.

With all of that in mind, this is how I would work the case - if I decide to do so AND you both give me permission because - no matter how much I balk and rebel against it - I DO recognize that I can't just do this sort of thing if one or both of you hates it.

I would arrange for me to meet the potential informant in a club or other place where it wouldn't at all be strange to pull a one off. I would then go through the motions of dancing and hooking up - flirting and whatever was necessary to utterly convince any and all spies that we are doing exactly what they think we are. Then I'd suggest going to a random hotel - where I would probably have to go through with the one off so that those 'bugging' spells that she's convinced he has on her only pick up what is expected for a one off.

Meanwhile, my mind would be at work obtaining all the information she wants to pass on. I would be multitasking. To be honest, I've never had to focus so intently on something so completely non sexual while shagging, that I'm not certain I can do both convincingly.

I can already hear Oliver asking why there has to be shagging involved at all, and the answer to that is that I honestly can't think of any other reason two people would be silently staring each other intently in the eyes WITHOUT arousing suspicion.

But basically, what I am saying is that I could do this mission and I even understand why I'd be the best choice for it based on my skills and the fact that only Fierston can do Legilimency and CAN'T persuade his fiancée into letting him. I think that Ginger could do most of it, but the actual exchange of information in her case would require words, and no matter how quietly spoken, those words could be overheard by any number of spying spells. Also, casting privacy spells could trigger suspicion, and the last thing anyone wants is to put the potential informant in actual danger if the criminal feels that she is betraying him.

But as I've been telling Bletchley (and Robards), as much as I am confident that I can do this mission, and actually do want to do it, I'm not all that eager to jump into it and risk angering one or both of you. Which is why I was waiting for the best possible time to bring it up. I was thinking
once we were home from Greece, probably after I was reasonably less worried about those dragons and had a chance to introduce Qismah to Unity House.

But it's come to a head now. If I have permission (after we've all thought about it some more and discussed things again), then we can do the preplanning stage, in which Bletchley or Robards contacts the potential informant and arranges a date for the 'never met before, pull a lover from a club, one off' that we want the criminal to think is happening.

With how increasingly desperate she's been in her emails, I think just this bit will put her mind at ease until the actual date. Hopefully.

My only other option is to help Bletchley choose a different Auror and attempt to teach him or her enough Legilimency to accomplish the mission without endangering the potential informant. Which... could work IF anyone has a decent enough aptitude for it. That said, I don't think any of them do, or the Deputy Head Auror would have insisted that I train them in it long before now. Sigh...

I await your next discussion of this matter.

Alright, that sounded a bit cold and formal, but I'm trying to rein my anxiety in.

The best of my love,
Draco
P.S. Fuck it! I'm not going to be able to sleep until I pop in on those dragons in the Forbidden Forest at least once, so, if you should happen to wake up and come looking for me in the next hour or so, that's where I'll be. But don't worry, I'll come back before either of you normally wakes up.
Chapter 323

Chapter Summary

The boys talk and reach an agreement.

Monday July 30, 2018

My Everything,

Phew, that was a killer conversation. It took so much out of me emotionally and I was mostly silent through it. I can't imagine how emotionally raw the both of you are feeling right now. I mean, Draco the look on your face when Ollie said ...

Wait, I am getting ahead of myself.

So, I woke up this morning bright and early. Or dark and early technically. I knew we had a huge day ahead of us, I needed to get Siri and Zwei's birthday breakfasts ready, we were planning on having our big talk, and as soon as I'm done writing this email, I am taking off to bring the mischief twins for their Birthday Rafting Adventure!

Zaire woke up with me, never one to pass up an excuse to play in the kitchen. We put together an absolutely lovely breakfast, full of their usual preferences like pancakes but with fun additions that Zaire came up with. He added greek yogurt as well as local honey and nuts to top off the pancakes. Then he also made Dakos, these little bread bowl husks that were covered in chopped tomato, fresh cheeses, herbs, and olive oil. Then these little pastry things, loukoumades, which are fried dough served with ice cream and then again with the nuts and honey.

Honestly, if they weren't a tradition for our boys, I think they wouldn't have touched my pancakes and just filled themselves up on the loukoumades and dakos. Luckily they know their Daddy Harry is a bit overemotional and made a show of enjoying the pancakes as well. I know they were putting on a show, but I am okay with it.

After they gorged themselves and I had cleaned up the kitchen, they decided to go back to sleep for a bit before we set off on our adventure. Which gave us the perfect opportunity to have our discussion.

It was a bit early for you Draco, but I think you were so worried about whatever decision that Ollie and I had come to that you were willing to get an early start to the day if it meant you'd stop wondering what was going to happen. We were all cuddled up in bed - we might be at odds with the current situation but we always do better when we can hold each other. Assuring each of our husbands that while our words might be feisty, our love is a constant.

I started us out, "Draco, I don't understand why you still feel you have things to atone for. You've done so much good in your adult life it's not only canceled out your earlier bad decisions, but put you solidly in the 'obnoxious goody two shoes' category you used to place me in." You made a face at that but I pressed on, "I have given you my permission that always comes with the caveat that I don't love what's happening, but as long as you come home to me everything will be fine."
You gave me a sweet smirk and almost looked like you were ready to thank us for agreeing and move on with your plans until Ollie interjected, "Harry is not your only husband anymore. He's not the only permission you need. I have stipulations before I agree."

Again Draco, you nodded towards Oliver to continue. Although you did cross your arms; starting out a bit defensive darling?

"Alright, number one: I've realized with Harry's own kissing rules that I quite like having your kisses all for us. No mouth kissing at all."

Your eyes widened a bit, "Salazar that's going to be hard!" Then after taking a deep breath, you agreed with a "but okay, I can make that work."

Oliver gave a sharp nod and continued on, "Number two: I want you to completely avoid penetrative sex at all." Your eyes REALLY widened at that one. Oliver did at least follow that up with, "I understand that might not be possible without blowing your cover, which is obviously that last thing I would want. So I will concede that while I want you to avoid it, you can do what you need to do if it comes down to it."

Draco looked a little more relieved with that slight allowance, "That puts me in quite a dilemma, and I'm not sure I could have completely agreed without your concession that it is allowable if absolutely needed. It will be a challenge, but I can agree to that."

Another sharp nod from Oliver and he pressed on, "Good, halfway there."

I'm not sure if Draco was relieved to hear there were only four conditions or if he was terrified that they seemed to be increasing in intensity and we were only halfway there.

"Condition number three: if you are simply physically taking care of her, orally or with your hands, etc, I want you to cast an impotence spell on yourself. However, if the second request reaches the stage where there must be penetration, I want you to cast a denial spell on yourself. It's one thing if this woman gets to have you, she is damned well not getting your orgasms!"

Draco, I think you were so shocked at this one that you let a giggle escape. "Well that's certainly an interesting condition!"

"Are you saying no?" Oliver challenged.

"No, I was just shocked. I think it might be awkward, but I'm sure I can make it work."

Ollie you took a deep breath, "This one might be the hardest one." I could see a bit of fear in your eyes Dragon, until he said "I don't want you to use any of the endearments with her that you use for Harry and me. No calling her 'Luv' and no 'puppy' or 'mutt'"

Draco you gave us a saucy wink, "You said it might be hard. That's the easiest one. Absolutely not a problem!"

Ollie got a very stern look on his face, "Draco, those are my four conditions. Besides the one you said would be challenging - that I did give you an out if needed - are you really agreeing to these? Actually agreeing and not just saying yes and planning on hiding it from us or just asking for forgiveness later?"

"Oliver, asking for forgiveness is Harry's thing."

Hey. Rude! True, but still!
"I much prefer to never make a promise unless I'm confident I can keep it. So yes, I will promise to abide by your rules unless I absolutely have to break them, in which case, I will tell you about it right away. In return, all I ask is that you try to be understanding no matter what happens."

Oliver ignored the part where you asked for understanding and just pressed on, "You are agreeing? You swear on US?"

Draco's eyes narrowed considerably, "I feel this is a trap somehow, but yes, I swear on us."

Finally Oliver went from stern disciplinarian ... side note: we are totally playing around with that stern authority figure thing later! I'm thinking strict professor or maybe go really far-fetched and play intense quidditch captain giving his teammates a dressing down in the locker rooms.

Mmmm.

Sorry! Bad place to get distracted thinking about my husbands in sweaty quidditch leathers. In a steamy locker room. Really putting me through my paces.

Dammit! I did it again!

Anyway, Oliver lost his strict face and gave one of his thousand-watt Ollie smiles, he looked over at me to see my nod of agreement before saying, "Then Harry and I agree, ignore all of that, there are no conditions at all. Except of course to come home safely to us."

Draco, I don't think I've ever seen you so flustered. You sputtered out a "Wait, what?? Really?"

I took over the explanation because Ollie was busy giving you sweet little kisses all over your pretty face, "Oliver only ever wanted the assurance that we were loved and we were enough. Once he knew you were completely willing to follow those conditions, knew you were planning to honor your husband's wishes instead of pushing back in a temper, knew you were not only willing to agree but without trying to fight it or buck back? It meant they weren't needed."

Once the two of you were done with the kisses, which turned into snogging, which then turned into frotting to completion, Draco got into his own negotiations. That's where we didn't quite come to an easy solution, but I think that's more because we don't really know what will be best without the full background on the case.

See, Draco wants us to be there. You don't think it's particularly believable that you would go to a club to pull a one off without your husbands. You want us to come with, try not to blow your cover, and make it obvious that we gave our permission to play for the night.

See, I think there are probably ways to make it obvious he has our permission without having two idiot Gryffindors attempt to go undercover as well. I just don't think adding us to the mix will make it *less* likely the cover will be blown.

There's also the bit where you think Ollie and I will feel better about the whole thing if we can see the informant is just a normal woman and not a dangerous criminal waiting to hurt Draco.

I happen to think THAT is utter bollocks. I know for a fact that evil can look completely normal. Evil doesn't have a specific face. Or have you already forgotten about Umbridge and her inquisitorial squad of thugs?

Anyway, we can figure out those specifics when you actually start planning the ... raid? Undercover operation? Sting? Information gathering? For now, it's enough to know we have both given our blessing to continue on. We love you, we trust you.
But enough of that! I'm off to the rapids with my fourteen and fifteen year old sons!

Your adventurer!
Harry

Monday July 30th
My Amazing Husbands,

Honestly, you both manage to utterly blow me away when I'm least expecting it!

But before I get into that, let me tell you what happened with the dragons. It's why I was actually still up when we had our early morning negotiation. I went to the Forbidden Forest by taking a potion to transform into a dragon (Antipodean Opaleyes are actually rather hard for muggles to see when they're flying because they blend in with the sky), and flying there. As a dragon, I could fly fast enough that it didn't take more than an hour or so to get to Scotland from Greece.

It took a few more sips of potion to maintain my dragon form as I flew and once I got there, but the little dragons had no problem accepting me as they recognized me in much the same way their mother could always tell I was me no matter what form I take. I really think I must smell the same to them or something. In any case, they seemed rather happy that I was there to go flying with them.

I also had a strange urge to go hunting. I mean I suppose it's not that strange as I do actually take our kids out hunting with the owls when they're in the mood and I have time. I guess that dragon me felt this was a good way to bond with them and make sure that they truly were getting enough to eat.

Anyway, the dragons - two girls and one boy - are doing surprisingly well. They are already big enough to defend themselves from most attackers - especially since they protect each other. They're still no match for an adult dragon with hostile intentions, but I'm not so worried that they'll die of starvation. Also, the Centaurs seem to be keeping the Acromantulas away from them.

Once I returned home, I barely had time to slip in bed before you slipped out of it, Harry. In any other circumstance, I probably would have just passed out from exhaustion, but I was so wound up that I could only toss and turn until you came back into the room and 'woke' me. Thankfully Oliver is still in the stage of his pregnancy where he can sleep like a log without too much discomfort, thus my restlessness didn't disturb him.

Our talk went well, and while I still think that it would be more believable to have you two there to begin with, I take your point in that it would probably be disastrous for my cover. So I called Bletchley and we had a bit of a planning session. The good news is that because the mission is me going out on the pull as myself, I can use our famously kinky sex life as the perfect excuse for why the two of you aren't with me. Even better, I can take an undercover partner with me.

We're going to ask Ginger to glamour her face unrecognizable and be at the club for me to flirt with a bit to establish why I'm there (to pull), which means that she'll be able to back me up if anything goes wrong prior to the hotel portion of the night. Not to mention that she and Bletchley both will be monitoring me via Earbuds. There may not be any Contact Cameras - unfortunately - because I'm not certain I can risk them interfering with my Legilimency.

The point is that if I need to call for help at any time, I'll be able to. Honestly, despite planning for every contingency, almost nothing ever happens on these missions that isn't exactly what I expect.
I'm not including getting pregnant with Morgana in that statement because that incident was not the mission going awry, it was just an unwanted (at the time) result of doing the mission as planned.

So, now that everything is as set as it can get until the potential informant responds to the email Bletchley sent today, I'm more than likely going to pass out. Oliver has already obligingly agreed to be pampered and worshiped by our kids that are still here - I hear that they are going to be conducting this pampering on the beach - so I can sleep. Between him and all our parents, even Qismah should be kept well in hand.

That means, Harry, when you return from rafting with the boys and Persephone (who positively refused to let you leave without her), you should probably head off to the beach to join them. Unless you absolutely MUST have your way with me while I sleep. I'll not object. Probably.

The good news is that if I sleep my normal amount from this point on, I'll wake up so early tomorrow that I can wake YOU up happily for your birthday, for a change! I'm quite looking forward to it ^_^

Can I go where you go? Can we always be this close, forever and ever and ah!

Draco
Tuesday July 31, 2018

Happy Birthday to me!

From beginning to ... not the end since it's still technically my birthday, but from beginning to now my day has been exactly what I wanted it to be and more.

Nineteen years ago; still recovering from a war, still discovering who I was, and after a childhood of fulfilling others' expectations, I began to figure out what I expected of myself. I took the first holiday I had ever taken. I could have brought my best friends. I could have brought my new boyfriend. I could have brought my Godson. But at the time, I had to take this first step on my own.

Maybe I would discover that I wanted to live in a foreign country. Perhaps I would be one of those odd people who didn't actually care for the beach. What if after a lifetime of dreaming about seeing ancient ruins, I realized they were boring and I'd rather be at some tourist trap. There was the chance that after a day or two alone with my thoughts, I would realize I couldn't stand the sound of my own (brain's) voice and needed to surround myself with people.

Instead, I learned that while I wanted to spend my life traveling extensively, even going as far as to make temporary homes in different locations around the globe, Britain will always be my home.

Unsurprisingly, I was definitely one of those people who adores the beach. My favorite travel locations are usually as close to an ocean as I can get.

I love ancient ruins, although I've also found I'm a sucker for a good tourist trap as well.

I adore our crazy family and every loud moment, but I definitely enjoy the few occasions I can be alone with my thoughts to decompress. Although with two husbands and going on twenty-two or more children, those moments are certainly few and far between.

My first holiday in Greece was one of the first times in my life that I was able to discover for myself who I was and what I wanted out of life. In the years since then ... nineteen of them. Damn we've gotten old. How did that happen? Anyway, in the years since that very first of many travels, I have continued to learn about myself. I have grown and changed. I've fallen in love, yet never out of love. And my life is so far beyond any of the wildest dreams I had at nineteen, or nine, or any age really. But I've never come back here.

Although, side note: when I was talking about coming here, I kept saying we hadn't been back since my trip. I've also been alluding to it this entire email. Technically it's not true. We did come on a trip to Greece nine years ago. It was on the mainland of the country, we're on a separate island 770 something kilometers (480 miles) away. It might technically be the same country but that's like saying when we went to California and NYC they were the same place since they were technically
the same country.

Also, that happened in that year following our original Unity Iran trip and much of that time following is a blur for me.

Anyway, what I was trying to say is that for all of our travels, I have never come back to Crete. Never come back to Kato Zakros. And even being on Crete this week for this vacation, we're staying on the other side of the island in Koutsouras. I worried that coming back here might change something about those memories I hold dear. Of having time to read on the beach, finishing the entire book in one sunny day. Just a lot of reapplication of sun charms. That my memories of the cabin I stayed in will go from sweetly charming to realizing it was a dingy hovel. I'm really not sure what I was worried about, but those memories have always been so perfect that I didn't want to chance spoiling them.

So, I had a backup plan. If my original plans fell short I had a cute cafe set up for lunch. I had a few theatre locations scouted out. A secondary beach we could lounge on.

But none of my backup plans were needed. After my delicious wake-up from my beautiful Draco, with my gorgeous Oliver enthusiastically joining in once he was woken by the moaning, and a nice breakfast with my family, we headed off for Zakros.

Or I suppose after a million goodbyes to the kids and reassurances from all the grandparents that we weren't needed and to enjoy our day off. Then a few more million goodbyes, we headed off for Zakros.

I brought the loves of my life to the sweet little cozy cabin I stayed in all those years ago. And it was perfect. Everything was charmingly exactly the same. The comfy beach chairs, the sweet little vase of flowers left on the table by the owners, even the ocean air smelled the same way it does in all of my memories.

And we did nothing more than talk, cuddle, kiss, just spending the day together. I probably did more talking than either of you combined, but then again I'm the birthday boy and you both seemed willing to allow me some special considerations. We walked through the cabin, christening each room thoroughly! And we went for a walk hand in hand in hand down the beach. I know you've both heard my childhood sob story a million times. Or maybe just once or twice ... I don't exactly love reliving it. But for some reason, I felt the need to explain just what that first vacation meant to me. And how I was ready to share this sacred space with the two of you.

I don't think I can type out everything I spoke of today. I think it's alright if we forget the exact conversations. Those words and feelings can live on in that space. Maybe we should come back here for our tenth wedding anniversary or some other special date. Maybe our fortieth birthd...... oh wait, Ollie is already past forty, maybe we'll come out here for his fiftieth!

Oh, I am going to pay for that later I'm sure.

But we'll have to come back no matter what to check on our marks.

With the day spent frolicking on the beach, making love on every inch of the cabin, and the emotional connections we strengthened today - my favorite moment was none of those things. Don't get me wrong, they were all wonderful, but the marks were my favorite.

Which marks do I mean? Well, I wasn't actually speaking of my newest brand, but that was a wonderful moment. After over a year of seeing "Property of Draco Malfoy" branded into my inner thigh, Ollie left his own mark on the opposite thigh. Now, "Property of Oliver Wood" graces the
coordinating spot. Your names practically kissing each other every time my thighs come together. Mmm, I am getting hard just thinking of those matching marks of ownership.

No though, those aren't the marks I was thinking of. On the steps I watched my first Grecian sunrise from, I had spelled my initials "HP." It was with a full heart that I changed that mark I'd made so long ago. Turning the "HP" into a "HMW"

Just changing my original name to my married name would have been enough. But seeing the tears in my eyes, seeing how important that mark was to me, the both of you added your own initials, forever leaving our initials intertwined in this space. Burnt into what I think of as "my" steps, all future travelers will see "DM + HMW + OW"

Thank you for the calmest, and yet loveliest birthday I think I've ever had. Thank you for letting me drag you across the island to this little hidden cove. Thank you for loving me.

Now, I am going to sign off, go find you both, and drag you off to bed so I can show you just how appreciative I am of all the gifts I've been given.

Eternally Yours,
Harry Malfoy-Wood

Sunday August 5th (around 3AM)
Dear Harry and Oliver,

As you know, because I insta-owled you, I am currently in my office in the Ministry. However, you might both be sleeping and not actually reading your I-Os. So, I'll start by repeating them: I'm safe and in my office.

The mission didn't exactly go well, but I'll get to that. First, let me tell it chronologically so that it all makes sense when I write my official report.

I left you all in Greece on Friday so that I could Portkey to the Ministry to finalize the preplanning. I also popped into the Forbidden Forest when I had a few minutes to check up on the dragons, who seem to be missing their mum. In any case, I know you're all in bed at the moment so you can leave first thing in the morning and be back home in the Manor in PLENTY of time to celebrate Nora's first birthday with us.

But as I was saying, Friday was finalization, Saturday was the mission. That means I spent a few hours during the afternoon making sure that the tech was working perfectly for Bletchley and Ginger. Warning, Ginger wore a glamour, but she still wears as much perfume as ever, and so I probably reek of it.

Ginger was outfitted with Contact Cameras and Earbuds. Bletchley was burrowed in the incident room wearing Earbuds and watching footage from Ginger's cameras AND the mapping drones that we deployed at the club once we arrived.

A small twist to my plans was that Bletchley found a young Auror to help with the mission. Girly! I know, I was surprised too. But apparently, Girly doesn't have any significant others to prevent her from going to a club to pull, and while she also doesn't have Legilimency, she IS a fully trained Auror and NOT someone easily recognizable as such. I am, but that doesn't matter in this situation, and Ginger is, but she's wearing a glamour. Girly was wearing Contact Cameras and Earbuds, and her role was to alternate - with Ginger obviously - who I was dancing with and to help sell the
I verified that the tech was all in working order, slipped some mapping drones in my carry all watch to deploy at the Hotel for Bletchley to monitor when the only other contact he had with me was my earbuds (which also record audio, in case you forgot that). At the last minute, I decided to try wearing a pair of Contact Cameras after all, figuring that I could always excuse myself to the loo to remove them if they interfered. Once that part was ready, the three of us that were going to the club left to go get ready, which for me, meant a trip to the spa for a massage and facial with a mani/pedi and the tips of my hair died a gorgeous metallic blue.

Then I naturally dressed up in one of my best - somewhat casual - waistcoats paired with a sleek pair of black trousers and a crisp white shirt. Once I was ready, I headed off to the club. The potential informant was told that she would be meeting with me, and so, knew to look for me - although I was planning to arrive nearly an hour before the designated meeting time. Which I did. This was to give Ginger and Girly a chance to arrive at different times and help establish my cover story.

One of the nice things about Ginger is that she actually knows how to dance pretty well. This means that I was able to have a bit of fun before the mission officially began. Girly arrived right on schedule and promptly started vying for my attention. I danced with her a few times, but she's actually not that good at it, and so, I was glad to have Ginger to switch back and forth between.

The potential informant had been the one to specify place and time, and so, she'd chosen a club owned by squibs (that I sort of partially own, heh heh) that had a good mix of unsuspecting muggles, squibs, and witches and wizards all dancing and getting along with each other. It wasn't specifically LBGT, but it was an inclusive place, so there were a few gay couples on the dance floor as well.

But as I was saying (I must be tired, I keep going off track!), the potential informant said in her email that I'd know her by the fact that she has light brown hair that brushes her shoulders, would be wearing a satin blue dress that had asymmetrical shoulders - her left one being bare - and most importantly of all, she had a tattoo on her left shoulder of the iconic Slytherin Snake.

Why don't ***I*** have a tattoo of that?!

When she arrived - with two girl friends (to sell the fact that she's not here specifically to have a traitorous meeting with me) - I immediately spotted her and gave her a flirty wink to let her know that I was 'interested.' She flirted back, but otherwise ignored me until after they could obtain drinks and settle their plans for who looked good enough to dance with.

This part of it took patience. I definitely needed it to look like we were interested in each other, but NOT so interested that we just jumped in each others' arms and Apparated away. You know, the subtle part where I am like a snake slowly coiling around my prey.

At one point, when Girly was pretending to be frustrated with my fickleness, a man came up to me and grinned an invitation to do naughty things with him. I gave him a wary look.

"You're Draco Malfoy, right?" He asked, looking me up and down in appreciation.

"Yeah. Something I can help you with?" I wondered. He was good looking enough – with blond hair and vibrant blue eyes - that he should have interested me, but I was too focused on my mission to truly give him a second look.

"Oh, just that I wondered what you're doing here without your husbands."
"Oh? Did you want to dance with Harry? Or Oliver?"

He got close enough to put an arm around my shoulders. "You, actually. I just find it odd that you're out without them."

SEE?! I shrugged and gave him a polite smile. "My husbands are so gay that they seem allergic to fanny, and so, they've given me permission to have a bit of fun with a woman tonight."

This seemed to make him falter for a moment. "Wait... but aren't YOU gay too?"

I chuckled. "Seeing as I'm married to two men, I can see why you'd assume that, but I'm actually bisexual."

He grinned again. "Oh? So you'd be interested in a visit to the loo with me?"

I shook my head and gently pushed his arm off my shoulders. "Sorry mate, but no. I came here looking for fanny. I've got two of the best shafts on the planet waiting for me at home, if that was what I was in the mood for. Better luck next time!"

He was persistent, but my attention had already returned to the potential informant, who was giving me smoky eyes from across the room. I looked her up and down, very overtly, to get my point across.

"All I'm saying is that we could get each other off in the loo, and THEN you can STILL pull that bird over there."

I shook my head. "Sorry mate, not interested." Then I frowned curiously. "Why do you want me so badly anyway?"

"Are you serious?!" He practically shouted. "Have you looked in a mirror recently?!"

This made me give him a flirty smirk after all. "I applaud your taste, but as I said, I'm not interested. I'm about to go ask that bird over there to dance with me. If you want to help me out a bit, you could distract the two that have been trying to get in my pants all night."

He bit his lip in thought. "What is it about her that interests you more than those two?"

I grinned at him. "That's easy! She's playing hard to get and acting like she's barely noticed me. Like I don't matter to her, and that makes her a challenge."

"Ah..." he murmured in disappointment, perhaps realizing that him coming onto me was a big part of the reason that I just wasn't interested. The more important part being that he wasn't either of you. He didn't need to know that the most important reason of all was that I was actually working and not seriously interested in anyone here at all.

He stood there quietly watching me watch her for a few seconds before I decided that I couldn't risk blowing my cover by seeming TOO interested, so I turned back to Ginger, who was smirking at me knowingly even as she looked the bloke up and down. We danced, and it's probably a good thing that I'd not gone over and tried talking to the potential informant yet anyway, because she excused herself to the loo.

The dance with Ginger - and Girly, who decided to rub herself all over me, helping me not only sell the fact that I was on the pull, but also giving me an opportunity to make it clear that I wasn't into someone as forward as she was being. She and Ginger seemed to be speaking almost silently via their Earbuds, because they were having fun playing rivals even as they coordinated their actions.
A few minutes later, the potential informant was back with her friends, pointing to the dance floor. I looked around to see who might try to grab her attention before I could, and noticed that the bloke interested in me had decided to leave the club rather than watch me flirt with her - which was perfect as I REALLY didn't need him distracting me.

The potential informant accepted a dance from the first man to ask her, but a glance in my direction let me know that she was expecting me to come over and cut in at some point. Her two friends each found relatively good looking blokes to dance with, and from that moment on, seemed to lose all interest in her or each other. Clearly, they were on the pull too and - now that they were on the prowl - weren't planning to interfere with each other.

I let the potential informant have two whole dances with the man that she barely seemed to tolerate before going over and cutting in as expected. She looked so relieved that I could only assume the strain of pretending to be innocently not betraying her lover was getting to her. She shook that off, presumably reminding herself that she had a part to play.

"I didn't expect you to dance with me. You're married to TWO famous men, and I'm just a fil..."

I pressed a finger to her lips and shook my head. "Tonight, I'm just a man with permission to stray as I like."

She smiled at that. "So... does that mean we might end up, erm..."

"Spending the night in a hotel?" I finished for her, chuckling, because now that we'd made contact, she seemed a bit eager to get this whole thing over with. "I don't see why not."

"But..." She bit her lip with a frown. "Don't you think I'm being too..."

I stroked her spine, deciding to speed things up before she cracked and blew our cover. "Normally, I like my potential lovers to play hard to get and challenge me, but from the first moment I laid eyes on you, I knew you were it for the night. So we can do this the long way by dancing and flirting, or we can just go find a hotel room."

Before she could answer, a song came on that caught both our attention. Actually, we both grinned deviously. I pulled her in my arms and forced her to relax and dance with me as I sang to her.

"So you're a tough guy, like it really rough guy, just can't get enough guy, chest always so puffed guy, I'm the bad type, make your mama sad type, make your girlfriend mad type, might seduce your dad type, I'm the baaaaad guy..."

She laughed and took over. "I like it when you take control, even if you know that you don't own me, I'll let you play the role, I'll be your animal."

We both relaxed a bit and got into the dance at that point, until we spontaneously sung in unison a bit later. "I'm only good at being baaaaaad... Baaaad..."

She pressed a finger to my lips so that she could sing the next part by herself. "I like when you get mad, I guess I'm glad that you're alone," she paused to kiss me, but I put a finger on her lips as I was honestly trying to abide by the rules I promised to follow, even though I was given permission to disregard them. Instead of a kiss on the lips, I pressed my mouth against her ear and whispered the last bit of the song.

"I'm a bad guy..."

Looking antsy with excitement, she grabbed me by the hand and started dragging me toward the
loo, before stopping abruptly and pointing toward the exit. I nodded in agreement and took the lead. Once outside the club, neither of us broke character.

"I can Apparate us to an excellent hotel," I offered.

She put an arm around my shoulder and seemed to breathe me in. "I'd like that."

Normally Harry, at some point, probably right about the time the mission started, you'd tell me that you don't really want to know all the details. So now that I'm reaching the part of the mission that you REALLY don't want the details of, I need to pause and let you know that I'm giving them all to you because they're actually important.

Harry... Oliver... PLEASE don't think of the following descriptions as any sort of attempt to make you feel bad. And keep in mind that I was doing a job. A serious job despite the fact that shagging was part of the plan.

I Apparated us to the hotel that I'd already booked a room at (that I also partially own), and since I had already done so, there was no need to check in. Simply pop into the room and subtly deploy my mapping drones. As I was doing this (behind my back), she tried to kiss me again, but I shook my head and said: "No kisses on the mouth, please. Anywhere else is fine."

"Oh?" She purred in a sultry tone as she dropped to her knees "Such as here?"

Well, if I'm honest, that WOULD give me an excuse to stare her in the eyes, provided that she looked up at me, so I gestured for her to give it a go. I'll skim the details slightly because I'm sure you can imagine. In any case, she seemed rather eager as she stripped me off and got into her performance. It took a minute or so for her to look up at me, but then our eyes locked and I slipped right into her mind.

Mentally, I sighed in relief as not everyone CAN be read. I had no way to know until this moment if it was even possible to have a Legilimency conversation with her. She was so focused on her task, that she didn't even seem to notice that I was in her mind, so I took a moment to look around.

As I assumed, the job was NOT so easy as a large package on a mental desk labeled: Information to leak to the Aurors. Instead, her mind was a bit cluttered, and...

There was an image of me tied to a somewhat gaudy green and gold bed. I figured that she must have taken the news of who her contact was to heart and mentally prepared for the situation. As I looked around a bit more, the actual woman pulled back a moment and looked down, inadvertently evicting me from her mind.

"Can you tell me about the Dark Lord?"

"WHY in the bloody hell would you want to talk about HIM... AT A TIME LIKE THIS?!?!" I asked in bafflement.

She huffed a tiny chuckle. "When else would I ever have a chance to ask?"

"Yeah but, he was an insane man who ordered me to commit murder. You CAN'T think that I'd want to talk about him when..." I gestured to the situation at hand.

"I suppose not... After then?"

I was still beyond confused "Erm... maybe?" After all, maybe this was part of what the criminal would EXPECT to hear if he's spying on her as much as she thinks he is. Maybe he managed to
make her confess to a potential one off with me and he gave her permission so long as she pumped me for certain information. I'd need to read her mind some more in order to be certain.

At this point, she pushed me on my back on the bed and went to climb on, but I prevented her from that as well, saving it for a last resort - so to speak. Instead, I rolled her onto her back and gently bit her neck before looking into her eyes. As easy as breathing, I was back inside her mind.

To my surprise, she was mentally looking at her reflection in a mirror in a dingy public loo. She turned her face side to side to get a really good look at it, even going so far as to pry open her eyelids as far as possible and PEER into her own brown eyes. Then - with a smirk - she looked off to her side...

Where SHE was sprawled over a toilet, naked and... strange looking. The her that was looking at her cast a slew of privacy spells to close the stall door, lock it, and repel everyone from noticing that it even existed. The she straightened her neckline, adjusted her cleavage, and exited the loo.

This shocked me out of her mind! I gaped at her and wasn't sure what to do! After all, that COULD have just been an odd fantasy, but it seemed like a very recent memory. She took my pause as second thoughts or something, and rolled us around the bed again until she was about to straddle me.

"Wait!" I cried out insistently. Even my hands were held out in a gesture commanding her to stop. "I, erm… I forgot to cast the appropriate protection spells!"

She pouted at that. "Aww... I was sort of hoping you'd forget that..."

That made me shiver in revulsion. Before she could react - or even catch on - I pointed at her and nonverbally (and wandlessly, but that probably goes without saying) cast a spell to incarcerate her.

"Kinky!" She purred approvingly as I rolled her onto her stomach and sat on her back.

Then I put a hand to my ear and tapped the Earbud so that I'd be able to talk through it like a magimobile - but only to the team involved. "Bletchley, I think we might have a problem."

"Oh? What sort of problem?" Bletchley asked, a crunching sound made me wonder if he was eating popcorn.

"Ginger, are you still at the club?" I asked.

"Yeah Chief! We're just enjoying our night - but not TOO much in case you need us to back you up."

"Great! Can you go into the loo and see if there's a stall that's been charmed to repel people, and if so, check to see what's inside it?"

She sounded weary even as she agreed to go do just that. Sure enough, approximately one minute later, she was groaning in frustration as Girly gasped in astonishment. "It's our informant!"

"If our informant is currently lying dead on a toilet, then WHO in the bloody hell is in the hotel shagging you?!" Ginger cried out.

"That's what ***I'D*** like to know!" I shouted. Then it hit me. "Wait! Did you say she's dead?!"

At this point, the woman under me started struggling and cursing up a blue streak. Thankfully for me, she doesn't have the ability to use magic without her wand and with her hands tied up.
"Ginger, you two come here and take this potential murderer into custody. And whatever you do, DON'T make a fuss over the fact that I'm bloody naked!"

"Sure thing, chief!" Girly agreed in a tone that suggested that she was looking forward to it. I knew that with Apparation, I wouldn't have time to so much as summon a bathrobe, so I didn't even bother to move and risk letting the criminal escape.

Therefore, when the two Aurors and Bletchley arrived a few seconds later, I was still sitting on the incarcerated criminal. "I can't say for certain that this is the murderer, but - as I'll tell you in my debriefing - I have a strong reason to suspect that it's likely."

They took her into custody as I shifted to the side and sat on the bed with my head in my hands. There I was, trying everything I could to NOT get her murdered, and she went and bloody got murdered anyway!

Bletchley and Ginger took her in as Girly stayed behind to help me get dressed and collect my mapping drones. We also swept the room in case the criminal our informant was trying to betray had been a hundred steps ahead of us and had set this whole thing up and left evidence of it in the room.

It was clean.

Which meant that I had to go back to my office in the Ministry and try to figure out what in the bloody hell had happened! I'll be home... after I write my report. That might be an hour, or it might be five. I'll let you know if it's going to take more than an hour though.

All my love,
Draco
Chapter 325

Chapter Summary

Harry's a bit panicky, Oliver's keeping him calm, and Draco's got a bit more information.

Sunday August 5, 2018

Draco!

We were sleeping last night when you sent your insta-owls, and then still sleeping when you eventually sent off the email. We wanted to get an early start to the day. Even with as many adults as we brought and all of the elves, getting our entire family ready to fly home is a bit of an ordeal.

Which is why I didn't even read my email until just now that our plane is finally at the boring cruising portion of the flight.

It's been hours, HOURS, and you haven't sent us any sort of updates! I mean, of course I'm glad you're alright, but I figured at this point you would either have sent us a message saying you're done with office stuff and are awaiting our arrival at the Manor or an explanation why you are going to be late.

So, of course I am panicking. Maybe you were fine hours ago but what if the murderer somehow sent off an undetectable curse that doesn't activate for hours. And now that you think you're safe you're actually not?!?

Draco!!!!!! Let us know you're alright!

Your very worried husbands,
Harry and Oliver

P.S. Draco, while I of course want an update, Harry is the only one panicking. Don't worry, update when you can, I'll try my best to keep our Harry calm. -Oliver

Sunday August 5th
My patient husbands,

Sorry about not Insta-owling like I promised. I basically fell asleep in my office - draped over my desk. I got so caught up in trying to figure out what had happened, that I simply decided to rest my head on my desk as I thought it all over, and the next thing I knew, Bletchley was leading Ramsey into my office.

"Huh! I thought you'd gone home AGES ago! We were just stopping by to see if you'd left your report on your desk," Bletchley said. "But since you're here, would you like to know what we've discovered so far?"

"Of course!" I exclaimed in a tone that made it clear they were bloody stupid if they thought
They both sat down after transfiguring the small and flimsy wooden guest chairs into plush and comfortable arm chairs. Bletchley gestured for Ramsey to say it.

"So we let the criminal we brought in sit in a holding cell for a bit until I came in for the morning and called Fierston in. By the time that we were ready to go in and interrogate her, 'she' turned into a man. This was not entirely unexpected as we knew that he couldn't really be the woman that he appeared to be - since she was currently in the morgue."

I nodded in understanding.

"Auror Ginger had checked up on him after a few hours, and reports that he's a man who'd been trying to dance with you at the club and-"

I cut him short in surprise. "Wait! You mean to tell me that our ENTIRE mission turned to shit because of a random horny man in a club?!"

"It looks that way," Ramsey replied with clear sympathy. "Fierston and I interrogated him, and while he didn't say much out loud, Fierston reports that he more or less confirmed that the murderer spotted you in the club, took an unhealthy interest in you, and decided to take the opportunity to have you - no matter what it took. Other flashes of memory suggest that it's not the first time he's used murder to get what he wanted, and so, you've taken down a genuine criminal. Possibly one even worse than the one we were after. Just…"

"Just NOT the one we were aiming for," I added with a sigh. Running a hand through my hair, I growled in frustration. "And our informant never once gave us ANYTHING to so much as HINT at the criminal she wanted to betray!"

Bletchley sighed. "There's nothing we can do about that now. All we can do is look into her background and see if we can determine who she was dating and in such an open relationship with. Which - at the very least - will point a finger at someone to keep an eye on."

Ramsey also sighed. "As to that, the unfortunate thing is that by the time Auror Ginger returned to the club to see if our victim's friends were still there, they'd already left - presumably with lovers they'd pulled for the night. And so, we have no leads to work with at the moment."

"I have an enthusiastic rookie named Henley performing a search of any database he can to see if our victim is in there somewhere," Bletchley informed me.

"So... what you're saying is that there's not much we can do until we ID our victim?" I stated more than asked.

"Unfortunately, that's correct."

Running my hand through my hair again, I stood up abruptly. "Fine, since there's no reason for me to stay here - my report is more or less finished if you want to read it - I'll be in the morgue," I said as I handed over my unsigned report for them to read.

"Why in the morgue?" Ramsey asked in bafflement.

"I want to go see if I can spy on our victim a bit," I replied, probably not explaining anything sensibly.

As I assumed, Ramsey continued to look as confused as ever, but Bletchley nodded in
understanding. I popped down to the morgue, and to my surprise, Ramsey followed me. I gave him a curious look.

He shrugged. "It's technically MY responsibility to oversee all interrogations, and if you're going to attempt to interrogate a dead body, then I feel I should be on hand to supervise it."

I huffed a wry laugh. "Well, if you insist. Not that there'll be much for you to see."

It took us a few minutes to obtain permission to see and handle the body, but the coroner in charge had just finished her magi-autopsy, and so, had no reason to deny us.

The moment I could, I grabbed her cold and boney hand and held it between both of mine. Closing my eyes, I simply waited to see if anything would happen.

This was one of the stranger visions I'd ever had as I had to witness the magi-autopsy AND her murder before the vision moved on to more important things - such as her getting ready for our date last night. In that way, I managed to see the number on her flat door as she left and the address of the building when she exited. Best of all, her mates called her by name when she met up with them and gave them kisses on the cheeks.

"Claudia!"

I stuck with the vision a bit longer to see if Claudia would show me anything else I needed to know, and sure enough, when they Apparated off to the club, the vision changed to a scene that was probably the night before. A scene in which she was shagging a bloke and having a rather intimate conversation. The bloke seemed to have a respectable amount of stamina, but eventually, they were panting and tangled up in the aftermath of a good orgasm.

That's when they had a small talk about how Claudia planned to go out to a club with her friends to pull a one off. The bloke nodded in permission and gave her a kiss.

"I'm glad that you have plans. I have something important to do tomorrow."

She rolled her eyes. "You ALWAYS have something important to do on Saturday nights!"

He flapped his hand dismissively. "I'm just making money to keep us in this wondrous luxury!"

She sighed morosely. "Sometimes, a date would be better than earning a bit more money."

He kissed her again. "When I'm satisfied I have enough to retire, THEN we'll go on as many dates as you want."

"If you say so," she murmured as she snuggled up to her pillow and fell asleep. The vision ended then.

Unfortunately, she never mentioned his name and I didn't really have anything to help identify him - other than his looks - as they seemed to be in a generically decorated room, such as a hotel. Thus, IF we find a man she was apparently dating that looks like him, I'll know we have the right man, but if they were keeping their relationship a secret for any reason, I'll have nothing.

This was frustrating enough that I sat there in contemplative silence for a long moment before opening my eyes and setting her hand on her abdomen. Then I turned to Ramsey. "Her name is Claudia and she lives in a flat." I gave the address, watching as the coroner wrote it down in her file - as he would need to help locate and contact her family if possible.
At that point, I was going to leave, but I received a message summoning me to stop by Bletchley's office before going home. Thus, five minutes later, Ramsey and I were in Robards' office with Bletchley.

"We have a rather frantic man pacing the bullpen, INSISTING that his girlfriend must have been murdered last night," Bletchley announced.

"How does he know?" Ramsey asked suspiciously.

Bletchley gave him a tiny mirthless smile. "It seems that he confessed to being paranoid about her and had her spelled so he could monitor her if he wanted, and at some point, those spells just ended. He was asleep at that point, so he doesn't know exactly when, but when he woke up and noticed, at first, he convinced himself that she had simply managed to break the spells on her. Until he went to go check up on her at her flat and found that she wasn't home. And her friends report that they hadn't seen her after she left the club with a bloke."

Bletchley paused to give a genuine laugh. "Funnily enough, they gave him a description of the bloke she left with - that he's CERTAIN must be the murderer - and the description matches YOU almost exactly, Malfoy."

"Ha," I exclaimed dryly. "Must've been me then."

Robards chuckled. "Shall I have you placed under caution then, Malfoy?"

That made me laugh for real. "Only if you plan to explain to Harry and Oliver why I'm not home for Nora's birthday tomorrow."

Robards paled significantly. "No that's okay, I'd really rather not!"

I gave him a suspicious look. "Did.... Did Harry DO something to you?"

Unexpectedly, that flustered him and made him prevaricate unconvincingly. "Er, no! Not at all! Why would you think that? Erm, I think it's time for you to go home, Malfoy, so that the rest of us can get on with solving this whole bloody mess!"

I decided to let the matter drop, although I gave him a look that let him know that I WOULD be looking into it, and stood up to leave. "I'm only agreeing to go home - after I add a last little bit to my report - because I know that Harry and Oliver will be home soon, and if I'm not there to help them unpack, it'll be MY arse in trouble. Please call me if ANYTHING develops."

"Will do!" Bletchley promised with a cheeky salute.

I left Robards' office and returned to my own to add my vision to the report I was writing (that Bletchley had left on my desk after reading). Then I decided to write this email to document everything for you both. NOW I'm about to go home and reassure you that nothing is wrong. Hopefully the Insta-owl I sent earlier has calmed you a bit, Harry, my love.

See you in a few seconds,
I'll be the fire in your night,
Draco
Chapter 326

Chapter Summary

It's Nora's first birthday as a Malfoy.

Monday August 6, 2018

Dear Nora's Daddies,

These poor Grandmas! For months they have helped Nora plan her birthday party. You know in our house, because of the way we've built our family, the first birthday party is a very big deal. We try to make the most out of every birthday but sometimes the day is nothing more than a fun outing, cake, and a family dinner. But the very first birthday with us, whether it's when they actually turn one year old, or ten (Elena and Shtara), or four (Parker, Zaire, and now Nora), is a very big deal.

Well, we all know how much our little Nora Madeline Marseilles Malfoy loves the character Madeline. She has a few beautiful Madeline costumes ... actually I don't even think they qualify as costumes, it's just perfect recreations of the clothing Madeline wears in her stories. A costume implies it looks like a caricature of something, but instead our Nora just has a closet full of gorgeous clothing that happens to look like her favorite character's clothing. All of it lovingly made by her Nana Iris.

Because of Nora's love of all things Madeline and Parisian in general, we've been planning for an elaborate party highlighting those two things. We created a faux Parisian street, complete with fully functioning patisserie. Zaire had even planned out an entire 'menu' for this faux bakery. Greg had even made a huge (but smaller than the real thing obviously) recreation of the Eiffel Tower. We had already made little hat party favors, and Grandma Molly hadn't officially started the cake but she had created the blueprint design for it.

Grampy Lulu had even commissioned a little "playhouse" to look just like her boarding school.

However, all of those plans changed while we were in Greece. On one of our (many) beach days, or I suppose one of our few beach days that were spent on a public beach, a girl around Jaz's age made a comment when she saw Nora swimming. Nora is actually quite a natural in the water, but she is a little .... flaily. She uses her whole body, instead of mostly her arms, and it ends up with an extra flip from her feet and quite a bit of splashing. This girl made the comment that Nora looked like a mermaid.

Obviously this child was muggle or she would not have said our dainty princess Nora looked anything like merpeople!

However, Nora has also never seen real merpeople and decided that was the best compliment she's ever received. And now she's in love with the idea of mermaids. So, on the flight back from Greece she spent the entirety of the flight with her grandmothers conspiring to plan out an entirely new idea for her birthday party.

I think there's a chance that if it had only been myself in the discussion I may have been able to
explain to her that it was too late to change her mind. That even though she loved mermaids, it's not as though she stopped loving Madeline, and she could have her original party as planned. However, someone turned those big baby blues onto her Daddy Oliver and got an "of course we can change the party plans Nora-Mine!"

Sucker.

So, the cake plans were changed to a sparkly under-the-sea cake complete with mermaid tails seeming to be splashing out the top. The patisserie was turned into an art shop with mermaid themed crafts the kids could create. However, the Eiffel Tower stayed as is. When we got home yesterday Greg came over for some last minute additions. When he found out the theme was changed he mentioned he could turn it into something else, she got a shocked look on her face and asked him why he would destroy something so pretty. In case you were wondering why the Eiffel Tower was at a mermaid party, that is why.

Grampy Lulu, a sucker as big as my Ollie as far as I'm concerned, kept the playhouse but told Nora he'd build her a little grotto/lagoon for her to play at being a mermaid.

When Nora grows up to be the biggest snob the Malfoy family has ever seen I am personally blaming Oliver and Lucius.

And maybe Molly! That cake was beautiful. And delicious obviously!

However, the best addition to the party would have to be from her Gramma Iris. She made her a full mermaid dress! It was gorgeous, shiny purple on top like shells covering a fairy tale mermaid's chest, and then shiny scales going all the way to a big ruffle at the feet to look like fins. I thought it was just a pretty dress until it came time that the kids all wanted to swim. I told Nora to go put on her swimsuit, she giggled at me and said, "Pas de papa! Je le porte deja!" She then popped off the skirt part and that's when I saw the bodice of the dress was actually a bathing suit.
That might have been the best addition to the party, but the best part of the day was when we were putting the birthday girl down for bed. Little tired girl, hair smelling of saltwater, a smudge of frosting still on her cheek, sleepily thanking her Daddies for the best day ever.

Fine, I will take a spoiled little girl any day when it puts that smile on her face. My little urchin princess.

Thank you for being the best co-daddies ever my loves!

I'll be, the greatest fan of your life,
Harry

Tuesday August 7th
My forgiving husbands,

I'm so sorry that I'm running late. I got caught up in reading Fierston's report on the murderer, but I SWEAR that I'm about to Apparate right over to St. Mungo's and should be there before Rowe finishes casting the hologram spell!

Still my guitar gently weeps,
Draco
Chapter 327

Chapter Summary

Draco was late to the Healer's appointment, so he doesn't know the gender and Harry and Oliver aren't telling him without proper incentive.

Our Dearest Draco,

Aren't you so excited about the birth of our upcoming .... child? Can you even handle how ready you are to dress them in little .... clothes? Can you believe our current ratio of boys to girls is going to .... be different?

Oh wait, that's right, you don't actually know which version of baby we're getting! Why is that again? I mean, we got in to see Rowe, she checked on the little caboose, and baby wasn't even being shy just showed off their stuff like Daddy Draco's little nudist with no shame. What would have possibly happened that you weren't paying attention to the reveal?

Now I remember! That all probably happened while you were late to the appointment!

Ollie and I really debated whether or not we wanted to mess with you. Seeing as you were there for the part where we knew both Ollie and Baby are doing extremely well, no issues or concerns, we thought messing with you about the big gender reveal is funny. We definitely wouldn't be hiding information like whether or not your two family members were healthy. But something as unimportant as whether we're going to let the Grandmas knit/buy/sew lots of ruffles or overalls is funny!

We will give you the information, but you may have to *torture* it out of us.

Love,
Your Knowledgeable Husbands,
Harry and Oliver

P.S. *shag*

Tuesday August 7th
My shagged out husbands,

Mmm... I do believe it has been a while since I got a chance to let go of my inner beast. The moment we got home from our appointment, frustrated by: "If you wanted to know the gender, Draco, you should have been there on time!" I went to the Crystal Room to do some destructive meditation.

While I was in there, I received your email with the challenge to torture the information out of you, and this delighted me. I've been wound up a bit lately, and despite the fact that we shagged more than should be humanly possibly on our holiday in Greece, I felt like it had been AGES.

And it sort of had been ages since we did anything to scratch my dark itch. And so - challenged in
the best possible way - I took the time to insure that the kids were all occupied. I even went so far as to ask if Hagrid wanted the Feisty Foursome (which he did) and Minerva wanted Nora (duh!), and so, with the littles perfectly happy with my parents, and the older ones able to do their own things, I knew we'd have PLENTY of time for me to really work you both over.

I decided this called for a bit of a divide and conquer tactic. To that end, I tied Harry to a chair - rather than suspend him from the ceiling as he normally prefers - with a gag in his mouth. This gave me the opportunity to focus on Oliver for a while. I started by tying him up as well so that I could drape him over your lap, Harry, and spank him. I started relatively gently and worked into deeper impacts. That said, I kept in mind that he doesn't like spanking as much as you do, and so, I needed to balance on the edge of hard enough to give him a thrill and keep his interest, but not so hard as to turn him off.

The moment I felt I had him sufficiently warmed up, I switched his position so that he was sitting on your lap with his legs spread wide - held open by your legs. At that point, I Sounded him until he was babbling: "Oh Merlin, fuck Merlin, fuck! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE'RE -"

I cut him short by stuffing a gag in his mouth. "Hush now, love. There's no need to be hasty," I informed him. The Sounding made him quiver and shake - and whimper through his gag - until he orgasmed so hard that I almost didn't have time to pull the Sound from him before he erupted.

But I wasn't done yet. I decided to tickle his overly sensitive shaft with my tongue for a few minutes until his almost frantic squirming calmed. Then it was time to give him a break while I tortured you. I kept right on going until I'd given you each about a half dozen orgasms. You were definitely exhausted, having survived me spanking you, teasing you, pinching you, licking you, using a variety of toys on you, everything but shagging you.

Then, when you both gave me pleading eyes that suggested that you couldn't take another orgasm even if it saved your lives, I cursed you both into women - cast triple protection spells on you - and started all over again. By the time that I was ready to remove the gags and hear the announcement, neither of you had the energy left to speak, so I had to content myself with finally shagging you.

Strangely, after all of that, I couldn't sleep, so after returning you back to your true gender, I tucked you both into the bed in our playroom, wrote this quick recap, and am giving you both kisses. Since I can't sleep, I'm about to go visit the Forbidden Forest. I should be back before either of you wake up, but if I'm not, you'll know where to find me.

You took the words right out of my mouth, it must have been while you were kissing me, Draco
Chapter 328

Chapter Summary

It's a...

Chapter Notes

See if you can catch Harry's clue before Draco spoils it for you ^_^

Gods Damn it Draco!

I like a good torturing as much as or more than the next bloke, but you practically killed us earlier! I felt like I had all of my own orgasms and all of Ollie's. It was intense.

Really though, did you need to keep going after Oliver was willing to give in? You could have had the information so much earlier. But you just had to keep going huh?

Loving you is exhausting sometimes. Or being loved by you. Okay, not loving OR being loved by you so much as it's exhausting being sexually tortured by you!

Bring your torturous self home already so we can tell you! I could probably spills the beans in this email, but wouldn’t you rather us tell you in person?

Anyway, I’m sure you're having fun with your dragons, we’re just both awake and missing you.

But we do understand why you need to visit them, so don't worry that we're mad or anything. Just missing you and wanting to give you the news.

Your Husbands Harry and Oliver

Wednesday August 8th,
It's a girl! We're having a girl!

You know, the older I get, the more I feel I have in common with our girls. Maybe it's because they are more likely to go to a spa with me for the day. No I did NOT say that only girls go to spas or that boys hate them, just that when I want a spa day, it's usually the girls that volunteer to go with me.

And so, I am really excited to be having another girl! Maybe she'll be a dancer like Elena. Maybe she'll be a singer like Shtara. Maybe she'll be a business mogul like Viona. Maybe she'll own a spa like River.

River's not a girl, and he put more gray hairs on my head than the rest of them so far, but he turned out to be one of the ones that STOPPED worrying me almost the moment he turned into an adult. I
suppose being magically bound to a Veela will do that to a bloke, hahaha.

Changing subjects (I didn't have a decent segue, sorry), my time in the Forbidden Forest was rather lovely. The dragons had already eaten their fill, so it was mostly romping, play fighting, and a bit of flying practice. They're at an awkward age in which I suppose they COULD fly a little bit if they had to, but that it's still a little hard for them and they don't seem inclined to care if they can fly yet or not.

I had to call Charlie, and he told me this is normal behavior. Their desire to fly will increase as they get bigger and need to go farther to find suitable food. So... they're doing well.

When I came back home - after you both had woken up and got tired of waiting for me - I was planning to go straight to bed and get some sleep, but Qismah came in positively bawling because she's afraid that I'm going to dump her off at some strange place where everyone hates her. Or worse, bring her back to her boss thief in Kermanshah.

After hugging her and calmly soothing her fears, I decided to bring her to Unity House and show her around. And that's when something miraculous happened. It turns out that there was a couple in their 30s looking for a child, having been fully vetted already, and haven't quite found the right one yet. They wanted someone unique. Someone who wasn't like every other child (in a general sense, they understand that EVERY child is different). Someone who was a bit of a rebel and needed parents who weren't 'normal' either.

Here's why: They're lesbians... with a twist. One of the two women is white but you almost can't tell because she's fully covered in tattoos and piercings, and is a survivor of the streets and a rather rough childhood. A muggleborn who slipped through the cracks until she was nearly an adult. The other is almost the opposite in every way. She's from a middle class, loving family. She's been through university and is currently a doctor. She's a muggle from a mixed family - meaning that she's half black and half southern Indian/Hindu. Together, they form a nearly perfect balance.

And they fell in love with Qismah instantly. Better yet, Qismah likes the fact that they have shown patience for her pickpocketing, even though she robbed them practically blind. She's... being cautious. But I really think that the three of them will be good for each other. So, even though I brought Qismah back to the Manor with me, I really think it's only a matter of time before she wants to meet those women again.

By that point, it was only a matter of an hour or so before dinner, and so, I went to the Ministry. Kevin Miller - the man who just lost his girlfriend to murder - was told how Claudia was murdered in the loo so that the murderer could Polyjuice into her. How it was the murderer her friends witnessed leaving, and how the murderer was already captured and had confessed.

So, Kevin Miller feels that justice is being served.

Steven Banks - on the other hand - is irate that he was caught so easily. He's vowed to AK me if he ever gets his hands on me, but the evidence of his past murders keep piling up (the more they search his home, the more they find), and so he will more than like never be free again.

I'm not worried.

In the meantime, Robards has assigned Ginger to covertly dig up dirt on Kevin Miller, and if she finds anything, I've been promised to be notified right away. Depending on what she finds, we might need to organize a raid, or we might just have to arrest him. And if she doesn't find anything at all, I MIGHT Polyjuice into a woman and try to pull him for a night so that I can wander around his mind. But that's not a possibility until Ginger works the case a bit.
In any case, I'm writing this from my office, but I'm signing off now because dinner should be
starting in 2 minutes and I don't want to be late.

Candles raise my desire, why am I so far away?
Draco
Chapter 329

Chapter Summary

Harry wants to talk names, Draco is game, and Oliver is confused.

My Dragon,

You know, with this last mission happening the way it did, I’ve probably been more clingy than usual. Normally I’m quite understanding when you’re late. Especially if you have a legitimate reason for it and not just “you know I detest mornings Harry!”

I think I somehow had it stuck in my head that missions are dangerous and you’re perfectly safe otherwise. Instead, the mission part of your night was relatively safe and it was just some random coincidence that the murderer was there and thought you were pretty.

Now my world is a bit turned upside down and I’m panicking. I’ve half a mind to force an unbreakable vow out of both you and Ollie that we’ll never ever play and never go out in crowded areas where we’re more than two meters from each other.

Honestly, I probably need a lengthy session with Katja to figure out all my feelings about this. I’ve definitely struggled internally every time you’ve left the manor since that night. Even though the criminal is behind bars and looking to spend a very long time there.

Steven Banks huh? What cell is he being held in? Asking for a friend.

Okay, on to happier subjects! Our newest daughter! I am so excited! I’m sure I’d say the same thing if we were having a boy, but I’m just so thrilled she’s a girl!

So now can we finally talk names?!?

Frustrated,
Harry

Thursday August 9th
Names huh?


Nah, that one's too close to Gabriel, I suppose. Maybe Gwen - GUINEVERE! We DO have a Morgana after all...

We sort of like Eowyn or Arwen, don't we? Leia... B'elanna - no, that's probably too close to Elena... And T'pol is just too weird, even for me. Hmm...

OOO OOO! We could go big - REALLY big! Hera! Queen of the Gods!

UGH! Can't just ONE of our babies name herself?! Sigh...

Love me love me love me, oooooooo, harder harder harder,
Draco
P.S. Can we finally have a Girl Dragon???

About 10 minutes later
Harry,

I feel like I'm missing a joke or something. Is Draco serious? Where is he getting all these names from?

Oliver
My Dearest Ones,

Oliver; a long time ago in a gal ...... no that's not how this one goes. A long time ago, in this galaxy, Draco and I fell in love through emails. You know the story. But one of the things that was a significant part of our interactions was Draco's complete inability to read sarcasm through emails. It took weeks for me to tell him there was such a thing as the backspace key, he thought once he typed something it was there for good and no taking it back.

I am not ashamed to admit I used that to my advantage and let him spill secrets he probably wouldn't have otherwise.

When we decided to get married and have children, I am sure you will be completely unsurprised to hear that I spent a lot of time talking about names. I think names are so important, and I never want to force one of my children to end up with a name like Harry. But during this discussion, I made a few absolutely ridiculous suggestions. Unfortunately, Draco had no idea I was kidding and took the suggestions to heart.

When I told him I was kidding he laughed and said he had been kidding as well.

He was not.

So, if you look at all of his suggestions in his previous email you will see the insane suggestions I made such as Daffodil Libra. Names like Reina del Dragon and ... Girl Dragon were Draco's extremely helpful suggestions. I am sure he will try to tell us he was kidding, but I promise you that if you told him the caboose was to be named Sagittarius Aquarius he would be excited and start having personalized baby gifts engraved for her with that terrible moniker.

Please don't let him do this.

Draco Darling ... in your name suggestions, I just have to ask you a question. Have we truly had so many children that you've forgotten their names? You asked "Maybe Gwen - GUINEVERE! We DO have a Morgana after all..." Yes, we have a Morgana. Her name is Morgana GUINEVERE you absolute dingus! Are you going senile? Is this why you wanted to name them all variations of Draco? Because you knew you'd start forgetting their names and if they all had the same name you wouldn't have to worry about that?

On a more serious note, I still like my suggestions I made weeks ago. And in Draco's list of nonsense I really liked Eowyn or Arwen. And being a huge Star Wars nerd, you know I love Leia. But I repeat ... Ollie gets to name this baby with the exception of I would like veto rights in case you make some sort of terrible suggestion like T'pol.
Honestly Draco? T'pol? B'elanna? Durga? I have to assume while you got your memories back that you have some residual trauma we need to get fixed.

T'pol.

In Love,

Harry

Friday August 10th
Dear Harry and Draco,

I, erm... I have an idea, but I'm afraid you'll think it's silly...

I've been sitting and rubbing my stomach for the past few days, just enjoying the fact that I can feel the baby in there before she gets so big that I'm thoroughly uncomfortable. And as I do... A name has been dancing through my mind.

A name I really rather love but can be considered a tiny bit ridiculous. It just... It just FEELS perfect to me.

Before I tell you, I have to admit that something surprising happened. Remember when Draco got drunk and lost a bet? Well at first, I dismissed that as absurd and never going to happen, but recently...

Alright, so the name that's been stuck in my head to the point that I'm already calling her it in private is...

Serenity... Because this is the feeling she gives me.

Serenity Blaise...

I like the contrast. The first name is gentle. Soft. Feminine. Loving. The second one is fierce and determined. Confident. Ambitious.

I feel that together, these two names are the perfect balance of traits, and describe most of the things I want for this baby.

What do you think?

Even if you hate it, will you please pretend it's nice while you politely decline?

Anxious and waiting,

Oliver

Chapter End Notes

Reminder, Draco insisted that Orion have Draco as a middle name, and Zwei is literally Draco the second, and so, Draco didn't forget that Morgana has Guinevere as a middle name, he just doesn't see why they can't have another baby with that as a first game.
Also, it was Harry that actually first suggested that she liked Reina, and Draco really likes it, so that's why he keeps suggesting it in the form of Reina Del Dragon, but Harry seems to have been turned off by it, lol ^_^
Chapter 331

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco love Oliver's choice of name.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Friday August 10, 2018

Oh Ollie!

Serenity? Serenity Blaise? Of course that's her name!

I have to pretend nothing. It's an absolutely lovely name! I suppose I shouldn't speak for Draco, but I will do what I promised I wouldn't do and totally step in and take your side on this if he doesn't love it.

I love that you've felt serenity while carrying her. You've waited so long for her that I am ninety-nine percent thrilled that your pregnancy has been calm, serene, and wonderful. The other one percent is jealousy that none of my pregnancies went as smoothly! I'd like to say it's one hundred to zero, but I can't lie. My poor stomach was never calm!

Even if you had suggested something like Girl Dragon, I would have just veto'ed it as kindly as I possibly could. But I really don't need to pretend.

I can't wait to see who our little Serenity Blaise will be. Our Calm Fire. Honestly controlled fire is the best name if we want our child to be a reflection of the three of us.

I'm going to go find Draco, make him read his email, and we are going to come find you to give you cuddles and kisses and talk to our baby girl.

Yours,
Harry

Friday August 10th

Oh Oliver!

I love it! It's a beautiful name! I'm going to come tackle you to the bed and - oh wait... Ooo! Harry's just arrived and he has the same thing in mind, so WE'RE going to come tackle you to the bed and have our wicked wicked way with you.

Incoming!
Draco

Chapter End Notes
Warning: Angst and drama ahead...
Harry is very sorry, but he has to go away for a bit, meanwhile, his husbands miss him even though they are a little mad at him.

Saturday August 11, 2018

My Husbands,

I'm so glad I had yesterday with you both, holding each other, talking to our newest daughter, and having this wonderful memory.

A memory that's going to have to sustain me for a bit. I am not sure how long. I uh, I have no idea when I'm going to have another day like yesterday. Hopefully sooner rather than later. I love you both more than anything else on this entire planet. In this entire galaxy. In this or any universe. You are my everything.

I ... received some news this morning and I have to go away for a bit. Not sure when I'll be back. I'm hoping to be home in time for Cassie's birthday, I sure wouldn't want to miss her first birthday as my official daughter! Not to mention needing to be home before we send off our Hogwarts-aged kids and my Hogwarts-employed husband. Uh. I just can't promise.

I will try to get to my email as often as I can, but I can't take my magi-mobile, my insta-owls, or even a real owl. I'm sorry my hearts.

Try not to worry about me. I'm not leaving forever. I don't want to leave. I don't need time away for myself. I just ... need to go.

Remember that I WILL be coming home to you both. To the husbands and family I love more than life itself.

I know neither of you were awake for it. I know you are both going to be furious with me. But I kissed you both goodbye before I wrote this and I will give you each another kiss before I leave. Know that the last thing I do before I apparate will be to remind my heart and soul who I'm coming home to.

Sorrowfully,

Harry

Saturday August 11th

Our Dearest Harry,

My morning began while it was still actually morning. When Oliver first woke up, he had no idea that you were gone. He simply assumed that you were awake and doing something - presumably in the kitchens or stables, or maybe even running circles around our track. He went about his day, showering, tending to the littles as they woke up, feeding them, playing with them, and so on.
Then they went down for their nap and he had a moment to sit down and check to see if any new emails had come in from you. One had. When that angered him and broke his heart - and yet, worried him more than anything - he woke me up, sounding a bit frantic. I held him and calmed him down until he was able to read to me your email.

I would have read it for myself, but his explanation of why he was so upset was: "Here, let me just read it to you."

When he was done, I took a deep breath and thought in silence for... I dunno. It may have been mere seconds or it may have been full minutes. In any case, I held Oliver, stroked his hair soothingly, and thought about your words.

Finally, Oliver just couldn't take it anymore. He grabbed me and shook me just a little, demanding: "What do we do?!!"

I sighed, shrugged, and shook my head a bit helplessly. "The only thing we can do. Wait for him to come home and have faith in him that he has a very good reason for this."

"How can you be so calm about this?!!" Oliver demanded, his anger taking over for the moment.

"Because... it's more or less exactly what I have asked of him over the years. Stay home and wait patiently as I go off and do some important thing that needs doing. How can I get upset with him for doing the very same thing?"

"Yeah but YOU tell us what it is you're doing and how dangerous it might be! HARRY JUST UP AND LEFT!!!" Oliver roared in protest.

"I only do that BECAUSE I didn't do that the first time. I just did it and prayed that Harry wouldn't notice something was off. And I did that because I was afraid that he would try to tell me not to do the thing I wanted to do - which was an undercover mission that was rather dangerous. I can only assume that Harry found out something important that he felt that only HE could or should do something about, and rather than risk our talking him out of it or forbidding him outright, he simply went off and did it."

"EXACTLY!!!!!"

I gave Oliver a tiny smile before kissing him. "Well, as far as I'm concerned, Harry never needed my permission. Had he asked, my answer would have been: 'Of course, whatever you want, Harry my love.' I probably would have added a question of: 'Do you want me to come with and help you or stay at home?' To which I can only assume he wanted me to stay at home because we have a sort of unofficial policy that the both of us should NEVER risk our lives at the same time so that - if the worst should happen - our kids still have one of their parents."

"OH GOD!!! Fucking Merlin's Bollocks! You think he's risking his life?!?!" Oliver wailed in horror, his hands gripping the sides of his face.

"I'm almost certain of it, and if I had to guess, I'd say that Harry asked someone or several someones in Iran to look into exactly who it was that was forcing Qismah to steal for him, and now that they've told him who it was, he's off to ensure this man - or woman - is never heard from again," I explained.

"If THAT'S really it, I swear I'll wring his bloody neck, right after I hug him to death upon his safe arrival home!" Oliver threatened.

I kissed him. "Calm down love. This is our Harry. He's not only going to come home alive and
victorious, but he's going to already be beating himself up that he had to go in the first place. He's going to wring his own neck far worse than you ever could. So rather than plot his murder, you might want to consider visiting your Mind Healer and coming to at least a partial acceptance of the situation. Maybe even aim for complete support."

Oliver sighed, sounding a little defeated. "Am I really so wrong for being angry and upset?"

"Oh no, don't mistake my calm for lack of anger or worry. I'm simply planning to go destroy the Crystal Room for a bit. I might even run off to the Adventure Park to fight some Inferi, but I also know that I have the most important task in the world right now, and that's living as normally as possible until our husband returns and explains himself."

This evidently gave Oliver something to think about, because he was silently thinking long enough for me to visit the loo and begin my day.

And so, here's a warning to you, our missing love, we ARE a bit mad at you, but I will not express that to you directly. When you return home, the only thing I will express is my happiness that you're back. OLIVER - on the other hand - might just work himself up to Rage Halo levels of worry, and so, you might have to deal with that upon your arrival.

Be safe and come home in one piece,
All our Love,
Draco and Oliver
Chapter 333

Chapter Summary

Harry still can't say much and his husbands are trying their best to cope.

Wednesday August 15, 2018

My Understanding Husbands,

Gods above and below, I can't even begin to explain how sorry I am that I am hurting you. How hard this is for me to be away. How thankful I am that you haven't decided I'm not worth it.

Knowing that I am worrying you. That my actions are causing you distress. I swear to you, if there was something I could do to take this pain away from you I would. I just ... can't.

I know this feels like I'm doing exactly what I've told Draco for years is hurtful and cruel. I know I left with no explanation and I'm staying away without giving any reasonable amount of information. I just ... can't.

Oh! Wait! I can definitely tell you this has nothing to do with Qismah or her former 'boss.' I already took care of that situation!

Ollie, it's not what you're thinking! While we were still in Iran you'll remember I contacted Kamaria about taking Qismah out of the country. Well, in that discussion I explained the situation. I'm sorry I didn't tell you this when she got back to me, I must have gotten distracted with something. But they found the guy and he's got a rap sheet as long as my ... arm. So he's in custody and unable to come after her even if he had any way to find her.

Draco is right though, I want to wring my own neck for doing this to the both of you. I'm sorry. And I really will understand if this is something you will never forgive me for. I don't think I will ever forgive myself. But I know I wouldn't be able to forgive myself for not doing the thing I'm doing.

If I come back I promise I will take all of your anger Oliver. I know I deserve it. Please just keep yourself healthy.

And uh, Draco, maybe stick with the crystal room, I just think you guys sticking to the Manor is probably best.

Ciao,
Harry

Wednesday August 15th
Our Savior,

You know, after all these years, there's only ONE person I'd trust to save the world from evil, and that's you, Harry. Oliver - after some therapy - has come to the same conclusion. We may not know
the details, but we know you well enough to know that this is important. Perhaps 'Save the World' level of important. Even if it's not that big, even if it's really small - such as save a puppy from an arsehole - we still know that it's important to you.

And so, we're continuing on as normal. If any of the adult or big kids ask where you are and what you are doing, we tell them the truth: that we don't know. If any of the younger kids ask (this is basically the Feisty Foursome and Nora as the babies/toddlers can't talk yet), we tell them that Daddy Harry is doing something important and he'll tell them all about it when he gets back.

Because of this, Eris, Viona, Elena, and Hazel/Pearl are ready to wring your neck when you return. They love you of course, and miss you like crazy, but they're not best pleased at all. You may need to face an Armada when you get back.

In any case, now that Oliver is more or less accepting (focusing on remaining calm so as to NOT alarm Serenity, who has actually lived up to her name already and KEPT him calm), life is rather normal. We have a big aching hole in our hearts - of course - but we're not letting that stop us from doing the things we'd be doing if you were home. So, for example, I've brought Qismah to Unity House a couple of times, and it's now official that the lesbian couple that fell in love with her ARE going to adopt her. As I understand it, it's going to take a bit longer than usual because of the international aspect - they have to double and triple check all possible paperwork to be absolutely certain they didn't miss anything about her somehow, but once that's done, she's all theirs.

In other news, I've been going for a few hours each evening to the Forbidden Forest, where I've been spending time with the young dragons, not just making sure that they're eating enough and keeping themselves safe and happy, but simply frolicking with them in dragon form. I've now completely run out of the last of the original anijuice potion that turned Charlie and me into dragons, and so, I've had to brew more using some scales from Opal. I actually started that a while ago, and so, have been using the new batch.

But don't think this means that I've been spending no time with our actual kids. On the contrary, I've been spending more time with them than usual, since not only do they keep coming to me to ask questions about you, but I'm home most of the time.

Side note, once Hermione found out that you are consensually missing, no amount of telling her to leave you to it made a difference. I'm quite certain that she's assigned a few Unspeakables to tracking you down and DRAGGING you back home if necessary. There are a few perks to being Minister after all.

Second side note, KISA is also not best pleased and may or may not be planning to punish you accordingly when you return.

As for me, I just wanted to let you know that you are correct when you said that what made me angry was the fact that you are doing EXACTLY what you've told me over and over NOT to do. Our entire Triad relationship nearly BROKE when I took off for a couple of HOURS to go persuade a young boy to give up a life of prostitution - despite my good intentions. My action led to us having to go to therapy and redefine the rules of our ENTIRE relationship! It led to ME promising things I don't necessarily like, but abide by because I love you both and you are THAT important to me.

And yet, it's fine if YOU do it. Not JUST take off and come back a few hours later to a couple of angry husbands, but for DAYS and possibly WEEKS!!! In your last email, you even hinted that you're not certain if you'll EVER come back! And so yes, I was VERY angry.

Not at what you are doing, but at the sheer HYPOCRISY of it!
But that anger was a brief flash that I easily worked through in the Crystal Room. What I told Oliver - and you via the email - was true. It's even truer now that I've calmed down. I am not upset by the fact that you are off doing something important that you can't tell us about. I'm not even upset that you took off while we were both still sleeping so that we couldn't attempt to stop you. I'm no longer upset that you are doing exactly what you made me vow never to do.

I'm simply worried. I'm worried that you went from being reasonably confident that you might return before September 1st to no longer certain if you'll ever come home. I'm worried that you are working completely alone with NO backup whatsoever - as far as you've told us. And I'm worried that you have alluded to the fact that you don't think we'll be entirely safe if we leave the Manor.

I AM a little upset that you didn't even attempt to ask for our help. This makes me feel like you've been ordered by a criminal to act alone and tell no one anything, which both frustrates and relieves me. You are being coerced into these uncharacteristic actions. Because if you weren't, you could have asked for my help and I could have organized an entire operation - undercover, raid, or otherwise. I could have given you all the backup and support and magi-tech you needed. AND I would have stayed behind in the command center, or even at home, so that you could do what you had to with the certain knowledge that me and Oliver are safe and cannot be caught up in whatever it is you don't want us caught up in.

But... when it comes right down to it, I'm actually surprisingly NOT angry. I can very easily picture myself in any number of situations in which I would need to do what you're doing, and I would almost certainly do it if I felt I needed to. I cannot be mad at you for doing something I would do.

So I am doing exactly what I told Oliver I was going to do. I'm trusting in you that you're doing this for an important reason, and I'm focusing on living as normally as possible while you're gone. I'm staying strong for the entire family, and I'm NOT allowing even the slightest doubt enter my mind that you will be back safe and sound. SOON.

I know you, love. You are NOT a patient man. I cannot see you allowing this to continue on for too long. A couple of weeks, sure. A couple of months, maybe. But you would NEVER let this drag out even as long as a year, because you HATE waking up alone, and unless you are currently sleeping with a companion for sheer companionship (which I would not mind but OLIVER might murder you for), you are going to get tired of waking up alone very very quickly.

I'm betting a hefty sum of money that you'll be back before the end of September. I'd actually be extremely surprised if you were gone that long. You're my personal hero and the Savior of the Wizarding World, and when it comes down to a magical fire fight, I'm dead certain you can win against all-comers. The one or two that MIGHT have stood a chance against you have all died. And so, you're going to get fed up sooner rather than later, erupt a glorious Rage Halo - the likes of which even I have never seen before - and fix this situation that has taken you from us. You're going to TRY to do this the better way, but in the end, you're going to RHH and come back to us.

Of that I have no doubt.

Thus, to prove that I am continuing on as normally as possible, I'm going to do the most normal thing in the world.

Sing to you.

*Draco turns on his dictation device*

"Hands, put your empty hands in mine, And scars, show me all the scars you hide, And hey, if your wings are broken, Please take mine so yours can open too. 'Cause I'm gonna stand by you, Oh,
tears make kaleidoscopes in your eyes, And hurt, I know you're hurting, but so am I, And love, if your wings are broken, Borrow mine so yours can open too, 'Cause I'm gonna stand by you!

Even if we're breaking down, we can find a way to break through, Even if we can't find heaven, I'll walk through hell with you, Love, you're not alone, 'cause I'm gonna stand by you, Even if we can't find heaven, I'm gonna stand by you, Even if we can't find heaven, I'll walk through hell with you, Love, you're not alone, 'cause I'm gonna stand by you

I'll be your eyes when yours can't shine, I'll be your arms, I'll be your steady satellite, And when you can't rise, well, I'll cry with you on hands and knees, 'Cause I - "

*At this point, Oliver interrupts.*

"That's a beautiful song. I assume you're singing to Harry?"

"Exactly."

"Can I dance with you?"

"Of course love, c'mere."

*The two dance in silence for a moment before Oliver notices the dictation device.*

"Oi Harry, we miss you and we love you, so come back to us, yeah? Love you're not alone, 'Cause we're gonna stand by you!"

"Well said Oliver. Love forever, Draco and Oliver. Go ahead and send the email now."

*Device sends the email.*
Saturday August 18, 2018

My Loves,

I miss you so much it hurts. It's like there is a wound in my chest that I can feel slowly bleeding out. A gaping hole where my contentment in the arms of my husbands should be. DO NOT ever worry that I hate waking alone enough to attempt any companionship with anyone else. It wouldn't be right. It's not just waking alone, but waking without your comforting scents, your strong arms, the sounds of the heartbeats I live for. No one could fill that hole. Even if I had the time or felt safe enough to find companionship in that way I wouldn't want it.

You're right though, I am already sick of waking alone. When I am able to get some sleep at least.

I listened to your song. I could *hear* it and your love. My heart hurts so badly. I want nothing more than to come home at once. I just ... can't.

If I could CONTACT you I promise I would. I mean, I obviously am contacting you through email, but you know what I mean.

It's not that I worry I won't ever be able to come home, I just think the intensity of what I'm doing is getting to me. I was at a very low point when I wrote that and a part of me was terrified I would die before I could get home to you. Not that it couldn't happen, heck I could get hit by the Knight Bus on my way home from Unity one day. None of us ever really know when our time is coming. So, don't fear, I don't think I'm in true danger of dying.

You so lovingly reminded me that I am who I am. I am magically strong. I might not be as clever as either of you, but I'm not exactly stupid either. I am cunning. I have a ridiculously strong Rage Halo. And, most importantly, I have some very important people to come home to. I will come home! I will finish this! And as soon as I can tell you anything, I promise I will give you a minute by minute run-down of everything THE moment I get home.

Just a few things .... erm, uh, I never told you not to leave the Manor. That sounds like a warning. I didn't give you any warnings! Go wherever you want! I just think this time of year the Manor is so lovely! It's most definitely a better place to be than the stuffy old ministry to see Hermione or any
of the AURORS. And erm, in the summer do you really think a forest is the best place to be? There are ... mosquitos! And your skin is so sensitive Draco. Plus, erm, malaria. You can't contract malaria when you're pregnant Ollie!

This couple adopting Qismah sounds lovely though. Maybe you should make sure she can see her new mums often, spending time at Unity with them should be a really fun thing for you both to do. Whenever.

I will face down as many angry family members as I need to when I get back. I don't want to upset the big kids OR the little ones with Daddy Harry being missing. The armada can do whatever they think I deserve as soon as I'm home. I have so many loved ones to come home to. My family is THE most important thing to me.

I think I've got this myself though, no need to send UNSPEAKABLES after me! And I have a feeling they won't know where to search anyway. I can be pretty sneaky after all. Remember I spent months on the camping trip from hell and only got caught when I said something I shouldn't have said. All that time with magical warding and inventions that should have kept us safe, and at the end of the day I got caught by snatchers because something I should have been able to trust, in that case my voice, couldn't be completely trusted.

I love you both more than life itself. Keep yourselves safe for me please.

Adios,
Harry

P.S. The image of you two dancing, Draco with those new green tips to your hair, and Ollie probably wearing your faded puddlemere training tee, is seared into my memory.

Monday August 20th
Our beloved,

First things first, Oliver is doing well, and Rowe has assured us that little Serenity is perfect. Oliver is a tiny bit depressed, and as a consequence, he's been sleeping a little more than normal, but since he IS growing a new tiny human, his extra sleep is a good thing. His magic levels are holding steady, and he hasn't needed any sort of magical boost. That said, Rowe has prescribed him the magic boosting potions anyway. She feels that there's no need for him to wait to take them until they're actually needed as they can't hurt him.

In other news, remember that girl that wanted an abortion? Well her baby was born Saturday night. Oddly enough, she called for ME to be with her during her labor. I was surprised because I'd really only talked with her a couple of times since she agreed to take the potion to speed up her pregnancy. Those were fairly basic and polite conversations that I didn't even think enough of to mention. But apparently, she feels that I am one of a very few people on the planet she can trust to be there for her, and so, I got to witness as little Borias was born.

Tabitha has everything ready to care for him as needed, but you might not be shocked to learn that I couldn't put him down long enough for them to do anything. I stayed at Unity last night caring for him. Don't worry, I'm not adopting the little peanut. Not only is he going to go back to his mother eventually, but I'm NOT that attached to him. I think the only reason I couldn't put him down was that he's so tiny and adorable, and I can't help but want the best for him.

I've set him up with a small trust fund should his mother end up dying before he becomes an adult.
In that case, Unity would naturally give him to his father or adopt him out to a loving family, but at least I will feel secure in the knowledge that he'll be able to go to specialized schools if he wants, or even just buy a house and work minimum wage jobs while still having that cushion of support.

Today, I managed to pry Borias from my arms and head off to the Ministry, where I simply went to my office and discussed Steven Banks. When confronted with the irrefutable evidence collected from his flat - of how he'd murdered at least 6 people at random to help him get something he wanted - he rather smugly confessed. He's apparently CONVINCED that he's so much smarter than all the rest of us, that we'd have never caught him if not for the sheer fluke of me twigging that something was off and bringing him in.

He still doesn't know exact details, but he seems to think that I had known the victim well enough to realize that she wasn't acting normally, and that's what made me think to check if she'd ever made it out of the loo of the club. Which is just fine as he doesn't need to know that I read it in his mind. In any case, since he confessed, there's no need for a full trial, just a sentencing. Which already happened and Steven Banks is now 'comfortably' sitting in a cell in Azkaban.

His sentence is large enough that he will never be free until he dies.

After that, I went home. Apparently word has spread about your voluntary MIA status. Thus, we ended up having a full circle dinner tonight. Hermione informed me that since she didn't have enough evidence of ANY sort to go off of, she had to release the Unspeakables from their assignment, as they had tried their best and come up with nothing. She well knows that you can hide anywhere and everywhere in this country and not be found if you don't want to be.

That said... You know how I said I would have been happier had you asked me to organize some sort of raid or whatever you needed? Well, there are two people on this planet who HAVE been on the run with you, who have helped keep your arse safe and alive no matter HOW hair-brained your schemes got. And those two people are practically sobbing (or were, about two hours ago) over the fact that you didn't arrive in the middle of the night and bring one or both of them with you.

Hermione specifically feels like you should have grabbed her, but understands that absconding with the current Minister for Magic might not have been the best idea. Which is why she and Ron both assume that you would have popped in, said: "'Mione, sorry I can't bring you with us, but I have need of Ron for a super secret mission and will have him back as soon as possible, even though it might take weeks."

For the record, they would have agreed without question, and only a little arguing that Hermione should have gone with anyway.

That's honestly the ONLY thing none of us can quite understand. Barring some sort of blackmail or other coercion, you have SO MANY people that you could have chosen to bring with you for backup and support. Yet you chose to run off alone. Even only one of us - even just RON (don't tell him I implied he's the weakest link in this sentence) - would have helped you immensely. Yet you ran off alone.

That's the part that worries us all more than anything. NOT the fact that you are alone, but the fact that whatever it is, you felt you COULDN'T bring any of us nor so much as TELL us what's going on. Sigh...

If - by some miracle - you manage to come home in the next few days, you'll have a chance to see ALL of our kids as even River, Orion, and Elena have come back to stay for a few days. Elena's finally got her school sorted to her liking, and will be officially moving to Spain in a few days. She's praying that you come home before she leaves.
So, last thing I want to tell you about before I sign off. Our Oliver has really taken being part of this marriage to heart. He's asked himself - during therapy while you've been gone - what it means to be a Potter/Malfoy/Wood man. He's meditated and communed with the energy of our daughter inside him, and finally realized something important.

He's a bloody internationally famous Quidditch Star! He's got wealth, power, and influence all on his own. Marrying us only increased what he already had. And yet, he's felt inferior to us because how could he ever possibly live up to the bloody SAVIOR?! Then it hit him...

The two of us have done whatever we could to make the world a better place. You’ve founded several Unity Houses and a Horse Rescue. I've used my businesses to fund a couple of charities, and made safe places for kids and adults - which by the way, Erma is doing better than ever and the project I hired out to her Landlord's sister is coming along swimmingly!

What I was saying is that I've done things that involve using my wealth and influence to help people and animals whenever I can. And that's something Oliver would be PERFECT for!

So, he's decided to host a fundraiser for his favorite charity - which is a small thing dedicated to giving kids opportunities to learn/play Quidditch, even if they can't afford it. I have persuaded him that if his fundraiser makes enough, he should talk them into expanding their purpose to funding kids so they can do ANYTHING - not specifically Quidditch. As in if a kid wants to ice dance, or paint, or learn Karate - you get the idea.

Try not to worry about us. Even though we are missing you with a bone deep ache, we're keeping our spirits up and keeping our faith in you. At the moment, that means organizing a fundraiser to help underprivileged kids. We hope you get back in time to see it happen :-)

Love always,
Draco and Oliver

P.S. Oliver here, Harry. My pregnancy has made my already unreasonable horniness go through the roof! If you don't hurry, I might manage to insist that Draco shag me so much that he chafes completely raw! Please come save him from that most horrible fate! Love you so much - Oliver

P.P.S. Roll my eyes. I have a salve for that.

Chapter End Notes

Note: I actually caught Harry's hidden message when I was reading the email the first time, because I thought some of the bold words were an odd choice. So when I finished, I immediately messaged Chrissie with: Contact the Aurors right away, got it! And she replied with: "That's literally the opposite of what he said!” Lol ^_^

But as you can see, Draco sort of took that advice in that he didn't purposely go to the Aurors to talk about Harry, lol ^_^

Also, if you remember, Draco actually set up a charity to give kids aid if they want to take a class or something they can't afford. So you might be wondering why he didn't mention it here. Well, it's because that charity was specifically for muggles and squibs. This charity of Oliver's is for Wizarding kids. ^_^
Chapter 335

Chapter Summary

Harry still can't say what's going on, and Draco and Oliver have that fundraiser.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tuesday August 28, 2018

Oh My Beautiful Men,

If only I could come home and be with you both. I know at this point I have missed circle dinners. I've missed holding my Ollie while he grows our daughter more and more every day. I'm sure I've missed sending Lainie and crew off to Spain. I don't know, I may have even already missed the fundraiser by now.

I just managed to sneak away ... erm find some time to write to you. Hopefully you weren't too worried about my lack of response for the last few days. Shite, few days, I haven't messaged you for ten days? I know I requested you not search for me, that you trust me, but I have to say I admire your restraint that you haven't sent me multiple messages stating just exactly how much you hate me right now. I haven't messaged in ten days and I haven't seen you in seventeen at this point.

Over two weeks since I have seen you in person. Since I've been able to touch Ollie's expanding baby bump. Since I've been able to tell Draco how gorgeous you look with all the different color tips you've been doing to your hair and how much I like the new asymmetrical cut you're sporting.

I feel like I never tell you enough how wonderful you both are. This fundraiser for underprivileged kids? How amazing are you Oliver?!? I am so proud of you and your ideas! And Draco, you had a fantastic idea to extend it to other activities these kids might be interested in. I wonder if there's a way we could put it all together at once for kids who may be interested in multiple things or aren't sure what their 'thing' is. Like a summer camp where there are all sorts of daily activities so every camper gets to try a bit of everything.

And Draco, those contacts you invented that you guys use on raids? I mean, I bet at this point you wear them so often you barely even notice you're still wearing them! How did you manage to design something so intricate that people can see through your eyes and yet comfortable enough that you can wear them for days or weeks on end? You're just the most brilliant inventor!

Although, I suppose IF I had told you to not go to the ministry and you had gone to the ministry and I had found out about it ... I might be less impressed with your brilliance right now. Except definitely relieved that you managed to make it home and write me an email about it.

Maybe you should go spend some more time with Borias (in case you were wondering, THAT is definitely the kind of name that would have been vetoed! SOOOO glad you picked Serenity Ollie!)

I'm sure you're just attached to him because you know you have your own little cabooose on its way so you're particularly attuned to teeny babies. I imagine you looked quite fit holding that baby.
Nothing sexier than one or both of my men being amazing caretakers.

I hope I will be home soon. Originally I thought I could make it home by the first of September. Now I'm a bit scared since it's four days away. If I am not there by then please give Cassie my apologies. Let her know I love her so much and I promise to make her a belated breakfast in bed the minute I'm home and recovered.

Gotta run. I love you both so much I ache. Do they make a salve for this wounded heart of mine?

Au Revoir,
Harry

P.S. If you both still love me and want me when I get back I promise to chafe myself as raw as either of your libidos need!

Friday August 31st
Our Amazing Harry,

As it turns out, you were right originally. You made it home JUST before the first. You're currently sleeping - some much needed sleep, I assume - So I'll tell you a little about what you missed while you were gone.

First of all, it's surprisingly not much. Oliver insisted that he wanted to have that fundraiser of his today - the day before all the families send their kids to Hogwarts. So we've more or less been running around non-stop getting everything ready for the manor to host as many people as possible. Even with Pippa and all the elves, it was a rather daunting task.

Oliver more or less stayed home to work out details, make decisions, and take care of our kids while he was at it. I went out to various local shops to ask for donations of prizes to give out to the people that attend the fundraiser. I also had fliers made and distributed, and even went on the Wizarding Wireless to talk about the fundraiser and invite all the listeners to attend - or if they couldn't, how to send in their donations.

You've done a book tour or two, so you shouldn't be surprised that I went to the Daily Prophet and had them interview me, not to mention, went on the hybrid squib/muggle/wizard telly station.

All in all, it was a grueling couple of weeks, but Oliver and I both felt that keeping busy was the key to not falling apart from worry. It was also the reason that we didn't send you a hundred messages demanding an update.

It all culminated in tonight. The fundraiser. At the beginning, as guests arrived, many of them asked where you were, and we forced polite smiles and told them that you had pressing business to attend to. The fundraiser was a success! It had already made far more than Oliver had dreamed possible by the time dinner was served.

Dinner naturally was accompanied by a show to watch. As dinner was winding down, Oliver took a moment to stand up on stage and say a few words about why this charity was so important to him. Then we had a bit of a concert from some of the up and coming new talent of the wizarding world - including Zwei, although he's still going by the fully disguised mysterious performer. I think his stage name might actually be Mysterio - or something like that.

At the end of the night, I got up on the stage to sing a song to close out the night and gently urge everyone to go home. The song I sang was: "I believe the children are our future, teach them well
and let them lead the way, show them -"

There I was, coming up on the end of the song, when I looked out toward the back of the audience and saw...

You.

I stopped singing so abruptly that everyone must've thought I'd suddenly bitten my tongue or swallowed an insect or been hit by a silencing spell or something. I stood there - speechless - examining every bit of you from across the thick crowd. You were a little bit tattered and battered, a few minor cuts and scratches. At first, I wasn't quite sure it was you, because you were wearing a glamour that must have been top notch when it was first cast, but was swiftly fading - revealing your actual features underneath it. Your wild hair, your brilliant green eyes. The thing that had first caught my attention was the dirty and torn clothing.

Honestly, aside from the glamour, you looked remarkably like you had at the end of the Final Battle. It was that more than anything that made me certain that it was you - your flashing green eyes on that shaggy and disheveled body... You'd even lost weight!!!

Now certain, I dropped everything (which was only a magi-microphone so that I didn't have to rely on an overly loud sonorous when evenly spaced speakers was a much better option) and ran to you at the very back of the crowd. Luckily there was an aisle down the center of the seats.

"Harry!" I cried out as I ran. It was this that made Oliver realize that the person I was running towards was you. He - being pregnant - couldn't exactly run flat out, but he did manage to jog lightly after me. I reached you in an instant that felt like an eternity. Throwing my arms around you, I pulled you close and held you so tight that it probably hurt. "Harry," I repeated softly, breathing you in before I kissed you, welcoming you home without a care for who might be watching.

"Harry!" Oliver exclaimed happily as he threw his arms around us and lay his head on your shoulder. You broke off our kiss so that you could kiss him, murmuring something like: "My beautiful husbands..." And then you passed out.

That prompted me to carry you to our bed as Oliver stayed behind a moment to explain to the audience that you'd been off on an important mission, and now that you were home, you needed your rest and that meant that we needed everyone to graciously go home. Not surprisingly, everyone was happy about this. It confirmed in their minds the myth that you must do heroic things that you kept secret from the general public. They quite happily left to go spread the word that you'd just come from another hard battle to save the world from evil.

By the time Oliver joined us, I had already tucked you in bed and was compulsively carding my hand through your hair. Oliver stripped off and climbed in bed with you so that he could hold you as you slept. But of course, ***I*** couldn't sleep. I had far too much adrenaline running through my veins for that. I felt like I could run a bloody marathon before competing in a triathlon before Krav Magaing a horde of soulless Inferi!

And so, I went for an hour's run around our track before firedancing my way around the ballroom for another hour or so, and then finally, I felt calm enough to sit down and write this email. You're home...

You're more or less safe and sound...

You're tired and worn out, but knowing you, you'll be awake long before you SHOULD be, dead
certain that if you don't start your day at bloody 4 in the morning, you'll miss something important. And so, I'm going to sit here, drinking tea and watching you sleep, because the MOMENT you wake up, I'm going to hug you; hold you tight; breath in your scent and simply savor the fact that you still exist and that you've finally come back to us.

We all love you so damn much!

Sleep well, my love,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Harry tells all in the next email, so if you have any guesses, now's the time to tell them!
And actually, there are clues in Harry's emails, but they are subtle enough that Draco didn't even catch them ^_^

The only thing I asked of Chrissie when she writing this arc, was that she let me write the part where Harry comes home because I wanted to write Draco literally dropping everything and running to him, so Chrissie was like: "Alright, I'll tell you some things - " and I was like: "No, just tell me what shape he's in when he arrives," so she did. I left ALL the explanation up to her ^_^

Honestly, I love when she gives me a bit of a puzzle to work through ^_^
My Loves,

I think the last few weeks of drama, fear, and planning have gotten the best of my wonderful men because, despite Draco's plan to stay awake and stare at me until I woke up this morning, he was sound asleep when I woke up. I had each of you sound asleep on my chest. Best wake-up I've had in a very very long time.

I was completely unwilling to wake either of you, as much as I want to talk with you and see those quicksilver and molten chocolate eyes I've missed so much, I'm sure the both of you are in dire need of good sleep too. So, as soon as I awoke, I shot one of those bloody uncomfortable bladder spells at myself, sat up as best I could without moving either of you very far from your perch (you're heads are now resting in my lap instead of my chest), and summoned my tablet so I could write to you.

I know I'll be giving my entire story a million times in the upcoming days; to you both when you wake up, to the rest of our family when they come blasting into the Manor demanding answers, the rest of our circle that will join that first mob, and of course later today when I will have to go back to the Ministry to give my official statement. But as always, I want to get it written down first. Give my Draco, and now Ollie of course, a chance to read it over. And write it all down so I'm sure I've got all my facts straight.

First, I want to apologize, if I thought there were any other options I would have told you both what was happening. If I thought there was a way I could get around the instructions I was given, I would have done so. Unfortunately there would have been absolutely no way to tip you off without making it obvious you'd been tipped off. You see ... okay let me back up to the beginning. I'm sure my narrative will wander all over the place, but I will try my best to do this as chronologically as possible.

Or, I suppose I won't back all the way up quite yet. I am sure you both are interested to know all the criminals responsible for the last few weeks of fear have been caught and are now in custody. Auror custody. Aurors that are well aware they were infiltrated and fooled from within. Aurors who are royally furious about that fact and are providing round the clock vigilant custody. The
fuckers responsible aren't going anywhere!

I am going to do this chronologically like I said, but I'm mostly going to start from where I came in. The longest version would include the fact that this criminal infiltrated the ministry well over a year ago and has been, fairly successfully, sabotaging investigations as much as possible.

Three weeks ago, the day I left, I woke early. We had had such a beautiful day the day before and I woke up ready to take on the day. I was feeling invincible, as though I could take on the world. I decided to have a good run and hopefully come back to bed as the both of you were waking up with sleepy smiles and flushed faces. Obviously that didn't happen, but here's why. As I was on my run, an unknown owl delivered a letter. I know our warding keeps messages away that have any sort of dangerous substance, portkey, or howler, but since this letter only contained words and a fairly normal picture the wards let it through.

I got distracted by the enclosed picture first; it was an absolutely gorgeous shot of the two of you the night before in our ensuite bathroom getting ready for bed. Ollie was brushing his teeth, and Draco was behind him, chin hooked over Ollie's shoulder. Draco, you had your hand softly resting on the bump that is Serenity and the scene that repeated was Ollie bringing his hand up to cover Draco's. The two of you essentially smiling over your conjoined hands telling our daughter goodnight.

The letter was not nearly as lovely.

"Mr. Malfoy-Wood,
As you can see, we have eyes on your husbands. I am sure the promise of their safety will convince you to join me at the enclosed coordinates no later than 9:00 this morning. Tell no one. We may have eyes on other prominent members of your group of friends. If we find anyone has been alerted to this letter, we will not hesitate to harm someone in the enclosed picture. It would be a shame if you had to lose something so pretty."

I know you were both so angry that I didn't trust you enough to tell you before I left, but I couldn't risk either of you. Luckily I woke up early enough that I had enough time to send off the original email. At the time I didn't even know if that was coming too close to telling someone what was happening, but I couldn't let you both think I'd abandoned you. And the possibility of having eyes on other "prominent members" meant I couldn't risk trying to get Ron or Kisa to come with me since they sleep in the same bed as the Minister for Magic herself!

There was no one I knew that was either certainly safe to tell or safe from harm. I had to do this alone. I know this will probably take the both of you forever to forgive me for, but I truly felt I had no other choice. The letter had absolutely no magical signature to it. And when I scanned the picture the only magical signature was DRACO'S!

I had to assume you weren't the culprit.

And when I got to the coordinates, a rundown building near Diagon Alley, my ... blackmailer? Kidnapper? Accomplice? Whatever you want to call the criminal, he wasn't you.

It was a fairly generic looking blonde man. Dishwater blonde hair, brownish hazel-ish eyes, mild features. He is the kind of man you would never think was handsome or ugly, but someone you'd walk past and have a hard time describing two minutes later. He looked familiar like maybe I had met him at some point but you couldn't pay me to remember where or when that had happened.

I won't forget him again though. I didn't realize the doorway had a magic dampening ward on it and so he managed to disarm me when I paused in confusion when my incarcerous didn't work. In
that moment of distraction he managed to hit me with an imperius. Now, I thought it was common knowledge, but you both know I can throw off an imperius. Have been able to do so since I was fifteen years old. But as I was fighting it off, it seemed to me that playing along a little bit before throwing it off could be useful. At least I'd know what the plan was.

The idiot truly thought he had me and so did the cliche villain monologue thing.

I'm sure you'll both have a million questions for me, and being chief of raids I am sure the aurors will give you carte blanche over any interrogation Draco, so I will just give the short version instead of word for word nonsense.

Basically, he and his partner? Sister? Lover? I don't know what they are, but the two of them had infiltrated the Auror department. How you ask? Ask fucking Robards’ assistant. Yeah, his overly peppy assistant Polly? A spy. A plant. A secret criminal who ended up with access to one of the most influential people in the DMLE. After she was hired, she played the long game and didn't do much to draw any attention to herself for a few months. She really got quite a bit of information when Robards was still able to contact you, but lately had been frustrated since he never attempted to talk about you or bring you into the department.

Eventually she started collecting information about high profile people in the Ministry. She found out about upcoming raids. She had access to all the records all of the aurors, and to all of your tech.

Yeah, tech like your communication contacts. I don't know if you caught my hints, but Draco you never took your contacts out after the failed raid at the club. I'm not sure if it's because it ended the way it did, I'm not sure if you were distracted by the fact that you knew we weren't super keen on you doing the mission at all, or if they're just comfortable enough that you didn't realize they were still in. But when Polly became aware she was still getting visuals from your contacts she decided it was time to implement their biggest plot.

Have her co-conspirator, Peter, send the letter, sending out confirmation that they could get to you with a private picture they printed from your visual in the mirror the night before. When I got to the location, he was to Imperius me and get me to rob Gringotts. They were going to just have me clean out the Malfoy/Wood/Potter/Black vaults since I have actual access to them. But if for some reason they weren't as full as they assumed (like if we had all our assets tied up in property or something like that) I would actually be imperiused into stealing from the bank. They figured the chaos of Harry Potter stealing from his family and then the good citizens of wizarding Britain would cause enough of a ruckus that they would be long gone before anyone realized I hadn't done it of my own free will.

Once he finished monologuing we got to the part where I either had to pretend to go along with my orders or let it slip that I wasn't imperiused. Well, I must have hesitated too long because he started freaking out. Apparating away before I could get out of the dampening field and able to shoot off some hexes or curses.

Luckily, he left an obvious trail so I was able to follow him. I apparated all over, following him for about half an hour, before he stopped me by pulling up his magi-tablet. He brought up the image of the Manor while you two were going about your business that morning. Said if I followed him on his next hop he'd hit the button and I could go back to being regular old Harry Potter since I wouldn't need my married last names anymore.

What followed was me giving him enough time to get away and not realize I was following his trail before I followed his trail. I spent every spare minute tracking him. I was in Italy, Spain, France, and what felt like every other country on the continent, following this knob. Every time I'd get close he'd pull up more images of you and I'd back off.
Until last night when I finally tracked him back to the Ministry. Apparently he hoped that with the two of you doing the fundraiser, and half the Ministry in attendance, it would be the perfect time to get back to his Polly, strip the Auror department of anything they thought would be useful, and make their getaway.

Well, when I caught up to them he tried to use the same tactic of bringing up images of you, but instead of intimate moments at the Manor I realized you were holding the fundraiser! You were both surrounded by Aurors!

I sent off my Patronus to Bletchley, in case you were wondering why he was missing for most of the evening, telling him and his most trusted aurors to get their arses to the DMLE immediately. He must have been in the loo or something since you didn't notice my stag running amok through the crowds. Anyway, I had been doing alright keeping Polly and Peter subdued, but when the aurors got there it wasn't long before they were both bound and ready to be brought to their cells.

Bletchley wanted me to stay last night and give my statement but I told him in no uncertain terms that I wasn't missing my brilliant husband Oliver's fundraiser and I wasn't going to spend another moment outside of the arms of my loves.

I apparated to the function and you know the rest from there.

Ooh, I see a bit of stirring from the beautiful heads in my lap.

So thankful to be home with my loves,
Yours as long as you still want me,
Harry

Saturday September 1st,
My loves - BOTH my loves,

Today has already been exhausting and it's barely even begun! Harry, after waking up and writing your explanation email (thank you SO much, by the way), you and Oliver gave me a quick release so that I'd go back to sleep for a bit while the two of you introduced Cassie to the birthday tradition in this house.

But sadly, I couldn't sleep for too long. It felt like only five minutes before I had to get up and help get our boys to King's Cross. Normally, this would be when we had to say goodbye to Oliver as well, but he'd already contacted Minerva and asked her to excuse him until Monday. She naturally did.

She sends her love, Harry.

And so now, I'm sitting at the table in our suite, drinking tea and thinking over your email. I may not have been able to determine the exact details, but you didn't really tell me anything I hadn't already guessed. That you were doing what you were doing simply to keep us safe. I will admit that a few things did surprise me.

For example, when you had hinted in your previous email that my contacts were so comfortable that one might not even realize they were wearing them, I honestly thought that YOU were wearing them. I was a bit relieved that you were basically telling me that you had a pair to help you document your mission. I even let my imagination run a bit wild with me and told myself that this may have even meant that you weren't alone, but working with a team of Aurors on a mission so
secret that not a single one of them would dare to tell me that they knew anything about it. I was not upset by this, but rather happy that you had some support after all.

I'm rather glad I didn't know I was wrong, as that might have actually driven me mad as the days passed.

So, as I understand things, a man and his sister and/or lover obtained access to confidential information that only Aurors should have access to, and in doing so, plotted to use that information to their benefit. Until recently, that has mostly meant interfering with some of the raids and missions, but then suddenly they realized that they had somewhat direct access to me, and therefore to you.

Insanely, they forgot that you are you, and tried to force/Imperius you into stealing a lot of money for them. The only smart part of their entire plan was that you - having access to all our vaults (at least, the non dark ones) - would actually be able to get in and empty them all without committing an actual crime. YOU wouldn't actually be stealing anything, but rather 'voluntarily' giving it all to them.

It could have worked, except that you cannot be Imperiused, and chances are good that had he not realized that something was wrong, got spooked, and ran off like a bloody coward, you WOULD have taken him down right then and there. But he had just enough self-preservation to realize that the most powerful wizard in the world was now extremely mad at him, and he wasn't going to survive any sort of direct confrontation.

So he ran and you followed him, making him use the link he had to threaten you that he could hurt us if you didn't back off. I can only assume that at first, you must have believed that he had some OTHER form of surveillance on us, and as part of that, some THING ready and able to harm or murder us.

I really might pity him. Had he implied this threat toward one of the Unity Kids, you would have hunted him to the ends of the Earth. Had he implied this towards one of our actual Kids, you'd have hunted him to the ends of the Earth with a magically sharp knife in hand ready to strike him down the moment he got within sight. But he didn't do that. He threatened US and our unborn baby.

I'm honestly surprised that he and his sister are both still in one piece. It honestly wouldn't have shocked me to hear that they had mysteriously perished. And or vanished to never be heard from again. Or worst of all, found their way into Kisa's dungeon!

But no, you did the best thing and called for the Aurors to come in and lock them up. With what you say they've done, they're definitely going away for a long time. Hermione might even give special permission to have them kissed!

Now I have to admit to being a bit dense. As much as I'm loathe to admit it, I really might be the dumbest smart person you know, Harry, because you were practically screaming at me that I was wearing my Camera Contacts still, and I just didn't even - it didn't even occur to me! Each time you made a reference to our current looks - that you couldn't have known about if you were far from home as you claimed to be - I honestly just thought that you had a monitoring spell on us, or were 'hacking' into the MMMs, or were perhaps Magi-Skyping with Siri (or more likely Muffy) - who'd been sworn to silence - and getting updates on us each night.

After that bit where you were practically spelling it out for me, I really thought you were telling me that YOU were wearing them, and working with a team, so I assumed that you were getting those updates from a member of the team. I'd actually even convinced myself that Hermione was in on it, and that's why - despite pretending to be distraught - she'd given up and called off her
However, THAT was a strange conversation between the two of us, when I mentioned that you'd slipped a secret message into my email telling me not to go to the Aurors or Unspeakables, and also kept hinting that I should stay out of the Ministry. Hermione gave me a funny look like she'd just figured something out, and that was about the time she decided to call them off, so maybe she understood that you wouldn't be asking us to back off so much unless you had a really good reason for it.

At that point, you must have been certain that he/they really could get to us. Apparently we REALLY need to go through all the wards on the Manor again so that you'll remember that NOTHING (except for YOU) can get through our CENTURIES of wards!

Harry, please promise me that if anything like this should happen in the future, you'll realize that we are all safe behind the wards, and that it really would have been MUCH less hassle on you to just let us know what was going on and let us organize a quick sting on the criminals. For example, had you brought me with, even if I'd gotten caught up in the magic dampening ward and succumbed to the Imperius, I would have still been there to perform as the criminal expected, giving you more time to play along and come up with a brilliant plan to take him down.

More importantly, I would have insisted on us all using my tech, and so, someone would have been monitoring us and could have come to our rescue if needed.

But aside from all of that, I am not mad you did what you felt was the only thing you could do to ensure that we were safe. I probably would have done the same thing in your shoes. I just think I might have tried flirting with him at first sight to gain his trust, otherwise, everything else likely would have been the same.

But back to my understanding of the situation. At some point, you must have realized that all he really had on us was a feed from MY Contact Cameras. I assume that by that point, you were already close enough to taking him down that it was just easier to do that than come right home and let the Aurors handle it. Bonus, doing it the way you did, you have DEFINITELY ensured that both of the criminals are in custody.

In the end, the only thing that matters is that you are home, safe and sound. I'm looking forward to the three of us snuggling up and holding each other for hours tonight. Of me and Oliver prying every last detail from you, and then more than likely shagging you into a coma.

But before that, you have to go into the Ministry to give an official report, and I'm planning on going into the Ministry to chat with Robards and ask him if he'd like me involved in the interrogations, and even if he doesn't, I might ask for a few minutes with each of them anyway.

I only really have two questions for you, Harry. One: If he knew you were chasing him and kept spotting you and showing you images of us to get you to back off, then WHY were you bothering to use a glamour? And two... WHAT IN THE BLOODY HELL DID YOU ***DO** TO ROBARDS?!?!

I wish I could pretend I didn't need ya, but every touch is OOO la la la, it's true, la la la, Draco

P.S. I'm letting Oliver speak for himself this time.
For all of you who are dying to know what Harry did to Robards, the answer is coming up very soon ^_^
Chapter 337

Chapter Summary

Oliver responds to Harry's email with one of his own.

Chapter Notes

This was actually supposed to be part of the last chapter, but when I posted the last chapter, I thought this one from Oliver paired with one from Draco, and it would return to Harry/Draco format after that, but actually, the next email after this is from Harry, so here is a half chapter of just one email from Oliver, oops! Sorry...

Dear Harry,

I will start out this message to you by thanking Draco for letting me speak for myself.

I truly went back and forth during your absence Harry. I was angry and scared. I was probably more scared than anything else and held on to my anger as a way to try and forget how scared I was. Our entire marriage so far has included Draco being in harm's way, then Draco putting himself in harm's way, and you being angry that Draco put himself in harm's way.

However, besides you being hexed by my stalker with the True Love's Curse, the only danger you've been included in, Harry, has been when you've rage haloed at someone else. I somehow forgot how easily you fall into dangerous situations. And that you often seem to think those situations are your sole responsibility. If Hermione hadn't just been unbelievably smarter than you, you probably would have gone off to fight Voldemort on your own.

Hermione being worried enough to send out the Unspeakables on your behalf was probably what really made it sink in to me that you were in danger. Which is when I went from being angry at you being a hypocrite to really quite scared. Every day that went by where you didn't come home increased that fear. And that you went so many days without even trying to contact us? Fear on fear on fear.

That's when it really came in handy that Draco forced me to go see Mia, my therapist. She gave me some tools to help handle the fear I couldn't ignore and to keep myself focused on other things to keep those fears as low as possible. Keeping myself busy finding MY way to save the world a little bit at the time was a huge distraction. And a good cause and a profitable distraction at that. I am really excited for seeing the spoils of my hard work.

And keeping Serenity calm, content, healthy, and safe was the biggest reason I had to keep myself calm.

I started out angry, moved onto terrified, and eventually kept myself a little angry, a little scared, and very distracted. I wish you had made different decisions, I wish you hadn't been put in the situation to begin with. But right now, I am over all of that and I am just happy you are home.
I read every email you sent us multiple times and the only thing I am still upset with you about is how adamant you were that Draco and I wouldn't love or want you anymore when you got home. I promised you forever Harry James, I plan on keeping that promise. I love you. I don't believe you need forgiveness, but if you feel you need it then you have it. Thank you for coming home safe.

Love,
Oliver
Chapter 338

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Viona needs her dads.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Monday September 3, 2018

My Loves,

I wanted to respond to the both of you Saturday when you both took time to send me messages. But I thought spending even a moment of my spare time NOT wrapped in your arms was a ridiculous idea. I just tried to remember the things I wanted to say and spent every moment I could with the both of you. Which, for the record, is my plan for pretty much the rest of our lives at this point.

Until today when Ollie had to head to Hogwarts. I did plan on making Draco come with me to go stare at him on the quidditch pitch. Like a star-struck teen, I planned to hide in the bleachers pretending I was interested in the flying when I really just wanted to ogle the fit flying instructor. As you both know, that didn't happen.

Our beautifully perfect Viona went into labor this morning. First labors can take a very long time and technically Ollie was two days late for start of term so he went on to Hogwarts (not that Minnie wouldn't have allowed him to miss today as well) while Draco and I came to St. Mungo's to be here for my Vivi.

Why then am I writing instead of taking care of my sweet Princess? Because apparently my hovering was NOT helping! So Alric and Draco are in the delivery room while I am sitting in the family waiting room until I can "manage to be less hysterical than the woman trying to shove a human out of her body." So I am going to take this opportunity to finally respond to your messages while also calming myself down. Hopefully by the time I am done I will be able to pretend I am a normal, calm, rational, grown man and I will be allowed back in the room.

Ollie, your email was a bit shorter and didn't actually ask any questions so I will start with responding to yours.

I am so unbelievably proud of you and your fundraiser! You are one of the two most amazing men on the planet. You are clever and handsome. You make me feel safe and loved. You have saved me, and now you're wanting to go on to save the world. I am proud of you.

Draco, don't beat yourself up for not catching my hint about the contacts. I was subtle about it because I didn't want them to catch on to me sending you information. And now that I am home
safe and sound, I'm glad you had the comfort from thinking I was with a team of people. And when Hermione took the Unspeakables off the case it seemed even more likely to you that I had help. Realistically she knew that if I was warning you off the Aurors and Unspeakables that something had to be very very wrong. She knew I wouldn't say that if I wasn't terrified of them knowing.

I KNOW the Manor's wards would keep you safe. I KNOW the criminals couldn't get through those wards. I KNOW you were safe from them when you were at the Manor. But since they had access to the contacts I thought there was a chance they had something on you that they could essentially detonate from outside the wards. Either a separate device or maybe they could detonate the contacts themselves. Muggle-tech remote controls aren't likely something Malfoys of generations ago would have planned for.

There were two reasons for the glamour. First of all, as I was chasing Peter through the continent, I was hoping a glamour would keep him from realizing it was me that had found him. Possibly giving me those extra few seconds I might need to take him down. And the first few times I caught up with him were in heavily populated areas. I'd be almost close enough to get off a clear shot when he would shout something like "Oi Merlin, is that Harry Potter?" That's when I would get mobbed by the crowds. I hoped that by using a glamour I would be able to sneak up on him AND not be an easy distraction for him to use to get away again.

There were a few times where I thought it was possible that I could have gotten to him, but it would have meant tipping her off and I couldn't risk either of you. I would have been home probably that same day if he had been working alone.

I actually didn't know I still had the glamour on until after the battle at the Ministry. As soon as I had the two of them cornered ... side note: you said siblings OR lovers? Yeah, no, siblings AND lovers. Blech.

Anyway, I think he finally realized I was going to chase him to the ends of the earth so he tried to get to Polly so they could flee together. Luckily for me the Ministry has been like a third home for me for years. Polly only knew the place as well as someone who'd worked there a year or so, and Peter knew it absolutely not at all. I had home field advantage and was able to keep them engaged and there so the Aurors could come subdue them.

Why I let the Aurors handle it when I so very badly wanted to make them pay for threatening the lives of my loves? I needed to be with the both of you more than I needed the bloodbath. Plus, I've promised my Ollie to try not to ever kill when there's another way. I swear, I would have taken the kill if I thought it was needed. I wouldn't hesitate if I thought NOT doing it would endanger you more. But they were in anti-apparition wards and the Aurors were on their way. I just needed to keep them distracted so I could get home to you.

Erm, Draco, the only other question you had .... what do YOU think I did to Robards?

I'm not going to cave without a little proof you know I did something.

I mean, I didn't do anything?

Love,
Harry

Monday September 3rd
Harry...
I WAS going to make you sit down with me so I could glare at you until you told me what I want to know, or maybe even slip into your mind to find out what you 'didn't do.' However, something far more important happened.

At 4:25 PM, our little Vincent Oliver was born. I know, that name surprised me too. I thought for sure that she would want nothing to do with her birth father, but she said she wanted to stick with V names and that Vincent was preferable to Victor. Plus, this way, he has a chance to be better than his namesake.

That's not going to be hard, if I'm honest, as Vince was rather stupid and may have genuinely been evil. So long as our newest grandson can be a decent bloke who is reasonably smart, he'll ALREADY be better than his namesake.

You - like Oliver - thought at first that Viona had suddenly claimed a new favorite dad, but nope. Apparently Viona really wanted to name her baby after her mother - who was brave enough to give her up for her own good - but she DIDN'T want the confusion of TWO Olivers in one family. And a boy named Olivia might be a bit traumatic, ha. So she went with Vincent Oliver as a hope that this boy can erase all the bad of that entire family - NOT that he'll know it until he's old enough to understand both sides of the story.

But here's the thing, despite the fact that by the time Olivia inherited the Crabbe family 'fortune' and estate, there wasn't MUCH left. Olivia barely had enough to live off of a couple of years, and then she needed to take a job. However, the estate (such as it is) still exists.

What I didn't know until today is that Viona was granted permission from her mother to do what she likes with the estate, and Viona being my most brilliant daughter, decided to remodel it. I would have thought that she'd have just blasted it to bits or left it to rot, but Viona has decided that the estate is actually rather lovely on a small scale, and would make a good home for her son if he should ever happen to want it as - not surprisingly - he is actually the next in line to inherit it.

Yes, despite the fact that girls can inherit the estate and magic tied to it, the estate itself prefers male heirs AND Viona actually talked it over with her mum and they both agreed that Olivia can name Vincent as her heir (bypassing Viona), and so, when she dies, our newest grandson will have an inheritance that is rich in... dark magic unfortunately, but still, we should have plenty of time to teach him to be a good and loving young man before he gets his hands on centuries of dark magic.

And besides, I have a feeling that Viona will attempt to go through as much as she can and get rid of anything she doesn't want her son to ever find. She could easily ask me to relocate that stuff to our dark vault, as simply throwing away dark magic is not so easy, nor a good idea. OR she could hire a curse breaker to come in and neutralize as much as possible. I don't know, we'll see, I suppose.

But she is right. From what I remember as a child, despite being run by a family that was very loyal to the dark side, the Crabbes DID have a small but lovely plot of land that would be perfect for a family. The Manor itself was rather cramped and dreary to my taste, but that's what the remodeling is for. All in all, I'm happy that little Vincent has an excellent start to life.

But perhaps the best of all was that you managed to calm yourself just in time to get back into the room and catch him as he came out. Thus it was you, my love, that got to be the very first to hold and kiss our little grandson. You naturally passed him to Alric after the cord had been cut, but poor Alric looked so overwhelmed by his emotions about having a son and being a father, that he more or less fainted. Luckily, I caught them, holding the baby as I wandlessly levitated Alric to a chair.

Viona was an absolute champ! Much like a fierce warrior, she didn't seem to notice the pain much,
but when she needed to let out a shout, she really roared - powerfully enough to scare off all the
dark little spirits that may have been lurking nearby. And when she was done giving birth, rather
than succumb to her exhaustion, she perked right back up and watched us fawn all over him before
demanding a chance to bond with her baby.

When she lay him on her chest and we all watched him root out her nipple and latch on for the first
time, THAT was magic in its purest form! It was an all around good day.

After Viona, Alric, and Vincent had had a bit of rest, some members of our family came to visit. I
could have won a bet had I actually made one, but as I suspected, Hazel and Pearl were ready to
announce that their efforts were successful, and now Pearl is going to be having a baby in about 9
months - they'll find out the exact timing at their appointment on Wednesday.

So Harry... are you ready to confess yet, or do I need to torture it out of you? I'll be waiting in the
playroom and if you aren't there in 15 minutes or less, I'll send Muffy after you to bring you to me
so that I can tie you to the spanking bench and utterly annihilate your arse.

I'm gonna love you forever and ever, forever and ever, amen,

Draco

Chapter End Notes

So, at the part where Draco is taking about Viona and inheritance, as Harry points out
in the next email, Viona CAN'T inherit the Crabbe magical inheritance, so what Draco
is really getting at here is not that she was supposed to, but rather that now that she has
a somewhat decent relationship with her birth mother, they've talked it over and agreed
that even though Olivia *could* jump through hoops to re-Heir Viona, they've agreed
that it's just better all around to leave it to the baby ^_^
Monday September 3, 2018

Dearest,

You're going to give me fifteen minutes to confess to wrongdoing before you ... torture me? Well that gives me just enough time to send off this email before I submit myself for questioning.

Our teeny little Vincent is amazing and wonderful and gorgeous and I caught him! He was gooey and gross, screaming his little face off, and quite possibly one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen. I can't believe I made it in in time to be the one to catch him. See? Being a neurotic mess seems to have paid off. My hour long exile into the waiting room meant I was in the perfect position when I was allowed back in the room.

Note to self: continue to be a panicking weirdo and good things will happen.

I am thrilled that Vincent will have a piece of his history to lay claim to when he's older. I've always made a big deal about wanting all of our children to know about their ancestry and their background. I continue that hope for our grandchildren and this background is no exception. His biological grandfather may have been a bad person, but the Crabbe family has traditions and a history worth remembering. I will personally do my best to help him find the good parts of their history amidst the obvious dark.

The one thing I am really confused about was when you said Viona and Olivia had a discussion about inheritances and why Viona was being skipped over. Are we literally talking about a legal standpoint? Because magically speaking, Olivia disinherited Viona from the entire family. I was there for the ritual. I remember it vividly not only because it was the first time a child was being left at Unity House but also because it was the first time I saw the face of my first child. It's not a moment someone forgets.

That round little pudgy face, big intelligent brown eyes watching the whole thing play out. Those same brown eyes I got to stare into earlier today as she screamed her son into the world. Those same brown eyes I saw in miniature when little Vincent stared up at me. Our baby girl is a Mama. A fierce mama bear that will wrangle the world into exactly the place she wants her son to grow up in.

I'm just so proud of her. My fierce, cunning, brilliant, sweet, little girl.

Just as I'm thrilled for one of my other girls and her beautiful wife. I am so glad Hazel and Pearl have managed to start their own family! The looks of absolute bliss on both of their faces when
they announced their news was enough to make me weep.

Okay I need to end things here before I blubber all over the place ... again.

I am going to sign off and make my way to the spanking bench. Do your worst my love. I've been very very bad. I definitely need a full interrogation!

In anticipation,
Harry

Monday September 3rd
MERLIN DAMNIT!!!

Literally the DAY I go back to Hogwarts, you two have a full on torture session?!?! You had better describe to me IN DETAIL - Harry James - EXACTLY what Draco did to you!

Your poor left out husband,
Oliver
P.S. I'll be still living with the both of you at nights and thus commuting home after work, so maybe you can show me the better bits in person, yeah? ^_^

Chapter End Notes

Note, the answer is in the next chapter and I will be posting that in an hour or so ^_^
Dear Oliver,

Yes, Oliver. I am not writing to Draco.

Ollie, your husband Draco is a monster. A diabolical, evil mastermind the likes of which the world has never seen.

See, I went into our torture session a bit giddy. The man had practically challenged me to do my best to withhold information to my torturer. You know that I am not one to back down from a challenge. And when it comes to torture in the playroom? I always come out on top! Or on the bottom I suppose. Well, sometimes on top. But no matter where I am physically, when there's torture happening, I am the very very happy and satisfied winner.

This was not the case tonight.

I showed up right before the fifteen minute mark was up. I vanished my clothing, dropped to my knees, bowed my head, and said "I am here to submit to your torture, Master."

He got that smirky sound to his voice, that aristocratic drawl he gets, and very sweetly tied me to the spanking bench. I was so excited; sure I was going to leave a puddle under the bench. Or not so much a puddle since he put a ring on me. Perhaps a small puddle.

I was ready for anything he was going to throw at me. But he wasn't going to make this easy for me.

He started with his hand. Pinking up my arse nice and slowly. Didn't even ask for a speck of information during this time. The only sounds to be heard in the room was the steady, rhythmic slapping of his hand and my soft grunts and moans. Eventually his pampered rich boy hand got too sore to continue (yes, please read that as me sassing him since I am DEFINITELY sassing him!), so he switched to the paddle. Increased pressure, increased surface area, a little less personal. Although he did make it more personal by telling me every few spansks that he was getting me ready to spill all of my secrets. My only response to that was a mouthy "of course Master."

Good thing for me my Master likes me being a little mouthy and a hint bratty.

Switching to the crop meant all new feelings. His aim is so brilliant that I was feeling intense bursts of pain wherever he wanted them. I am sure I looked a bit spotted by that point. My arse was really...
burning by that point, as well as my bollocks which he snapped every five or six arse croppings.

Every time that crop hit my swollen bollocks he would remind me, "you're going to give me what I need Harry."

Every time he said that I responded, "of course Master."

He was absolutely sure I was going to cave.

I was absolutely sure I wasn't.

After the cropping, Draco stopped torturing me. He came around my front and used my mouth to get his gorgeous cock good and wet. You could tell the torture session had gotten to him because he didn't stay in my mouth for long, preferring to be deep in my arse to finish himself off. He came around behind me, slipping in so perfectly. Hitting that spot so dead-on that I immediately saw stars.

The entire time he was fucking me, he was squeezing, lightly smacking, and pinching my arse cheeks. Keeping them hot and sore.

Eventually he groaned his completion into my ear. Pulling out, I felt one small drip as his cum slipped out of my arse and onto my reddened bollocks before he slipped a plug in.

That's when he picked up the crop again. Oh good, I was so excited. As wonderful as this had all felt, Draco never quite went hard enough for me to fly off into subspace. I was so ready, now that he'd gotten off once, for him to increase the tempo and send me flying. You know, I really should know by now that our husband is pretty clever.

He didn't start back in with cropping my overly sensitized skin. No, he began rubbing the end of the crop up and down my poor ignored cock. Slide down from bollocks to tip, slide back the reverse, light tap to the bollocks, harder tap to the plug my arse was clenching around, another stroke from bollocks to shaft to tip and back again. Again and again and again.

I began to babble. Begging him to just let me fly. Begging and pleading to at least be allowed to come. Promising anything. Promising to pleasure him, warm his cock, take as many fuckings as he wanted, promising the world if he'd only let me release my aching dick or fly off to a place where I wouldn't care.

That's when this evil man chuckled. Yes, chuckled. Into my ear, "Of course you sweet little mutt, I'll give you whatever you need."

I started thanking him until he kept up his maniacal laughter, "you just have to tell me what you did. All this torture will be over, you just have to admit your actions to me. Tell me Love, what did you do?"

Shite.

I tried to hold out, I really did. But I needed it. I needed to come. I needed to release. I *needed* damnit!

So, before Draco starts crowing to you that he won, I will tell you myself. I hexed Robards to be unable to bring up Draco in conversation or contact him directly. He can respond to him if Draco initiates conversation, he can talk about Draco to others if they bring up the topic, but if he so much as *thinks* to himself "hmm, even though Draco is mentally damaged and has lost his memories, I should probably show up and physically force him to work for me" he will all of a
I'm not even mad that you hexed Robards, as you CLEARLY felt it was warranted. At the time, perhaps even I would have agreed that it was - had I been in my right mind and knew what you were planning to do.

Strangely, I'm not even mad that you have this insane jealousy regarding Robards, as it more than likely means that you are afraid that he will one day order me to do that one thing that goes too far and results in my death.

Nope, I am not mad about any of that. I AM just a little bit disappointed that after all these years of me telling you just how important Robards is to me - in that he is a bit like a boss, partner, and co-conspirator all in one - you STILL try to interfere with him. Alright fine, it's a little bit cute, to be honest, that you are so jealous of what he means to me that you feel defensive. I can tolerate it, I just wish you would trust that I wouldn't associate with Robards if I didn't trust him and feel that he's a good man doing an incredibly shitty job BECAUSE he's driven to make the world a better place.

Sigh... It sounds like I'm a little more upset than I thought I was, but aside from being upset, I am not mad. I am not going to ask you to break the hex. No... I'm just going to ask you one question...

Harry James Malfoy-Wood... WHAT in the bloody hell did you KEEP from me?! Don't try to deny it! You may have caved to my torture and told me the thing you thought I was expecting to hear, but I know you, you used my Slytherin tricks and diverted my attention with one juicy bit in order
to deflect attention away from something else. Something possibly WORSE.

So... What was it?

Giving you the best of my love,
Draco

P.S. To emphasize the point that I really don't mind you keeping secrets from me, you do not have to answer my question, in which case, I will break all curses on Robards myself so that I can ask him.
Draco,

Alright, before we get to the meat of this argument ... um talk .... discussion ... negotiations, I have a few teeny tiny little things that I disagreed with from your previous email.

Jealous? You think I am jealous? I would only ever be jealous of someone you were giving something you don't give me. Or subsequently I would only be jealous of someone who is giving you something you weren't getting from me.

It's why we were able to have such a long and satisfying playing relationship for as long as we did.

Side note: based on recent dirty talk, flirtations, and subtle references I think our Ollie is totally ready to start playing!!

As I was saying, we were able to play for as long as we did because I never had to be jealous. None of our playmates were ever getting or giving anything we didn't already share. I had your heart and your body, they occasionally got to play with your body under my watchful eye. Nothing to ever be jealous of.

Are you giving your heart to Robnards? Do you secretly cry while lying in his arms after losing one of your beloved animals? Has he ever watched your body swell with the proof you wanted a family with him? No.

Do you let him see you wake up soft and flushed? Have you traveled the world with him? Built a family with him? Have you collared him yours? No.

I get that he is important to you. He's the one person in your life who is willing to fuel your neurotic obsession with atoning for a childhood of bad decisions based on terrible indoctrinations. He puts you in danger. He puts my heart in danger like he also thinks you deserve to take on the worst jobs.

He treats your safety and your mental health like it's expendable. Somehow he's the only person who thinks you still have something to make up for. He is a manipulating monster who sees your insecurities and uses them to his advantage.

The only reason I haven't killed him, and believe me I really REALLY want to, is because he may be manipulating you for his own gains, but at least he is working for the good of society.

He reminds me very much of Dumbledore honestly. He has no problem taking someone who has scars from a traumatic past and using them for what he thinks is the greater good. He doesn't care that you've been in magical exhaustion as long as he gets what he wants from your visions. He hasn't cared that our unborn childrens' lives have been in danger when he has coerced you into working way too far into your pregnancies. Just like Dumbledore used my need for a parental figure to talk me into walking to my death for the greater good.
Do they both have long term goals that could be considered 'good'? Sure. But they're playing a game of chess and didn't care about the damage to mere pawns.

Okay, I let my own rage get away from me. I am sorry I am talking so badly about someone you care about. I am not jealous, but I do legitimately hate him for putting my husband in danger over and over again. I loathe him for every time I've seen our children worry you weren't coming home from a mission. I wish ill upon him for every time being around him has reinforced your need to fix your childhood misdeeds.

He uses your heart against you and I fear the day you will completely close off that big beautiful heart of yours to keep yourself safe.

Anyway, technically it wasn't a secret. It was a thing I knew that you didn't. If you had asked me about it, I would have answered. And when you DID ask me about it, I did the Malfoy thing: got what I wanted out of the deal (a delicious torture session) before coming clean.

So, negotiation time. You're saying if I don't answer your request for the rest of the information you will break the curse on Radish. And yes, there is only the one curse I do promise that.

What I'm wondering is, if I tell you the other pertinent information will you leave the curse in place? I will tell you what you want to know as long as you promise to leave the curse in place and not tell Regardless it exists.

Do we have a deal?
Harry

Alright, deal. I will leave the curse in place if you tell me what else you did.

You belong with me, I belong with you, you're my sweethearts,
Draco
Harry confesses to the rest of what he did to Robards.

Lovely doing business with you.

So, after that man came into our home while you were mentally unwell and thrust that item on you which forced a vision, I went to the Ministry and had a lengthy discussion with him.

He essentially acted quite condescending towards me until I had enough and freaked out. He very much gave me the small pat on the head, "don't worry about what the men-folk are doing little sweetheart" and told me in no uncertain terms that he wasn't going to stop bringing you in on cases just because I don't like, and I quote, "that your husband has stolen your whole saving the world celebrity status." He continued on, telling me I should get used to your world not revolving around me.

My rage got the best of me and I petrificus totalis-ed him. He was finally completely at my mercy, without the ability to make me feel bad with his rude comments and unsubtle suggestions that he's more important to you than I am. If I had to hear him laugh at me one more time, I think I might have actually broken my promise and gutted him.

Okay, this part is embarrassing, but in the spirit of abiding by our agreement with full disclosure I will tell you everything. I got a little serial killery and went full super-villain monologue on him. I may or may not have pulled a dagger out of my pocket. I placed the blade against his cheek, got in real close, and whispered this into his ear: "If I ever find out you've forced my husband to help you without his consent, you will wish I had just killed you. This is your only warning. If there is ever a repeat of today, I will follow you to the ends of the earth, petrify you just like I've done now, and..."

Damnit Draco can't you just leave the curse in place and let me just leave it at "I threatened him"? I swear the curse was the only lasting magic and the only other thing I did was threaten him. No? Fine.

"If there is ever a repeat of today, I will follow you to the ends of the earth, petrify you just like I've done now, and I will slowly remind you of all the people who matter to my Draco. I will take this dagger and - in my loveliest handwriting - fill your skin up with the names of Draco's husbands, children, and grandchildren. No amount of dittany will get rid of the permanent reminder of every person who is more important to Draco than you are. The people he lives for."

That's when he wet his pants and Oliver popped into the office to check on us. When Ollie left, I cast the curse I already told you about, unpetrified him, and then patted him on his head, telling him to "clean yourself up sweetie, wet slacks aren't a good look on you" and went home to my husbands.

Still not sorry,
Harry
Friday September 7th
My husbands,

Tonight was rather unexpected, wasn't it?

Fridays are usually rather light for Oliver, so he was able to return home when his last class let out at two. He arrived just after the Feisty Foursome insisted that they take Nora and the littles outside to their private park under ONLY the watchful eye of a dozen elves or so.

Thus, when he insisted: "Harry, Draco! Cast a denial spell on me and then try your best to suck me off!" We had no reason to deny him. His pregnancy may be going rather well and lacking in most of the inconvenient symptoms we had, but his hormone induced horniness is getting to be rather extreme. I'd almost feel sorry for him if the benefits to us weren't so bloody clear.

We naturally took turns granting his request, which not so surprisingly managed to frustrate him after a half an hour or so. He was begging us to finish him off, but yet wouldn't let us remove the denial spell. Apparently he was in the mood to become absolutely desperate.

Or maybe he just understood that getting off would only give him an hour or so of relief before he grew horny again, and thus hoped to wear himself out so completely that he just passed out and slept until Monday morning.

In any case, as dinner time was approaching, we basically had no choice but to call it quits as the youngest 8 loudly came back indoors and shouted out that they were hungry. I took the denial spell off Oliver and let him have his much delayed orgasm.

Then we all went to dinner, but as we were leaving our suite, a pair of surprise visitors popped in.

"Sorry to arrive unannounced, but it's not like we can message each other from the other world," the Viper greeted us with a grin that suggested he really wasn't sorry. He gestured to the Other Oliver - hmm... I suppose that after today, we should probably give him an official nickname. I vote for Owl - no wait, Falcon. It's more in keeping with Viper and Tiger.

"I brought Oll with me because, well basically, Draco's too busy recently, the boys are off on a field trip with their tutors, and I'm rather lonely. So I was Insta-Owling Oll and he mentioned that he's between games at the moment and also alone with nothing to do, so I suggested that we come over here and see what's been going on since our last visit," Viper explained.

I tilted my head back in interest. "What's Tiger up to?"

"Well, ever since he became Minister for Magic, he's practically LIVING at the Ministry. In his office. If I didn't know him so damn well, I'd almost think he was keeping a lover in his office for a bit of shagging to help him sleep at night!"

Harry frowned and put a hand on his shoulder. "I'm sure it's rough. Our Hermione's been so busy at times that her husbands and wife have been ready to strangle her."

I shrugged. "I'm tempted to apologize on his behalf, but if I'd won the election, I can easily picture myself working just as much. Lucky for me, I have two husbands who would be happy to sit under my desk and keep me calm and relaxed whenever I got agitated."

Harry moaned lustily at that idea, giving first me then Oliver a kiss.
Falcon narrowed his eyes at that. "I am inexplicably insulted by that! As if ***I*** am worth nothing more than a bit of entertainment as a sex slave..."

Oliver took Falcon's hand in his and squeezed it. "Before you go getting too offended, keep in mind that my husbands are currently straining themselves to keep MY unreasonable horniness under control." He rubbed his gorgeous bump with his other hand.

"Blimey! You're getting big!"

Harry bristled a little. "I think you mean gorgeous!"

"That too," Falcon conceded with a nod.

Before we could get too lost in conversation, our kids practically pushed us out of our suite. Dinner was as lively as ever, with a rousing debate on several subjects. My mother wisely offered to watch a movie or two with the kids before tucking them into bed later. This gave us no reason NOT to retire directly to our playroom after dinner was finished.

Note: We chose the playroom NOT for actual playing, but because it was one of only a couple of places that the kids are actively warded out of, and so, guaranteed privacy. That said, I think we all had the possibility of playing in the back of our minds. The first to actually say it outright (after at LEAST an hour of catching up) was Viper.

"My Draco gave me permission to play around as needed - since he's been working so much - but I haven't wanted to go to a club or something to pull a one off. Are the three of you interested in anything?"

We looked at each other in a bit of a circular motion for a few seconds before the two of us looked to Oliver. He was biting his lip in thought. Harry decided to take the pressure off him.

"We've not really talked about the possibility yet."

Oliver looked at Viper. "What SPECIFICALLY did you have in mind?"

Viper looked down to avoid meeting his eyes. "I'm actually rather mad at Draco - MY Draco. He's been working so much lately that I feel like I haven't seen him in months! And HE'S the one who's usually reluctant to play, but suddenly he's given me an all encompassing permission slip! I WANT to beat him up and FORCE him to tell me if he's cheating on me whilst in the office! … But I know he's not. He's not like that, and he's genuinely driven to work practically around the clock..." he ended with a heavy sigh.

Oliver looked confused, but judging by the look on Falcon's face, this was already old news to him. "And... So you just want to get off for a bit of stress relief."

Viper shook his head. "No, it's like I said, I want to beat Draco up."

I gasped in eager understanding. I suddenly felt REALLY on board with this idea. I was practically STARING at Oliver as I waited for him to think this over. Oliver studied my extremely hopeful expression for a moment before looking to Harry.

"What do YOU think?" He asked.

Harry was staring at the floor, looking rather concerned. "I well know that Viper can REALLY get into it when he's beating or torturing a bloke, so I'm concerned about obvious safety issues, but so long as he does so under my/our supervision and understands that I will obliterate him if he goes
too far, I have no problem with it."

Oliver frowned again. "Draco, I know you DO enjoy a beating on a rare occasion."

"I wouldn't call it enjoy exactly," I muttered wryly.

"BUT the last time you asked for this, you felt you needed to be severely punished, and the two of us gave you what you wanted because you felt you needed it. WHAT can you possibly get out of it this time?" Oliver pressed.

I took a deep breath as I thought over how best to answer this. "Hmm... well I suppose... It's... It's because I'm... a... I'm like a fragile shell of good over a tightly controlled monster. If I didn't have you two and all our kids to keep me motivated, I'd probably just say fuck it and go off on a never ending rampage."

"You would not!" The both of you protested hotly. Harry continued. "You're such a bloody goody two shoes at this point that ***I*** have more darkness in me than you!"

I snorted in amusement. "You really believe that, don't you? Oh Harry... when I found out that you'd not only hexed the Head Auror but ALSO threatened to carve him up, did I ask you to apologize? Did I even care? Oh sure, I like and have a great deal of respect for Robards, but the monster inside me was perversely delighted to hear what you'd done. Seriously, how did I react?"

Harry twisted his lips in a tiny smile. "You laughed so hard that I could hear you long before you found me, threw me over your shoulder, and carried me to bed."

"Exactly!" I stated. "And even though the right thing to do - the GOOD thing - would have been to break our agreement and insist that you break your own hex and apologize to him, I have agreed to pretend like I don't know a thing. It AMUSES me to know that someone I consider a good friend has a very good reason to fear my husband. It'll keep him on his toes, I should think."

"But..."

I held up a hand to stop the both of you from arguing. "Listen, I'm a GEMINI! I have BOTH good and bad inside me. I don't HAVE to be all one or the other. I can be my own evil twin! But I like to keep the good in me more well fed and healthier than the bad, and THAT'S why I occasionally want and NEED a bloody painful beating within an inch of my life."

Viper snorted. "MY Draco tries to deny that there's any bad left in him. He'll submit to light impact play when I need him to - when he's bloody home - but he WON'T let me beat him up."

Oliver thought my words over in silence for a few moments before nodding. "Alright, so here's what I think. It sounds like this isn't going to be any sort of sexual, and I don't really want to see it. As we've danced around for a few months now, I think I'm in a really good place mentally, and actually WOULD like to try playing. With myself here," he jabbed a thumb in Falcon's direction. "Provided he's into it."

"I am," Falcon murmured, almost certainly not willing to pass that up for love nor money.

"I don't like the idea of the two of you going off on your own," Harry stated.

"I'm sure," I replied. "No, what I meant was that the two of us will be over on the bed - with a silencing spell so we can't hear what's going on with Draco, but we could still look over and see it if we wanted. And while we're doing whatever we decide to do, Draco can have that beating he wants. And then... well, if it evolves into anything more, I actually wouldn't mind. I know you..."
both feel like playing with your other selves is basically masturbation, and I think I agree, since it doesn't make me jealous or upset in the slightest."

I held up my hands to attract both your attentions. "So, these are the ground rules/expectations. *I* can get the beating I want, Viper can brutalize me to his heart's content, Harry will stop things when they reach the point he just can't take it anymore, and then they'll probably give me an excellent show of Viper topping Harry. Meanwhile, Oliver and his other self will be on the bed exploring all the things they want to try. If at any point, any single one of us wants to put a stop to things, we ALL agree to abide by it and stop, yeah?"

"Exactly!" Harry and Oliver agreed in unison. Their counterparts nodded in understanding.

I stood up and walked to the area of the playroom where we'd long ago installed anchors in the ceiling for ropes or chains. Then I held out my arms in a silent invitation for Viper to string me up. As he worked to secure me with ropes, I watched Oliver take Falcon by the hand and lead him to the bed. They cast a silencing spell and spent the first several minutes talking.

Once I was secure, Viper talked me through the necessary reminders on safe word usage and hard limits. I told him that since I wasn't pregnant (Harry cast a spell to be certain this was true, it was.), I would remove all hard limits. Except the one concerning permanent damage - as I don't want anything that can't be healed should I want it healed.

Nodding in acceptance, Viper walked around to my back and began by using lighter impacts. As always, HE needed to work himself into the heavier and more violent acts, because he wanted to be certain that at every step of the way, he was still in complete control of his actions and NOT giving into the urge to keep right on going until he'd killed his victim. That very urge is the reason Harry always insists on supervising the event.

In any case, as he began, I had the opportunity to just watch Oliver and Falcon. They'd apparently agreed to go rather slowly, as they were just starting to touch one another, and it wasn't the sexy sort of touching yet. Oliver lay on his back with several pillows under him to cushion every part that could become uncomfortable. Falcon was stroking his pronounced bump reverently, saying things that I couldn't read because he was looking away from me.

From there, Falcon kissed his way up Oliver's body until they were tentatively snogging. That evolved into more confident kisses. Little touches and caresses evolved into explorations, likely trying to determine what they had in common.

With a grunt, I lost track of the Olivers for a few minutes as Viper was now at the stage where he was laying into me with steady and evenly painful punches. I closed my eyes and savored it as close to silently as I could manage. When I opened my eyes, Oliver had pushed his doppelgänger onto his back and was teasing his shaft with both hands and tongue. Oliver had that eager gleam in his eye that let me know he was determined to prove just exactly why gay sex was better than straight.

The sight of them mesmerized me enough that I almost didn't notice the abuse raining down on me. Eventually, I just couldn't ignore it any longer and had no choice but to surrender to the ordeal. To give into the pain and let it carry me away. I can only assume that Oliver had cast a denial spell on Falcon, because the glimpses I caught all showed me that Oliver's vigorous mouth was really working Falcon's shaft - almost like a professional.

Between the two of us, he DOES have a lot of practice.

Simply because I know how much Harry doesn't want to think about it, I won't go into detail and
make him relive my glorious beating. All I will say is that it culminated in an utterly divine trip to subspace for me. I felt like I was flying through the very source of magic herself for an eon or so before I finally came back to myself. At this point, I'd been tucked into the bed and - to my delight - I had quite a show to watch.

Oliver - who doesn't have the tattoo of the goal post on his chest like Falcon does - was riding Falcon's shaft. Falcon looked both captivated and confused by the sight of his other self riding him like a champ. Meanwhile, a slow and careful turn of my head showed Harry bracing his hands on the side of the bed as Viper pounded into him from behind.

I'll bet that neither of you can comprehend the profound sense of peace I had at that moment. Aside from the slightly surreal sight of both of my husbands being fucked by themselves, I felt like the world was perfect. I had everything I wanted and needed, and watching you both enjoy yourselves was a bliss that's hard to describe.

With a smile - probably a faint one as I was still coming back from subspace - I reached out and took a hand from each of you so that I could hold it while I drifted in and out, trusting that you'd both anchor me to this world and our wonderful life.

I may have even been babbling something along the lines of: "I love you both so much! I love you Harry - and you Oliver. I love you more than anything. I constantly feel like I can't breathe from how powerful my love for you both is, I just want to stare at you through these rose tinted glasses for the rest of my life! I love you so much that -"

"We get it man!" Falcon roared. "Please try to keep it to yourself until I no longer need to concentrate so hard!"

"I even love you too, other Oliver from the other world. You're so much like OUR Oliver, but he's so much cuter. He's bloody gorgeous! Right up there with OUR Harry! The two of them could win World's Fittest Bloke competitions!"

For some reason, my babbling was amusing everyone, as you all started laughing at me. I wanted to protest indignantly, but I was already drifting off to sleep. "I love you and I love you and I love you and I love you and I love you and I luh..."

I have to admit that that was my last vague memory before I woke up in the middle of the night to an urgent need to visit the loo. There were four of you still surrounding me in bed, only now EVERYONE was sound asleep. I had to be careful not to wake anyone as I pulled free from possessive cuddles and crawled out of bed.

After finishing my business, I just knew that I wouldn't be able to sleep again until I wrote it all down. So here I am, stroking my tender bruises as I type this. Now that I'm done, I'm about to crawl back into the pile, return to the middle of all those possessive cuddles, and hex myself to sleep if I have to. I don't want to open my eyes again until it's absolutely necessary.

If I'm not back again this time tomorrow, carry on, carry on, Draco
P.S. Anything interesting happen while I was passed out?
Chapter 343

Chapter Summary

Viper mentions a brilliant idea to Draco.

Saturday September 8, 2018

Good morning my sleepy loves,

Draco, I woke up similar to how you woke up in the middle of the night last night. I was wrapped in a cozy pile of limbs. When I came back to bed, I just looked at the beautiful sight; my naked doppelganger, delightfully nude Draco, and two fit Olivers. Such a beautiful sight. Only way it could have been prettier is if there were two Dracos instead of a Viper.

I suppose myself and my alter-ego aren't unattractive, but compared to Draco and Oliver? Meh, I'm not exactly my type.

We were certainly missing that Tiger. I mostly just missed having two Draco faces to look at, but poor Viper is really not doing well missing his husband. I, thankfully, can't imagine how he's feeling.

I am sad for you Draco that you didn't win the election because I want you to have every single thing you desire. But I am very very selfishly pleased you didn't win. Between how sad Blaise, Ron, and Kisa have been and now with how upset Viper is, I do not think I would have handled you being gone as often as the job would have required you to be.

I'm pretty sure Ollie's libido is glad as well.

Us three husbands really do prefer to spend all of our free time together. We're certainly not co-dependent, we have plenty of time to ourselves, we have individual hobbies and jobs, but when we can all be together or have at least two of us together, that's what we choose to do.

I think it helps that Draco and I married young and Oliver was starting out a new phase of his adult life. We didn't live alone as single adults for many years before we all got together. As we grew and changed, we built our lives around each other. Tiger had many many years of having no one and nothing to answer to but himself. Sometimes, hearing about their lives, I think Tiger still acts too much like a bachelor.

But then again, not my marriage, not my business. If it were my marriage, I would say something. As sexy as I find the idea of just sitting under your desk, either by myself or with Ollie, to keep you satisfied, I hate the idea that I would need to because I otherwise wasn't seeing you.

Last night was lovely, it was nice seeing Oliver playing and comfortable doing so. I would have, and will be, fine if our Ollie never wants to play. But it seems like he at least enjoys it in this context and it was probably his own feelings of inadequacy that was stopping him before. Again, even if we never do anything else, I am glad he got to participate in a playtime that showed him what kind of playing can include being in love without hurting your love.

I didn't enjoy the beating portion of the evening. I would have much rather been watching our Ollie
discover... the Falcon? But I needed to supervise Viper more than I needed to watch the fun. Then again, maybe it was better for our Ollie to have a bit of privacy to start out the evening.

Although, as much as I didn't love the beating, giggly, lovey, sub-space Draco is absolutely adorable.

Dragon, that was exactly the type of playing I love. It was about US. All of us together, you needing to hold our hands and tell us how beautiful you found us, your eyes on us. One-offs at the club just aren't sexy, it feels impersonal even now that I know that your eyes *are* on us most of the time. You, reclining in the bed like a king, surveying your sexy subjects? THAT is sexy.

And it doesn't have much, if anything, to do with the fact that they were our doppelgangers. I have felt the same way when you've had me play with Blaise, or when we've had parties. It's personal and intimate.

You did miss some impressive combinations when you passed out though. And I have to say, I think I finally get your sharing kink, or at least your voyeuristic sharing kink. I watched Viper with our Ollie, don't worry I made sure he was very gentle, and it was absolutely gorgeous. I got to see what "I" look like while buggering my husband. Very hot.

Although I have to say, Falcon is fit, but he doesn't hold a candle to our Ollie. He's not as good at riding a cock or sucking a cock, his smile isn't as lovely, his eyes don't sparkle. I wouldn't say this to him, because it would probably hurt his feelings, but he's like a sad copy of a copy. Looks enough like the original that you know what it's supposed to be, but doesn't even come close to being the same thing.

Anyway, I am off on one of my morning runs. Maybe I will come back to some more pretty shagging to watch!

Yours,
Harry

Saturday September 8th
GOOD MORNING WORLD!

Last night was exactly what I needed. I still feel like I'm riding a high of love and tenderness. If any of our kids asked to have a baby dragon as a pet at this very moment, I would not only say yes, but I'd go help them get one as soon as possible. Maybe even three!

This morning was also rather lovely, even though I took a detour through alarmed territory for a couple of seconds. I don't know when it was, but it was probably a few hours before I normally like to wake up. Viper decided to kiss me awake until I could consent for him to have his way with me. At first, all I knew was that I was being kissed. It took some time for me to wake up, but when I finally did, I immediately knew it was the Viper and not my Harry.

I pulled back and tried to push him away.

A sleepy yawn caught my attention. "It's alright, Draco. Harry said that he was hoping you'd get a chance to play too, since all you really did last night was get beat up," Oliver informed me from where he was watching while snuggling up to his other self.

"You really don't mind?" I asked to be certain.
"Nope. Watching Harry and him together was so bloody hot that I felt like I was going to explode, and I'm dead certain it'll be the same for the two of you. After all, our Harry prefers to bottom, but this one always tops. It'll be a bit of a treat to watch."

I grinned at that. "Well, if you really don't mind." I pulled the Viper back in for some more snogging. Snogging led to some hot shagging that got even better when you returned and wiggled yourself underneath us so that I was in the middle of a hot Harry sandwich.

Mmmmm.......

After exploding and drifting among the stars for a bit, I was woken back up by Muffy, who informed me that some of the kids were INSISTING that I bring them out shopping and to River's Song. I had no choice but to capitulate, but as I was getting dressed in our suite, Harry and both Olivers were off making lunch or something, leaving the Viper alone with me for a bit of a chat.

I asked him what Tiger was actually doing that made him work so much, and he told me that it was some mad idea about hosting a TriWizard Tournament. I explained why it was not such a mad idea after all. Viper shrugged and said that it might have been a brilliant idea if Draco hadn't JUST finished hosting an international Dueling Championship - which is utterly Brilliant! I know what I'm doing on Monday!

As for right now, I have to sign off before the kids murder me for 'wasting time dad!'

Giving them something they can feel... all my loving'!

Draco
Chapter 344

Chapter Summary

Harry's like: Seriously Draco? o.O

Draco,

After reading my recent email, an email where I go on and on about how pleased I am that you didn't get the Minister position because you wouldn't have enough time with your family, where I discussed how hard of a time Kisa, Blaise, and Ron are having with Hermione being gone so often, and in the two most recent emails you and I BOTH discussed how upset Viper is with Tiger, your take-away is to recreate the exact scenario which has been causing Tiger to be so absent with his family?

So absent that his husband, Viper, felt the need to cross over to the other universe so he could beat up someone whose face matches his husband's face.


I mostly kid!

Honestly Draco, dragons? Baby dragons? Three baby dragons? I know you sometimes call me a moron, but I know exactly what you're trying to do. No dragons! Baby or otherwise!

In all seriousness, the idea of an international dueling competition sounds fun. I also like the idea of the three of us taking long weekends when Ollie isn't needed at Hogwarts to travel internationally for "meetings" to potential nations. And I know you, and 'Mione of course, will plan and execute it brilliantly. Just don't forget that the entire reason you came up with the idea is because a lonesome husband was sadly pouring his heart out to you about how much he missed his love.

Please don’t make us miss you.

Maybe you both want to miss me though. A couple of things hit me when I read your last email. First of all, were you honestly worried that Viper was kissing you? Do you think I, or Ollie, would leave a naked man we know you're attracted to in our bed if we weren’t alright with you snogging him?

Weirdo.

Secondly, and the reason I said the both of you might want to miss me …. Which is a completely nonsense sentence. You can’t want to miss someone, either you want them gone or you miss them when they are, those two ideas don’t exactly work together. But what I mean is, am I annoying you both?

You said Oliver said something along the lines of “our Harry mostly wants to bottom.” Do you both not like that I usually bottom? I thought our preferences aligned pretty well with you being MOSTLY a top, myself being MOSTLY a bottom, and Ollie being a pretty consistent top/bottom,
50/50 split. Am I being selfish with my preferences? Do you both want me to top more?

I have no problem … No wait, strike that. Saying I have no problem with something implies that I would only be doing it for your sake. I should say, I enjoy topping, but more than anything I enjoy making my husbands feel good. I enjoy satisfying you both. So please be honest with me, am I being selfish with the top to bottom ratios?

Or am I being completely ridiculous and I should have just read that as “ooh, that’s a fun sight I don’t see as often, I am going to enjoy the show”?

I should probably take it that way huh? You both certainly seemed to enjoy the Harry sandwich. Although, I hate that when two of the same thing encases something else we tend to call it a ____ sandwich. Technically, it was a Draco sandwich with Harry bread. You don’t call it a ‘bread sandwich’ it’s a Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich!

And speaking of multiple ingredients in one sandwich, over the years we’ve had multiple single ingredient sandwiches. As a triad, we regularly have sandwiches in many different layering combinations. Now that we are potentially back in the playing world, at least with our doppelgangers, how many layers do you think we could accomplish while still thinking it’s fun and sexy? Do you think we could cock to arse to cock to cock to arse etc. all six of us?

I kind of like a challenge and I already call middle!

Hurry up and come home, don’t let those children trick you into spending their entire inheritance! Dinner should be ready soon and before you think about just stopping off at Zaire’s Langa or Café Exquis … I made your favorite!

Your Harry

Monday September 10th
My dearest loves,

After spending a few hours in the Forbidden Forest yesterday, I arrived home at the perfect time to help Oliver with his extreme horniness.

Viper had spent the day with his kids catching up on little things, like the fact that Delphini is considering having another child, Harrison and Parker seem to be doing well, Tommy may or may not have found a steady girlfriend, and Bellerophon is considering asking his girlfriend to marry him. He also learned that the one-off having Parker's baby has officially signed paperwork giving Parker sole custody of the sprog once it's born.

The Falcon had a long chat with our Oliver, letting him know that while he had a good time and is grateful for the experience, he is most definitely straight. He might be willing to play with Oliver again in the future - because playing with oneself doesn't count - but he's probably not going to want a full on playing session like we had. I feel sorry for him as he obviously doesn't know what he's missing! He's definitely going to miss that conga line you were talking about!

But Viper and Falcon returned home after dinner last night. Today, I got up at my normal time, serviced Oliver when he popped in for a quickie during his lunch break (while you were feeding the kids, sorry), performed my daily routine, and then headed over to the Ministry for the afternoon.

Hermione LOVES my (er, Tiger's) idea! We are definitely planning out how to host an
international Dueling Championship. Thankfully, professional Dueling is a thing, and so, the hardest part might be finding all the addresses to send invitations to.

While I was here, I popped in on Robards to see how that case Ginger is working was going. Sadly, it's going slowly, as she can't find anything on Kevin Miller at the moment that is incriminating. Just a regular hookup on Saturday nights in a posh Hotel room. So with nothing more to discuss, I returned home in time for Oliver to come back from Hogwarts and damn near wear us out.

Harry... I might have actually strained something! Good thing I know healing spells.

Love you both!
You're the medicine and the pain, the tattoo inside my brain, and baby you know it's obvious, I'm a sucker for you,
Draco
Chapter 345

Chapter Summary

Harry is loving the stay at home dad thing.

Tuesday September 11, 2018

My Best Friends,

I can't even begin to tell you how much I am loving this Stay at Home Dad thing! I should have done this YEARS ago!

I wake up in the arms of my loves. I get to go for a lovely morning run, sometimes alone and sometimes with 1-2 toddlers strapped to me. I don't however, ever take all three with when I go for runs. I skip running that day or I take a later run and drop them off with a grandparent for an hour or so. Or, wait, I should probably back up a bit. I pretty much never run alone. By alone, I meant without having to wear one of the babies but I still always have at least one running buddy.

Nora usually runs with me towards the end when I'm doing my cooldown. Atreyu just likes to find me, run next to me long enough to tell me about one of his animals, and then take off. Lily and Seph don't run often, but when they do, they usually like to find me about midway through my run. But Caelum has really taken up as my regular, beginning to end, running buddy. He's so agreeable, he loves to spend time with his age-mate siblings, if I didn't have these mornings with him, I think I'd be afraid of him slipping under my radar. I've loved every moment of catching up with my little guy.

Jaz and Vani have come out and spent time with me later in the day, but they, Zaire, and Shtara have absolutely zero interest in running with me. That's not completely true, Zaire would have some interest but mornings are his favorite baking time so he has other priorities.

By the time I'm done running and back to our rooms, I usually have a little bit of time to spend with Ollie before he heads off to teach. And I often have time to have a light lunch with Draco while he has his breakfast.

But the majority of my day is spent with these littlest kids of ours. We play with the animals in the stables. Side note: now that we don't have to be so particular about Morgana, she really loves wandering around the owlery. So if you ever come home and find feathers decorating her glossy hair, that's probably why. The kids climb all over the playground, we have midday quiet snuggles while we watch cartoons in the family room, and I get all the sticky hugs and kisses any one man could possibly handle.

Seriously, how did it take me this long to realize this is amazing? I get that I am in a bit of the honeymoon phase and will have bad days here or there, and days when I will feel like losing my mind if I have to sing one more nursery rhyme or watch one more episode of toddler cartoons, but for now this is just the best thing that's happened to me in a very long time. And in a few months time I will have a little Serenity to add to my days!

But today is not quite as mellow as I thought it would be when I woke up. I just received a message
from Radin and Pantea Avin, Jasmine's biological grandparents, saying they decided to take us up on our offer to come to Wiltshire to visit Jaz. Which is obviously wonderful, but in their letter they mention that they've been nervous about actually coming out here to such an unknown place, so they didn't want to leave much time between deciding to come and actually setting out.

Which means their letter arrived today and they arrive tomorrow. Just enough time that if we didn't want them coming there's enough time to tell them now isn't a good time, but not enough time for them to work themselves up into a panic.

Oh, and they're bringing Rohzan and Kaveh as well.

I'm not sure where they'll want to stay so I'm spending today making sure the cabin is ready in case they want to stay there, making sure there are rooms within the Manor all in one area in case they want to be here, and I've called ahead to the Wizarding Hotel near Diagon and we have a suite reserved just in case they'd feel more comfortable in their own space.

This is so exciting but a little terrifying if I'm honest. The scariest part? They didn't say how long they were staying!

Okay, off to air out some rooms.

Love,
Harry

Wednesday September 12th
My dearest Oliver,

I think you might be happy to be at Hogwarts and not in the chaos that is the Manor today. The Avins arrived around 10AM. I personally was still asleep, but I wasn't the important one that needed to greet them.

As I understand it (Muffy and Dibby told me what happened), the Avins arrived to the rather intimidating sight of Harry holding Jaz' hand, Delphini and Sebastian holding Vanessa's hands, and my parents standing behind them all. Leah was on hand so that Jaz could make the introductions. Jaz explained that Sebastian was her uncle, that he and Delphini had adopted Vanessa, and that Delphini wanted to see for herself the people who were going to be spending a bit of time with her daughter (because Vani is almost always glued to Jaz). True to her word, Delphini was scrutinizing the Avins as if dead certain they were serial killers.

Then Jaz moved on to introduce my parents, who were in full Malfoy superiority mode. They graciously (if a bit coldly) welcomed the Avins to our home. Apparently Jaz sensed that my parents were unintentionally (or probably intentionally) making the Avins feel uncomfortable, so she tugged on my father's hand and asked him directly via BSL if he would please take off his Malfoy Mask and SMILE while inviting them to stay in a guest suite.

He tried to pretend like he had no idea what she was talking about, and then tried to negotiate a bit, but eventually settled for capitulating. He apparently gave the Avins a small but friendly smile as he then let them know that a guest suite had been prepared for them. Then he added that if the Avins should want anything at all, all they needed to do was ask for an elf to come help them.

Jaz gestured for my father to get on his knees (because he's so much taller than her) so that she could hug him and give him a kiss on the cheek. Then they took the Avins on a tour of the Manor.
One of the first things that seemed to overwhelm them was that Shtara was in the ballroom with an entire troupe of actors.

Apparently, her ambition has changed from simply starring in plays to starring and DIRECTING plays that she has written. So her brilliant self hired a full cast for a play that is based loosely on her life, depicting the struggle for a girl from the streets to make it big. To no surprise, it is full of powerful songs. Her plan is that once they're ready, she wants to take them on a bit of a tour of all the smaller venues, playing for a weekend or two here and there until they either fail or are invited to play bigger places.

Although, if it looks like they might fail, she has hinted that I could always by one of the bigger theaters and subtly suggest that they feature her, hahaha!

When the tour hit the dinning room, Zaire was ever so delighted because he'd spent all morning experimenting with new recipes to try on us before trying them on his customers. Thus, the dinning room looked a bit like a buffet for a luxury cruise. He wouldn't let anyone leave until they'd tried everything and given their opinions on it.

The tour eventually continued, only to be waylaid by a loud indignant shriek coming from the ice skating rink in the east wing. It seems that Lily was irate that her brothers and Persephone had decided that they should play something that seemed to be a combination of hockey and polo. Caelum was riding a unicorn, Atreyu was riding a thestral, and Persephone was in a harness that was attached to a rope anchored to the ceiling so that she could sort of fly around the ice rink as she played. This also allowed her to climb the rope at random and 'dive bomb' the others.

Harry was left to decide how to handle that as my parents continued on with the tour.

By this point in time, I was awake and eating breakfast in bed before starting on my morning routine. Since Harry wasn't feeding them and they hadn't been part of Zaire's tasting, the three current littlest were in bed with me, eating with their pudgy hands and making an absolute mess. Muffy was subtly trying to clean the mess as they made it, muttering about having to immediately wash the bedspread the moment we were off it.

I have no idea what, but *something* was making the littles LAUGH. They were laughing so hard over what seemed to be a private joke between them that I was afraid they were going to choke on their food. But they didn't. Instead, they attracted the attention of the tour as it passed by our suite. So, Jaz led the rest of them into our bedroom to find out what was causing the laughter - as her siblings had asked her what was going on.

Not able to determine the cause of the laughter either, Jaz sat on the bed with us for a moment so she could rapidly sign a few questions. The most important one was that she REALLY wanted some spending money so that she could bring her visiting family on a good tour of London. Agreeing that this was a good idea, I summoned some muggle cash out of my carry all watch. As I went to hand it over, my mother interrupted me.

"Draco! Really? That's ALL you plan to give her?"

"It's all I have on me at the moment," I defended.

"Looks like grandma will have to fix this," she murmured, pulling a coin purse full of Galleons out of her robes and handing it to Jaz. She then signed: Just have Leah help you exchange this at Gringott's before you go out into London.

Jaz gave mum a big hug and a kiss on the cheek.
"Oi! Where's my love? I gave you money too!" I protested. Jaz gave me a kiss on the cheek and then rapidly signed that she and Vani were probably going to take off now to bring the Avins on that tour of London. Delphini took a last scrutiny of them and gave her consent for Vani to go.

I held up a hand. "Just remember, they Portkeyed here from a different time zone. Chances are they're going to get tired after only a couple of hours, so try not to overdo it."

Jaz nodded in understanding, gave me another kiss on the cheek, and then ran off to show her family to their suite so that she could help them verify that the elves had already unpacked their belongings, and then they could Floo over to Gringott's to exchange that money.

It was only after they left that I realized I'd rudely neglected to say hi to the Avins, so hopefully they don't think I'm the worst father in the world.

In any case, I'm done with my morning routine and am going to head off to the Ministry for a few hours to help with the invitations now that we have a complete list of people and organizations to invite to an international championship. See you when I get home!

I get so weak in the knees I can hardly breathe,
Draco
Chapter 346

Chapter Summary

Harry is feeling a little overwhelmed by Jaz's tour.

My Loves,

Send Help!

Wait, wait, everything is fine! That was a silly and a bit sarcastic "send help," not an actual statement of danger.

After I sorted out the ice rink debacle ... which by the way was just Lily being furious because she was afraid the hooves were going to damage her precious rink. Once I assured her that the ice was spelled to avoid damage, no normal wear and tear like a muggle ice rink would be from skate marks and all that, she was then upset because she missed out on the fun because she had been so worried. So, as I started saying, after I sorted out the ice rink debacle, I went to find the group.

Calming Lily had taken so long that I actually caught up with the group on their tour. I realized it was just the small handful of them going on their tour of London and I offered to pop back home and let them go on their merry way. I was told that was absolutely silly and I should join them. I am so glad I chose to take them up on that offer. It was the best, and most hilarious, London tour I've ever been on.

See, when most people tour such an iconic place, they end up at the traditional tourist spots; Big Ben, riding a double decker bus, Westminster Abbey, Tower Bridge, right? Wrong. I popped in on their Harry Potter tour. Yeah, you heard that right. Our daughter actually took them on a Muggle tour of Harry Potter sights based on the book series about me. We went to King's Cross and the Warner Brothers Studio tour. It was hilarious and the funniest part was no one recognized me!

We had coffee at The Attendant, which is a converted toilet that is now a café. We burned out our retinas at God's Own Junkyard, a neon sign gallery/museum/thing. And then we went kayaking on the Thames.

But now we're all headed for dinner at Zaire's Langa, so you should round up the rest of the crew and come join us!

Love,
Harry

Wednesday September 12th

My silly little Harry,

I bet when you said round up the rest of the crew, you didn't literally mean everyone I could get a hold of. But I took you literally - since you so often do that to me, haha. I called up Viona to see if she, Cassie, and Alric were up for dinner at Zaire's Langa. Then I called Hazel and invited her and Pearl. Next I Insta-owled Sebastian and Delphini to let them know that Vani and Jaz (etc.) were
having dinner at Zaire's. Parker and Harrison both responded that they were more than happy to leave the Hog's Head for a couple of hours to join us. As were Tommy and Bellerophon. And Jules.

After that, I Insta-owled both Siri and Zwei (and our Oliver, of course), asking them to consider leaving Hogwarts before eating dinner so that they could join us. Shtara was too busy with her troupe to stop for dinner, until I mentioned that they could always come with. Lastly, I rounded up the Feisty Foursome, Nora, our toddlers, and Sirius and his boys because he caught wind that Leah was already with your group, and naturally Pippa would be at my back. Also, my parents didn't want to eat alone tonight.

Thus when we arrived, it was en force. Good thing Zaire has plenty of room in his restaurant, hahaha! Even so, it was a tiny bit unfair of us to show up at dinner time when his restaurant is at its most crowded. If he didn't have wizarding space set aside specifically for us, I'd have graciously declined the invite.

During dinner, Leah laughed softly and told me how there were several people throughout the day that whispered to each other something along the lines of: "Blimey, that bloke over there looks like he's impersonating Harry Potter! Must be a big fan. I wonder what the real Harry Potter looks like now, he must be getting OLD!" Hahahahahaha!

Maybe you should write another book and go on tour with it so that all your millions of fans see what you look like currently and don't mistake you for an impersonator, haha!

In any case, dinner was as boisterous as ever. Jaz and Vani were excited because they've been nominated for an award for quality children's programming. Rohzan begged her grandparents to take her to one of the theaters' shows - Cats or something. Kaveh - despite being a couple of years younger than them - was getting on with Siri and Zwei, and was beside himself when they invited him to visit Hogwarts for a bit after classes were over tomorrow so that he could watch a Quidditch Practice.

As dinner was winding down, Shtara mentioned that she was considering adding a firedance to the play she's creating, but before she could make her decision either way, she needed to see if her actors were CAPABLE of doing it. Which led to me agreeing to try to teach them. Tonight.

So, now that I've settled on the perfect drumming soundtrack to practice to, I'm about to lead ALL our kids that are home and Shtara's entire troupe through a firedance. I am quite looking forward to looking over to see my beloved husbands watching me with lust in their eyes.

I don't want to be somebody without your body close to me,
Draco
Chapter 347

Chapter Summary

It's a lovely day with a minor hiccup.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Thursday September 13, 2018

My Everything,

I was rereading yesterday's email about the lovely dinner we all had together, and the upcoming fire dancing (which was amazing obviously), and just random rambling about the day we were having prior to dinner. But I couldn't get the sentence "I wonder what the real Harry Potter looks like now, he must be getting OLD!" out of my head.

See, this is one of those things where I feel differently than most people on the subject of aging. I know people think about getting older and it freaks them out, they worry about wrinkles and grey hair, they panic that they no longer know what's 'cool', and depending on how old they are getting they start thinking about death.

I have such a different perspective. I love getting older. I really do. Every line next to my eyes reminds me of the thirty-eight years of laughter I've had. Every grey hair I find, although at this point they are very rare, reminds me that I've had almost twenty years of my beloved crazy family turning my hair grey with their antics. And every time I think about how getting older means getting that much closer to death, it reminds me that I will likely have the privilege of living a long wonderful life and aging out of life instead of being killed.

I lost, we all lost, so many people in the war who will never have to, never GET to, get wrinkles or grey hairs. Like my Fred, who only ever earned twenty years of laugh lines. Tonks, who never got to hear her child tease her about getting older. And mostly my parents, who never got the opportunity to get older.

And I realized it's been much too long since I've visited my parents. So, while my handsome men are off working ... bringing home the bacon ... clocking in their nine to fives, I decided it was a beautiful day to take the littlest off to visit their Grandma Lily and Grandpa James. And while I was packing up a picnic basket Sirius came into the kitchen to grab some food for his boys. When I told him where I was going he invited himself, Leon, and Pierre along. I packed some extra food and we headed out.

Jaz was out doing more sightseeing with the Avins while Seph, Lissa, and Cael have recently decided to give Traditions a try, so our little crew was just me, Trey, Nora Madeline, the trio of toddlers, Sirius, and Sirius' boys. It really speaks to just how many kids we have when I talk about how small our group was and it includes five children aged six and under.

For an afternoon spent in a cemetery, we've had a surprisingly lovely time. We spread out a blanket, had a nice lunch, and Sirius and I told the kids all about my parents. Obviously Sirius had
a lot more stories to tell, but I managed to get a word in here or there. I cried, Nora cried, Trey got glassy-eyed, and Sirius sobbed like a baby.

Not that I want him to forget my parents, not that I think a new friendship will take away what he's missed all these years, but I think I am going to spend the next few months working on getting Sirius either a new set of friends, or a significant other, or both. I think he's really lonely. He has his boys, and they've been amazing for him, he's a fantastic Dad, but he needs a set of adults he can spend time with. People he can share his life with that can talk back to him in full sentences!

Although, Leon actually is signing full sentences so I should probably stop using that as a descriptor!

So, I have two months before little Serenity comes and I will likely be too exhausted to pull off a matchmaking service to help Sirius build his own circle.

Any ideas?

Anyway, we chatted and cried, ate our lunch, the littles ran around for a while, and now I'm writing to you while the toddlers nap. I hate that this is how my kids get to spend time with their grandparents, but if this is how it has to be, it's pretty special to see them all cozy and cuddling in the sunshine. After they wake up I think I need to give them a bit more of a fun Grandparent experience, so I'm going to spend the rest of the afternoon with Molly and Arthur.

Come join us if either of you get off work early?

Yours,
Harry

Friday September 14th
My wonderful worriers,

Everything is fine. Honestly, if I didn't tell you that we had a minor hiccup today, you wouldn't ever even know that anything had happened, but since I know you'll want to know, I'll tell you.

So what happened was that Hermione and I were in her office have a planning session for that international Dueling Championship, such as when to actually host it and where. Well, I pointed out that we could easily use the same venue as we did for the Triwizard Tournament, and she said that there should really be a more convenient venue for events where people don't necessarily need to use an entire Quidditch Pitch sized arena.

Which led to a discussion of whether the Ministry should invest in an event center, or if a private citizen should do it. So I naturally agreed to organize a team to get it done. Then we argued over whether or not that would be seen as favoritism for the Minister to give me the opportunity to do this without even discussing it with anyone else, and that argument got heated enough that we actually stripped down a bit and cast cooling charms.

That's when the minor hiccup happened. See it was technically after hours, thus NO ONE had an appointment to see the Minister, and her secretary (who prevents people from going into her office unannounced) had gone home for the evening. Therefore, the ONLY people that should have had access to the Minister's office should have been Ministry employees who were working late. Often, department heads do pop in unannounced after hours simply because they're working late due to pressing matters, and they know that Hermione will almost certainly still be in.
Today, it seems a person had entered the Ministry at around noon or so - at a point when the Ministry was very busy - passed through security check in, and basically found a nice empty office to wait in until after everyone else had left. Mostly.

Around 7 PM - just as we were considering calling it a night - this person burst into Hermione's office and managed to get a garrote made out of rope around her neck. This person either had no idea that anyone else would be in her office with her, or otherwise thought that I wouldn't be a threat. Unfortunately for him, but fortunately for Hermione, I was most definitely a threat. I Krav Magaed the man to the floor and had him incarcerated before he could fully register that his plans had gone awry.

So, if you're wondering why I'm not coming home when I said I was planning to, it's because Hermione and I are in a meeting with Robards and Roche. We've even called in the Head of the DMLE. And so, this might take some time before we even get around to questioning the culprit.

But since I have a few minutes before this meeting gets going, I just wanted to say that firedancing the other night was not just fun but relaxing. I can't remember why I don't do it more often. I might need to get back into the habit of doing it as part of my morning routine.

And did you see the Avins? Specifically Radin and Pantea. When they realized that Jasmine not only knew how to firedance already, but THEN had Rohzan and Kaveh beg to learn too... I thought they were going to have a panic attack, hahaha! But those kids correctly assumed that knowing how to firedance would be cool, and a fun way to show off.

Not surprisingly, I like those kids ^_^

Oh! Looks like the Head of the DMLE just showed up. I suppose it's time to get this party started. Hmm... I think I should call for Muffy to cater this since not many of us are likely to have eaten yet.

See you when I get home, whenever that may be.

They say dance for me dance for me dance for me, oh oh oh!
Draco

Chapter End Notes

When you are picturing the looks of horror on the older Avins' faces as their grandkids beg to learn firedancing, keep in mind that Draco insists that everyone be naked to minimize the risk of things catching on fire, lol ^_^
Chapter 348

Chapter Summary

Harry is rather angry at Draco and Draco explains what happened.

Friday September 14, 2018

Draco Lucius Malfoy!

You don't open your email with "there was a minor hiccup" then proceed to tell me all about bureaucratic planning for an upcoming event, and THEN move onto "Oh, by the way, someone tried to murder one of your best friends." I'm going through the email, reading it in the order it was written ... like a CHUMP, to come across the most important bit of information more than halfway through the message.

If my rage wasn't so focused on whoever dared attack Hermione you would be in serious trouble damn it!

But all of my rage is most definitely focused on whatever piece of human garbage tried to attack my 'Mione! I promised Oliver I wouldn't call in any more favors from Grandmama anymore. Well, at least THOSE kinds of favors, I'm still going to call her up when I want some help figuring out how to help Morgana or when I really need to try and outfox Narcissa. But if and when anything happens, just know that I most definitely did not call her. I won't need to. You both know that Grandmama loves me, but she doesn't love anyone quite the way she loves Kisa and Kisa's wife was just attacked.

You should probably jump inside that guy's head to make sure there isn't an accomplice or any additional information you can get from him before his head goes missing. And soon.

Don't worry about hurrying home, we're all safe and sound here at the Manor. Right now keeping the Minister safe and punishing the criminal should be the main priority. We get that.

And if you're reading this while killing time, I have an idea for the event center problem.

Yes Draco, this is how you bring something like this up ... AFTER the important conversation about the assassination attempt!

Anyway, instead of putting together a team to build the event center, why don't you put together a team who will assess different project proposals. If you open up the project to the Wizarding World at large, you can ask for bids and proposals. That way when it's decided who's getting the contract you will have a paperwork trail and proof of why that business was chosen to do the building. It will be the most affordable or the best design or a mixture of both. Either way, no one will be able to argue favoritism since the team will have chosen based on a certain set of criteria.

Obviously, I assume you and whatever business you'd be using will be the best, but if someone else is chosen, it will at least be one less thing on your plate right now to deal with.

Seriously, I think I need some of that healing salve of yours. Oliver's libido is getting more demanding! How is that even possible? I've visited him in between every single one of his classes
today! And we've been switching up topping and bottoming. I thought that would mean neither of us would get quite as sore since we split the friction between the two locations. No! Now I'm just double chaffed!

Help!
Harry

Saturday September 15th - around 2 AM
My loves,

I just got home and am dictating this as I get ready for bed in the loo. I have surprisingly little to report. Once we had that big meeting I told you about, it was more or less unanimously decided that I should poke around the culprit's head and find every scrap of information I could. See, most criminals have rights and just going in and reading their mind actually violates those rights, and so, that's why Fierston and I have never had our skills officially documented.

Also, they only send either of us in when the case is important - like a murder or a missing child.

In any case, THIS criminal literally gave up all his rights when he tried to assassinate the current Minister for Magic - as that is considered treason. Treason automatically authorizes the use of anything and everything we deem necessary, and also might just result in execution. NOT the kind where a person is kissed by a Dementor and may as well be dead for how alive they are, but ACTUAL execution. In this case, probably a quick and painless AK.

So, with everyone in the room on up to the Minister herself telling me to go take a look around this bloke's head, that's what I did. The actual trip into his mind took several hours, but that was mostly because he had a bunch of shields in place and it took a lot of time to examine them all and determine how to slip around them.

When I finally got in - side note, they had called Fierston in to basically watch me work as he had never before had to get into a mind so well guarded, aside from mine, which he's never actually gotten into fully. Anyway, when I finally got in, I learned that our criminal is... how to put it... legitimately crazy. That's not going to stop him from being punished, but it makes me a tiny bit sympathetic to him.

See, he has a rather small group of friends, and when he hangs out with them, he never really talks. In fact, based off his memories, I'm not entirely sure he CAN talk. If he can, literally NO ONE ever asks him to say anything, and so, he never does.

Now, this small group of friends is part of a larger group of... acquaintances? Schoolmates? Regular partiers? Not sure, but basically this relatively large group of people come together regularly to drink, faff about, and babble about every little thought that enters their empty heads.

Both of you would probably listen to that chatter and think the same thing I did, that it means nothing but the random temporary thoughts of mildly (or sometimes heavily) drunk people. But when our criminal heard a lot of them complain about the Minister for various reasons, HE got it into his head that they were telling him that all their lives would be better if she no longer existed.

Now don't get me wrong, the chatter wasn't anything so dramatic as: "That Minister is doing a bad job and REALLY needs to go!" It was normal things like: "I can't believe the Minister legalized multiple marriages!" "I can't believe the Minister is married to two men and a woman!" "I can't believe the Minister spent so many Galleons on the Triwizard Tournament!" Things that could be
compliments or complaints depending on how the person felt about those things.

Our Criminal took them all as complaints, and here's where the crazy comes in. He decided that the only way to 'fix' those complaints was to get rid of the Minister for Magic. Permanently.

Now you might be wondering how - if this bloke's so crazy - then why are his shields so strong? Well, it's BECAUSE he's crazy. They weren't purposely created, they grew as his mental instability grew and are natural. Which is why I was able to eventually slip around them.

But even with all that information I was able to find in his mind, I could NOT find his name, or his address, and any sort of identifying information. Normally, that might come up in conversations, but for this bloke, no one talked to him that he remembered. No one addressed him or called him by name.

Thus the Aurors have a job trying to find out exactly who this criminal is, but once they do - and probably even if they don't - they are more than likely going to sentence him to the maximum sentence. Although, much like you, I suspect he won't MAKE it to his sentencing. Not that I will have ANY idea what happened should he mysteriously lose his head.

But I'm ready for bed now, so I'm going to sign off and see if I can take care of some of Oliver's horniness before going to sleep.

I'd spend 10,000 hours and 10,000 more, oh, if that's what it takes to learn those sweet hearts of yours,
Draco
P.S. Harry, I put that salve in your bedside table drawer. I also slathered some on you while you slept.
Chapter 349

Chapter Summary

Harry's off doing something for Sirius, and Oliver and Draco are teasing him while he's gone.

Saturday September 15, 2018

Dearest,

You'd spend 10,000 hours and then 10,000 more? I know it sounds like a lot, but it's really not all that much when you think about it! It's one of those numbers that sounds like a lot, but when you break it down isn't all that much.

So, let's say it is going to take you 10,000 plus 10,000 hours to learn our hearts. That gives us 20,000 total hours.

For our first calculation, let's assume we spend six hours per day with each other. Because you're not going to learn our hearts while we're sleeping or while you're both at work and I'm at home so we're not even together. And six hours is probably being generous with how busy we are. Then on weekends we're more likely to spend the majority of the day together, so let's say Saturdays and Sundays are twelve hours per day. So six hours per day five days a week and twelve hours per day twice a week is thirty plus twenty-four which gives us fifty-four hours per week. Fifty-four hours per week times fifty-two weeks per year gives us two thousand eight hundred and eight learnable hours per year. That means you would completely know our hearts in only seven and twelve hundredths of a year.

Second calculations would assume you could be learning our hearts even if we weren't together or awake. Some sort of learning by osmosis I guess. So divide twenty-thousand by twenty-four hours in a day and you'll have us all learned up in eight hundred thirty three and a third days which is only two and twenty-eight hundredths of a year.

Divide both of those estimates in half since there are two of us, you could learn each of us in only 3.56 years or only 1.14 years if we go with the osmosis approach. Then divide either of those by half again since you said ten thousand hours and only added on the second ten thousand just in case, implying we're probably learnable after only the original ten thousand and you imply that you could have each of us fully learned in only 1.78 years or as low as .57 of a year.

A little over six months is apparently all you need to know our hearts. I can't speak for Ollie, but I think I am much more complex than half a year Draco!

Or my other thought was you were probably doing some sort of song lyric and ... awww that's sweet, I love you too!

Anyway, this is one of those rare Saturdays where I will certainly see you both, but probably not the full twelve hours I mentioned during my calculations. See, I promised myself and Sirius that I was going to work on building up his group of friends. But here's the problem, all the people I think are special and trustworthy and fun enough to be in our personal circle are already in our
circle. But Sirius needs some people that he didn't gain through being my Godfather ya know?

So, I heard about this dating app. It's not a dating app ... or I suppose it's not ONLY a dating app. Basically it is a dating app but it has a friend-making area of the app. So even though I am very happily married and completely uninterested in dating, I can be on the site in the friend area and potentially match up with someone who is also interested in forging new friendships.

Well, I didn't want to just throw Sirius into the deep end and force him to create his own profile, learn on his own, and have to set up meetups and all that. So I created a fake profile. Not really a fake profile per se, just watered down version of myself to test out the app before I let Sirius loose on it. So I have a few potential meetups today to make sure it's a legitimate friend thing and not just a hookup app masquerading as a friendship app.

I promise they're not dates! I have all I need at home. Hell, with how sore my arse and cock are, I have more than enough! Not that I would even if I weren't sore, and definitely not complaining about how much action I've been getting, just trying to reassure you both how in love with you I am and give you a warning just in case you are thinking it's weird that I'm on this kind of app and meeting up with strangers.

Love you,
Harry

Saturday September 15th
Our darling Harry,

If I was writing for just me, I would say: "Go on and have fun, love. Hook up to your Heart's content. I trust and love you no matter what." But since I literally just wrote that and Oliver read it and gave me a look, I'm pretty sure I'm suppose to amend that to: "Go on and have fun so long as you stick to our rules." However, since one of those rules is that we're ALL supposed to be together during all fun, I'm thinking that Oliver's definition of fun is far different than my own.

So, to start over. Our Darling Harry, go on and have fun but not TOO much fun and please stick to our rules and not have to beg for our forgiveness later.

Sound good Oliver?

Oliver here, Draco's making this sound more dramatic and picky than I am actually being. I trust you completely. I know that your heart belongs to us.

I'm not talking about his heart, Oliver, I put a collar on that decades ago. I'm talking about his shaft, but by his own words, that's much too sore to do anything anyway. I wonder if my salve expired? I should make a new batch.

Draco! Don't encourage Harry to break the rules!

Like I need to encourage him to do that! He's been breaking rules ever since I met him.

But! But! You SAY that you collared his heart decades ago, yet he still managed to fall in love with ME!

That was fate, love, and not something that's likely to happen ever again.

But what if it does???
Then we get another husband, I suppose. Can't ONE of you fall into a platonic but deep and enduring love with a WOMAN so I can have a wife too? Not that I need a wife, but that it would be interesting to have a fellow bitch around when I'm in a mood.

ARE YOU DRUNK?!

Erm... Maybe just a bit...

Draco!

Yeah...

DRACO...

What?!

Our dearest Harry, I apparently must amend this once again. Under no circumstances fall in platonic love with a woman and make her our wife.

DRACO!!!

WHAT??!

WHY DO YOU EVEN HAVE THAT IN MIND?!!?

Huh? … Oh! You know, I think I'm just a little drunk and a bit horny, and then I read that Harry's off 'making friends' for his godfather, and it got me thinking that I haven't even had that sort of fun with my friends in ages.

AAAND???

And I'm thinking about it, is all. Come 'ere! I need to put my mouth all over my pregnant husband.

But Draco! Draco! Dra.... mmm... Yeah, keep doing that...

Dictation device can't translate the noises, so it sends the email without a sign off.
Harry is a bit horrified, Draco's tipsy and highly amused, and Oliver is temporarily sated ^_^
Okay, I suppose that makes sense, you can't be too careful. I ignored the fact that she called it a date because there's not really a word for a blind date in the hopes of getting a friendship out of the deal. That was my first mistake.

We ended up making light conversation around appetizers and a few more drinks. I didn't order alcoholic drinks myself, I wanted to make sure I didn't get the booze giggles so I'd be able to tell Sirius all about his potential new friend. She definitely had enough drinks to be buzzed but nowhere near utterly pissed. We're there for a solid hour when I turn around again and the guy she brought with is still sitting behind us, staring at us, and hasn't ordered so much as a water. Just sitting at an empty table watching our meeting.

I Gryffindor-up and decide to just talk about the creepy elephant in the room, why is he still here? Why is he watching us? Does she still feel unsafe with me? What is going on?

That's when she admits that she isn't just trying to date me for herself but she wants to bring me home. He likes to watch.

Wait what?!?

Yeah, she was on the friend version of the app, and instead of friendship, she wanted a one time hookup so she could bring me home to have her HUSBAND watch her get railed.

I let out a really high pitched giggle, said I needed the loo, and apparated the hell out of there. I'm now sitting in the back room at River's song waiting for my head to toe body scrub. I need to wash the yuck off before I come home.

What is wrong with people?!?

Yours,
Harry

BUWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

AHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Oh Harry! I just ahahahahahahahaha! I can't stop laughing!

I love it!

Yes, still a tad drunk, but not too drunk to appreciate the fact that you went on a friend date - for Sirius - and they were a married couple that wanted to watch the wife be shagged by the great Harry Potter!!!!!! AHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

You know, had Sirius went, he might have actually taken them up on the offer, hahaha!

But then he probably would have tried to get the husband more involved then he really wanted to be ^_^ hahahahahahahahaha!

Poor Padfoot, maybe Viper should come back over and give him a good seeing to. Hey Oliver! It's a shame that you never got to - well not see exactly as neither of us watched it or anything, but a long time ago, Harry once walked in on Viper shagging Padfoot and he needed to be obliviated - which he obviously wasn't, but you know the feeling.
I feel like it's a waste of time going on a 'looking for friends' site, because - as a man who is also interested in women and happens to have a solid bad streak in him - it seems like whenever men SAY they just want to be friends with women, it's really because they're playing a long (hopefully not that long) game of make her feel comfortable enough to consider shagging. Which is not to say that the friendship is completely fake or invalid, just that men who have a hard time (or maybe don't look good enough to attract one offs) can feel a little bit better about themselves if they go the friendship route first.

BUT - setting all of that aside, hahahahahahahaha! Unless you used an entirely fake name/picture and went to the date using glamours, just the fact that you somewhat LOOK like Harry Potter would have had ALL the people on the friendship app hoping for more! I predict that in nine months from now, we're going to have another little Haz on our hands ^_^

As for the wife thing, I DID say platonic. I don't really want or need a wife, to be honest, and I never for one second thought that you wanted or needed one too. I just thought it would be interesting to have a woman around who is much like Pansy that I can be bitchy with and have a good row with and - OH! Say Harry, want to have a shouting match with me? It's been a while -

Oop! Looks like Oliver is getting mad at me. Seems like my polishing off of the bottle of wine (two of them, actually) has made him jealous. I'm gonna need to go over and polish him off too ^_^

You said that I tricked ya (tricked ya), 'cuz I, I didn't look like my profile picture, Draco
Chapter 351

Sunday September 16, 2018

Nooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Okay, I need to clear up a few things! First of all, my profile on the app doesn't say I'm Harry Potter! It doesn't say I'm Harry Malfoy-Wood either. I used the name James, which isn't a lie, it's my middle name. And while I used an actual photo of myself as my profile picture, it was heavily filtered so it wasn't blatantly obvious it was me. I'm sure this sounds ridiculously egotistical, but if I made it obvious who I was I wouldn't get a moment's peace! I know better than to use my name and face on a public app like that!

And I didn't specifically look for a woman either! I set it at not caring if it were a man or a woman and the first person whose profile and mine got a connection just happened to be this woman.

We have been very lucky in having a close-knit group of friends that we've known for most of our lives. Sure, we've added to that list with people who married into our circle or we met through some business or other connection. But, for the most part, we haven't truly had to make new friends since we were eleven years old! Many people just aren't so lucky. Friends move away or pass away. Or you grow and change realizing you don't have much in common with the people you grew up with. I don't think it's such a crazy idea that grown adults would have a hard time finding new friendships!

I'm going to keep trying, hopefully I just happened upon this one bad apple who wanted something besides friendship and my Godfather's new best friend is only a click away!

Shut up! I can hear you in my head Draco! It's not Gryffindor naivety, it's Gryffindor optimism!

Anyway, all this talk about friendships reminded me it's been much much too long since I've spent time with my best friends. Well, at least my non-husband best friends, I love Ron and 'Mione but the two of you are the best friends I will ever have in my life.

So, I invited the Quartet and their kids to come over for tea and gossip. I'm not sure if Rod and Bee are coming, they are such a big grown-up eighteen after all and may have cooler things to do than to hang out with their parents and their uncles. But I hope they do, I always love getting extra time with my Godchildren, even when they're no longer children. And actually now that I have a few adult Godchildren I really enjoy it. I no longer have to be any sort of a parental role, I just get to be their friend. It's amazing.

Anyway, as I was saying, Rod and Bee may or may not come, but Ronni and Staci are coming. Since it's Sunday, I guess they are home from school for the weekend and wanted to come with. Obviously Tristan and Misha will come, they never pass up a chance to make mischief with our feisty foursome. And I can't believe we haven't set up a play date earlier, or maybe I do we ARE always busy, but I think Tatyana and Nora will get along like peas and carrots! That will leave Aleksei to toddle around with our babies while us parents gossip and keep an eye on them.

Would you lazybones hurry up and wake up already? They should be here in about two hours and you're both still snoozing away!

Ooooh, I know ... Incoming!

Harry
Sunday September 16th
Good Morning!

That wake up was certainly an excellent way to begin the day ^_^

So there we were, recovering in bed, when our Quartet arrived. They had already popped in on my parents - who were watching our littles - and dropped their littles off. Plus, their bigger kids had basically made themselves at home in our Manor - meeting Jules, who decided to come here for the weekend too. He had hoped to meet up with Romeo, but Romeo apparently has a big report due tomorrow.

Anyway, that left us being heckled by our best mates for still being naked and in bed. I personally have no shame when it comes to being naked and in bed before noon on ANY day, but the two of you wanted us to get up and dressed so that we could at least pretend to be civilized.

The moment we were all three dressed, all of us having opted for quick cleaning spells rather than a shower, our friends called for their surprise guest to come in. Marcus Flint. It seems that he and Blaise were having drinks at the Leaky not too long ago, and they talked about how Oliver is currently the Flying Instructor/Quidditch referee at Hogwarts, and Marcus started reminiscing about the good old days.

Now I had absolutely no reason to think that a Slytherin and a Gryffindor might not get along, but it seems that Harry was dead certain that a brawl would break out between the two of them and refused to stand anywhere other than directly between them. However, their interaction was completely normal interhouse rivalry.

Marcus told Oliver that he had no idea why McGonagall hired him since Marcus was clearly a better choice, and Oliver vowed that even pregnant, he could outfly/outplay him. And that started their impromptu match. They actually are getting along surprisingly well, and Oliver looks like he's having a blast as he flies around exchanging insults with Marcus.

Satisfied that Oliver was having fun, I grabbed Blaise and snuck off with him so that we could do a bit of best friend shenanigans of our own. Which basically means that we got a little tipsy and bragged to each other about our sex lives. His still includes the fact that he has impossible to resist sex magic, and so, is quite colorful, but mine is still right up there for kinkiness considering who my husbands are.

Eventually, we were called out of hiding so that all of us adults could play poker. I took a quick break to go to the loo and recap our day before this begins, but I'm warning you both now, tipsy or not, I can still out poker everyone at the table!

Hair toss check my nails, baby how you feeling?
Draco
Chapter Summary

Harry's not good at poker, Draco's eating everything, and Oliver thinks Blaise smells SO good!

Sunday September 16, 2018

This is unfair! This is ridiculous. It's poppycock, utterly bonkers, it's ... it's ... it's malarkey is what it is! I, besides Ollie, am the only sober person playing poker in a group of drunken fools and I lose. I lost badly! I lost my pants ... literally! When I ran out of money you somehow tricked me into betting my pants! Now I'm going commando in my denims and it does not feel good!

I'm not sure if I'm glad that we set a limit on how much money we're each allowed to use in the game overall, an important rule in a group of wealthy people I'd think. Or if I'm annoyed we set a limit since I technically didn't lose any money, just transferred most of it from my own hands to my husbands' hands.

You know, I thought I'd gotten really good at the Malfoy Mask thing. When I'm not RHH I am able to keep my emotions off of my face. I really thought I had it down! But then playing poker with some of my closest friends and it was like they could read me like a book! Maybe that's the problem? I have a good public mask when needed, but those closest to me can see through it? Either way, it sucks and I hate losing!

You know who else hates losing? Oliver and Marcus! To clarify, I didn't think their Slytherin versus Gryffindor thing was the issue, it was the two of them as people. I love quidditch, I really do, but I've never met two people who care more about quidditch than our Oliver and Marcus Flint. It's a lifetime rivalry, I wasn't sure it would translate well into mature adulthood without bloodshed.

And there wasn't bloodshed, they've both definitely matured over the years. Not enough to lose the rivalry or to keep them from attempting to outfly each other for hours until they were finally dragged off the pitch. But definitely enough that I didn't actually have to worry that someone was going to do something that might harm my beautifully pregnant husband.

So beautiful. Ungh, Draco were you as rock hard in your trousers as I was watching our Ollie fly? I mean, he's always bloody fit, especially so when I get to watch him fly, but when he gets all red-cheeked and intense? When his competitive obsessive nature comes out? Ungh, it's like every fantasy my early teen self ever dreamt of: sexy Oliver Wood in full competition mode flying around looking like a wet dream.

But I'm now in our suite writing this email since I've been kicked out of the poker room! Apparently me getting half hard while pantsless in my denims is "a distraction I can't afford Mutt! I will win this!" First I lose all my money, then I lose my pants, and now I lost the invitation to hang out with my friends! Fine! I will just go find all the little kids and do something fun with them. Maybe we'll have a massive mud fight out behind the gardens.

Oooh, yeah ... mud fight here I come!
Yours,
Harry

I love you Harry!

I love everything about you! You're beautiful and gorgeous and have a wonderful heart and a brilliant soul. Even when you're mad at me, I want you more than anything. I actually rather like it when you are mad at me.

Oliver, back me up here, our Harry is sheer perfection, innit?

Harry, I think Draco is more than just drunk...

What're ya talkin about?! I'm perfectly sober! I'm just in LOVE with these brownies Harry made! Just like him, they're sheer perfection! Chocolately and warm and just oozing with love!

I don't think Harry made those, love.

Why not?

Because Siri came in and gave one to EVERYONE except me. WHY would Harry make brownies that I specifically can't have? And besides, there's a whole batch of biscuits here that have things I know only Harry makes, because he makes them specifically for you, like the garlic, ginger, and lemon ones.

Mmmm, those are so fucking good! Pass them back over here!

And two, everyone who ate those brownies is now acting super giggly and happy.

THAT'S BECAUSE HARRY IS THE BEST FUCKING BAKER IN THE WORLD!!

*HERE HERE! THREE CHEERS FOR HARRY!*

Sighs... Draco, listen to me, you went from killin' it at this poker game to suddenly practically giving away all your money.

Pshaw! What do I need money for? I make so much that I probably earn 100 Galleons every time I sneeze!

100 Galleons a sneeze? Really? You can't really earn that much...

OLIVER! OLIVER!! You HAVE to taste these! What flavor is that, it tastes SOOOO good!

Those taste like pecan and fig pasties...

Harry is BRILLIANT! These could make their weight in gold!

Um Harry, I'm about to send you an urgent Insta-owl begging for help. Not only do I think everyone here is on something, but now Blaise is... mmm... glowing or something. He's mmm... he smells SO good! I can't remember why, but this mmm.... is wrong?

He's mmm.....

Oh Harry! You should see Oliver right now, he's so adorable! He's currently smelling Blaise like a
puppy would, giving him little licks here and there to taste him too. I'mma sign off and lick him too!

Love you like a love song,
Draco (and Oliver, but he's too busy to say it himself)
Chapter 353

Monday September 17, 2018

Good Morning my Loves,

Hope the both of you are having a lovely Monday. I, am having a coffee Monday. Last night was
beyond exhausting. But at least I don't have to go into work today, I am just able to putter around
the Manor in my jams and play with the kiddos. Also, drinking a metric tonne of coffee because
dealing with your arses last night was a nightmare.

I think I might feel sorriest for Hermione though, she not only has a hangover and her full time job
she has to deal with, putting on the face of the Ministry, but she also has to deal with an exhausted
and hung over Draco. I think I might add 'contact Nev and ask him to send Hermione some flowers'
on my list of things to do today.

Merlin, I am so glad I had my tablet with me in the kitchens while you two got up to shenanigans
last night! No matter how lovely you felt last night Dragon, if you had somehow lost all of your
money to our friends in poker you would have been even more of a bear this morning than you
already were. You dislike losing money ... hell you dislike losing period. And, despite mine and
Ollie's constant reassurance that your arse is fit and lovely, I believe you may have been quite upset
to find out you ate four batches of biscuits while under the influence of 'brownies'!

Yes, you idiots were given pot brownies! And since you didn't realize that's what they were, you
ended up eating WAY more than you would have if you just wanted to get mildly stoned. You
know I'm not averse to a little marijuana, our trip to Amsterdam proves that, but you know I
wouldn't have tricked my pregnant husband into using it. Not that he had any.

And if I were to make pot sweets with the intention of not allowing Ollie to partake, why would I
have made them out of brownies which I know is one of his favorite sweets ever? I'd have made
them out of your garlicky-lemon grossness or even if I hadn't gone with something gross I'd have at
least picked something like raspberry tarts which Ollie could take or leave. Not gooey, chocolatey,
yummy brownies.

But a bunch of half-drunk, mostly-stoned people wasn't the only problem I walked in on when I
came to save you all. I had to stop you all from Blaise's ridiculous veela sex magic. I can't always
resist it, but similar to my resistance of the Imperius if I know it's coming I can shield myself pretty
well. And I'm glad I could because I popped in on what could have very easily turned into an all-
out orgy.

Don't get me wrong, it would have been dead sexy to watch, but since our Ollie hasn't explicitly
stated he wanted to play with others besides our doppelgangers, I certainly wasn't going to allow it
to happen while under the influence of the pheromones. If you ever want to play with someone
who doesn't match one of our faces, I want you to be completely in your right mind. Both so I
know you've not been coerced to do something you don't want, but also so that even if you do want
it you will be able to remember it.

I will say, all that skin, those licking tongues, that image is going right in the bank for sure!

Hold on a mo' my magi-mobile's chiming

........................
Oh! The both of you should head home early if at all possible! Lainie and the kids are coming home for dinner! She's actually coming home for the entire week to visit so if you can't get off early it won't be a problem. Apparently she's hit that part of her pregnancy where her loves are irritating the piss out of her and she needs to hide from them before she murders them!

I guess my lazy day is going to be a little less lazy, I have to snuggle up my grandchildren and probably bake a bit more to make up for everything you ate last night! But I am still going to drink a lot of coffee and stay in my jammies!

Ta!
Harry

Monday September 17th
My beloved husbands,

Ugh! SO hungover!

Even though I am cranky and not in a good mood at all, I remembered that Kisa INSISTED that I meet with her somewhere private today to have a small chat. Well I did that and she told me some things that I CANNOT tell you two. However, the crux of the matter is that she needs me to go to Russia with her rather urgently. I erm… Might need to go even if you tell me not to.

Sorry?
Draco
Chapter Summary

Harry and Oliver are NOT happy, and Draco is in Russia with Kisa.

Chapter Notes

Alright, so, when I was discussing non-specifics with Chrissie about this arc, she said that she was feeling a bit of extra minor stress that week and couldn't really take a lot of prolonged drama and uncertainty, so I decided to write the whole arc as one chapter. Hence, it's a long chapter, and y'all are probably going to be like: "Why the fuck did Draco agree to no communication?!" Well, it was so that Chrissy didn't have to respond to a bunch of emails that basically said: "I'm safe and still can't tell you anything."
Plus, I think I upped the drama of it this way, lol ^_^

Draco Lucius,

After everything that happened when I was gone a month without telling you anything and now you want to do the same? Even knowing how mad both you and Ollie were at me for just taking off? You're literally telling us that if we don't say yes you're going anyway?

You're not even remotely sorry.

Since it doesn't matter to you if we say yes or no then I'll say nothing. Do whatever you'd like Draco. Have SOOO much fun in Russia.

Love, Harry

GODBUGGERINGMERLINDAMNIT!
Sigh... at least you warned us you were leaving and the general direction you were going to be in and a vague reference to why. Just promise us you'll be safe, Draco Lucius Malfoy.
- Oliver

Friday September 21st
My more than likely furious husbands,

I really AM sorry! I know it doesn't sound like it, but you know I wouldn't have dropped everything to help Kisa with something in Russia if I didn't HAVE to. Also note that even though I am writing this email now, I can't actually send it until I'm done, as it would violate my unbreakable vow to Kisa not to tell anyone anything until we're done.
Just so you know - actually, you're both probably well aware by now - Kisa couldn't tell her spouses anything either. She only told them that she had a bit of business in Russia that she needed to attend to in person and alone, and despite Blaise trying his best to go with her anyway, she managed to shake him off and leave when no one could stop her.

Keep in mind, I at least vaguely warned you that this was going to be less than good when I told you that I was going to Russia to help her with something I couldn't tell you about.

So, even though I can't send this email yet - and I've also been heavily spelled so that no one other than Kisa can contact me (We're actually both wearing a set of Contact Cameras and Earbud Communicators that I made specifically for the two of us that are not connected to anything but each other) - I'll tell you what's happened so far. I'm sure you've both tried to email me several times, possibly hundreds of times, but with the spells on me, I've received no communication at all.

So, before I say anything else, despite the fact that you're probably both half certain I'm dead because I won't respond to anything, I assure you that I am not.

Anyway, as I was saying, on Monday, Kisa and I met up in a random muggle café so that we could talk behind strong privacy spells and be assured that no one would overhear us. She told me that with her parents so old (Mind you, her mother is MY mother's mother, and so, is... old...) and with her permanently living in Britain for the foreseeable future, her mob is... concerned.

The way it is, ever since Kisa took on more of the active duties (even though she has always maintained a clean surface image so as to NOT taint her lovers and children, which currently, the most important member of that is actually Hermione because she's Minister for Magic), she's arranged it so that she has three trusted men doing most of her job for her.

It's worked out well because until relatively recently, she was actually in Russia, the acting Head under the name of her father. Well now, not only are some members of the mob growing concerned that Ivan is far too old to remain the Head of the mob (he's a muggle after all, and getting on in years), but they've realized that if he should pass and make Kisa the OFFICIAL Head of the Mob, she's not even there to do her job anyway.

There's been talk of overthrowing her, despite the fact that her father, her mother for a few years, and then Kisa herself have kept the mob stable, relatively peaceful, and most importantly, very profitable for all involved. No matter how one might feel about organized crime in general, the organization of it DOES have a purpose in that it maintains an order in a part of society that would otherwise be nothing but chaos.

With all of that in mind, we arrived in Russia early Tuesday morning - because of the time difference - and used a few days to plan out our strategy. That was when I created the tech for just us. Tonight, Kisa called a general meeting of all the higher up members of the mob. If you think of the organization being shaped like a pyramid - with Ivan at the very top, Kisa right below him, and all the others somewhere under her - this meeting was for the top 100. If you think of the mob more like social classes, these would be the nobles who rule over the commoners.

Now I think I'm confusing myself with analogies!

In any case, with the 100 highest ranking members in attendance, the meeting had the potential to be quite dangerous if any one of them had enough support to overthrow Kisa right then and there. Fortunately for us, none of them were ready to jump to that solution already.

The plan that we'd implemented without anyone knowing it was to have the meeting room heavily bugged with my tech. We also had it warded to the teeth, and each person that entered the room
was told that they could not bring in ANY weapons or technology. Not even mobile phones! We told them (in muggle terms since most of them are) that we'd surrounded the place with tech that would disable any and all technology even if they managed to sneak it in.

Which was true enough. Our wards actually were designed to disable anything that wasn't specifically my tech that I'd keyed into the wards. This meant that - as stated - this meeting was designed to be a completely safe place for all concerns to be aired and addressed.

The members all thought that Kisa arrived and conducted the meeting all on her own. What they DIDN'T know was that I was walking around under a Disillusion Charm, listening into all their quiet grumbling and reading the minds of anyone who seemed to be mutinous. I was taking copious notes on everyone even as Kisa genuinely was trying to resolve all issues peacefully first.

The problem was that she was right to begin with, several of the higher ranking mobsters were growing dissatisfied with a leader who seemed to do nothing but pass her duties off to others. After the meeting was over, we spent several hours going over everything I'd learned, and also listening to all the surveillance recordings to see if I'd missed anything in all the grumbling.

So that was today. I'm currently too tired to sleep, but I'm going to try anyway.

All my love,
Draco

Saturday September 22nd
My loves,

Today, using the information we'd gathered last night, Kisa targeted some of the bigger dissenters. She's going to give orders to her top three men to assign those members 'important missions.' Missions that actually will be profitable to the Mob in general, but that will ALSO give those dissenters a golden opportunity. IF they take the opportunity - AKA betray Kisa/the Mob by keeping or misreporting how much money they obtained during the mission - then Kisa will have caught them red-handed and will be able to 'legally' (Mob law) deal with them.

She's hoping this base tactic will shake the foundation up enough to either expose ALL the problems, or at least make it known that she's NOT going to accept disloyalty.

Missing you both (and all our kids) so much!
Draco

Thursday September 27th
Well...

The first part of the plan was... a success? If you consider Kisa being right about the men she chose for those important missions betraying her, then the plan was a success. She sent them off to do things (illegal things, yes) that would bring a lot of money into the organization. As she predicted, each of those middle bosses got it into their heads that they could just keep some or ALL of the money and claim they plundered less than they did, or none at all - claiming there was nothing TO plunder.

Except that Kisa had a man who is blood bound to her father - and thus UNABLE to be disloyal - scout it all out before hand (before she even brought me in on this), and so she knew exactly what
to expect, and more importantly, can PROVE that she's been betrayed.

She's currently busy making a show of punishing those men in front of the rest of the top 100. I'm happily not part of the actual room, but I am still surveilling the room via my tech, and I'm close enough to it that if things turn against Kisa, I can be there to rescue or help her regain order in about 10 seconds.

Thankfully, she just now finished her gruesome task without incident. Apparently, those still loyal to the Mob in general - even if they are less than happy with its current leadership - are excited by the idea of punishing traitors. A good deal of them have reaffirmed their loyalty to her.

Thus, we're making progress.

Wish I could hold you both and just snuggle, but alas, I must continue to sleep alone,
Draco

Wednesday October 3rd,
The beats of my heart,

We MIGHT be close to finished here. The initial elimination of several disloyal members DID accomplish Kisa's goal of shaking things up so that others would panic and make stupid mistakes. So there's a man - a direct subordinate of one of Kisa's top three trusted 'generals' (yes, I keep switching analogies, sue me!) - who has been doing the most, erm… power grabbing, I suppose. He's been trying to talk others into supporting him for MONTHS should he happen to murder his way to the top and take over as Head of the Mob.

I'm sure you can imagine, this is EXACTLY the sort of man Kisa needs to eliminate as publicly as possible, and sooner rather than later. She needs to make a blaring statement with this man that his actions will NOT be tolerated, that no matter where she lives, she's STILL in charge, and that she can and WILL step in and get rid of those who'd try to oust her.

So... once she accomplishes that, we'll be able to come home.

Well, more like once she accomplishes that AND calls another meeting so that I can turn invisible and read all the minds of those who are left to ensure that no one ELSE is plotting anything. THEN we can come home. Soon. I hope...

With every beat of my heart,
Draco

Thursday October 4th
My heart and soul!

I'm coming home! More importantly, I'm FINALLY allowed to send these emails! They'll probably reach you before I do as there are just a few tiny details we need to see to before we leave, but rest assured that we should be home within just a few hours.

Basically, it's exactly as I said. Kisa gathered up as many members of the Mob as she could - not just the higher ups - and explained that she'd been threatened with disloyalty AND a plot to take her position from her. After presenting all evidence, she made a very public example of the man responsible for all this trouble. Once again, I was an invisible person in the crowd, keeping
surveillance to ensure that no one else started grumbling, ready to keep her safe if necessary.

Now that that unpleasantness is all over, I simply have to read the minds of her most trusted men - to verify that none of them was secretly involved with the plotting. Once I'm done with that, we're going to visit Ivan and Grandmama to report on our progress. AND THEN we can come home!

See you as soon as magically possible!
Draco
Chapter 355

Chapter Summary

Harry is pissed off, Oliver is upset but accepting, and Draco is home...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Friday October 5, 2018

Greetings Draco Malfoy,

Are you fucking kidding me? You are literally fucking with me right? I have been terrified for your safety, assuming nothing short of another attempt on one of our lives would be worth going completely radio silent for almost a month. And it's that you had to help weed out some usurpers in mob politics?

Fuck you.

I hear you're home by now. Whoop de doo. Yay. So glad.

I guess Oliver is still speaking to you so I'm sure the two of you are having a delightful reunion. Enjoy. I have zero interest in playing "welcome the conquering hero” with someone who's done what you did. You took a fucking unbreakable vow? To not so much as send an email saying you were alright. To not speak to or be allowed messages from your loved ones while you were gone.

Good thing you never took any other vows. Like marriage vows. Promising we were your world. No, you having to be in the thick of things, you having to play the martyr, you deciding your skills make you the only person on the planet who can possibly do anything is more important than myself. More important than your family. Cool. After years of apologizing away my unhappiness. After years of telling you it HURTS ME that you have this need to constantly put yourself in positions where someone takes advantage of you and your skills, this was more important than anything else.

More important than anything you might have missed. Like, oh I don't know, what if - like some of your other children have - our Serenity had decided to be born early? Not only would you have missed her birth, but you wouldn't have been able to come support Ollie and I, and you wouldn't have even been able to receive a message telling you what had happened. Lucky for us she's still safe and sound then isn't it.

You know who almost wasn't safe and sound? Elena's baby boy, your grandchild. Yeah, your daughter went into preterm labor. She ended up not having to deliver, but for a while there it was touch and go. Where were you? Not here.

You know what else you missed? Atreyu's birthday. Don't worry, he's fine, it's not like he was sad and cried wondering why his Daddy Draco didn't so much as send him a card wishing him a happy birthday. It's cool, seven year olds get over betraying heartbreak like that pretty quickly I hear.

You hurt your son, you hurt your daughter, you hurt and worried your husbands, all for what?
Because some adult toddlers decided to play power games? There wasn't a single other person who could be counted on to help support Kisa in her ability to take care of her own organization? Well then she's not that great of a fucking leader is she?

Your very first statement in the first email you wrote but didn't send ... "you know I wouldn't have dropped everything to help Kisa with something in Russia if I didn't HAVE to" is absolute bullshit. You didn't have to make an unbreakable vow. You didn't have to help her. You didn't have to promise not to so much as contact your family the entire time it took to weed out the usurpers. You chose to. You chose, like you always do, to do whatever the fuck you wanted to do that would make you feel powerful and important and fuck everyone else you might hurt.

I know nothing of the sort! You always choose your raid leading, auror helping, Robards dick-sucking, playing the hero over anything else. Always.

Fuck Harry, he and his anxiety he needs to be medicated for won't worry when he doesn't hear from me for three weeks. Who cares what that will do to his psyche.

Fuck Oliver, who's seven months pregnant and should avoid raised blood pressure and stress. Who gives a flying fuck what happens to him with the one child he's ever managed to become pregnant with.

Fuck Atreyu, a child who at the young age of seven realized his Daddy can't be counted on.

Fuck Elena, who was terrified she was going to lose her baby, she didn't need the support of her father.

Fuck my husbands, it's not like they wanted to celebrate our six month anniversary or anything.

I love you. I will always love you. But I honestly don't know if I can ever forgive you for this one. I thought there would never be anything I can't forgive you for, but you may have managed to find it.

When Oliver is done welcoming you home will you please let him know he can come visit me in my bedroom, I'd really like to talk to HIM.

Regards,
Harry

My Dearest Harry,

When I got home, before I even read your email to learn how angry you are at me, Oliver told me that I missed Elena's early labor and Atreyu's birthday, and then told me that you are so mad at me that I might be wise to avoid you until you were ready to speak to me in a civil manner.

Avoidance of your rage is not exactly my style, so I was pacing the Crystal Room, trying to decide WHAT to do to apologize. I assumed that any sort of jewelry or chocolates would just be an insult, so I came to the decision that the only thing I COULD do was submit to you in whatever manner you needed - even beating me until you got your rage all out.

So that's what I planned to do. I was going to go right into the room you have temporarily claimed as yours, get on my knees, and basically not say a word other than Sorry until you expended all your rage on me. I am sorry, I know you do not feel that helping Kisa in this manner justified the vow to not contact you.
That said, as sorry as I am, she's my Aunt. But for the grace of marrying you, her business is MY business. I would have been the one expected to help her out or even run it myself if I wasn't married to the Savior of the world. Kisa asked me to go with her and keep her safe - rather than any of her spouses - because she knew she could trust me to do that AND actually not be squeamish about the things she would need to do. But honestly...

I may not have said this before because I didn't think it would make a difference, but... I didn't actually agree until Grandmama herself asked me to do this (via Magi-Skype). She asked me in that way of hers that let me know that this was my family duty and that I really could not say no. It was then that I agreed to make the Unbreakable vow, which is also why - when I sent you the initial email asking for permission - I more or less told you that I would have to go even if you both told me not to. I was bound at that point.

In any case, as I said, I WAS going to go right to you and submit, but I received a Patronus in the Crystal Room that demanded my immediate attention. The Patronus was from Bletchley and told me that I needed to voluntarily come into the Head Auror's office this instant before he had to send out a team to come officially bring me in. It seems I'm the current main suspect in a murder investigation.

And so... As much as I want to and need to settle things with you as soon as possible, I also need to NOT be arrested for murder in front of all our children. I'll submit to you the MOMENT this matter is settled.

I'd do anything for love,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

When I got Chrissie's email, I asked her what Draco had to do to earn Harry's forgiveness, and she told me to have him kill a recurring minor character, so brace yourselves...
Chapter 356

Chapter Summary

Draco is a suspect in a murder...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

My Draco,

First of all, the Malfoy Lawyer Armada is on their way. Not sure whose murder you could possibly be the main suspect for seeing as you've been out of the country for the last three weeks. The silver lining of you taking on that shitty command from Grandmama and Kisa is that there's no way you could have been nearby to kill anyone.

Yay.

Secondly, have you even met me? Do you really think going on your knees in full submission is the way to get ME over my anger? What part of the fact that I wear your collar and regularly call you Master makes you think submission is the right choice? My submission is a gift I make to you, not a punishment I need to take like a good boy. And again, seriously? I NEVER want to give or be given a beating. That's YOU. That would only help assuage YOUR guilt, it would have nothing to do with making ME feel better or want to forgive you.

At least, for ONCE, you are actually aware of why I am angry. You realize it's not that you had to help Kisa. It's not that you felt this was your responsibility. It's not that you were gone. I'm angry that you weren't able to be contacted. I'm angry you didn't contact us. Even when I was chasing someone threatening your life across the continent I still took the time to contact you. I'm angry you didn't think to tell Kisa or Grandmama that you would take a vow not to tell us anything but that you wouldn't vow to go completely radio silent. What if we had truly needed you? Why did your vow have to include not contacting your son on his birthday?

You could have maintained complete secrecy about what you were doing and we would have understood. But you didn't think to do that. You didn't think to make us a priority. To make contacting your husbands as a condition to your vow. I love you Draco, but when it comes to doing what other people expect of you the reality is that you want so badly to impress everyone else that you're willing to piss me off because you know I'll forgive you. You choose to constantly do things that hurt me over and over and over again because you know I've always forgiven you anything, loved you through everything. You don't need to care about my feelings because you'll never lose me.

But, for once I actually agree with you that I shouldn't be the priority right now. Let's figure out what you're accused of, get the proof needed that you didn't do anything, and get you back home.

Always forgiving,
Harry
Friday October 5th
My beloved husbands,

So here's what I know: Last night, Robards stayed late to work on a case after everyone else had left the Ministry. Today, for most of the day, no one had a reason to go into his office until Bletchley decided to see if there was any progress on that case Robards had been working on - that Bletchley had originally brought to him and was still supposed to assist with as necessary.

When Bletchley knocked on the door and entered the office, he found Robards slumped over his desk. At first, he assumed that he was simply exhausted and had passed out. THEN - after he tried to wake him - he realized that Robards was not only dead, but that he had scrawled my name in his blood on the paperwork for the case he'd been working. All magi-forensics so far have confirmed that it IS his actual blood, and so, they had to assume that he was writing the name of his killer - even though no one really believes that I would have or could have done it.

Once Bletchley wrapped his head around the fact that Robards was genuinely dead (the body isn't glamoured, transfigured, or polyjuiced into him), and that they had no real leads to work with yet, he had no choice but to call me in as a suspect until I could be cleared.

That part was easy enough as I legitimately WAS in Russia last night when the murder occurred. Naturally Bletchley needed me to have someone confirm my Alibi, so I told him that not only could my Aunt Kisa and my Grandmother both verify that I was most definitely in Russia, but that so could Hermione as she knew for a fact that I was with her wife (my Aunt) on business in Russia and did not arrive home until earlier today.

Thus, once Hermione came in and confirmed what I said she would, I was in the clear. NOW I'm in a meeting with the Head of the DMLE, the Deputy Head Auror (Roche), the Chief of Interrogations (Ramsey), Bletchley (the Lead on the Case for the moment), and Hermione. I thank you so much for sending in the Lawyer Armada, but the moment I was cleared of all charges, they weren't necessary, so I sent them away.

I have no idea how long this'll take, but I will be returning home the very second I am able. I've missed you both far too much to wait a moment longer than necessary.

Love everything about the way you're loving me, the way you lay your heads up on my shoulder when you sleep,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

There will be a trigger warning on the next chapter.
Ugh, I posted at the end of the last chapter that there would be a trigger in this chapter, but actually, it's in the next one, so y'all don't have to worry about it yet.

Saturday October 6, 2018

Draco,

I typed out and deleted a number of comments about the current situation. From being upset at Robards finding a way to screw you over with his final words to ... you know what? It doesn't matter what the comments were. They were insensitive and not what I want to say to you.

I am sorry for your loss. I'm sorry someone you considered a friend passed away. I'm sorry your mentor is gone. I hope your grief is easy and as quick as it can be. I will be there for you to hold your hand, be a shoulder to cry on, or to clean up the rubble I'm sure you'll be turning the crystal room into. I wouldn't wish this pain on you no matter how angry at you I was feeling.

But on to the current investigation ... how did they think for one single moment it could have possibly been you?

Alibi aside, there's nothing about this murder - and do we know it's a murder? Maybe he used his last moments to write your name on the file because he was married to his job and knew you'd be able to solve the case he'd been working on when he was at his desk dying. Or that he wanted to make sure you would be called in to solve the case of his murder. Or both.

Anyway, there's nothing about this potential murder that points to you. Anyone who knows anything about you knows you'd never leave your victim still breathing or with the ability to write your name with any substance. You're nothing if not thorough and he would have been dead before you left him there. And you're not sloppy! You wouldn't have left a body at all! He would have just gone missing and the investigation gone cold months later.

I would think name or no name left anywhere I'd be the most likely suspect. I had motive and opportunity.

Although, before you tell your fellow investigators that, our esteemed Minister would also be able to clear my location last night since she was with me. She has proof you were with Kisa in Russia, but she and Ron personally spent the evening with me while I screamed and raged and moved all of my shit to the other bedroom.

Oliver, bless his sweet little "I'm not taking sides between my husbands Harry James!" heart was unwilling to help me move my belongings. According to him, "throwing a temper tantrum like a toddler is not the way to solve marital issues."

He's lucky he's carrying our daughter or he'd be on my list of "husbands I want to punch in the face a little bit."

Let me know what you need please, I can send Muffy to the Ministry with sweets if you'd like
which is currently my only helpful suggestion but I'm open to other ideas of how I can be helpful.

Love,
Harry

Saturday October 6th
My Harry,

I'm addressing this one specifically to Harry because Oliver and I have already reached an agreement. He's NOT over his anger at me, but he's willing to work through it - both in person and with his Mind Healer. Thus he does not need to be addressed directly, although I will be talking about things he should at least read in case I forget to mention them again to him in person.

As I was saying, my Harry, as you know, I was in the Ministry until rather late last night, and then when I came home, I was so bloody tired that I basically crawled in bed with Oliver and passed right out. THEN when I woke up, I went right back into the Ministry because I was assigned the Case of Robards' murder. Well, I was assigned to work it WITH Bletchley and Roche. We're ALL making it our top priority.

That's why - when you sent your email offering to help out in any way you could - I was surprised because I thought you were basically going to tell me that you'd postpone our fight until I solved the case and came home. Instead, you were sympathetic.

SO, I called for a break so that I could come home and get something to eat while I at least thanked you for being sympathetic. I popped into our suite - which you apparently hadn't slept in last night - only to find you there talking with Oliver.

We stood there looking at each other awkwardly for a moment, and then... I cracked. I think I normally would have held it all in until it was over and I could process everything in the Crystal Room or the privacy of the closet, but... I... it was like a damn burst. I threw my arms around you, buried my face in your shoulder, and sobbed out all of the feelings I've had to keep a tight reign on for the last several weeks.

You held me and rubbed my back, sort of humming soothingly, but the moment I felt like I could blow my nose and wipe my tears, I ran to the loo to do that in private, and then wrote this from our closet as I ate the bacon sandwiches Muffy brought me. I DON'T believe for one moment that this solves everything, and now I'm a bit afraid to face you, but I'm going to at least try before heading back into the Ministry.

Nothing else matters,
Draco
Chapter 358

Chapter Summary

As much as Harry REALLY likes winning fights, he's willing to set the argument aside, and Draco finds out who murdered Robards.

Chapter Notes

Okay THIS is the chapter that needs the trigger warning, but it's also a spoiler, so I'm posting it at the end. If you want to read the warning before the chapter, click on more notes right under this to jump to the warning.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Saturday October 6, 2018

My Dragon,

Sometimes, when I am very upset, or when anyone is very upset honestly, it's best not to say anything. The old adage of "if you don't have anything nice to say, don't say anything at all" is one of those sayings that really holds true. I said some things in the heat of my anger that I should not have said. I'm not going to take all of them back because I was truly angry and I meant a hell of a lot of them.

But I never should have said that I didn't know if I could ever forgive you for this. Of course I will forgive you. And after realizing that for once you actually knew exactly WHY I was angry got me most of the way to forgiving.

I'm not over being upset, but I'm no longer completely irrationally furious. I'm just mad and upset.

At this point I'm upset with myself as well if that helps at all. I'm upset I let my anger say things that were hurtful for no other reason than to be hurtful. I'm disappointed I lashed out at Ollie when he was just trying to be reasonable (although he really should know better than to try being reasonable. Not cool, Ollie, not cool!)

Nothing matters to me as much as loving my husbands, loving my family, and making sure they know I love them and always will. Even winning arguments. And as you both know, I REALLY like winning arguments. Like, a LOT. I lost sight of that, I couldn't quite see what was important through the red haze of anger.

I have to ask myself; do I want to fight? Do I want to win the fight? Do I want to be right? Or do I want the issue to be solved? My issue was at being left in the dark to worry. My issue was not about you being gone, but at being unable to contact or be contacted by you. If you are aware that's the issue and you're willing to promise you won't do that again, then I think we'll be alright.

And while I love knowing you trust and love me enough to break down in my arms, I hate you
having to be so upset that you break down in my arms. I love you Draco, of course I'll sympathize with you. Of course I'll hold you while you cry. Of course I'll make sure Muffy makes you bacon sandwiches and sends you back to the ministry with a bag of biscuits and a stasis spell over your favorite Ben & Jerry's.

But for now I will lie in our bed with our gorgeous husband Oliver. I will rub his gorgeous bump and talk to our daughter. I will sing them both to sleep. Just come home to us. We miss you. We need you.

All of my (our) love,
Harry and Oliver (and Serenity)

P.S. Normally when someone has messed with my family I send Grandmama and Kisa after them, but who do I send TO Grandmama and Kisa to make it clear their behavior was unacceptable? Narcissa? Hermione? Persephone?

P.P.S. Definitely Persephone

Sunday October 7th
Well...

That was a surprise!

See, we had a procedure to follow, and the very first step was to let the Magi-Forensics team and the Crime Scene Investigators comb through every tiny scrap of evidence they could glean from the scene and the victim.

You want to know what they came up with? Not much at all. The blood in the office was all Robards. The magical signatures were all his (from casting various spells over the course of years). The FINGERPRINTS were mostly his with a smattering of other Aurors who have been in and out of his office over the years (he never allowed for a deep enough magi-cleaning that would have tidied those things up). As such, my fingerprints were in there and even YOUR fingerprints were in there, Harry.

That said, we both had Alibis from the Minister for Magic herself, and so, were above suspicion.

Ramsey had to go through and question all the other Aurors to insure that none of them happened to murder the Head Auror during the course of leaving their fingerprints in his office. When all was said and done, we really had nothing much to go off of. The really frustrating thing was that the Magi-surveillance spells that litter the Ministry here and there show that no one else went into the DMLE at the time of the murder.

So, the question became HOW in the bloody hell did someone murder Robards when he was all alone in his office and no one visited him? Magi-forensics and the Magi-autopsy basically confirmed that he was killed via a lethal overdose. An overdose of a combination of legitimately prescribed Mental Health Potions - Anti-anxiety, Anti-stress, Anti-depressants, etc - and painkiller potions.

SO, the mystery changed to HOW IN THE BLOODY HELL did someone manage to murder Robards while he was alone in his office AND use his own actual medications to do it?

While the others were throwing around ever increasingly absurd suggestions (such as maybe one of the junior Aurors did it after all because Robards was being even more of a hard arse than usual
lately), I basically did the one thing I can do that no one else can. I went to the Morgue and took his hand in mine.

That's when I found out exactly what happened. Robards murdered himself. He was increasingly unhappy and under so much stress with no end in sight. He was bloody married to his job, and so, had less than zero ability to consider quitting it. He fell into a head space in which the ONLY thing that made sense to him was to just go to sleep and stay that way until his life magically fixed itself. Or maybe not wake up at all.

So... he had actually written in journals for YEARS. In his journal, according to the brief memory I was shown of him writing an entry, he recorded his increasingly unstable mental condition without truly realizing how bad he was getting. As he was slowly falling asleep, the realization hit him that he had actually murdered himself, that even though he hadn't fully intended to, he HAD taken a lethal dose of his medications, and so, was dying. That's when he cast a cutting hex on his finger (as his quill was too far away on the other side of the desk and he was rapidly running out of the strength to even reach for it), and wrote my name in blood on the paperwork literally in front of him.

Naturally, anyone seeing this would be curious as to WHY he would write any name at all at a time like that. What's the point? Was he trying to blame me? Was he trying to make me feel bad? Simply get my attention?

In a way, yes. As he lay dying in the vision, having written my name in his blood, he whispered: "Read my mind Draco, find the journal I kept. It explains everything..."

And so, having seen this in a vision, and rather shaken to my core, I returned to his office and opened his safe (using the password that was also shown to me in the vision) to find that yes, he did have YEARS worth of journals in there. I grabbed the most recent one and read through the last few weeks. As he suspected, his deteriorating mental state was blatantly obvious to anyone trained to see it.

I then sat down at his (newly magically scoured) desk to write my report so that I could have it on hand for the meeting that was called. At the meeting, I explained my vision and what had happened to an utterly gobsmacked audience. Not a single person there would have believed me if not for the journal.

Thus, if not for Robards writing my name, I may not have tried getting a vision from him (then again, I probably would have since I would have felt useless without at least trying it), and without the vision leading me to his journal, we would STILL be working our hardest to find a murderer when there's none to be found.

This is a sad day for the DMLE...

So, I've had some time to write this as the rest of the important people in the meeting took turns reading the journal and arguing over whether or not it should be believed (it COULD be planted to throw us off the trail after all), but now that they've reached an agreement that it's genuine, the Head of the DMLE - Robards' boss - has asked me to go to her office with her so that she could ask me more questions about my vision.

Her name is Penny Pettigrew - I know what you're thinking, but she's only distantly related to Peter Pettigrew. In any case, once she is done talking with me, I *should* be able to come right home.

I am human and I need to be loved,
Draco
Chapter End Notes

Trigger warning: Suicide/accidental OD of a recurring character, plus this and the next couple of chapters will also lightly touch on the mental health issues that led to suicide. If these things might be too triggery for you, please just comment asking for what happened and one of us will let you know :-)
Chapter 359

Chapter Summary

Harry and Oliver continue to be sympathetic and supportive and Draco has news.

Sunday October 7, 2018

Our Love,

You already lost your friend and mentor, you had to exonerate yourself from wrongdoing in his death, and then you had to use your powers to see what truly happened to him. And now? You had to find out first hand exactly his mental state when he ended his life.

I, we, are so sorry Darling. I can't imagine how you're feeling right now. And knowing that because this happened to the Head Auror, because this happened at the DMLE, because this happened in a way you were required to view it, it still isn't over for you. You now have to relive the whole thing, I'm sure you'll be pensieve-submitting your memories. You'll be giving statements. Over and over again you are being required to relive your pain.

When this is all over, when you've submitted your last memory and given your last statement, you can come home and fall apart in our arms. You can sob and scream, rage and hurt. We are here, waiting with open arms.

And when you've cried your last tear for the day, blown up your last vase, and glamoured the pink out of your weary eyes, we will be inviting our whole family for a lovely meal and game and movie night. Because not only have they all missed you these last weeks, but each of your children wants to be here for you.

Most importantly, you need to remember all the people who love you. You need to see why life is worth living. So you'll be getting a loud, crazy reminder of how much you have to live for. You need to see the people who are there to hold you while you hurt but want to see you moved on and happy as soon as you feel you can.

Please hurry home, I think we need you here almost as much as you need to be here.

Yours Always,

Harry and Oliver

My foundations,

Earlier when I came home, it was to a giant cuddle puddle. We watched happy movies that made us all laugh, and then we put the younger ones to bed so that I could talk to all our older ones (even Jules and Romeo) and tell them everything that happened over the last few weeks - to a certain extent. Even though Elena and Viona are well aware of the things Kisa does, I couldn't say some things for plausible deniability reasons.

After the older kids left or went to their rooms for the night, the two of you held me in comforting
silence until Harry pulled away with a frown.

"What's wrong?"

I shrugged and looked away for a moment before saying it. "Nothing's wrong. In fact, most people would consider this thing so very right. I've been promoted to Head Auror..."

The two of you were speechless, so I decided to give you a bit of time to wrap your heads around the news. "I'm going to take a shower, be back in a few."

And with that, I ran like a bloody coward - I mean made a tactical retreat. I can already hear what you'll say: We're proud of you, but... please don't take this job.

I don't know... I haven't thought about it at all yet, and at the same time, it's been repeating itself in my head over and over since I first learned the news from Penny Pettigrew.

I can open your eyes, take you wonder by wonder, over sideways and under, on a magic carpet ride,

Draco
Harry and Oliver are trying to be supportive, and Draco is already finding that the job might be a bit more than he wants.

You big adorable baby!
I mean seriously, you cutie little coward. "I got promoted to Head Auror! Gotta go shower! Bye!"
If you were in an old Bugs Bunny cartoon, there would have been a Draco-shaped hole in the loo door.

Since you spent what I am sure is at least fifteen minutes of your fake shower just panicking and staring at yourself in the mirror, followed by enough time to write us the email, and then took an actual Draco-lengthed shower, you have left us plenty of time to respond to your current potential job offer. Then I assume you will read it, hide in the loo even longer, which will give me plenty of time to get Ollie naked and ready to ride me into the sunset. Take your time, I know you don't like being in bed with your sexy, naked, fucking husbands.

You weren't wrong in your assumption of how we would respond. We are both most definitely proud of you. You'd make an amazing head auror. You're brilliant and we can't imagine them finding anyone else even remotely as qualified. But yes, please don't take this job.

You know you will be loved and supported through any choice you make. But we wouldn't be us if we didn't help you out in our own way. So ... we've compiled a pros and cons list for your convenience.

**PROS**
You would be in danger less as the Head Auror does more managing from the sidelines than being in the thick of things
You could be responsible for so many good changes to the Auror department

That's it for Pros, because we don't want you to take the job but we had to put at least one or two things on the list.

**CONS**
You wouldn't be able to continue to be Hermione's advisor
Your husbands will hate every minute of it
You are about to have a newborn and need time to bond with her
The time commitment is astronomical, Robards was so stressed from the workload that he thought ending his life was the only answer
You can't continue to have mob ties if you are the head of law enforcement
You can't ever take justice into your own hands if you are the head of law enforcement
You would have to turn your husband in if he hypothetically ever took justice into his own hands
Seriously, such an intense time commitment

I am sure if I hadn't just heard the water turn off from your shower that we could come up with more, but that's what we have for now.
Anyway, I'm going to sign off and make Ollie scream himself hoarse with pleasure.

Yours,
Harry
and an already naked Oliver

Monday October 8th
The fires in my soul,

Here I am, sitting behind the desk in the Head Auror's office, thinking over my options. Last night was so wonderful in that - after I got out of the shower - you were both able to get me out of my head long enough for me to fall asleep and have a good night. But when I woke up - at the bloody crack of dawn, probably mere minutes after Harry slipped out of bed for his morning run - I had a distinct feeling of panic that the whole bloody world would fall apart if I didn't get my arse into the office as soon as possible.

Now that I'm here, I have to begin this job - which I haven't made a decision about yet - by going through and sorting all the files and whatnot left by Robards. I'm lucky in that for the most part, the only things in his office are 'current' cases that he was working on. Anything that had been solved to his satisfaction was moved to the Ministry archives. Thus... I only have a few hundred files to sort through rather than a few hundred thousand.

That said, since his mental state had been deteriorating for quite some time, he's got quite a disorganized mess in here. I'm sure the chaos made some sort of sense to him, but it's a bit like untangling a jumbled and knotted up skein of yarn.

I'm going to pause the sorting and this email here for a bit to attend a meeting to basically discuss what's going to happen from here on out. This is a meeting between me, Hermione, Penny, Roche, Ramsey, Bletchley, and a few other senior Aurors who want to be involved - such as Ginger.

Alright, I'm back from my meeting. It was surprisingly helpful in that the entire DMLE is currently running like a well oiled machine - despite the fact that Robards was apparently losing his mind. Thus, from an organizational standpoint, there wasn't much I felt needed to change. For example, the Head Auror's job is literally to oversee the entire Auror department (not the entire DMLE, in case you forgot that), and so, because the Aurors are more like muggle detectives and special officers, the Head Auror should really only be concerned with the Aurors and the progress that they are making on their cases.

I think that part of Robards' problem was that he liked to be not just a supervisor, but something of a silent partner to all his Aurors. Thus, let's say Bletchley was working on a murder case, or a missing child case - or a better and actually currently real example of Ginger trying to dig up evidence on Kevin Miller - Robards would not just have them come to him in his office and report what they know on the case as they made progress, but he'd ALSO work the case from his office in case he could come up with insights and perspectives they couldn't.

Or in other words, Robards was actively working dozens of cases in conjunction with his Aurors. His actual job description is MUCH less involved than that. That said, there's no denying that his method did often produce results in that he had such highly honed instincts that he was able to find the truth with little to no evidence in a pile of unrelated rubbish.

Penny Pettigrew has been Head of the DMLE for a while now, and she's currently feeling a deep sense of shame over the fact that she didn't see how rough Robards was being on himself. She just
thought he was a typical type A driven personality. She is his boss but she also oversees the other side of the DMLE, as in the 'regular officers' who do things like patrol the streets, respond to calls, and try to stop crimes in progress. She said she could never understand why he was in his office so much since she herself had a very cut and dry 9-5 work schedule with the occasional bout of overtime due to emergency circumstances.

Apparently she is hoping that I will inject a good dose of my Malfoy superiority into the job by doing the job the way it's intended to be done, and doing it in my own good time - in other words, NOT be in the office working cases 20 hours a day. Good thing she hasn't met the Tiger, eh?

But then this little tidbit was brought up: It actually IS the Head Auror's job to not just oversee the Aurors but ALSO organize and conduct raids as necessary. Which is something that was made a separate job because I was better organized and willing to use tech - and Robards frankly needed a bit less on his plate. So I have the choice of merging the two jobs back into one, or keeping them separate.

Hold on, I have to pause my email here again and go attend ANOTHER meeting. This one is between the Minister and all the Heads of the various departments. I think I wouldn't normally be required to attend as Penny is technically the Head of the DMLE, but in this case, I'm attending as Hermione's Adviser.

So... That was rather boring and pointless...

Alright, so not actually pointless. Hermione was adamant that all the Department Heads A: make immediate appointments with Mind Healers to evaluate their current health (they're actually supposed to do so once a year but usually manage to put it off or just straight up refuse because they're 'too busy') and B: once cleared as mentally stable, attend training on recognizing and being supportive of those who are having mental health issues.

The reason I feel it was pointless is that this policy was actually created and put in place years ago, it's just been ignored and neglected, and so, unless Hermione really commits herself to insisting that it's followed, it'll just be a temporary flurry of activity followed by a gradual shift to the back burner again. Don't get me wrong, I am well aware of how important mental health is, I just don't see this particular policy being effective unless Hermione hires a person whose sole job is to ride everyone's arse and make sure they get their mental health checkups regularly.

But moving on.

One definite PRO to if I decide to officially accept this job, is that I have Pippa. She's been my trusted assistant for years, and in the time it took for me to attend that bloody tedious meeting, she's already tidied up this office and everything in it. We're currently going over all the files to see if there's anything important that legitimately requires immediate attention.

Huh... Apparently one of the files that Robards keeps in his active cases is actually NOT active nor a case. It seems that he was married once upon a time ago, and had a son, but his wife divorced him and took their son to America when he was just a baby because of major personality differences. Robards has basically stalked them from a distance, keeping current on where they live and work, and also where the son's kids go to school and even their grades.

Creepy. But... I'd probably do the same...

I should probably send them notification of his death. He has his sister listed as his next of kin, so she's actually due to come in in just a few minutes to discuss what happened and what she wants to do with his body once its released. Maybe it would be best to talk to her about this ex-wife, son,
and grandchildren.

Oh hold on, she just arrived.

Well... it seems that she knew that Robards (who she actually calls by his first name, not surprisingly) had an ex-wife, but that apparently the divorce took place so quickly that no one knew about the baby. He must have decided to keep that bit a secret because he didn't want to feel like a failure that couldn't even parent his own child because his ex tried to keep the boy on the other side of the planet.

Gemma (Robards' sister) took the stalker file on the son and his kids, and has decided to go personally invite them to the funeral - which she's decided to hold on Saturday October 13th.

Huh! Interesting... Robards has a whole file that he keeps in a prominent place of people who went missing during the Dark Lord's reign of terror, who are assumed to be victims of Death Eaters but cannot actually be proven. Over the years, when the occasional body of one of them shows up and can be conclusively proven to be a victim of Death Eaters - or the Dark Lord himself - he moves their name to a different list. He seemed to be at least half obsessed with finding all the missing people and bringing closure to their loved ones.

Sigh... I always knew that he was a good man doing an incredibly shitty job, but I had no idea...

I suddenly feel like I failed him somehow, and I need to take a break and think. In the Crystal Room. I'll be there if you need me.

It's been a long road,

Draco
Chapter 361

Chapter Summary

Harry is offended and Draco is seeing reason.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hold up, hold up, hold UP!

Uh, excuse you, YOU have Pippa? Pippa is our family's personal assistant and helps us all and no! Gods-be-thriced damned it, Draco, you will not be taking Pippa with you if you decide to take the Head Auror position officially. If the rest of us have to live without seeing you as often as we'd like we're not going to also lose the person who keeps our family running smoothly.

Nope. No. Uh-uh!

I have a couple of thoughts about your dilemma, and they essentially all come down to the same thing: I think you should take the Head Auror position on a temporary basis with the intent to taper off and go back to being part-time raid leader and continue as the advisor to the Minister. Which I know is different than my previous recommendation of "Dear Merlin, please don't take this damn job!" but also a bit different than "of course, if you need to take the job we'll support you love!"

I think it sounds like right now, while the DMLE is running smoothly and the Aurors seem to know what they're doing even without their Head Auror present, big changes need to be made for a multitude of reasons. This is what you're best at, taking a 'business' getting to know the inner workings, shaking things up and fixing what needs fixing, bossing everyone around until it's perfect, and then hiring just the right person to keep it going from there.

I love you, but I also know you very well, you love the challenge of creating something or directing a mess into a successful process, but the day to day minutia is not your favorite thing. Can you honestly picture yourself sitting at a desk, signing off on cases, doing paperwork? That's not you. You want to lead raids and terrify new recruits until they cry. You don't want to sit down and create a patrol schedule.

Now, as to those changes that need to be made, I am not an Auror (nor do I want to be one) but I've seen enough businesses flounder or fail that I have some definite ideas of what can help this transition. First of all, do NOT put the Head Auror and the Chief of Raids back into the same position. It is too much for one single person, there wouldn't be a system of checks and balances, and there's a reason Robards thought it important to hire someone else for the task. I think having a clear segregation of duties with minimal overlap is in everyone's best interest.

Secondly, the more duties piled on to the Head Auror means more things slipping through the cracks. I think you tend to look at Robards and his work habits with rose colored glasses. But even from the sidelines I could see mismanagement issues. Why else would he consistently need to force you into helping when he theoretically had himself and an entire team of Aurors at his disposal?

Maybe he got great results because he looked at every single case, but is that something that's
completely measurable? If his Aurors knew he was working all of their cases simultaneously, do you think they were putting forth their best effort? If they weren't shown trust and knew someone else was doing their work alongside them, they likely weren't investigating things to their greatest ability. I'm sure there were some Aurors who appreciated the extra help or an extra set of eyes, but I'd bet just as many or possibly more used it as an excuse to not work as hard or at the very least not feel as confident in their own skill level. Maybe the solve rate would be higher if the Aurors weren't relying on him to solve their cases for them.

If he hadn't overloaded himself, maybe things like his mental health or the Polly/Peter situation wouldn't have slipped through the cracks. I'm not trying to speak ill of someone who's not here to defend himself. I just want to make sure you're not going into this restructuring phase with the idea that his management style should be recreated.

And I definitely don't think you should idealize the idea of burning yourself out so much that you have to keep a secret file about your family full of things you learned about them from afar. Ollie and I refuse to live without you, your children are just a tad bit attached to you! So you need to realize at the end of the day, it's JUST a job! I was all for using my name and fame to allow you to marry two men, I'm not going to put all that to waste so you could get married a third time to your job.

I'd better run, the babies seem to be waking from their naps, but remind me I wanted to tell you all about the terrible Friend Dates I went on for Sirius while you were gone.

Oh the humanity!
Harry

P.S. I am not kidding, you can't have my Pippa!

Tuesday October 9th
My Husbands,

Harry, you are most definitely right. I am not suited for this job - the actual job of running the Aurors. I DO like the challenge it presents, but there are FAR too many things to do each day. So I am going to take it on temporarily to fix the things that are wrong, but then hand it off to others.

But that's actually part of my dilemma. Roche, the Deputy Head, technically SHOULD be the most qualified to take the job, but he's adamant that he doesn't want it. In fact, he's suggesting that he might be close to the same mental state as Robards was and should take a nice long holiday. Thus, I have to find someone qualified for the job that's WILLING to take it. Interestingly, it seems that Roche has been doing the same thing as Robards by overseeing AND working most of the cases, so clearly, their job descriptions have to be redefined. Also, I think that no matter what, the Head Auror should have an assistant and/or secretary, so I have to hire one of those as well.

As for right now, I'm about to have a meeting with all the Aurors to discuss current events, current cases, and my plans for the immediate future of this Department. Don't worry, I already sent Pippa out there to warn them that I'm running on two days of less than optimal sleep, and that I'm not an easy man even when I'm well rested and in a good mood. My former students can attest to that! As soon as my fresh cup of tea arrives, I'll be on my way.

Alright, I'm back. That went better than expected. This is probably the best time that Robards could have chosen - if he had to choose - in that the majority of the current active cases being worked are minor crimes such as theft. There's only two major crimes, and one of those may not be a crime in
that it's the disappearance of an adult man who may have just run off with a new woman. The other is a murder case, but it's gone cold, and so the Auror working it doesn't know what to do with it. If there aren't any leads soon, it'll be officially transferred to cold cases. Lastly, there's Ginger's case, in which she's slowly finding things that make her believe that Kevin Miller really is some sort of criminal mastermind like his dead lover said, she just can't find any ACTUAL crimes yet.

AH! Just two days of this and the sheer frustration is ALREADY making me want to wring someone's neck! This is why I am most definitely focusing my attention on the things I can do that I am good at. Like reading through Robards' files - and his journals to some extent - and weeding out anything important.

And Harry, really? You think that Pippa would stop overworking herself by being my shadow AND the entire family's assistant? Did you even realize that she spends her mornings off overseeing all those businesses (with Viona) so that I don't even have to go to Quarterly meetings anymore. She comes back in the afternoons to basically follow me around everywhere I go as silent as a shadow so that I often don't even notice she's there, and as she does so, she's kept current on all our family drama and activities.

Her diary on us must be MASSIVE!

Anyway, she's been invaluable to me so far in this job and I'm quite certain that she will help me get things settled and ready to pass on to whomever I hire. And for the record, I'm KEEPING the Chief of Raids job!

But PLEASE! Talk to me about ANYTHING other than Aurors and their duties! I have another meeting in about a half an hour, and I don't even know what this one is about! So yes, please PLEASE tell me about all those friends dates for Sirius.

You're (both) everything I need and more,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

NOTE: The British use the term diary for what we refer to as an appointment or datebook. Thus Draco is not suggesting that Pippa is keeping a massive first hand account of everything they do - although she probably does, lol - but rather that her appointment book that keeps track of everything they do has to be HUGE! Lol ^_^
Chapter 362

Chapter Summary

Harry describes his crazy friend dates and Draco describes a bit of a typical day as Head Auror.

Draco,

Oh the friend dates. I don't know if you're ready for this. Ready to hear this level of nonsense and utter buffoonery. Honestly though, none of them were bad the way that first one was bad. Despite your assumptions originally, that first one was the only one that seemed like they were there for anything that wasn't friendship. It's just that every single person I met up with was unapologetically awkward.

Or maybe I'm awkward. Do you think it's me? Do I attract weirdos?

There was one who seemed legitimately nice, but we had an weird moment I don't think his anxiety was going to allow him to come back from. His name was Travis, and we were getting on as well as two strangers who've never met before can get on. Well, at a slightly uncomfortable silence he decides to break the quiet by asking if I'd like to see pictures of a chair he'd recently finished.

Oh, I suppose I forgot, he made furniture as a hobby. Really beautiful detailed wooden carved furniture. Honestly, I kept his number just in case I wanted to order a specialty piece for a birthday or something.

So Travis is scrolling through a few pieces when we come across a ... erm ... compromising picture. Yeah, a picture of him wrist deep in his own arse. Like, good for you man, but I can never unsee that. He was so embarrassed he stuttered out an apology, threw some money at the table for the drinks he'd had, and hightailed it out of the bar. I would have been fine to keep chatting, I'm a kinky fucker after all, but his own humiliation at accidentally showing me that picture could not handle continuing our afternoon.

There was another one who was absolutely NOT embarrassed or ashamed of her activities. She tried selling me drugs. I declined as politely as I could while scanning the room for our waiter so I could get out of there. She then pushed the issue, trying to explain that I looked anxious and she could help me out with that. So I explained that I wasn't interested and part of that was my own history with having a beloved family member dealing with addiction. That's when she mentioned there was no such thing as addiction and what was their name, she probably knew them. No.

I stopped looking for the waiter at that, didn't even drop any money either before I left. You're a drug dealer with no moral compass? You can probably afford the whole bill.

Then, besides my first meetup where the wife wanted to cuckold her husband, this was the worst. Chad. Oh poor stupid Chad. We met up at the Leaky, and at this point I've had so many awkward encounters that Hannah Abbot is probably recording them. I think she's collaborating with Pippa on an embarrassing book about me. So Chad and I are chatting, I explain to him that I am hoping to add to my friend group particularly for my Godfather because most of his childhood friends were lost during the war.
And then this absolute idiot starts going on and on about how he and his friends have been together since childhood. Well, that's lovely but if he has such a solid group of friends I am curious as to why he's looking to add to them. Usually when you already have a good crew you don't look to add more, only bringing more people in when those relationships happen organically. No, he went on a two hour tirade about his friends, all the issues they have individually, and how they are a collective train wreck.

Trying to cover up how uncomfortable I was, I tried making a joke about understanding why he was looking to make new friends and distance himself from the aforementioned wreck. No, he is for all intents and purposes looking to add a new friend to come in and fix the friend group. This entire ... interview is the only word that comes close to what he was doing ... interview was to find the perfect person to come in and essentially 'flip' their group. Then when the group was done with all their drama, that person would have enough experience to move on to a new group of friends.

Poor, stupid Chad. And poor, stupid Harry who had to spend two hours listening to him. Stupid, stupid, Harry.

And then the absolute funniest meetup. I actually debated whether or not to tell you about this one. It's insane, and embarrassing. I am mortified as to how I reacted to it. But mostly I'm just so embarrassed by the fool I spent the afternoon with.

As I've told you before, my profile has my name as James and a heavily filtered picture of myself. Hoping to avoid the Harry Potter stalkers ya know? Well, I think I did too good of a job. I'm sitting at what has become my regular table at the Leaky, making small talk with Pat, and I ask what it was about my profile that caused them to swipe right. I am honestly curious, if I know that by saying I like quidditch I'm attracting nothing but jocks or by saying I love going out to eat I'm only bringing in pretentious foodies I want to know that.

My simple question let out a rant of epic proportions. You see, dear Pat loves Harry Potter. Is obsessed with the Boy Hero to hear them tell it. Has an entire room in their home dedicated to Boy Who Lived memorabilia. My name being 'James' is what sparked their interest because that's Harry Potter's middle name did you know? I couldn't get a word in edgewise, I was treated to a timeline of the life and times of Harry Potter.

The absolute worst part, the part I'm actually disgusted with myself for doing, is when I admitted I was Harry so that they would stop talking, I said, "I thought you'd be able to tell once we met in person, but I definitely don't need the play by play of my own life."

And they didn't believe me. I was told that I am shorter than Harry Potter. That my scar was obviously a fake. "I mean, sure it's a fairly good imitation, but the real scar isn't quite so faded, you really need to get that touched up." So I argued with this crazy person for a solid ten minutes, to prove I was the person they were obsessed with. I probably would have kept going, because you know how much I hate to step down from a challenge, except Hannah must have realized I was entertaining a lunatic because she came and brought the check. Which she had written, "Stop it! This person is a crazed fan, don't convince them you're you, run away before they believe you!"

Thank goodness for Hannah! I'm sending her jewelry.

Hope your meeting went well, but hurry home so you can laugh at me in person!

Yours,
Harry
Wednesday October 10th
My dear husbands,

If today was a typical day as Head Auror, I'm going to have to have Muffy bring a few things from our closet to have on hand as necessary. So my morning was rather productive in that I think I finally got through all the files Robards had classified as active. Most of them were actually reclassified as cold cases that he just refused to stop working.

Lunch was a quick but tasty plate brought over by Zaire himself - who was wearing a visitor's badge that said: 'rescue mission - bring dad lunch.' He had enough to - surprise surprise - feed the whole department and set up a bit of a buffet. He also stuck around for a bit to answer all questions and describe in detail how he made each thing.

The Aurors utterly love him now.

After lunch, I had another meeting that I'm not entirely sure why I was there. It was a departmental Head thing, except it wasn't run by nor did it involve Hermione. This is the second one in as many days, and since all that really happened was drinking a glass of cheap wine while discussing progress on some of the current issues they're dealing with, I'm thinking that it might actually be a daily bitching session designed to help them unload and relax a bit.

After that meeting, I spent the next couple of hours meeting up with the people that needed to come in to give statements or receive updates on their cases. So, for example, one person who had reported a missing necklace a month ago was in asking if it had been found yet, and the Auror working the case rather smoothly explained that it most likely won't be found unless the thief tries to sell it, provided that it was stolen and not simply lost.

About a half an hour before the majority of the Aurors go home for the day, a woman with two children came in to ask about her missing husband. The Auror in charge of her case assured her that he was tracking the man's financial information and would let her know as soon as the man stopped moving long enough to catch up with. The older child was about 7 and sat quietly enough. She seemed sad that her father was gone, but perhaps a tiny bit resigned to the fact that he'd run off with another woman. I'm certain her mother had ranted about that at some point, probably when she didn't think the kids were listening, or were asleep or something.

The two or three year old girl was a bit fussy and looked like she hadn't slept well for a couple of days. I offered to hold her to give the mother a bit of a break, and then managed to lull the girl to sleep rather quickly. This surprised and relieved the mother, who asked about a hundred more questions than necessary simply to give her daughter a bit of a nap. I didn't mind, until the girl groaned miserably and vomited all over me.

Sigh... Not the first time a child has gotten sick on me, and since we still have littles and are having at least one more, probably not the last time either. Babbling with embarrassment, the mother took back her daughter and cried out that she was going to take her directly to St. Mungo's. That left me to vanish the majority of the mess, but still, I needed to take a shower and get changed in order to get rid of everything and SMELL better.

Thus, I simply dismissed the Auror and headed off to the men's shower for the DMLE. On the way, I ordered Muffy to bring me a basket of my favorite products and a change of clothes. I noticed that the clock on the wall in the shower room announced that it was officially the end of the shift as I entered the room, but I decided to just take a quick shower there - rather than return home to do it - so I could go back to my office and finish up a bit of paperwork before going home.

It didn't take me long to strip off, maybe two minutes, and then I was stepping up to one of the
shower heads to turn it on. The shower room is like any other shower room - much the same as the Quidditch locker room - in that it has one open area with several showers so that more than one man can take a shower at a time if needed. This has come in handy after raids when the whole raid team - or at least the male half - has needed to wash off potions or spell residue before being cleared to go home.

In any case, the water had JUST gotten hot enough for me to use, when the door opened and an Auror marched in.

"I'M FRUSTRATED!" Girly roared at me, stomping her right foot and raising her clenched fists as she roared to the heavens.

"About what?" I wondered as I tilted my head and let the water get my hair wet.

"I had a woman come in this morning, FRANTIC about the fact that her ex-husband has apparently abducted their son. So I've spent all day trying to track him down, going to his flat, his job, his parents, most frequented places, and NOTHING!! Not even his financials have shown anything! It's like he somehow managed to disappear!"

Even as I lathered up my hair, I made suggestions like asking his friends if they knew anywhere he might go to hide. I also asked questions like whether the woman thought this man would hurt their son, but the answer to that was unclear as apparently the woman SAID no, but had a nervous look to her that made Girly suspect that the boy might be harmed after all.

As I was scrubbing up my body, Girly was joined by Ginger, who started talking the moment she came through the door. "Your assistant said you'd be in here. I finally made progress on my case, but it turns out that Kevin Miller is innocent - or at the very least, innocent of what his lover had accused him of. See, he DOES get a rather large amount of money deposited into his account every week, and since he is also rather charming and didn't have a clear explanation for WHY he was getting this money, his lover must've assumed that he was conning it out of a bunch of people. But nope!"

She paused to shake her head and lean against a wall. "His money comes from the same couple, and so I looked into them. At first, it looked like he might be conning them, because they're filthy rich yet they've decided to give him 50 thousand pounds a week - in muggle money because they're muggle. So I kept digging and watching him until I realized that THEY are who he meets up with every Saturday night at the hotel."

"You think they're shagging him?" Girly asked curiously, looking happy to have something else to think about for a moment.

"I know they are," Ginger stated. "I went to the room they always rent - it's a posh one - and set up surveillance spells and the like a couple of hours before they arrived this previous weekend. The ONLY reason I didn't know what they were doing before today is that my sister and her three kids all got sick on Saturday and she had me come stay with them the last few days until they got better."

"AND?" Girly asked eagerly.

"And - aside from getting paid for it - Kevin's not doing anything wrong. He's providing them with a service, which happens to be letting them tie him up and torture him in kinky ways until they ALL get off and go home. It was like watching a bloody four hour porno! I was quite hot and bothered by the time I was done."
I raised a brow at her in amusement even as I was rinsing everything off as thoroughly as possible.

Ginger caught my unasked question and answered it anyway. "YES! I'm going to have to go pull a one off tonight and have my way with him quite thoroughly!"

"Blimey this is a posh towel!" Girly exclaimed as she held out the towel Muffy had included with my things.

I turned off the water, and then took the towel from her and immediately used it to dry my hair.

"Godric's great prick!" A junior Auror cried out as he entered the room. "WARN a man when you're going to be naked, Chief!"

I couldn't help but laugh. "I should think the DOOR warned you by saying: Men's SHOWER room."

He flushed and rubbed the back of his neck, even as he tried to be covert about eyeing me up and down. Oh... right. This was one of my students. The one I'm dead certain is gay.

"Did you need something from me?" I wondered as I finished drying my hair. I then wrapped the towel around my waist and walked over to the mirrors - which are thankfully spelled to repel fog from the showers.

"Er, no. I just came in here to take a shower after the jog I just had," he explained.

I gestured to the showers. "Have at it then, and don't mind me. I just have to fix my hair." Which I was already doing, using my wand to spell it into place.

Ginger was currently reapplying her makeup in the mirror next to me. "Mind if I ask why you always have the tips of your hair died different colors? Doesn't seem quite appropriate for the bloody Head Auror."

I chuckled. "I usually have at least one of my daughters ask me to take them to the spa on a weekly basis, and while we're there, they naturally want the full treatment. Well it's more about spending time with them than being pampered - unless I'm all alone, but still. So I get the full treatment too, but since I don't really want ALL of my hair dyed, I just dye the tips, and I choose wild colors because why not? It's fun and it usually looks good on me."

"I always thought so too," Girly murmured as she studied her face in the mirror on my other side. "My favorite is the time you had your tips dyed a bright pink."

"Erm HELLO!" Gay demanded. "I can't very well take a shower if YOU'RE in here!"

"Why not?" Ginger asked with a catty smirk. "HE did. And it's not like you're interested in women anyway, so we know better than to care about your scrawny arse."

"SCRAWNY?!" He roared in outrage. "I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT I'VE BEEN WORKING OUT! I'M RATHER FIT NOW!" To prove this, he immediately stripped off.

Ginger looked him up and down with frank appreciation. I rather liked what I saw myself, but I didn't take more than a look because I'm shockingly NOT horny. I mean I could stand to shag if one of my husbands showed up and got me going, but something about being vomited on sort of killed my mood. In any case, Ginger actually was surprisingly mature and turned away from him after getting a good look.
"Alright, fine, you're fit, but you're still gay, so I'M not going to waste my time trying to chat you up."

Girly had also looked him up and down, but she must've seen him before, because all she said was: "You've filled out." She then turned back to her reflection. "Try using that stuff the Chief brought. It smells SO bloody good! You're sure to pull the entire club if you smell like that."

Gay decided to open a bottle and take a whiff. "Mmm! This really IS good! I've never even HEARD of this brand! Is it any good?"

I scoffed at him without even turning away from the mirror. "Of course! Nothing but the best for me!"

"Ooo, how much does it cost? Where can I buy it?"

"Don't bother," I advised dryly. "It's made especially for me by one of the companies I own, thus you CAN'T buy it, even if you COULD afford it."

"Then I'm stealing this!" Gay announced without any shame whatsoever.

I raised a brow in amusement. "Stealing from the Head Auror?"

"Definitely!"

I laughed, finding his sheer cheek funny. "Alright, consider it a gift. I have more anyway."

Girly decided that I was in a pretty good mood and decided to try her luck. "Say Chief? If I brought you something of that boy's, do you think you could 'see' where he went?"

I shrugged, deciding that my hair was as good as it was going to get at the moment. "I could try, so long as the thing was something touched by him recently. But it might not give me anything current enough unless it was literally dropped on the way out the door."

Ready to get dressed, I walked over to my clothes and tossed my towel on the bench.

"FUCK!" Gay blurted out, leaning over a bit to get a better view of my arse.

"Aren't you trying to take a shower?" I asked him pointedly.

"Right! Sorry..." he murmured contritely, turning to step under the water from the showerhead.

Sort of strange how I hadn't been ogled or harassed by the two STRAIGHT WOMEN while taking my shower, but the one gay bloke that entered the room couldn't keep his eyes off me. I'd think I was losing my looks if I didn't know better.

In any case, I managed to finish getting dressed and returned to my office to finish up my paperwork and write this email. I'm done with everything now and dinner is due to start at any minute, so I'm going to sign off and get to it before I'm late.

Ladies and Gentlemen will you please stand? With every guitar string scar on my hand, I swear to be overdramatic and true to my~~ LOVERS! Draco
Chapter 363

Chapter Summary

Elena has her baby.

Thursday October 11, 2018

My Loves!

Per usual when something happens where I need you here right away, I am also going to send you an insta-owl and if you don't respond to the insta-owl or this email within half an hour, I'll probably beg one of the house elves to go find you and drag your cute little arses over here! So, long story short, if you get this go ahead and skip ahead to end where I tell you to grab the emergency portkeys I asked Hermione to make for you and pop yourselves here to Spain.

Our Lainie just had her baby! With how long she was in labor with Rafael I think she was assuming it would be another long labor and didn't sent out any messages saying she'd gone into labor. She probably didn't want either of you pacing around the waiting room with your high levels of anxiety....

Fine! She probably didn't want ME wearing a path in the waiting room, or Merlin forbid HER room, with my frantic pacing. But she must have waited too long because she didn't even make her way to a room at the Hospital here. My Lainie-girl had her baby in the lobby of Santo Rosario!

But that wasn't the only surprise, it seems at the last minute Elena, Rodrigo, Ethan, and Rose (who picked the original name together apparently!) decided to change the name they'd planned for baby. They'd initially decided on Rio Estefan. But after this beautiful grandchild of ours was born, with Lainie's big brown eyes and a dusting of pale brown or dark blonde hair, they decided the name just didn't fit!

So hurry up and get your behinds over here. Myself, all four of our feisty foursome, Nora, as well as Morgana, Gabe, and Dylan, have already had their chance to hold the newest baby in our lives. You don't want to have even more people hold the baby before you do - do you?

Get here so you can hold the brilliantly beautiful Emilia Rosalind, she's quite impatiently waiting to meet her other Grandpas!

Love,
Grandpa Harry

Thursday October 11th
Sweet buggering Merlin!

Hold on love, I'm about to leave the Ministry in five seconds to floo to Hogwarts and grab Oliver - who is probably still in class and hasn't gotten any communications yet. Don't worry, I'll grab the Portkey from Hermione on the way. See you soon!
Love Draco (And Oliver, who I know will want to hold the little miss as soon as possible!)
Chapter 364

Chapter Summary

Now there's three of them doing it.

Friday October 12, 2018

My Loves,

Back to life. Back to reality.

With yesterday's insanity of trying to get everyone in to the hospital to see Lainie and Emilia, then get us all settled in the hotel last night. And trying to cram in all the cuddles we could today before coming home tonight. I might hate having to say goodbye to our kids and grandkids, but I'm definitely going to enjoy sleeping in our own bed tonight.

Especially since I am sure tomorrow is going to be hard. Obviously more so for Draco since you were so close to Robards Love, but you know how much Ollie and I hate to see you hurting. And we hate even more seeing you try to cover up that hurt with one of your masks. Which I am certain you are going to try doing tomorrow. Can't let the wizarding world know what a sensitive heart you have.

But that sadness and stress is for tomorrow, tonight before I drift off to sleep I want to write about how happy I am about the newest life we've been blessed with.

My little Emilia. So beautiful. She looks a little like her Mama, a little like her brother Rafael, and a LOT like her bigger brother and big sister Joel and Jayden. I think it so beautifully speaks to how our family is that no one bats an eye at Rodrigo crying over his beautiful new daughter while her little face is Ethan's in miniature form. Just like it never mattered which of Hermione's babies came out with red hair or darker brown skin than their mum, they are loved thoroughly and completely from the moment they arrive.

I do think it's funny, all the magic in the world and we still have scan mix-ups like the muggle ultrasound goofs. I'm glad they were quickly able to come up with another name, she would have made a silly looking Rio I think! Oh who am I kidding? They could have named her Princess Consuela Banana-Hammock and I'd cry and say it was perfect.

I'm just keeping my fingers crossed that our Serenity comes out a Serenity. Although her middle name is already Blaise, if the scans are wrong we can just swap the names around and have a Blaise Serenity. Blaise Cyrano? Meh, I doubt it will happen. It's pretty rare and our Ollie is absolutely certain this baby's name is Serenity. I trust "mother"s intuition.

I am glad to be home but I hate that we had to leave our loves all the way in Spain. I love that our children know who they are and what they want out of their lives. They know they have our love and support even if they want to live on the moon! But do they have to live so far away?!? Lainie has Joel, Jayden, Rafael, and now Milie all the way in Spain. River and Maha have Evie in California, and they dragged Ori out there too with our Gemi! And Mara will have that baby sooner rather than later and there will be a third grandchild practically out of spoiling range!
Not that I don't appreciate how close some of the other grandchildren are. We have Blake close by and always willing to spend a day with his Grandpas. Sammy and Lottie visit almost as often, only a tiny bit less since Miles and Colm do like to take them traveling as often as possible. Now we have little Vinnie. And Parker and Cassie's little ones should be here any day now! I'm being awfully selfish here aren't I?

And it won't be too much longer before our own little one is here to cuddle and spoil. Two months to go! Ugh, not sure why I even say that. I went late with my pregnancies, Draco delivered early, Lainie just gave birth a solid month early. We really have no idea when Serenity is coming, she'll do everything on her own time I'm sure. I just saw all of our little ones cuddle up their newest niece and my heart ached to see them hold their newest sister.

Although my heart was so full today that I think I can hold off a bit more. I think Lainie had that moment as a parent where you see your children as each others siblings instead of just "your" kids. When she had Rafael, I knew she cared for Joel and Jayden, but she hadn't taken on any parental role. Now though, with all of them living together, raising these kids as full siblings, they are really a little family. When Joel sat between Jayden and Rafael while they took turns holding Milie? I saw our Lainie who rarely cries with a river flowing down her cheeks. It really was a beautiful sight wasn't it?

Well, as much as I will miss them and wish they were here, Elena wasn't due for another month so they have loose ends to tie up at home before they can come for a visit. But they said they're coming to visit mid-November, right around her original due date, for at least two weeks. So we can get all the baby cuddles we need then!

Okay, I am off to dreamland, tomorrow is going to come much sooner than I'd like.

Goodnight sweethearts,
Harry

Friday October 12th
Oh Harry...

The both of you are currently asleep, but I'm awake even though it's going on midnight and I need to be asleep for so many reasons. But one of the reasons I just can't sleep is...

Oliver...

While we were in Spain, in the hospital trying to NOT crowd Elena's room all at the same time, Oliver decided to take a walk around. I suppose that it's only natural considering that he's pregnant and we WERE in the Maternity Ward anyway, but he gravitated to the newborn nursery. He was wearing both the translation earbuds AND the contacts I created that can pick up on spoken words even when you can't necessarily hear the person speaking - so long as you can see their lips moving. I've programmed them to have some ability to translate too, because Jaz needed it.

Anyway, because he was wearing those contacts, as he was staring at all the babies through the window to the nursery, he caught a conversation between nurses. It seems that they were discussing one newborn boy in particular, and how his mother has basically decided to give him up because she's already got too many kids and cannot handle a child with Down Syndrome.

Poor Oliver, from the moment he realized what it was they were actually saying, he says that his heart felt like it was torn from his chest and placed in the crib with that baby. He managed to keep
quiet about it - convinced himself that the right thing to do was just not say anything and let the hospital send the boy to a Spanish equivalent of Unity House (which there isn't one until Elena finishes setting it up, but I suppose that she COULD take on a child early).

Yet we know our husband pretty well. He was quiet. Abnormally so. He looked constantly lost in thought, So, we finally gave in and asked him what had him so preoccupied. That's when he told us what had happened. We spent probably a good hour just holding him and comforting him.

It seems he didn't even think it until I said it out loud: "Oliver, love, if you feel like this boy is one of ours, then he probably is. Tomorrow - when I'm at the funeral service - call up our Lawyer Armada and bring them out to Spain. They won't be able to get you custody of that baby before Monday at the earliest, but they can definitely expedite the process. Harry can join you after the funeral and stay with you in Spain until we obtain official clearance to adopt him - unless he already has prospective parents, in which case, I'm certain you'll feel better about the entire situation."

Oliver looked gobsmacked. "We... we can do that?"

We both gave him a LOOK. That said, we wanted this to be Oliver's decision because it's HIM that feels the connection, but it's also him that has to realize that it's going to be a big responsibility to raise a baby with Down Syndrome. With me currently working as Head Auror for the foreseeable future, I can't guarantee him that I'll be any help, and even though I know that you can and will help him, Harry, it's still a lot - enough that even you need a bit of time to think about it as well.

As for me, I said it before and I'll say it again: So long as I'M not the one getting pregnant and being expected to get up a million times a night, what's one more child? We already have enough to start our own Sovereign Nation! Aside from mixing up names, I can't think of anything different between having 21 and having 22 children...

BLIMEY!

I should probably not say that out loud, it's a bit staggering...

I tell you what, my loves, tell me tomorrow whether or not to brace myself and I'll support you no matter what you decide.

Because of you I'm alive,
Draco
Chapter 365

Chapter Summary

Harry breaks it down.

Saturday October 13, 2018

My Everything,

This is probably going to be mostly directed at Oliver. Although I'll probably be talking with you after the funeral before I actually talk with Draco so I'll assume you're both reading this.

I think we all have a lot of concerns with the idea of adopting a newborn with our current circumstances. I think I will go objection by objection and tell you my take on each issue.

1- We have twenty-one official children, plus children-in-laws, honorary children, and a twenty-second child on the way due in two months.

Yeah, we have a lot of children. But we have the love and time to devote to them, the money to provide all of their needs and most of their wants, and once you hit the double digits what's another invite to the party? I am not trying to say we should just pick up every child we can until we literally have the hundred children Draco talked about having all those years ago. But do you think there is really going to be a difference by sheer numbers between twenty-one and twenty-two children? We live in a circus, why not add to our ranks.

2- This child, even if he doesn't have any of the additional health concerns that can often come hand in hand with Down Syndrome, at the very least he will have special needs due to that condition.

We have dealt with many special needs with our children. Some we knew about at birth or adoption, and some we didn't find out until later. We are a very lucky family, we have dedicated Healers who love and support our family and that we trust with our children's lives. We have the research capability, the travel capability, and the financial capability to meet those needs.

-We knew right away that Jaz was deaf. That meant changes for our family. We had to learn to communicate differently. And it only made our family stronger.
-When River came into our lives, we had to help him overcome the trauma of seeing his mum die in front of him.
-We've dealt with addiction with Ori.
-We had years of potions and surgeries to help Hazel transition fully.
-When Zaire came into our lives, we had to not only help him with trauma like we did River but he had physical problems from abuse and malnutrition.
-Trey has Lycanthropy.
-Gabe has Epilepsy.
-Morgana needed her magic bound.

And if her teachers' concerns are right, it sounds as though our Lily may have some sort of learning disability. Professor Bramble seems to think from observation it's highly likely she has dyslexia.
When have we ever said "that child has too many problems, let's not take that onto our already full plate?"

Never. That's when.

If anything, our family full of different needs would be the best place for a child who has a little something extra, we already have every specialist in the UK on speed dial!

3- Limited parenting time with Draco's work schedule, Ollie's work schedule, and our children we already have.

I am a stay at home dad. My hours are completely open for caring for children. Yes, we have twenty-one, almost twenty-two children. But ... eight of them are grown and out of the house. Not that they don't still need us, but me having another baby in my arms in no way takes away from how many times I can meet up with Hazel for coffee or meet up with Eris at the park with Luka. Shtara lives at Elena's school in the dorms when she isn't performing. Siri and Zwei live at Hogwarts during the school year and when he's not at Hogwarts, Siri is traveling with the Tornados.

Then the middles and littles. Zaire and Jaz, for all that they are only twelve and nine years old have decided to have full time jobs. They are so independent I find myself chasing them down and trying to get THEM to pay attention to ME! And the same can be said of the feisty foursome for the most part. At least the three oldest of them, want to be out exploring all day long. As long as I feed them, read them their bedtime stories, and make sure I'm always at least available to listen to a story about some animal they found in the forest they rarely have time for me.

All by myself, without anyone to help me, essentially has Nora, the toddler triplets, and will soon have Serenity to care for. Yes that's a lot. But I was being a big fat liar when I said all by myself without anyone to help me. These children have three grandmas who regularly tell us we don't let them steal the kids away enough. An army of house elves who love our children like their own. And while you both have full time jobs, it's not like either of you are hands-off dads. Even if you both worked full time, I could handle this many children on a day to day basis even if we added this little one.

And not trying to pressure you in ANY way Ollie ... but you know you don't have to work right? I know you love it. But you could take a few years off if you wanted to. You waited for babies for so long. We don't need the money. Come be a stay at home dad with me! We could be Draco's kept men. His pretty trophy husbands. You can go back to work when they are older. You can wait until they're all at least in Traditions, or headed off to Hogwarts. No pressure, you know I will support your career no matter what. But when I see you melt under a cuddle puddle of kids? I see how good you'd be at it.

So, with all that being said, Ollie it sounds like this child is pulling at you. Whether that means this is our child, or that you feel the need to be a safe space for him until he finds his parents, he's calling to your heart. How can we possibly ignore that?

I will never say no to adding more children to our family. I didn't feel the pull of this baby, but then again I didn't walk through the ward either. Does this feel right Ollie? Does he feel like ours? I think of the look on Atreyu's face when we brought him to Unity California, his sweet little accented voice saying "But you smell like mine." I know you're not a werewolf Ollie, but does he smell like ours?

Then let's go get him.
Wow. That got away from me. I was going to tell you your concerns were silly and that of course we can go get him. And as usual, it turned into a Harry babbling novella.

I need to get ready for the funeral, then wake up the blonde monster that lives in our bed to get HIM ready for the funeral. I'll see you soon. Just let me know if I should be bringing the lawyers and a diaper bag.

All of my love and longing,
Harry

Saturday October 13th
My solid foundations,

Today was harder than I thought it was going to be. I thought I was just going to pull on my Malfoy mask and sit silently in the back of the crowd during the service, but no. It seems that Robards didn't really have friends. He had work friends in that he was on friendly terms with Roche, Ramsey, and me - as the other three 'higher ups' in the Auror Department (although, to be fair, since Ramsey is the Head of Interrogations, he technically works for the other side of the DMLE too).

Robards has gone out drinking with his Aurors after hard cases and the like, but he never really had a mate to hang out with, watch movies, and talk about things that AREN'T work related. So... The man conducting the services asked the three of us if we wanted to say a few words before his sister. I was the only one who couldn't say no, and so, I had to come up with something more or less on the spot.

That's why my speech sounded so odd - I was at a bit of a loss for words...

"Looking around today, I can see that Robards was depended on by every Auror in the Department. All of us are sad that he's gone, but... none of us ever really knew him. He was a HARD man to get to know. Hell! Even after working with him for YEARS, I can't really say that I knew him. All I knew about him was that he was one of the few people in my life who understood that because of the mistakes of my youth, I am driven to make the world a better place for my children.

"He not only understood this about me, but he was willing to use my skills in ways that are best saved for the rare occasion when they're necessary. And so, I think maybe he thought of ME as a friend. It was most definitely the sort of friendship in which we gave each other what we needed - so long as you keep in mind that what he needed - the all consuming PASSION in his life - was to solve cases and incarcerate criminals. And along the same lines, I need to use the things I know how to do that others do not - the skills that I was taught by the Dark Lord and his followers - to do GOOD. Our...

"Our friendship was stronger than I realized... It wasn't until he was gone - and WHY - that I truly had a moment to sit down and think everything through, and I am left with just this... I failed him as a friend. I was clearly not there for him when he needed someone to talk to, and so, all I can do is pray that he has found peace and can rest.

"Well... That and I can do my best to ensure that his work will live on..."
When I sat down (somehow we'd been seated in the front row, opposite the Aisle from Robards' sister, all her kids, and his estranged ex-wife, son, and grandchildren), Gemma stood up to talk about her brother, and while I'll admit that I was so preoccupied with having failed as a friend that I didn't hear everything, the fact that she started with: "My brother most definitely was a HARD man to get to know, and I say that as the person who grew up with him," well... It stuck with me.

The only other part of her speech that caught my attention was when she talked about how her brother loved her kids. How he doted on them, watching them when she needed him to, and was basically wrapped around their tiny fingers. This made me wonder WHEN AND IF Robards ever bloody slept?! Sigh...

As I was saying, this whole thing has hit me harder than I anticipated, and so now that the funeral is over and Harry ran off to support Oliver while I stayed behind to have a few drinks with the mourning Aurors, I... I have to apologize for not heading out to Spain. I thought I might once my obligatory bonding time was over, but when that happened, I just...

I needed to get out of my head, so, I'm at the Adventure Park fighting Inferi. Please tell me everything that's going on with the little peanut, but be aware that I might exhaust myself to the point that I don't wake up again until Tuesday or Wednesday.

You're the ones I need, the way back home is always long, but if you're close to me I'm holding on, Draco
Monday October 15, 2018

Our Love,

Darling, we are so sorry for your loss. I personally may not understand it, but I do know how important Robards was to you. I know how hard his loss was hitting you even before the funeral. So, for you to admit that the funeral made things even harder for you emotionally than they already were means it has to be really bad.

Then, you admitted the crystal room wasn't going to cut it in this case and you needed the inferi cave? Oh our poor, sweet, husband. It seems you spent the night Saturday and most of the day yesterday there just raging out your grief. And then immediately went home and passed out. Poor Muffy had to shoot something like three cleansing charms at you apparently just to keep the stink from soaking into our bedding. Oh well, worst case scenario we go shopping for some new bedding. You love shopping! We could get something beautiful, maybe in deep reds and golds?

Anyway, as of the last time I tried insta-owling you there was still no response. Which I assume means you are still sleeping. Look, between your grief and how much you hate being woken, we normally wouldn't want to wake you for anything short of an emergency. We'd love to let you sleep until Tuesday or Wednesday like you warned us may happen, but we really need you here.

We can write out everything that's happened the last two and a half days you've been indisposed, and you know I'll babble my way through at least a summary (Harry doing most of the writing here!), but it's probably best if you came here and had the conversation with the lawyers and sit down with us.

I know you've already said you will support whatever Oliver needs to do about this baby. And that you know me well enough that you knew I'd get here, meet this little boy, and there would be no way in Hell we were going home without him. Well, surprise surprise surprise, this is what happened. The lawyers are doing what they need to be doing. We're enjoying our time visiting the baby and when we can't do that we're spending tons of time with our littles and Lainie's family. But we need you with us.

I got here Saturday evening after I left the funeral. I got to the rooms Ollie was in with the toddlers to find him sitting on the ground with Morgana pretty much standing over him yelling. "No! No Dada, no!"

Now, we all know our Morgana is quite demanding and knows exactly what she wants and wants it now! But she is almost never upset with her Daddy Ollie. I laughed a little as I walked in the door saying, "Well well well Miss Sass, why are you yelling at your Daddy hmm?" Only to get the rest of the way into the room to see our beautiful husband wasn't sitting on the ground to make playing with the toddlers easier, he was curled up crying. Those beautiful brown eyes, normally full of laughter, sometimes giving me that exasperated look, so often with the bedroom eyes....
Oliver here, just letting Harry know to shut it about my eyes and get on with the story.

Yikes! Morgana isn't the only sassy one in this family apparently! As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted, Oliver's normally happy eyes were full of tears. I stayed very calm and asked him what was wrong ...

Oliver again, Harry panicked and started hyperventilating asking if myself, the toddlers, Serenity, or any number of people were alright while frantically wiping the tears off of my face.

Ugh, semantics Ollie. Shush you, I'm telling the story.

Anyway, sassy daughter, pretty brown eyes, Harry asks questions. Basically, Ollie was crying because he had just found out some unpleasant information about this baby, crumbled to the floor crying, and Morgana was displeased that her Daddy was so sad and decided to shout at him to stop crying in the only way she could.

Baby boy was in the NICU, he's very tiny and quite perfect. But he wasn't a newborn like we all assumed. No, he was born over two months ago and hasn't managed to go "home" yet. I'm sure you're assuming it's because he's medically unwell right?

Wrong. Besides being born slightly premature, which he did have to stay a few additional days for - and his mild heart condition they noticed upon birth which they quickly did magi-surgery on and is completely healed - he has no reason to still be in the hospital except his mother thinks bringing him home would be too much work with her already "so full" household (she has three other children).

Sorry, I should say she has three children. Because this baby is ours. Ours damnit! We're not bringing him home or sending him to one of the Unity Houses to make sure he's taken care of for his other parents. We're his parents. Period. The lawyers are taking care of the legal aspects right now. Not sure how long it will take because it's international but I guess she had just made her decision to give him up on Wednesday of last week but hadn't actually contacted any agencies or anything. So this adoption should be pretty cut and dry.

I can hear you asking if we've already decided he's ours, you've already given your blessing, and there shouldn't be any issues obtaining custody, why do we need you here so badly?

Draco, this beautiful boy, this little ray of sunshine, has lived his entire life so far in the hospital for no other reason than he would be too much work. He's not spent the first two months of his life with skin to skin contact with his family, making connections, in a place where he recognizes voices from the womb. He's lived in a plastic cot and been fed and held almost exclusively by medical staff. He's not been anybody's baby. And now he's going to be ours. We need you here, because you are a very important part of what being "ours" is.

Love, this little boy hasn't even been given a name. He's over two months old and has no one and nothing to call his own. Not even his own name.

Come meet your son, help us name him, and help us show him he belongs.

Yours in tears and hope,
Harry and Oliver

Monday October 15th
My husbands,
Aww! This little peanut is PERFECT!

Did you seriously ask me to help with names? Sigh... Alright, erm...


How about this? How about I just sit here and snuggle this little one, his naked little body on my bare chest as I breathe him in, while YOU two come up with the perfect name for him. After all, Oliver just came up with a brilliant name for our daughter to be.

Oh oh! I know! Sheng Long! hahaha! I kid...

So, the Lawyer Armada just left us and it's official. All it took was them coming up with a rather simple contract stating that we would adopt this baby boy and give him the best care in the world, and all his mother had to do was sign it and give up her rights to him. Naturally, she was sobbing from happiness and sadness. She really wanted to try to raise him with love, but she just didn't have the time to devote to his care, and she didn't think that it was fair to her other kids to remake her entire life so that it revolved around him rather than them.

Of course, it didn't hurt that we were prepared to reward her for doing the right thing by this little man.

Oh hey! I just thought of the perfect name! We could name him Gawain! Gawain Robards Malfoy-Wood, what do you think?

Oh look! He's sleeping! I could just kiss him a hundred million times!

Uh-oh! It seems that Morgana - who had been sitting on Oliver's knee while eating her dinner - suddenly noticed that I was holding another baby. She's now banging on my leg and crying: "No daddy! No! ME!!"

Alright, my little love, I can lay him down since he's sleeping and hold you for a bit, how's that sound?

Well, it seems that Morgana is insisting that I sing her a song, and that has attracted the rest of the kids. I guess I should take advantage of this and sing a lullaby, huh? See who I can get to drop off so that we can celebrate our newest child in private, eh?

*Draco turns the dictation device on so that he can hold Morgana in one arm and Nora in the other while he sings them all a lullaby.*

"When you were here before, couldn't look you in the eye, you're just like an Angel, your skin makes me cry, you float like a feather, in a beautiful world, I wish I was special, you're so fucking special, but I'm a creep, I'm a weirdo, what the hell am I doing here? I don't belong here .."

"Draco!"

"Yes, Harry, my love?"

"Maybe you shouldn't sing the kids to sleep with a song that tells them you're a creep and a weirdo!"

"What?! It's a gorgeous song!"

"Draco, try a different one."
"Alright love, hmm... I'd like to kill you with a kiss, I'd like to strike you down with bliss, I'd like to tie you up in knots, until your heart stops -"

"DRACO!"

"WHAT?! IT'S SOOTHING!"

"TRY AGAIN!"

"FINE! Hmm... Come little children, I'll take thee away, into a land of enchantment, come little children, the time's come to play, here in my garden of shadows..."

"You going to let him sing this one, Harry?"

"Yeah, Ollie, I LOVE this song."

"So it's fine if he creeps the kids out so long as he sings a song you love?"

"More like this one is subtle enough that I don't think they'll think anything other than it's a lovely song."

"Ah..."

"Hush my beloved husbands, before you disturb the kids and prevent them from falling asleep."

"Is it weird that he can sing that like its a lullaby and it still manages to turn me on?"

"No Ollie, that's pretty much how I feel."

"And you might as well send the email now - dictation device - because I'm never going to get through a bloody song..."

Device sends the email.
Tuesday October 16, 2018

Oh my Dragon,

I suppose I should have been clearer in my email yesterday. I definitely wanted you to come meet your son. I wanted you here with us while we learned and loved on this sweet baby. And we truly wanted you here for the naming process. He's your son, you should be happy with whatever name is chosen. But, Darling? When I said "help us name him" no one was actually asking you for suggestions. You have a one-track mind when it comes to naming. Or I suppose it's often a two-track mind. You either want to name them some version of Draco/Dragon OR you want to name them the most ridiculous suggestions you can think of.

I would give you the world if I could. And right now while I know you're hurting, I really do want to give you everything I possibly can if only I could see the sadness leave your quicksilver eyes. Side note: you should have seen how lit up with love your eyes were holding our baby last night! But seriously Draco? Gawain? I know how much you cared for the man, and I am trying to be supportive. I can even admit that while his methods were .... let's leave it at 'questionable,' that Robards was a good-intentioned man who did many good things.

But - and I don't want to hurt you while you're grieving - you know I did not care for him. I want to be here for you, but I can not name my child after someone I actively didn't care for. I'm sorry but no.

Also, it would possibly be a different story if his name wasn't awful! Gawain? That is awful. It sounds like some syndrome you need to overcome. "What do you have?" "I got diagnosed with a gawain, but I'm close to overcoming it! Pray for me."

However, as much as I tease you about the names you throw out for suggestions, I have to admit I really do love Eltanin. It's the brightest star in the Draco constellation. It actually sounds lovely. But with our little guy having DS means enunciation and speech clarity is likely to be a problem for him. Eltanin has advanced sound combinations that will likely be more difficult for him to learn. I want him to be able to say at least his first name as clearly as possible when he gets older.

Well, after much debate last night after most of the littles were asleep, we finally settled on Nicolas. My little Nic. Nicky. And yes, we actually took one of your suggestions. I can't wait to introduce our perfect little Nicolas Eltanin Malfoy-Wood to his entire family.

Although it will definitely be about a week until he gets a full introduction to everyone. Once we
got through the ordeal of finding out if he was going to be put up for adoption. Waiting through the weekend. Dealing with the paperwork. Bringing you here to meet him. Picking his name. It's now the sixteenth. Our Lainie's birthday is Monday the twenty-second. As she's twenty-eight years old and hasn't lived with us in basically a decade, I rarely get the chance to celebrate her birthday with her. I don't think I've made her a birthday breakfast since her last year at Hogwarts! So, we will be staying in Spain through early Monday afternoon.

It will be a good excuse to relax and enjoy the babies for a few days and obviously help Lainie out with Emilia so she can rest up from labor. Obviously Draco, you can bounce back and forth so you can keep helping out at the Ministry, but Ollie, myself, and the littles can stay here until Monday. Ollie has his paternity leave kicking in so he doesn't need to be back to Hogwarts for a while anyway.

And I think it will be good for Morgana to have a bit of a distraction while she gets used to her Daddies having another baby in their arms.

Don't worry about her, I have a plan. Sibling rivalry is normal. Her being jealous of attention being elsewhere is totally normal at her age. But we can do whatever we can to stop it before it becomes a big issue. Obviously showing her that she's special and occasionally putting Nic down to give her attention is great. That way she sees she's not been replaced. But it won't always be a realistic option and she will have to learn that sometimes he will need our attention more. Just as sometimes she will need our attention more.

Knowing my Morgana the way I do, I think the best plan is to convince her that he is HER baby. She's fiercely protective of her loved ones. We KNOW this. So we just need to have her as involved in caring for him as her age will allow. "Morgana can you be a great big sister and get your baby a nappy?" "Morgana what song should we sing to your brother?" Any way we can possibly get her involved and invested will get her to a point where she might actually get upset with us if we aren't giving him enough attention!

But for now I am going to sign off and do the other part of my plan; exhaust the toddlers with outdoor play so they sleep deeply and early in the evening!

Wish me luck!
Harry

Wednesday October 17th
My caring men,

Since I had to go into the office today, and since Dean and Seamus wanted to have Dylan today/tonight, I decided to bring all three of them with me. After dropping Dylan off, I brought Gabriel and Morgana to the Auror Department with me. They were surprisingly well behaved, content to scribble on the walls of my office - I mean create art - as I had small progress update meetings with all of the Aurors on their respective cases.

Interestingly enough, as the day progressed, I had quite a few of the Aurors just forget to leave the office after they were done. Instead, they got comfortable on the floor and mimed animals and the like to the littles. Morgana tolerated this so long as Gabriel was laughing, but any time he pouted for even a tiny second, she would retaliate against the offender by bashing them over the head with her stuffed monkey.

At one point, the Head of the International Confederation of Wizards, British Seats, came in to ask
if I planned to attend the daily meeting (bitching session), noticed the littles (not to mention half my department on the floor), and got all on his high horse about how the Ministry was no place for children.

Before I could tell him to go shove it, Morgana went from quiet and more or less happy to irate in about a second flat. She pointed at ICOW, BS and let out a high pitched screech. To his surprise - but not mine - the magical (and supposedly shatter resistant) hourglass on the shelf next to him, near the door, exploded and the sand flew around the room so that it could attack him rather relentlessly.

Sighing, I stood up, walked over, and picked Morgana up. "That's enough, love."

She gave me a look that suggested I was being supremely unfair in chiding her rather than him, but otherwise stopped throwing a fit and let the sand fall to the floor. I straddled her over my hip and turned to give ICOW, BS a look to let him know that I actually did feel him to be at fault.

"As you can see, I'm too busy to attend the meeting today."

He was looking Morgana over as if trying to figure out a mystery. "Is that one of your adopted children? Do you know who her birth parents are that she's so powerful?"

"I actually gave birth to her and her brothers - or well, I carried all of them until two of them had to be moved to Harry for all our safety. The POINT is that I AM her birth father, and if you think SHE'S powerful, try pissing her dads off."

I think he had enough sense to realize that the look on my face and the tone of my voice was not friendly to him in the slightest. He cleared his throat, looked like he was about to protest, then apparently changed his mind. "Right. I'll let the others know that you're not coming."

After he left, Morgana insisted that I put her down so that she could go back over to her brother and give him a kiss on the cheek before resuming her artistic picture making.

"They say that kids have a innate ability to judge a person's character," one of the junior Aurors murmured, stroking his chin. "I wonder what he did to trigger such a strong reaction in this little miss?"

"He opened his mouth," I stated.

Girly giggled. "So... word is that you took off the last two days because you were busy adopting a new baby."

"Yep, his name is Nicolas Eltanin Malfoy-Wood, he's two months old, and his mum had to give him up because she couldn't care for a baby with Down Syndrome," I explained. Then added: "And he's one of the most adorable babies you've ever seen."

"Aww," Girly purred happily. "When's his birthday?"

"August 8th," I answered. "Why?"

"That means he's a Leo. He's going to be the sweetest and most generous person when he grows up - a little ray of sunshine everywhere he goes," Girly predicted.

I smiled at her. "He will if Harry and Oliver have anything to say about it!"

"Since it seems like everyone has given their reports, do you think you have a minute?" Girly
wondered.

"I suppose," I murmured.

"I brought a little stuffed puppy," she said as she pulled said puppy out of her pocket - that seems to have been charmed bigger on the inside. "I still haven't been able to find a TRACE of the missing boy or his dad, and his mum seems to be getting tetchy and, er... highly upset."

I nodded. "Understandable. If one of my kids went missing, I'm not sure I'd sleep until he or she was found." I sat in my chair and got as comfortable as possible since I had no idea how long the vision - if I got one - would take.

Funnily enough, not all the Aurors (and by this point, all of the ones who weren't already in my office had crowded in out of curiosity over the fuss Morgana had made) know about my visions. Only those who happened to be in class when Robards came in to hand me a finger knew. And Ginger, of course. In any case, because it's not a widely known bit of information, most of the Aurors looked a little confused as to what was going on.

Once I was comfortable, Girly handed me the toy. I took it and closed my eyes. The vision came quickly.

"I see the boy... He's about 2 years old with sandy blond hair and brown eyes and... he's got a look to him that makes me think he might be Autistic. He's playing with this toy dog, making adorable little woof woof noises. I think he might actually be... not deaf exactly, but hard of hearing because his parents seem to be arguing in the background, but he only perceives them as a sort of annoying drone...

"He looks up at his parents, allowing me to read their lips. The dad is shouting - and I could be wrong, but it looks like: 'Fine, you lazy bitch, I'll go to the store and get bread, milk, and eggs! Then YOU can make us some bloody sandwiches!'

"The dad is, oh... between 175 and 180 centimeters tall with light blond hair and blue eyes. The mum is closer to 160 to 165 centimeters with rich brunette hair and brown eyes. She looks... huh... She almost looks high.

"The dad storms out of their flat in such a furor that he slams the door, and for a moment, the boy seems like he's going to cry, but he sticks out his tongue and bites it to stop himself. Even so, he, erm... somehow manages to sneak around behind his mother so that she doesn't notice him. When he gets to the door, he tries to reach for the knob, but he can't open it, so he sits down in the closet next to the door and plays with his puppy, stroking it and making soft shh noises.

"The vision shows only this for what must be the equivalent of five or ten minutes. It's hard to tell as it's sped up and there's not exactly a clock. Suddenly, the mum yanks the boy out of the closet by his foot and shakes him. I cannot make out the words, but by the volume of the droning, she must be shouting at him.

"He manages to kick her, which makes her drop him. He tries to run, but he has nowhere to go except for under the nearest bed. She drags him out from under there, and then beats him with the stuffed dog - which might not SOUND too bad, until you realize that these big eyes are made out of glass and caused loud thuds on impact. I'm pretty sure one of the blows split his lip and caused blood to get everywhere. He's screaming and trying his best to get away. That droning is getting higher in pitch and I can't understand it until she grabs his head so that she can keep his mouth closed with her hand."
"Now I can see that she's screaming at him to: 'Shut up, you bloody brat! Shut your goddamned mouth!'

"He bites her fingers, making her smack him. Her eyes are utterly bloodshot, and I wonder if those minutes of quiet before the storm involve her taking something that drove her to this state. He tries to get away again, but she grabs him and none too gently brings him to the bathtub, which has already been filled with water. For all I know, it could be left over from his last bath - or hers, whenever that might've been.

"She throws him in the tub, but there's enough water that he doesn't hit his head. It's blurry, but now she's not just trying to drown him, but choke him at the same time. The vision starts growing darker, but suddenly, the boy is yanked out of the water and held to his father's chest as the man pins the mother against the wall with a hand. I cannot see his lips nor hear his words, but I imagine that he's yelling at her for trying to murder their son.

"After a long minute, in which the boy is staring at the toy dog on the floor and holding onto his father for dear life - but not crying, as far as I can tell - his father takes him away..."

After I fell silent, the vision done and yet I needed a moment to replace what I'd just seen with happier thoughts, one of the older male Aurors swore: "Jesus fucking Christ!"

"If any of that's true, then why didn't the dad just call us to take the mum away?" A younger male Auror asked.

Girly sighed rather heavily. "Well... according to the case file, the mother claimed that the father was abusive and had a record. Naturally, I had to look it up in order to try to find him, and it's true, he's been convicted of a lot of crimes, most of which are related to selling illegal potions and fighting rival sellers. I guess, erm, maybe he..."

Bletchley groaned unhappily. "With a record like that, not many would believe a man accusing his wife of trying to murder their son. Especially if her record's clean and she claims it was him."

"Even so!" The young Auror cried out indignantly. "That's what VERITASERUM is for!"

Ginger shrugged. "Maybe he assumed that we would be far more likely to throw them both in a cell until we sorted the situation out. Seems to me like he just wanted to get his son to safety and make sure that he's never harmed again."

Bletchley must have looked over at me and noticed that I was still rubbing my temples. "Roche, correct me if I'm wrong, but doesn't the investigation from this point shift to trying to gathering evidence on the mum? If she tried to murder her son, then aren't we obligated to bring her to justice?"

"Exactly so!" Roche agreed. "Auror Walters!"

Girly sat up a bit straighter and looked at him. "Yes sir?"

"I want you to investigate the mother. See if you can dig up anything on her. In the meantime, I'll personally call her and ask if we can send in a team of magi-forensic investigators to ostensibly look for things against him, but really, see if they can confirm anything from the vision."

That prompted me to hold up the stuffed dog. "I should think that even if she cast every cleaning spell in the book at this, there should still be some actual evidence on the dog. Blood around the eyes seems most likely to me."
"Right!" Girly agreed, taking the dog and putting it in an evidence bag to bring to the lab.

"Er, Chief?" One of my ex-students said, gaining my attention. "Something seems to be wrong with your son..."

I looked over and found Gabriel having a mild seizure. I immediately stood up and went over to take him into my arms. "It's alright. Everything is fine. It's just a little one. Muffy! Please tell Harry to document a mild seizure in Gabriel's Epilepsy journal."

"Yes master," Muffy's voice rang out even though she herself didn't pop into the room.

To my surprise, Morgana tugged on my trouser leg. I responded by getting on my knees and then sitting on my feet. "Something wrong, my love?"

Rather than try to reply, she simply stroked Gabriel's head and hummed. Her humming seemed to - well not exactly calm him because he's used to these and doesn't get scared or cry or anything, but erm… soothe him? In any case, after she pet him for a few seconds, he seemed to relax and his seizure tapered off until he was back to normal.

I smiled at him and gave him a kiss on his slobbery chubby little baby lips. "Hi there, love. Feeling better? Hungry?"

"Num num," Gabriel agreed as he made the sign for putting food in his mouth.

I set him in my lap so that my hands were free and signed even as I asked: "What would you like to eat? Caviar? Pâté?"

He made the sign for caviar, so I summoned a large jar of Golden Sterlet Caviar and a container of sourdough rye crackers out of my carryall watch. After relocating back to my chair, I made up a plate of crackers and caviar for Gabriel, making sure there was enough for Morgana too, who was crawling herself onto my lap. She licked the caviar off a cracker even as I munched on a crackerful myself. Then Morgana signed pâté, making me realize that I'd rather like some as well, so I summoned that and made up some crackers for the three of us.

One of the younger Aurors leaned over to loudly whisper in Girly's ear: "Do rich kids eat that? I mean they're still *kids,* right..."

Girly laughed but didn't say anything.

"Muffy! Do we have any of that tuna sashimi left?"

"Certainly Master," Muffy assured me as she popped into the office with a plate of perfect sashimi.

Morgana tried to steal the entire plate! "Mine!"

"Oh hell no!" I informed her. "I paid for it!"

"MINE!" She roared.

So I did the only thing I could. I duplicated the plate so that she had one of her own. Gabriel grabbed a piece off my plate and took small bites of it in his one hand as he ate crackers and caviar with his other. Have I mentioned how much I LOVE our kids?!

In any case, we were all shocked to find that it was almost time for the majority of the Aurors to go home. With a laugh, Penny Pettigrew dismissed everyone else from my office so that she could
have a chat with me in private - aside from our kids. Then she basically told me that while she appreciates that I'm not overworking myself like my predecessor, she's a little disappointed that I took off so many days in a row. I told her about having a grandson and then adopting a new son of our own, and while she understood, she expressed concerns over my priorities.

That was when I told her that I'd basically decided to stay on until I could find the right person to take over the job. Which led to an in depth discussion on all the changes I wanted to make, such as hiring an assistant for the Head Auror, and possibly another one for the Deputy. Basically, I had thought and planned this out so well by now that she was impressed by the direction I was taking and gave me her blessings. Which honestly, saves HER from having to find a replacement for me.

After that, I decided to write this email, and now I'm going to use the international floo to bring me and the littles back to Spain for the night,

Only you (two) are my life among the dead,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

By the way, in case you are like: Wait, Draco bound her destructive magic???
What actually happened was that Draco took a long time to follow all the various strings of her magic so that he could bind SPECIFICALLY the ability to cause death. So she still has the rest of her destructive magic.
Thursday October 18, 2018

Draco,

It sounds like, minus that horrifying vision you experienced, you had a wonderful day at work and with two of the toddlers. Visits by some of your favorite Aurors, babies being artists, Morgana laying the smack down on someone who annoys you, food you consider yummy. Sounds like a real Draco kind of day.

We, as you now know, had our own version of a wonderful day yesterday. With the toddler trio off with you, we had time to do some more big kid activities. We just did them while Ollie and I each had a baby strapped to us while they slept. Ollie, for most of the time had Emilia strapped to him as she’s a bit smaller and I didn’t want to add much to the fact that he’s already carrying around one baby nonstop! I had Nic all cozy and cuddled up with me.

Lissa, Cael, Seph, Trey, and even Nora picked out our afternoon activity; ziplining through Toledo. Don’t worry, the babies and Ollie didn’t zipline. Oh, who do I think I am talking to? You’d probably think it was a fun activity to bring a newborn on provided you cast all the necessary safety spells.

I am sure you’re well aware, but ziplining was Seph’s idea with an intense agreement from Atreyu. Lily and Caelum agreed and thought it would be fun. Meanwhile Nora Madeline decided she wanted to be one of the big kids and decided to power through her worry and zipline with her siblings. The four bigger kids each went on their own, I zipped with Nora, and Ollie waited at the exit with the babies.

I had such a blast! I love watching the foursome in their death-defying element. I thoroughly enjoyed the thrill, it had that same wind in your face rush as flying, and I got to see this amazing side of Nora I’d not seen before. Her fierce determination.

When I first met our Nora, she was a toddler living alone on the streets of Paris searching for her Daddies. Her strength to survive alone, the dedication it took to walk out of the safe place she had been staying, took an intense amount of grit and determination. Since she’s been home, it’s not as though she has been in a bubble, but she’s certainly not a thrill-seeker like her big siblings. She seems pretty content to be a pampered princess and limit her “danger” to the kiddie coasters at the amusement park.

I am completely fine with this. She can be as reserved as she wants to be, she deserves to feel safe in everything. But today this determined glint came into her eyes and there was no talking her down. She was going to do everything her big siblings could do. When we were being strapped in, I could feel her shaking but her chin was in the air, her hands were clenched, and she was doing it.

Halfway through the zipline she unclenched and started screaming. I had a moment where I thought she was terrified and contemplated screwing the statute and apparating us the hell out of there. Until I realized she was screaming in exhilaration. She was thrilled and excited and running on adrenaline, but mostly she was proud of herself.

So she got to pick the evening activities. After ziplining, Ollie and I brought Emilia and Nic to Lainie and crew, then we took the …. Feisty fivesome? to a kids’ cooking class.
Where we cooked food that was better than traditional kid fare, certainly something that extended our kids already extensive palate. But it also wasn’t disgusting. I’m going to eat delicious food that is healthy and not boring old nuggets and chips. But that doesn’t mean I need to eat meat mush or nasty fish egg goo.


Since I’m on something so negative (seriously, meat paste and fish goo, blech) I may as well touch on the horrible vision you had to experience yesterday.

I feel so badly for everyone in the situation besides that garbage human ‘mother.’ You had to see it. The dad had to witness the end and decide between turning her in and escaping to safety, that poor boy had to experience it. But some of your visions have ended so badly that I can’t help but be thankful that as horrifying as the experience was, he’s alive, he’s somewhere safe.

It seems to me that this probably wasn’t a first incident. If the dad left and this child immediately tried to go with him and then hid? Shushing his toy dog? That tells me he knew to be scared of being alone with her.

I’d like to meet this woman, where does she live again?

Anyway, I can’t think about her or I will RHH all over the place. And I want to just have a good day with my babies. When you left for the office today you took the five bigger kids with, I think you said Nora and Trey were wanting to spend the day at Hogwarts while Lissa, Seph, and Cael were headed into the office with you. That left Ollie and me with Morgana, Gabe, Nic, and I’ll be popping back to the UK to get Dylan in a little bit.

Hopefully we’ll have the chance, without the bigger kids here, to really watch Gabe. I’m not surprised he had a seizure with you yesterday. If his record is as correct as I think it is, he seems to have mild seizures after portkeying, which is how you took them to the Ministry yesterday. But he didn’t have one last night and hasn’t had one today, which tells me the floo doesn’t seem to trigger his seizures. I know we will likely never cure his epilepsy or see him one hundred percent seizure free. But if we can be aware of certain triggers and keep some of the seizures from happening, I’d like to do that.

Hope today goes well and your team finds that bitch and makes her pay!

See you tonight for dinner! Which will NOT be fish goo.

Yours,
Harry

Friday October 19th,
My dearest loves,

I am SO glad that I didn't bring any of the kids to work today! I'm so busy that I don't think my arse has touched my seat for more than five seconds. I've been HOPPING all day! Tell you all about it later.

Love you both and give the kids kisses for me!
Draco
Chapter 369

Chapter Summary

It's been a day.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry to keep you waiting, but my computer basically refused to respond to anything yesterday until I forced it to shutdown and gave it a break for the night. I might post another chapter in a couple of hours to make up for it :-)

Friday October 19, 2018

Love,

I'm sorry you've had a rough day.

Or actually, you never said you were having a rough day, just that it was busy. But either way I am also glad you didn't bring any of the kids with you today. We've been having the greatest, simply lazy, day. Only thing missing is you.

I suppose I should amend that to, the only thing missing was the rest of our family.

You headed off early, and I actually mean early and not just early for YOU, to the Ministry. The rest of us sat around Lainie's place, I made breakfast, the kids played, and we adults managed to have some fairly uninterrupted conversation. I've always liked Ethan, except when I thought he hurt my baby and was bossing her around during her pregnancy with Raf. Over the last few years I've gotten to know Rose very well and she and I get along really well. I absolutely adore Joel and Jayden, but that's probably not so surprising to anyone who knows me. I've yet to really get to know Rodrigo very well though.

And this morning was a good time to do that. He's not a bad cook himself, so he and I worked together on serving up breakfast for everyone. He's become quite a natural at the fatherhood thing just like you and Ollie are. He was wearing baby Milie for most of the morning - don't worry he wasn't cooking with hot oils or anything - as well as giving Raf, Joel, and Jayden little jobs to help out with when they came in and out of the kitchen. He seemed to have a ton of patience even when Jayden insisted on taking every individual grape off the stem by hand before plating the grapes.

And it's probably a good thing he's so hands on because Lainie's three loves have their hands full with her. She's spent the entire day resting on the sofa. Why you ask? Because the last few days she's been telling them she's taking a nap and then apparating to the site of Unity Spain and working instead. She's been pushing herself and when they caught her and dragged her to her Healer, she was instructed to take it easy. Then the Healer told Ethan, Rose, and Rodrigo to watch her like a hawk and insist she not lift a finger unless it's to cuddle her new baby.
Which is why our day today was lazy. And after ziplining the other day, I thoroughly enjoyed the enforced rest.

The bigger kids played board games. We all made a giant blanket fort and watched movies. Morgana, Gabe, and Dylan reconnected after being apart all day Wednesday.

Oh! I forgot to tell you yesterday. When I went to pick up Dylan from Dean and Seamus, I stayed and chatted for a little while. Dyl was, per usual, a little angel. And he's been picking up new words left and right. He's going to be our talker. Maybe a politician like his Auntie 'Mione! Anyway, it was so adorable, he's been calling them DeeDee and ShayShay.

How cute is that?!?

And I think my plan to get Morgana attached to Nicky is working! I have been asking her to help grab nappies, get his pacie or blanket, easy things like that. I always praise her like crazy, "wow, what a great big sister my Morgana is! Thank you babycakes!" things like that. Well, earlier today she was coloring with Raf and I asked Dylan to put Nic's blanket on him. Oh my goodness ... you would have thought I asked him to go punch Morgana in the face with the way she responded. She came rage-toddling across the room, "No! My!"

I was actually worried with how mad she was and how fiercely she was stamping across the room that she was either going to blow something up, accidentally hit Nic in the face with the blanket, or something along those lines. Nope. She got the blanket, and as soon as she got to the baby, her features softened into a sweet smile and she laid it on him so softly and sweetly.

I guess I've now created a bit of sibling rivalry between her, Dylan, and Gabe over who gets to help, but at least she's not going to be upset when we hold Nic all the time?

Oi, this parenting nonsense is hard!

Hope you get to sit down at least a little bit. Hurry back to us, we miss you!

Love,
Harry

Friday October 19th
My husbands,

As I said, today was a busy day. It started by me going in early because I couldn't sleep for some reason. I mean I DID sleep from about midnight to 5 am, and when I did sleep, it was soundly and restful. But then I woke up to go to the loo and could NOT go back to sleep for nothing. So I got out of bed and did my morning routine before going into the Ministry.

When I got to my office, I found Hermione about to write me a note asking me to come to her office as soon as I got in. Well since I was there early, she just told me what she wanted to talk about, which was that all of the people - teams, organizations, what have you - replied back accepting our invitation to an International Dueling Championship.

So that led to us popping in on a team of people who'd been selected to plan out the event. With final confirmation that the event IS going to be held, they were excited and we all devolved into a bit of a dance celebration for about a half an hour before their meeting got back on track. We listened to all their ideas, gave advice on the direction we wanted it to take, and then left to pop in on a meeting for members of the Wizengamot. They were discussing a few changes to existing
laws that were being considered.

After that, Hermione brought me down to the morgue. "This is the young man that tried to murder me with a garrote," Hermione said, indicating a boy that looked SO young and innocent - even though he was in his 20s. "I personally understood that he had mental health issues and may not have realized exactly what he was doing. Thus, even though the official sentence he had been given by the Wizengamot for his act of treason was a quick and painless AK, I was trying to persuade them to give him a stay of execution until he could be given a year or so of Mind Healing - and then retry him based on that circumstance - maybe give him a lighter sentence if he could prove he was in a better mind and repentant."

"I take it the Wizengamot refused?" I asked based off the evidence of the dead body.

"Well actually, they hadn't decided yet, although they say they were leaning toward just getting it over with so that he didn't have to suffer through learning WHY he had done an unforgivable thing and then knowing that he had a death sentence that could be carried out at any time," Hermione explained.

I raised a brow, caught between being certain that I knew what had happened and not being able to ever admit to it. "Oh? So... what happened?"

Hermione sighed. "When you and my wife were in Russia dealing with... business, this young man - whose name was Trevor Blithely - mysteriously died in his sleep. We can't figure out how. He wasn't hit with an AK. He wasn't strangled. His Magi-Autopsy didn't show anything like a stroke or a heart attack, and there are no poisons in his system that we know of. So..." She shrugged helplessly.

I hugged her and rubbed her back. "I know it's rather sad to think of an entire life wasted, but - mentally incompetent or not - this was a young man who thought the easiest solution to a bunch of minor possible problems was to simply murder you. He... more or less deserved this. And more importantly, it looks like he died peacefully."

"I know," she murmured morosely. "I just, well, I don't know what to do with his body. It's long past time that it was released to his family for burial, but he didn't have anyone, and none of his friends seem to want to come in and take responsibility for him."

I shrugged. "So have him cremated and scatter his ashes in a beautiful lake or put in an urn in a mausoleum with a small plaque to explain who he was and what he did along with your sincerest wishes that he's at peace."

Hermione sniffed slightly and wiped her nose. "I... suppose I could do that..."

I kissed her on the cheek and held her comfortingly for a few more minutes. At that point, I was getting hungry and noticed that the clock charm on the wall stated that it was past lunchtime. "Come have lunch with me?"

"That sounds brilliant," she agreed, obviously trying to sound cheerful.

On our way out of the morgue, we nearly ran into a junior Auror who was dashing around looking for me. "Chief! We, erm, have a situation!"

This made Hermione chuckle a little and give me a kiss on the cheek. "Go on and deal with whatever it is. I'll just go home and eat lunch with my family - for once."

"You're just happy that whatever this is, it's NOT being brought to you!" I accused her in
"You bet your sweet arse I am!" Hermione admitted gleefully before lightly pushing me toward the Auror and making her escape.

Sighing, I rushed after the junior Auror, who started jogging, forcing me to get a bit more exercise than I'd anticipated having today. We got back to the Auror department in about two minutes, both of us just very slightly out of breath. Clearly I haven't done enough running OR exercising recently. No WONDER my arse just keeps on getting bigger!

When I stepped into my office, it was to find a woman I was planning to interview today looking around at the Auror department through the door with wide eyes and an eager expression on her face - like she was supremely overjoyed that there was apparently something dramatic going on.

"Sorry, luv, but I'm going to have to postpone this interview until a later date," I informed her. "Now if you'll kindly get the fuck out of my office?" I asked/ordered as I settled myself in my chair. Disappointed, she gave me an unhappy but mild glare as she left, passing Ginger. Ginger grabbed my hand and yanked me out of my chair.

"No time to get comfortable!"

Without a word, I let her drag me to an incident room. The moment we arrived, I realized that the majority of the Auror department was getting kitted out. Bletchley spotted me and gestured for us to go over to him and Roche.

"Alright, so here's the situation," Bletchley began. "We received a report of a drunken brawl in progress on or near the grounds of Stonehenge. The reason WE are being called in rather than the muggle police is that part of the brawl involves an intense wand fight. Our first job is to go in, break up the brawl, and then apprehend the duelers. After that, the second job will be determining who involved is muggle and needs to be Obliviated."

"Right," I stated in understanding, grabbing a couple dozen of my mapping drones and slipping them into my carry all watch. The contacts and earbuds were part of the standard kit, and so, I didn't need to worry about telling everyone to wear them.

Happily, I noticed that someone had already pulled up an accurate magi-map of the area. "Everyone who is on the ward specialization team, I want you to Apparate around the perimeter here..." I pointed out a nice spacious border that shouldn't be TOO cumbersome to work with, but also hopefully keep the entire scene contained. "And then set up all the standard wards."

"Right, Chief!" They called out in understanding.

"The rest of us are going to go in with our wands drawn, stunning EVERYONE we can to end the situation as quickly as possible. Stunning spells only unless you absolutely HAVE to cast something stronger out of self defense or defense of others," I ordered, probably unnecessarily since this was more or less the standard operating procedure.

Penny Pettigrew spoke up then, calling my attention to her standing in the doorway. "I've got the rest of the DMLE ready to go. I'm planning to have them outside the wards, at the ready in case someone gets through, or manages to break the wards in an attempt to escape. They'll also be on hand to provide backup if necessary."

"Perfect," I stated. In actuality, since the other side of the DMLE is officers who are usually called out to things in process - such as a drunken brawl - THEY were probably the ones who should be
handling this whole situation, but I presume that since Penny wasn't demanding as much, she must have already decided to send in the Aurors with their more specialized training to handle things. The look she gave me reminded me that we'd worked together on raids before, and maybe she just wanted the whole thing to be as organized as possible.

So with our orders clear, I deployed my Aurors in waves, with the Ward Specialists going in first. I went with them to toss out my mapping drones and ensure that they were sending perfect signals to my magi-tablet. Once the Aurors and officers arrived, the situation was a rather simple one. We just slightly outnumbered the brawlers, and they weren't expecting us, so we were able to take the majority of them down quickly.

It was the ones that might be considered smarter that caused trouble, as they were actively shielding themselves from all spells even as they were trying to cast spells like Impedimenta in order to take us down without seriously hurting us - which would earn them a huge sentence if they were caught. They were doing their best to clear a path and escape, and somewhat ironically, the best tactic was to slip through their magic repelling shields and physically Krav Maga them to the ground.

I'm certain you won't be surprised to learn that I was quite kicking arse. I was able to take advantage of my subordinates trying to distract and Incarcerate them by slipping around behind them. It only took maybe ten minutes to get the troublemakers under control.

At that point, I was able to retire to the hastily erected command tent - that Penny had the Officers set up. I entered the tent and flopped my slightly exhausted arse into the first available chair.

"This is no time to be sitting!" Penny admonished me, yanking me right back out of the chair. She placed a hand on the back of my neck and pushed me closer to the interactive map so I had a good look at it. "This area here? It's OUTSIDE of the wards, yes?"

"Yes," I confirmed.

"So those three dots running around erratically are probably trying to flee the scene?"

I bit my lip in thought. "If that's the case, why didn't they just Apparate away? And besides, you're right, they are REALLY erratic. They're not escaping so much as fighting each other." I gestured around to a couple of the Senior Aurors and Officers who were now in the tent with us. "Form three teams. The first team will flank left, the second team right, and the third team will Apparate to this area to cut them off by erecting wards."

"If we're flanking, are we apprehending?" The seniors asked.

"No," I stated decisively with a shake of my head. "Your job is to contain them to a smaller area so that I can lead a group of those I know to be highly skilled in unarmed combat in to disarm and apprehend them." I then gestured to the lines I wanted the two flanking teams to form. "And remember, remain vigilant and cast shielding spells if you even so much as SUSPECT that one of their spells are going to go astray and hit anything at all."

"Yes Chief!"

It took a minute or so to get everyone - that wasn't charged to remain with those currently in custody - grouped and deployed. After giving the three teams two minutes to get into position and erect those wards, I gestured for those going with me to follow as I ran toward the trio of drunken duelers.
I know you're dreading some mishap - such as me getting caught with an unknown hex to the chest. Or MAYBE you're hoping for something exciting, like me running up and suavely Krav Magaing them all to the ground, but the truth is that the three of them had hexed each other so badly by the time we even arrived that one was collapsed and on the verge of dying, another had a broken leg and was trying to crawl away, and the third was still standing, but panting very heavily and bleeding from a good dozen open wounds on his body. I didn't even have to go near them.

Instead, I examined my magi-tablet to ensure that no OTHER people had escaped the original wards. As I worked, Aurors who were also trained medics took custody of the trio, ensuring that none of them died and rushing the most severely injured one to St. Mungo's.

I had shot you my first rushed and extremely short email when I was gearing up to head out, and now I'm writing this one now that I've returned to my office and have to write up an official report on the incident anyway. I'm about done with both and will be heading back to you all soon.

I love you, even when I'm sleeping,
Draco
Harry is feeling melancholic and Draco refuses to be dragged down by it.

Saturday October 20, 2018

My Loves,

As I sit here in the dark, in our borrowed little room in Spain, I can't help but feel a bit ... melancholic?

I am feeling a bit shell-shocked at the moment, and I think the best thing for me to do is to immerse myself in what scares me. Our children, especially our adult children, have lives that have absolutely nothing to do with us. It's just ... I know logically that they are their own people, I know as much as I love them with the entirety of my heart, they are not just extensions of myself.

It's easy to forget that when we are living together, or when they come to visit home. Their children, their friends, their love interests, all coming to us to meet us as an extension of our child. Even the friends or love interests we've known most of their lives like Pearl and Ethan, we essentially re-met when introduced as the significant other of our child. And since there will always be the part of me that sees Elena as an extension of myself, I see her loves as further extensions of our lives.

Is my babbling making sense? I look at our family as the solar system, all of our circle as pieces that gravitate to the "center," the "sun," the family. But tonight, at the little gathering of Lainie's friends she's made out here in Spain, along with the friends she's always had that traveled to celebrate her birthday, I realized she's created her own solar system.

Our little girl has a life that has absolutely nothing to do with us. She is the center of this world, her children, her loves, her friends gravitating around her. I'm so very happy for her. I'm proud of her for being someone who instills great love and loyalty in those around her. I am obviously thrilled she's growing this beautiful family and giving me more grandchildren to dote upon. But it was equally hard to see there's a part of her life that is separate from me, from us. To see this life she's built that has everything to do with her being the amazing Elena Rojas Malfoy and nothing to do with her being Harry, Draco, and Oliver's kid. It's hard as a father to know there's a part of her life we have nothing to do with.

But with that being said, she welcomed us with open arms and wanted us in her little solar system. We were introduced to co-workers and friends. I was introduced as "this is my Dad Harry" and "come here, I want you to meet one of my fathers-in-law, Elena's Dad Harry." We raised this beautiful woman who got out on her own, built her own world, and wants us in it.

So, that's why I am wide awake when you're both sleeping, and all the little ones are asleep. I can't stop thinking about how scary it is that our grown daughter doesn't need us. But I'm humbled to my core to know that she DOES want us.

Maybe I'll try to sleep now that I've got all these thoughts out and in writing. I hope my brain has
settled. If I still can't sleep I'll probably go try and see if Lainie needs any help with her newborn since Nic is sleeping like a little prince and isn't giving me anything to do!

Torn,
Harry

Sunday October 21st
My darlings,

Harry, I refuse to be dragged down the: "My kids have grown up and are out on their own," spiral because I literally created a potion to stop them aging and keep them all 5 or 10 years old forever, but you refused to let me use it on them, so...

*Draco has to take a break and finish 'not crying' over how grown up Elena is, on her second baby already! Salazar buggering Merlin! Time fucking flies! It's seems like we've only had her 10 years!*

Anyway, as I was saying, I refuse to be dragged down that spiral. Instead, I'm going to play peekaboo with Nicolas, who already has a smile like a pure ray of light. No Oliver, I'm NOT going to hand him over yet! You can have him all day tomorrow when I'm at the Ministry.

I'm perfectly capable of feeding a baby! Oliver! No, Oliver! FINE!

Harry, Oliver just stole our son from me, so I'm going to gather up some of the other kids - such as the Feisty… Fivesome? And Joel and Jaden, and whoever else is here and wants to go on an adventure with me. Please snuggle Rafael and Emilia for me while we're gone.

Pour some sugar on me,
Draco
Chapter 371

Chapter Summary

Harry is concerned about Parker and Oliver has run off to support him.

Monday October 22, 2018

My Loves .... but mostly directed to my Ollie,

Today started out so wonderfully. I got up nice and early to make Lainie her favorite breakfast foods. And per usual when he doesn't have something pressing at the restaurant, Zaire made sure to get to Lainie's house early enough to help me out with breakfast. We had everything made, stasis charms keeping everything the perfect temperature.

Most birthdays I like to let the birthday kid sleep in a little but then I want to bring them breakfast in bed so I do wake them up eventually. Not so for the new mum. My Lainie-Girl can sleep as late as she'd like to, she's recovering from childbirth and waking with a newborn. If she wants breakfast a suppertime, I'm fine with that!

Luckily, she didn't sleep in crazy late so it was like a late breakfast, brunch-style meal. I got in about a gazillion snuggles with Joel, Jayden, Rafael, and Emilia. The bigger kids got in their final playtime. Playing some game "one last time" or remembering to pack that essential item they almost forgot. It was a great morning, and as much as I've loved our visit it was even greater knowing we were on our way home.

Anyway, on to the reason this is mostly directed towards Ollie. I can't imagine what you and Parker are feeling right now. Obviously I love Parker, and in no way consider him "less" my child than the children I've been able to claim since the beginning. But the reality is, he's only been my son for a very short time and he's been an adult the entire time. I'm so upset for him, and heartbroken for everything he's going through. I have to assume my heartbreak is a fraction of yours as he's been yours since he was in diapers. Or, hmm, maybe not diapers, he was three when he went home with you, he was likely potty trained.

Ahh, I'm getting off track. I have to put into perspective that everything and everyone is fine. They're all fine. No one is hurt, everyone we love is safe and accounted for. But it was a scary few hours that could have ended sadly or even tragically.

For the past few weeks, I've tried to keep track of all the upcoming babies. We had Lainie's Emilia and Ollie you and Serenity are almost there, Cassie's baby should be born soon, Orion's Mara should be giving birth shortly after Ollie, and Parker's one-off I knew was due any day.

Parker's one-off is currently the reason for the heartbreak. See, unlike the Orion situation where he is in a relationship with Mara and will most definitely be in the delivery room, or how the young woman carrying Cassie's baby has asked Cass to be in the room with her, Parker's baby's bio-mum had no interest in Parker being there for the birth. I understand him wanting to be there for the birth, but it is her body and her labor. He's getting sole custody, so he'll have the rest of that baby's life with them. I think he had finally come to terms with not being there but being able to come see baby almost immediately.
Except the damn woman decided she didn't like that he'd already won sole custody due to her underhanded actions in trying to trick him out of money and custody. She still would have visitation, but her actions showed she didn't have baby's best interest at heart and it lost her sole custody.

Well, it looks like she won't be showing up for visitation any time soon. The closer we get to the end of October, the weirder I found it to be that she hadn't given birth yet. I know Cassie's biomum is safely ensconced at Unity House and we'll know the moment she goes into labor. Not so for this other woman. She must have decided she didn't want to give up custody, not that I blame her for that, but she should have thought of that before she tried manipulating Parker into giving up his rights and his money!

She took off when she went into labor. She fled the country and thought that by giving birth outside of the UK, she would be able to get away without having to contact Parker. However, she didn't take into account that we have contacts all over the globe. We have people in high positions of wizarding power all over because of the amount of time we've spent creating Unity and Traditions. Ironically, she ran away to Russia. While in labor she began cursing Parker, cursing all three of us, and the entire Malfoy lawyer armada for forcing her to "give birth in this Merlin-forsaken hellhole!"

Rule number one ya dipshite, if you're hiding from a powerful family don't try to hide out in a country where they've created an orphanage, have family who live there, and have their fingers in their muggle mafia. Also ... maybe don't loudly curse their name.

All of these events led to us receiving a hysterical message from Parker while we were cuddling a very fussy Nic on the plane ride home. Side note: the plane might be best for Gabe's epilepsy but Nicky's ears hate the airplane!

Ollie left me to comfort little mister grumpy pants while he checked his insta-mobile that was dingering. Love, you should have seen the hysterical look on your face when you came back and tried telling me about her trying to kidnap the baby and hide from Parker.

As soon as we touched down, you were apparating away to Parker, leaving me with the rest of our crew.

Now I'm sitting at the Manor waiting for Draco to get back from the Ministry, waiting to hear ANY updates on our newest Grandchild, and trying to introduce a still kind of fussy Nicolas to his Grandparents.

One of you contact me already! I'm anxiously awaiting some information!

Love,
Harry

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Monday October 22nd
Dear Harry and Draco,

I'm writing this from Russia. First of all, everything is fine...

So... When Parker and I arrived at the hospital with one of the Malfoy Lawyers - armed with paperwork to prove that this baby is Parker's and they legally had to give her to him - we walked into the private recovery room expecting a dramatic row, at the very least.
It seems that Draco’s dear Grandmama had heard word (through an AMAZING grapevine, apparently) that this woman was trying to steal one of her great... great? grandchildren, and decided to take steps. Thus, Parker and I walked into the recovery room to find dear sweet Grandmama calmly rocking little girl in a chair and feeding her, while having a soft yet, erm, intense conversation with Henrietta (the one-off).

I almost feel sorry for Henrietta, since she was trying to comfort herself by clutching her blanket, her eyes were bigger than saucers, and she seemed rather apprehensive of the six extremely large and burly men crowded into the room with Grandmama.

Erm... so... Well, Parker and I were able to prove (via the Lawyer) that he has sole custody of the child, which allowed us to bring her to a hotel for us to rest in a bit before our flight back to London. When we left the recovery room, it was to the assurance that Grandmama would take good care of Henrietta and ensure that she made it home safely.

Should I be worried?? Should I, erm… insist on bringing Henrietta home WITH us?? Or... should I just, erm… assume that Henrietta will be fine?

Help?
Oliver
Chapter 372

Tuesday October 23, 2018

Oh Ollie,
and our Draco as always of course,

I think you've finally realized, from a first-hand perspective, how hard it is to not let Grandmama take matters into her own hands. To let her, to ask her even, to fix something or someone when your loved one has been wronged. I love that you've been our voice of reason. I adore that you've really laid down the law and told us we can't continue to be judge, jury, and friends of the executioner. To stop playing God and allow things to happen as they should.

But I think you finally realized, even though you never told us we were monsters, how easy it is to become the monster who craves blood when you see the heartbreak in one of your loved ones eyes.

I can see the indecision in your eyes, even though you weren't actually with me when you wrote your email. The father in you wanting to protect your son while the rational part of you knows the woman was just desperately doing what she thought was best. However, I have to teach you the lessons my beloved husband (you!) instilled in me when I was willing to take things to Grandmama at the slightest provocation. You may feel like it now, but you do not want Grandmama to take care of this situation in the final way we know she can.

You don't want Parker to know you, or anyone else he loves, had a hand in the death of his child's mother.

You don't want our granddaughter to know you, or anyone else she loves, had a hand in the death of her mother.

That doesn't mean we can't accept some of her less deadly help. And I think her arrival at the hospital was already helpful. If not for her, Henrietta may have found a way to abscond with the baby before you could arrive. And while I know you don't truly want this woman's death, I also know you would accept it if that's what kept your family safe.

While you and Draco were with Parker last night, cuddling our newest little sweetheart, I removed myself from the room to have a good long chat with Grandmama. As soon as I got your email, I immediately messaged her to keep her eye on Henrietta but to not do anything with her until she heard from us. Luckily I'm her favorite and she listened to me.

I think it helps I told her if she did this to my exact instructions, I would forgive her for forcing Draco into the unbreakable vow. It does come with the knowledge that I will NOT forgive her for it a second time.

Sorry, off track again. We think we have a workable solution. But I realize it is not up to me. And as much as I want Ollie to make the call, I think Parker should get final say. So when you both get a chance to read this, we should all discuss it together, bring it to Parker, and let him have the final say.

Here are the options:

1-We let Grandmama do whatever she thinks is best ... please note that she thinks killing the woman is best. I disagree but it technically IS an option. Personally, I don't think we should even tell Parker this is an option, but again, not my call.
2-We take Henrietta from Grandmama's clutches and bring her back to the UK. We let the official legal battle commence. She will stand trial and/or make a plea bargain for her own actions. We completely wash our hands of the whole thing and allow the legal system to do what it needs to do.

3-Grandmama is willing to "take care" of the "Henrietta problem" differently from her usual style. With a bit of magic and muggle scheming .... Henrietta wanted to be in another country so badly? We give that to her. Grandmama will obliviate her of all memories concerning our family, Parker, or the baby. She will forget she ever slept with Parker, she will forget she ever was pregnant or had a child, and wake up in some different English-speaking country. She'll use a memory charm on top of the obliviate to add memories of wanting to move to wherever she goes, packing, saying goodbyes, etc. We can even send her off with a bit of cash so we know she'll be alright.

Thoughts? Comments? Concerns? Suggestions?

Now that's enough emailing from me, I have a new baby to smooch and cuddle!

Yours,
Harry

Wednesday October 24th
My beloved husbands,

Here I sit in my office (the Head Auror one, not the Chief of Raids one), FINALLY interviewing people for the position of assistant for both the Head Auror and the Deputy Head. It's... slow. I was hoping for, erm… less ego, if I'm honest, and more willingness to do the job competently with a pleasant attitude. So far, I've wanted to strangle most of them for being far too eager to present themselves in a good light and nowhere near content to shut up and listen to the actual expected duties.

Sigh... I'm seriously considering asking Pippa if I can just clone her two or three times...

In any case, holding little Phoebe yesterday with Oliver was amazing in that just watching Oliver's eyes light up, ah... It was gorgeous. I can't wait to see his eyes when Serenity is born!

Phoebe Rayne Wood, born on the 21st of October... She's such a cutie! She looks a little like Parker, but I never really saw the incorrigible Henrietta (ugh, what an ugly name!), so I can't say for certain which bits come from her. Speaking of, I'm rather glad that when given his options, Parker (and Oliver) decided that Obliviation was the best option. It just... prevents Henrietta from ever coming back and trying anything to extort money from us in the future. And besides, after running off to have the baby that had legally already been given to Parker, she was looking at actual jail time for kidnapping, and so in many ways, this might actually be the kinder option to her.

Naturally, we saw to it that she had enough money to start a new life and survive until she can get a job and support herself - in Australia because that's farther away than America.

Anyway, I'll be home after - oh? What's this? Harry, did you also get an Insta-owl from Oliver saying that he's going to be in a waiting room supporting Cassie, who's going to be in a delivery room witnessing the birth of her baby? I, erm… can't get away just yet. Harry, do you think you can have the elves and some or all of the grandparents watch Nicolas and the others so you can support Oliver as he supports Cassie? Or did Oliver ask you to stay home with the kids?
I suppose I'll have another tiny little peanut to meet tonight when I get home, or probably more like tomorrow considering how long labor takes.

Craving OHHHH constant craving,
Draco
Chapter 373

Chapter Summary

Oliver is having a rather hard time but putting on a happy face.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Thursday October 25, 2018

My Dragon,

Everything is fine. Everyone is healthy. Baby is finally here. But with that being said, I think you should get here to St. Mungo's as soon as possible.

First things first, at 12:02 AM, our newest grandson Brett Evan Burke-Wood was born. Solemn as a saint, staring at everything with an enormous set of blue eyes. He's adorable and I'm already firmly in love with him. As is Cassie, who's showing off her baby to anyone willing to stop and peek and a few people who I don't think were willing but terrified of her. She's such a sweet calm little thing, I forget that she's the baby who used to order me to stop crying! She's soft and sweet with a steel frame.

The person who's not doing so well with the new baby is our Oliver. He's putting on an absolutely wonderful front. I don't think anyone but myself is noticing his sadness. Not even Cassie, but that's probably because she's distracted by her new son. But while his gaze is fond and happy, well... he's congratulated Cassie about a million times. He's thanked her for making this little peanut his grandson. He's given little Brett about a million little kisses on his sweet baby head already. He really is putting on a good front of being completely thrilled.

He needs us Draco. I was doing my usual blubbering nonsense when presented with a new baby to love on. When Cassie managed to wrench the babe out of Ollie's grip, I went and gave him cuddles. And then I ruined everything. I said, "He's just beautiful isn't he Ollie? Besides maybe on our Nora, have you ever seen eyes that blue?"

In all seriousness, he has some startlingly beautiful blue eyes.

But the response wasn't what I expected. Instead Ollie looked at me with haunted eyes and said, "I have seen eyes that blue Harry, he has the same eyes as Edmond." I tried to cover my shock but I don't think I did a very good job since he followed that comment up with a broken, "I should have been prepared for it since they're biologically erm, related, but he looks almost exactly like Ed."

He really quickly shook himself out of the sad face, plastered on his smile, and kept going. I just think we need to be here with him while he's strong to make this day perfect for Cassie, and then drag him home to either let him cry it out with us, or we shag him so hard he forgets everything.

I personally vote shagging, but I can be flexible.

Or I can be VERY flexible ... while shagging.
I know it's going on 2:00AM at this point and you're probably exhausted from a long day at the ministry ..... but wake up and get here anyway! If it helps there IS a baby to cuddle.

Yours,
Harry

Thursday October 25th
My beautiful husbands,

I decided to play the arsehole card. I popped into St. Mungo's, gave Cassie a hug and a kiss on the cheek, kissed baby Brett, and then informed Cassie that it was past all our bedtime and I was insisting that my husbands come home and go to bed with me.

Without giving Oliver a chance to object, I Apparated him straight home, trusting that you'd either come with us, or say goodbye and follow within a minute. Once home, I pulled Oliver into my arms and kissed his temple.

"I know," I murmured. "It hurts. It's a painful reminder of everything that happened, but you'll overcome this and emerge stronger. You'll see."

"How can you be so strong?" He whispered in my ear.

"Too much practice at too young an age," I informed him, stroking his back and just holding him.

Harry, you popped in just then and wrapped your arms around the both of us. We let Oliver just process everything in his own good time. He just - not quite crying, but breathing heavily - sat there breathing us in until he was ready. He turned to you and gave you a tender kiss, which somehow turned into the three of us exploring each other with our hands and mouths.

I didn't necessarily think that he was going to be in the mood to shag, just wanted tactile comfort, but he proved me wrong by almost attacking you. That gave me a good show to watch before the two of you reached that almost lazy, sleepy but not quite tired enough to sleep stage. That's when I pulled you, Harry, between us and insisted on having a hot and delicious Harry sandwich - and I'm using the term correctly this time.

Mmm...

Oliver love, I hope you are feeling better now. I am not sure how long I'll be in the office today, but I'll try to come home as soon as possible to hold you some more if you need, but honestly, I think Harry might actually be better at the comforting thing. All I do is basically sit there in silence and hope you eventually feel better.

That said, if you're feeling up to it, I'm in the mood to go dancing and singing in the ballroom tonight. What say you both? Dance with me? Dance with each other while I sing nonsensical and silly love songs to you?

You see me I see you,
Draco

Chapter End Notes
NOTE: For those that don’t remember (it's really easy to miss), Cassie is adopting the baby that Ed's parents impregnated a teenaged girl with. Which is technically Ed's younger brother, and part of the reason Cassie decided to adopt him :-)

Chapter 374

Chapter Summary

Harry was wrong about why Oliver was upset, and Draco is singing silly love songs.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Thursday October 25, 2018

Love,

Things have gone much more smoothly today than I thought they would. Cassie brought Brett home and since I have every day off and Ollie didn't have anything scheduled on the pitch for today, we went to visit and help her settle in. We were all exhausted from being up late last night, but had a wonderful afternoon together.

I have to say, while it's been a bit overwhelming having all these babies born and adopting Nic all in the matter of weeks, I think we've got Morgana thoroughly used to seeing all of her Daddies with babies in their arms. She still doesn't like it I can tell, but she's sweet and tolerating for the most part. It is different with Nicky though, she has definite ideas of how he deserves to be treated and I will catch Hell if I let him cry for longer than it takes to stand up immediately and get to him. I worried at the beginning she'd be jealous of the attention, I should have worried that she'd latch on to him as her baby and demand we all treat him like a little prince!

I am much less nervous for Morgana's reaction to Serenity's arrival than I was a month ago! She's really turning out to be a fantastic big sister.

The other thing that's gone smoothly has been Oliver's emotional stability. I think yesterday's reaction really stemmed from being exhausted from it being late and from spending the day sitting around a hospital waiting room as well as his regular pregnancy induced exhaustion. All of that on top of the aforementioned pregnancy's hormones and the shock of seeing those eyes in miniature was too much for his brain at one in the morning.

And while I did accurately read the situation about him being sad, I misconstrued the why of it all.

I thought the reason he was upset was the reminder of his less than happy marriage with Edmond. That little Brett's face was going to be a constant reminder of the man he was married to towards the end when things were abusive and controlling.

This morning we woke up with one of those cozy, let's stay in bed, warm chats. Soft kisses and whispered words. And come to find out his issues don't stem from seeing the face of his ex in miniature bringing back bad memories. They stem from seeing exactly what he and Edmond were robbed of by his ex-in-laws. In bright colors and baby-soft skin, he held a baby that looked like what a baby of theirs could have looked like. The exhaustion and hormones were intense that all he could focus on was the unfairness of it all.

This morning he had much better perspective. He's obviously thrilled with another grandchild. And
he lit up every time Cassie cooed over the baby.

And what little sadness he had seemed to disappear when Nicky gave him baby giggle after baby giggle.

Anyway, I'm going to make a nice dinner for Cassie before we head home (with extras in stasis for you don't worry!) and Ollie and I insist on taking you up on your offer of an evening of singing and dancing with you in the ballroom.

Hurry home,
Harry

Thursday October 25th
My darlings,

Today was rather productive in that I finally got a chance to conduct those interviews I've been planning. So now, I have a half dozen potential assistants who - on the surface - seem qualified to help the Head/Deputy Head Auror as necessary. I'm going to subject them to a bit of a trial by fire and have them each take a turn plunging into the deep end. They'll basically have to act as an assistant to the entire department - all on their own - and the two that survive the trial with the best 'scores' will be hired on.

I'm planning to instruct the department to give them absolute hell! I'm quite looking forward to watching this play out, hahaha!

When I got back from the Ministry, after a normal giant family dinner, I brought you both to the ballroom where I insisted that we dance to some lovely instrumental music for a while, in a sort of swaying triangle with no real sophistication. After - oh... an hour or so - I told you two to dance without me so that I could grab my acoustic guitar and strum a simple tune while I sang fragments of random love songs to you both.

"Oh no I'm not trying to be clever, but our love doesn't get any better."

"Cuz I~~~~ don't mind loving you, Cuz I~~~~ don't mind loving you~~~! I could be anywhere, I could be anywhere, I could be ANYWHERE with you!"

"You got me SOOOO in love with you, baby!"

"With just a few things from my car, blankets and you and maybe this guitar, rent out a room under those stars, howl at the moon like the monsters we are, I don't want nothing but you~~~ oh oh oh oh!"

"Please... please... please don't give up on me just yet, boy don't forget 'cuz this will always be true, you see me, I see you."

Eventually I must have got too stupidly insipid for even you sappy romantics, because you both decided to shut me up by tackling me to the floor and having your way with me. Ah.... I'm going to sleep well tonight.

And in the morning, well, it's back to the Ministry for me, but I'm going to be smiling the whole day.

I have nothing if I don't have you (two),
NOTE: The songs Draco was singing are all songs that Tom Felton has created/sang. Although I did change a lyric or two to fit our boys ^_^ I'll post one example ^_^
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gDJ43S3R4CU
Monday October 29, 2018

Finally!

My loves, I am having a blissfully wonderful morning. The sun is having one of its rare shiny autumn days. I had a fantastic run this morning, did a personal best time on our Manor track. Knock wood, the babies have been well behaved and wonderful this morning. And seeing as it's one of the last lovely days we'll have before a gloomy winter hits, I have all the littles at the Manor Park right now playing in the sunshine. While a sweet boy naps on the blanket next to me.

On top of my own personal great day, Draco you seem to think you're getting close to finding the best assistant to the Head/Deputy Head Aurors. Which means we're that much closer to you being done with that project and likely to be home more often. Oh, and the whole having the right assistant will mean the Auror department will run smoothly and competently. But who are we kidding, that is not exactly high on my list of personal priorities.

Then!!! As if those two things weren't already enough, Viktor (and Ginny and Keisha obviously) have finally gotten to Hogwarts to take over for our Ollie while he's on paternity leave! I know you're a ridiculously talented flyer love, but you having such a different center of gravity has made me worried for you every time you get up in the air.

So, Draco is doing finishing touches at the DMLE ... Oliver is walking Viktor through his duties ... and I'm playing with babies in the sun.

Life is good,
Harry

Monday October 29th
My beautiful husbands,

I'm so excited that Oliver is off on paternity leave - as soon as he finishes training Viktor in. Maybe the moment that I finish hiring those who need to be hired, we'll have just enough time before Oliver pops to go on a lovely little holiday.

But as for me right now, things are relatively quiet. The second of the six assistants I'm interviewing is in here running around like a chicken with his bloody head cut off! I'm not certain he's going to pass the test, which is sad really since the woman that had her trial on Friday seemed to kick arse at it. But happily, there's one more man (and three more women) to test, and so, if things go the way I want them to, I'll be able to hire a man and a woman as a balanced set of assistants to the Head and Deputy Head Aurors. And by extension, a little bit of the rest of the department.

But speaking of the Head and Deputy Head, well... Roche is adamant that he will not take the position of Head Auror, and he's also more certain than ever that he needs to basically take off on a nice long holiday and then when/if he returns, take a demotion to regular Auror. A senior one who probably does more than a regular one, but still, one who's not obligated to work on every case in the department at once.

So, in that vein, I've been wondering WHO in the bloody hell I can promote to these positions, and
before I put an official advert out, I really want to go through everyone who already works here, as actual Aurors are probably going to make better Head Aurors than someone who thinks it might be interesting to come in off the street and take over despite having no real experience in this field.

So, I'm about to go out (of my office) and give all the Aurors secret interviews in that I won't actually tell them they are interviewing for the positions. I'll tell them that I just need to ask a few questions to help me - I dunno - fill out their yearly reviews or something, but based off their answers and how well they hold onto their composure when I go full hardarse on them, well, that'll tell me who's more likely to be able to handle the job.

We'll see. Wish me luck!

I want your number tattooed on my arm in ink I swear,
Draco
Tuesday October 30, 2018

Love,

I feel badly because I think all of my recent emails have probably been a mixture of boring and gloating. I just keep going on and on about how much I'm loving the stay at home parenting life. I talk about the little ones and all the fun we're having playing outside. I mention the little baby smiles I get all day long. And now, today, I am also going to be talking about looking at our beautiful husband.

While you are stuck at the Ministry interviewing for assistants and Head Auror or Deputy Head Auror or ... honestly I don't even know anymore. It's just so much and while I care what is happening to you, I don't think I could possibly care less what happens to that department if I tried. After years of emotionally battling that department, the drain of knowing they could explode into your and then our lives whenever they wanted, as far as I am concerned they can all take a long walk off a short pier.

But that's probably not very mature of me.

Meh, I'm not very mature!

I spend my days chasing toddlers around a playground, baking biscuits, playing with puppies, and watching cartoons. My life is sticky fingers, naptime stories, and peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

Or, if you're Ollie, peanut butter and banana sandwiches because "jam has the consistency of snot, Harry!" There's me told I guess. I personally love a good jam, but if Oliver wants to stick hunks of sticky mushy penis fruit on his lunch, that's his own business.

Yeah, you're trying to hire professionals to care for our world's law enforcement and we're arguing about whether bananas or jam is more disgusting. I'm not even ashamed, just very very glad this is my life!

Although if you could hurry up and get all these people hired and trained that would be amazing. I definitely want to go on holiday, a little baby-moon before Serenity gets here. Not that we are ever baby-less, but you know what I mean! And I want you to join us on our afternoon excursions to parks and gardens. I want you home! Ollie wants you home! The kids want you home! Come be lazy slobs with us for a while!

Oh! And I know you probably won't be done with your hiring and interviewing by then, but are you going to be able to get off for a few hours to go to the Samhain ritual at Hogwarts with us this
Shite! I've got to go! Ollie is trying to introduce peanut butter and bananas to our children! To our CHILDREN!!!

Love,
Harry

Wednesday October 31st
My beloved husbands,

Today's trial secretary is absolute shite! I'm glad that I have other options because while the bloke yesterday seemed a bit overwhelmed, he was at least somewhat competent. This bint today is bloody fucking up EVERYTHING! And while yes, she does seem a bit nervous, this goes above and beyond nervous! I'd swear she was mixing EVERYTHING up on purpose if I hadn't had a chance to take a peek inside her head (she was trying to flirt with me into forgiving her and gave me puppy dog eyes, SO easy to slip into!) and realized that she's a clumsy and forgetful cow who couldn't even organize her own knicker drawer if her life depended on it!

But the good news is that after terrorizing the entire bloody department yesterday, I have definitively decided on a new Head Auror and Deputy Head Auror. And I'll bloody break their arms if they don't accept the positions! Of course, I'm not going to be the one to offer the jobs - at least not alone. I'm going to stand well off to the side as Penny Pettigrew gives them the offers, and as I said, if they so much as hesitate to accept, I'm going to hex them!

So, keep this to yourselves until the offer is made and accepted, but Ginger is going to be Head Auror, and Bletchley is going to be her Deputy.

Now you may have noticed that I'm in a little bit of a mood at the moment, and while I'd LIKE to say it's ALL because of that sodding secretary and her continual fuck ups, it's actually NOT. Well, not entirely. See, I've...

Alright, I know that this is going to send my adorably panicky little mutt into, well, panic mode, but our department - and thus me - was sent an anonymous letter today that I sincerely hope is someone trying to play a very poor prank. Honestly, this almost has all the classic fingerprints of our 'trouble twins' Siri and Zwei all over it - in that if they were feeling like they haven't seen me enough, this would DEFINITELY get me to visit them at Hogwarts today.

So... They plan to take steps to ensure that EVERYONE has to pay attention to them. That they have to not only listen, but also understand that this group needs some serious help. Even if it means hurting every innocent person at the school and all of the guilty ones. Especially the guilty ones.
Which means that you probably WILL see me at the ritual today/tonight. Although you probably won't recognize me as I've decided during the organization of this 'raid' - I'm treating it a bit like a raid because this needs to be highly organized and utterly in sync, with everyone wearing all my tech and keeping their eyes peeled for everything. Anyway, I've decided that this is going to be a bit like an undercover operation as well.

Thus, I personally and all the Aurors in the Department are going to be at Hogwarts tonight. Not to mention a good half the other side of the DMLE (the other half will be here in the DMLE in case this is some ploy to get us all OUT so they can do something here). We're ALL going to be in costumes, but our costumes are going to be those fully covering naked body paint ones that I love. Ones that will make it impossible to tell who is who. We're all going to look like black and red demons with horns, long teeth, sharp claws, and long tails. Our cover story is that we're going to be a bit of a theater troupe planning to put on a performance at the very end of the night. If we make it to then with nothing happening, I'll confess that we had nothing planned and were just there to keep everyone safe.

But as I said, you'll almost certainly see me, you just won't know which one is actually me. In the meantime, whatever you do, DO NOT let on what's going on. Not only will you likely ruin everything for everyone, but you might actually trigger the group of students into going through with it either earlier than planned or possibly even after they've decided against it, because the fact that the panic about it is spreading will be enough to prove that they were right about it getting them attention.

So please, act as normally as possible and trust that I will prevent anything bad from happening.

But the storm is a'coming 'cross the hills tonight, like a vein full of rain to the hear~~~ts... that should FIGHT!

Draco

P.S. As I said, act completely normally, which means yes, go ahead and attend - as NOT might be suspicious, but please cast a preemptive shield spell on yourself, Oliver. Or if possible, enchant every single thing you wear for your costume to be as protective as possible.

P.P.S. Do whatever it takes to remain calm and NOT like you're expecting to be attacked at any bloody moment!

P.P.P.S. If something does happen, can the both of you promise me to basically shield yourselves and anyone around you as much as possible and basically wait inside the shields until the Auror Department handles everything?

P.P.P.P.S. And yes, I AM about to go discuss this with Minerva, so she and the Professors will be aware of what might happen so that they can ALSO cast shields to protect everyone at the drop of a hat if necessary.

P.P.P.P.P.S. I love you both so much! I have every faith that we will all get through today with nothing more alarming than the tension caused by being so stressed all day.

Chapter End Notes

*Trigger* Draco discusses a plot some students have to harm their classmates
This discussion continues into the following chapter
Thursday November 1, 2018

My Draco,

I'm sure this is where you're expecting me to tease you about your department doing a full raid for these kids causing problems and then the entire thing went off without a hitch. Expecting me to giggle about all those Aurors there in full body paint pretending to be a theater or dance troupe for what turned out to be absolutely nothing. But no, that is definitely not what I'm going to do.

While it ended up being an overreaction in this case, it could have easily turned out badly. Your team was on hand to make sure no one was hurt, to make sure the innocent, the partially guilty, the fully guilty, didn't get hurt. I am very proud of you.

Although, I do have to argue a bit with you. You mentioned that we would see you, but we wouldn't know which one was you. Um, excuse me, but I will always be able to spot you in a crowd. Don't worry, your disguise was flawless, I am sure no one but Ollie and me or potentially Pippa or Kisa would have known which one was you. But I'd be able to pick you out of any crowd. I was wondering if Ollie would be able to as well, but I also didn't want to make him feel badly if he couldn't. So, I asked him (quietly, don't worry) if he could find you in that crowd.

He got his competition face on, looked at the crowd of demons for about three seconds, and said with absolute certainty "Fourth from left obviously."

I smiled and told him I agreed. Saying, "not completely sure HOW I know, but there's no doubt that's our man."

"No one else moves quite like our Draco."

And yeah, he was completely right. No one moves like you do. All grace and poise. Like sex on two legs. But contained sexiness? Like, you are perfectly restrained but I can see the man underneath that will take me in every way possible. Who will take me apart and then put me back together in. And then ...

Gods damn it! Now I'm hard and want you. I want you both. My hot men who know every centimeter of my body. Know how to make me scream and cry and fulfill every secret need or want I didn't even know I wanted. My men who surround me with their bodies and their love, who will both be inside me physically and emotionally. Who ...

Fuck!!!

Okay, I am going to come wake you both up in your (my) favorite way. But first ....
Ollie's birthday is in ten days, we are planning something special for our husband yeah? A big party? A picnic? His favorite dinner? Or OOOOOOOOH! We could take that mini holiday like you brought up the other day! Yeah yeah yeah! Let's do that! But where?

Okay, we'll talk about it later, think about it! But first, prepare to get your world ROCKED!

Incoming!
Harry

November 1st
The loves of my life,

I'm inexplicably pleased that you were both able to pick me out of a group of costumed demons. I'm also glad that nothing terrible happened at the ritual, but what you apparently didn't realize is that the three students who had talked about hurting others, well they were actually overheard discussing specifics via all our monitoring tech and spells.

So, a series of discreet orders were issued and a couple of Aurors in costume were able to interest those students in some cool magic, which means that they were led away and taken into custody. They have been questioned and their parents have been brought in to talk about the very serious situation.

Hermione herself decided that these students don't need punishment so much as therapy, so they are being confined to the securest part of the Janus Thickney ward until the counseling staff feel they've fully expressed and worked through their issues. So... A relatively happy ending.

Even better, I just finished a meeting between Penny, Ginger, and Bletchley. Penny made the job offers, and after some weird arguing, they were accepted.

It seems that Ginger had been told her whole life that no matter how good she is, there is never going to be a female Head Auror because women just can't. She's confident enough to dismiss that notion on the surface but apparently it took root. So when offered the position, she spent about 10 minutes arguing that she can't be Head Auror because she's a woman. We had to convince her that if the Head of the DMLE and the Minister for Magic can both be women, then why NOT the bloody Head Auror?!

Once she managed to wrap her head around that - and looking a bit shell shocked - she accepted and is officially the Head Auror with Bletchley as her Deputy. I'm sticking around just long enough to pick their assistants, but then it's back to regular old Chief of Raids for me.

All that said, most importantly of all, plan out that holiday and decide how many kids we want to bring with us so that we can arrange to have them come with OR taken care of by some combination of Grandparents and house elves. I'm looking forward to it ^_^

I'm giving them something they can feel - all my lovin' - to let them know this love is real,

Draco

Chapter End Notes
So the inspiration for this mini arc came during a massage with a teacher. We were chatting and I made a thoughtless comment that offended her that I didn’t realize was offensive until it was pointed out. But basically, I wasn’t thinking about how trained and alert schools have to be for students going on a rampage, so I decided to put myself in her shoes and write it into the story.
Harry has a bit of anxiety and Draco decides to be proactive about it.

Friday November 2, 2018

My Loves,

I have spent the last roughly thirty-six hours racking my brain about where we should go on our little holiday. I came up with about six or seven different ideas and then just kept shooting down each one. I kept going to different places we've already been because I know them already, then I thought that was stupid, why go where we've been before. We want new fun experiences right?

So I started thinking about places we haven't been. Where would we like to go and explore? But then I realized that we're taking a massive group so what if I pick somewhere we've never been and it turns out awful. Now we're stuck in some awful place with a million children all because I wanted to try something new and different.

That's when I thought maybe we go somewhere Draco and I have been so we know it's good, but a new destination for Ollie who hasn't traveled quite as much as we have. It might be nice to introduce him to something we can vouch for without it being boring. That's when I worried Ollie was going to be upset at the fact that the two of us have already been there already and it reminds him again that he came into this marriage years after the two of us were together.

So now I was back to let's go somewhere brand new.

Ugh! There's a chance my anxiety is NOT actually helping the situation.

Finally, after hours and hours and hours, I think I finally came up with the perfect mixture of somewhere we've been already without it feeling like a secondary throw-away vacation. We are going to Hawaii.

We went years and years ago, but it wasn't a huge trip. It was a short trip that we added on to a trip to California. We spent a few days there but it wasn't the main vacation. Plus, we spent the majority of our time on one island and there are multiple places we could go that will feel like an entirely different locale than the last time. It's the perfect mixture, we know it's a fantastic holiday spot, there will be a million things our family will enjoy doing, but by doing a different area it will be a new experience for us to all enjoy together.

We can do helicopter rides over the volcanos, we will definitely go surfing, I'm sure there will be luaus and other local attractions, all of it interspersed with lazy beach days where we do nothing but drink fruity drinks out of coconuts and get gloriously tan.

Draco, if we leave Wednesday the seventh will that be enough time for you to be completely done interviewing assistants and ready to take off and pretend the entire DMLE no longer exists? If not, just let me know, I told Mr. Lott we wanted to tentatively leave on Wednesday but that I'd let him know sometime today if that was going to change.
Oddly enough he seemed unconcerned about which day he was going to be forced to fly to Hawaii for an all inclusive vacation with our family!

And speaking of family, yes, we are going to bring pretty much everyone. Well, anyone who's available. I would love to have a lovely holiday just the three of us, but it's just not realistic right now. Nicky is so new to the family, I'm not ready to leave him quite yet. And the baby triplets and Nora not only are experiencing their new little brother, but we are preparing for them to have a new baby sister in a month or so as well. I think it's important we spend some quality time with them before things get hectic taking care of another newborn.

But because I truly would like some time just the three of us, just think about us being pampered in a Hawaiian spa for the entire day. Listening to each other moan and groan through couples massages. Mmmmm, yes please. So, because of that we are bringing all the grandparents with. That way we will have plenty of adults on hand for when we want to be alone but we'll still have plenty of quality time with everyone.

Basically, all the children younger than Hogwarts age are coming with. Zaire is (forcefully) taking a vacay from his restaurant and being a kid for one damn holiday, so help me Merlin! And Shtara is still between shows, so she is coming as well. I haven't heard yet if Siri or Zwei are coming. I'm pretty sure Zwei will come and it will depend on Siri's training schedule. Hazel and Pearl are coming with. River, Maha, and Ori are planning on flying over from California. Eris and Luka, as well as Viona, Alric, and Vinnie are coming with. But Cassie, Parker, and Lainie's families have all decided to stay back with their newborns.

They did ask if we'd be willing to send them on a future trip to Hawaii when they were up to traveling. Well, Elena did because she knows me; Cassie and Parker are still pretty shy about asking me for things so I had to offer them the same thing after I'd promised it to Lainie.

I'm going to go start researching fun places to visit while we're there so I can put together a full itinerary! There's something so great about having a moment by moment itinerary that we end up completely ignoring.

Yours,
Harry

Monday November 5th
My bloody gorgeous husbands!

I can't bloody WAIT to go to Hawaii!!! Let's buy a holiday home there, yeah? That way, I can have a two way portkey made that takes us there and back and we can go every other weekend. Sound good?

I'm having an excellent day. My assistant trials are over, and just as I hoped, I was able to hire a nice balanced team of one male and one female. Before you go accusing me of giving the bloke more leeway than the others simply because I wanted to hire a male, he clearly kicked arse at the trial run. The woman who had her trial first - not the Friday we just had but the one before - she was the other one I hired. None of the others could even come close to her, except the bloke, he was a close second, and the only reason I think the woman was better than him was that I think she took an energy potion.

If it turns out that she cheated to get the job, I'll have to replace her with one of the others, but I sincerely hope not as they really weren't as good at the job. In any case, they're hired, I have Ginger
all set to take over, and Bletchley is beside himself with excitement because he assumed that Roche was going to remain Deputy for several years yet and thus, the job wouldn't be available. Lucky for him that it is, eh?

So, with everything taken care of for the time being and Oliver not due for a few weeks yet (I have a Portkey and an all expenses paid holiday package I'm planning to give to Rowe so that she can either A: arrange someone to cover her duties if she needs to drop everything and attend to us in Hawaii, or B make use of after Serenity is born should it happen after we return, which it should), there's just one last thing I felt was extremely important for us to do before we leave...

Harry, with your anxiety running as high as it is, I'm concerned that maybe you need to up your potions for a few weeks? But even if not - even if your potions are perfectly fine - I think maybe you should have a nice long session with your Mind Healer. To that end, I arranged for Katja, Yesenia, and Mia to come to the Manor tomorrow for several hours starting at 1PM - which the littles will be down for a nap and then watched by my parents until we have all had our individual sessions and a joint session to clear the air if needed, and possibly a bit of another individual session if we feel we need it.

Basically, I want us ALL to head off on holiday with nothing weighing us down.

If I never met you, I'd be drunk, waking up in someone else's bed,

Draco
Chapter 379

Chapter Summary

Draco and Oliver know what Harry needs.

Tuesday November 6, 2018
or is it already Wednesday November 7, 2018?

My Own,

Look how far we've come, not only are you recognizing my own mental health concerns, not only alright with me taking potions but actually suggesting I may need a dosage adjustment, and voluntarily calling in my mind healer as well as your own. Offering your heart and soul on a platter, willing to submit yourself to a joint therapy session just to make sure your husbands are in the best place emotionally.

My own individual session earlier today went well. I did have a few things I was letting build up, not because I was hiding from the problem but because we have just been so unbelievably busy lately. We're always busy, but we've been going nonstop for months even by our standards. I felt so much more settled after my session. And then we had our joint session. Again, I don't think we actually "needed" to come to terms with anything in particular, but it's always good to check in and make sure we're still on the same page. And having neutral-ish mediators there to help facilitate any potential conflicts is very freeing.

But again, there's really nothing in particular that seemed to be eating away at me. Even the massive fight we had when you went off to Russia with no contact wasn't an issue anymore. You know my issue wasn't that you went to help Kisa or Grandmama, but that you weren't allowed to contact us or receive any contact from us. We were actually very easily able to come to an agreement that we understand if you may need to leave for something similar in the future. We even understand if you have to take a vow to not tell us anything that is happening. But that we will never be alright with having the ability to contact you taken away from us. We brought it up in our joint session but it was pretty clear to the three of us and our three mind healers that it really wasn't weighing on any of us.

Although you aren't wrong in that I've been carrying a lot of weight on my shoulders and worrying a lot more than usual. Somehow just incapable of releasing my feelings. And even though you've been home I've been ... missing you? But that's not quite right.

I'm not sure if Robards' death was a wakeup call for you that putting in a gazillion hours is NOT a healthy plan. Or maybe you were sick of the day to day minutiae of Ministry work. Perhaps you've been trying to make up for all of your time away while in Russia. Whatever the reason, you've been great about being home as often as possible. Home for dinner most days. Actually spending the weekend with us even if you occasionally need to step out of the room for a bit to sign something or check on someone.

We've even been shagging, if not as much as I'd like (I AM fairly insatiable) certainly a good amount. Kisses in the morning. Cuddles on the couch. Late night shags. Middle of the night shags. The occasional nooner when breaks from work and baby nap schedules line up perfectly.
So how do I miss you? I'll admit I could spend every second of every day with my beloved husbands, but we've never been those husbands who've been attached at the hip. We love every moment we are together, but if the others need to do something, or even just want to do something alone we are all supportive of the others being whole people in their own rights. I just can't understand why I've been so needy when I have everything I need right here.

But, after we finished our sessions and were having a lovely dinner together as a family an offhand remark by Lucius hit me like a sledgehammer. I knew exactly what I'd been missing. Draco, you were telling your dad all about our plans to leave for Hawaii tomorrow. Since I've fully come into Lucius Malfoy's life he has slowly relaxed into a much less strict and rigid man. He regularly laughs. He's in love with all of his grandchildren no matter their blood status. He's worn muggle jeans for Merlin's sake! But with that overall relaxation has come the drawback of him being much less particular about punctuality. You were reminding him that he actually needed to be ready to go at our scheduled departure time as it is a very long flight and we didn't want to lose precious time to him primping for no reason. When he responded with a snarky "Sir, yes sir" I knew exactly what part of you I've been missing.

My Master.

I haven't submitted to you in months. Oh my hell, I haven't had the chance to fly in over two months now! The last time I submitted was when we had the torture session the day Ollie went back to Hogwarts for the school year. Sixty-five days Draco!

Later this evening, after we got all the kids and babies to sleep for the night I asked you both to meet me in the playroom. You both came in a few minutes after I did, my gorgeous men, holding hands, smiling and chatting with each other. But what you saw when you came into the room had the both of you stopping in your tracks. I was naked, on my knees, wrists crossed behind my back. But instead of my head bowed in submission I was staring at you. My eyes were wide and I had them bore right into you, pleading, and if the way I felt is any indication I'm sure they were wet with unshed tears. "Master please. Please, please, I need you."

"Little Mutt, I'm here. You need a spanking hmm? Should we get you all strapped up to your bench?"

I was torn, a spanking sounded delightful. I can't remember the last time I turned down a spanking, or any impact play honestly. I think I stuttered a bit in confusion because your eyes softened and realized something wasn't adding up as usual.

Our Ollie interjected, "Draco, look at him, he doesn't even know what he needs. But I bet you need something softer love don't you?"

Draco, your eyes lit up in recognition, "Oh, I know just what this sweet one needs if it's not a spanking he's after."

Oh thank goodness, I sagged in relief. I didn't know what I wanted but I knew my Master would know. "Thank you Master and Sir, thank you."

"Of course Mutt, why don't we get you all set up. You stay on your knees and breathe for me while I get what we need."

I kept my good posture, but emotionally just melted into a puddle. I sat my arse down on my heels, dropped my chin down, and closed my eyes focusing on my breathing as I was told. I could hear the two of you moving around the room, whispering to each other, but it all just faded away with each breath I took in and out. I didn't need to worry about what you were saying or doing, I was
told to kneel and breathe.

Eventually you came over, and using your stern yet soft Master voice told me to give you my wrists. You clamped on my fur-lined leather cuffs telling me "doesn't that feel nice? I've got you. Even when I'm not touching you, I've got you." Then doing the same thing to my ankles. A physical presence, a reminder of ownership, the snug fit grounding me.

The two of you moved to the table and chairs, chatting softly and drinking (wine in your case and juice in Ollie's) while I knelt at your feet. You had a cushion for me to kneel on and you lovingly stroked my hair. But if I hadn't felt the cuffs hugging my wrists and ankles, or felt your fingers gliding through my hair, I would have felt completely invisible. I didn't need to be Harry the husband, Harry the dad, Harry the savior, there were no expectations. Just kneeling, breathing, feeling.

I honestly have no idea how long I knelt there at both of your feet. I did notice Ollie occasionally joining you in stroking my hair, your fingers intertwining occasionally. He would also run his hand down my spine from time to time.

My drifting mind faded back into consciousness when I heard you asking if I was cozy enough for our next activity. I'm pretty sure I gave you a smile, nodding away but not having the energy to speak quite yet. Ollie held my hand while you picked me up bridal style. I felt so safe, both of you keeping me from unraveling. You used the links on my cuffs to lock me into our swing, then shot a stationary spell at it so it wouldn't move. Seemed odd to stabilize a piece of equipment designed to swing back and forth but I wasn't in charge.

You seemed to chuckle at my confused face and even though I didn't need an explanation, gave me one, "The swing will keep you splayed out in the perfect position both your Sir and I will be using it for its proper use when we're good and ready, but I need you nice and still for this first part. Are you ready to give up control love? I know you're feeling quiet, but I need your verbal confirmation Harry James. Can you at least give me a color?"

My loves, so worried about my safety even when I'm pliant and willing. Probably even more when I'm pliant and willing. "Green Master and Sir. So very very green please."

"Green hmm? Just like these lovely cuffs of yours. And just like the matching ring I'm going to put on you. That's right Mutt, I don't want you to have to worry about a single thing. Not even about when you'll be allowed to come. All of you belongs to me."

Oh thank all the Gods. I have no control. I have no worries. No power. I just get to BE.

Ollie strapped my cock and bollocks up in the leather ring while you pulled out the sounding tools. Oh fuck me sideways. I love/hate those!

I'd love to describe everything the two of you did to me. Based on what time we got into the playroom and then when I noticed the time when I finally came out of my subspace I think you must have edged me for hours. My cock is deliciously raw on the inside from the sounding. My arse feels well fucked so I assume you both got a good buggering out of your system. My knees are a bit sore from kneeling for so long. I feel so beautifully cared for. Every time I shift I can feel how loved I was last night? This night? A few hours ago?

But the thing I feel most is how clear my head is and how much weight is off of my shoulders. I feel free and unfettered. Thank you my Master and my Sir. Tonight was exactly what I needed.

Now I am going to try and go back to sleep for at least a few more hours. We have a long day
ahead of us so I should probably be well-rested for it. I'm going to climb back into bed and cuddle the both of you SO HARD!!

Yours in all ways,
Harry

Thursday November 6th
The fires in my soul,

After a LONG plane flight from London to Hawaii, we've finally arrived. With six Grandparents, the three of us, most of our kids, our entourage, and an army of house elves, I honestly have NO IDEA how many of us there are here. I'm pretty sure that Pippa just confounded a hotel to rent us out an entire floor. We haven't actually arrived there yet (and are currently in a bus on the way), so maybe she managed to find a house big enough for all of us.

In any case, we're here in Hawaii and are planning to have as much fun as possible for as long as possible. The only thing I actually have on my list of things I have to do whilst here, is I have to visit that farm that Orion more or less owns (I can't remember if we ever officially put it in his name, or if it still belongs to the conglomeration). I want/need to do this to make sure that it's still doing well and doesn't need anything. For example, if they need to replace some trees or something, I'd like to make sure they have the funds to do so so that the business continues on successfully for the long run.

Other than that, and a bit of surfing, I have no plans and leave everything up to you.

And if I were the King of the world, tell you what I'd do, I'd throw away the cars and the bars and the war, make sweet love to you,
Draco
Chapter 380

Chapter Summary

They're in Hawaii!

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning! Draco has a vision that - while it's not stated explicitly - refers to a rape. But I tried to make it subtle enough that you're not quite certain what happened.

Thursday November 8, 2018

My forgetful love,

Official list of all of your fellow travelers ...
You, myself, Oliver
Viona, Alric, Vinnie
Eris and Luka
Hazel and Pearl
Shtara, Zwei, Zaire, Jaz, Persephone, Lily, Caelum, Atreyu, Nora, Gabe, Dylan, Morgana, Nicolas
Sirius, Pippa, Leah, Pierre, and Leon
Sebastian, Delphini, Vanessa, and Balian
Mr Lott of course, we don't have a self flying airplane
Gavin and Della
The Malfoy Grandparents
The Weasley Grandparents
The Wood Grandparents

And then tomorrow, River, Maha, Ori, Ben, Mara, Evie, and Gemi's flight gets in and they'll be joining us.

So forty-one for now, and by tomorrow we'll have forty-eight.

While Pippa was searching for locations, she came across a rental airbnb. It was an entire villa. So we'll all be in one location, but instead of being enclosed in a big hotel, we're spread out in a dozen one or two bedroom suites. It's right on the beach but there's also a pool. We'll all be in different buildings but in a beautiful enclosed community. The kids can dart back and forth between the buildings without disrupting a bunch of other guests or being cooped up inside.

It's absolute perfection as far as I can tell from the pictures and the description. And yes, if it's as perfect as it looks you definitely have my permission to try buying it so we have a permanent hawaiian vacation locale.

Oh! I almost forgot!! Greetings from beautiful sunny Hawaii!
But I have had quite enough of typing and I think everyone has picked their suite and changed into their swim clothes.

Last one to the beach is .... lame and not on the beach!

Harry

Saturday November 10th
My perfect men,

Tell me, why oh why don't we come spend EVERY winter in paradise???

Tonight has been so wonderful. We went to a luau that is rather well attended because of the excellent show the hula dancers put on. Now normally, they don't allow any of the guests to join in with the professional dancers, because they don't want to scare away their paying customers, but I am not a normal customer.

There was one hula dancer in particular that was just so... I am really trying to come up with a descriptive word that does her justice without triggering either of you to mistake my interest for more than it is, but all I can come up with is exotic or gorgeous. Please understand that I am appreciating her beauty from the perspective of someone who likes dancing and can appreciate a lithe and sensual dancer.

In any case, the moment I saw her, I was instantly in a form of non romantic love. Like... a fan? A person who appreciates fine art? So I insisted that our waiter bring me to the owner of the establishment and bribed him to let me join her on stage for a performance. I didn't even have to cast a Confundus on him! He just took the money, shrugged, and told me it would be my own fault if I made myself look like an utter fool.

So, since I was only wearing a loose iconic 'Hawaiian' shirt - in green and silver - over a pair of black men's yoga pants, I stripped the shirt off and asked to borrow a set of poi spinners. Once I was ready, the owner had the announcer announce that a special guest was going to go up on stage with Hana (the exotically gorgeous performer). She wasn't sure what to do, since we hadn't talked to her at all before I arrived on stage, but I went over to her and asked her to simply do her favorite dance while I spun the poi pots.

She looked a bit skeptical that a (very) white man would know any sort of ethnic dance, but she can't have known that I'd been practicing with Elena long before Elena literally opened a school that taught dance - among other things. In any case, she shrugged, gave me a warm and somewhat sardonically amused smile, and agreed. So she danced and I flowed around her while spinning poi.

SO FUN!

And when I was done - after a flattering standing ovation - I returned to our table with the rest of you (it wasn't our entire family as all our parents had insisted on staying at the beach with our 9 littlest - and all the other babies so that the parents could have the night off. You both looked so happy to see me looking just a little sweaty from my dancing and rewarded me with kisses.

After the entire show was over, Hana came over and gave me a couple of kisses on the cheek and asked if we could take a few selfies with each other, and then we got to chatting and agreed that she should come over to our Villa on her next day off so that the two of us can dance with each other some more and maybe come up with a routine in which we both hula and fire dance together.
I'm quite looking forward to it!

Thus, I was in a very happy mood when we returned to our accommodations. Part of me wanted to surf while part of me wanted to shower and shag for an hour or two before passing out. The horny beast in me won out because I opted to take a shower and save the surfing for tomorrow. In our actual - it's hard to describe, it's like the entire villa is made up of smaller houses, so our, erm… house? In our designated suite, the shower is made up of dark brown bricks and glass. I asked you both to wait on the sofa while I rinsed off, because I wanted to be clean, but then I also wanted to order you both to lick me all over, mmm.

In the shower, I rested my head against the wall and just let the water flow over me for a few moments. Almost immediately, a vision came. It was of a woman with long hair that looked sort of dark blonde while wet. She was also in a similar position as me, her hands bracing her away from the wall as she let the water flow over her. I couldn't quite tell her age because I was inside her, I suppose, and the only reason I knew she was a woman was that she had looked down at her body and then over at the mirror for a moment.

In any case, as she was relaxing into the warmth of the shower, she closed her eyes and hummed softly. Suddenly, a hand pressed her into the wall, a body crowding up against her. She gasped in surprise and looked around to see an older man behind her, and since she/I/we couldn't really see him except for in the mirror, I cannot be certain, but I believe that he was preparing to enter her. In normal circumstances, I probably would have welcomed such a surprise, but she clearly did not as she pushed him away and glared at him.

"What do you think you are doing?" She demanded.

"Whaddaya think I'm doin'?" He slurred very thickly, swaying woozily.

"You're clearly too drunk to see straight, dad! I'm NOT mom! Go find her!"

"Whaddaya mean?" He was swaying even more and nearly fell off his feet.

Heaving a snarl of disgust, she pushed past him and left the bathroom. After that, I came out of the vision and was able to finish my shower, more than a little disturbed. I mean in all the visions I've seen, there's almost always someone dying, or at the very least, getting badly hurt. This one DIDN'T have any of that, but the sheer thought of my father getting so drunk that he tried to shag me, well, I nearly lost everything I ate at the luau! Blech!

After that, I grabbed a towel to dry my hair as I wandered back out to the two of you, who were already kissing and feeling each other up as you sat on the long gray sofa with the white and green pillows all shoved to one side. Smirking, I sat on the dark mahogany stained wooden coffee table topped with glass. To my surprise, another vision overwhelmed me, and it was graphic and horrible enough to completely ruin my mood for at least a good three days!

Once again, I was nearly sick, heaving into my hands until one of you handed me a small waste bin and the other rubbed my back soothingly. I begged you two to let me go to bed and sleep off the unwanted bad images and mood, and so, I went to bed and wrote up this email to purge myself and try to recapture the happy feeling from before. Now that I'm feeling a bit better, I'm going to go to sleep. I sincerely hope the two of you had some magical memories under the ocean, or on the beach, or just plain on that Merlin cursed coffee table.

I love you tomorrow, you're always a day away,
Draco
Our Heart,

Oh Darling, I am so sorry you had to deal with whatever vision seemed to slam into you. I think it's time to thoroughly discuss how to handle your visions. I know they seem a blessing when you're saving lives, but they also hit you out of nowhere. What if you were slammed with a vision while flying on a broom or holding one of the babies? Someone could get seriously injured when you blur out. Maybe it's time to block or semi-block your visions the way we blocked Morgana's specific magic.

Anyway, we're hoping you managed to get some rest. I know you don't want to miss surfing but I don't think the kids would have let us put it off another day. So, we've taken everyone with, from adult kids down to teeny tiny newborns. You are alone in the silence of paradise. But the elves are on call so the moment you wake they will let us know.

Don't you worry about missing surfing though, even if you don't wake up in time to come join us, you KNOW it will take zero effort to convince everyone to come back out for more surfing. Sometimes I think our children are part merfolk.

Get rest, clear your mind, join us if you're feeling better!

Love and sunshine!
Harry and Oliver

Monday November 12th
My gorgeous husbands,

Is there anything better than spending an entire Monday afternoon surfing? No time for writing, I'mma surf more!

Your husband for life!
Draco

Tuesday November 13th
My amused husbands,

I was wrong! There IS something better than spending an entire Monday surfing, and that's spending an entire Tuesday dancing! Hana came over as promised and spent the afternoon dancing with me, Viona, Jaz, Vani, Zaire, Shtara, and Orion. Pearl joined us from time to time as her morning sickness allowed, but Hazel was busy designing something gorgeous inspired by the Hawaiian sunset. (And the others were off doing their own things.)

One of the best parts was when Morgana and Dylan noticed that I was firedancing and decided to try imitating me. They were just SO FREAKIN' ADORABLE!!! After a couple of hours, we were ready to take a break, and so all of us tanned our naked and sweaty (firedancing is hot and sweaty by definition after all) bodies in the beautiful sunshine next to the pool, while eating a nice snack of local foods catered - well, by Zaire actually. As usual, he's already gone on at least one food tour and made up his favorite foods.

I'll admit that the entire barbecued pig has been FABULOUS!!!
Anyway, the break ended before we ended up getting burnt, and the dancing resumed until Hana and I worked out a lovely routine to perform just for fun. She actually wonders if I'll be in the mood to perform it with her at the luau (where she works) this weekend. I'm not certain yet if we'll have plans, but I kind of want to do it.

Actually, I had to laugh because Orion seemed to think Hana was exotically beautiful too, only his admiration seemed to come from a businessman standpoint. He was trying his best to talk her into letting him set her up with a show in either LA or Las Vegas. At first, she seemed to think he was joking, but after he told her how he owns a fairly successful club and used to perform there himself - and then proved it by dancing for her one of the routines he'd performed - she seemed... pensive. I think she must have noticed that we're a wealthy family, so maybe the idea of a man offering to fund her trying for a bigger and more lucrative venue, well...

I'm sure it must be tempting.

That said, Ben and Mara both looked like they couldn't quite decide whether or not to be jealous. Maybe Orion noticed this, or maybe he just obliviously did it, but after spending a good hour flirting heavily with Hana, he left her to think his offer over, and returned to his lovers with just the right mixture of sweetness and, hmm... attention to their needs. They're his submissives, and they seem to play their roles about 98 percent of the time, but that's what seemed to reassure them the most. That he didn't break his role while he focused on them and had them be submissive to him in a non sexual way in front of everyone. Like he was not hesitant in the slightest to claim them as his in public.

That reminds me! I need to have one or both of you pamper me soon. Or maybe you'd rather we went to the spa as suggested? But before that, I actually want to go to that Macadamia farm of Orion's, so that's basically the first and only thing on my agenda for tomorrow, since Orion is officially here and ready to go too.

As for right now, I'm going to sneak off with at least one of you and have a quickie before dinner.

Stay close to me, don't let me be alone, it's tearing apart my blue blue heart,

Draco
Chapter 382

Chapter Summary

Harry is not that easily distracted.

Tuesday November 13, 2018

My Love,

Greetings from paradise! I certainly wouldn't be against the idea of settling down to live in paradise forever. Even just "wintering" in paradise. But keep in mind there may or may not be a very specific paradicial backup plan island that we may or may not live out the rest of our lives on. So.....

I could also argue that paradise is wherever I am as long as it's with the two of you!

But in all seriousness, I really think it's time to figure out how to solve the problem of your visions. You were trying so hard to distract yourself from telling us about your vision that you went over the top, practically screaming in your email. Being big and loud, talking about the best days ever full of surfing and dancing. Trying to distract us and yourself with discussing Orion's romantic life.

You were working so hard at pretending everything is fine that you completely forgot to describe our husband's birthday celebration! I know you tend to focus on things like fire-dancing but it not like you to completely forget an amazing day of worshiping your husband, fun activities, and birthday shags.

Not that you were wrong in talking about the fun day of surfing we had. "Is there anything better than spending an entire Monday afternoon surfing?" going on to add "There IS something better than spending an entire Monday surfing, and that's spending an entire Tuesday dancing" But .... uhm maybe better than either of those is spending an entire Sunday with your husband on his forty-third birthday.

I have to admit though, watching Morgana and Dylan firedancing WAS probably as good as the birthday celebrations. I could go on and on for hours about how ridiculously cute they were! I don't think I've ever been that thankful you invented that print out your memories pensieve. THAT one is going on the wall!

I could also probably go on and on for hours about the lovely birthday breakfast we had with Ollie. I could write more words than any human possibly needs to describe the evening of shagging under the stars we had. I could probably write an entire novel (each) to the beauty of my husbands. But I won't.

Instead, I want to talk about the amazing activity we did ... that also got our Ollie thinking about his charity and ways to expand it.

We played Pa'ani Lani with the Hawaiian wizards! I can't even ... how would you even describe it? It was part water polo, part beach volleyball, a lot of quidditch, and a bit of quodpot thrown in for good measure. Draco, the first time the quaffle exploded I thought you were going to wet your
pants! It was hilarious!

Sorry, you probably didn't think it was quite as funny. Actually, maybe that's why you didn't describe the birthday celebrations!

Nah! Probably not. You would have at least described the dinner on the beach and the shagging. Even if you left out the game time.

But those hours spent playing were some of my very favorite here on the islands so far. First of all, you know how much I love flying. Secondly, seeing Ollie in his competitive glory? Insta-boner. And seeing the both of you in those teeny tiny trunks the players call a Pa'ani uniform? Mmmmmmmmm, yummy.

Really though, once I got a handle on the rules it was a fantastic game. It took all of the best elements of all four sports, took out the sucky parts (seriously, even as a seeker I think the point differential between goals scored and snitch caught is ridiculous) and then set the entire event on a beautiful ocean/beach combo. What's not to love about it?

Except obviously the exploding quaffle, apologies again for laughing so hard!

Obviously we don't have a tropical beach in Wiltshire but I'd love to figure out how to bring the game home with us. At the very least I'd like to come back more often. Which will probably be quite easy since Ollie wants to extend his quidditch charity to include versions of the game in different locations, like the American Quodpot and now with the Hawaiian Pa'ani Lani. I haven't done the research but I assume there are probably variations throughout the overall wizarding world. We already saw it a little bit with the Canadian version of quidditch which is exactly the same as ours except played lower to the ground and usually in full winter garb.

Anyway, I'm sure you noticed that we haven't seen much of Ollie since his birthday, it's because he's been researching and note-taking on ways to expand his charity. You and I will have to drag him out of research mode soon, I don't want to spend this entire trip missing you while you're dancing with Hana and missing Ollie while he works on his charity.

Two husbands and I feel like I've spent half the trip so far missing one or both of you!

Then again, YOU are probably avoiding me so we don't have to have a conversation about cutting back on your visions.

Not that easily distracted,
Harry

Wednesday November 14th
My beloved husbands,

First of all, I didn't describe Oliver's birthday because I knew you'd do a better job describing the emotional aspects of it, and plus, you seemed far more interested in the game... Sigh. I suppose that I will have to get more used to playing the game since Oliver loves it so much, but yes, my first experience with it was not the most, erm... thrilling...

Although, playing any game on the beach is most definitely better than playing in the stormy Scottish Novembers.

Second of all, I am not interested in potentially destroying my ability to have visions. Yes it is a
pain in the arse to have them unexpectedly while on holiday, but I'd rather have the occasional unwanted vision of a disgusting drunken incestuous rape than never have any visions at all, and so far, the ability has mostly only come when I consciously wanted it to. Only on the rare occasion has it happened unexpectedly, and I think that it's mostly because I focus so much on solving crimes with my visions, that my power assumes that I want to see ALL crimes I come across.

But on to more important things. My trip to Orion's Macadamia farm today was brilliant. The income they earn from Orion having branded the Macadamias and selling them directly to specialty markets is big enough that the farm is prospering and in very good condition. Things are going so well for them that we were able to have the entire business meeting while taking in the sun next to a lovely pond they had installed.

Have I mentioned yet how much I love having NO tan lines?

Tonight's shaping up to be a rather lazy one. We've all agreed to sit under the stars and just be together as we take turns holding Nicolas and singing to the littles. The Feisty ones will probably run around playing some game or other, but they'll be with us as well. Even Zaire and Jaz - who have been half working since we arrived - have decided to do nothing important tonight but hang out with the family.

Well, I'm certain Zaire made a feast of some sort to enjoy while we relax. But the point is that we're all going to be together and doing nothing but spending time with each other. Probably around a bonfire.

Oh! Such a hard life we lead!

Last one there is a rotten dragon egg!

Nothing's gonna stop me but divine intervention,
Draco
Chapter 383

Chapter Summary

The family is having fun but Draco is concerned that he's going to get fat.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

My Everything,

Absolutely all aspects of our holiday so far have been wonderful. The weather is perfection. You know I could spend all my time at the beach if given the chance. I've had children and grandchildren to cuddle and spoil. We've visited cool places. Bought WAY too many souvenirs. Played flying games. Visited Wizards and Witches from this beautiful place. And eaten so so sooo much good food. But I bet the both of you can probably guess that none of those have been my favorite part of this trip.

No. My favorite parts have been the times we've done nothing special. That we've just spent time together as this big, ridiculously large, pieced together quilt of a family.

We've spent our days on fun adventures, but every single evening before putting the small kids to bed, we've all gathered in the middle of the circle of little houses and just talked. Sitting around the bonfire, singing about a million songs together, telling tall tales, roasting marshmallows, and just being together. It's been amazing, although panicky Harry is certainly pleased we have magic and the ability to ward the bonfire. Can you imagine my anxiety running rampant with seven highly mobile almost two-year-old toddlers let loose around fire?

But last night was probably my favorite evening so far. It started out as each evening has, our whole group slowly migrating to the seats around the fire. Filtering in a few people at a time. We'd start singing a few songs, there was plenty of teasing, lots of cuddles for the little ones as they checked in with their favorite grownups. I'm assuming it's because you've been spending so much time learning about Pa'ani Lani, but Draco was feeling extra needy for Ollie's attention, so he had you sat across his lap while stroking your bump.

I'll admit I was a bit jealous that you were cuddling and Draco was getting extra time with Serenity, until I realized your full arms meant I had Nicky all to myself and just about cackled in glee.

While Draco held Ollie, Hazel was similarly holding Pearl and Ori was cradling Mara. It was such a wonderful sight; we had our parents holding some of their great-grandchildren, sweet children singing silly campfire songs, newlyweds and brand new parents sitting next to their teenaged siblings teasing and bickering like they're still kids themselves. I know that neither of you was surprised when I teared up.

Sometimes I like to just let these sweet moments pass without saying anything about them, not wanting to jinx the good times by calling them out. But I had to say something in that moment, "Dragon, you're holding Ollie while he carries our baby just the way you would hold me when I was carrying Ori. And now Ori is over there holding his love who's carrying his baby. Our son has the same look of adoration I saw in your face all those years ago, and that I can see in your face
tonight."

I sniffled a little but couldn't help but scootch myself closer to you both so I could at least steal some kisses. "Love you both and our family so much."

You both gave me that "aww, our Harry is such a sap" look but I think you were feeling almost as emotional as I was. I know I have a very obvious "sap" face, but the both of you must as well because we were called out on it. "Oi! Lovebirds! What are you getting all dewy-eyed about over there?" You may not have grown up with Gavin, but he sure teases just as much as any other little brother I've met!

I proceeded to tell everyone what I had been talking to you both about, how lovely I found it that our family is growing in many directions but some things never change. Bringing up how much it warms my heart to see Ori and Haz fawning over their pregnant loves. Somehow this led to the usually quiet Mara asking if I would tell her about my pregnancy with Ori. She was curious if we had similar symptoms ... unfortunately for her yes we did/do. She's measuring big and is still nauseated even this far into her pregnancy. I blame Orion and Draco, Mara agrees!

But that sweet moment of camaraderie led to the entire night talking about each child's arrival into our lives.

Each child seemed enthralled to hear us tell how they came to us. Shtara preened when we talked about her contagious grin and dynamic personality that I knew instantly belonged in our family even though it took Draco an entire five minutes!

Atreyu giggled but hid his blushing face when I talked about his little naked bum hiding out in our backyard in California.

Narcissa and Lucius talked at length about taking on all four of their youngest children after almost two decades of having only one (utterly spoiled) son.

Ollie your parents told an absolutely adorable story about you as a little boy, and I very selfishly hope our little Serenity looks just like her Daddy Oliver because it sounds like you were the cutest!

Molly talked about how easy and lovely each of her pregnancies were (she's lucky just like you Ollie with easy pregnancies, so I hate you both just a little) except her pregnancy with the twins was just a bit more exhausting. Which led to a bit of a tearful reminder that one of her twins is missing.

Luckily, Lily and Caelum quickly wanted to hear all about how THEY were a set of trouble-making twins so we were able to swing things back to happy stories. Although Seph did NOT like the reminder that she's not technically a triplet but Cael and Lissa ARE actually twins.

Her birth story is one of the most exciting stories though so she was quickly placated by having what she thought was the best story.

Sirius even told about sitting in the waiting room with my dad when I was born. Apparently at some point my mum kicked him out because his anxious pacing was annoying the hell out of her. I guess she had Remus in the room with her until right before she began pushing.

I love the big moments in our lives; weddings and births, ceremonies and parties, holidays and seeing the world, but memories like this will be seared into my brain for always. Telling stories of our beautiful family around a campfire in paradise.

Little Harry in the closet would never believe me.
The circle won't be broken, by and by lord, by and by,
Harry

Sunday November 18th
Ah! My beloved husbands!

Everything is wonderful! Harry, did you hear? Apparently my parents heard us joke about whether or not we wanted to buy this Villa, and thought: Why the fuck not? So they bought it! And perhaps best of all, the entire family can use it as they like, thus even both of your sets of parents can Portkey in whenever they feel like it.

Last night was so much fun! I got a chance to dance again with Hana - at her luau as suggested. Then I roared with laughter when the owner tried to pull me aside and offer me a job! That wasn't actually the funny part, the funny part was when - after I declined because I don't need a job at all, let alone such a low paying one - Hana herself handed in her 2 week notice. When her boss demanded to know WHY she was leaving them - being one of their best dancers - she told them that one of my rich boy sons offered to fund her so that she could move to either LA or Las Vegas and dance in her own show.

She's leaning towards LA since it's closer to home and she could visit her family easier.

That said, Orion is now ALSO trying to talk her into heading over to London for a week every quarter to dance in the Hog's Head. Ever the businessman, our son is. Gotta love him!

The only minor downside so far is that I 'caught' a girl surfing on her own at the tender age of 11. I mean she is a native, and does seem to be nearly a professional at it, so I'm probably overreacting, but I still cast a slew of safety charms on her so that she couldn't be thrown off her board and drown. She looked at me like I was ten kinds of crazy for surfing with Morgana strapped to my back, but since Viona did something 'nearly magical' just then and distracted the girl, she didn't finish her lecture on surfing safety.

To no surprise, Zaire invited the girl to come eat some of the food he's cooked up. We may even learn her name, haha!

But MMM! Zaire made a pizza that's to DIE for! I may have to hex my mouth shut so I can't eat the whole bloody thing! But it's got some of the leftover pig from the roast shredded on it with thinly sliced pineapple rings, bacon, barbecue sauce, and onions, mmm. I'm going to get SO FAT if we stay here much longer! How in the buggering HELL does Zaire manage to stay so thin?!

Ugh, I think I'm going to have to go jogging along the beach tonight to run off some of my ever expanding arse, sigh...

But first... more pizza!

It's burning down, it's burning high, when ashes fall, the legends rise,
Draco
P.S. Will one of you PLEASE come stop me before I gain another 10 stone?!
So this here is an example of our boys NOT taking in every child they come across. See, I had planned for Draco to look into the girl's background and decide to take her on as a foster child - or possibly adopt her - but Draco gets so very distracted in the next email that he completely forgets about her.
Chapter 384

Chapter Summary

Draco is alarmed, and Harry and Oliver are also rather alarmed.

***Trigger warning: underaged sex***

Chapter Notes

Okay! This is important, so this chapter STARTS with a Draco email. It's a sort of long one too, and so is Harry's, so it doesn't feel right to put a third email at the end to return to the normal Harry/Draco format. Also, Chrissie is leaving in the morning on a trip with her sister to have lots of fun, and because of that, I MIGHT write a few Draco emails in a row. I haven't decided yet if I'm going to wait and write one long one, or write a bunch of little ones from Draco (I already have a good reason as to why he would need to do so). Thus, until I've decided, it will probably stay in Draco/Harry format with me using this current situation as a reason to change it back. If it doesn't work out the way I plan, I'll just change it back when there's a series of short emails ^_^ I know it probably doesn't matter to y'all either way, but with it being Harry/Draco for so long, it might be jarring for it to switch so suddenly and then stay that way for no apparent reason :-)

Sunday November 18th - about 2-3 hours after the previous email

My solid foundations,

I just had a flashback to when River was a teenager, ugh...

So... there I was, jogging on the beach - the two of you putting the littles to bed - when I nearly ran over Zwei... and some girl. NOT the one that Zaire invited to dinner mind, but apparently just some random girl Zwei had met on the beach earlier.

To be fair, they WERE trying to be discrete, and not literally in the middle of the beach where just anyone could see them, but I'd noticed something odd out of the corner of my eye and went to check it out. Under one of those lifeguard towers, a muggle repelling charm shone like a star, probably making the beach blanket slung over the side seem more covering than it actually is.

And yes, I'm dwelling on the little details to stop myself from freaking out over the important detail, which is that our FOURTEEN YEAR OLD SON was in a position with a NEWLY MET girl, that required him to give me THIS EXPLANATION!!!

"DAD! Why are you so upset?! We used protection!"

"WHY AM I UPSET?!" I roared incredulously. "UNLESS SHE'S OF AGE, HER ***PARENTS*** CAN LEGALLY HAVE ***YOU*** CHARGED FOR THIS!!!"
"I'm 16, sir, which is the age of consent for Hawaii," the girl informed me.

I rubbed my forehead and did my best to calm down. "Listen, I'm sorry if I'm coming off as an arsehole at the moment, but I have no way to verify if you are telling the truth. As a father, I HAVE to protect my son, which means that I have to insist that you both get dressed and say goodbye to each other."

"Merlin damnit, dad! Ever since you became Head Auror, you never let us do anything fun!" Zwei yelled.

"I BEG YOUR PARDON?!" I demanded since I can't recall restricting him in any way.

"You care more about the LAW than about HOW I FEEL!" He shouted.

 Seriously tempted to hex him, I had to take a step back. "Oh??? So it's somehow LOVE then? Something so important that we should all just let you have your way in this? DESPITE the fact that you CAN'T have known her longer than a couple of weeks!"

Zwei seemed to realize that he didn't have a leg to stand on because he rubbed the back of his neck and looked at his feet. "No, I just met her earlier today. I MEAN that I like her and when she asked me to have fun with her, I thought that it would be a good opportunity to find out what all the fuss is about. I was responsible enough to use protection, and it's really not fair of you to get mad at me like I was purposely getting her up the duff or too drunk to even care or something."

Suddenly feeling defeated, I basically plopped onto the beach. "Listen, I can't just say: Oh, you were responsible? Good for you son! I'll just go and let you get back to it! … I know it SEEMS mean, but I have to be the arsehole dad and tell you that at your age, being RESPONSIBLE means thinking about the law and waiting until you CANNOT get into trouble."

Zwei got a rather shrewd look on his face. "But I actually sort of did. Think about the law, that is. I asked her how old she is, and she told me 16 - which is the age of consent - so unless she lied, which I KNOW our lawyers could have the charges dropped in that instance, it's not ME that can get into legal trouble..."

"Wait, what?!" The girl asked in surprise. "You mean you're NOT 16?"

Zwei sort of smirked at her. "Hey, you didn't ask."

For whatever reason, such blatantly Slytherin actions from our firmly Gryffindor son managed to put me in supportive father mode. "Alright, so, now that I've reacted and then had five seconds to think, let me ask another very important question."

Zwei looked at me warily, even tilting his head to the side and squinting his eyes almost suspiciously.

"Did you at least have fun?"

He smiled at that. "Yeah. I liked it a lot."

I sighed in relief since - even for boys - a first time can be traumatic if one isn't ready. Then I looked to the girl, who was already back in her bikini and now wrapping a sarong around her waist. "And you?"

She looked confused. "Why do you care?"
"Because if my son can't make it good for his partner, then he DEFINITELY needs to wait until he can."

"Huh!" She exclaimed in surprise. "Well, don't worry about that. I'd swear he was almost a pro. NOT that I actually know what a pro is like, just that, um, you know, I couldn't tell that it was his first time, unless he was just saying that to get you to stop yelling at him."

"Nope, NEVER lie to dad! He can read minds!" Zwei informed her.

She laughed. "My mom is like that too! She's going to take one look at me when I get back, shake her head, and ask me if I've remembered to take my birth control pills. Which I have!"

The two of them gave each other flirty smiles that made it easy to see that they really did like each other and there didn't seem to be any coercion on either side. I sighed and then groaned unhappily.

"Listen, you should go talk to your dad. I mean definitely wait until all the little are in bed and he's got a few minutes for a private chat, but I'm very not good at this part of parenting. He's a born natural at this and will know exactly what to say."

Again, the girl looked confused. "Why would I want to talk to my dad? And how would YOU know what he's like???

Zwei laughed. "No, he's talking about MY dad. My other one. Dad, can't I just go take a bath, Magi-Skype Siri, and talk to dad about it at the crack of dawn tomorrow when HE goes running across the beach?"

"You plan to get up that early?" I asked in surprise.

"Maybe?"

I gave him a dry look.

"Besides, this way, you'll have emailed him the news and he'll have had a chance to react before I talk to him," Zwei added.

I sighed. "Fine. So long as you know that I WILL be telling him." I then pulled out my magi-tablet so that I could write this email before finishing my run. Call us cowards, but Zwei's suggestion sounded a bit brilliant. Tell you and let you react before I have to face you and say: "Harry, despite having two sons and four daughters grow up and have sex, I STILL have no bloody idea how I'm suppose to react."

Zwei laughed, kissed me on the cheek, and then held out a hand to the girl. "Come on, I'll walk you back."

"You have two dads?" She wondered, looking slightly impressed by this.

"Actually, I have three," Zwei informed her with a grin.

"RIIIIIGHT…" She drawled in disbelief. "I want to ask you how old you actually are, but I don't think I can believe you now."

"Then why should I tell you?" Zwei asked rather cheekily.

"Zwei!" I chided.

"Your name is ZWEI??"
We both laughed at that. Zwei bowed to her in a fairly princely manner, considering that he was wearing only a swim cozzie.

"Draco Lucius Malfoy Jr. at your service. That there is the first one, and so my nickname is Zwei, meaning Two. And I'm 14."

"14 huh? Never been with someone as young as you before. You sly dog! I'm actually a little impressed by how you managed to ask me all the pertinent information while avoiding giving it in return!"

He smirked at her again. "You seemed too... distracted to care."

She ruffled his hair. "Well I WAS rather distracted. I've never even seen a boy as good looking as you before. And I LIVE in a place where hot boys go surfing all the time!"

Zwei shamelessly preened at that. The two of them walked away, giving me time to write this. Now I'm going to finish that run I was on and hope you read this before I get back. Actually, I might run much longer than I normally would, and so, if I seem to be taking a long time, you could always come find me and shag me under these gorgeous stars.

There's no one quite like you, you push all my buttons down, I know that life would suck without you, whoa-oh-oh!

Draco

Monday November 19, 2018

Loves,

Flashbacks to teenaged River indeed. Yes Draco, I read your email before you got back. Although I don't think it did you as much good as you thought it might.

Hope your run was wonderful because you came back to a brilliant teenager versus dads epic argument. Zwei shouting about us not letting him have any fun. Saying the same crap he did to you "Ever since Dad became Head Auror, he never lets me have any fun! Now I have three buzzkill dads!"

"Well, lucky for me then that I have always been a buzzkill huh? Draco Lucius Malfoy Junior ..." Zwei's jaw dropped when he heard me pull out his full name, "you are fourteen years old. What you did tonight was illegal. It was unsafe and -"

Zwei interrupted me "Nuh-uh! She was sixteen, that's the age of consent in Hawaii, I didn't do anything illegal!" He then made a face like he'd just had an epiphany "AND we used protection, muggle and magical both!"

Yes child, all good arguments begin with the mature "Nuh-uh" argument. "YOU are not sixteen. YOU are not the age of consent. You're dead lucky dad is the one that found you. What if it had been a muggle police officer? Depending on how their specific laws are written, that girl could have been charged with statutory rape. She's a child herself and both of your actions could have her registering as a sex offender for the rest of her life. Did you use protection against that outcome?"

Oddly enough he didn't have much to say to defend himself at that point. So I kept going. "Look around yourself Zwei. This is a fertile family, protections spells aren't 100% foolproof. Are you ready to be a dad right now? Are you ready to give up your youtube career to deal with night
feedings? You ready to attach yourself for the next eighteen or so years to some girl you just met? Being ready for sex is way more than just knowing the protection spells and eating a god damned peach or two."

"But Dad says ..."

Oh good, he was about to throw you right under the bus. "You and your dad having a chummy moment where he gets all puffed up about his son being some pubescent Casanova is not going to help you with me Draco." He actually flinched at me using his name at that point. "I'm not going to say your dad's opinion doesn't matter, he's one of your fathers and has every right to his own parental preferences. But I can tell you right now that I have zero fucks to give regarding your dad being proud that you 'at least had fun and made sure she had fun.'"

At that point Ollie chimed in even though he's been fairly standoffish with the older kids, not really sure where he stands on any sort of parental authority. I think the fact that he read the email with me and saw where Zwei said outright that he has three dads seemed to be what he needed to hear. "Zwei, you act as though none of your dads has ever been a hormonal teenage boy curious about shagging. We've all been there; you wanting to know what the fuss is about is not a good enough reason to put yourself or your partner at such a risk. Knowing you were underaged and you were willing to bring in the Malfoy lawyers to get yourself out of trouble while not caring what kind of trouble she would have gotten in, tells us that you are absolutely not mature enough for sex."

Leave it to Oliver to be the voice of reason.

And Draco, that's where we were in the argument when you joined us from your run. So you were there for the finale of the fight. Or the finale of THAT fight, you were certainly there for the entirety of ME being quite displeased with YOU. Seriously, "I'm sorry if I'm coming off as an arsehole" "did you at least have fun?"

Ugh. Alright, you did SO MUCH better than you did when River was growing up. You told him about the legalities and how being responsible meant waiting until it was a decision he could make legally. You praised his use of protection while reminding him that just because he used protection still didn't make it alright. I know you've struggled with this issue for our entire parenting lives, being torn between knowing sex is natural while realizing that doesn't mean it's the right thing to do or the right thing for parents to allow or approve of.

Although trying to make me deal with it in the morning before my run so you don't have to be part of the discussion was pretty shady.

Anyway, after Ollie dropped the "you're not mature enough" bomb on Zwei, I threw out one last comment that had him practically roaring and stomping to his room. "I am just so disappointed in you Son, you seem to think being clear headed when making these decisions means I will be proud of you thinking it through. But it tells me that you thought the entire thing through, including legality, and were willing to potentially ruin this girl's life to get what you wanted. You were willing to be deceitful about your own age, you were willing to let her take the fall since she was the age of consent. And you did it all completely sober. I thought you cared more for other people than tonight's behavior proves."

So, long story short, parenting teenagers is the worst and I might be willing to renegotiate that anti-aging potion you invented.

Frustratingly Yours,

Harry
Chapter 385

Chapter Summary

Draco and Zwei reach an understanding.

Chapter Notes

Note: this is still in Draco/Harry format, so Draco's email is first.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday November 19th
Excuse you?!

JUST because I was relieved that he had a good experience rather than a bad one, doesn't make me PROUD of him! It makes me disconcerted, alarmed, and frustrated! But yes, relieved that he wasn't coerced or pressured in any way.

I'm also rather relieved that Zwei has only been popping in on weekends (which must actually make it hard on him at school, despite Portkeying to make the time difference possible to negotiate), and thus, has already gone back to Hogwarts. Hopefully, we'll ALL be a bit cooler headed when he comes back.

But before he left, he actually came to me and wanted to talk.

"Dad... can you talk to dad for me? I HATE that he's so disappointed in me. I may not have been an expert in the law BEFORE it happened, but I looked it up since then and now I know for certain that Keela would not get into any sort of legal trouble. And actually, I may not have said it, but I was assuming that our lawyers would protect her too, if it came down to it. BUT - as I was saying - I looked up the law regarding age of consent and statutory rape, and Hawaiian law is specifically written so that if 14 and 15 year olds are with someone up to five years older, and it was all CONSENSUAL, then no charges would be made. So... Can you please tell dad there's no reason for him to be disappointed?" He was trying his best to NOT cry, but his lip quivered tellingly and a couple of tears escaped anyway.

I felt a bit stuck between a rock and a hard place because despite his research, I think he's missing the point - in that he needed to know all of that BEFORE making such a decision - however... He's a teenager. I can't exactly expect a fully grown ADULT to do that sort of research before making such an important decision (I mean they should, but people don't always think about what they should do), and so I felt like I should give him a little leeway.

Also, I guess I just didn't want to turn a good experience into a BAD one by traumatizing him about it after the fact. So I shoved away all the anger I still had into a tiny box temporarily so that I could sigh and give him a hug, rubbing his back.

"Listen, I'll talk to your dad, but you should really do so yourself. Either in person before you leave,
or by email," I advised, but I have no idea if he did either. Considering that he's been basically skipping Mondays due to the time difference between here and Hogwarts, he may have stayed long enough to talk to you, OR he may have used needing to get back right away as a bit of an excuse to leave and email you about it. Either way, I think he's reached the genuinely apologetic stage.

Harry. Oliver... As dads, I KNOW we're supposed to be responsible and hold our kids to high standards so they know right from wrong, but... In this VERY grey area... how are WE supposed to know what's right and what's wrong?

I mean, think about the law itself. Statutory rape by DEFINITION is consensual, and only exists because ADULTS feel like they have more right to decide what a teen does with his or her body than they do. IS that right? MERLIN DAMN IT! THIS is why I HATE bloody parenting teenagers! There IS no right or wrong! Just shades of dismal grey layered over each other until it's all just one big gigantic mess!

Sigh...

Hang on, Eris just came home looking... high?

Oh, erm… I'm going to have to sign off now and have a MUCH more in depth chat with Eris. She's, erm… concerned about something and is actually asking if I can get a vision off her clothes. So...

All in all, you're just another brick in the wall,
Draco

Damn it Draco!!

I did a whole skimming thing with your email because I was a little distracted. I started to respond and had probably two or three paragraphs written. Basically: boo hoo, Zwei is sad that I’m disappointed in him. Maybe he shouldn’t have been so cavalier about other people.

Also, he did not talk to me and hasn’t emailed me. So either he’s not as upset as you thought or he is WAY more upset than you thought. Either way I’m going to either call or message him later.

But in more important news, Eris looks what and wants you to what now?!?

On my way!
Harry

Chapter End Notes

WARNING! The next chapter contains references to an event that - while not described graphically at all - triggered Chrissie so hard that she nearly threw up.
Chapter 386

Chapter Summary

Draco has a vision of what happened to Eris. Oliver is being as supportive as he can be, and Harry is in Rage Halo mode.

Chapter Notes

WARNING!!! This is the chapter I talked about at the end of the last chapter that triggered Chrissie so hard that she nearly threw up. The way the vision is told, nothing GRAPHIC is said, but you have a really good idea of what happened. Thus, if you think you might be triggered and would rather just ask us to tell you the important parts, you can safely skip Draco's half of the chapter, which is still the first email. Actually, Harry's email recaps what happened safely enough that it shouldn't trigger anyone.

Lastly, please note that neither Chrissie or I are *advocating* that Harry's actions while in Rage Halo mode are what SHOULD be done, but since this is a fantasy world in which our characters can get away with anything, we like to push things from time to time.

Monday November 19th

My solid rocks of strength,

So... As I said, Eris came home - around 2 in the afternoon - looking disoriented and out of it, as if she was high. She stumbled a little and seemed relieved that I was the first person she came across. I actually caught her as she nearly fell off her feet.

Then after I got her seated in a nice comfortable yet supportive chair, she said: "Dad... I don't remember where I've been the last... Day? And since I woke up in a strange bedroom to find the aftermath of a massive party strewn about an unknown house, I can probably assume that I simply got blackout drunk again, but... I dunno. I feel... like something happened... Can... Can you try to get a vision off my clothes?"

I inhaled a long and deep breath because this could go in SO many directions, and NONE of them are directions I want to SEE. Nodding, I finished off my previous email to you, and then decided that I NEEDED to make a cup of tea and drink it before doing anything else. Also, I felt like Eris could almost certainly use a bracing cup of tea as well.

So I made a pot of tea, by hand so that I could have some time to mentally prepare myself for basically anything. To my eternal relief, the both of you came rushing in before anything else happened. You both put your arms around Eris and held her tight.

"What happened?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. That's why I need dad to get a vision and tell ME."
I looked her dress up and down. It was a sleek mini dress in dark blue that was obviously made by her since it consisted of the highest quality materials and looked almost elegant in its, erm… 'come take me now' message. Nodding since I felt a tiny bit prepared now that I'd drank my tea, I gestured for her to hand me her dress so that I could have the vision while sitting comfortably rather than standing over her.

She took it off and tossed it at me.

The vision came almost the instant it was in my hand.

"Alright, I see Eris, she's handing Luka off to Hazel, who has promised to watch him for the night. After that, she Apparates to a shadow near a large house - almost a mansion. From the shadow, she walks to the front door, which is wide open and it's clear before she even takes a step inside that there's loud music blaring and a party in full swing.

"Once inside, she notices a - Salazar damnit! It's a bloody orgy!" I took another long and deep breath to calm my nerves, since I didn't really want to see ANYTHING involving our daughter at an orgy.

"After looking around and admiring some of the, erm… piles? Of people shagging, she finds a man that makes her smile. He looks up from the vagina he was servicing to find her watching him. 'I'm so glad you came after all!' He exclaims, beckoning her to come join in. She promptly strips off and I'm going to try my hardest to fast forward this vision until it seems like something bad is happening, and hopefully, I'll get to the end with no such thing occurring!"

With my eyes closed and biting my lip in concentration, I fast forwarded through hours of our daughter thoroughly enjoying herself at that orgy. Harry, I am probably going to need you to Obliviate this entire vision from me later on! Oliver, I'm DEFINITELY going to need you to hold my hand and rub my back while he does so!

In any case, there DOES come a point in which...

"I'm letting the vision go at normal speed now because Eris is snuggled up to that original bloke and looking around sleepily. She really looks like she's exhausted and about to pass out, but something is prickling up the back of her spine. Scrutinizing everything suspiciously, she finds nothing out of the ordinary. By this point, she feels like she's dying of thirst, so she reaches over to the coffee table and takes a cup of some sort of mixed drink to wet her mouth, but it's tasty enough that she downs the whole thing, sighs happily, and lays her head down to snuggle some more.

"That's when the vision goes black, BUT I can tell that it's still happening because I can sort of FEEL what's happening. First of all, there's something over her eyes - like a blindfold - that she's trying to remove, but her arms are pulled away and trapped behind her back as she's picked up and carried away. It doesn't feel like far, because it only takes a minute or two, but then she's gently placed on what feels like a bed. She's trying to fight, but all she can manage is a weak struggle as her arms and legs are tied to - the bedposts, probably.

"After struggling for a bit, the vision really does go black and stop, as I assume that she must have passed out. So..." I sighed, tossing the dress aside before even opening my eyes. In fact, I kept them closed because I wanted to try to analyze the last bit of the vision for a few minutes, to see if I could pick anything else out of it before locking it in a box in my mind.

"I cannot say for certain what happened, but based off the assumption that Eris woke up with the ability to just slip out of bed, get dressed, and come home, the most likely thing that happened was that she was slipped something in that drink that made it hard for her to fight back, and also took
away her memory of what happened. Thus... something bad must have happened...."

Eris sighed and hugged her knees to her chest. "I actually can't remember most of the night, and
THAT is what makes me the most angry! I went there intending to have a bloody brilliant night, and
apparently I did, but because some ARSEHOLE - who probably could have just joined in at
some point - decided to go the shady fucker route instead, I don't remember much beyond the first
30 minutes or so!"

I think it was probably obvious to all of us that she was placing her anger in a relatively safe place
so that she could avoid the part that truly deserved it. Even so, Oliver pulled her into a comforting
hug and hummed soothingly as Harry was in RHH mode - and I knew this for certain without even
opening my eyes because the room was rapidly growing unbearably hot and the air was whipping
about with loud whooshes. Not to mention that things were flying around and hitting other things
such as the walls.

I focused on the only thing I could. "I'll, erm... I'll put the whole vision in a Pensieve for you, Eris
my love. That way, YOU can comb through it and see if you can figure out who the shady fucker
was. Maybe we can have some local Aurors come in to go through it with you, but I CAN'T watch
that again!"

Eris groaned a whine. "Do I HAVE to? What if all I really want is to just take a bath and forget
anything ever happened?"

I finally managed to open my eyes and sit up straight. "Well... I suppose if that's what you really
want, but as the former Head Auror, I would advise you to report this because if you don't, this
fucker will just continue to do this to other women - and maybe even men - until he IS caught. And
what if he never is? Do you REALLY want that on your conscious?"

Eris picked at some lint on her bra as she thought this over. "I, erm... I can remember that before I
left for the party, I had put a magically enhanced Diaphragm in (and cast anti STI spells) so that I
didn't have to worry about accidental pregnancies or condoms - although I'm fairly certain that
those were used in abundance. My concern is that it wasn't there when I went to take it out during
my morning loo break. Is it too soon to cast a test spell to see, erm..."

I groaned and yanked on my hair. "I think actual conception has to happen before you can test for
it, and it can take up to a couple of days after the fact for that to happen. I think we should just cast
a morning after spell to ensure that it doesn't happen."

She shook her head. "In a family like this - in which we go out of our way to adopt kids because we
have so much love to give - do you REALLY think I want to cast a spell to prevent the smallest
POSSIBILITY of a baby?"

"But..." I faltered because she might feel different once she realizes that the father of said potential
baby is a bloody RAPIST! In any case, I have always been committed to being supportive - so long
as I'm not in the midst of a rage. Sighing because I had no idea what to do, I abruptly stood up.
"Look, I think we ALL could use some time to think things over. You suggested taking a bath, and
that sounds like a bloody BRILLIANT idea to me. I'm going to go take a shower, and then a bath,
and then just probably meditate and clean up and organize my mind for a bit. Do what you need to
do and we'll all talk about this more later, yeah?"

"Yeah," Eris nodded in agreement.

And - once again feeling like a bloody coward - I practically ran from the room so that I could try
to come to terms with and cope in peace. Of course, writing this is a big part of that process, and
easy enough to do from the bath. I'm ready now for one or both of you to come join me since you both probably need comfort too. So, let's all comfort each other.

Did you see that shooting star tonight, were you dazzled by the same constellation, did you and Jupiter conspire to get me, I think you and the moon and Neptune got it right, 
Draco
P.S. I might actually be serious about that Obliviation. Right after I extract the whole thing for Eris, should she decide to pursue the criminal.

Tuesday November 20, 2018

My Loves,

I will be home soon. I erm, I'm just very safety conscious and with our current concerns with the environment and my own anxiety, I couldn't just leave this fire until it was completely out. So as soon as the last embers have cooled I will be home in your loving arms.

Hopefully your very forgiving and loving arms. I know I know I know, I've promised to not get Grandmama involved in "taking care of things" and I didn't. This time I did it myself. Which I know goes against the spirit of the promise. I know I can't be judge jury and executioner. But Eris is my baby girl. And he hurt her. He stole from her. He stole her innocence, he stole her ability to feel safe, he used her body against her. He took her memories, rohypnol (that's what he used) memory loss has no recovery. Not even a master legilimens can get those memories back.

I know enough about the justice system, both Muggle and Magical, to know some piece of gobshite will make this into her fault. "What was she wearing? She was having sex so she obviously wanted it? What kind of slut goes to orgy parties? She's already a teen mom, she's probably trying to trap him and ruin his life." People are disgusting, guilty people walk free, and too often girls end up the innocent bystanders.

Not on my gods damned watch.

Which, also, I KNOW you meant well. And that you were scared and panicking and grasping at what you could possibly say after witnessing a terrible vision of your child but ...

Draco, while I understand where you're coming from wanting this man caught and charged and put away. As the person who literally just tore him limb from limb made sure he didn't ever hurt anyone else, I know you wanting Eris to come forward with evidence and testimony was all coming from a place of love and care. But his behavior is HIS responsibility. When you literally asked her if she wanted that on her conscience? She was just traumatized, her body used against her will, and that message told her she was to blame and would be partially to blame for any further rapes this monster perpetrated in the future.

Not okay.

Whether you forgive me for disappearing for the day. Ollie, whether you forgive me for taking justice into my own hands. I NEED to know that Eris is told explicitly that assigning her A SINGLE OUNCE of blame or credit for these actions was spoken in fear and is COMPLETELY UNTRUE.

NEVER tell a victim it's there responsibility to report. NEVER tell a survivor that they MUST make a choice to speak out before they're ready. She should hold exactly zero percent of the blame.
ZERO. Any reporting or not, any recovery, any ability to move on from this has to come from her and at her pace. We can offer advice, we can support, we can hold her hand while she gives testimony or speaks to her mind healer. But we do not get to dictate how she chooses to handle this.

Anyway, I'm exhausted .... physically and magically. I just want to come home, shower every bit of grit and grime off of myself, get myself good and obliviated, and sleep for a solid day or two.

At least this took my mind off of Zwei for a few days?

Ugh, if he messages let him know I'll be calling to talk with him as soon as I wake up. And assure him that I was disappointed in his actions but that I will always love him completely and unconditionally.

Cooling off,
Harry
Chapter 387

Chapter Summary

Harry comes home and goes straight to bed. Oliver comforts him, and Draco gets a vision off of Harry to find out exactly what happened after Harry left.

Chapter Notes

While I don't think anything in this chapter should trigger anyone, Harry's actions are described and they are not pretty. You'll probably be happy to know that the next chapter goes back to happier times. Draco's email is still first, and I have decided to keep it that way until the posts catch up with where we currently are. It'll probably be about a week or so ^_^ 

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tuesday November 20th
Harry...

I suppose that I wasn't really surprised. When Oliver came into the bath with me, he slipped into the tub behind me and pulled me into him so that he could hold me in that wonderful warmth and stroke a hand up and down my arm soothingly. Then he told me the really not surprising thing.

"Practically the moment you left the room, love, Harry - still very much in Rage Halo mode - gave Eris a fierce hug, kissed Serenity via my bump, gave me a kiss, and then whispered in my ear: 'please forgive me, my love, but I'm going to go kill me a rapist.' And since he Apparated away before I could so much as take a breath to protest with, I couldn't really do anything to stop him."

I sighed in acceptance. "He will too. And I can't say that I blame him. More than half of me wants to go do the same thing. It's just... I suppose working with the Aurors so long, I have become accustomed to trusting them to see that justice is done. But yes... I very much want to find that bastard and do a few things I've seen Kisa do - to him."

Oliver sighed. "I really hope he just catches the rapist and brings him into the Aurors, but... Godric! If it was Cassie...? I think I might have a Rage Halo of my own, and... I would probably let that Halo do anything it wants..."

I chuckled slightly. "Maybe now you can understand a little better why we became a little cavalier about having Grandmama take care of problems for us." Then I sighed rather heavily. "I don't like the idea that Eris might get pregnant with a RAPIST'S child. I mean we'd love the baby either way, but... how do you think that baby is going to feel - one day in the distant future, when he or she is old enough - and we explain that, well... this was premeditated rape of the worst kind. How would YOU feel knowing that your father was such an evil man?"

"Why would we EVER tell the baby that?" Oliver asked in horror.
I shook my head. "Even if we didn't, our kids are all so powerful. This sort of thing would probably become a vision that the child saw if he or she hugged their mum after she was wistfully thinking about it. I mean, there are a LOT of ways the information might come out, and then not only does the child know what happened, but they also know we all went to great lengths to hide it and lie about it."

Oliver sighed in defeat. "Yeah... I'm not saying that I fully agree that your hypothesis is worth aborting an actual baby over, but... I suppose that it wouldn't hurt too much to ask Eris again if she'd at least reconsider the morning after spell. Maybe she's changed her mind and just needs a bit of support to go through with it."

"Yeah," I murmured in agreement. So, despite wanting to remain in the bath all night, we got out and dried off so that we could make some tea and eat some Ben and Jerry's while trying to talk to Eris again. She also was fresh from a bath - in a bathrobe with a towel wrapped around her hair - riffling through the freezer for some ice cream.

We had a nice long chat, going around in a series of circles for a bit before Eris sighed and nodded. "Yeah... I suppose you are right. It's just that I was sort of hoping for another baby, but I'm not in a relationship nor do I really want to be in one yet. But having a baby from THIS situation would... I think I might actually always look at that child - especially if it's a boy - and wonder if he's going to turn into a monster like his father. I think we all know that all the love in the world can't stop some people from giving into their evil nature."

"True..." I murmured cautiously.

"So," she stated decisively. "I'll make you a deal; cast a pregnancy test spell on me, and if there ISN'T already a positive result, then you can cast the morning after spell to make sure there won't be one. But if it's already positive... I will need to think it over a lot more before I make any decisions..."

I nodded in agreement, and then cast the test spell, which came up black. Sighing in relief, I promptly cast the morning after spell. Then I held out a vial of silvery liquid.

"This is the memory of the vision. Even though I went through it in a sped up manner, the vision will be normal speed when you go to view it. Thus, you can enjoy the good bits before the bad part, and actually, you can always avoid the bad part. And you know what? I'm really sorry I implied that you have any sort of responsibility to stop him from doing it again. I guess I really AM too much in Head Auror mode to consider feelings at the moment."

She took the vial and kissed me on the cheek. "I..." She sighed in defeat. "Yeah, I suppose that the right thing to do would be to protect others from him, but I'm fairly certain that's EXACTLY what dad is currently doing, and I'm so relieved that he's taking care of things so I don't have to, that I'm just not going to think too hard on any of it, and try my best to put the whole thing behind me."

I nodded in agreement and hugged her tight. Then Oliver hugged her and we all ate ice cream until we ran out and had to send River out to buy some more. After that, the bigger kids, from Jaz on up, sat in the kitchen with us as we all talked over various strategies that they could try to make sure that none of them are ever in a similar situation in the future. And before you think that my advice was for all of them to just avoid the whole possibility until they're married, actually, I opted for more reasonable advice like not going to strange parties without a person they trust to keep an eye on them.

Which might have been tricky in Eris' situation, because which of her siblings could she have just been like: "Oh hey, I'm going to an orgy, want to come with and keep an eye on me so I don't get
raped?" And besides, even if she had - say Orion and his lovers - at the orgy with her, who's to say that they wouldn't have gotten so into things that they passed out before her and missed protecting her anyway?

MERLIN BUGGERING SALAZAR!!! Why did it take me until NOW to think of the fact that she could have asked her bloody ELF to keep an eye on and protect her?!?! Sometimes, I SWEAR I really am the stupidest smart person I know!

Sigh...

In any case, we're just waiting for you to return... Which I think you just did. I heard a crack of Apparation, let me check...

Yep. You came back and... since you looked rather worse for the wear, I let Oliver guide you to bed and stroke your hair until you were asleep. Then I took hold of your hand and closed my eyes so that I could get a vision from you.

I didn't say it out loud, because I could tell by the expression on Oliver's face that he didn't really want to know the details, but I DID silently see everything from the moment I left the room yesterday. I saw you kiss our daughter and husband, and then Apparate away.

You popped up on the beach, casting a spell to track Eris' magical signature back to the small mansion she'd partied in. You cast a disillusionment charm to prevent people from trying to stop you, and basically walked right into the mansion and followed the trail past a handful of women cleaning up the mess from the party, all the way up to a bedroom.

A good look at the bed proved that there was dried evidence you could use if needed - certainly Aurors and even muggle police could use that to convict the culprit - but you also spotted that there wereropes still tied to the headboard, as if the criminal didn't really know or care that they could be used to convict him. Maybe he'd used gloves and thought they would be completely free of all his DNA? But the fact that he left a lot of DNA on the bed makes me wonder if he just didn't care about anything like that - or maybe he's so stupid that he doesn't even realize it's a possibility???

In any case, you used the ropes to get a sort of magical compass to point him out, and then followed the trail all the way to a relatively small house that's sort of halfway between that mansion and our rented villa. Once at the house, you - still very much in RHH mode - went inside and confronted a man who was sprawled out in a recliner, wearing only dingy Y fronts that were pushed down a bit so that he could wank to a porn he was watching on the telly. The porn itself seemed to be about a young girl having fun with a much older man.

But that's probably not important in the slightest. Using a Crucio to get your point across, you asked if he had dared touch so much as a single hair on our daughter's head, making sure to describe her in detail so that he'd know who you were talking about. He...

Oddly enough, he looked really familiar to me, but I couldn't put my finger on why.

After a few more blasts of the Crucio to get your point across, you asked if he had dared touch so much as a single hair on our daughter's head, making sure to describe her in detail so that he'd know who you were talking about. He...

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Oddly enough, he looked really familiar to me, but I couldn't put my finger on why.
Once he was clearly nothing more than the remnants of an explosion (or ten), you summoned all the bits up and cast a spell to burn them in a bonfire - waiting patiently for it to burn all the way out. Then, just to be SURE that there was NOTHING that could be identified in any way as him (should anyone think to test a random beach bonfire for his missing body), you gathered up all the ashes and tiny bits of burnt bone, Apparated them to one of the active volcanoes, that slow one by the look of it, and tossed the remains in, watching as they all disappeared. I'm beyond certain that no one would bother to try combing them out, even if they WANTED to find his remains. Which, considering that he was living alone and by all appearances a sleezy rapist, probably no one will care that he's gone anyway.

So, with the vision ending with you Apparating home, I let go of your hand and kissed you on the cheek, carding my fingers through your hair.

I love you and I do not blame you in the slightest for ensuring that our daughter/s (and sons) and everyone else in the world is safe from that man. Also, I'll be right here when you wake up. If you want to talk about it, or maybe cry about it, I'll hold you and listen to everything. Oliver doesn't look like he plans to leave your side either. Thus we'll be here 'til the end of time if that's how long it takes for you to wake up, but knowing you, it'll probably be a mere two or three hours before you wake up in anxiety mode.

Oh-oh-oh I~~~ keep on falling, in and out, of love with you, I~~~ never, loved someone, the way that I, love you!

Draco

P.S. I think all our Mind Healers are about to get a nice all expenses paid vacation to Hawaii.

P.P.S. Zwei called, but I told him that there was a bit of a family crisis going on and that you'd call him back later. You may not be surprised to know that Oliver took the call from me and explained things to him, so, he knows what happened and is worried about you - and Eris, of course.

P.P.P.S. Erm... thank you...

Wednesday November 21, 2018

Erm ... you're welcome ...

Thank me for what? I've decided the last three days have never happened.

Alright, that's less than healthy. I will be ignoring it, locking it away in my mind, until I can completely unload on my mind healer. Yes, I agree, a Hawaiian vacation seems just the thing for the healers who keep our minds running at peak performance.

Well, at least not at suboptimal performance?

I am going to pretend the last three days haven't happened just like I said ... after I cover a few things.

I am really proud of Eris for understanding exactly what the morning after spell would do. It doesn't abort an implanted fertilized egg. It keeps it from implanting, which is something a woman's body often does all on its own. By having you check with the pregnancy spell first she was able to breathe easy knowing all she MIGHT have accomplished was keeping any implantation from happening.

I'm so torn about her wanting a baby right now. She is so young. She's got so much time to build
her family. The father in me thinks "what's the rush Eri!?!!" But I completely understand where she's coming from. How many times throughout the years have I turned to either of you and said "someone is missing"? And for someone like Eri whose best friend in the entire world is her sister I can see her wishing Luka had a sibling close in age as well. Someone to be his forever friend the way her siblings are to her.

But that doesn't mean she has to put up with what happened. She doesn't need to have a partner if she doesn't want one. She can bring a child into the world in so many ways. She could always adopt. She could choose a friend, someone close to provide the sperm: either as a co-parent like Sebastian and Delphini have done or as someone who donates and walks away. She could go to an actual sperm bank and choose from a portfolio of swimmers. So many ways she can grow her family.

I actually look forward to talking with her about all of her options sometime soon, but after all of this has blown over a bit. Maybe on the flight home to Wiltshire.

The flight should be plenty long enough that I could potentially have a long talk with the bigger kids the way you did while I was on my .... hunting trip. I'm sure you covered a lot of important areas, but even more important (to me) than ways to keep themselves safe is to make sure they know that they could fail to follow every single one of these plans and anything perpetrated against them would be zero percent their fault. I NEED my children to know that they could come home from an orgy, having been assaulted, and know that they will have complete love and understanding given to them.

Seems like we've done pretty well on that front so far since Eris came home in exactly that situation and knew she could come to her dads. For the fact that this was a horrific event I wish had never happened, I am so proud and pleased that our daughter knows she can come to us no matter what.

The other thing this whole event did for me was put my anger at Zwei into perspective. Look, he was a little shite. He was immature and he is SO obviously not ready for sex. He may have thought about his partner after the fact, he may have assumed our lawyers would help her as well, but he didn't think about that to begin with.

Because he's an idiot teenager. I've made some massive teen-aged mistakes myself. I don't want to tell him "no big deal, do whatever you want mate" but he wasn't being a monster, he was just being an immature teenager. When I woke up this morning I called him and he and I had a long chat. I pretty much altered one of my phrases I've said to you a million times over the years Draco; what you do or think initially is what you were conditioned to think (by your body's hormones going cuckoo for cocoa puffs) and what you do next determines who you are. Well, it took a few hours but after his initial immature selfishness he went and researched the laws surrounding what happened to make sure she wouldn't be charged with anything. It came later than I'd like, but he did make the effort to fix what went wrong.

I'm still not letting him out of my sight besides school for at least two years.

But after a long, mostly wonderful, trip I am ready to go home. We leave Friday morning. I will miss the sunshine. The beach. The palm trees. But I'm ready to be home.

We have Christmas presents to shop for! We have baby items to prepare (shopping spree anyone?). We have grandchildren we haven't seen in SO LONG that we need to cuddle and spoil. I bet Milie, Phoebe, and Brett will be practically unrecognizable by the time we get home! They'll probably be walking and talking and have no idea who their Grandpa Harry is at all!
But before that .... one last shag on the beach under the stars tonight my husbands?

Last one to the sand .... is the last one to come!

Harry

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so, here's an example of me being all like: NEW BABY!!! And Chrissie being like: NO MORE BABIES FROM UNHAPPY SITUATIONS!!!

So... no baby.

But here are the reasonings: While we both (and probably all you readers) agree that this family DEFINITELY would have loved that baby, sometimes, the responsible thing to do is actually choose better circumstances for a baby to be conceived. So the issue WASN'T lack of love. It was literally just wanting any and all future babies to be conceived in wanted and/or planned situations.

Also, we had one newer reader comment on a previous chapter (she's still catching up) that as a nurse, she would actually like to see a situation in which abortion isn't treated like a horrible or invalid option, as we have actually tried to keep this story fluffy by never going there. So, that confirmed in our minds that this was the right decision to make (we'd already written it before she commented), but I've also been thinking about having a new situation in which I follow that reader's request - meaning have a character choose that because it's what she feels is best despite being financially and emotionally CAPABLE of caring for a baby.

All of this is basically to explain why - if you feel even the morning after spell was a bit too much - we felt that it was the right decision for this situation.

THANK YOU ALL FOR STICKING WITH US THIS LONG!!!

Rest assured, even though we've slowed down recently due to real life being a bit of a pain, and this never ending winter giving us a touch of SADD, we're both planning to keep on writing this story ^_^ My only thoughts on that is that I might just arbitrarily end this part and begin a new one - not to necessarily jump time or anything - but to simply avoid having a million chapters for this one part, lol.

Love y'all! <3
Chapter 388

Chapter Summary

Mind Healing and a plane ride home.

Thursday November 22nd
The loves of my life,

Today, our Mind Healers arrived, clearly excited to have a nice holiday in paradise - even as they were curious by what prompted us to invite them here. We did a bit of a joint session first, so that I could explain things calmly and rationally and spare the rest of you that ordeal. Eris' Healer was brought in as well, so, once the situation was explained, we all went into our separate sessions.

From the look of it, I was not the only one who came out looking refreshed and unburdened.

I won't ask the details of your sessions, but as I was explaining to Yesenia that I'd actually had a few disturbing visions during this holiday, I realized why the man you, erm... took care of... why he looked so familiar to me. HE was the same man from my other vision, the ones in which his own daughter suffered at his hands. I can only assume that after that event - which must have happened on a holiday since they were in a rental villa - his wife and daughter left him, since he was living alone in a small house when you found him.

Part of me wishes I could send the daughter an anonymous note assuring her that he can't do that ever again, but the rest of me just wants to leave well enough alone.

Yesenia had me tell her more about those first visions than I told either of you, and together, we realized that he didn't really seem to know what he was doing, and thus it was probably his first time. That said, he had also slipped his daughter something to make her fuzzy and disoriented - but since I was her in the vision, I can sort of guess that it wasn't Rohypnol, in that it felt different. More... like opium actually.

None of that really makes a difference except that he was CLEARLY a serial rapist by the time he got his hands on our daughter. Thus, right or wrong, Yesenia and I agree that it's for the best that he's gone for good.

I feel fairly at peace now and can put the whole incident behind me - aside from being there for you and Eris as needed. I also look forward to getting on the plane home, and probably sleeping most of the way there. Feel free to molest me in my sleep ^_^

Forever,
Draco

Friday November 23, 2018

Tell everybody I'm on my way!

No matter where we go on holiday, no matter the location, even if we end up on one of those
holidays where not a single thing goes wrong ... is there anything better than knowing we're on our way home? Knowing that when I lay my head down tonight it will be in our own bed on my own pillow. That we'll read the kids bedtime stories in their own beds. Be able to stroll through the gardens if we're not too tired after we get all the littles to sleep.

I just love our home!

Not that I don't LOVE our holidays. I'm already thinking to myself where I'd like to go next. And with that being said, after Serenity is born and Ollie is feeling well enough to travel, we should go to Japan! We've not been back in ages. And I kind of like the idea of Serenity's travel book starting with the same trip Viona's travel book started on.

But I suppose I'm getting a bit ahead of myself. We're not even home yet from this trip. I should let my rambling brain start making plans for when we get home! Tomorrow we're going shopping! Or at least I am going shopping. I want to get all of my Christmas shopping done and out of the way before Ollie gives birth. I don't want to have to rush out and get anything done after the birth. I will be too busy cuddling my teeniest princess.

I'm so excited to see what she looks like. I can't wait to see Ollie's expressive eyebrows in miniature, maybe over a pretty set of silver eyes. I can't wait to see Draco get frustrated if her hair is as unkempt as mine. I want to see Ollie sob in happiness this time when he sees a baby who looks like someone he loves. I just ... ugh can she be born already?!?

I know, I know, I know, babies come in their own time. But damn it! I want it to be her time NOW! It's weird, you spend thirty-six or so weeks hoping against all hope that they won't be born too early. That they stay safe and sound in their warm little bubble. And once they hit that mark of "they'd be completely healthy if they were born now" moment, I become insanely antsy to meet them this very second!

But Ollie's not due for another three and a half weeks, and he could go late and it could be another five or six weeks before our newest comes to join the family. Can one of you just knock me out and keep me unconscious for the next month so I don't have to think about it?

Oooh, never mind, Ollie's giving me the eyebrow. You know the one Draco, the one where I can tell his hormones are making him randy as hell. I'm going to drag him off to the back bedroom of this plane.

Join us won't you?
Harry

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