### Pet

**By:** NestingHedwig aka LinW

#### Summary

After the defeat of the Light, Lord Voldemort gives an injured Harry Potter to Lucius Malfoy as a pet.

#### Notes

Written prior to the publication of OOP and HBP, it does not follow cannon.

Originally written in 2004-2005 for the Beloved Enemies Fanfiction site, this fic came in Second Place in the Angst Category of the Second Annual Quills Competition. It was also Runner Up in the Sorting Hat Awards in the category of Voldemort Wins.

Disclaimer: The story is based on characters created and owned by J.K. Rowling, various publishers including, but not limited to Scholastic Books and Warner Bros. No copyright or trademark infringement is intended; no monetary gain will be made from this story.

All characters depicted herein in adult situations may safely be assumed to be over eighteen.

---

**Rating:** Mature  
**Archive Warning:** Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Major Character Death, Rape/Non-Con  
**Category:** M/M  
**Fandom:** Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling  
**Relationship:** Lucius Malfoy/Harry Potter, Severus Snape/Voldemort  
**Character:** Harry Potter, Severus Snape, Lucius Malfoy, Voldemort (Harry Potter), Narcissa Black Malfoy, Draco Malfoy, Neville Longbottom, Ginny Weasley, Seamus Finnigan, Original House-Elf Character(s), Original Muggle Character(s), Original Male Character(s)  
**Additional Tags:** Violence, Hurt/Comfort, Rape/Non-con Elements, Master/Pet, Voldemort Wins, Mpreg, Pregnancy, Stripper Harry, Out of Character, Angst, Implied/Referenced Character Death, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Concubine/Consort  
**Stats:** Published: 2019-09-28 Words: 48750
More than anything, Harry yearned for an ordinary life, but, with no Muggle diploma and a six-month old daughter depending on him, his options were limited. Truthfully, this wasn’t the worst place he could work and so long as he continued to entice the customers, the management didn’t ask any questions.

Tucked in the quietest corner of the cluttered dressing room, Harry finished brushing his long raven hair and carefully settled the headpiece so that the large artificial emerald dangled in the precise position to obscure his identifiable lightening bolt scar in a way plain makeup could not.

He glanced down into the small port-a-crib nestled securely between his dressing table and the corner; the quiescent infant was following the activity with her sleepy emerald eyes. It was overly warm in the dressing room so she was dressed only in an indigo onesie decorated with random yellow ducks. Harry leaned down and stroked her blonde hair; she let out a huge yawn.

“Past your bedtime, Rose.”

There was a slight wave of cooler air as another one of the dancers slipped out of the dressing room door, a slight judder to his step. Harry slipped his feet into his flat, jeweled sandals; he never understood how anyone could dance wearing five-inch stilettos.

Harry carefully adjusted his last veil, kohl smudged emerald eyes accentuated the unearthly beauty of his reflection. He glanced at his sleeping daughter, glad she was not old enough to understand how he earned money to support them. With feline grace, he exited the dressing room, a final glance at his sleeping daughter.

Mark, one of the club’s bouncers, took one last look around the bar area before slipping backstage for his dinner break. He stepped aside as the next dancer slipped beside him, waiting for the cue to go on. Mark smiled in greeting to the little figure draped head to foot in veils; the bright green eyes met his and nervously glanced toward the stage.

Laughter from the audience drifted toward them. Just off-stage Harry waited for the comedian to finish. Mark gently massaged the tension from the slight dancer’s shoulders; he liked Harry, even if he was a bit of a kettle.

“You’ll do fine, Em. You always do.”

Mark was a Squib; he knew who and what Harry was. He was also probably the only person in the club to understand the significance of the small serpent tattoo Harry wore low on his hip.

With a final round of applause, the comedian exited the stage. Mark squeezed Harry’s shoulder one last time.

“I’m on break, beautiful,” he said. “I’ll watch after Rosie for you.”

“Thank you,” Harry whispered, gliding toward the stage. The first strains of vaguely Arabian music began; it was his cue to go on.

Lucius paid the Muggle cabdriver as he stepped onto the pavement, which shimmered in the warmth of the late July heat-wave. Ignoring the cabdriver’s smirk, the elegant blond wizard stepped into an air-conditioned “Gentleman’s Club”, the flickering neon sign reading “Fiddlestick” – the “s” long since burned out.
From a darkened corner, he watched the dancers and the customers. During the day and early evening, Fiddlesticks catered to the businessman desiring a little cheesecake with his three-martini lunch—scantily clad waitresses and female strippers—but late at night, the clientele changed and tastes shifted to pretty boys.

Lucius sipped at his top-shelf scotch. He looked over the contents of a slim manila envelope again, looking up as a comedian took the stage. Unlike the nefarious clubs littering Knockturn Alley, this establishment was rather tasteful. He assumed it was a front for prostitution and other vices, but the additional “services” were well hidden.

He examined the waiters and waitresses that seemed to zip through the crowd wearing clothing that left little to the imagination; there was nothing familiar in their faces. Lucius hated being among Muggles and he hoped that his search was ending soon. Tucking several photographs back into the envelope, he scanned the room again; the Muggle private investigator he had hired assured him he would find his quarry here.

He leaned back, listening to the comedian tell his off-color jokes, perplexed at the crowd’s laughter. He pushed away the complimentary bowl of snacks in distain; he was unfamiliar with Muggle snack foods and whatever the bowl contained, it was liberally dowsed in salt. Obviously designed to sell more beverages, he thought as the comedian mercifully left the stage.

The music seemed to amplify in his ears as a slender dancer took center stage. The crowd applauded and several overly familiar catcalls rang out. Covered head to toe in green and blue silk; it was impossible to tell the dancer’s sex. But the clever deception was lost on Lucius; he would know that graceful beauty anywhere.

To the delight of the crowd, Harry performed a flawless rendition of “The Dance of the Veils”. The cheers grew lewder as each square of silk fluttered away until the final piece was dropped, revealing the delicious body wearing barely a scrap.

Lucius’ face was a mask, concealing his growing anger. Harry exited the stage, lecherous men attempting to grope him as they tucked notes into his thong.

Harry circulated the room, clutching his discarded veils as inadequate protection. He gracefully declined offers of a drink, a private performance or a quick fuck. His face frozen in a staged smile, the slight wizard passed so closely that Lucius could have touched him. It was with a sense of relief when Harry finally slipped through the doors leading backstage.

“Why was his runaway pet in a place like this?” Lucius thought in horror.

*~*~*
ONE
*~*~*

One by one the wards protecting Hogwarts were dropping, opening the castle up for Death Eater attacks. Albus Dumbledore had died quietly in his sleep several days before and, with his death, the wards began to fracture.

Dumbledore’s death created a vacuum of leadership. The Ministry of Magic had already fallen, weakened from within by entrenched Voldemort supporters. The Wizarding world of Great Britain was in chaos and the shattered remains of the resistance were defending Hogwarts.

Mad Eye Moody and Kingsley Shacklebolt stood atop the Astrology Tower, surveying the battlefield beneath them. The fickle wizarding public had tried to pass Dumbledore’s mantle of leadership to Harry’s slender shoulders, but the eighteen-year-old wizard refused, stating that he...
was not yet a fully trained wizard and he had no battle expertise. At his insistence, the leadership was passed to Mad Eye and Shacklebolt.

The remaining witches’ and wizards’ attempts to reinforce the castle’s natural defenses were weakening. Via portkeys and a still working floo network, they were slowly evacuating the castle, sending non-combatants and wounded to any available sanctuary.

Harry stroked Hedwig’s feathers and tied a message to her leg. As if understanding the finality of the situation, the snowy owl kept nipping at him affectionately. With a final cuddle, Harry sent her with an encoded message to Madame Maxime, the Beauxbaton headmistress.

On the surface, Beauxbaton, like the French Ministry of Magic, was remaining neutral in the battle against Voldemort. As a humanitarian gesture, the headmistress had opened her school to refugees and orphans; privately, Madam Maxime had also opened the school to members of the resistance.

Harry’s message to the giantess informed her a final group of refugees would arrive on the surviving Hogwart’s thestrals. As a footnote, he requested that she not send Hedwig back; there would be no one alive to accept the message.

*~*~*

Harry’s memories flitted by in a haze of Muggle pain medication. He was once again lying on his bed in the smallest bedroom at #4 Privet Drive. Aunt Petunia’s caustic tongue was unusually silent, and she seemed withdrawn, but Uncle Vernon was oddly pleased. If Harry could have focused on his situation better, both of their reactions would have alarmed him.

He was only vaguely aware of how he ended up back in Surrey. In a last-ditch effort to hold the wards long enough for escape, they had used Harry’s considerable magic as a fulcrum, grounding Minerva McGonagall, Fillius Flitwick and an unknown Ministry witch. He remembered the wards collapsing, as first Flitwick and then McGonagall were killed; unable to hold it alone, Harry released the Ministry witch but was caught in crossfire when the halls were overrun with Death Eaters. He remembered his wand exploding, fire and pain, of getting hit with curse after curse, explosions and green light and of being trapped in Dumbledore’s office with Mad Eye and several Aurors.

When there was no other recourse left open, Mad Eye ordered retreat; since the wards had dropped, it was now possible to apparate and disapparate on Hogwarts grounds. Those who could not apparate were sent through the floo network. Mad Eye ordered a young Auror to take Harry through the floo to The Leaky Cauldron; they were to escape into Muggle London and in a few days, attempt to reach the safety of Beauxbaton.

*~*~*

Tom looked up from his newspaper at the bar as two wizards flooed into The Leaky Cauldron. The pub was deserted due to a curfew imposed on Diagon Alley; no one was permitted on the street after dark.

Curious, the old wizard watched as the wizard in Auror robes eased a child in school robes to the floor. With a look of sadness, the Auror tore the Gryffindor crest from the robe and apparated out of the pub, leaving the prone body behind.

Tom cursed under his breath; it was not the first time a dead body had been left behind since the war began, but it had never been a child before. Slowly he kneeled beside the small dark-haired male and gasped when he recognized a friend.

He stroked Harry’s cold forehead, brushing back the rat’s nest of hair. He caught a slight flicker of
movement; perhaps Harry wasn’t dead.

“Enervate.”

Harry barely roused. His hands and arms were badly burnt; in places it looked as if it had burned clean to the bone. Tom looked at the Muggle clock above his bar and cursed again. Death Eater security would be making their rounds soon and Harry was in no condition to defend himself. Even if he had been conscious, he didn’t even have a wand.

Harry needed immediate medical attention and Tom had only the basic knowledge of healing spells. He knew he could not take the slight wizard to St. Mungos; Death Eaters now controlled all of Wizarding London and most of England as well.

The bartender accioed a quill and parchment from the bar, quickly scrawling a few words. It was fastened to Harry’s torn jumper. He removed and incinerated the tattered school robe. With one last look at the clock, Tom gathered the unconscious wizard into his arms and apparated to a Muggle hospital far from London.

~*~*~

The emergency room resident handed a scrap of paper to the young constable responding to her call. He turned it over in his hands.

“He had no other identification on him?”

“No. We don’t even know how he got here. No one saw anyone bring him in. He was wearing some sort of school uniform, but it was badly damaged. The school crest was missing.

The young officer looked at the paper again. There were only four words – a name and a location – Harry Potter – Surrey.

*~*~*~

Harry swallowed another two pain capsules and tried to eat the soup his aunt had left for him. His hands and arms were wrapped in heavy pressure bandages and trying to hold a spoon in his stiff, mitten-like hands was impossible. Finally, he abandoned the spoon and held the bowl up to his mouth, trying not to drip the hot liquid onto the oversized t-shirt he was wearing.

He glanced at the sunlight streaming through the barred bedroom window and wondered how long he had been at Privet Drive. He lost all track of time, floating in a haze of pain, fever and medication. Did anyone even know he was still alive, he wondered.

Harry lay on the bed, deep in confusion and in pain. He felt hollow inside and it unnerved him. Was the hollowness due to depression or pain? Thinking reading might help distract him, he saw a newspaper his aunt had left behind.

“Accio newspaper,” he said, holding out his bandaged hands. The newspaper did not move.

“Accio newspaper,” he said louder and with more concentration, but the newspaper still did not move.

What had happened, he wondered; a feeling of dread began to fill him. He could not feel his magic. The hollowness he felt must be his missing magic.


The slight wizard heard his uncle’s laughter through the walls and his aunt’s voice; she sounded
upset. Uncle Vernon had either did something or was going to do something and Aunt Petunia did
not approve. This was one of the few times he had ever heard them fight. Idly, he wondered if he
was somehow going to get blamed for it. He drifted off into a drugged sleep.

*~*~*~

Harry heard his uncle and several unfamiliar male voices in the foyer below. Still feverish, Harry
tried to stay awake. He heard heavy footsteps climb the stairs and his uncle’s voice grow louder.
Used to them pretending that he did not exist, Harry was startled when he heard the deadbolts on
his door slide open. Blearily, he looked toward the door to see his uncle and two men enter the
room.

Harry froze. He recognized the men. They were wizards. It was Lucius Malfoy and Walden
McNair.

*~*~*~

Lord Voldemort sat in quiet contemplation, stroking his pet’s silky black hair; his spider like
fingers caressed his pet’s shoulder and back, unconsciously counting the vertebrae. His serpentine
crimson eyes widened slightly as Lucius bowed before him, McNair beside him with Harry cradled
in his arms like a broken doll.

Voldemort beckoned them to approach. He patted his pet’s head one more time. Harry whimpered
when the Dark Lord’s hand lightly stroked his cheek, the pain radiating from his scar exploding.

“Your mother’s love no longer protects you, but I still cause you pain…A pity.” Voldemort pulled
off the shabby blanket Harry was wrapped in; Harry trembled as the sudden coldness hit his
fevered flesh. Voldemort’s hand snaked up a smooth thigh and caressed a naked hip beneath the
sweat soaked t-shirt.

Harry’s eyes opened, the brilliant green dulled by pain; an odd glassiness caused by the
medication.

“Please,” he whispered.

“Please what, Harry Potter?” The hand continued to stroke the young wizards overly warm skin.

“Please don’t toy with me…just end the game.”

Voldemort’s face quirked into a smile. He leaned forward and ran his tongue across Harry’s lips.
Harry flinched, but made no sound.

“I have no intention of killing you, little one.” Harry stared into the crimson eyes. “You’ve grown
up to be quite beautiful…you’ll make someone the perfect pet…. It’s a pity I already have a pet of
my own…I would have enjoyed bending you into submission.”

Voldemort jerked on the leash connected to the choke chain around his pet’s throat. The tall man
unfolded from his nest of pillows beside Voldemort’s throne and knelt beside his master
submissively.

Voldemort stroked his pet’s hair. “Was the Muggle uncle satisfied with his reward?”

Lucius smirked as Harry flinched once again in McNair’s arms. “We let him live, my Lord. And
that should have been reward enough.”

“And the woman?”
“She tried to protect the boy, as any decent mother would...so she was not injured. I merely oblivated her.”

“Severus,” Voldemort pulled the Potion Master to his feet and captured his lips in a forceful kiss. “Take Potter to your rooms. He is in need of your Mediwizard skills.”

“Yes, Master.” Severus bowed and reached for Harry, not meeting McNair’s eyes.

*~*~*~*
Severus consulted several medical tomes as he looked over the Muggle medications Lucius had taken from the aunt. He flicked on the computer tucked into the corner of his small potions lab.

“Muggle technology, Sev?” Lucius asked. “I’m surprised.”

“Muggles are one thing, their technology is another.” Severus slid around the other wizard, rolling up the sleeves of his form fitting green velvet robe, and ducked into his adjoining bedchamber. He checked the level of bathwater in a slowly filling bathtub.

“What are you doing?” Lucius asked as Severus pulled off Harry’s t-shirt and settled the slender figure into the bath water.

“Until I know what is in the Muggle medication his aunt gave him, I can’t risk potions. We have to bring down his fever without magic...I need to check my medical databases...Keep an eye on him and make sure he doesn’t drown.”

Lucius indicated one of the badly burnt wrists. “Sev, he’s not wearing a control band.”

Severus examined the blistered and peeling skin. “It’s not necessary. His magic shattered in the fall of Hogwarts. They must have been using his magic as a conduit to maintain the outer wards when they were breached. It’s a sign of the strong wizard he used to be that it didn’t kill him.”

*~*~*~*~*
Severus gently massaged a thick gel into the burns on Harry’s hands and arms and watched as the skin began to heal itself. Lucius watched his old friend’s slim hands. The Potion Master’s hands had always fascinated him. The dark wizard bound the damaged hands and arms in loose gauze.

“I really pity Muggle burn victims.” Severus shook a blue vial to blend its contents before dispensing three drops on Harry’s tongue. “Neither one of those Muggle medications would actually heal the burns; the tablets are almost pure morphine and the salve was to fight infection. Left untreated, he may never have had the use of his hands again. Some of these burns destroyed the muscle – any worse damage and the Muggles may have amputated his fingers.”

Severus studied the sleeping younger wizard. “Poor little bastard...If his uncle hated him enough to try to sell him to the Dark Lord, I am surprised he didn’t just overdose him with the narcotics and claim it was accidental...Albus was a fool to have ever sent him to live with them...”

“Is he safe to move?”

“Don’t bother. He can stay with me. The bed’s certainly big enough and he doesn’t take much space. Chances are I’ll be called to His bed anyway.”

Lucius squeezed his friend’s shoulder. “How are you holding up?”

Severus smiled bitterly. “I’m still alive..”
“That’s not what I meant.”

“By all rights He should have killed me…but I’m too valuable of a commodity…Imagine…your very own pet Potions Master.” He slipped one of his own nightshirts over Harry’s head and gently maneuvered the injured arms into the sleeves. He looked into his concerned friend’s face. “Don’t worry, Luce. I’ll be fine as long as I spread my legs on command and grovel in an appropriate manner.”

*~*~*~*

Severus donned his nightshirt and slipped his exhausted body into bed beside the injured Harry. Unconsciously, the slight young man curled up against him, seeking comfort and companionship.

The Potions Master examined the sprite’s features in the flickering firelight. So pretty, he thought, and so fragile. With his magic gone, did the boy have enough inner strength to survive with his spirit intact? Severus knew the former savior would be a much sought after commodity within the Death Eater ranks; was there a way to prevent the boy’s destruction at the hands of an animal like Walden McNair?

Harry whimpered in pain. Being careful of the damaged limbs, the dark wizard tucked the small figure securely under his chin. Harry calmed. Before he drifted off to sleep, Severus smiled, thinking of Harry’s horrified reaction to discover himself curled up intimately in bed with “the greasy git”.

*~*~*~*

The full moon cast odd shadows on the walls of the dungeon cell and illuminated Seamus Finnegan’s face. The Irish wizard stared unseeingly at the ceiling.

“Oh Harry,” Neville whispered as he snuggled beneath the blanket they shared trying to stay warm. “It was horrible.”

“What happened? Seamus hasn’t said a word since I’ve been here.” Harry shifted slightly against the uneven stone wall, his thin borrowed nightshirt offering little insulation against the chill.

Ginny Weasley reached through the bars from an adjoining cell and squeezed Neville’s hand.

“Seamus and Dean got as far as Diagon Alley before Marcus Flint turned them in. Justin Fitch-Fletchly and the Creevy brothers actually got to Bristol before they were caught boarding a ferry.” Neville paused, glancing over at Seamus, who showed no signs of hearing their conversation. “I was already in the holding pens when they brought them in…after a day they began to separate us…Pureblood, Half-blood, Muggleborn, Squib. The Death Eaters raped some of the Muggle born witches and wizards before they killed them. I saw them take Dean and Dennis and…”

“Bastards said they were just vermin,” Seamus’ broken brogue whispered into the stillness. “You exterminate vermin…”

From a distance they could hear the cry of a lone wolf. Harry stood on the cot and peered through the bars at the moon. There wasn’t a cloud in the sky and the moon glowed brightly, illuminating the forest beyond Riddle Manor.

“I wonder how Professor Lupin is doing.”

Harry continued to look out the window as if trying to catch a glimpse of the wolf. “He’s dead, Ginny.”

“Oh Harry,” she said. “I’m so sorry.”
“He went out on his own terms…he didn’t like being the last Marauder.” Harry sank to his knees on the cot, nervously picking at his gauze wrapped fingers. “Professor Snape had already been captured and betrayed, so there was no one to brew the Wolfsbane…Remus took off out of the castle in his wolf skin…and barreled into a Death Eater encampment. He caught Bellatrix Lestrange…tore her throat out and that of another Death Eater before they took him down.”

“They didn’t capture Snape.” Seamus snarled. “The greasy git turned traitor.”

“No, Seamus…that’s where you’re wrong.”

*_~*_
Ginny and Neville had been removed from the cells. Because they both came from Pureblood families, they had been taken for “retraining”. When a suitable match was found, they would be married off for breeding purposes. Harry was afraid for them; what determined who was suitable?

*_~*_
Stripped of all but their last layer of clothing, Harry and Seamus huddled together on a long platform in the great hall with a number of other young male wizards and squibs. Different colored cards with numbers were pinned to their underclothes. Harry wondered vaguely why he was the only one with a silver edged card; his roommate stiffened as an orange card was pinned to his sleeveless undershirt and a hand was slipped into his briefs.

Harry could hear the teeth chattering on the man beside him; he didn’t know if it was from fear or from the cold. Most of the men and older boys were in their undergarments, but Harry had no undergarments on beneath his nightshirt. The wizard who pinned on the card had lifted the nightshirt and groped beneath it; for a moment Harry feared he would be forced to stand naked on the platform, but other dark wizards glanced nervously at the card and insisted he keep wearing the nightshirt.

Harry felt very vulnerable; his slight frame dwarfed in both Severus’ nightshirt and a sea of taller, muscular men. In small groups, the dark wizards closely examined the prisoners, touching them sometimes in the most intimate of places. Seamus had been groped numerous times, but no one approached Harry.

One by one the wizards were claimed, but no one claimed Harry. He was terrified; anyone not selected as a pet would be sent to a Knockturn Alley brothel. Walden McNair pulled Seamus off the platform. Harry wasn’t so sure Seamus wouldn’t have been better off in the whorehouse.

Another group of wizards climbed the platform and still no one claimed Harry. Harry stared at his feet; his Aunt Petunia always told him he was an ugly little boy. Was he so ugly no one wanted him in his bed?

The room was almost empty and Harry’s heart sank. There was something ironic about The-Boy-Who-Lived becoming a whore. He would not give them the satisfaction of tears. He was vaguely aware of the slamming of a heavy door and raised voices. Looking up, he saw Lucius Malfoy stalk into the hall, anger flaring in his eyes.

Swiftly, the elegant blond strode across the hall, raised his cane and struck another wizard.

“How dare you display what is mine…Crucio!”

The wizard crumpled in pain. Harry recognized him as the man who had ordered him onto the stage and had pinned his number on. The remaining wizards in the room backed away, not wanting to draw the infamous Malfoy wrath. Lucius hurled the curse twice more at the wizard. With a
trademark smirk, Lucius pushed the shaking man away with his dragon hide boot and stalked into the platform, robes swirling.

Harry shook as the serpent headed cane was placed beneath his chin; gentle pressure forced the green-eyed wizard to look up. The anger had not receded from the icy blue gray eyes.

“Imbecile,” Lucius hissed. “You were pre-selected. You should not have been on display at all.”

Harry tried to control the anger that swept through him. He was a prisoner; it wasn’t as if he had had a choice about being on the platform. Guards had stunned anyone foolish enough to fight back. Gryffindor courage was one thing – idiocy was another.

The slight wizard kept his eyes locked fiercely on Lucius as the silver cane caressed his jaw and cheek.

“Did any of them touch you?”

Harry’s eyes flickered unconsciously toward the wizard limping toward the exit. The dark wizard turned, flicked his wand once casually and the wizard dropped to the floor again in agony.

“Did anyone else touch you?” Harry shook his head. “Excellent. No one else was foolish enough to touch what is mine.”

*~*~*~

TWO

*~*~*~

Harry did not want his dream to end; he did not want to find himself in the dungeons or back on Privet Drive. He was nestled in a sweet smelling, comfortable bed with the highest count Egyptian cotton sheets caressing his body and a cool, fragrant breeze ghosting over his skin. He snuggled deeper into his pleasant cocoon; something unfamiliar slithered around his neck. Harry batted it away and opened his eyes with a start when his fingers tangled in a chain.

His stomach lurched as reality drifted back into his sleep-dulled mind. He untangled his fingers from the smooth gold choke chain around his throat and pushed himself up into a sitting position in the middle of the antique four post bed.

The soft distinctive pop of a house elf’s arrival caused him to pull the sheets up around his nude form.

“Good morning, Master’s Pet.” The little elf bowed her head slightly. She was dressed in an immaculately clean embroidered damask napkin and stood quite still, unlike most of the house elves Harry had met. “I am Sally.”

“Good morning, Sally,” Harry responded politely, amazed at the reserved nature of the house elf.

“Master has sent you breakfast. He will visit with you later.” Harry noticed the covered silver tray on a small side table in the corner.

“Thank you,” he said, and she disappeared with another soft pop.

After a quick search of the small bedroom revealed no clothing, Harry wrapped himself up in the bed sheet and shuffled over to an overstuffed armchair, snagging the breakfast tray as he passed it.

Harry nibbled at the light meal of fruit, croissants and tea, surprised that he had an appetite at all. His eyes rested on the delicate bone china dishes and a finger idly traced over one of the dragons
decorating the edge. Master’s Pet, he thought, and wrapped both of his hands around the teacup in a vain effort to stop trembling long enough to actually drink without spilling it.

*~*~*~

Lucius’ finger ran down the labels on the neatly stacked files on his desk in the former Minister of Magic’s office. His eyes drifted to the bowler hat and pinstriped cloak still hanging from the corner cloak rack; he really should dispose of those relics of a previous administration. It wasn’t as if Fudge’s ghost would come back to claim them.

The forty-five-year-old wizard finished his list of pressing governmental matters; even in war there had to be some sort of intermediate government in place or the world would dissolve into chaos. In his wisdom, Lord Voldemort had moved several of his key players into positions of power in the post-war restructuring. Lucius had been appointed Minister of Magic.

His attention drifted back to the stack of intelligence dossiers he had discovered hidden in Fudge’s old office. The bumbling and extremely paranoid former minister seemed to have intelligence reports on almost every wizard in Britain. Lucius had quickly culled the stacks for familiar names. The thick file on Severus Snape had proven to be an entertaining bit of half-truths and suspicions. Arthur Weasley’s file had been a surprise; Lucius never realized anyone hated Arthur more than he did. His own file had proved how well he had covered his own tracks.

His fingers plucked a file from the middle of the pile. The label on the thick file read “Harry James Potter”. Lucius settled himself down for what would prove to be a very interesting read.

*~*~*~

Harry gazed out the window, curled up on a window seat in his bedroom prison. He could see vast manicured lawns and elaborate gardens; in a distance he saw uniform rows of trees. Harry had been alone in the room all day; a light lunch had appeared early in the afternoon, but he had not seen an elf deliver it.

Still wearing only the bed sheet, Harry had experimented with the length of fabric and had fashioned a garment vaguely resembling an Indian sari. His hand drifted occasionally to the chain fastened around his throat. He wondered if he would be provided clothing or, like a house elf, be forced to fashion a wardrobe from cast-off tea towels.

The sun was beginning its decent when Harry heard the soft click of his door unlocking.

“Hello Pet.”

*~*~*~*~

Lucius examined his pet, curled up in the window seat. He had thought Harry looked like an adorable little boy wearing Severus’ nightshirt, but now, wrapped loosely in a bed sheet, he was breathtaking. The bright green eyes flickered minutely and then met his.

“Hello Pet.”

Harry said nothing. The sheet slipped off his bare shoulder, but he made no move to retrieve it. Lucius stood before him dressed in trousers and an open necked silk shirt. Although the long white blond hair was still secured in a jeweled clasp, the dark wizard’s feet were bare. Harry did not want to think of what this meant.

Gracefully, Lucius crossed the small bedroom and settled in the overstuffed armchair.

“Come here, Pet.”
Harry did not move. Lucius’ eyes narrowed at the defiance; he released his wand from a hidden fold in his shirtsleeve. As if bored, he ran his finger lightly over the polished mahogany surface.

“I know that you can resist the Imperious, little one, but there are many other curses I can use. I will excuse you just this once because you are still untrained…but understand this…If I tell you to do something, you will do it…without hesitation or reservation or I will punish you. Do you understand?”

Harry blinked and nodded slowly.

“Come here, Pet.”

Harry uncurled himself from the window seat and stood up, gathering the bed sheet around him. He began to shuffle slowly toward Lucius, being careful not to trip on the excess yardage.

“Release the bed sheet. I did not give you permission to cover yourself.”

Blood rushed to Harry’s cheeks as he let the sheet slide down his slender frame. Looking at his feet, he carefully stepped out of the puddle of cotton. He fought the urge to cover himself with his hands; he knew that would earn him a second reprimand.

As he approached the dark wizard, Lucius patted his lap. Harry’s legs trembled as he perched on one trouser clad thigh. He sat stiffly with his hands clasped into his lap. The blush had spread over his entire body.

Lucius casually wrapped his arm around the young wizard, his hand slowly caressing a lightly furred thigh. His other hand ran over the slight patches of hair on his chest. Lucius could see a heaver trail of hair beneath Harry’s navel; the trail was obscured by Harry’s hands. Although Harry’s face held a controlled look of indifference, Lucius could feel the sprite’s heart beat rapidly against his chest.

Lucius was both amused and impressed. Harry stared straight ahead, not looking at him. Lucius leaned over and nipped his ear lobe; Harry’s breath hitched, but he did not turn his head. The older wizard suppressed a smile; he could only hope if the situation had been reversed, that Draco would put on as brave a face.

“So, Pet,” Lucius asked quietly, “How does it feel to lose your magic?”

Harry glared at Lucius, but softened somewhat at his expression; it had not been meant as a spiteful question.

“Empty…hollow…it’s hard to explain.”

“Does it hurt?

“It did when it happened…it was worse than Crucio…but it’s a death in the family kind of ache now.”

Reaching up, Lucius tugged on the choke chain around Harry’s neck, pulling the pale face toward him. He captured the pink lips in a chaste kiss. Harry’s emerald green eyes widened; Lucius had forgotten how beautiful they were. He kissed Harry again, a little more firmly. His arm snaked over the slight shoulders, holding Harry close.

“Severus always complained about what an arrogant brat the Boy Who Lived was…”
“Don’t call me that,” Harry whispered.


“The Boy Who Lived.” Harry closed his eyes, his face showing more emotion than he had previously shown. “I’ve always hated that name. It was my mother’s sacrifice, not mine.”

Lucius kissed the curse scar. “Such a modest little pet. But you forget… I’ve seen your Slytherin side, my little Gryffindor… and I’ve also seen you fight.”

“Mc-McGonagall said it’s sheer dumb luck.”

Lucius’ hands stroked the rat’s nest that was Harry’s hair. He captured the soft lips again. “Perhaps the troll and Hagrid’s three-headed dog was dumb luck…and Quirell was a bit of an idiot…but you destroyed a basilisk…Tom Riddle’s diary and set one of my house elves free… all before you were thirteen.”

Accentuating each phrase with a kiss, Lucius continued, the nervousness in Harry’s eyes growing. “Sirius Black…the hippogriff…a fully formed Patronus…the Tri-wizard Tournament… a duel with the Dark Lord…Dementors…Dumbledore’s Army… the destruction of the prophesy in the Department of Mysteries…”

Lucius stood up and directed Harry toward the four-poster bed. A quick flick of his wand and the outer bedding neatly folded itself at the foot of the bed. He tossed the slight figure into the center of the bed. Before Harry could scramble away, Lucius pinned him to the mattress.

“Of course, Pet… I didn’t enjoy my visit to Azkaban…”

*~*~*~*

THREE
*~*~*~*

Harry awoke the next morning to the birds chirping outside of his window and a very full bladder. After relieving himself, Harry decided to bathe and shave since he was already awake. He looked dubiously at the safety razor on the counter and imagined that it had been spelled to prevent suicide.

After wiping off the last of the shaving cream, the slight wizard examined his reflection. He still found it slightly disconcerting not to have his eyeglasses anymore; Mad Eye had insisted he get his eyesight corrected so poor vision could not become an issue if his glasses were lost in battle. Without his eyeglasses, the startling green eyes became the focus of his face, drawing attention away from the scar. Harry’s fingers lightly traced several love bites Lucius had given him the night before.

Lucius Malfoy confused him. The older wizard exuded power and sensuality. There was a dangerous edge to the man that both attracted and terrified Harry. The man’s actions puzzled him; Harry had been surprised that Lucius had not raped him the first night. He had merely pointed him to a bath and a bed. Last evening, he had teased him, kissed him, caressed him, but had made no attempts to claim him. Granted, the older wizard made him remain unclothed, but that had been more an issue of control than anything else. The man’s reaction to his nudity had been decidedly neutral.

Harry’s mind drifted back to the other men sharing the dungeon cells and standing beside him on the platform. They had all been much taller and more masculine than he. Uncle Vernon’s taunts about his effeminate body echoed in the back of his mind as well. Lucius obviously didn’t think of
him in a sexual way, he decided. What was the future for a pet that did not meet expectations, he wondered.

His own reactions to the entire master slave situation were confusing as well. Other than a few glares and minor impertinence, his behavior was incredibly passive. He analyzed his reactions and was uneasy about the truth that stared him in the face. With his friends captured, dead, or on the run and his magic shattered, he was alone and defenseless. As frightening as a future with Lucius was, it was still a future.

With a bath towel wrapped securely around his hips, Harry padded back into the bedchamber. In his absence Sally or another house elf made the bed and delivered a silver domed breakfast tray. His stomach grumbled at the delicious scents; it was not to be a cold breakfast of fruit and croissants today. As Harry approached the oversized chair, he noticed a deep green silk bathrobe and a note.

“Your training begins today.”

*~*~*~

Harry shifted uncomfortably in his unfamiliar position at Lucius’ feet. Not used to kneeling for long periods of time, he shifted slightly to alleviate pressure on his bony knees. Lucius tugged sharply on the leash attached to the choke chain around Harry’s throat in warning.

Sally popped into Lucius study. “Master, your visitors have arrived.”

“Show them to the Library, Sally.”

“Yes, Master.” Sally bowed and disappeared.

Lucius rose from his leather wing chair and tugged gently at Harry’s leash, indicating he should rise. Harry’s numb legs burned as blood rushed back into his calves. Lucius checked his always-impeccable reflection in a wall mirror and then straightened the lines of Harry’s forest green robe. He patted the slight wizard’s wayward hair.

“Lost cause,” he murmured and then assumed his mask of aloofness. “The Dark Lord has come for dinner. Do try not to embarrass me.”

*~*~*~

Severus flexed each one of Harry’s fingers individually; he examined the texture of the skin.

“No pain at all? No loss of mobility? Of sensation?”

“No, Professor Snape. They feel like they did before they were burnt. Thank you, sir.”

“No, Professor Snape. They feel like they did before they were burnt. Thank you, sir.”

“Severus, Harry. Not sir, not Professor. I am neither any longer.”

Harry examined the tall, plain man he had once feared and sometimes hated. Since his captivity, the harsh lines of the Potion Master seemed to have softened. No longer buried in his beloved Hogwarts dungeons, his sallow skin had taken on a healthier glow and the enormous stress of leading a double life evaporated. Life with Lord Voldemort was often difficult, but Severus had learnt to read his moods and once the Dark Lord was secure in his absolute control over the proud man, he had rewarded him with his beloved potions.

Harry poured his companion a cup of tea and motioned for Severus to serve himself from the small buffet Sally had brought them. While Lucius and Narcissa entertained Lord Voldemort, the two pets had been sent to a small study away from the dinner party.
“How are you holding up, Potter? Lucius can be a hard master…”

Harry slowly chewed his bit of chicken breast and locked his expressive eyes on Severus’ face. Nervously, he asked, “Am I repulsive?”

Severus stared at the elfin beauty seated beside him on the sofa. The slim fitting robe was finely tailored to accentuate the lines of the slender figure perfectly. Those eyes could mesmerize anyone; he had feared that he would be cast aside when Harry had first been captured.

“How do you think you are repulsive?”

“He was furious when he pulled me off the platform and said I had been given to him. He didn’t get a choice in his pet…and none of the other wizards even looked at me. And the others…they were so much bigger and…”

“Slow down, Harry. You’re babbling.” Severus rubbed the slender shoulder. “Lucius Malfoy received you as a special gift from the Dark Lord. A Malfoy never would have attended a public spectacle and chosen a pet as he would select cattle at auction. You were never to have been on display at all. As for the other wizards not looking at you…you wore a numbered tag?”

“White with silver trim…most wore orange, blue or yellow.”

“That tag marked you as the property of one of the Inner Circle. Other than the dolt who sent you onto the platform, no other wizard would have been foolhardy enough to look twice at you.”

“Seamus…Seamus Finnegan wore an orange tag…sent his Irish Catholic teeth on edge.”

“I imagine it would with the significance of orange to many of the Irish. His mother was a witch, his father a Muggle…the card colors designated breeding. Orange means one parent was a Muggle, blue meant both parents were magical but one was Muggleborn, yellow meant one or both were Squibs and green would have meant both were Muggleborn. If you had not been pre-selected, your tag would have been blue. Muggleborn children third year and under had their magic siphoned away and were oblivated. You know most the adult first generation Muggleborn were killed?”

“Like Dean Thomas and the Creevy brothers…” Harry took another bite from his plate. Severus’ dark eyes watched the graceful creature. “And probably Hermione.”

“Why do you think Lucius finds you repulsive?” He asked gently not wanting to dwell on the dead or for Harry to dwell on them either. He was amused to see Harry blush; not too many pets were still capable of blushing.

“I’ve been here almost two weeks…he’s kissed me and petted me. Shown me how to walk, how to sit, the correct fork to use but…”

“He hasn’t fucked you.” Severus said bluntly.

“No…hasn’t made me…hasn’t even touched…isn’t that why you have a pet? So you have a fuck toy?”

Severus winced and Harry gave him an apologetic look.

“If Lucius was like most other dark wizards, he would have raped you the night he brought you home, before or after a torture session, but Lucius has never done what you expect him to do. Harry, he’s training you in proper manners and etiquette to fit into a pureblood wizarding household; teaching you things you would not have learned being raised by Muggles. He won’t
claim you until he thinks you are ready…”

“Ready? Ready for what?”

“Malfoy doesn’t want a pet. Malfoys do not take pets.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Malfoys have never owned anything as common as a pet…he means to bind you as his concubine.”

*~*~*~*

FOUR
*~*~*~*

Walking several subservient steps behind him, Harry followed Lucius through a maze of hallways deep within Malfoy Manor. The blond wizard had mentioned it was time for his weekly skin regimen so the younger wizard was not surprised that their destination was a spa and exercise area.

Intending to curl up into an out of the way corner, Harry was uneasy when Lucius shooed him toward the smaller of the two stout witches standing beside a table of towels, lotions and odd little devices Harry recognized as massage aids.

Harry blushed deep crimson from the roots of his hair to the tops of his toes when she yanked off his dressing gown and examined him, her hands folded behind her broad hips.

“Well, isn’t he a tender little morsel?” she clucked. “What are your wishes, Lord Malfoy?”

Lucius, still in his dressing gown, gently stroked the hair on Harry’s forearm, tweaked at a sparse chest hair and caressed a lightly furred thigh. His knuckle ran down the slight stubble of Harry’s jaw.

“Remove it,” he said in a bored tone, a deliberate arch of an eyebrow halting the shocked sound of protest Harry was about to make.

*~*~*~*~*

Harry stared sadly at his nearly hairless body reflected in the wall mirror, grateful that the witch had at least left him with some neatly trimmed pubic hair. Always small and somewhat delicately built, he had been so pleased to finally mature enough to have facial hair to shave, but with a charmed razor and an incantation to make it permanent, it was all gone. Even as a prepubescent twelve-year-old, he had looked more masculine than this.

The witch nodded toward a padded table, indicating he should lie down. With a towel draped over his backside, she spread a warm, fragrant oil into his newly shorn skin. Her strong hands massaged and kneaded his flesh until he was totally relaxed.

The second witch was busy with the older wizard, treating his skin with different concoctions before he too received a massage. Harry noticed wryly that Lucius still had his body hair.

Harry laid face down on the table, nearly asleep; he barely heard Lucius dismiss the witches. A cold hand ran the length of his now smooth calf.

“Roll over, Pet.” Lucius hissed and Harry obeyed without hesitation, pausing only to keep the towel covering his mid section. Almost affectionately, he brushed back the wild hair from the young wizard’s face and chastely kissed his forehead. His fingers toyed with a black cowlick.
“Lost cause,” Harry whispered.

“We’ll see,” Lucius replied. “Put your hands over your head.”

Harry obeyed and jerked back in shock as his wrists were secured in thickly padded restraints. Lucius pulled Harry’s hips toward the foot of the table until his knees dangled off the edge. Stretched out flat, Lucius clasped another set of padded restraints around his ankles, fastening them to the table legs. A strap was fastened firmly across his chest and a companion strap just above his knees. Harry’s eyes shone in fear.

Lucius summoned Sally.

“Tell our esteemed guests that he’s been prepared for the ritual.”

The little house elf’s huge eyes flickered toward Harry.

“Yes, Master Malfoy.” She bowed and disappeared.

~*~*~*

Pain shot through Harry’s curse scar and he knew that Lord Voldemort had entered the spa. Hearing the footsteps of more than one person, Harry craned his neck, trying to tilt his head enough to see the room entrance. Pinned to the table, the only thing he could move was his head. Lucius had said he was prepared for ritual. What ritual, Harry wondered, trying desperately to control his mounting terror.

Severus moved into his line of vision. He set a small satchel on the table and began to extract several items. Harry could hear muffled conversation from at least three wizards and one witch. The witch’s voice he recognized as that of Narcissa Malfoy. Loudly, she voiced her disapproval and Harry heard her high heels clatter angrily down the hallway. Voldemort laughed.

Harry felt a quick squeeze of comfort on his shoulder as Severus mixed the contents of several vials together and carefully shook the vial to blend the layers. Severus’ potion stained fingers gently ran down Harry’s jaw and chest. With an amused smirk, he pulled up the sleeve of his own robe, revealing a hairless forearm; Harry returned the smile nervously. Severus’ eyes flickered to a spot beyond Harry’s range of vision and he dropped smoothly to his knees.

Harry fought to keep his eyes open in the face of the sharp pain Lord Voldemort’s touch sent through out his body. Voldemort’s spider like fingers ghosted down the slender form.

“So beautiful,” he murmured. “So like your mother.”

Voldemort reached over and caressed Severus’ sleek hair. “Jealous, Pet? Don’t be…Proceed with your preparations.”

Severus lifted the edge of the towel covering Harry and folded back a corner, exposing one bare hip only. He poured a bit of cool liquid onto the hip, massaging it from waist to knee. After a moment, he reapplied a second layer. Harry felt the skin grow slightly numb and the odor of antiseptic hung in the air. Harry’s eyes locked on Severus’ black orbs and saw compassion.

“Lucius, you wish to begin the ritual?”

“Yes, My Lord.”

Severus held out a leather pouch containing several vials and odd drawing instruments. Voldemort selected a pen and marked a shape low on Harry’s hip; the quill nib almost tickled. The dark wizard
uttered an incantation in a language that was not English or Parseltongue and one of the drawing instruments began to glow an eerie blue. When the point of the stylus touched the bare flesh, pain cut through the small wizard. He had never thought to feel anything more painful that the Cruciatus Curse, but this was tenfold worse.

Harry’s bound body began to convulse, and he screamed.

~*~*~*

Lucius stroked Harry’s sweat slicked forehead in an effort to calm him. Breaths coming in ragged gasps, Harry whimpered when Severus began to sponge the blood and pigment from the new tattoo carved into the flesh of Harry’s hip and onto the pelvic bone as well. He covered it in gauze and taped it securely.

“I am sorry, Harry, but it has to heal the Muggle way. That’s part of the ritual. The bond must be made in pain. Try to keep it clean and dry and don’t remove the scabs that will form.”

Severus slipped a vial into Lucius’ hands. He glanced once more at Harry and then crossed the room and curled up beside Voldemort’s feet. The second wizard, who Harry saw for the first time, was dressed in official Ministry robes. Lucius was presented with a parchment which he read and affixed his family seal beside his signature. The ministry wizard presented Lord Voldemort with the parchment and left the room.

“Lucius,” the Dark Lord indicated the parchment. “It is time to complete the ritual. My pet and I will remain to witness it’s completion.”

“Severus, my lord?” Lucius questioned. “As much as I am honored to have my childhood friend as a witness, is his signature still acceptable?”

Voldemort petted Severus’ hair. “As my bound pet, perhaps not, but he is still a Potion Master and he shall sign in that capacity…. Proceed with the ritual, Lucius. You don’t want to keep your little beauty waiting…do try not to make him bleed too much.”

*~*~*~*~*

FIVE

*~*~*~*

Harry pulled the towel securely around his waist, crushing the fabric in his fist. He glanced up at Lucius and, oddly, found solace in the cold fury reflected in the gray blue eyes.

“Master,” Harry whispered. “Why are they here?”

Lucius kissed his temple; slightly amused that Harry had finally referred to him as Master. The younger wizard had deliberately avoided using any reference at all in his previous conversations.

“Humiliation, Pet.”

“I have less magic than a Squib, my uncle tried to sell me, you lead me around on a leash, and He has a front row seat for when you shove your cock up my arse…How much more humiliated does He want me to be?”

Lucius fixed his eyes on Lord Voldemort. “Perhaps it is not just you He wishes to humiliate.”

Harry looked up at Lucius in realization of the truth in the statement. The always impeccably dressed Lucius Malfoy was standing before a fully clothed Lord Voldemort wearing nothing but a bathrobe. The finalization of the binding ritual required Lucius and Harry to have intercourse in front of witnesses – one of which Harry imagined was to have been Lucius’ wife, Narcissa.
Humiliation. It was difficult, if not impossible to remain dignified in any of those situations.

“Will He?”

“Will He what, Pet?”

“Will He…after you…um…”

Lucius tightened his arms around Harry. One hand gave a light tug to the chain at the slender throat and continued its movement to rest beside the still bleeding tattoo. With a quick wave, he transfigured the padded table into a bed.

“You are mine, Pet. Mine, not His. I do not share what is mine. Get on the bed.”

*_*_*_*_*

Severus leaned into his master’s touch; they were silent witnesses to the final stage of the Ritual of Possession. He took no pleasure in the honor; he felt like a voyeur and the feeling left him feeling unclean.

Lucius looked at the small figure lying in the middle of the mattress. His broad hands caressed the silky, hairless flesh. Mine. Harry trembled, his nerve endings on overload; with his curse scar exploding and the effects of the numbing potion fading on his freshly marred skin, he was in too much pain to appreciate the dark wizard’s attempts to relax him.

Harry’s eyes flickered toward Voldemort and Severus and a shudder coursed through his frame.

“Look at me, Pet.” Lucius ordered softly. He held out a finger and Harry’s eyes followed it. “Focus on me. Only me. There is no one else here.”

As much as he would have liked his first time with Harry to be a gentle seduction, he knew that his concubine was in too much pain to get much pleasure out of the encounter. The Ritual of Possession required only his orgasm and Harry’s pain to complete it. And complete it he would.

Harry’s breath caught as Lucius cast a spell of relaxation and lubrication. The dark wizard rolled the towel and slipped it beneath Harry’s hips, raising them. With slow, petting movements, he spread the thin thighs wide apart. He did not remove his robe, but untied it, letting it fall open. Harry’s eyes focused on his broad chest and engorged cock.

Lucius wrapped Harry’s fingers around his erection and covered the smaller hand with his own. Slowly they pumped him to hardness. Opening the vial Severus had given him, he coated his erection with the lubricant.

As Lucius pushed against the tight ring of muscle at Harry’s entrance, Harry keened and stiffened.

“Try to relax,” Lucius hissed and pulled Harry’s knees further apart. Harry felt the tattoo begin to bleed again. The young man’s mouth opened in a silent scream as Lucius breached him; Harry’s thin hands pushed uselessly against his broad shoulders, and Lucius captured his lips in a violent kiss. With shallow thrusts and variation in angle, Lucius was finally buried to the root.

Severus glanced at the document Lord Voldemort handed him for his signature. Swiftly, he left his signature and family sigil beside that of the Dark Lord.

“Come, Pet.” Lord Voldemort rose to his feet. “Let us leave them with some semblance of privacy.”
The Potion Master’s eyes drifted to the couple on the transfigured bed, amused that Lucius had managed to preserve their modesty somewhat with his flowing bathrobe covering them. He could see the blood trickling from beneath the bandage on Harry’s hip and made a mental note to send additional healing potions and draughts to Sally.

The Dark Lord wrapped his arms around his equally thin pet. His attention shifted briefly toward the couple as Lucius let out a moan of pleasure and a soft glow enveloped the bed, signaling the bond’s completion.

“It’s a shame the little one isn’t female. They would make such beautiful children, don’t you think?”

Severus smiled, the amusing image of a very pregnant Harry Potter drifting into his mind unbidden. With a soft pop, they disapparated back to Riddle Manor, leaving behind the signed parchment.

*S~*~*~*~
Sally gently smoothed the antibiotic potion over the still raw tattoo before covering it in sterile gauze. She pulled down the loose leg of the silk boxers.

“Thank you, Sally.” Harry adjusted himself on his nest of pillows. “I have not had a chance to see it closely. What kind of serpent is it?”

“A basilisk, Harry” she said with a shudder.

“Basilisk? I would have expected a dragon.”

“No, Harry.” Her bat ears twitched. “You are the property of Lord Lucius Malfoy. His symbol is a basilisk. If you belonged to his heir, you would wear a dragon.”

Sally completed her domestic duties and left the room. She was so unlike any other house elf he had ever met, but, as she admitted, she had been the personal elf for both Lord Malfoy’s mother and grandmother. Neither dowager would have accepted anything less than perfection in a servant.

At first Harry had been pleased when the house elves addressed him as “Harry”, not “Mr. Harry Potter” and not “Sir” until it occurred to him that the titles had been an expression of status. As Lucius Malfoy’s bound concubine, did he share the same social and legal status as a house elf?

*S~*~*~*~*~*
SIX
*S~*~*~*~*~*
Once the ritual had been completed, Harry was free to leave his rooms without being lead on a leash. He wandered through the expansive Malfoy gardens and greenhouses; when the weather was inclement, he would study the extensive art collections and libraries.

Throughout his travels, he often felt the calculating gaze of Narcissa Malfoy, but she never spoke to him and rarely remained in the same room for long. Harry watched the icy queen’s graceful retreat from the arbor and felt a wave of pity. Gift from the Dark Lord notwithstanding, it was cruel for Lucius to have moved his whore into the home he shared with his wife.

Squib…Concubine…Pet…Whore. Harry curled up against one of the trees in the Malfoy gardens, tucking his robe around his slight form to ward off the early fall chill. He had exchanged pleasantries with several small garden snakes but they were poor conversationalists. He was just grateful that his loss of magic did not extend to Parseltongue.
“Accio leaf,” he whispered half-heartedly to a yellowing leaf beside his feet and was startled when the leaf quaked slightly. His moment of elation faded when he realized it was just the wind. Just the wind, he thought sadly and directed his attention to a sleeping owl nesting high in the branches.

He missed Hedwig. He missed his friends and wondered what fate befell those few “fortunate” enough to survive Lord Voldemort’s slaughter of the “unworthy”. He shuddered at the memory of Seamus’ terrified face as he was dragged away by the sadistic Walden McNair and of Ginny clutching Neville, who was trying to be strong for both of them. He hoped that they were still alive.

Harry was so wrapped up in his thoughts, he did not notice Lucius approach him or that the sun had already set until he was abruptly pulled to his feet.

“It’s late, Pet. It’s time to come inside.”

*~*~*~

Harry curled up at Lucius feet in front of the Library fireplace. The warmth of the flames slowly melted the damp chill of the arbor. The dark wizard stroked the unruly black hair, feeling the tense young man relax.

“What ever were you doing in the gardens after dark?” His fingers paused, and then tugged sharply when there was no immediate response.

“I was trying to stay out of the way, Master.”

“Staying out of whose way?”

Harry’s eyes flickered up a moment before returning to gaze submissively at the needlepoint floral carpet beneath him. “Lady Malfoy, Master.”

“Narcissa? Has she been bothering you?”

“No, Master. She just watches me…I make her …uncomfortable. What did she say at the binding that made Voldemort laugh at her?”

Harry’s eyes watered at the sharp slap of Lucius’ hand against his cheek. “I will not tolerate your disrespect against the Dark Lord. You are not worthy to address him by name.”

The slight wizard pulled away from Lucius, curling at the man’s feet like a kicked dog.

“I meant no disrespect, sir. Professor Dumbledore always encouraged me to call him by his name. He said fear of a name gave it power.”

Lucius pulled Harry up by his choke chain. “Dumbledore was a fool.”

“Perhaps,” Harry retorted, “but he was no more foolish than grown wizards referring to someone as “He Who Must Not Be Named” and “You Know Who”. They sound like right idiots.” Harry braced himself for another blow that did not fall.

“One day, Pet, perhaps you will think before opening your mouth.” Lucius pulled Harry up to his knees between his muscular thighs. “If you can not control what comes out of your mouth, I will control what goes into it.”

*~*~*~

The musky blond curls filled his nose and Harry tried desperately to get some air as Lucius fucked his mouth roughly. Harry fought his gag reflexes as the cock thrust deeply and violently into his
mouth. In the days since his binding, Lucius was teaching Harry how he liked to be pleased sexually and Harry was trying hard to be an accommodating pet, but nothing prepared him for the violence of Lucius thrusts. He choked on Lucius’ release, unable to swallow all of it.

As Lucius relaxed his hold on Harry’s head and pulled out of his mouth, Harry’s eyes opened. There was no missing the hurt incomprehension in them. Lucius regretted having to treat his concubine in such a manner, but Harry had to learn his place.

Harry curled up into himself and focused on the fire. His jaws ached and his throat hurt. The seed tasted bitter in his mouth.

“Pet.”

“Yes, Master?”

“Narcissa told the Dark Lord that you were just a waste of sperm. Go to bed, Pet.”

*~*~*~

Harry wrapped his arms around his knees to comfort himself, tucked in the window seat in his rooms, untouched breakfast and lunch trays beside him. He looked at the Malfoy gardens and the forest beyond and watched as several thestrals hovered over the treetops for several moments before disappearing back into the dense foliage. Vaguely, he wondered what other creatures dwelled there.

He heard the door open, but did not shift his gaze.

“Sulking, Pet?” Lucius inquired, stroking the thin shoulders.

“No, Master,” he replied, his voice a little hoarse.

“Sally informs me you have not eaten.”

“I am not hungry.”

“If you are not sulking, then why are you hiding in your room? Are you upset about last night?”

“I think that the reality of my situation has finally struck home.” Lucius watched as the little figure withdrew into himself. Lucius stroked the wayward hair but said nothing. After several minutes, Harry spoke again, in a voice barely a whisper.

“Uncle Vernon always called me a waste of flesh.”

Harry’s feelings were hurt, not because of Lucius’ actions, but because of Lucius’ words. How deeply did the psychological damage caused by the Dursleys go? He gathered the unresisting figure into his arms.

“A waste of sperm…You think my beloved wife watches you because she thinks you are nothing?” When Harry did not respond, Lucius continued, pulling the sprite onto his lap. “She watches you because she views you as a threat to her future.”

“Master?”

“It is not your sperm that is the waste…It is mine.”

Harry looked up, confusion in his elfin features.
“Narcissa wants another child.”

*~*~*~

Harry smiled at the tickle of lips and teeth in the palm of his hand. His other hand stroked the skeletal cheek of the young thestral eating the oats he held out.

“Her name is Blix.” Came the gruff voice of the elderly Squib groundskeeper. “She’s a sweet little girl, isn’t she?”

Dobbins added more oats and replenished the salt licks. Beyond the Malfoy stables, at the edge of the forest, Dobbins maintained several feeding stations for the forest creatures. Since Harry had begin to occasionally help the old man, he had seen thestrals, unicorns, hippogriffs and an assortment of birds and bats. There were dangerous, flesh-eating creatures in the forest as well, but they did not approach the inhabited grounds during the day.

Harry took quiet comfort in his casual friendship with Dobbins. The old man knew who and what he was, but he treated him with the same indifference he would have treated any teenage boy who hung around his stables. If he wanted to stay, he had to make himself useful; Harry did not mind. He needed a physical outlet.

Lucius was not especially pleased to have his concubine occasionally smelling of manure, but he also realized Harry needed an outlet. Physical exertions took his mind off the emptiness he felt with the loss of his magic in a way intellectual activities could not. Everything in the manor pulsed of magic, but the stables and gardens were maintained almost exclusively on the sweat of house elves and Squibs. Out there he was Harry; he wasn’t just Lucius Malfoy’s whore.

*~*~*~

Harry tried not to drift off to sleep as Lucius absentmindedly stroked and petted him. Harry was curled up at his master’s feet with his head on his thigh. Around him, several Inner Circle Death Eaters were in a strategy session, discussing the battle plans, the weaknesses of known enemy commanders and future objectives.

The conversation wove around and through his thoughts. Being a concubine seemed to entail more than just the sexual aspect; in many ways, Harry realized his social function was similar to that of a Geisha. Lucius kept his Ministry of Magic and Death Eater activities separated for the most part; Narcissa continued to play the public role expected of the wife of the Minister of Magic with a calendar filled with charity and social functions, but she shunned the other social circle as much as she could.

Harry often found himself acting as hostess of sorts to the dark wizards; he never discussed politics or the war, but Lucius made sure he kept up on current events so he could carry on polite conversation, be it the new beater for the Wilbourne Wasps or the newest wine from a particular French vineyard. He learned to laugh politely at jokes he did not find amusing and became well versed in many games of chance.

It was extremely rare for Harry to leave the manor. The only other pet he saw with any regularity was Severus, and Harry realized early on that he and Severus were viewed in a higher regard than most other pets. Neither were ever presented wearing provocative clothing, their attire was always impeccably tailored to accentuate their slender figures, but they were covered from neck to ankle, leaving everything to the imagination. And from the overt looks they received, Harry decided some of the wizards had active imaginations.

Harry’s life took on a certain pattern. Lucius wasn’t an especially cruel master, but he was not a kind one either. He took Harry whenever and wherever he wanted, caring only for his own
pleasure. On many occasions, Harry’s pleasure was secondary, an unnecessary bonus.

In his mind, Harry tried to distance himself from the sexual acts. Lucius never called him by name, even in the height of passion – he was always called “Pet” as if it was now his given name. Early on, concerned that Harry seemed to be withdrawing into depression, Severus offered counsel and friendship. It would be folly for the bound wizards to ever think that Lord Voldemort or Lord Malfoy would ever or could ever view them as lovers. To be a lover required a mature and emotional equality that would never be extended to a possession, to a pet.

Harry was guaranteed that several days each month Lucius made no demands upon his body. To appease his wife, Lucius spent the days she was most fertile with her exclusively. With the aid of fertility potions, she became pregnant in late spring.

Blix was also pregnant and Harry didn’t think he’d ever seen anything look more ridiculous than the skeletal thestral and her huge swollen belly. To protect the pregnant mare from predators, Dobbins provided her with a stall in a little used corner of the stables.

*~*~*~

Draco returned home for a short summer holiday. He was taking an accelerated program at Durmstrang with several other former Hogwarts students and would graduate a fully trained wizard by the end of December.

He knew his father had bound Harry as a concubine, but the slender sprite had so far managed to escape detection. His mother laughed when he mentioned it one afternoon at tea; even though the former savior was unable to apparate, he disappeared quicker than a house elf.

*~*~*~

A week before Harry’s nineteenth birthday, Blix went into labor. Harry stayed with her late into the night, offering assistance and comfort and forgot to notify anyone in the manor where he was. He could hear the wolves outside the locked stables, drawn by the smell of blood. Dawn was breaking when Blix finally delivered a healthy filly: Harry was amazed when the tiny creature stood on wobbly legs minutes after being born.

Exhausted, Harry curled up in an adjoining stall and fell asleep in the fragrant hay. Dobbins covered the small figure with a clean horse blanket and went on with his duties.

Harry awoke abruptly with a cry. Pain sliced across his bare calf quickly followed by a swooshing sound and another slice of pain. Disoriented, Harry scrambled into a protective crouch, half buried in the loose hay. Lucius raised a riding crop and made contact with Harry’s upraised arms. He roughly pulled Harry to his feet and flung him. The small wizard, unable to gain footing in the slippery hay, crashed into the wall.

“M-master?” he gasped.

Lucius tore the robe from his concubine’s body and bent him at the waist in a vice like grip. The riding crop sliced at his lower back, buttocks, thighs and calves, raising welts and occasionally drawing blood. Harry cried out in confusion and in pain.

“You were not in your room last night. You know you are forbidden to be outside after dark. I have better things to do with my time than search for you.” The riding crop snaked between his thighs and caressed his testicles. “Why did you disobey me?”

Tears stung the brilliant green eyes. “Mare…foaled last night…st-stayed with her.” The riding crop continued to caress his tender flesh. He could feel Lucius’ erection against his bare thigh.
“Liar,” Lucius hissed. “None of my mares is pregnant.”

“Not a horse, Master…thestral…Dobbins let her use a stall to keep the wolves at bay…You can see for yourself…last stall.”

Lucius’ anger was white hot. He forced Harry’s unresisting body to a standing position and pinned him face first against the wall of the stall, his strong hands pushing hard enough to bruise. Harry’s fingers scrabbled against the smooth paneled wall, searching for something to brace himself against. He heard the rustle of fabric and the sound of a zipper.

“Master?”

Lucius pulled the choke chain taut to silence him. Harry tried to catch his breath but the chain was cutting off his supply of air. His legs were forced apart with a knee.

Harry bit his lip to keep from screaming as Lucius slammed into him. He had often been taken roughly before, but never dry.

From the shadows Draco watched his father brutally rape his concubine. Curious to know where his father was stalking off to, the blond wizard followed him. He knew he should be more horrified by his father’s actions, but he was not. He had seen and heard too much during the war and his father’s actions were almost mild in comparison.

Blood and semen running in rivulets, Harry tried to support his weight against the wall on violently trembling legs. Draco stepped back into the shadows as his father stalked by, dragging Harry by his arms. Lucius paused beside a horse trough, his head jerked toward the curious Blix staring at him over the partition. He dropped the battered wizard into the cold water.

“Clean yourself up, Pet.” He snapped and strode down the corridor without a backward glance.

Draco grimaced as he watched Harry struggle to get out of the deep trough. Dripping, he limped toward the stall and wrapped himself up in his torn robe.

Draco crept away as a choked sob escaped the raven-haired possession. Mother had nothing to worry about; Father was not falling in love with his concubine. Father treated his concubine as less than human.

*~*~*~

Harry keened softly as Severus carefully inserted salve-coated packing into his torn and swollen channel. The Potion Master made soothing circles on his back with his other hand.

“Almost done.”

Severus wiped the salve from his hands onto a damp towel. He didn’t even want to remember how many times he had performed the same procedure on Seamus Finnegan.

Harry rolled gingerly on to his side, the exquisite serpent tattoo standing out against the pale flesh. Idly tracing the green and silver scales, his eyes flickered toward Severus’ stoic face.

“What happened, Sev? You weren’t called in just for me.”

Severus packed his small satchel, leaving behind several vials for Sally to use later. His fingers toyed with a wayward lock of hair.

“No, love,” he said quietly. “Narcissa lost the baby.”
Lucius crept into the bedroom to see the damage his anger had wrought.

“Lumos.”

A bedside lamp glowed softly. Drugged with a Dreamless Sleep draught, Harry did not awaken. Lucius brushed back the wayward dark hair and saw the black bruise from the choke chain circling his neck. The older wizard pulled down the bedding revealing the small nude form. The bright red welts had morphed into thin scabs and angry purplish black bruises. Severus or Sally had rubbed in a salve to dull the pain, but not heal the injuries; neither servant would dare to go against a master’s punishments.

Lucius’ finger traced a particularly nasty looking bruise. He cast a healing charm. He had not meant to hurt Harry but the night’s events had cascaded out of his control.

Narcissa was not feeling well and had gone to bed early. Around midnight she began to bleed vaginally. Alarmed, Lucius contacted both her Obstetric Mediwizard and Severus. Arriving scant moments from one another, neither was able to prevent the miscarriage.

After consoling his distraught wife, Lucius had gone to Harry’s rooms, seeking consolation of his own. Finding the bed empty and unslept in, Lucius searched Harry’s usual haunts; he ordered the house elves to locate his missing concubine.

In the time it took for them to locate Harry in the stables, Lucius’ grief had turned first to alarm and then to anger. Harry looked so peaceful curled up in the hay, innocent of the chaos he had caused. The famous Malfoy temper exploded.

Lucius caressed the soft skin of Harry’s shoulder. Even asleep with his hair askew, his pet was beautiful. The dark wizard slipped off his dressing gown and climbed into the four-poster bed. Harry let out a contented sound as he was wrapped into the protective embrace.

“Nox.” Lucius whispered as he drifted off, asleep beside his pet for the very first time.

Harry stared, perplexed, at the singed school trunk sitting in the middle of his room. He traced the initials barely visible in the soot-darkened leather – H.J.P.

He looked up at his master in curiosity. Lucius had been acting strangely since their morning in the stables; it was almost as if the dark wizard was trying to apologize, but everyone knew that Malfoys never apologized.

Harry tried to lift the lid, but it did not budge. He had forgotten he had placed a locking charm on it all those months ago in Gryffindor Tower.

“Alohamora,” he whispered, not surprised that the lid did not open. He glanced up at his master, who casually waved his hand; the lock clicked open.

“Where did you find this, Master?”

“Workers are dismantling the ruins of Hogwarts prior to rebuilding. They were able to salvage a good portion of Severus’ private library, but not much else. Books and parchment fed the flames through the main floors…the Library is a total loss…some of Gryffindor Tower and the dungeons are still structurally sound although they suffered extensive smoke damage.”
Harry’s hands trembled as he knelt before his old school trunk. With the damage to the outside, he wondered if the contents were damaged as well.

“You do realize, Pet, that I may not let you keep everything in there…”

“Yes, Master.”

Harry moved aside his neatly packed clothes, sneezing at the smoky scent clinging to the fabric, pausing briefly to pet a Weasley sweater. He stacked his textbooks and parchments aside; some of them showed signs of damage. Harry hugged his father’s invisibility cloak to his chest before silently handing it to Lucius. A soft smile played on his face as he pulled out his beloved photo albums; a quick check revealed that’s they were undamaged.

“Thank you, sir” Harry whispered and curled up at Lucius’ feet, still clutching the albums.

*~*~*~*

EIGHT
*~*~*~*

Harry caught his heavy black hair in his hands and casually braided it, feeling the weight settle along his spine. Without his magic perpetuating the trademark Potter rat’s nest, his hair had grown at an alarming rate. He pulled the hair back from his face; Harry no longer hid himself or his scar beneath cowlicked bangs.

Weeks and months passed and Harry began to grow comfortable in the Malfoy Estate. Narcissa had miscarried several more times and, oddly, seemed to accept Harry more with each painful loss. Harry never totally relaxed around the witch; there was an undercurrent to her acceptance of him and he was not too much a Gryffindor to ignore it.

More puzzling to Harry than Narcissa’s acceptance was his own feelings for Lucius. Lucius was not and never would be a simple man, but Harry had begun to enjoy his time with the older man. Was he falling in love with him? How, he wondered, could he possibly be in love with a man who owned him, who was rarely gentle and was always possessive? His confused emotions made his head ache; how many of his feelings were real and how many were in reaction to the bond?

He talked with Severus about his odd thoughts and the Potions Master had first looked at him strangely before starting to laugh a bitter laugh. The older wizard was experiencing many of the same conflicting emotions. In the end, they decided that it was out of their control. It was either a reaction to the bonds their masters had placed on them, they were victims of a Muggle malady known as “The Stockholm Syndrome”, or they were both slowly going insane.

*~*~*~*

With Lucius busy with the post-war reorganization of the Ministry of Magic and Draco attending his first year at a wizarding university, Narcissa occasionally sought Harry out for tea or luncheon. Lady Malfoy was slowly accepting an unwanted truth. The Obstetric Mediwizards at St. Mungo’s had cautioned her about attempting another pregnancy. All the fertility potions and bed rest in the world could not prevent her uterus from expelling the fetus. They had gently suggested adoption, but Narcissa knew Lucius would never accept a child not of his own flesh.

“Mistress?” Harry spoke gingerly. “Muggle doctors have perfected a technique…I don’t remember the name of the procedure, but they can take your egg and Master’s sperm and transplant it into the womb of a surrogate mother…She would give birth to a child that would be genetically yours.”

“Why would a Muggle woman carry another woman’s child?”
Harry thought for a moment. He had often wondered that as well. “Sometimes it is a family member...like a sister or cousin and they do it out of love...Some women do it out of some altruistic need to help childless couples and others...well...they rent out their wombs for monetary compensation.”

Narcissa smiled and poured Harry another cup of herbal tea. He really didn’t like the taste of it; it tasted like something Severus might brew, but Aunt Petunia had drilled courtesy and manners into him at an early age, so he hid his distaste and emptied the cup.

*~*~*~

Harry splashed cold water onto his face; he felt terrible. Once again, he had been summoned to tea with Lady Malfoy. The odd tasting herbal tea left an unpleasant taste in his mouth.

“Accio toothbrush,” Harry said jokingly, but was not really surprised when it did not move.

*~*~*~

Despite his best attempts at hiding, Harry was subjected to tea with Narcissa Malfoy. Today she served Earl Gray tea. Harry was grateful; he didn’t think he would be able to handle the odd herbal tea on his unsettled stomach.

Narcissa seemed to be easing out of the depression the miscarriages caused. She talked of plans for the gardens and flowers for her greenhouses. Harry was happy when the endless prattle about lilliums and iris abated and he was dismissed. His lower abdomen ached; it felt tender, almost bruised, as if he had done too many abdominal crunches at one time. Harry headed down the halls to his bedroom, intending to take a long, relaxing soak in his bath.

Strong arms pulled him into one of the numerous guest rooms and he found himself pinned against the door, possessive kisses threatened to devour him. Lucius’ broad hands ran over his slender figure and talented fingers made quick work of his robes.

Harry’s heart sank. He really was not feeling well, but he was a well-trained pet and knew better than to refuse his master’s advances.

Harry’s slender fingers loosened the buckles and laces holding Lucius’ elegant robes closed. He kissed and nipped exposed bits of flesh, hoping his master would be satisfied with his mouth only, hoping he could be satiated with just oral sex.

Lucius found himself pushed back on the large guest bed, Harry’s well-trained mouth pleasuring him. Harry slid down his master’s body, trying his hardest to avoid intercourse. His lower abdomen was so tender, he didn’t know how his body would react if Lucius took him roughly.

Lucius moaned softly as his concubine sucked on the head of his cock. Harry relaxed his throat and took Lucius’ full length into his mouth; months of practice came into play as Harry deep throated him. One of his hands massaged Lucius’ testicles.

Lucius was taken off guard by Harry’s foreplay; his pet was almost always a passive player. The sprite’s aggression aroused him and the talented mouth was rapidly bringing him to climax. Too soon for that, he thought and pulled away.

“Hungry, Pet?” he purred pulling the slender figure onto his chest. Harry trembled as Lucius caressed his hairless flesh; the diversion had not worked. Lucius felt the shaking beneath his fingers and thought Harry was frightened he would be punished for his boldness. Seeking to reassure his concubine, he rolled, pinning Harry beneath his larger form.
“Don’t be frightened, Pet.” He entwined his fingers in Harry’s flowing hair and captured his lips. “That was a pleasant surprise.”

Defeated, Harry relaxed as much as he could while Lucius prepared him. Harry gasped in pleasure as Lucius devoted attention to his prostate; thoughts of his tender stomach were pushed into the background.

“Like that, little slut?”

Resting Harry’s thin ankles on his broad shoulders, Lucius leaned in to kiss him, folding the slight figure almost in half. With short strokes, Lucius breached the tight channel and buried himself to the hilt. He seemed content to set a slow pace, kissing and caressing the slender body beneath him.

~*~*~*~

Narcissa paused beside the guestroom door. She heard the rocking of the antique bed and Harry’s soft moans. The familiar sound of her husband’s release drifted into the hallway. With a wan smile on her face, she continued down the hallway to her private chambers.

*~*~*~*

Afternoon meetings mercifully cancelled, Lucius apparated home to Malfoy Manor and strode into the smallest dining room, intending to join his wife for lunch. His eyebrow raised; he had not expected his concubine to be sharing the meal.

The dark wizard sat at the head of the table, between his wife and his pet. A place setting appeared before him. Narcissa had been deep in a one-sided discussion about flowers; she silenced at her husband’s approach and seemed oddly nervous. He glanced at Harry who wore an almost blank expression and actually looked a little gray. As he thought about it, his pet had been looking rather pale of late.

Harry reached for his freshly poured cup of tea; his stomach lurched at the scent of the herbs. He brought the bone china teacup to his lips, but did not drink. Casually, he placed it back on the saucer. The subtle action was not lost on Lucius.

Narcissa startled and immediately recovered her façade as Lucius poured himself a cup of tea from the teapot. The aroma of the tea sparked his curiosity; Narcissa was not one who usually favored herbal teas. He took a sip, the bitter flavor assailing his taste buds. He set the cup down and brought his napkin to his mouth, he spat the vile substance into the cloth.

Narcissa stiffened at the cobra-like expression on her husband’s face.

“Narcissa darling?”

“Yes, Lucius?”

“Stupefy.”

Harry backed up, his eyes locking on Narcissa’s frozen figure. Lucius leaned over and stroked his wife’s frozen cheek.

“Poison, ‘Cis? How undignified. It is something I would have expected from Bella.”

*~*~*~*~

NINE

*~*~*~*~

Harry could no longer hold back a soft whimper of pain; his knuckles were white, handfuls of the
bedding clutched in his fists. The Malfoy family mediwizard, Dr. Eeylops, inserted two thick fingers into his rectum and pushed down on his tender abdomen. Harry, his knees pushed open wide and his feet in conjured stirrups, arched off the bed.

“I imagine that was a little tender, Child.” The elderly mediwizard repositioned his fingers and kneaded Harry’s abdomen gently. His fingers ghosted over the basilisk tattoo, his brown eyes filled with sympathetic understanding.

Beside them, Lucius, Severus and the St. Mungo’s Potion Master argued heatedly. Severus was holding a dusty tome in his hands and the St. Mungo’s specialist was trying to pacify Lucius. Narcissa’s laughter occasionally drifted in from another room.

Harry could only make out a few words from the wizards’ argument; Dr. Eeylops seemed to be trying his best to keep him distracted, telling him silly stories about his brother’s owl emporium. Once he completed his internal examination, he continued to poke and prod. His wand performed diagnostic spells and his Quick Quote Quill scratched the parchment on a bedside table. If the mediwizard was speaking to the quill, Harry could not hear it.

“You can get dressed now, Child.” The mediwizard removed the stirrups with a casual flick of his wand. “I believe I’ll be seeing quite a lot of you in the next few months.”

The old wizard cleared his throat, drawing the attention of the arguing wizards. “Gentlemen, I have completed my examination. You have analyzed the poison?”

The two Potion Masters nodded curtly. Severus spoke, “It was not a poison. We tested it three times, independently and collectively…There is no margin of error…It was a variant of Materna.”

“Fortunately, it is professional grade…it could have proved fatal had Lady Malfoy brewed it herself…must have cost a fortune on the black market…no reputable Potion Master would have permitted unmonitored application.” The St. Mungo’s Potion Master turned to Harry, who was fastening his robes. “When did you first ingest the herbal tea?”

Harry looked to his master for permission to speak.

“Answer their questions, Pet,” Lucius snapped.

“A fortnight ago…Lady Malfoy invited me to tea.”

“The Materna potion is quite bitter. You didn’t notice that the tea tasted strange?”

“Given a choice, I would never drink most herbal teas. I don’t like the way most taste. I found the tea to be extremely unpleasant, but I drank it out of politeness.”

“A Muggle reaction,” the Potion Master muttered under his breath. “Didn’t you suspect it might be tainted?”

Harry shook his head. “Lady Malfoy always drank from the same teapot. If she would poison me, she would poison herself.”

“Unless she used an antidote,” Lucius growled.

“No antidote would have been necessary…The Materna potion, especially this variation of it, is harmless to females. There is no need to alter their anatomy.”

“Alter? Sir?” Harry’s voice cracked.
“You have been experiencing pain in your lower abdomen?” Harry nodded. “I imagine that it has been quite uncomfortable…continued ingestion of the Materna potion re-arranged your internal organs…”

“Re-what?”

“You have grown a fully functional uterus.”

“I…but…I” Harry’s mind spun and the realization clicked. “Artificial insemination…surrogate motherhood…she wanted someone to carry her baby…but why go through all of this? She could have just hired a witch.”

“How do you know about surrogacy and artificial insemination?” the family doctor asked.

“M-muggles have used the technique for years…the uterus…can you remove it?”

Lucius lashed out, unable to control his anger. He ripped Harry from his position of the bed, his fingers digging painfully into the slender shoulders. “They can’t remove it because it is in use…and abortion is illegal under Wizarding law.”

“How can it be in use? The fetus would have to be surgically implanted…Lady Malfoy never stuck anything in me…”

“Lord Malfoy,” Dr. Eeylops patted Lucius’ hand trying to get it to release Harry’s shoulders. “Calm yourself.”

“I am perfectly calm…Doctor. If Narcissa did not complete her…her…what is in my pet to abort?”

“Lady Malfoy could not implant her eggs into your concubine, because he is already carrying a child.”

Harry and Lucius stared at the old man as if he were senile. “Apparently this variation of the Materna potion is used for two male parents and caused Harry to produce fertile eggs. My guess is that this was not the potion she wished to administer…the child is not Lady Malfoy’s child…it is yours and Mr. Potter’s.”

In the silence of the room, Harry’s shocked whisper carried, “I’m pregnant?”

“Yes, Child.”

“Mine…not hers?” Harry grimaced as Lucius’ fingers continued to dig into his shoulders.

“Abomination!” Lucius was livid. “Didn’t you learn anything at all in Hogwarts? Have you so little self-preservation skills? Don’t you care what happens to your life?”

“What life?” Harry snapped back, his mouth ahead of his common sense. “What life am I supposed to preserve? Everyone I ever loved is dead and all I have to look forward to is spreading my legs and sucking your…”

Lucius backhanded him, sending him crashing against the four-poster.

“Am I to have a child by a whore too ignorant to recognize potion when he tastes it?”

Harry was furious, punishment be damned. “You’re right…I’m just your ignorant, half-blooded, Muggle-raised whore! But as far as not recognizing potion when I tasted it…I was raised on fry ups and tinned vegetables…my palate is not refined to your haute cuisine…Half of what you’ve fed me
tastes like something I would have weeded from Aunt Petunia’s flower beds.

“You and your Malfoy arrogance…you brought this all on yourself…I’m just a pet, a whore, a thing…I could no more refuse to drink what your wife gave me than I could refuse your cock.”

Hairy reeled with another slap to his face. The three other wizards looked on in the same fascination one viewed a train wreck. Narcissa’s laughter tinkled like crystal. Harry ducked a third swing from the wizard and shot out the open doorway.

Lucius straightened his robes and fought to regain his composure. In the silence of the room, Dr. Eeylops spoke.

“Ah, yes…hormones…he’ll be all over the map I’m afraid…Lord Malfoy, I’ll return in a week to check on my patient…Good day, gentlemen.”

The elderly wizard nodded once and disapparated.

~*~*~*~

Harry collapsed at the edge of the Malfoy forest, out of breath and a stitch in his side. His bare feet were wet and bruised from the rough terrain. He wrapped his arms around his knees tucking his bare feet beneath the hem of his robe. It was frigid in the early-April twilight, but he was in too much shock to acknowledge it.

Sobs wracked his thin body and he buried his bruised face into the folds of his sleeve. It was dangerous to be at the forest’s edge at night even with a wand, but Harry did not care. Maybe a wolf or a feral dog would end his pathetic existence. A shiver went down his spine when he heard the rustle of leaves behind him. He lifted his head, listening as the quiet, careful steps of a large animal approached.

A familiar whinny greeted him. Blix nudged his shoulder gently with her head. Harry wrapped his arms around her neck; her skeletal frame was surprisingly warm against him. He held her, seeking the comfort of her affection as he tried to compose himself.

~*~*~*~

TEN

~*~*~*~

Dobbins was closing the doors to the stables for the night when he glanced over at the forest’s edge and saw a large shadow of a winged creature. Being a Squib with no magic to protect him, he grabbed his fully loaded shotgun from a rack by the door and carried a large lantern in the other.

It was not uncommon for injured creatures to seek his help; he couldn’t smell blood so hopefully no carnivores would appear. In the light of the lantern, Dobbins saw the shadowy outline of a thestral and a small human on the ground. Blix raised her head and took on a defensive stance. She relaxed when she recognized the old man. With a final head butt to Harry’s shoulder, she stepped away and drifted back into the trees. Her friend was safe now.

“Harry-boy…what are you doing out here?”

Harry looked up, the harsh lantern light illuminating the tear streaks and bruises on his face. Dobbins set his lantern on the ground and pulled the slight wizard to his feet, a comforting arm around his shoulder.

“It’s time to come inside.” When Harry did not speak, the old Squib steered him toward his small cottage beside the stables. “Got a nice cock-a-leekie bubbling on the burner…it’ll warm you right
Dobbins didn’t ask any questions; he just bundled Harry up in warm blankets and tucked him beside the fire in his sitting room. Returning to his kitchen, he floo spoke to a Malfoy house elf, informing her that he had Harry. He began to thickly slice warm bread to go with the meal.

*~*~*~*

Severus wiped the tears from Harry’s face as he gathered him into his arms. Dobbins left behind a fresh pot of tea and disappeared into his bedroom. He was grateful that the house elves had brought the disgraced Potion Master instead of Lord Malfoy. The old man shook his head; with a twist of fate, two powerful wizards had become mere playthings. Times like these he was glad he was a Squib; of no worth to either side, he could remain unnoticed and untouched.

Severus rocked Harry like a small child. It was ironic; all the years Albus Dumbledore had tried unsuccessfully to get the pair of them to stop fighting and Lord Voldemort and Lucius Malfoy had accomplished it in weeks.

“Talk to me, Love. You can’t keep it inside.”

“How…how can he call me a whore, Severus?”

“Hush, just words spoken in anger…”

“I’ve never been with another…only him…how does that make me a whore?”

“It doesn’t, Harry. Luce is an idiot.” Severus stroked his back. Lucius might be his oldest friend, but sometimes he hated the man. Harry would stoically take a beating, but words damaged him. The older wizard decided it was one more thing to hold against Vernon Dursley.

“Sev…will he let me keep the baby?”

“I don’t know. Male pregnancies are dangerous. You might not even carry it to term.”

“You know Master better than anyone…”

“Harry, I don’t know what he’s going to do. Narcissa’s actions took us off guard. I don’t think he really understood how much she wanted another child.”

“Did Master punish Lady Malfoy?”

“I know he hexed her and locked her into her rooms. I imagine the St. Mungo’s psychiatric mediwizards will be checking her over for signs of insanity…but personally, I don’t think she’s crazy. She knew exactly what she was doing.”

“Master won’t accept my baby as a Malfoy, will he? It’s all pure blood bloodlines to him…he’ll never accept his half-blood whore’s bastard child as his own.”

Severus kissed the top of his head. “Nine months is a lifetime, Love. Wizards have leant their names to bastard children before…don’t try to second-guess Lucius. You’ll guess wrong every time.”

*~*~*~*

Harry awoke the next morning alone in his own bed. He had fallen asleep in Dobbin’s cottage, safe in Severus’ protective arms.
A floral scent tickled his nose. Harry opened his eyes to see a large bouquet of spring flowers and a box of expensive Wizard chocolate. There was a small card attached to the box; there was no signature on the card, but Harry recognized the precise script.

“Do not leave your rooms under any circumstances. We will talk later.”

Flowers and chocolate? Did Lucius think treating him like a lovesick Muggle woman would make him feel better? At least they weren’t roses; that would have been a complete mockery. The rich smell of the chocolate made his nauseous stomach lurch. He hurried into the bathroom and vomited in the toilet.

“Morning sickness,” he thought. “How absolutely fucking fantastic.”

Harry rinsed his mouth out in the sink.

“Accio toothbrush,” he commanded and was shocked when the toothbrush flew into his hand

*~*~*~

Harry carefully reshelved another volume in the Malfoy family library. In the months that followed, he was reading almost constantly, researching male pregnancy, recovered magic, costal villages in Great Britain, vacationing in Europe, and childcare. Although he could still only occasionally perform a simple summoning charm, he felt the hollowness of his shattered magic diminish. He wondered if the fetus was somehow regenerating his magic or the child itself was generating the magic he felt. He told no one about his magic, uncertain of the reaction the revelation might cause; a knocked up Squib whore was a threat to no one.

He smiled as his hand rested on the gentle swell of his abdomen. He was happy; after being alone his entire life, he would finally have someone to love. A daughter, Dr. Eeylops told him during his last examination, a daughter born early in the New Year.

Harry climbed higher up the library ladder. He needed to find some more books to take back to his room while the Malfoy’s ate dinner. Draco was home for the summer and Lucius had temporarily released Narcissa from the rooms he had locked her in. Harry wanted to remain out of sight; he did not want any confrontations.

He caught the flash of the floo and cursed under his breath. Standing quietly, perhaps he could escape detection. Running late for dinner, maybe Lucius would just hurry through the library and not notice him.

“Pet, what are you doing on that ladder?” the wizard barked. Levitating the books from Harry’s hands, he watched him carefully descending the ladder. Lucius steadied the ladder as he approached the parquet floor. The older man glanced at the book titles before placing them on a table. One book was on male pregnancy; the second was on magical energy. He smiled sadly; he knew Harry missed his magic and he couldn’t imagine what his own life would be like without it.

“You are late, Master. They have already gone down for dinner.”

Lucius’ hand briefly rested on Harry’s abdomen. His pet would need new robes soon to accommodate his expanding girth. He cupped the slender face in his hands and leaned in for a kiss. Harry glowed in his early pregnancy. The dark wizard deepened his kisses. Needing oxygen, Harry pulled away.

“Master, you are missing your dinner.”

“Draw a bath, Pet. I’m only hungry for dessert.”
Severus watched Harry pet Blix near the stables, his stomach out of proportion to his slight frame. Harry was so happy; he was dreaming about his future with his unborn daughter. As much as he hated to do it, Severus knew he had to tell Harry what he had overheard.

Harry smiled and made his way toward his tall companion. He paused, resting his hands on the side of his pregnant belly. He looked delighted.

“She’s kicking me, Sev!” Harry rested the Potion Master’s palm on his stomach and guided it to a spot she was most active. “I can’t tell if it’s her feet or her elbows. What do you think?”

“Harry,” the dark man’s voice was serious. Harry looked up. “Don’t get too attached.”

Harry’s smile faded. “What do you mean? She’s mine.”

“Narcissa has laid claim to her.”

“But she can’t. The baby is mine, not hers.”

“She can and she will. Wizarding law is on her side.”

“But she’s mine. How can Lady Malfoy steal her from me?”

“You are the bound concubine to a powerful dark wizard. As such, you have no rights at all. Wizarding law states that in the event of an infertile wife, the issuance of a legally bound concubine will be the property of the wife if she so desires.”

“But…Master.”

“Lucius won’t care. He wants his wife to be happy and a child will make her happy. The baby is his either way.”

Harry tried to work his mind around the reality Severus had shown him. “But the baby won’t be a pureblood…she will be a taint on the Malfoy name…a bastard child.”

“Harry,” Severus held the younger wizard’s hands securely in his own. “The baby is a girl and she is not the heir. Draco is. She will marry and take another’s name. That she has a Muggleborn grandmother…no consequence.”

Harry felt his daughter kick again, but this time it brought tears to his eyes. He lashed out. “Why did you tell me this now?”

“Harry, she’ll be born in less than three months. You need to protect yourself. There is no way to win against Narcissa. You need to distance yourself from the child.”

“Distance myself?” Harry nearly screamed. “She’s a part of me. How do I distance myself from myself?”

“Harry?”

“Please leave me alone.”

The Potion Master watched Harry drift back toward the manor, still oddly graceful. Severus hated himself for being honest with Harry, but it would have been far crueler to let them take the infant from him at birth with no previous warning. Lucius and Voldemort discussed Narcissa’s claim for motherhood that morning and Lucius had voiced no objections to her plans.
Severus knew Harry was clever, but was Harry clever enough to win the fight for his child?

*~*~*~*

ELEVEN

*~*~*~*

Rubbing a potion to prevent stretch marks onto his skin, Harry studied his reflection in the bathroom mirror. He examined it critically; he had not gained much weight during his pregnancy, so he was still rather too thin. He turned sideways and snorted; it looked like he had swallowed a Quaffle.

He pulled on an under robe with deep inverted pleating to accommodate his nearly eight-month pregnant stomach and added an open robe over it for warmth. The November rains left dampness in the mansion that the fireplaces could not quite dissipate.

Waddling to his bedroom, he paused, making sure Narcissa was not lurking. Forbidden by Lucius to be in direct contact with his concubine and his unborn child, the witch would occasionally spy on him from open doorways and long hallways. They never spoke.

Awkwardly, he sank beside his Hogwarts school trunk and lifted the lid. Sally had used her magic to repair the singed exterior and the damaged textbooks had been replaced, not that Harry would ever be permitted to complete his magical education.

He sorted through the contents of the trunk; his photo albums and a few personal possessions were scattered around the room. Lucius had confiscated his Firebolt Racing Broom, his father’s Invisibility Cloak, the key to the Potter vaults in Gringotts Bank, his training daggers and the paring knives last used in Potions. Harry lifted out a dark green Weasley sweater and removed a Muggle wallet tucked in one of the folded sleeves.

Harry opened the black leather wallet and examined its contents. Before the battles had begun, he and Dean Thomas had planned a day trip for some clothing in Muggle London, so he had exchanged a number of Galleons for British pounds. He counted out the paper notes and some coins scattered at the bottom of the trunk; he had just over 300 pounds. He also discovered three tokens for the London Underground.

Harry searched through the folds of the old wallet and pulled out his Student Bus Pass. He looked at his fourteen-year old self, gawky in the thick eyeglasses, crooked smile and wild hair. He tucked the pass back into the wallet and hid it back in the sweater. He hugged his final Weasley sweater to his chest. It was still hard to believe he would never receive another one.

He continued to rummage in his trunk; he held up the tattered Marauder’s map in his hands and wondered what the parchment would say now that Hogwarts was a charred ruin.

Deciding there were too many memories in the school trunk, Harry packed everything back into it and closed the lid. He pulled his ungainly figure up off the floor and made his way to the hallway.

~*~*~*~*

“He, what are you doing?” Sally squeaked in alarm. “You get down right this minute.”

Harry teetered at the top of the library ladder and almost dropped the picture book of Muggle London. Carefully, he descended the ladder, stopping to gather a thin tome on Wizarding Law.

Sally was tapping her feet impatiently when Harry stepped off the ladder. She was wagging her fingers at him when Lucius apparated directly into the library. Removing his damp outer cloak, Lucius studied the pair beside the library stacks. His pet looked flushed and a little guilty; the
“Pet,” he growled. “Have you been on that ladder again? Do I need to ban you from the library?”

Before Harry could answer Sally spoke up. She looked indignant, bouncing slightly with her hands on her hips. “Lord Malfoy, Sally is here to get books. Master’s Pet knows he is not allowed on ladders.”

Harry hid his surprise by smoothing his robe. He gave his master what he hoped was a seductive look; his tongue moistened his bottom lip. Truthfully, Harry thought he looked about as sexy as a beached whale, but he needed to distract the dark wizard from his stack of library books.

Sally picked up the three books on the library table and passed them beneath several she held in her hands. Harry didn’t know how the tiny creature could hold that much weight.

“What are you reading now, Pet?” Lucius asked, a hint of suspicion in his voice. He fingered the top books in Sally’s stack. Two books on Quidditch strategy that Harry had not selected and the picture book of London seemed to satisfy his curiosity. He didn’t examine the remaining book titles, either because he assumed they were as benign as the other three, or because he didn’t realize she was holding them. Behind his back, piles of discarded and incriminating books were levitated off the library table and onto another shelf several bookcases away.

“Sally will take these books to your room.”

The little elf disappeared. Sally once again surprised Harry; she’d lied point blank to the master of the house and never wavered. Dobby would have been slamming his head against the floor by now.

Lucius wrapped his arms around his concubine and captured his pink lips in a possessive kiss. He could feel the bulge of their child against him and tried not to think of how much Harry would hate him when he took the child away; he would order Dr. Eeylops to modify his pet’s memory after the child was born.

Harry’s kisses were intoxicating and he deepened the kiss, dueling with the slight wizard’s tongue. He often wondered at his addiction to his slender sprite; was this a reaction to their bond or something far deeper. Harry moaned softly as the older wizard’s hands caressed his body. Lucius was pleasantly surprised when he felt Harry begin to run a hand over the growing bulge in his trousers.

“What are you doing, Pet?” Lucius was amused. The fluctuating hormones of Harry’s pregnancy played havoc with the sprite’s self control. Harry nibbled on the dark wizard’s ear lobe. What had begun as a way to distract his master had morphed into a raw need; he really wished he could control his hormonal impulses.

“Please, Master.” The desire in the soft voice surprised Lucius. Even in his awkward late pregnancy, the younger man was beautiful.

Lucius easily lifted Harry up and sat him on the edge of the heavy library table. He warmed his cold hands, caressing Harry’s calves, thighs and hips, pulling the maternity robe up around his pet’s hips. He reached beneath the round stomach and caressed Harry’s hardening cock. Harry spread his legs farther, leaning back to adjust his center of gravity. Lucius’ hands stopped their teasing abruptly when the baby shifted. He pulled the robe back over Harry’s knees.
We can’t, Pet.” He said, cutting off Harry’s growl of protest. “You’re too far along. We might hurt Lucretia.”

Lucretia. Harry winced inwardly. Once the mediwizard confirmed the fetus was female, Lucius decided to name his daughter Lucretia, after his paternal grandmother. Harry’s protests fell on deaf ears. Harry had already decided on a name for his daughter, but kept silent.

*~*~*~*~
TWELVE
*~*~*~*~

Harry stood in the shadows of the landing overlooking the grand foyer. Ministry of Magic officials and important business associates were arriving for the Annual Winter Solstice Ball held yearly at Malfoy Manor. Later that evening the Death Eaters would be holding a fete in the manor as well and some of the guests were on both lists.

A nod from Lucius sent Harry waddling down the hallway to a small parlor tucked in an out of the way corridor. The music from the chamber orchestra drifted through the rooms, getting softer as he closed several large doors leading to private family areas.

He adjusted the flowing emerald and silver brocade robe and checked the final room arrangements, ending beside a small tree decorated in fairy lights and clear glass baubles. A dull pain in his scar confirmed Lord Voldemort had arrived. Harry’s hand rested protectively on his nine-month pregnant abdomen.

Sally and another house elf finished setting up a small sideboard filled with food and non-alcoholic beverages. While Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy entertained their guests, Harry, in his role as bound concubine, was hosting several pets and undesirables who would be arriving with their master or companions for the dual festivities.

Walden McNair led Seamus into the parlor, instructed him to behave himself and left with a prolonged caress to the Irish wizard’s left buttock. Seamus stood beside the blazing fireplace, trying to get warm in the late December cold; he was dressed in not much more than a few strategically placed patches of leather and black mesh. Harry tried to ignore the cross hatch of scars and bruising decorating the young man’s body.

Sally took one look at the nearly naked young man and levitated a robe from a discrete pile in the corner. She had lived through too many of these situations to be shocked. Seamus held the robe apprehensively before finally pulling the warm garment over his goose bumps.

Harry handed him a mug of hot-spiced cider. Seamus grimaced, as he tasted the spicy beverage. “Have ye got nothing stronger?”

“Sorry, Shay. Master has not provided anything stronger than cider and butterbeer. Guess he’s afraid we’ll all get drunk and crash his party.

Seamus quirked a smile and then took in Harry’s swollen figure. He set his cider aside and wrapped his arms around his old friend.

“Merlin, Harry,” he sighed. “That bastard McNair said you were knocked up but I didn’t believe him…Thought…hoped…you might have made out all right going to a public figure like Malfoy… but obviously, he’s a sicker fuck than McNair.”

Harry hugged the taller wizard. It was good to see a friendly face even if it was the worse for wear. A few more pets began to drift into the room, in various stages of provocative dress. Harry was
suddenly thankful that Lucius had never found it necessary to advertise his assets in public.

Severus arrived, leading the Patil twins into the room, one on each arm. The twins were a rarity in the room; they were not pets or concubines. They were the co-wives of Antonin Dolohov. Captured early in the war, the full-blood twins were claimed by a dark wizard intrigued by the notion of bedding a matched set. Dolohov, although ruthless in battle, was not cruel to the much younger witches. Unable to choose between them, he married them both. The sisters were not attending the formal ball in the lower level because, while Wizarding society had been forced to accept the occasional same sex pairing, they were not open minded enough to accept a triad.

The twins swept over to Harry and Seamus, hugging them both. They giggled and ran their hands over Harry’s abdomen, much to his embarrassment and Seamus’ amusement. A few more pets drifted into the room, Severus was speaking quietly to several of his former students and acquaintances.

While Sally kept the buffet table filled, they sat quietly, nibbling on delicacies and sharing news of the Wizarding world beyond their individual confinements. They spoke of the war, the recent fall of Beauxbaton and those friends confirmed to be still living. They did not want to dwell too much on their losses.

*~*~*~
Familiar voices passed the door to the small parlor.

“This house is enormous…I can’t believe we got so turned around…”

“If we follow the music, eventually we should find our way back to the ballroom.”

“Trust the Malfoy’s to have totally uncooperative portraits. I know a few of them sent us down wrong corridors on purpose.”

Harry crept to the doorway and smiled.

“Ginny? Neville? What are you doing here?”

Neville looked the same as he usually did, but Ginny was exquisite. No longer wearing secondhand robes, she wasn’t the little girl Harry remembered; she had blossomed into a beautiful young woman.

As Ginny chatted excitedly with the Patil sisters and Seamus, Neville spoke with Harry.

“How is life with Millicent, Nev?”

Harry knew Neville had been wed to Millicent Bulstrode, a Slytherin girl in their year; he had seen their wedding photographs in the Daily Prophet society pages several months before.

Neville smiled a genuine smile. “Oh, Harry, she’s wonderful…not at all like I thought she was… She was so relieved when her father ordered her to marry me…The Bulstrode’s are neither wealthy nor particularly powerful and well…Millie’s beauty does come from within…she wasn’t going to attract anyone in the Inner Circle…she was terrified she’d end up with a sadistic prick like Marcus Flint.

“I knew Millie a little from Hogwarts…we were both really good in Herbology. Her father has hundreds of greenhouses and herbal gardens. He supplies apothecaries and potion makers throughout Western Europe…. He’s teaching me the family business.”
Harry watched Ginny as she sat between the sisters and exchanged gossip. Seamus backed away from the giggles and joined Harry and Neville. Like Harry, Neville avoided looking at the Irishman’s scars.

“Ginny looks well,” Seamus said. “And from the looks of it, hooked up with a bloke with money.”

Neville’s smile faded. “They married her into the Zabini Clan…dark, but not Death Eaters. On the surface, they’re neutral, but they play both sides of the fence and usually play them against one another.”

“Is she happy?” Harry asked.

“She’s a bit afraid of them, but as long as she inherited the Weasley fertility genes and fills the house with grandchildren…”

Ginny drifted toward the three wizards and Harry noticed she, too, was pregnant. She made him laugh as they shared stories of morning sickness and odd cravings. It was wonderful to talk nonsense with Ginny Weasley again; if Harry didn’t focus on the bizarre subject matter, he could almost pretend they were back at the Burrow and the rest of the family would soon descend upon them.

“Ginerva.”

Ginny tensed as her husband, Blaise, stalked into the parlor. His dark eyes surveyed the room in disgust, settling on the very pregnant woman beside his wife. His eyes flickered in recognition and his lip curled. Swiftly, Ginny gave a quick hug to the twins and approached her husband.

Blaise grasped her elbow none too gently and locked his hard eyes on Neville.

“May I suggest, Longbottom, that if you ever decide to take my…wife…for a walk again…you do not sully her with a room of whores and…freaks.” Blaise’s voice was pure venom. With a quick flick of his wand, Blaise blasted Neville into the hallway.

Severus pulled himself up to his full height and sneered down his hooked nose at Blaise.

“Mr. Zabini…I would temper my words if I were you. Do not forget exactly whose…whore…I am. Think of the damage I can cause to a wizard’s…reputation…with a few well-placed comments during…pillow talk.”

Blaise’s eyes widened fractionally before narrowing once again. He propelled Ginny angrily down the hallway. Neville gave them an awkward, apologetic smile and hurried off after them.

*~*~*~*

Harry slipped out of the parlor unnoticed while the Winter Solstice guests were dining in the main dining hall. He stepped into the main foyer where many of the guests had arrived and would depart from.

He nodded mutely in greeting to several of the lower echelon Death Eaters guarding the lower floors, gracing a few with a seductive smile. They watched him, but not too closely. As pretty as the young wizard was to look at, none of them were foolish enough to be caught openly staring at the property of Lord Voldemort’s second in command.

Pretending to be admiring the opulent holiday decorations, he slowly circled the room, occasionally picking up a bauble or two to examine. Beside the fireplace was a table containing a number of festively decorated boxes containing floo powder. Harry picked one up to examine and
made a show of replacing it while slipping another into the sleeve of his robe. He traced the ornate garland decorating the mantle with a finger and continued to wander the room, the guards sneaking appreciative glances his way.

Slowly, he made his way down the hallway and back to the parlor just in time for the house elves to bring fruitcakes and puddings.

Harry sank into a chair in the corner, away from the desert table. Severus joined him, handing him a plate with a few sweets.

“Where did you run off to, Harry?” Severus pulled Harry’s swollen ankles onto his knees to levitate them.

“The baby is active tonight. Sometimes when I walk it settles her down.”

“It will be over soon.”

“January fifteenth, unless I go into labor before hand.” Harry tried to stifle a yawn.

“You’re exhausted. Why don’t you go to bed?”

“I wish I could, Sev…but Master wants to parade his little whore around at the fete tonight.”

“Don’t call yourself that.”

“Call myself what? Little?”

“Insufferable brat.”

~*~*~*~*

THIRTEEN

~*~*~*~*

Harry padded from the bathroom, adjusting his nightshirt over his pregnant belly. He stopped when he saw Lucius sitting on the edge of his bed, leafing through the book Harry had left open on his bedside table. Harry crawled back into the bed beside him, ungainly in his movements. He had been put on almost total bedrest.

The pale wizard ran his warm hands over his concubine’s skin, feeling him tremble. He kissed the swollen abdomen and whispered a greeting to “Lucretia”.

“Still so beautiful…how are you feeling?”

“Uncomfortable, Master. Dr. Eeylops said its because my hips are too small…a woman’s pelvic bones would have spread to accommodate the baby…I…I can’t wait to meet her.”

“I wish I didn’t have to leave the country so close to your time. It’s too bad Severus has the flu, I’m sure the Dark Lord would have let him keep you company. The doctor will be checking on you every few days. You will let me know if Lucretia decides to come early, won’t you?”

“Of course, Master.”

Lucius indicated the book on the bedside table. “Why are you reading a book on childcare?”

“I am having a baby in case you hadn’t noticed…why wouldn’t I read up on childcare?”

Lucius knew he should tell Harry he was giving the baby to Narcissa to raise, but he didn’t. Instead
he said, “House elves will be raising the baby. House elves have always raised Malfoy babies.”


“Explains what?”

“Explains why Draco is such an insufferable prat, Master.”

*~*~*~*

December 28th began with northern winds rattling Harry’s bedroom window casements and coating the glass with a thick layer of frost. His discomfort increased and Sally called for Dr. Eeylops. Lucius, Narcissa and Draco had gone to spend ten days in Switzerland; they were meeting the family of Draco’s intended bride and to negotiate the prenuptial and marital agreements.

The elderly mediwizard arrived late morning and examined Harry. Harry had always felt comfortable around the old man; he didn’t have the sharp tongue of Madam Pomfrey.

“I think Mr. Potter, that your daughter is anxious to see the day. Is Lord Malfoy at home?”

“No, sir.” Harry said. “But she’s weeks early. Is there a problem?”

The old man patted his knee. “No, Child. Due dates are only arbitrary…babies do not read calendars. Is Lord Malfoy at the Ministry?”

“Master is vacationing in Switzerland with his family…he will be gone until after the New Year.”

“Your need to call your house elf. She should notify him in case he wishes to be present.”

“Dr. Eeylops…Master would hardly wish to shorten his vacation because his…whore…is giving birth to a bastard child…” Harry smiled wanly, hoping the man would not see through the lie. “It’s not like the baby and I are going anywhere…”

The old doctor smiled sympathetically at the much younger wizard. He knew the boy was lying to him, and Lucius Malfoy had owled his office with explicit instructions, but the mediwizard had a soft spot in his heart for his patient. Dr. Eeylops did not approve of slavery, nor did he approve of the forced pregnancy Harry had endured. Harry deserved time with his child even if the Oblivate Lord Malfoy had ordered would erase all memory of her.

No, he decided, he would not disturb the powerful dark wizard on his holiday. And heaven help him when his actions were discovered.

“Ready to meet your little girl?”

*~*~*~*

Harry wanted to be awake for the birth of his daughter so the mediwizard bound him to the bed to prevent sudden movement and numbed him. Although it did not hurt, Harry could feel his skin pulling. A sheet had been erected to prevent him from watching his cesarean performed and all the blood. He heard a soft pop and saw a bloody hand began suctioning out the baby’s air passage. Harry was relieved to hear the baby cry.

A few minutes and several diagnostic and cleaning spells later, a tiny, naked pink bundle was laid upon Harry’s chest. Skin to skin contact was very comforting to a newborn. Harry remembered reading that in one of the childcare books.

Harry stared into the serious dark eyes peering at him and his fingers stroked the pale shock of hair.
on her head. She yawned a big toothless yawn and Harry’s heart melted. He felt additional tugging on his abdomen and a slight cramping. The doctor’s movements were hidden behind the sheet, but the old man smiled at him over the top edge. After witnessing Harry’s awed expression while holding his daughter, the doctor did not regret his decision to defy Lord Malfoy.

“Nothing to worry about, Child. Everything went well. I’ve removed the placenta and the uterus, as you will no longer have use of it. I have also cast a charm to regenerate your abdominal muscles. You might feel a slight cramping, but that’s normal. Your internal organs are rearranging themselves back to their pre-pregnancy locations.”

“How long will I need to be in bed?”

“You’ll be able to get up in an hour. This is a Wizard’s cesarean, not a Muggle one. After I close the incision, you’ll be able to sit up.”

“Everything is numb from my chest to my knees. How long will that last?”

“Ten to twelve hours…I’ll leave some potions for you to take for the pain.”

*~*~*~*

Harry eyed Dr. Eeylops’ wand, laid casually on the bedside table. The doctor had finished his examination of the newborn girl and sent out the proper paperwork for the official birth certificate to be filed at the Ministry. The elderly wizard set several vials of pain-relieving potion on the bedside table and finished packing his satchel.

While the old man was distracted, Harry quietly summoned the mediwizard’s wand. He was relieved to discover his erratic magic had not dissipated with the birth of his daughter. Harry wrapped his fingers around the wand, feeling a surge of magic. Merlin, how he had missed that feeling.

“Dr. Eeylops…I am really very sorry.”

“Sorry? For what, my boy?” The doctor looked up into his own wand pointing at him.

“Stupify.”

A look of shocked comprehension froze on the old wizard’s face as he fell backwards onto the bed. Harry was glad the old man had landed on something soft; he didn’t want to hurt him. Carefully, the slight wizard eased himself out of bed, holding the tightly bound incision with the palm of his hand.

There was no time for regrets and no turning back. He pointed the wand at the Hogwarts school trunk and opened it.

“Accio, book bag.”

His schoolbook bag landed beside him on the bed. Harry had packed it just incase an opportunity for escape arose. He summoned his Muggle clothing – trousers, turtleneck sweater, Weasley sweater, heavy socks, and boots.

‘Harry, what have you done?’” Sally’s little squeak made him jump.

“Master is taking my baby away…I have to go…Please, Sally, don’t stop me.”

Sally held up an ice blue infant garment. She had other items in her hands as well. With practiced
movements, she dressed the baby in a warm fleece sleeper and then summoned a snowsuit from somewhere in Malfoy Manor.

“These clothes belonged to Master Draco…No one will miss them.”

“Sally, why are you helping me? You’ll get in trouble.”

Sally let out an amused sound as she tied a hat securely beneath the tiny chin. “Sally has served the Malfoy matriarchs for decades and sometimes served the Malfoy concubines as well. Lord Malfoy ordered Sally to take care of you and take care of you I shall. I do not answer to him, I answer to you. I have kept many secrets for my ladies, and I will keep yours.”

Harry cast a “Featherlight” charm on his school bag and adjusted his winter cloak. The baby was resting against his chest in a carrier Sally had fashioned. He picked up the doctor’s wand and approached the still immobile mediwizard.

“Thank you for my daughter. I am sorry if I hurt you in anyway.” Harry placed the wand on the elderly wizard’s stomach; he was many things, but he was not a thief.

Harry opened the decorative floo powder box he had taken during the Winter Solstice Ball.

“Thank you for being my friend. Sally. I won’t tell you where I am going so you won’t have to lie when they ask you. Wish us luck!” Harry tossed a handful of floo powder into the fireplace and stepped in. He spoke clearly. “The Malfoy Stables.”

Sally blinked at the flash of the floo. She debated what to do about the doctor and Lord Malfoy. Harry had not told her what to do.

“Foolish boy.”

Sally jumped at the mediwizard’s voice. She was startled to see him sitting up on the bed, running his fingers over his wand.

“He really should have taken my wand with him.”

Sally cautiously approached the elderly wizard. He smiled pleasantly at her. “Most unexpected, but I do understand….So, my little friend, what do you think his chances are?”

S-sir? Harry’s magic did not work?”

Dr. Eeylops laughed. “Oh, he stupefied me all right. He has power, but no control. The spell dissolved after a few minutes…I really wish he would have kept my wand….I always carry a spare.”

~*~*~*~

In “The Leaky Cauldron” Tom and his patrons were shocked when an elderly wizard shot out of the floo network and sat dazed on the floor. Someone recognized him as their old family doctor. It took a moment longer to get his attention. Obliviated, the elderly wizard could not remember where he was or why he was in the pub. In fact, he couldn’t remember the past three days.

*_~*~*~*_

Harry stepped out of the fireplace in the Malfoy stables. He hoped Dobbins was secure in his cottage, riding out the early winter storm. He pushed open a side door of the stables and braced himself for the blinding snow outside. Readjusting his cloak, he attempted to cast a wandless warming spell without success. With a shiver, the slender wizard stepped out into the deep snow
and waded toward the forest.

He squinted into the cold wind and hoped the snow would soon obscure his footsteps. Harry paused beside a feeding trough and caught his breath. Everything hurt. He stared into the forest and inhaled the cold air.

“Blix!” he called out.

Harry walked out of Regent’s Park and tried to get his bearings; in what was the coldest, most terrifying ride of his life, Blix had flown him to London. The snow was falling heavily as Harry made his way down the dark street. Cars passed slowly in the deepening slush of the roads.

The newborn mewed softly against her mother’s chest. She was warm in the cocoon of the cloak, but hungry and wet. She drifted back to sleep after a few moments to Harry’s great relief. The headlights of a passing truck illuminated a sign up ahead and the tired wizard moved toward it.

Carefully he climbed down the snow-covered steps leading into the London Underground. He opened the cloak to give the baby fresh air and reached into his trouser pocket for one of the tokens he had brought from his school trunk.

After locating a women’s restroom, Harry entered it in search of a changing table. He did not know if the London Underground was progressive enough to have a changing station in the men’s restroom. He decided that with his hair hanging down his back he could probably pass for a woman if no one looked too closely. The room was filthy. Dirty puddles of water made a trail from stall to sink. He stroked a soft, pink cheek and exited into the main concourse; he would not undress his child in such a place.

The concourse was crowded with a late after work rush hour. The slender figure kept getting bumped by travelers scurrying to catch trains as he tried to read a graffiti covered map on a white tiled wall. A large crowd surged and Harry found himself being carried with it.

His adrenaline reserves just about tapped and the numbness beginning to fade, Harry collapsed into an empty corner seat. He stared at another map posted on the side of the car and tried to remember the places in the picture book of London. The baby mewed again; Harry unhooked the carrier and held his daughter in his arms. He rummaged in the school bag for one of the baby bottles Sally had packed.

The baby sucked greedily on the nipple. Harry burped her and settled her back in the carrier. He still needed to change her diapers, but that would have to wait. Quietly he cast a cleaning charm on her bottom and was grateful when it actually worked.

“Feeling better, Rosamond?” he asked her and kissed her cheek. Harry sipped from one of the vials of pain potion; it took the edge off the sharp pain of the incision.

The train continued its circular route through London and no one really noticed the small figure in a black cloak asleep in the corner. Harry slumped lower in the seat and was missed by the Underground agent making his final rounds through darkened cars before locking the train in the yard for the night.

Harry awoke with a start to Rose’s cries several hours later. He could see his breath in the cold subway car. He tried to shake off his disorientation and finally decided it didn’t matter. They had shelter from the snow and were safe for the moment.
The cesarean incision throbbed and the entire ordeal of the past twenty-four hours left him drained. Harry took another vial of pain potion; Dr. Eeylops had also provided a Dreamless Sleep Draught but Harry did not take it. He and Rosamond were far too vulnerable out in the open.

Fascinated, Harry watched his tiny daughter sleep in the pale light reflected by the security spotlights. He had spent so much time devising numerous escape scenarios that he was not sure exactly how to proceed now that they had actually escaped. He had more money than they would ever need tucked deep in his Gringott’s vault, but Lucius had confiscated the key, and Harry was not about to walk into Death Eater controlled Diagon Alley and demand a replacement key anytime soon.

Idly, Harry played with the choke chain around his neck. An unwanted thought played at the edges of his pain-numbed brain. He had to rid himself of the necklace; Lucius had placed a tracking spell on it. Harry tugged at the chain, but was unable to release the catch.

*~*~*~*

The snow had stopped by the time Harry and Rose left the subway car; it was still dark, but he was afraid of being arrested for trespassing if the Underground agents discovered them on the train in the morning. He doubted he could cast a successful “Notice-Me-Not” charm with his erratic magic and his drained reserves.

Harry studied a telephone book as he sipped on a mug of hot tea in a shabby corner tea shoppe. Rose sucked on her last bottle. Noting addresses and directions to cheap hotels on a paper napkin, Harry began to plan out their day. He needed to get them proper shelter for a few days until he could build up his energy reserves again. The bright neon sign of a pawnshop caught his eye and he waited in the warm shop for the pawnshop to open.

Nibbling on his toast and marmalade, Harry wrote out his “To Do” list on another paper napkin as well as a short shopping list. He had to purchase baby formula and diapers soon.

*~*~*~*

Mark Rosier dropped off his overcoat and his newspaper behind the bar. He nodded “hello” to the bartender and several of the waitpersons before snagging a cup of strong coffee. It was New Year’s Eve day and it promised to be a long night in the club.

A cold draft indicated the front door opening. A slender figure in a black cloak stepped in, carrying a blanket covered wicker basket under one arm.

“We’re not open yet,” Mark called to what he thought was a young woman.

“I—I’m not here for a drink.”

Mark looked over at the figure again; the voice was too deep for most women.

“There is a sign out front…have you filled the dishwasher position yet?”

*~*~*~*~*

High in the Alps a tattered Ministry of Magic postal owl landed beside Lucius’ breakfast plate and wearily extended its leg. He looked at the pink envelope before removing it. The owl dipped its beak into a goblet of water and drank deeply.

Lucius turned the envelope over in his hands; it bore an official seal from the Department of Records. He broke the seal and extracted an official looking document. It was a birth certificate. The blue gray eyes narrowed.

Rosamond? Where had that come from? His daughter was to be named Lucretia. December 28th? His daughter was two days old; why had no one from Malfoy Manor bothered to notify him?

The postal owl flew up in alarm as Lucius abruptly stood up, knocking the chair to the floor. He stalked out the door.

*~*~*~*~
FOURTEEN
*~*~*~*~
Harry stacked a tray of clean glasses on top of another tray of glasses behind the bar. He straightened up, feeling a little self-conscious as the bartender openly gave him a “once over”. The dinner crowd was drifting away and the drinkers were beginning to arrive. Harry was glad his shift was almost over; he was tired and sore. He ducked beneath the arm of Mark, the huge bouncer and slipped back into the kitchens. He heard the men call out comments about his “tight, little arse” and ignored their laughter when he did not rise to the bait.

Harry mentally shrugged. He had been so desperate to find a job that he hadn’t looked past the “Help Wanted – Dishwasher” sign to realize that Fiddlesticks was not your usual gentleman’s club. Not too far from the business district, the Club catered to the business crowd during the day. The dining selections were limited, but quite good. Harry had sampled most of the items in the menu; the cook thought he was too thin and needed fattened up a bit.

Harry soon decided, however, that the customers came for items that were clearly off the menu. Fiddlesticks featured scantily clad dancers and waitresses as well as a variety of “entertainers” who used private back rooms. There were a few comedians and transvestite singers in the late afternoon lineup who overlapped into the night time crowd.

Harry peeked into the kitchen storeroom. Rose was asleep in a borrowed port-a-crib one of the dancers had brought in for her. It was a miracle that the manager of the club permitted him to bring the newborn to work with him, but Harry sensed Sid Toffler wanted more from him than just his dishwashing skills.

One of the strippers caught Harry’s eye.

“Emmy,” she called. “Be a love and zip me up.”

Emmy. Harry snorted. The “girls” had given him that name. To defray the curiosity about his infant daughter, Harry had spun a tale about an under-age former girlfriend abandoning Rose at birth and disappearing. The waitresses and dancers, many of them single mothers, adopted Harry as one of their own. Teasing him one slow afternoon, they tried to decide what his stage name might be if he ever became a male stripper.

It was Mark that called out the name “Emerald Dream”. They had all had a good laugh over that moniker, but the joke stuck. They began to refer to the slight, young dishwasher as “Emerald” or “Em” for short. Harry didn’t really mind; the farther he was from the name “Harry Potter” the safer he felt.

Harry was tossing his apron into the laundry basket when Sid approached. Sid made him nervous because he always tried to touch him when they talked.

“Hey, Kid.”
“Hello, Mr. Toffler.”

“Told ya…call me Sid. Night dishwasher quit…need you to stay until closing…pays time and a half.”

~*~*~*~

Lucius stood in the doorway of his concubine’s vacant bedroom. He had spent the past ten hours searching the manor and grounds for any trace of his pet or the newborn. He contacted Dr. Eeylops’ office but was informed that the mediwizard could be of no help; apparently the elderly wizard had accidentally oblivated himself with his own wand while traveling by floo to visit his brother in Diagon Alley.

Dobbins had tried tracking Harry the Muggle way with a search dog, but the snow had fallen heavily for several days and all traces of them vanished at the stable door. It was possible that Harry escaped through the forest, but it was just as possible that he was eaten by one of the carnivores inhabiting the woods. Although he kept the thought to himself, the old Squib hoped Harry flew out on one of the hippociggs or thestrals; he had been quite friendly with some of the mares and snow would not have deterred either breed.

~*~*~*~

Harry paused at the doors leading to the kitchens when he heard an especially loud “whoop” from out of the crowd. On stage, a young man was stripping out of an exaggerated sailor suit to The Village People’s “In The Navy”. Harry watched the practiced moves as the dancer teased the audience.

Shifting the heavy bucket of dirty barware, the slender wizard gave one last glance at the nearly nude dancer and backed through the swinging door. He sidestepped a partially disrobed waiter pinned to the wall by a customer in the narrow hallway.

Fiddlesticks was never boring, Harry decided. After nine o’clock four evenings a week, the clientele and the dancers changed. The dancers were all young and male; some looked more feminine than others but all were easy on the eyes. For the most part, the customers were usually well behaved, not at all like the rougher edged crowd drawn to a bar further down the street. The rough looking men in leather unnerved Harry as he passed by on his way home late at night.

~*~*~*~

Mark looked up from his newspaper as Sid called the young dishwasher into his office. He scowled. Harry was a good kid, a little too quiet, a little too polite, but not at all naïve. The small man kept his secrets close to his chest, and that had sparked the curiosity of more than one employee at Fiddlesticks, Mark included. They had all teased and rudely propositioned the attractive sprite at one time or another, and Harry always blew them off with good humor, but Sid Toffler didn’t tease.

Mark set his newspaper aside and headed to the door of Sid’s office. He didn’t need to lose a reliable dishwasher because Sid couldn’t keep his cock in his trousers.

Sid held out an envelope to Harry and pulled it back when the young man reached for it. Mark knew Sid paid Harry his wages “under the table” and in cash, but this envelope was too thin to be a pay packet. Harry reached for the envelope again.

“I had to pull a few strings to get this for you, Kid. Give us a little kiss to show your appreciation…”

“Please, Mr. Toffler…I don’t…” Sid silenced Harry’s protest by pushing him against his desk and
forcefully kissing him. The manager’s hands ran over the slim body as Harry’s muffled objections went ignored.

Mark was about to interrupt when a collection of shot glasses exploded on Sid’s bookcase. Shattered glass hit the floor. Sid turned in surprise, releasing his grip on Harry. Using the distraction, Harry grabbed the thin envelope and shot out the door.

*~*~*~

Lucius searched the bedroom, looking for any clue. Harry’s school bag was missing along with a change of warm Muggle clothing and a winter cloak. He vaguely remembered his pet having some Muggle currency, but he didn’t remember that there was much of it, and he had confiscated the key to the Potter Family Vault in Gringotts.

Harry had not fled to his aunt and uncle in Little Whinnig and the normal escape routes to Europe were still being closely guarded. The Weasleys were dead, Lupin was dead, and Black was dead. The house at 12 Grimmauld was empty. Hogwarts had fallen. Beaubaton had fallen. There would be no sanctuary for his readily identifiable concubine in Wizarding Britain, but Harry did have a two-day head start. He could be anywhere, and having been raised a Muggle, could fit in either world.

Lucius sank onto the mattress; Harry’s scent was strongest there. He was angry at his little pet, but he was also frightened for him. What had possessed Harry to run away just after giving birth? His pet was defenseless against wizard and Muggle alike.

He shifted on a lump in the bedding and extracted two books hidden between the mattresses. One was a book on Wizarding Law and the other was titled, “Rights of a Natural Child in Wizarding Society.” Lucius thought back on all the times he had seen his concubine picking through the stacks of books in the family library and began to wonder exactly what the young man had been reading. Obviously the books on Quidditch, childcare and camping in the Scottish Highlands had been diversions.

~*~*~*~

Mark was making his final security check in the empty club; it was an hour past closing time and he was getting ready to set the security alarms before heading home. A baby’s wail echoed in the empty hallway.

The large man traced the source of the wails to one of the dressing rooms. He could hear Harry’s soft shushing sounds of comfort. Mark opened the door, remembering that the dishwasher often showered before leaving. Washing dishes in the cramped kitchen was hot, sweaty work.

Harry, with only a towel wrapped low on his hips, had Rose over one shoulder, rubbing her back in soothing motions. He grasped the towel as it began to slip, but missed it. It pooled at his feet.

Mark enjoyed the view; small and compact, Harry was even prettier with his long hair cascading down his back. Harry turned toward the door, realizing he and Rosamond were not alone. Mark wolf-whistled at the blushing young man. The whistle was cut short when the bouncer saw the thin red scar across Harry’s lower abdomen and the tattoo of the basilisk on his hip.

“Fuck, Harry…you’re a wizard!”

*~*~*~*~

FIFTEEN

*~*~*~*~

Harry stared wordlessly at the large man; Rose continued to wail in his ear and he was too
disorganized to think clearly. He opened his mouth, but nothing came out.

Mark ran his rough thumb the length of the scar and ghosted his fingers over the tattoo. He reached up and took Rose from Harry’s unresisting arms.


“That’s a wizard’s tattoo, love. Don’t see them too often, but you remember them when you do.” He settled the whimpering Rose over one broad shoulder and patted her back. “Get your clothes on, Em. We need to have a talk.”

Harry pulled on his boxers and a clean pair of jeans, a t-shirt, flannel shirt and the Weasley sweater. He sat on a bench and put on his footwear, all the while trying to figure out what to do. He could bolt, but Mark still had Rosamond.

“I don’t know if anyone’s ever told you, but that’s one butt ugly sweater.” Mark was trying to ease the tension. He could see the wheels turning in the younger man’s eyes.

“My best friend’s mother knitted it for me for Christmas…” Harry traced some stitches absently. “They’re both dead now…she used to knit my initial on the chest, but stopped that a few years ago…”

“Harry…Rosie’s mum didn’t abandon her, did she?” Harry looked up, fear in the green eyes. “You’re her mum, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” he whispered.

“The tattoo…” Mark continued, carefully. “It’s a mark of ownership…”

“How do you know about wizards? I can’t sense any magic in you.”

“I’m a Squib…not a healthy thing to be in a family of dark wizards…” Mark leveled a look into Harry’s eyes. “Not too healthy to be a dark wizard’s runaway fuck toy either.”

“Are you going to turn us in? I imagine my master would reward you well.”

Mark snorted. “I like you too much to see you die. Do you know who Evan Rosier is?”

“Was. He was one of Lord Voldemort’s supporters in his first rise to power.”

“Bastard’s dead? Good. Evan Rosier was my uncle…used to practice his curses on me…I will never forget the Cruciatius Curse…No, Harry, your secret is safe with me. I turned my back on the wizarding world seventeen years ago.”

Harry mulled this information over in his head. Mark had left the wizarding world before the myth of the “Boy Who Lived” began; he knew him as only Harry Potter, not THE Harry Potter and he hated dark wizards. Harry hoped he could trust the man.

He held out Rose’s snowsuit, indicating Mark should hand her back, but Mark snagged the tiny garment in one hand and expertly dressed the now quiet infant. Her serious green eyes watched him as he snapped the hood beneath her chin. Mark wrapped her in a heavy blanket and tucked her securely in his arms.

“Get your stuff, Em. We need to get Rosie in her bed.”

“How do you know so much about babies? Are you married?”
“Nah. I spent eight years in Muggle foster care…got really good with nappies and bottles…Get your coat. I’ll walk you home.”

“You don’t have to do that, Mark. We can talk some more tomorrow.”

“Sorry, love, but I want answers and you’ll bolt. You and I both know that you will.”

~*~*~*~
Knowing Harry would run if given the opportunity, Mark did not relinquish his hold on the sprite’s daughter. The snow-covered sidewalks were deserted as they made their way down the block.

“You exploded those shot glasses in Sid’s office today.” It was a statement. It was not phrased as a question.

“Uncontrolled wandless magic. My magic is shattered and I have no wand…I am still getting a handle on what I can do….” Harry paused, his eyebrow arched. “You get off on watching?”

“Fuck no. Slimy bastard, Sid is. Came to break it up. What was in that envelope that was so important?”

Harry was quiet. Mark looked at the smaller man. “Look, kid, half the whores at Fiddlesticks are junkies…Sid has no qualms about getting you hooked to pedal your arse….He’s turned smarter ones than you.”

“A National Insurance Number Card.”

“A what?” Mark stopped in the snow.

“A National Insurance Number Card…That’s what Mr. Toffler gave me. The only Muggle identification I had was a student bus pass…What the fuck was I supposed to do with a bus pass?”

~*~*~*~
They walked in silence, the snowflakes blowing briskly against their skin. Mark adjusted the sleeping Rose so that the wind did not blow into her face. The bouncer was confused when Harry stopped at the gate of a U-Rent Storage facility and punched in a security code, unlocking the security fence. Closing the gate tightly behind them, Harry walked between several rows of garage bays, ending with a line of steel reinforced doors. Midway down the row of doors, Harry stopped and unlocked a rust pockted and dented door.

“What are we doing here? It’s late and I don’t want to play games with you.”

“You wanted to walk me home.” The green-eyed wizard replied softly. “You’ve walked me home.”

Harry pulled open the door and tugged at the chain controlling a bare overhead light bulb. He took the sleeping Rose from Mark’s arms and stepped into the storage room. It was not much larger than a closet. The walls were lined with metal brackets designed to hold thick MDF shelves.

Harry had created a nest of blankets in the storage room. Only two shelves remained fastened in the metal grid; one high shelf contained a bag of diapers, an insulated picnic cooler, textbooks and a few neatly folded articles of clothing. The lower shelf, a few feet from the floor, contained Rose’s wicker basket and blankets. Harry had lined the walls and the floor with the unused MDF boards and blankets in an attempt at insulation.

The shock was evident on Mark’s face as Harry settled Rose into her basket, loosening the
snowsuit and tucking a dry blanket around her. He couldn’t meet Mark’s eyes.

“You can’t stay here.” Mark finally sputtered. “It’s February and it’s freezing out.”

“It’s warm enough and its dry.”

“It’s a fucking closet…you can’t stay here…especially not with a baby.”

Harry mumbled something and looked away.

“What?” Mark barked.

“I don’t have anywhere else to go.”

Mark looked at the meager belongings stored in the tiny nest. “Do you at least have food in the cooler?”

“Baby formula…the insulation keeps it from freezing…and doesn’t attract vermin.”

Mark picked up a tattered school textbook. “Beginning Geometry and Trigonometry?”

“Unless I want to be a dishwasher the rest of my life I need to take GCSEs…and I haven’t set foot in a Muggle school since I was ten.”

Mark picked up Rose’s basket and stepped into the alleyway. Harry leapt up.

“What are you doing?” he demanded.

“Get your things. You can share my flat until you get your feet on the ground…If anyone finds you’re living here…Child Welfare will take Rosie away.”

~*~*~*

Lord Voldemort’s hand tightened in Severus’ hair, forcing the Potion Master to look up at him. He met the crimson stare calmly.

“Severus…do you have any idea where Malfoy’s pet might have gone?”

~*~*~*~*~*

Harry’s knees shook as he exited the bathroom, both from the bone-chilling cold and the shock of discovery. He stripped down to his t-shirt and boxers; all the rest of his clothing was hanging to dry over the shower rod, damp from the long walk in the snow.

Mark fashioned a bed for Rose from one of his dresser drawers; he thought she looked too cramped in the basket. She was sleeping peacefully in the corner of his studio apartment close to the hot water radiator. There was only a sofa bed in the apartment; Mark was already under the covers, his dark eyes heavy with sleep. He lifted the corner of the duvet.

“Come to bed, Em.”

“Er…” Harry looked around for another place to sleep, but there was only an uncomfortable looking side chair. He and Mark had never discussed payment on his half of the rent. If Mark wanted to take it out “in trade”, Harry was really in no position to argue. Harry glanced uncomfortably at the bed.

Mark laughed. “Get in bed where it’s warm…even if I wanted to jump your skinny, little arse, it’s too fucking late…We both have work tomorrow,”
Exhaling a breath, Harry climbed into the bed, turning off the bedside lamp. He stiffened when Mark pulled him into a warm embrace and ran his hands up and down his arms. The large man breathed deeply into his ear.

“Relax. Just trying to warm you up…you’re freezing.”

Harry settled into the comfortable arms, relaxing when the hands did not explore further. He hadn’t realized how much he missed the warm comfort of another’s arms.

“There are no strings to the room, Harry.” Mark spoke seriously into the darkness. “You’re much too young and you’re not my type.”

“Not into men?”

“Didn’t say that. I’m equal opportunity…but when I’m with a bloke, I like it hard and rough…I don’t sense that’s a game you’re really into…and even if you were…You’re built too small for me. I’d be afraid I’d tear you apart.”

~*~*~*~

SIXTEEN
~*~*~*~

Lucius dangled Harry’s choker chain, letting the heavy links pool into the palm of his hand. He tracked down the chain using a locator spell, but when he had found it, it was attached to a multi-pierced black woman. She had gotten the necklace from a friend of a friend of a man who bought it from a pawnshop.

He visited several pawnshops in the area before locating a clerk who remembered the chain and the nervous little “girl” it had been attached to. The clerk admitted that he had been forced to cut the chain when neither of them could release the catch. Normally he would have not accepted a damaged piece of jewelry, but it was the holiday season and the little girl, thrown out by her father for disgracing the family with an out of wedlock child, needed train fare to get to a maiden great aunt who had agreed to shelter them.

Lucius set the chain on the corner of his desk. He would have to send it to a jeweler for repair; whoever had repaired the chain had soldered it crudely. He would have the jeweler place an unbreakable charm on the links this time; unable to remove the chain himself due to the bond of ownership, Harry had convinced another to cut it off. Clever pet, he thought.

~*~*~*~

Harry set down a box of budget dishware. Mark and one of his bouncer friends from the leather bar carried a futon frame through the doorway of Harry’s first apartment.

It wasn’t much; just a tiny studio apartment in a fifth floor walkup, but it was his. He had lived with Mark for a little over a month before Mark’s considerable contacts unearthed this room several blocks from Fiddlesticks. Rose sucked on her toes, safely out of the way in a proper crib tucked in the corner.

Mark reached into the crib and tickled the infant’s tummy.

“You be good to your Mummy, Rosie.”

His friend laughed, thinking it was a joke.

~*~*~*~

From the shadows, Harry watched as his co-workers arrived for work. Mark was pinned against the
wall by a muscular bleached blond he had been dating exclusively for several weeks. Some others were kissing their significant others good-bye. Harry hugged Rose closely to his chest and entered the dark club; more and more he was feeling isolated, alone.

He wished he had someone of his own, but he didn’t know anyone but the people he worked with and the regular customers. Frankly the customers scared him and, although his co-workers liked to tease him, none of them were looking for anything more than a quick fuck. With the responsibility of caring for Rosamond, Harry needed stability, a serious relationship, something not to be found at a place like Fiddlesticks.

Sometimes he thought he saw Lucius in the crowd, but it was always some overly bleached blond. Harry wasn’t sure how he felt about his master, but he could still feel the gentle pull of the bond. He wondered if Lucius could still feel him; he wasn’t sure if that notion comforted him or alarmed him. He often had explicitly sexual dreams about the arrogant blond and it confused him that he was not horrified by it.

Rose was a little cranky and hard to settle; she was happy only when Harry held her. In the kitchens, he danced with his tiny daughter to the amusement of the cook. The graceful sprite rocked his hips to the beat of an Oldies radio station. Playfully he teased the cook the same way he’d seen some of the dancers tease their patrons.

Harry glanced at the door and stopped abruptly. Two of the waiters began to clap slowly, but not loud enough to frighten the baby. Sid stood behind them, a calculating expression on his face.

~*~*~*~
“I can’t do this,” Harry whispered, his stomach in knots and his nerves shot.

Kevin, one of the club’s transvestite singers, adjusted his headpiece. “Emerald, love. You’ll be brilliant. The first time is always the worst…it’s just stage fright.”

Harry slipped a costume emerald drop earring into a recently pierced earlobe. Kevin feathered some cover stick makeup over the lighting bolt scar. “You’ll need to find something better to cover that…the stage lights are going to catch that scar.”

Glancing into the port-a-crib tucked into the corner of the male entertainers’ dressing room, Harry focused on his precious daughter. He shivered; the green and blue silk veils making up his costume offered little in the way of warmth.

Harry checked his reflection in the mirror a final time. The heavy kohl around his eyes looked alien to him. Hell, the entire reflection looked alien.

Sid appeared in the dressing room, his hands resting on Harry’s slim hip. The slight wizard sidestepped the manager and slipped into the backstage hallway. The man followed close on his heels.

“Ready for your debut, beautiful?” Leering, he tucked a loose corner of a veil back into position, brushing his hand across Harry’s crotch. “It’s not too late to change your mind.”

“Please don’t touch me, Mr. Toffler.” Harry backed away, wishing he could empty his nervous stomach on Sid’s overly shined shoes.

Sid was the reason Harry was standing backstage waiting for his debut as a male stripper while dressed like a B-Movie version of a harem girl. The manager, tired of Harry repulsing his advances, gave him an ultimatum. Rose would no longer be able to stay at work with Harry unless
he did one of two things – Harry would either dance two nights a week in a costume of Sid’s choosing or he would let Sid fuck him on a regular basis.

Harry put him off for a week before being forced to make a decision. He had tried to find another job and had even applied with several employment agencies, but with Rose and not enough money for daycare, rent and diapers, Harry really had no choice. He had even briefly thought of calling Aunt Petunia or Mrs. Figg.

Harry’s cue to go on came and he glanced at Kevin’s reassuring face a final time. He emptied his mind, thankful for the Occulmency lessons Severus taught him. With the stage lights in his eyes, he couldn’t see the audience and for that he was grateful.

Harry’s hips rotated to the slightly Arabian beat of the music as he slowly divested himself of the green and blue silk veils. The audience wasn’t sure what to make of the classically sensual strip tease; they were used to the blatant burlesque version. But skin was skin, and Harry was showing plenty of it.

~*~*~*~*~*~
Harry was nauseous at the memory of the men touching him as they tipped him for his dance, as they invited him for a drink, as they inquired his price for a private performance. He showered and scrubbed his body until his flesh felt raw. Roughly, he braided his still damp hair into a long braid; the men couldn’t keep their hands out of that either.

Without waiting for his shift to end, Harry gathered up Rose and left the club. As they walked home, he passed the leather bar’s open door and winced at the lewd comments sent his way. Normally he could ignore them or laugh them off, but the trauma of his first night as a stripper was fresh.

Thankfully, Rose drifted off to sleep with just a warm bottle and a dry diaper. He didn’t think he would have managed to cope with a stressed out baby as well.

He sat on the edge of his futon, removing his shoes and socks. He removed his jeans; a handful of coins and bills slipped through his fingers, several coins rolled across the floor. Seventeen pounds. He had taken off his clothes and flirted with a room of strangers for seventeen pounds.

His stomach heaving, Harry hurried to the bathroom. As he emptied his stomach contents into the commode, the long black braid hung over one shoulder. Harry scowled at it as if his hair was somehow to blame for his predicament. Straightening up, he rinsed the bile from his mouth into the sink. His eyes fell on a pair of shears.

Harry grabbed his braid at the base of his heck and slid it between the blades. He looked at himself in the mirror and then set the shears onto the sink. Cutting his hair off would solve nothing; it would just leave him with a ragged mess he would have to fix in the morning.

Harry fell into a fitful sleep, dreaming that he was stripping in a room filled with men who all looked like Lucius Malfoy.

~*~*~*~*
SEVENTEEN
~*~*~*~*
Lucius Malfoy straightened the sleeve of his expensive Muggle suit as he stepped into a vacant elevator lift. He laughed to himself; it really was amazing how gullible Muggles were when enough money changed hands. He pushed the button indicating the lobby, but disapparated moments after the door slid shut.
Months had gone by with no sign of his concubine or his daughter. The faint pull of the bond told him that Harry was still alive. As a man firmly entrenched in the Wizarding world, Lucius had severe limitations in his ability to navigate successfully in the Muggle world and his pride would not permit him to ask for the help of the Death Eaters and remaining Aurors.

When the new year had come and gone and neither Lucius nor Narcissa spoke about a new baby and Lucius’ concubine no longer acted as the hostess at Death Eater functions, it was generally assumed that the slender sprite and the child had not survived childbirth. Male pregnancies were rare and exceedingly dangerous; the fatality rate was still quite high.

The Dark Lord was one of the few to even know that Harry had escaped. He, of all people, was the one to suggest Lucius hire Muggle private investigators to search for the missing pair.

~*~*~*~

Iambic pentameter, The War of the Roses, cosine, synaptic connections, and the proper use of a semi-colon. Harry was tired and it all tumbled together in his brain. He had signed up for a remedial overview class to prepare for taking his GCSE exams. The problem was, for most of the other students, it was truly a refresher course, but Harry had never taken the subjects in the first place so he had to work harder.

Mornings Harry spent trying to catch up on six years of Muggle education, afternoons and evenings he spent at Fiddlesticks. To top it off, Rose was teething. Harry loved his daughter dearly but caring for her 24-7 was taking a toll.

Dancing did not get any easier for Harry, but Sid had backed off a little; he had new prey in a handsome illegal Russian emigrant hired on as a waiter.

~*~*~*~

Occasionally, Mark would tuck a few issues of “The Daily Prophet” into Rose’s diaper bag. Harry wasn’t really sure where or how his friend acquired them, but he suspected Mark must be setting aside his fear of wizards long enough to visit “The Leaky Cauldron”. Mark knew where the pub was, warning Harry that it was only eleven blocks south of Fiddlesticks; while wizards rarely ventured into that part of London, he should be on his guard.

Harry always read each “Prophet” cover to cover, trying to glean information hidden between the lines. He had abandoned his thoughts of escaping into France. Beauxbaton had fallen late in the previous year and the newspaper alluded to a war not going well for the French Ministry. It appeared that Lord Voldemort and his allies had already secured Eastern Europe and much of the Middle East. Northern Europe was under siege, but still holding its own.

In the Society pages, Blaise and Ginerva Zabini stared proudly from a photograph taken during their newborn son’s Naming Ceremony. The Business section informed him that the Bulstrode Nurseries had accepted a commission to rescue rare and exotic fauna and flora from the destroyed campuses of both the Beauxbaton and the Hogwarts Schools.

Harry paused on a story buried deep in the second section. Walden McNair was dead, murdered in his sleep; Death Eater Security exterminated every servant, slave, and house elf found on the premises. Harry brushed away the tears swimming in his eyes; Seamus was dead.

~*~*~*~

The private investigator hit “Print” as the information finished loading on his computer screen. A National Insurance Number Card had recently been issued to one Harold James Potter. A few more clicks to his mouse and he had additional information on this person.
In the past month, he had traced one hundred sixty eight young men with variations of the names Harry, Harold, Herald, Harrison, Henry, Harris, Harrington, Evan, James, Jamison and Jim with the surname of Potter, Evans, Black, Lupin, Weasley, Malfoy, James, and Dursley.

Could he actually be lucky enough to have the missing young man drop into his lap? With this new information, he might have located Mr. Malfoy’s granddaughter and wayward son-in-law. The P.I. smiled, thinking of the large fee he would collect from the wealthy man, as he loaded film into a camera.

~*~*~

Early summer brought unseasonably warm weather. London baked in temperatures approaching 38°C (100°F) and the nights did not cool down much at all. Fiddlesticks was air-conditioned, a rarity in a city used to temperate weather.

Mark spoke with a man who was asking questions and taking pictures. His questions all focused on Harry’s infant daughter being on premises. The bouncer did not detect any magic on the man and the man had the bureaucratic air of an underling for Child Welfare. Someone must have seen the baby backstage and reported it to authorities.

Always quick on his feet, Mark assured the man that the baby was well taken care of and that she was there on an extremely short-term basis. The child’s babysitter, an elderly woman, had succumbed to heat stroke and Harry thought it would be healthier for the little girl to be in an air conditioned environment while he searched for a replacement day care provider.

The man looked around a little and spoke a few quiet words to Harry before seeming to buy the scenario. The news was filled with stories of the extended heat wave claiming the lives of many elderly and infirm residents. Thankfully the man came on a night when the strippers were female and Harry just worked as a dishwasher.

Mark and the other bouncers kept a lookout for the man, but he never returned. When nothing more came of it and when Harry received no letter or visit from Child Welfare, they began to relax again.

~*~*~*~

Harry pushed Rose’s baby stroller as he walked home in the muggy darkness. The worst part of the heat wave was that it barely cooled down at all at night and his tiny apartment was a furnace. He purchased a small fan, but it only moved warm air around.

He had the odd feeling of being followed, but casual looks over his shoulder did not reveal anyone. He truly hoped it was his imagination. One of the female strippers had been having problems with a stalker and Harry hoped he had not managed to pick up one as well. He really wished he had a wand.

Sweat trickled from his body as he finished climbing the five flights of stairs to his apartment. He had hidden in a short hallway, but no one followed. Deciding it was heat induced paranoia; Harry locked the door and slid the security chain.

The room was sweltering. Harry cast a weak cooling charm over his bed and Rose’s crib. It was still uncomfortable, but it was twenty degrees cooler. Deciding to forgo studying for his exams, he dropped into a restless sleep.

~*~*~*~

Mark tossed his newspaper into the trashcan and checked on Rose. She was quietly rubbing her fingers on the smooth satin ribbon around the neck of a stuffed rabbit and watching him through
the mesh side of the portable crib.

He could hear from the muffled sounds of the crowd that Harry had completed his dance and was working his way through the gauntlet, collecting tips and propositions. Mark knew that sometime soon Harry would run into someone who wouldn’t be dissuaded and the young man would be coerced into prostitution.

The bouncer glanced up from Rose’s crib as the dressing room door opened revealing a tall blond.

*~*~*~*

Trying to calm his shaking knees, Harry slipped through the doorway leading to the dressing rooms, leaving the busy club behind him. It had been a larger crowd than usual tonight, but the deadly heat wave had caused many to search for air-conditioned escapes.

He exhaled; glad to be away from the lecherous smiles, the roaming hands. Thank Merlin, it was just an ordinary audience tonight – no bachelorette parties. Bachelorette parties were the absolute worst; drunken groups of women had no sense of shame and they were much more likely to grope than the men were.

“Oi, Emerald!”

Harry looked up as a tall waiter popped through the door to hand him the indigo veil he had dropped in his haste to escape. The young man openly admired the enticing figure before him; Harry smiled shyly, draping the veil over his shoulder in a weak attempt to cover himself. He did not flirt back.

“Cheerio, darling,” the waiter said with a wink and an overdramatized flair. “As much as I’d love to tuck you into my bed tonight, I must be off. My public awaits me.”

It didn’t help that Harry knew it was all a game, that the staff at Fiddlesticks had a bet on to see who he’d finally let fuck him. Harry obviously wasn’t a blushing virgin, but he had no desire to spread his legs for a random partner either.

Truthfully, he could make much more money if he was willing to entertain certain customers privately, but Harry had no desire to step into the nefarious world of prostitution. He knew his attitude perplexed his co-workers, many of whom would do just about anything for money, but they considered him a bit of an oddity, a little joke, anyway.

Harry walked toward the dressing room, stepping aside as Mark passed by on his way back to work. The usually boisterous man looked a little pale. He ran his large hand gently down Harry’s jaw line.

“I am so sorry, Love. I’m going miss you,” he said quietly as he ducked back into the club, a slight quaver in his voice.

A cold chill ran down Harry’s spine, Slowly, apprehensively, Harry stepped into the dressing room; the usually noisy space was unnaturally silent. He could see from the door that the crib was empty. Anxiously, Harry looked for his daughter and found her cradled protectively in the arms of a tall blond man.

Sudden tears stung his eyes as Harry unconsciously rubbed the basilisk tattoo on his hip. The veils fell to the floor. The frantic beating of his heart seemed to amplify the pounding noise in his ears. He swallowed, trying to get moisture to his throat. The time for self deception was over – had he really thought he stood a chance at escape?
The icy blond wizard looked down on his wayward concubine. He slapped away the money clutched in Harry’s hand and spoke in a voice devoid of all emotion.

“Put on some proper clothing, Pet. It is time to come home.”

*~*~*~

EIGHTEEN
*~*~*~

“Check.” Draco moved the black knight into place. He looked across the library table at his mother; she gave no indication she heard him. “Mother?”

Narcissa looked at her son; she had been preoccupied all evening. Draco was surprised when she challenged him to a game of chess. She hated chess.

“Mother, is something wrong?”

“No,” she replied, distractedly. “I wonder what is keeping your father.”

“His meeting probably ran late. I am sure there is nothing to worry about.”

“Oh, he’s not in a meeting. He went to Muggle London.”

Draco looked at his mother as she moved her queen into position to be captured by a pawn. His father hated Muggles and didn’t think much of London.

~*~*~*~

A soft pop was the only warning before Lucius, Rosamond and Harry portkeyed into the library. Narcissa and Draco lowered their swiftly raised wands in recognition. The shrill scream of a terrified infant echoed in the massive room. Harry tried to reach for her, but Lucius jerked him violently back into a submissive position.

Delightedly, Narcissa crossed the room and gathered the desolate Rose into her arms. The tiny girl shrieked louder as Lady Malfoy stepped away from the only person she knew.

“Give me my daughter,” Harry pleaded. “You’re scaring her.”

Narcissa looked down her nose with a look of absolute disgust.

“Your daughter?” she snarled. “She never was nor never will be your daughter. Silly whore, you were just a convenient vessel to store her in.”

The elegant witch spun on her heels and strode from the library, ignoring Rose’s screams and offering her no comfort. Harry lunged after her, only to be caught short by Lucius’ grasp on his choke chain.

“Calm yourself, Pet, or I will do it for you.”

Harry’s struggles abated as the continued pressure of the chain cut into his throat, limiting his air supply. He panted at Lucius’ feet, his hair tumbling out of his braid and his black t-shirt torn at the neck.

Lucius drew his wand from a pocket hidden in his shirtsleeve. He closed his eyes, inhaling and exhaling as he gathered his concentration. He would cast the spell that Dr. Eeylops should have cast the moment of Rosamond’s birth.
“Hold still, Pet.” He ordered as he placed his wand against Harry’s temple. Harry’s face paled and
his eyes widened; the kohl eye makeup streaking messily beneath his eyes. “Obliv…”

Harry twisted away in panic, clutching at his master’s knees.

“No! Please, Master, no! You have stolen my daughter from me…please do not steal my memories
of her.”

Draco saw something like compassion flicker in his father’s ice-cold eyes. The wand was secreted
back into his sleeve, the spell left incomplete.

Powerful hands gripped Harry’s upper arms and pulled him abruptly to his feet. “You need a bath.
A good scrub to remove all traces of that disgusting Muggle face paint.”

~*~*~*
A silent flick of the dark wizard’s wand caused the contents of Harry’s jean shorts pockets to
appear on a table beside the older wizard. Another flick brought Harry’s inexpensive Muggle
wristwatch and the cheap imitation emerald earrings the young wizard forgot he was wearing.

Lucius was angry with him, that much was certain, and the near silent coldness of the man chilled
Harry to the bone. A softly uttered incantation left Harry standing naked in the middle of his old
bedroom. The clothing, his trainers included, folded themselves into a neat pile in the fireplace
hearth. Lucius separated Harry’s wallet, spare change and a ring of keys from the other items on
the table. Watch, earrings, scraps of paper, pencil stub and a pacifier joined the pile of clothing. A
flash of light, the smell of charred rubber, and all that remained was a pile of ash to be swept away
by a house elf.

Harry stood immobile and the blue gray eyes narrowed, examining his figure. His beautiful
concubine had filled out a bit and his shoulders had broadened slightly. The repetitive lifting
involved in his dishwasher position had defined muscles on his elfin figure. Lucius’ eyes settled on
the delicate face, marred by the streaked Muggle stage makeup.

*~*~*~*
Harry gasped for air just before he was once again plunged beneath the fragrant water of the
bathtub. With as much gentleness as one would use to scrub a dirty cauldron, Lucius scrubbed his
flesh until he was uniformly bright pink. The strong fingers harshly massaged shampoo into the
long black tresses and Harry was once again submerged.

*~*~*~*
A black silk nightshirt draped over his arm, Harry watched the older wizard stalk out the bedroom
door, with a promise of punishments to follow. A wave of the manicured hand set security wards
around the room. Harry knew there was no sense in even trying to escape. He could feel the
powerful magic surrounding him.

His eyes drifted to his reflection in a floor length mirror. In the background he thought he heard
Rose’s cries and he wished he could go to her. Harry’s fingers ran lightly over the serpent tattoo on
his hip, the symbol of his bondage.

Light reflected off a matched pair of heavy gold bracelets encircling his wrists and he tugged
unsuccessfully to remove them. Decorated with elaborate runic symbology, the flat metal muffled
his ability to use magic – wandless or otherwise – and the hollowness he felt when his magic first
shattered returned. They were beautifully crafted works of art and he hated them.

As he tried to ignore the sound, Rose’s shrieks seemed to amplify. HIS daughter, he thought, NOT
her daughter, but his reflection in the mirror told another truth. He could no longer lie to himself; the tattoo marked him. He was merely the bound concubine of a powerful dark wizard, and as such, had no rights at all. The choke chain and the bracelets were a not so subtle reminder of Lucius Malfoy’s dominance over him.

Harry slipped the nightshirt over his head, feeling the sensuous movement of the silk. Dawn was breaking as he slid into bed, the echoes of Rosamond’s cries in his ears. He wondered why, in a house as large as the Malfoy Manor, he could hear his daughter’s distress in a room several floors away from the Nursery. He buried his head in the pillows, muffling the sound. Just before he drifted to sleep a thought floated to the surface and it made his stomach twist. Narcissa Malfoy had to be sending the sound of the baby’s cries into his room, knowing full well it would torment him.

~*~*~*

Sally popped into Harry’s bedroom prison several hours later with a covered tray. He was curled up in the large bed, staring out at nothing.

“Hello, Sally,” he greeted her quietly.

The little elf approached the bed, her large eyes staring into his. “Sally is not happy to see Master’s Pet, but Sally is happy to know Harry is not dead. When Lord Malfoy could not find you, I was afraid you froze to death.”

“You didn’t get into too much trouble when I left, did you?”

“No. Sally pretended to be Obligated.”

“Oh, so he didn’t punish you?”

“No more than usual…” She shrugged. “I looked in at your daughter…she is very beautiful.”

“How is she? I keep hearing her cry…but I shouldn’t be able to hear her at all.”

“Lady Malfoy plays a cruel game with you…”

“Rose isn’t crying?” he asked hopefully.

Sally shook her head. “The crying is real…she will not settle…She finally fell asleep due to exhaustion. Lady Malfoy is beside herself, but she will not let the house elves help her.”

Harry indicated Rosamond’s diaper bag which had somehow ended up in the room with him. “Please…take Rose’s bag to Lady Malfoy. The stuffed bunny is her lovey…it will help her settle.”

~*~*~*

Rose’s cries echoed down the hallway and Harry worried she was making herself sick. He hugged Rose’s stuffed bunny to his chest and paced the bedroom. Sally had returned with the untouched diaper bag. Narcissa Malfoy refused to have any Muggle articles touch her “Lucretia”.

Sally removed the untouched tray of food.

“Lady Malfoy has called the Dark Lord’s companion to visit. She can not get Miss Potter-Malfoy to stop crying and she can not get her to eat.”

“If she would just let me see Rose.”

“You know she will never agree to it…She will not even let Pippi near the baby and Pippi raised
“Master Draco.”

“What does Lord Malfoy say? Rose seemed to feel safe with him.”

“Master is not at home.”

~*~*~*~

NINETEEN
~*~*~*~

Lucius apparated into the tiny apartment Harry and Rose shared. One look at the accommodations shocked his upper crust sensibilities. His eyes took in the faded, water-stained wallpaper and the sparse miss-matched furniture. There were not even proper curtains on the window.

He wiped the sweat from his brow and cast a cooling charm onto his robes. It was sweltering in the room; with no discernible breeze, he doubted it cooled off enough to sleep.

Detecting a slight ripple of magic, he examined the second-hand crib. He was impressed. Harry had managed to harness his shattered magic enough to cast a feeble cooling charm.

Lucius sat on the edge of the futon and detected a second, weaker cooling charm. He stared at the room his concubine called home and couldn’t imagine why he had traded the comfortable opulence of Malfoy Manor for this hovel.

Truthfully, Lucius was confused by Harry’s actions; a large part of him couldn’t understand why Harry had run away. Unlike most of the other Death Eaters, he was a fair master; with the obvious exception of the morning in the stables and a few hard slaps, he did not make a habit of abusing his pet.

When Harry first disappeared, Lucius asked Severus why Harry had run; Severus’ laughter was harsh. And then his friend said something strange – if Lucius would ever look at Harry without the filters of arrogance and ownership, he would finally understand who Harry really was and what motivated his actions.

Deciding he would find no answers in the shabby apartment, Lucius perused the meager belongings. A photograph waved at him from the cover of a discarded “Daily Prophet” and the dark wizard realized he could not just abandon the belongings as he had originally planned. If a Muggle found the magical items, it could spell disaster and, as Minister of Magic, he could not risk the repercussions of such a discovery.

Smoothing the indigo bedspread on the futon, he gripped his wand. He would quickly sort through the possessions and dispose of most of it. There would be nothing left behind but an empty room when he left.


A small collection of clothing, blankets, bottles, diapers and toys piled up beside him. The crib rose from the floor but he returned it to its place. He settled the baby bathtub, towels and flannels into the crib. A yellow rubber duck landed at his feet. Selecting only a few items, he banished the remainder into the crib for disposal. There would be no need to bring inferior quality articles back to the manor.

Deciding he did not wish to be pelted with dishware and tables, Lucius clarified his next command. “Accio Harry Potter’s personal possessions.”
Clothing, tattered books, spiral notepads, money, toiletries and photographs piled up beside him. By far most of Harry’s belongings were photographs and used books.

As before, Harry’s taste in reading intrigued him. He flipped through the pages of several of the books. They appeared to be school textbooks, but the subject matter was confusing. He looked at the pamphlets and paperbound books. What was a GCSE and why would his pet want one, he wondered.

Lucius leafed through the textbooks again and realized that a GCSE must be the Muggle equivalent of O.W.L.S. or N.E.W.T.S. It pleased him that his concubine was thinking ahead, not content to remain at his current level of poverty. He kept finding more to admire in his sprite.

The Muggle clothing was cheaply made and basic in design. Simple jeans, t-shirts and chambray shirts – not at all like the revealing styles worn by others at his place of employment. Lucius crushed a black t-shirt bearing the logo for Fiddlesticks in his fist. All the Muggle clothing would be destroyed, starting with that t-shirt.

The Weasley sweater caught his eye. As much as he itched to destroy it, he realized that it held great significance to his concubine. He had seen Harry pet it and hug it; he would bring it back to the Manor, if only to destroy it at a later date if necessary.

His eyes examined the tiny apartment. He felt as if he was missing an important connection. He studied the pile of Harry’s belongings once the clothing had been banished to the crib. His hand was resting on a stack of Muggle photographs. How odd they were, he thought. They didn’t move like wizard photographs. They captured a single moment in time.

Most of the Muggle photographs were of Rosamond, but several snapshots captured Harry as well. Harry, asleep, sprawled on a sofa with a wide-awake Rose on his chest, toys and bottles scattered about. Laughing Harry, giving the baby a bath. Toothless Rose smiling into the camera.

Lucius leafed through the photographs again and picked up a smaller stack. The big man from the club was in a few of these. The wizard realized that these had been taken at another location. Had Harry once lived somewhere nicer than this room?

He sorted through the wizard photographs. Photos of Lily and James Potter, of Sirius Black and the werewolf Remus Lupin, of the Mudblood Granger and assorted Weasleys. Additional photos of Hogwarts students and faculty, of Quidditch games and of magical beasts. He paused at a photo taken at Malfoy Manor of a very pregnant Harry.

The pregnant Harry wore a haunted, pensive expression, but as the image moved, Harry smiled softly, his hand caressing his abdomen while his unborn daughter kicked him. Lucius compared the Harry in the wizard photo to several Muggle ones. Harry was happy and there were no shadows in his eyes. He glowed, the love of his daughter radiating from the frozen Muggle image.

Realization began to gnaw at the corners of his mind. He sorted through the photographs again and found only one tattered photo of the Dursleys. Something clicked.

Abused and discarded by his blood relatives, Harry had created his own family. Scattered on the futon was Harry’s “Family”. As Lucius began to stack them into a neat pile for packing, he realized, with a start, that with few exceptions, every person in the photographs was dead.

The dark wizard’s fingers paused on a photograph of Harry and Rose. His family dead and his freedom gone, the only thing Harry had left that meant anything to him was his daughter.
And Lucius had taken her away as well.

*~*~*~*
TWENTY
*~*~*~*
Lucius examined the empty Muggle apartment with a critical eye. The few possessions he decided to take with him had been shrunk and placed into his pockets. All the other apartment contents had been incinerated; a powerful “Scorify” charm cleaned the room. He noticed with grim satisfaction that even the wallpaper looked much brighter after the cleaning charm.

Lucius spelled his robes into a Muggle designer suit and disapparated to an alley beside Fiddlesticks. Harry built some sort of relationship with the big man. It was a relationship close enough that he had been forced to “Stupify” and place a calming charm on the man before getting close enough to Rosamond to even see her. Lucius felt a twinge of jealousy at the thought of his concubine sharing a life with another man. He was determined to discover how close they had become.

The dark wizard noted that the club was still closed, but he detected movement inside. He turned the door handle and stepped inside, the stark overhead lights illuminated two men making a final sweep with mops and buckets of water.

“Didn’t you read the sign, Mate?” one of the men called out. “Not open for another hour.”

Lucius looked over the room; it looked even worse without the atmospheric lighting from the night before. The bouncer came from out of an office door, froze when he recognized the wizard, and finally gave a curt nod in greeting.

“Would you like a cup of tea or coffee, Lord Malfoy?”

“You know who I am?” Lucius asked, masking his surprise.

Mark indicated Sid’s empty office and Lucius held his wand in his hand incase the large man decided to attack. Mark closed the door, shutting out the curious men. “Have a seat.”

“How do you know my name?” Lucius demanded. “Did my pet tell you?”

“Emmy never told me who his master was, but he really didn’t have to. The basilisk is your traditional mark and Rosie does favor her Malfoy heritage.”

Lucius’ lip curled at the familiar “Rosie”. No daughter of his would be called something so common; he could accept “Rosamond” and perhaps “Rose”, but he never would accept “Rosie”.

“Emmy?” he inquired.

“Short for Emerald. Emmy, Em, Emerald. It’s just a nickname the girls gave him. Not too many working here use their real names anyway. How badly did you hurt him?”

Lucius ignored the question. He leaned closer, examining the bouncer. “Are you a wizard?”

“No. I’m a Squib. We have met before, though. Years ago you were friends with my Uncle Evan… Evan Rosier.”

Lucius looked at the large man across the desk with a critical eye. He did favor Evan a little.

“Mark?” Mark nodded once. “I thought Evan killed you.”
“When Grandmother could not get him to stop cursing me, she abandoned me in the Muggle world to save my life.”

Lucius was not surprised. She would not have been the first to dispose of a Squib child into the Muggle world. Although many children were murdered when they displayed no magical abilities, others were obliviated and turned away. If they were young enough, many of the children never discovered their magical heritage.

“You’ve done well?” Lucius asked conversationally while attempting to probe into the bouncer’s mind.

Mark snorted. “If you call being a sometimes assistant manager and a bouncer in a strip club doing well…then I am doing well.”

“Did you know my pet was a wizard?”

“Harry. His name is Harry.” Mark said quietly. “And no, not at first. Usually I can sense magic in a person, but Emmy said his magic shattered in the war.”

~*~*~*~

Lucius drained his coffee cup; it was bitter and cold. From the sounds beyond the door, he knew Mark needed to get back to work. An experienced Legilimens, he had probed into the Squib’s memories and, while gratified to discover that the bouncer and his pet clearly shared a platonic relationship, he was horrified by the memory of Harry and Rosamond living in an unheated storage closet.

He stood, planning to leave, but Mark stopped him. “Sid should be here any moment. He owes Em his wages.”

“My p…Harry no longer has need of wages…” Lucius looked distastefully around the club. Several of the provocatively dressed staff members had arrived for work and were openly ogling him.

“I don’t care if Harry uses the money to wipe his arse. Sid owes it to him. He’s put that little boy through too much shit to get away with not paying him.”

Lucius nodded and stepped over to the bar, out of the way of the set-up crew and the predatory waitpersons. He really wanted to get a look at this manager.

The young Russian waiter cringed noticeably as Sid cruised into the club. The manager made a point of singling out his current prey, hands all over the young man. Lucius watched, realizing his concubine had been forced to fend off this man as well. Pulling himself up to his imposing height and assuming his best Death Eater glare, the dark wizard approached and Mark introduced them.

“We have business, Mr. Toffler,” Lucius said coldly as he shut the door to Sid’s office. He did not miss the look of relief on the young waiter’s face.

~*~*~*~

The blond wizard tucked the thin wage envelope into his breast pocket as he exited Sid Toffler’s office. He nodded once to Mark and stepped into the bright, late morning sunlight.

He probed Sid’s mind and was proud of how well his pet had defended himself. As horrified as Lucius was that his Harry exposed his body to strange men, his Harry had never whored himself.

Giving a final look at the exterior of Fiddlesticks, Lucius allowed himself a real smile. He
wondered how well Sid Toffler would accept permanent impotence.

~*~*~*~

TWENTY-ONE

~*~*~*~

Harry reached between the mattresses, searching for the books he had hidden prior to his escape, but they were no longer there. His eyes flickered over the rest of the room. A quick search had revealed that many of the room’s contents had been removed and his clothing wardrobe, dresser drawers and school trunk had been stripped clean of any article of clothing including Uncle Vernon’s ill-fitting socks.

He ran his fingers down the sleeve of the nightshirt he was wearing, the semi-opaque silk was slit nearly to his hips and the wide neckline kept slipping off his slender shoulders. He wondered at this odd choice of attire, but assumed Lucius was sending him another message about his place in society.

Harry dove under the bed sheet as the door handle of his bedroom prison turned. He picked up the “Quidditch Weekly” magazine that was placed on his bedside table and pretended to be reading it. Rosamond’s cries grew louder as the door fully opened, revealing an irritable Severus, a haggard Narcissa and a howling Rose. Harry’s heart leapt, but he restrained himself.

“Give him the baby, “Cissa,” Severus said sternly. “I will not feed a calming draught to an infant without exhausting all other possibilities.”

Mindless of the immodest nightshirt, Harry climbed out of the bed and approached Lady Malfoy. Reluctantly, the witch held out Rose. Rosamond was an absolute confection in pink lace and ruffles, but her angelic appearance was ruined by red, blotchy skin caused by prolonged crying.

Harry held her to his chest. “Rosamond Lucille Potter,” he said in mock severity. “Is this any way to act in front of guests?”

Rose stopped in mid-wail at the familiar voice. Her breath in ragged gasps, she glared at her mother for abandoning her. Softly, Harry murmured words on endearment as she continued to calm herself. Settling Rose against his shoulder, he climbed back into the bed in a move to preserve what little modesty he still had.

Rose’s little hand reached into her white blonde curls and tugged at a bow. She flung it to the mattress, glaring over her shoulder in Narcissa’s direction. Harry smiled his first real smile since his return to bondage. He slipped off the miniature white leather “Mary Jane’s” fastened to her feet and tickled her stocking-clad toes.

Off came the lacy pink tights and scratchy lace dress. Wearing only her diaper, Rose clutched a lock of Harry’s long hair tightly in one fist. Giving up in trying to keep the nightshirt on his shoulders, Harry let Rose burrow against him. The infant settled herself against his bare chest, clutching his hair in one hand and her stuffed bunny in the other, listening to the beating of his heart. Her demeanor relaxed as her father softly stroked her hair, but her eyes flickered in curiosity.

“How did you calm her so quickly?” Narcissa sputtered.

“Skin to skin contact…it’s a Muggle thing.” Harry tried to keep the amusement out of his voice. He didn’t want to anger the witch so much that she took Rose away, but he did want to twist the knife a little.

“I’ve heard about that kind of therapy. Muggles have been using it for years in their neonatal
wards...St. Mungo’s uses it on a limited basis.” Severus leaned over the pair on the bed, quickly running a medical diagnostic on the both of them. Burning with curiosity, the Potion Master wished Narcissa would leave so he could talk to Harry in private. He smoothed Rose’s fair hair and chuckled at the glare she gave him.

“Rosamond,” Harry admonished, tongue firmly in his cheek. “You be nice to Severus...He’s not nearly as grumpy as he looks.”

Rose listened to her father’s voice intently. Harry never spoke down to his daughter or spoke baby talk. Movement in the doorway caught his eye.

Lucius stood unannounced at the entrance; he arrived shortly after Narcissa and Severus entered the room. Harry was so relaxed and confident with his daughter; another piece to the puzzle, the dark wizard thought. He was jolted out of his quiet contemplation by his concubine’s playful teasing of Severus.

Lucius strode into the room, his face emotionless. He looked at the Potion Master and his wife and spoke a quiet command.

“Leave us.”

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~

Her tummy full, her “Mummy” beside her, and that strange woman gone, Rose curled up with her bunny and her blanket and drifted off to sleep. Beside her on the bed, Harry gently rubbed her back and watched his master apprehensively.

Lucius settled into an overstuffed chair across the room. With a soft command, an elderly house elf appeared beside his knee.

“Pippi, take my daughter to the nursery. Her possessions are in the blue bag beside my concubine.”

“Yes, Master Lucius.”

Pippi approached the sleeping infant and smiled up at Harry. She gathered Rose into her arms and vanished. The diaper bag and an empty bottle vanished a moment later.

“What am I to do about you?”

Harry’s gaze dropped before he raised his head and met Lucius’ eyes. The pink tip of his tongue moistened his lip.

“I do not know, Master,” he replied.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~

His head resting on the dark wizard’s thigh, Harry willed his cramping legs to obey; after months of freedom, he would have to re-learn submission. Lucius’ calmness made him uneasy. He had expected his punishment to be swift and brutal, but the strong hand merely petted his long, black hair.

“The Dark Lord was pleased to hear of your safe return.”

Harry said nothing. Drawing Lord Voldemort’s attention was rarely healthy. The firm hand paused mid-stroke and snaked toward the bare shoulder. Harry shivered.

“You are full of surprises, aren’t you, little one?” Lucius paused, but did not expect a reply. “Did
you know that there is a spell on the books in the Malfoy Library? A spell that lists the dates and
titles of books removed from the shelves?"

Harry swallowed audibly.

“Such a diligent little scholar you turned out to be…and all those red herrings you left lying around
so I would think you a brainless twit…” “Fly Fishing in the Hebrides”, indeed. You were so very
through in your research into Wizarding Law…twenty-seven books…no twenty-eight if I count the
book you hid under your mattress. Tell me, Pet, do you remember the punishment for a runaway
concubine?”

“It is at a master’s discretion.” Harry looked at the floor, nervously tracing a pattern on the carpet.

“Let’s see how well you remember your studies, shall we? Jacobson’s Law?”

“One hundred and fifty lashes over a period not to exceed twenty-four hours.”

“The Bones Law?”

“1542 or 1736?” Harry asked tentatively.

“Both of them.”

“The Bones Law of 1542 called for one hundred lashes and the removal of one or both feet at the
ankles. It was modified in 1736 outlawing amputation but the tendons of the calves were severed.”

“You know you must be punished, don’t you? Lord Voldemort insists upon it. And if I invoke
Montague’s Law, what happens to you?”

All color drained from Harry’s face.

“I would be taken to Knockturn Alley, stripped naked and chained to a wall. You would gouge out
your mark of ownership from my hip and I would be whipped until I lose consciousness. I hang on
the wall for three days, available to any and all that pass by. They could curse me, beat me, or even
fuck me. If I am not dead at the end of three days, the crowd chooses whether I hang on the wall
until I die of exposure or I receive the Avada Kedavra.”

“Do you want me to invoke Montague’s Law?”

“No, Master,” Harry whispered. He was pulled into Lucius’ lap, the silk of the nightshirt sliding
slightly against the rough fabric of his trousers. Lucius’ broad hands ghosted over the planes of the
trembling, hairless flesh. One hand reached under the nightshirt and wrapped firmly around
Harry’s testicles. Harry caught his breath as Lucius painfully tightened his grip.

“Tell me, Pet…How many Muggles did you let fuck you?”

“None, Master. I spread my legs for no one.”

“You are mine…and no one but me will ever touch you. If I thought you’d whored yourself, you
would already be on that wall in Knockturn Alley.”

~*~*~**~

TWENTY-TWO

~*~*~*~

With consciousness hanging by a scant thread, Harry barely registered that the serpent headed cane
had halted its brutal dance against his skin. He did not know if Lucius was just catching his breath for a moment or if the punishment session had concluded. He counted the rapid beats of his heart and prayed that the dark wizard was done, not catching a second wind or preparing to sever his tendons.

Not wanting to leave scars on his concubine’s pale skin, Lucius opted to use his trademark cane instead of a strap or whip. Welt after welt erupted as the heavy wood struck flat against the submissive flesh; careful not to strike the same spot twice, a deliberate cross hatch of raised, swiftly bruising, weals decorated Harry’s body.

Harry lost count of the blows that rained on his body. He stopped counting after eighty and knew more than one hundred blows had fallen but didn’t think the count had reached two hundred. Although the majority of the damage covered his back, buttocks and legs, his chest, thighs, shins and arms also carried the bruised artwork. His wrists and ankles were bruised beneath his restraints. Only his face and genitals escaped the attentions of the cane.

A wadded handkerchief was removed from his mouth. Early into the punishment, Harry bit his lips in an attempt to hold back screams; afraid he would bite clean through his lower lip, Lucius shielded his teeth with the large monogrammed square of Egyptian cotton.

Lucius kissed Harry’s forehead, the gentleness a stark contrast to the wizard’s previous actions.

“You did well, Pet.”

~*~*~*~

Harry’s eyes opened in unfocused confusion as he felt the edge of the mattress dip with the weight of another person. The movement jarred his heavily bruised and swollen body. He swallowed his whimper of pain.

Harry tried to relax as Lucius’ cold hands caressed his sensitive shoulders. He was not surprised when his master rolled him painfully onto his back and spread his thighs apart. The young wizard’s eyes held a look of resignation as Lucius stroked his lightly bruised inner thigh; Harry closed his eyes.

A memory of Harry’s broken form curled up in the stables flickered in Lucius’ mind. He had beaten Harry for running away, muffled his magic, and stolen his child; rape would reinforce nothing. The dark wizard felt his erection fading as he pushed the knees back together.

Harry’s eyes opened.

“Go back to sleep. I will see you in the morning.”

~*~*~*~

His manicured finger playing with a tiny pale curl, Draco examined his half sister. Growing up, he resented being an only child and had always yearned for a sibling. It was ironic that his wish would finally be granted by a schoolboy nemesis.

Rosamond. He liked the sound of the name; it was a pretty name for a beautiful baby, not at all harsh like the dreaded Lucretia.

Rose examined her big brother with her sparkling green eyes. She made several pre-word sounds and blew raspberries at him. Draco smiled.

“Draco,” he said. “Say Dray…co”
She made a “d-d-d-“ sound. His smile grew wider as he looked quickly around the nursery to make sure no one was watching.

Draco reached to a shelf above the crib and removed a well-loved stuffed dragon he vaguely remembered from his own childhood. Rose’s eyes sparkled with delight as her older brother teased her with the soft creature.

A movement from the doorway caught his eye. Without turning, Draco spoke but continued to tickle the baby’s rounded tummy.

“Rosamond is very beautiful, don’t you think, Mother? She favors both of her fathers.”

Narcissa joined her son beside the crib. “Her name is Lucretia.”

Narcissa scowled at Rose’s teddy bear patterned nightgown. “And who dressed her in those disgusting Muggle rags? I ordered all that rubbish destroyed.”

“Oh, and here I thought the incineration of her bunny was an accident due to an overzealous cleaning charm,” he snarled. Draco noticed the immediate change in his sister’s demeanor. “Has Father decided to take her away from his concubine?”

“Your father has no say in it,” she snapped. “I have arranged an audience with the Dark Lord this afternoon. He will decide in my favor.”

“Father will…”

“Salazar help his half-blood whore if Lucius gets in my way.”

Rose let out a howl as Narcissa abruptly seized her from the crib, not shielding her dagger like fingernails.

“Rosamond doesn’t like you very much, Mother.” Draco’s voice held an edge of admonishment.

“She will learn.”

~*~*~*~

A tug of the detested leash at his throat brought Harry’s mind back to the present. The leash was an unnecessary ornament; it was all he could do to walk. The increasing pain in his curse scar signaled the slight wizard that he and his master were nearing Lord Voldemort. Would the Dark Lord be satisfied with the degree of punishment Lucius delivered, or would he demand further retribution?

At the door to the Malfoy library, Lucius paused and examined his subservient pet. Harry felt extremely exposed dressed only in a loose pair of boxer under shorts riding low on his hips. The welts and purplish black bruises were clearly visible; there would be no doubt to anyone that Lucius had reasserted his domination.

The door to the library burst open and an infuriated Narcissa stalked out. Lucius sidestepped his wife, surprised to see her, but Harry was shoved into a table, too unsteady on his feet to move fast enough to avoid contact.

Harry’s scar exploded as he limped into the library. Lord Voldemort sat calmly in a wing chair; Severus curled up at his feet. Harry was perplexed; why was Rosamond tucked into Severus’ lap, calmly sucking on the wing of a stuffed dragon?
Lucius bowed to the Dark Lord and Harry sank awkwardly to his knees; he could feel his injuries pull and pain shot up his spine. He wanted to press his palm against his curse scar to alleviate the building pressure, but refrained.

Voldemort rose from the chair; he looked down at the kneeling concubine. The long white fingers ran the length of some of the welts decorating Harry’s back. Harry stiffened at the contact.

“Look at me, little one,” the Dark Lord commanded. Cautiously, Harry looked up at the imposing figure, agony exploding behind his eyes. The serpentine man smiled his unpleasant smile. He seemed to be amused.

“Lucius… I have never seen Jacobson’s Law carried out in quite this manner before, but I can always appreciate a work of art. What absolute self control to create this intricate pattern in the bruising…and you never once broke the skin. Most impressive… a true master at his craft… pain with no permanent damage… you didn’t touch his face at all.” Thin fingers cupped Harry’s jaw. “Wouldn’t want to risk damaging his beauty…”

~*~*~*~

Harry sighed in relief as he and Rose were dismissed from Lord Voldemort’s presence. He still did not understand why Rosamond had been alone with Lord Voldemort and Severus, or why Lady Malfoy had stalked off in a fury, but he assumed they were interrelated. He would ask Severus later.

Cradling his daughter and her stuffed dragon in his arms, he carefully made his way back through the corridors toward his own rooms. His stiff limbs ached as he exercised them; the pain from his curse scar dulling as he distanced them from the dark wizards.

Narcissa was waiting at the foot of the main staircase, her body rigid in anger. Harry tried to change direction, but she blocked his movements. Doors slammed shut, sealing off escape routes. He looked up at her; her wand was leveled at him. She smiled coldly, her even white teeth glittering.

“Crucio!”

Harry’s body seized as the curse hit him; a scream broke from his throat, startling Rose, who joined in with screams of her own. Frantically, he tightened his grip on Rose, trying hard not to drop her. He was surrounded by marble – the foyer floor, walls and staircase were all highly polished stone. There was no soft place to put her.

Don’t drop her. Don’t let her fall.

“Crucio!”

Harry was hit with the curse a second time; the blonde witch held this curse longer than the first. Blackness began to play at the edges of Harry’s mind as he heard the curse uttered a third time. Rose began to slip from his useless fingers. Don’t drop her, his mind screamed, don’t let her fall. As unconsciousness overtook him, Harry heard Narcissa cast another curse, a fatal curse.

“Avada…”

~*~*~*~

TWENTY-THREE

~*~*~*~

Arms restrained his convulsing body and his muscles would not respond properly. Pain danced
along his nerve endings; he had no control of his motor functions.

A voice he did not recognize spoke softly to him. “Mr. Potter, can you hear me? You need to drink this.”

A gelatinous substance was placed at his lips, and when he was unable to swallow, firm fingers gently massaged his throat, permitting the potion to slide down his esophagus. Concentrating, Harry tried to form a question.

“R…Ro?”

Another concoction was eased down his throat and sleep overtook him.

~*~*~*~

When Harry next awoke, it was to a silent, sterile light green room. The convulsions had subsided and only a slight trembling of his hands remained. The massive bruises that covered his body had been treated; patches of pale yellowish green remained. The mediwizards healed all of his injuries while fighting the damage from the Cruciatus Curse; the scarring from his cesarean section had been repaired as well.

His magic seemed to be stronger, more focused than it had been since it shattered. The control bands had been removed and sat on the bedside table. Harry’s hand drifted to the choke chain; it still remained.

He looked up when a mediwitch in pale blue robes entered the room.

“Oh,” she said with false cheerfulness, “You’re awake.”

“Where…” Harry’s voice was hoarse from screaming.

“You’re in St. Mungo’s, Dear.”

“Daughter…where’s my daughter?”

“Daughter? Oh, I’m sorry…I just came on shift…I’ll find someone to speak with you.”

~*~*~*~

Harry tried to get out of the bed when the mediwitch did not return, but found his ankles were restrained. He pulled at his feet, feeling something padded wrapped around his ankles. Peering beneath the bedding, he saw thick leather straps.

With a scowl, he tried a wandless “Alohamora” with no success. He reached for the straps but could not find a buckle. He jerked his feet up in frustration and decided it was a stupid and painful thing to do. Irritated, he laid back on the bed and counted the ceiling tiles.

The door opened and Harry growled at the wizard who entered. “Get these damn restraints off my legs. I need to take a piss.”

“All pets are automatically bound to their beds. It is a hospital policy. Lucius requested they leave you unbound but they refused. The hospital board is afraid of liability issues should you escape while a patient at St. Mungos.” Severus closed the door. “I’ll get you a bed pan.”

~*~*~*~

“What happened, Sev? Is Rose okay?”
“Rosamond was uninjured; you bore the brunt of the curses. She has been examined by the best pediawizards on staff.”

“Why did Lady Malfoy attack us? She could have killed the baby.”

Severus sat on the edge of the mattress. Harry could feel the unease radiate from the older wizard.

“We believe that was her intention…”

“I don’t understand. I thought she wanted Rose.”

“What do you remember?” Severus reached to grasp one of the still trembling hands. Thankfully, Harry seemed to have survived the extended Crucius Curse with his mental faculties intact.

“When Master led me to the library, Lady Malfoy almost knocked me over…She was very angry… Rosamond was sitting on your lap and I didn’t understand why she was there…I still don’t. You gave me the baby and Master dismissed us. We were in the main foyer when she attacked…”

“Did Narcissa say anything?”

“Only Crucio…” Harry shuddered at the memory. “I was afraid of dropping Rose on the marble floor…and she kept holding the curse…it hurt so much…then she cast the killing curse…I don’t understand…Did I survive Avada Kedevra a second time?”

“You were not the target of the Avada Kedevra…”

“I don’t…” Harry looked up in shock. “Why did she want Rosamond dead?”

“Because you won and needed to be punished.”

“Won?” Harry pulled violently at his bound ankles. “What have I possibly won?”

Severus’ hand rested on one of the restraints, stilling the movement. “Custody of Rosamond Lucille Potter-Malfoy. Lord Voldemort denied Narcissa’s claim to the child based on a legal statute written in 1592.”

“Fifteen what?”

“According to the Parkinson/Spinnet ruling of 1592, a bound concubine who conceals the issuance of her womb from her master for a period of five months and a day can not be compelled to relinquish custody of said issuance against her will…”

“To put it in plain English, Love, you remained free for almost seven months…Lucius did not meet his daughter until July 24th…three days ago.”

“But Lady Malfoy cast the killing curse…Did Rose…”

“She didn’t complete the curse. Draco heard the screaming. He blasted Narcissa across the foyer before she completed the casting.”

“Draco chose me over his mother?”

“No, Pet.” Lucius was standing in the doorway. “Draco chose his sister’s life over that of his mother.”
Harry stood on the library balcony, dressed in a voluminous silk summer weight robe; a slight breeze ruffled the loose fabric revealing he wore nothing beneath it. Lucius had destroyed all of Harry’s Muggle and modern wizard garments, leaving him with only the most traditional of wizarding garb. His request to “at least wear boxers or briefs” had been met with an amused smile and a promise to “think about it”.

It was almost midnight, just a few minutes until Harry turned twenty. The sky was full of owls, but none of the birds were looking for him. The owls were delivering condolences to Lucius and Draco Malfoy on the untimely death of Narcissa by her own hand.

Harry, being unconscious at the time, did not know if Narcissa’s suicide was truth or a tale concocted to prevent murder charges from being brought against Draco. He decided it really did not matter as long as Rosamond remained safe.

He had no illusions that anyone would attempt to send him a birthday owl. Neither Ginny nor Neville would risk another breach of etiquette by acknowledging Lord Malfoy’s whore and poor Seamus was dead.

Idly, he toyed with the golden control bracelets that had returned to his wrists. The mediwizards at St. Mungo’s temporarily removed them because their magical suppression qualities hindered their ability to treat him for the effects of the Cruciatus Curse. He felt the pulse of the bracelets and turned his attention back to the shower of owls. He would not dwell on his solitary birthday, missing friends, or the loss of his magic.

To his great surprise, a snowy owl flew out of the trees and landed on the ledge beside him.

“Hedwig?”

Hedwig hooted and hopped over to him. She held out her leg for him to remove a small brightly wrapped package. He tucked the box into a pocket with nary a glance and cuddled his beloved familiar.

“Where ever did you come from?”

“Neville Longbottom found her with several Hogwarts school owls in the ruins of the Beauxbaton Owrtery.” Lucius stepped onto the balcony. “Stephan Bulstrode was given the task of removing rare plants from the damaged greenhouses and gardens. The idea is to re-introduce them at a later date once the rebuilding of Hogwarts is completed. Beauxbaton was nearly leveled so it may never be rebuilt.

“Bulstrode brought your owl to my office at the Ministry several weeks ago. His son-in-law thought she would make a nice birthday surprise but did not want to overstep his bounds. Of course, they didn’t know you were no longer with me at the time.”

“Can I keep her?” Harry continued to stroke her soft feathers. “I promise not to send any unauthorized owl post.”

“Yes, she can stay. Send her back to Dobbins. He’s been taking care of her. The estate owls are still getting used to her.”

With a final nip of affection, Hedwig flew toward the stables.
Harry examined Lucius closely as he followed him to his rooms; the older man looked exhausted. Already busy with affairs at the Ministry, he now had the added burden of handling Lady Malfoy’s estate. She would be laid to rest in the Malfoy family cemetery the next morning.

Lucius sank gracefully onto the bed and propped himself up in a nest of pillows; he patted the mattress beside him. Harry crawled across the bed to join him.

“You haven’t opened your present yet, Pet.”

Harry realized he was still holding the unopened box Hedwig delivered. He had been so distracted by her return that he forgot all about it. Harry shifted the box, hearing a faint metallic jingle. Lifting the lid, he schooled his features not to show the confusion he felt. Nestled in a bit of satin was a large, heavy, ornate cloak pin or broach. He knew it was an antique by the gaudy Victorian design – two gold serpents were twined around a large emerald and several smaller emerald teardrops hung from the base.

“It is a family heirloom.”

Harry held up the pin, watching the candlelight glitter off the gemstones. He carefully placed it back in the box.

“Look at me, Harry.” Lucius said gently and Harry looked up, more in surprise that his master had called him by name. Lucius never called him anything but Pet, Whore or Slut. There was warmth in the blue gray eyes he had never expected to see. “I have a proposition I would like you to consider.”

Pulled into Lucius’ arms, Harry curled into his chest. The older wizard toyed with one of the control bands.

“The mediwizards at St. Mungo’s ran a diagnostic on your magical reserves while you were unconscious. Do you know what they found?”

Harry shook his head; afraid his voice might give him away. Lucius knew he had enough magical ability to use Dr. Eeylops’ wand and suspected he could perform minor wandless magic. If his magic was no longer shattered, would Lord Voldemort consider him too much of a security threat to live?

A gentle tug on the choke chain brought Harry’s focus back to Lucius. “Your magic is reasserting itself…how long have you known?”

Harry swallowed. It would be pointless to lie. “Without my magic, I felt like there was an empty hole inside me… I’m not sure exactly when I realized the hole no longer felt as empty… even when I knew my magic was shattered, I would occasionally try to summon small things and one morning a toothbrush flew into my hands. The magic was sporadic at best and barely controllable.

“The pregnancy seemed to trigger something, perhaps an inborn need to protect the fetus…but the magic grew stronger… I didn’t even know if it would work when I stunned Dr. Eeylops… at the time I didn’t even know if the magic I felt was mine or Rose’s. I had not touched a wand since mine exploded.”

“Why didn’t you tell me…or Severus?”

“I was afraid…Does Lord Voldemort know?”
Lucius pulled Harry tighter against his chest, his chin nuzzling the top of Harry’s head.

“We have discussed it.”

“The proposition?” Harry asked apprehensively.

“With Narcissa gone…” Lucius paused before continuing. “There is a legal precedence to change your status from bound concubine to official consort…after a proper mourning period, of course.”

*~*~*~*~*

TWENTY-FIVE
*~*~*~*~*

Harry rubbed his eyes as he fingered one of the control bands, feeling the familiar texture of the runic symbols etched in the precious metal. He opened a book on wizarding etiquette in the Malfoy library and paused to take a sip of tea. He stretched his back, hearing it pop, as the first pink rays of dawn were visible through the window. He knew he would find no answers in the books stacked around him; his answers had to come from deep inside and he was not yet ready to listen to his traitorous heart or his traitorous mind.

“Potter, what are you doing?”

Harry looked up to see Draco, uncharacteristically rumpled in his dressing gown, standing at the doorway. He strode in and Harry felt no danger from him. Draco picked up several of the books, glancing at their seemingly unrelated subject matter. He set them back down and examined a tray of tea and baked goods left behind by a house elf. He picked up a scone and looked at it curiously.

“Why is there a candle stuck in this scone?”

Harry looked up, a little embarrassed. “Today is my birthday. The house elves must have remembered.”

“Oh. Happy Birthday,” he said distractedly, conjuring a second cup and pouring himself some tea. “What are you looking for? I don’t remember you being quite so bookish at Hogwarts.”

“At Hogwarts…” Harry paused and let out a breath. “At Hogwarts I had Hermione.”

Draco unexpectedly placed his hand on Harry’s shoulder. “I’m sorry. She was a clever witch.”

Harry looked into Draco’s face, a bit uncertain. Draco looked as if he, too, had not slept. The traumatic events of the past few days had left a mark on him; the death of his mother weighed heavy on his heart.

“Thank you for saving Rose…for not letting her hit the marble floor.”

“Potter, I didn’t place that protective charm on my sister, you did.”

“I what?”

“Somehow in the midst of my mother’s attack, you must have managed to erect a wandless protection charm on Rosamond. My focus was on my mother…not on you.”

“Oh,” Harry sank into the library chair, spinning one of the bracelets. “I couldn’t have done it…not wearing these.”

“Pippi,” Draco said suddenly.
“Pardon?”

“She was my nurse when I was growing up. I remember her placing a charm on me when I was very small and unsteady on my feet. Pippi must have placed the same charm on Rosamond.”

~*~*~*~

Draco closed his eyes, the memory of the events in the main foyer fresh in his mind. Drawn by the screams, he was halfway down the staircase before he realized what his mother was doing. Having heard her repeatedly threaten to harm Harry, Draco was not totally surprised to find her casting the Cruciatus Curse on the defenseless near-Squib, but he was angered to discover Harry was still holding his daughter in his arms. Intending only to cast a protective spell around his little sister, Draco’s blood froze when he heard his mother begin to cast the killing curse.

A quickly cast “Expellaramus” knocked the witch off her feet. Draco deftly caught her wand and swiftly approached her. Harry was convulsing on the floor under the effects of the extended curse, and Rosamond was hovering a mere hands breadth from the floor in a protective bubble, glowing faintly the same acid green as the killing curse.

He looked into her pale blue eyes and did not see the same madness that had haunted his Aunt Bellatrix reflected back at him. Madness he could understand, but he saw only hatred and malice. His mother was not acting from insanity, but pure rage. Rosamond would never be safe from this woman who used to be his mother.

Coldness spread through Draco as he stood above Narcissa. Using his mother’s wand, he cast the killing curse.

~*~*~*~

“So,” said Draco, abruptly changing the subject. “You’ve been here all night, haven’t you? You never even changed your clothing from yesterday. What are you looking for?”

“Master…your father gave me the choice of remaining his concubine…or being named his consort.” Harry watched Draco’s expression, but it did not change. Obviously, this was not news to the young Death Eater. “I’ve been trying to figure out how to choose.”

Draco tossed the candle aside and bit into the scone. “And you think books are going to do what? What is there to figure out? As consort, Father gives you respectability…you have a place in polite society…you get to be a wizard again. But as concubine…”

“I get to wear this pretty jewelry and be a whore.” Harry spun a control band. “I miss my magic.”

“Then why are you having such a hard time making a decision? What is it that is really bothering you?”

Harry took another sip of tea as he formulated his response. “As concubine, I can deceive myself…tell myself that I am being forced into an intimate relationship with your father, but if I accept being his consort, I am admitting I want an intimate relationship with your father…What will my friends think of me? Won’t they think I’ve betrayed…”

“Why do you care what other people think? Ginerva Weasley and Neville Longbottom were given no say in who they married. In three months, I am getting married to a witch I met on the day of my engagement…I keep forgetting you were raised as a Muggle…Old wizarding families have always believed in arranged marriages, not something as illusive as love. View this as one step shy of an arranged marriage, because that’s exactly what it is.
“Father will fuck you whether you are his consort or his concubine. For Rosamond’s sake, choose the path of respectability.”

~*~*~*~

From the window Harry could see the thestrals soar above the treetops before disappearing back into the foliage only to appear once again in another part of the forest. He watched their graceful dance and wondered if Blix was one of them.

The cooling breeze caused his deep green under robe to billow around him. It was going to be a bright, clear day; the perfect sort of day for a picnic, not a funeral. Harry closed his eyes, feeling the breeze caress his face.

He sensed rather than heard Lucius approach. The blond leaned in and placed a pattern of kisses from his shoulder to the hollow of his throat. Harry gasped as Lucius nibbled at his bare throat, careful not to leave bruises.

Lucius straightened up as a deep, almost gong-like bell tolled twice through the manor. He reached for Harry’s mourning robes, hung neatly from the door and slid them over the slender shoulders.

“The mourners are beginning to arrive. It is almost time for Rosamond’s public unveiling.”

Lucius adjusted the robe so that it draped perfectly on the thin frame. He reached for a black ribbon and swiftly tied an ornate bow to the back of Harry’s neatly pulled back hair. Harry wanted to comment on how “girly” the bow looked but realized just in time that his master was already sporting a match for it in his tresses. Lucius opened the small box containing the heirloom cloak pin. With precise movements, he pinned it to Harry’s mourning robe.

“You remember your instructions, Pet?”

~*~*~*~

TWENTY-SIX

~*~*~*~

The “Daily Prophet” photographer stood at the ready, waiting for the immediate family to approach the gothic style Malfoy family chapel. He snapped several photographs as the impassive blonds strode up the path, elegant in their mourning robes. At a proper distance behind them, the Malfoy servants followed, all draped in black, even the house elves.

This was the social event of the season; anyone who was anyone in Voldemort’s New Society had turned out for the funeral of Narcissa Black Malfoy. The photographer discretely took photographs of the important mourners as well as a few foreign dignitaries. Draco Malfoy’s Swiss fiancée and her father had arrived to pay their respects.

The “Daily Prophet” society reporter was taking detailed notes, careful not to draw attention to herself. The editors had long debated which reporter they should send to cover the tragedy and finally decided that the society reporter was the only staff member with the delicate touch necessary to cover the suicide death of the wife of the current Minister of Magic.

All eyes were on Lucius and Draco as they entered the chapel where Lady Malfoy lay in state. Lucius paused halfway to the casket and Harry slipped from the shadows to join him, Rosamond in his arms.

The mourners watched as the three wizards and the baby approached the casket. Narcissa was
exquisite, even in death. For a moment, Lucius stood, gazing at the corpse, flanked by his son and his concubine. His arm casually reached out and rested on Harry’s hip as he leaned in and placed a kiss to the top of Rose’s head. After a few softly spoken words, Harry bowed his head in acknowledgement and gracefully retreated down the center aisle.

Sunlight refracting through the ornate stained glass windows bathed the slight figure in light. Although common knowledge in Death Eater circles, the public at large had not been aware that Harry Potter was still alive. With his hair neatly back into the ponytail, there was nothing concealing the scar on his forehead, the trademark green eyes, the choke chain at his throat, the heavy gold control bands and the heirloom jewel glittering in the light.

The light caught Rosamond’s pale blonde curls and her brilliant green eyes. A quiet murmur broke out among the society mavens. There was no mistaking the parentage of that child.

The photographer jerked his head toward the small retreating figure, but the reporter shook her head. As tantalizing as a photo spread of them would be, it was a story for another day. Harry disappeared into a quiet corner, two massive Death Eater guards flanking him, both for security reasons and to keep the curious at bay.

Draco stepped away from his mother’s body, leaving his father time for his private farewell. His fiancée gave him a hug of condolence and he placed a chaste kiss on her forehead before leading her to the family pew, her father in tow.

Lucius stood quietly beside his wife’s body for several minutes before he leaned into the casket and placed a kiss on her lips.

Severus, in his ceremonial Potion Master robes, stepped out of the shadows and placed a consoling hand on his shoulder as he lead his childhood friend away.

The photographer smiled and gave the reporter thumbs up. He had gotten their front-page shot.

~*~*~*~

Mark paused just outside the hidden doorway to The Leaky Cauldron. He hated stepping back into the magical life genetics had denied him, but he needed to pick up “The Daily Prophet”, in the hopes he might find out what had happened to Em and Rosie.

The customers gave him the briefest of glances as he entered the pub before returning to their conversations. The pub was louder and more crowded than it normally was this time of day. Mark usually stopped by in the early afternoon, after the lunch crowd and before the day shoppers stopped for a quick bite before returning home. Tom waved him over to a stool in the corner and pulled out a roll of newspapers tied with a bit of twine.

Sending a tankard of ale his way, Tom went about his business, watching the large man out of the corner of his eye. He had sensed an undercurrent of fear in the Muggleized Squib from the first time the man had entered the pub months before. Something important forced the man to return to a culture that did not want him. Tom just wondered what it might be.

Mark sipped the ale and glanced through the back issues of the newspaper. A loud conversation between several tables full of witches caught his attention. He glanced over to the group and noticed several were gesturing toward a “Daily Prophet” article.

“As much as it saddens me to see a family line die out…I say good riddance to the lot of them. There hasn’t been a Black in centuries that wasn’t a bit insane.” An elderly witch said, pausing to drink from a steaming goblet. “And this last bunch…That Sirius Black killing thirteen Muggles
and a wizard…”

“They say he may have been innocent, Dor,” another witch interjected, but the first witch continued.

“Well, even if he was, which I doubt, he sure wasn’t sane after eleven odd years in Azkaban and his cousin Bellatrix…she was crazy before she went to Azkaban and even crazier after she escaped. Of her sisters…I always thought Narcissa Malfoy was the only sane one of the bunch and look at what she’s done.”

Mark’s head jerked at the mention of “Malfoy”; the motion was not lost on Tom.

“Well, she’s dead now. And I can’t think of a more fitting way than a rebounded spell…Imagine…torturing that defenseless little boy and trying to kill his baby…”

The color drained from Mark’s face. He rapidly sorted thought the stack of newsprint trying to find the article they were discussing. Tom reached into the pile and placed that day’s “Daily Prophet” before him.

“I think you need to step into a private room, my young friend.” Tom took Mark’s unresisting arm and led him into a small side room. Mark spread the newspaper out onto the table before him, the various photographs moving. His eyes stopped on a picture of Harry and Rosamond taken at Lady Malfoy’s funeral, above it screamed a headline: “Her Intended Victims – Safe at Last?”

Tom re-appeared with two bowls of a thick, dark stew and two tankards of ale. A plate of crusty bread and butter appeared on the table. The old barkeep cast a privacy charm and settled into a chair.

“So…how do you know my friend Harry?”

~*~*~*~ *

Tom disappeared into his tiny office behind the bar. He poured himself a tall glass of firewhiskey and emptied the glass in two gulps. He felt the firewhiskey burn its way down and attempted to push aside his guilt.

Simply oblivating Mark Rosier would have been the proper solution. The Squib would be better off with no memory of Harry, The Leaky Cauldron, or the magical world, but it was obvious that Mark cared a great deal about Harry and that Harry returned the friendship. Altering the man’s memories was a little more difficult to achieve. It was simple to erase memories of magic and the location of the pub but creating the illusion of a happy future for Harry and his daughter in the Muggle world would give the bouncer closure and prevent him from searching for additional news.

Harry’s Muggle life sounded positively horrible to the old barkeep and he was quite certain Mark had even tried to gloss over some of the more unpleasant aspects of it. Tom created a safe and secure fantasy future for Harry and his child.

The former savior and his daughter would be much better off in the cold but possessive hands of Lucius Malfoy.

Tom poured himself another glass of firewhiskey and tried to convince himself it was all for the best.

~*~*~*~*

TWENTY-SEVEN
~*~*~*~*
Harry warmed the massage oil in his hands before his talented fingers began to relax the tense, knotted muscles in Lucius’ back. It had been a long, hard day. After the funeral, select friends, family, and business associates attended Narcissa’s wake. Draco’s fiancée fulfilled her first role as a future Malfoy bride and stepped in as hostess for the Ministry of Magic and Society mourners; Harry resumed his duties within the Death Eater faction.

Lucius keenly felt the loss of his wife; after so many years together; she was more than just an ornament on his arm. She had always offered astute observations and suggestions in his rise to power; there was intelligence behind her beautiful façade, but ruthlessness as well. He would miss her, but he would not mourn her. The torture of his defenseless concubine and her attempt at infanticide had destroyed his last vestige of affection for her. It was good Draco had stopped his mother; Lucius would not have offered as merciful a death.

Harry’s hands worked out the knots in his spine and he felt himself relax into the bedding. He rolled over at the quiet command and purred in contentment when the talented fingers began their magic on his aching feet.

Too soon it was over and a soft cloth removed the excess massage oil. Harry slid off the bed and reached for his robe, intending to leave his drowsy companion. Lucius’ heavily lidded eyes opened at the loss of contact.

“You have wonderful hands, Harry.”

Harry looked at him, still startled when the man used his birth name. Lucius let out a chuckle.

“Your friend, Mark Rosier, reminded me that you do have a name.”

Harry smiled crookedly; warmed at the mention of a friend he would never see again. Knowing the way pureblood wizards thought, someone had probably oblivated Mark to protect the hidden Wizarding world.

“Stay with me?” There was no command in the deep voice. “I don’t want to be alone tonight.”

~*_~*_~*

Wide-awake, Harry curled against Lucius’ body. He could tell from the older man’s breathing that he, too, was awake.

“Master, may I ask you a question?”

“What is it, Pet?” Lucius toyed with the shell of Harry’s ear.

“Why did you insist I wear the emerald cloak pin to Lady Malfoy’s funeral? Sally was amused by what she termed ‘your blatant breech of etiquette’.”

Lucius shifted, pulling Harry onto his chest; he kissed the tip of his nose.

“I am a wealthy wizard. I am a powerful wizard. With Narcissa’s death, I am the target of every unmarried witch and her mother. To the politically and socially astute, the gem will signify that I am not in the market for another wife. It will signify I have already chosen her successor.”

Harry wasn’t sure whether to be pleased or horrified. No wonder Sally found it funny. It was much more than a minor breach of etiquette; Lucius may as well have set a torch to the book. Lord Malfoy had paraded his whore and his bastard daughter through his wife’s funeral. Harry’s ears burned at the thought of all the Howlers the act would trigger and wondered what Aunt Petunia would have said.
Lucius awoke to a warm weight on his chest and hair tickling his chin. He shifted slightly and felt smooth skin beneath his fingers. Narcissa? No, not Narcissa. Narcissa had always smelled of lilacs and heather; this was a muskier scent, a masculine scent. Harry.

Harry moved in his sleep and Lucius could feel the bulge of an early morning erection against his thigh. He became aware of a matching erection growing between his own legs. He should just push the slight figure aside and dress for work, but it had been months since he had pleasured himself with Harry’s beautiful body. He began to rouse and arouse his concubine with nips and kisses. The Ministry of Magic could wait a few more hours; he was, after all, still in mourning.

Teased almost to the point of orgasm, Harry was helped to his hands and knees, his channel already stretched and needy. Mindful of the fact it had been more than eight months since Harry had had intercourse, Lucius breached him slowly, easing his way into the tight channel. Harry keened at the pain of entry and the familiar fullness.

Setting a slow pace, Lucius adjusted his speed and his angle; he felt Harry begin to tense. Reaching beneath the smaller wizard, he applied pressure to the base of Harry’s cock to prevent his orgasm. Lucius kissed his shoulder in response to the soft growl of frustration. The dark wizard could feel his own pleasure building; he wrapped his arm around the slender hips and began to pound into the sprite, anxious for his own release.

Harry barely had time to rinse the shampoo from his eyes before he found himself pinned to the shower wall. Possessively, Lucius’ hands and lips re-marked their territory. He devoured Harry’s lips and lifted him up so that his legs wrapped around Lucius’ hips. With the younger man’s back braced against the tile, the blond impaled Harry onto his cock. Harry buried his face into his master’s shoulder; the fragrance in the bath oil stung the tender tissues in his channel. Lucius took him thoroughly.

Completing his interrupted shower, Harry was only vaguely aware when Lucius dressed and disapparated to the Ministry of Magic. He winced when he gingerly washed his bruised anal tissue. Celibate for over eight months, he had been penetrated twice in less than an hour’s time.

“Father will fuck you whether you are his consort or his concubine.” Draco’s voice echoed in his ears as he dressed in the summer weight robe left for him by one of the house elves. He sipped on a small vial of pain potion thoughtfully left beside his clothing.

Stomach grumbling, Harry slowly made his way to the breakfast sunroom. Even with the pain potion, discomfort throbbed up his spine. He would have to re-accustom his body and mind to Lucius’ insatiable libido; with Narcissa dead, he would not even have the few days’ respite her fertility cycle had provided.

The hoots of many owls greeted the wizard as he entered the sunroom. Owls were perched everywhere, much to the consternation of the house elves who were unsuccessfully trying to remove the messages and shoo the birds away. Harry noticed immediately that several of the owls were carrying bright red envelopes and a few of the envelopes were already smoking. Howlers.

Hoping for the best, Harry strode into the room and addressed the house elves and the owls.
“Lord Malfoy just left for the Ministry of Magic. He will not return until this evening. Any correspondence for him that can not wait must be delivered to him at the Ministry.”

A number of the owls blinked and took flight through the open French doors heading toward London. Harry winced as he sat carefully at the table, a light breakfast appearing on the plates. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the owls fighting for position and one after the other, the large birds approached to be relieved of their burden.

Knowing that an unopened Howler would explode without warning, Harry lined up several of the smoking envelopes at arm’s length. He smiled apologetically at the remaining house elves. “This isn’t going to be pretty. I suggest you cover your ears, but please be on guard in case one of those Howlers attacks me.”

Harry saw a house elf snag an owl whose feathers were smoking, the victim of a prematurely exploding Howler. The bird squawked indignantly as it was submerged into a fishbowl to dowse the flames.

*~*~*~*

“Spawn of a Mudblood whore…disgrace of wizard kind…Death Eater whore…rather fuck a two-knut Knockturn whore…mixed blood bastard tainting the blood lines…deserves better than a slut like you…should have died with your mother…traitor…whore…whore…whore.”

Harry paled as the Howlers erupted, screams echoing in the small sunroom. He had come to expect the fickle wizarding world to attack him when given the chance and months as a stripper had somewhat thickened his skin, but Harry would be lying to himself if he said the Howlers didn’t hurt.

A house elf whose name Harry thought was Tillie patted his shoulder. “Bad witches. Bad wizards. Master’s Pet not the bad words they calls him.”

Harry smiled wanly, touched by the little elf’s compassion. There were still several owls perched on chairs, rolls of parchment or packages tied to their legs. Apprehensively, he reached for a stately eagle owl bearing the Zabini crest at her chest; she had forced the other owls to stand down.

“Dear Mr. Potter,

Please permit me to congratulate you on the birth of your daughter and on your continued survival among the basilisks and dragons.

Enclosed you will find a small package; as I am certain you are still fitted with your control bands, tap three times on the ribbon and it will automatically expand. Inside you will find a rather unusual gift from the wife of my great grandson. It is an odd little thing to my old eyes, but Ginerva worked very hard on it and assures me that no matter how it turned out, her adopted brother will be amused by it.

Unlike the rest of the Zabini Clan, I have no hidden agenda to this letter; as a spoil of war from the Grindlewald era, I can closely identify with the predicament you and Ginerva have found yourselves in. I will give you the same advice I gave Ginerva when she found herself dropped in the middle of the viper’s nest also know as the Zabini Family – the Sorting Hat made you Gryffindor for your courage and your strength. Keep your head up and ignore the comments of those who seek to undermine your self worth. Time will erase the stigma of being a plaything if you keep your wits about you. Trust me, I know.

I have sent Lord Malfoy a separate owl containing a proper gift to young Rosamond. I will be
extending an invitation for you and Rosamond to attend tea at my manor; my great great grandson would enjoy a play date with one of his equals and I know you would like to visit with Ginerva away from prying eyes.

Sincerely,
Siobhan (Bagshott) Zabini”

Harry read through the parchment a second time, the sting of the Howlers eased by her words. He expanded the package and unwrapped it. Nestled in tissue paper was a misshapen soft pink baby sweater. Ginny had attempted to knit a “Weasley” sweater without using magic. Harry’s fingers ghosted over the uneven stitches and he smiled. A slip of parchment fell from one of the sleeves.

“Dear Harry,

I am relieved to hear that that bitch Narcissa Malfoy did not kill you or Rosamond. Even though I cannot acknowledge you in public as yet, please know that I love you and my thoughts are always with you.

I hope I will be able to see you soon; Great-Grandmother is hatching a plot.

All my love,
Ginny”

*~*~*~*

A very pregnant Blix nudged Harry aside and peered into the ornate wicker pram; Rosamond was sleeping. Harry petted the thestral, grateful that Lucius had never discovered her role in his escape. She ran her skeletal face across Harry’s flat abdomen, as if asking a question.

“No, Blix. No baby this season. Humans usually skip a season or two.”

Blix backed up, taking a suddenly defensive position. Harry followed her gaze and saw the tall, sparse figure of Severus heading toward them. While pregnant, Blix only felt safe around Harry and Dobbins. After a few quiet words of reassurance, she drifted back into the protection of the forest.

As Severus approached, several house elves appeared and quickly set up a picnic lunch in the shade. The two bound wizards made themselves comfortable on the plaid picnic blanket.

“I never got the chance to thank you,” Harry said as he poured Severus a glass of lemonade.

“Thank me for what?”

“The Parkinson/Spinet Ruling of 1592…that had to be a rather obscure bit of legislation…must have taken you ages to find it.”

Severus tried to suppress a smirk. “Oh, Love, it would have…if there ever was a Parkinson/Spinet Ruling…”

Harry looked up at his older friend; he closed his mouth, which had fallen open. “You made it up? You lied?”

Severus’ smirk turned into a full smile, his dark eyes glittered in amusement. Harry continued to sputter. “You lied to the Dark Lord?”

“It wouldn’t be the first or the last time.”
“But if he finds out…”

“Oh, I think he knows…on a certain level he expects it of me…everyone always tells him what they think he wants to hear. A little resistance keeps him from becoming complacent.” Severus arched an eyebrow. “You do realize what a dangerous chance Lucius took by not fulfilling Jacobson’s Law in the traditional manner? By all rights, he should have flailed you clean to the bone.”

Harry grimaced. The caning had been brutal enough.

“Lord Voldemort thought it was amusing.”

“I think an amused Dark Lord frightens me more than a vengeful one.”

“He was impressed by your escape. I have to admit, I could not have remained hidden for quite so long. Wizards don’t think the same way as Muggles…If Luce hadn’t hired a Muggle Private Investigator, you probably could have remained hidden until Rosamond began to exhibit uncontrolled wandless magic…the search for you was much farther afield…who would have thought to find you less than twelve city blocks from Diagon Alley?

“It is fortunate Lucius was the one who finally found you. I don’t want to imagine what would have happened if one of the more extreme Death Eaters discovered you…”

“Montague’s Law?”

“No. Montague’s Law would have been merciful. They would have held you out as an example to all other pets and concubines.”

“Like Seamus?”

“Yes, like Finnegan. But in Finnegan’s case, McNair had damaged him so thoroughly…justice was swift – there was no additional torture. Gregory Goyle was there…said it felt almost like euthanasia…a wounded wild animal put out of his misery.”

“Poor Seamus.” Harry said quietly and turned his attention to Rosamond’s babbles.

“Harry, promise me something…” Harry looked up. Severus’ face was without humor. “Don’t ever try to run away again. Your safety lies with Lucius’ protection…there are still too many witches and wizards out there who would love to get their wands on Dumbledore’s Golden Child…”

“And you.”

“And me. I am even more of a target than you…blood traitor, turncoat, spy…My life hangs with Lord Voldemort’s whims and Lucius Malfoy’s friendship…”

“Then be careful with the games you play with Voldemort, Sev. I don’t want to lose you.”

“I thought I did lose you.” The Potion Master replied quietly, retrieving a rolling Rose from the edge of the blanket. “Narcissa’s Avada Kedavra set off the manor wards. Lucius and I apparated into the foyer, thinking the estate was under attack. We didn’t expect to find the attack had come from within…Thank Merlin Draco arrived when he did…another Crucio would have left you insane or dead…and it would have taken Narcissa only a moment to disable Pippi’s protective charm on Rosamond…. It was never intended to block a killing curse. It was only intended to protect Rose if she fell out of her crib.”
Kevin paused in the application of his false eyelashes as he watched Mark dismantle the empty port-a-crib still tucked into the corner of the dressing room.

“So, Emmy’s really gone?”

“Yeah,” Mark said slowly as he pulled several lengths of tubing apart. “Stopped by his flat the other day…it’s stripped clean.”

“I saw that white haired gentleman bodily drag him out the other evening. Why didn’t you try to stop him?”

“It wasn’t my place.”

“Not your place? That man looked fit to kill him.” Kevin asked incredulously. “What the hell kind of bouncer are you? I thought he was your friend.”

Mark ignored the accusation in the transvestite singer’s voice, remembering the memories Tom had planted in his mind at the Leaky Cauldron.

“Emmy’s where he’ll be safe. Mr. Malfoy took him back to his manor in Wiltshire.”

“Home? Wiltshire?…That man was furious. You don’t think he’ll hurt Em, do you?”

“He’s angry at Emmy in the same way a mother is angry when her toddler wanders off at the grocers. He’s an old family friend and was horrified to discover Emmy’s uncle threw him out with a newborn…He’s been searching for him for months…That bloke we thought was from Child Welfare was actually a private investigator…Imagine being Mr. Malfoy…already informed that his missing bunny is washing dishes in a disgusting strip club…comes to rescue him and discovers his little one isn’t just washing dishes, he’s taking his clothes off for money…

“I never thought to ask Emmy how old he was…did you know he was barely nineteen? Malfoy has young kids of his own…can you imagine his reaction to discovering Sid was trying to force Em into prostitution?”

Kevin set down his tweezers. “Heard he came by the next morning to see Sid…The girls said Sid near shit himself after the man left…Emmy’s blue-blooded friend could have done us all a favor by offing Sid.” Kevin was quiet for a moment. “You think we’ll ever hear from Emmy again?”

“I hope not,” Mark continued his battle with the thin metal tubing. A memory drifted into his head; Em had gone by another name, but for some reason the name escaped him. “Malfoy’s going to hire a nanny for Rosie, and Emmy’s going to go to University to make something of himself. I hope for his sake he forgets all about us.”

Feeling refreshed after a short shower and a change from his heavy Ministry robes into a lightweight silk, Lucius entered the library in search of his concubine. When Harry was not to be found in the large room, or tucked among the stacks, Lucius stepped through the open French doors leading out to the balcony. Harry was curled up in a chaise lounge, reading a heavy book; realizing his master had returned, the younger man set his book aside and gracefully slipped into a kneeling position beside the chaise.

“Up, Pet,” he said softly. “I will no longer require you to kneel in my presence.”
Harry blinked and pulled himself up from the stone floor. He was glad he did not have to remain in the submissive stance; it was hard on his boney knees. Lucius ran a manicured finger lightly over the bridge of Harry’s nose. His cheeks and nose were sun kissed.

“Severus stopped by to check for residual curse damage and the house elves set up a picnic lunch in the gardens.” Harry explained. Lucius liked his skin to be pale. He held out both of his hands; they no longer trembled. Lucius caressed his fingertips.

~*~*~*

Harry adjusted his hips, his back supported by Lucius’ muscular thighs, as he straddled the dark wizard. Lucius stroked his cheek and settled them both comfortably in the chaise lounge.

“I am to understand that I missed an exciting morning. Pippi was all atwitter about owls trying to enter Rosamond’s nursery and Tillie informs me that you were attacked by a number of Howlers.”

“There were owls addressed to Rosamond…mostly small gifts…stuffed bunnies, rag babies, picture books…”

Lucius paled. “You opened them? They could contain something dangerous.”

Harry looked at him in irritation. How dare he think he was a brainless twit. “Some of them actually did contain hidden dangers…curses and poisons…but those were addressed to me and the house elves intercepted them. Draco and Pippi banished all owl post into a room in the dungeons… I would never accept anything from a stranger without having it checked for curses…and especially not anything addressed directly to Rosamond. And, since I can not defend myself or our daughter…the post is waiting for you and Draco to sort.”

“A number of Howlers found their way to my office today…as well as a few marriage proposals. They seemed to think I could do better than you.” Lucius’ voice held a hint of amusement.

‘Gee,” replied Harry with bitterness. “Would they have been along the line of ‘deserving better than a slut’ or ‘a two-knut Knockturn whore’? With the exception of the few who think I should have died with my Mudblood mother or done the respectable thing and either committed suicide or aborted my child…I don’t think I have been referred to as a whore in quite so many ways before… Almost tempted to invite them to Fiddlesticks so they can actually meet a few whores in person.”

“Mine ran more along the lines of blaming me for Narcissa’s insanity, calling me a pedophile, of being so insecure in my sexuality as to need to own a catamite, an insult to Pureblood wizards…” Lucius cupped Harry’s face in his hand. “You are not a whore, Pet, and I never should have called you one. Did the Howlers upset you?”

Harry shrugged. “Of course they hurt…but I’ll deal with it. The Wizarding world has alternately worshiped me or attacked me…Six years ago I was a ‘pathological liar’ and ‘a mentally unbalanced attention seeker’…I did receive some very kind owls today as well, and I think that surprised me more. Madam Zabini told me to keep my head up and keep my wits about me.”

Lucius chuckled. “Siobhan Zabini is a force to be reckoned with…she will be a powerful ally in your path to respectability.”

Harry’s muscles tensed involuntarily as Lucius stroked Harry’s inner thigh with his thumb; although he could not refuse, he hoped that his master was not expecting intercourse a third time in one day. As if reading Harry’s mind, Lucius moved his hand, his eyes lighting upon Harry’s book on the table beside the chaise.
“Accio book,” he murmured and caught the heavy tome. “What are you reading, P…er…Harry?”

“I don’t mind if you call me Pet, Master.” Harry said softly. “Pet carries with it the illusion of affection.”

“Unlike slut or whore?”

“I do not especially like being called a slut or a whore.”

“Lucius.”

“Sir?”

“If you are to become my consort, you must begin to call me by my name. Lucius.”

Lucius glanced at the title of the book. “‘Sex and Politics – The Behind the Wand Influence of a Strong Witch in a Wizard’s Rise to Power’…Once again, your reading material never ceases to amaze me…Are you picking up pointers for when you become my…witch?

“It’s a collection of biographies of powerful witches and sorceresses.” Harry set the book back onto the table. “If there is a chapter on near-Squib concubines, I haven’t read it yet.”

The dark wizard caught Harry’s wrists, wrapping his hands over the control bracelets. “These are only temporary, my not so Squib-like concubine. Prior to our hand fasting, they will be removed. Ollivander will fit you with a new wand and we will begin to re-train your magic. If nothing else, these irritating postal owls have proven to me that I cannot continue to leave you defenseless, even in my own home.”

“You would trust me with a wand?”

Lucius gave him a calculating look. “Do you hate Severus?”

“No.”

“Did you ever?”

“Yes,” Harry replied slowly, wondering where the conversation was heading. “I hated him when he was my greasy git of a professor and I hated him when I thought his lack of action had gotten Sirius killed.”

“But you don’t hate him now. What happened?”

“I grew up. He may not be a nice man, but he is a good man.”

“Do you think Severus hates the Dark Lord?”

Harry paused. “I think that Sev has fallen in love with his master, but does not condone his master’s actions…In his heart, Sev’s master and the Dark Lord Voldemort are not necessarily the same person.”

“Do you hate me?”

“No,” Harry whispered, admitting it to himself for perhaps the first time.

“How does that make you feel?”
“Confused. I don’t know if it is the Ritual of Possession, the Stockholm Syndrome, or if it’s real…I have become attached to you…when I was in the Muggle world…I kept dreaming about you and thinking I saw you in the audience. I wanted to know if my dance would arouse you…I…I missed you.”

“I missed you, too, Pet.”

~*~*~*~*

THIRTY

~*~*~*~*

Lucius’ warm hand slid beneath Harry’s robes and snaked through an opening in the silk boxer shorts he finally permitted Harry to wear. His hand caressed Harry’s flaccid penis.

“Do you think that this is all you are to me? That I keep you only to fuck you?”

“I…”

Lucius’ hand moved from Harry’s penis to his hip, his thumb caressing the basilisk tattoo. He could feel Harry’s quick pulse and a tremor of magic.

“If all I wanted was sexual gratification, then any convenient hole would do. You are a wonderfully complex little creature and you have fascinated me from the first time I met you in Flourish and Blotts…Others in your place would give up, but you always push back…a scowl, a word, hidden books and hidden magic…glimpsing your inner Slytherin beneath your mask of Gryffindor. You have always been more than a mere pet…”

Lucius’ uncharacteristic openness hit a chord deep inside the younger wizard. Harry’s eyes sparkled in quiet amusement and he fought a smile. Lucius arched an eyebrow.

“What?”

Harry’s voice was laced with humor; he cocked his head. “I think that the Ritual of Possession did not work exactly as you planned. In binding me to you, you have bound you to me.”

The older man’s features were a controlled mask, but something like understanding flickered briefly in his eyes.

“Perhaps,” was all he said as he hooked a finger under the choke chain and pulled Harry down to meet his lips.

~*~*~*~*

Blaise Zabini paused in his conversation with Antonin Dolohov, momentarily distracted by the delighted squeals of two babies. Secure in a play area in the sunroom, Rosamond was levitating the blocks and stuffed animals, much to the delight of Blaise’s son, Tristan.

“Such a precocious little witch,” Dolohov observed, his voice neutral. The older wizard’s eyes turned back to Blaise. “Have you spoken with Lucius about a possible marriage contract? With her sires, she will be a powerful little poppet.”

“It is too early to play any cards, Mr. Dolohov. We do not yet know the sex of the Dark Lord’s heir.”

Dolohov scratched his chin. “I had heard that Severus was with child…”

“I am to understand that congratulations are in order for you as well. Ginerva tells me both Padma
and Pavarti are expecting…Perhaps it is you I should negotiate with…Great Grandmother is already studying the family trees…and what a tangled mess they are.”

Dolohov laughed and moved on to speak to another wizard. Blaise watched him, contemplatively. Political alliances were shifting in Voldemort’s New Society; the Zabini clan would need to make careful partnerships. Their illusion of neutrality would not serve them as well in this political climate.

Draco entered the sunroom, inviting the milling guests to assemble in the main ballroom. His father’s handfasting would begin in the next half hour.

“Dray!” Rosamond giggled upon seeing her brother. “Up!”

The tall blond reached over the play fence, gathering both babies in his arms effortlessly. With a nod and a smile, Draco deposited Tristan into Blaise’s arms.

Blaise followed his former roommate. Draco would marry in a month’s time. A union with Draco’s future children would align the Zabini clan with both the powerful Malfoy clan as well as a number of unknown Swiss Pureblood families. He would have to have his great grandmother research them as well.

~*~*~*

Severus slipped into a small side parlor near the ballroom. Harry was standing beside a piano, playing a simple melody.

“Where is Longbottom? I thought he was with you?”

Harry looked up and Severus was struck by his elfin appearance. The iridescent silver and green formal robe hugged his thin frame before flaring slightly at the hips for ease in walking; his long, black hair was down, several elaborate braids were shot with silver ribbon. The dress robe was extremely stylish while still retaining a masculine silhouette. Severus’ mind drifted back to the eleven-year-old boy with broken eyeglasses and hand-me-down clothing and couldn’t help thinking that Harry cleaned up extremely well.

“Neville’s gone to check on the arrangements. He should be back soon.”

“How are you holding up?”

Harry smiled a sad smile; it was not the smile of a man anticipating his handfasting ceremony. He tugged at the cuffs of the dress robe and Severus realized the control bands were gone. The choke chain no longer circled his slender throat.

“Do I look all right? Not too much of a fem?”

“You look fine, Love, more than fine. Did Lucius pick out the robe?”

“No.” Harry laughed. “It’s apparently considered bad luck for a…groom…to see his…bride…before his wedding day. Draco and Ginny picked it out – with Grandmother Zabini’s direct influence, of course. She insisted on the ribbons for my hair…said it gave the impression of innocence and vulnerability…especially since I could not qualify to wear white to my…wedding. All I need are wings and I’d pass for an elf or a fairy.”

Severus snorted, a vision of gossamer wings floating behind his small friend. He cupped Harry’s chin in his hand. “Are you truly all right? You don’t seem especially excited about today.”
Harry closed his eyes and then opened them. “I always thought that the day I exchanged vows with another would be the happiest day of my life…that I would be hopelessly in love with them…”

“Do you have any feelings for Luce at all?”

“I don’t hate him…but I don’t think that I love him either. I like his company and sometimes his intimacy, but…”

“What do you think you are to Lucius?”

Harry’s shoulders sagged. “A pet…a pet he holds affection for, but a pet never the less.”

“I have known Luce almost my entire life and he does not give his affections easily…He may call you ‘Pet’, but you’ve never really been considered one…he gave you full access to Malfoy Manor and hexed anyone who looked at you twice…he has protected you and polished you…true, he bound you as his concubine…originally just a sexual plaything…but you grew to become his concubine in the ancient manner…a secondary wife.

“I don’t know if he will ever love you or if you will ever love him, but he respects you a great deal…and common respect is not a bad foundation on which to build a union.”

Harry mulled over Severus’ words. His eyes drifted up Severus’ thin figure and stopped on the gentle swell of early pregnancy.

“You are looking a little better, not quite so green.”

“I think I am finally through the worst of the morning sickness…and I’ve been banned from brewing potions.”

“By Lord Voldemort or the mediwizard?”

“Both. Although Dr. Eeylops did ask me to warn him if I was planning an escape…” Harry and Severus shared a laugh. “I felt a fluttering movement the other day. It still doesn’t seem real…”

“It will be real enough when the baby kicks your bladder….Are you getting more comfortable with the pregnancy?”

“I don’t really have a choice, do I?” There was a touch of bitterness in the Potion Master’s voice. Through his almost forty-one years of life, Severus had ended lives and saved lives, but he had never once considered creating a life.

As Voldemort’s control over the wizarding world stabilized, the terror and uncertainty disappeared for most of the magical community. The new ruling class was not overly harsh and sweeping reforms instigated by Severus’ behind-the-scenes manipulations had simplified many archaic laws. Half-bloods and Muggleborns were no longer persecuted as long as they offered no resistance to the new order. After much discussion and lengthy research, Severus made the Dark Lord realize early on that he could not continue the annihilation of a large segment of the society; fresh blood was needed to strengthen the pure bloodlines. Too much inbreeding had toppled many a Muggle monarchy, and the increasing numbers of Squib children was an early warning sign.

As the Wizarding world sank back into a feeling of security, the population exploded. Feeling safe, many a witch decided it was time to have a child. In this atmosphere of stability, Lord Voldemort decided he, too, wished to create an heir. It did not matter to him whether his companion agreed to carry the fetus or not. And Severus found himself the unwilling host of a growing organism.
“Sev,” Harry hugged the tall wizard to his chest. “I know you don’t want this…but promise me something.”

“Promise you what?”

“Do not blame the child. I grew up hated and unwanted…I can not wish that future on another.”

They both looked up as the door to the chamber opened. Neville shut the door behind him.

“It’s almost time, Harry. Lord Malfoy is looking for you, Professor. You need to take up position beside him.”

Harry squeezed Severus’ hand as they parted. “It will work out, Sev…for both of us. Fate may not hand us the future we expect, but I know in my heart it will all work out.”

“Foolish Gryffindor,” Severus scoffed and opened the door.

~*~*~*~

THIRTY-ONE
~*~*~*~

The handfasting was a blur to Harry; he could not make out the old warlock’s words over the pounding of his heart. The friendly faces in the room were few and far between and the dull pain in his scar told him Lord Voldemort was near. The young wizard forced himself not to bolt from the makeshift altar. Beside him, Lucius calmly stood in his icy elegance, and Harry focused on his former master for strength.

In the room beyond, Harry’s stare was misinterpreted by many to be a look of adoration, but those few who knew him, knew the inner turmoil that plagued the fallen savior. With this step, there was no turning back.

Harry held out his left arm, surprised that it was not shaking. With soft incantations a length of heavy gold and emerald ribbon was wound around his thin wrist and brought to meet Lucius’ left hand. With the palms of their hands joined, the ribbon was wound around both of their wrists. Harry whispered the words that would bind him to Lucius Malfoy and heard Lucius’ strong voice reply to the corresponding questions. The old warlock circled his wand three times counterclockwise above their hands and the ribbon began to writhe. Calmness overtook Harry as the ribbon became cold to the touch and began to glow. When the glow faded, the ribbon had turned into matching gold bonding bracelets in the shape of basilisks.

Brown eyes glittered with tears in the late morning sunlight as he and Lucius sealed the bond with a kiss. Ginny wiped the joyous tears from her face; she would finally be permitted to acknowledge her adopted brother in polite society.

~*~*~*~*~

Lucius’ hand rested on Harry’s knee as he read through the urgent Ministry of Magic correspondence that could not wait until his return to London in a week’s time. Through the window of a magical limousine, Harry watched the cities turn into villages and the villages become farms and vineyards. To celebrate their handfasting, Lucius was taking Harry to an ancient Malfoy family estate somewhere in the French countryside.

The green-eyed wizard idly caressed his new wand, adjusting to the unfamiliar balance of the smaller and more flexible instrument. Although not quite as difficult to find as his original wand, Ollivander had spent over an hour locating the perfect replacement. His new wand was still made of holly, but its dual core was the unusual combination of unicorn and thestral hair – the perfect
“You’ve been awfully quiet, Pet.” Lucius’ voice broke through Harry’s contemplative reverie. “You’re not sulking because I made you leave Rosamond behind, are you?”

“I miss her, but she’ll be safe with Draco and Pippi. I am rather worried about Severus, though.”

Lucius wrapped his arm around Harry’s shoulders and pulled him close, ignoring the Ministry parchments that tumbled to the floor. “Sev will be fine, Love. He’s not receptive to situations he can not control, but he has a warm heart hidden beneath that snark and he will make a wonderful father.”

Harry curled up beside him and mentally shook his head. For such an intelligent man, Lucius was blind. Having never been a slave or a sexual plaything, Lucius would never understand the damage the forced pregnancy was creating in Severus’ soul. Harry’s own forced pregnancy had been devastating to him before he made peace with the situation and fell in love with his unborn daughter. But Harry’s pregnancy had been forced by Narcissa’s hand, not by Lucius, and that had made all the difference. Severus felt betrayed by the man he thought he loved, and if he could not find peace within himself, Harry worried for the Potion Master’s sanity.

~*~*~*

Harry sat on the edge of the clawfoot tub and dried between his toes with a thick, white towel. His eyes darted over the opulent décor of the bathroom; Lucius was reinforcing the wards on his old family manor and would return soon.

Harry examined his reflection in the gilt mirror and his hand immediately was drawn to the basilisk tattoo. He felt nervous and he wasn’t sure why. He stroked the serpent; it wasn’t as if he was anything resembling a blushing virgin terrified of his wedding night, was it? The emerald eyes glittered on the heavy gold bonding bracelet and he realized the reason for his unease. A part of him was reliving his first bonding to Lucius Malfoy, a bond he had no say in, a bond that had been forged in pain, and a bond that had resulted in the violent removal of his virginity. Consciously he knew that the Ritual of Possession and his handfasting were supposed to be worlds apart, but unconsciously, he feared that it, too, might be sealed in violence.

Harry shook the thought from his mind and carefully dressed in the nightshirt and dressing gown left for him by a house elf. Knowing Lucius, he would not be wearing either garment for long.

~*~*~*

Harry perched uncomfortably on a brocade-covered settee. The room had a museum quality to it and Harry was grateful that he did not have to permanently live in this room awash in brocade swags and silken flounces. He felt as if he had been dropped into a Muggle Valentine’s Day candy box.

A house elf delivered a light meal of bread, cheese and fruit as well as a bottle of champagne. Harry returned to the book of French magical history in his lap. Lucius was bathing in the next room.

Harry jumped when a shadow fell across the pages he was pretending to read. Lucius had approached so silently the younger wizard had not heard him. Harry set the book aside and looked into the gray blue eyes. A shudder ran through him at the lustful expression cast his way.

Harry’s fingers toyed with the ribbon of a silver wrapped box that materialized in his lap. He lifted the lid.

The brilliant green eyes widened in confusion as he recognized the contents nestled within the gift
box. Harry swallowed audibly as Lucius reached into the box and draped a square of indigo silk over Harry’s shoulder and repeated the motion with a bit of green silk on the opposite shoulder. Harry’s hands began to shake. Why had Lucius presented him with his costume from Fiddlesticks, the proof of his disgrace, on what was essentially their wedding night?

“Lucius, I…” Harry found his words silenced by a fiercely possessive kiss. He was pulled to his feet and his slight frame pressed tightly against the solid warmth of the blond wizard.

“Put on the costume, Pet,” Lucius breathed huskily into his ear, arousal evident in the deep purr. “I want you to dance…”

~*~*~*

Harry adjusted his last veil. He did not conjure kohl for his eyes; he did not attempt to conceal his scar. He had never wanted to see this hated costume again, much less dance in it. Severus was mistaken; Lucius did not respect him. Harry was once again made to feel like a whore and the feeling made him angry.

Harry squared his shoulders; if Lucius demanded a dance, he’d give him a damned dance. With a final look at his reflection, the slender young man stepped into the bedroom. With a quick flick of his wand, a vaguely Arabian tune filled the room.

~*~*~*~

Lucius licked his lips. Harry’s dance was a sensual feast. There was seductiveness in his movements that had not been present when he danced at Fiddlesticks. He felt a current of sexual magic flow through him and wondered if it was an accidental effect or a careful manipulation on Harry’s part. Lucius was beginning to realize that his former concubine had more layers to him than an onion.

At the completion of his striptease, just as the last veil fell, Lucius swept him off his feet and tossed him into the middle of the large bed. The older wizard crawled across the large mattress as if stalking his prey. Harry skittered away, just out of his reach.

“No,” Harry said forcefully. Lucius’ eyes narrowed, wondering what had gotten into his usually passive pet.

“No?” he questioned, reaching out for a thin ankle and finding it jerked away.

“This is my wedding night. I will not be jumped like a bitch in heat. I will not be taken by force and I will no longer be made to feel like a whore.”

Lucius leaned back on his haunches, both perplexed and intrigued by the smaller wizard’s outburst.

“Pet, what ever are you on about?”

Harry’s hand shot up, the serpent bracelet sliding down the thin wrist. “Wizarding Law says this bracelet makes us equals. I reserve some rights to say when and how I wish to be fucked. You have always taken your pleasure whenever and however you wanted…with no thoughts to me or how painful it might be.”

“You have never complained before.” Lucius was confused by this turn of events. “I thought you liked it rough.”

“You…thought…wrong,” Harry snapped.

Shifting his position on the bed, Harry reached for Lucius’ hand and placed it, palm flat, overtop
the basilisk tattoo. His green eyes bored into Lucius, willing him to understand. “What does this mark signify? And then tell me I was in any position to voice my objections.”

Heat radiated from beneath his hand. Lucius gave no reply, assuming it to be a rhetorical question.

“One of the first things you ever told me was that if you told me to do something, I was to do it without hesitation or reservation, or you would punish me. I have been on the receiving end of a few of your punishments…and I do not get aroused by pain.”

In the pit of his stomach, ice lurched. Lucius knew he was a selfish man and his treatment of his beloved concubine proved just how selfish he was. Thinking back, the only times Harry had been truly responsive was when Lucius was in a playful or tender mood. Harry’s peak sexual enjoyment coincided with his pregnancy and hormones could explain only a fraction of it. Lucius had been a gentle lover during the pregnancy, afraid to injure the unborn child.

Lucius intertwined his fingers with Harry’s and brought the unresisting hand to his lips. He kissed the slender wrist and reached with this other hand to caress the younger man’s shoulder.

“What do you want me to do, Pet?” he asked softly.

Harry smiled. “I want you to make love to me.”

~*~*~*~*~*

Lucius crushed fresh strawberries in his fist and drizzled the crushed berries and juice across Harry’s torso. He had seen food used in an erotic magazine article years before and had always wanted to reenact that visual, but Narcissa had always refused. Harry gasped at the cold shock as another fistful of berries was spread across his abdomen and genitals. With a feral smile, Lucius emptied a half flute full of chilled champagne along the same path as the strawberries. Harry arched off the mattress as the ice cold liquid hit his overheated flesh.

“What a mess you’ve made of yourself, my love.”

Lucius’ warm tongue cleaned off one nipple and proceeded to travel across the sticky chest to claim its mate. Harry never thought the icy blond the type to play with his food, he was in no position to dwell on the oddness of the older wizard’s behavior. Lucius’ tongue completed a thorough cleaning of his chest and abdomen and had moved down to Harry’s now leaking cock. Running his tongue around the tip, Lucius could taste the sweetness of the crushed strawberries and the tang of the pre-cum.

Harry’s hands tried to still his partner’s movements. “I…I’m too close…”

Lucius batted the hands away, pushing them down beside Harry’s hips. He engulfed Harry’s erection and sucked. He could feel Harry tense just before he exploded.

“I’m sorry, Master. I’m sorry’’ Harry whispered, dropping too easily back into his submissive role.

“Lucius, not Master.” He kissed his way back up the sticky body ending up at Harry’s mouth. Harry could taste himself on Lucius’ lips. “And there is nothing to apologize for…that was exactly the response I was aiming for.”

Lucius reached for his wand and performed a few quick cleaning charms as Harry recovered from his intense orgasm. He refilled his champagne flute and sipped the bubbly concoction, cleansing the taste of Harry and the strawberries from his palate.

~*~*~*~*~*
The possessive way in which every inch of his body was claimed left no doubt in Harry’s mind who he belonged to. Grateful that his first orgasm took the edge off, Harry was already achingly hard by the time Lucius finished stretching him. He forced himself to relax as Lucius breached the tight ring of muscle. It burned as Lucius rocked his hips, slowly burrowing himself in the tight channel. When he was fully seated, he paused, capturing Harry’s kiss swollen lips into a gentle kiss. He felt a subtle shift of narrow hips, signaling acceptance.

Lucius kept a slow, steady pace, keeping his bondmate just on the edge of release. He fought his body’s desire to speed things up, to slam into Harry’s body. Folded in half, Harry’s ankles crossed behind his neck and, anchored, Harry proceeded to kiss and nip his exposed throat. Lucius shifted his angle, hitting Harry’s prostate. The slowly built release tore violently through Harry’s thin frame, coating their stomachs with ejaculate. Harry trembled as he came down from his intense climax.

“Oh fuck, Luce,” he panted. “Fuck.”

Lucius rose to his knees, bringing Harry’s hips up with him. He let one of the slender legs fall while holding the other straight against his chest. Slowly increasing his speed, Lucius plunged deeper into Harry’s channel, feeling it pulse, and drawing out his own release.

~*~*~*~*

EPILOGUE

~*~*~*~*

Propped up in a nest of pillows and looking thoroughly debauched, Harry curled up beside Lucius. Wand in hand, Harry levitated the scattered pieces of the dance costume into a pile, making each discarded square of silk dance in the candlelight before settling in a jumbled swirl of indigo and green.

“Your control has improved.” Lucius leaned down for a kiss, his tongue invading Harry’s willing mouth. Breathlessly, the smaller wizard leaned back into the bedding.

Knowing he had the attention of the blond, Harry sharply flicked his wrist; the Fiddlesticks costume dissolved into a flash of light.

“I have always hated that costume and the degradation I felt every time I put it on. For the first week, every time I danced, I would throw up. I don’t know what was worse – strangers touching me or Sid feeling me up backstage.”

Lucius stroked the now disheveled black hair. “As beautiful as you are, my love, and as beautifully as you dance, you will never be forced to dance that dance again, not even for me.”

“Perhaps some night when my past no longer feels so raw, I will dance it for you again. I wanted to know if it would arouse you…and it did.”

Lifting the pale face with a finger beneath his chin, Lucius stared into calm green eyes. “Was that your first attempt at casting sexual magic?”

“No. The first time I cast it was on the four wizards guarding your hallways during the Winter Solstice Ball. I had them convinced I was the most beautiful thing they had ever seen…and considering I was nine months pregnant and looked like a beached whale…” Harry smiled impishly. “How else do you think I managed to steal a box of floo powder from under their noses?”

Lucius laughed and doused the candles with a casual wave. His future with Harry was going to be a refreshing experience. “Go to sleep. We have a busy day planned for tomorrow.”
Harry settled into the thick bedding, his mind too busy to easily settle. With the destruction of the costume, the last link to Harry’s Muggle life disappeared with it. For better or worse, Harry had bound himself to the second most powerful wizard in Voldemort’s New Society, and there could be no turning back.

He listened to Lucius’ even breathing and could just make out the handsome profile in the moonlight. Severus once said, “Think of the damage I can cause to a wizard’s reputation with a few well-placed comments during pillowtalk”. An amusing thought flickered in Harry’s mind. Exactly how much influence could he exert on Lucius’ continued rise to power? It could prove to be an interesting pastime.

“Go to sleep, Pet,” Lucius ordered, nearly asleep. He soon fell into a deep slumber.

Pet indeed, thought Harry sleepily. He’d have to owl Grandmother Zabini to keep an eye on Severus while he was gone. And then another stray thought flitted by; Grandmother Zabini and Severus both liked to play games with their influence. Maybe he’d invite them to play a few games with him. If nothing else, it would take Sev’s mind of his still unwanted pregnancy.

The Sorting Hat was right, he thought just before sleep claimed him. He would have done well in Slytherin.

~*~*
FIN
~*~*

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!