Harry Potter: Made For Each Other

by iBegToDreamAndDiffer

Summary

Lucius Malfoy is saved from the Dementor's Kiss by Harry Potter. Why? Harry Potter is his mate! Now they have to navigate their way through a relationship while also trying to help each other pick up the pieces of their slightly broken lives, facing the public, their friends and family, as well as themselves in the process, until they discover exactly why they are made for each other. Veela story.

Notes

Disclaimer: Harry Potter is owned by J.K. Rowling, Warner Bros. and various publishers worldwide. I make no money from this story, I just play.
Lucius Malfoy's head drooped and the cold bricks bit into his back. He was sick of waiting, so very tired of the cold, the hunger pains, of his happy memories being torn free. He'd been here before, in Azkaban, but back then he'd had a reason to fight. He'd had to live for Draco and Narcissa.

Well they didn't need him anymore. Narcissa had finally divorced him after twenty years of a loveless marriage. Draco had friends to keep an eye on him, to keep people away from his allure. Draco, like his father, was a veela and yet to find his mate. He could live perfectly healthily until he found his mate, of course, but it was a half life; one where your heart, your soul, and your mind refused to feel completely whole.

Lucius wasn't as lucky. During the Battle of Hogwarts he'd found his mate, had physically touched and thus started the bonding process. But now he was stuck in Azkaban and his heart was tearing itself up. His soul was ripping to shreds and his mind was falling apart. He'd started the bonding, it was too late for him. He and his mate would both die if they didn't physically touch in the next 24 hours. Seeing as how Lucius was about to receive the Dementors' Kiss, he was pretty sure he wasn't going to touch his mate again.

What was worse, though, was that Lucius didn't know who it was. There had been so many people at the battle, it could be any one; student, professor, Order member or Death Eater. Lucius had spent every day since his seventeenth birthday waiting for his mate.

And now it was too late.

{oOo}

Lucius was near incoherent as he was dragged from his cell. They took him to a chamber and the new Minister, Kingsley Shaklebolt, watched as Lucius was forced to his knees. It didn't take much to wrench the Malfoy patriarch's head back and pull his hands behind him. The man was a wreck; filthy hair, grime covered body, weak from lack of food, a tortured mind, and the veela in him dying.

But it was finally over and that made Lucius sigh in relief. The door behind him opened and a Dementor swept in, hovering over the floor and turning it's head to Lucius. Lucius felt it's pull, felt his memories being tugged out.

Inside he screamed, on the outside he breathed out a sigh. His head was tilted back and the Dementor leaned over him, ready to start the kiss.

A bright flash of light pushed the Dementor back. A patronus roared over Lucius, chasing the dementor down. Lucius fell as whoever was holding him let go.

'No,' he pleaded weakly, 'let it come!'

There was confusion and shouting, a stag rearing up and flying over Lucius, shrouding the Slytherin in warm, bright light. He curled up on the floor as harsh voices broke out, one harder then the rest.
And then there were warm arms encircling him, an embrace so heart-wrenchingly beautiful that Lucius turned into it. He burrowed his head into whoever held him, relief and love washing over him. His mate, it had to be. His mate had come for him.

'What is the meaning of this?' Kingsley demanded again.

'He's a veela,' a strong male voice said, the chest beneath Lucius rumbling. 'You know that, yes?'

Kingsley nodded. 'Of course, everyone in pure-blood circles knows that the Malfoys carry veela blood.'

'So you know that he will die without his mate,' the voice said and Lucius curled into it. A hand went through his hair and Lucius practically mewled.

'So what?' Kingsley said. 'Malfoy is to receive the Dementor's Kiss. We can do nothing for his mate.'

'I'm his mate,' the voice said and there were sharp intakes of breath.

'You can't be serious.'

'He is,' a female voice behind Lucius' mate said. 'We did all the research and Draco Malfoy confirmed it. If you kill Mr Malfoy, you kill Harry.'

Harry? As much as he didn't want to, Lucius pulled back from his mate. He looked up...

... into the eyes of Harry Potter. He was breathtaking, gorgeous, with warm emerald green eyes and short spiky black hair. He was wearing Muggle clothes; jeans, a red shirt, a cloak thrown over the lot. His glasses made his eyes seem bigger and he stared down at Lucius like he could see into his soul.

'No,' Lucius croaked. He couldn't do this, couldn't spoil the Saviour, the man who had saved them all. He couldn't force Harry Potter to be with him. He was young, beautiful, talented... he deserved better then a forty-four year-old ex-Death Eater.

'It's true,' Harry said, telling both Lucius and Kingsley. 'I bumped into him during the Battle of Hogwarts when he was looking for Draco. I felt... something, a spark, but thought little of it.

'After the war, I started to feel sick, like a piece of me was missing. It waned somewhat when I was around Draco, whom I struck up a friendship with after he apologised. I couldn't figure it out, why I felt so connected to Draco yet so lost, like part of me was missing.'

He took a deep breath and pulled Lucius closer.

'Eventually I told Hermione and Draco how I felt. After some research, we learned that this was what a person felt when they connected with their mate but was away from them. Draco told me I must be Lucius' mate and I felt connected to him because eventually Draco would be my son, or kit.

'Well, I knew that if I didn't see Lucius soon I'd die so... here I am.'

There was silence, Lucius struggling weakly to push Harry away, Harry holding him tightly. Kingsley was staring from Harry, to Lucius, to Hermione Granger. 'Is this true?' he finally asked.

'I would never lie about this,' Harry said. 'As much as I dislike Lucius Malfoy, he's my mate, and I
feel I have to save him. I don't want him to die. Draco's told me about him, about the things he did
to save Narcissa and Draco both. He's a good man, I can tell, I can feel it in my heart.'

He sighed.

'Please, Kingsley, give me a chance to show the world that Lucius Malfoy's a good man. Give me a
chance to know my mate, to have the family I've always wanted. If you let him receive the
Dementor's Kiss I'll die. I don't care for myself but I can't let that happen to him or Draco.'

'No,' Lucius said in a hoarse voice. 'No, please, you don't deserve me.'

'You were made for me, Lucius,' Harry said softly. 'Don't fight it.'

'Find someone else,' Lucius begged. 'You deserve someone young and good and whole, not me,
please.' He couldn't stand the thought of Harry being bound to him. As much as it was killing his
veela, who wanted to ravish Harry until the day they died, Lucius knew he would never be good
enough. Harry deserved better.

'I deserve nothing more or less then you,' Harry said sternly. 'Don't fight it.'

'Leave me here, please,' Lucius begged, not caring that there were others whitnessing his
breakdown.

'No,' Harry said sternly. 'I'll never leave you again.'

Lucius continued to fight, even as his veela swooned when Harry encased him with strong arms.
His veela didn't care that Harry was only seventeen, a boy, or a Gryffindor. It wanted Harry
completely, the man who had been made to be Lucius' perfect other half.

Lucius whimpered as Kingsley said, 'There's nothing I can do, is there?' Harry shook his head.
'What do you propose I do?'

'Dumbledore said Lucius can be put under house arrest at Hogwarts because we need to be near
each other. I'll be going back to do my seventh year with a lot of other people.'

'So he'll be at Hogwarts?' Kingsley asked. He liked the thought of Lucius being surrounded by
powerful wizards.

'Dumbledore said if he proves to be rational and safe he can teach Defence Against the Dark Arts,'
Harry said. 'He's willing to move past the war and accept Lucius as my mate. He won't be able to
hurt anyone in Hogwarts, not if I tell him not to.'

Kingsley sighed but nodded. 'Very well. If this is the only way, Harry, you can take him to
Hogwarts now.'

'Sirius and Remus are waiting to help,' Harry said and stood up. He managed to pull Lucius into his
arms, the man far to thin and weak. Lucius started crying, burying his head in his mate's shoulder.
He didn't want this, didn't want Harry to be bound to him, but there was nothing he could do.

So he allowed the famous Harry Potter to carry him from Azkaban, arms tight around the fallen
Slytherin.
When Lucius Malfoy woke he was in a gorgeous four-poster bed with a dark canopy overhead. The dark green drapes with gold lining were drawn, hiding the rest of the room for view. Lucius sat up and found the full ache that normally persisted in his temples was gone.

From touching my mate

, the wizard realised. The physical pain he had felt at his and his mate's separation was gone and it made Lucius scowl. He was supposed to be an empty shell, not sitting in a warm bed. Lucius had resinged himself to the Dementors Kiss, had known he deserved it after all the shit he'd done over his life.

Yet here he was, alive and well... well, slightly well.

Drawing back the covers, Lucius found himself in dark pyjama pants and a thick jumper that hid his malnourished form. He stepped from the bed and on weak legs, pushed the drapes back.

The room was... breathtaking, really. It was all dark wood and large windows, open and allowing the midday sun to warm the room. The wallpaper was dark green with black flower patterns and there were bookcases filled with dark objects, books (both Muggle and magical) as well as pictures that Lucius recognised from Malfoy Manor.

There were clothes in the walk-in wardrobe, moisturisers and soaps in the en-suite bathroom that was tiled in Gryffindor colours. Lucius wanted a hot shower but the urge to find out where he was overtook the need to scrub himself clean.

Leaving the room after getting dressed, Lucius found himself in a dark hallway, the stone cool under his feeth. He passed four other room before turning a corner and hearing voices. Lucius paused in the hallway and listened carefully.

'Harry, I thought you were joking!' That came from the red-head, Ronald if Lucius remembered correctly. Ah, yes; the youngest Weasley boy.

'Obviously I wasn't,' came Harry's smooth and... annoyed? ... voice. 'He's my mate, Ron.'

As much as Lucius wanted to ignore it, warmth spread over his heart at the words. Harry was admitting to Lucius being his mate and it made him smile slightly.

'But... he's Lucius Malfoy!' Ron tried again.

'I am aware of that, I may wear glasses but I'm not blind,' Harry said. 'He's my mate, Ron, my destined other half. I couldn't let him die.'

Ron humphed. 'You're seriously going to bond with Lucius Malfoy?' he asked.

'If he is willing, yes,' Harry said. 'Ron, you have no idea what it was like after the Hogwarts battle. Voldemort was dead and we were finally safe but... I just felt so awful, and not just about all the lives that were lost.'

He sighed and there was a thud, telling Lucius that the younger wizard had sat down heavily.
'I felt like part of me was missing, like my very soul was cracked down the middle. And every time I was around Draco it intensified, I just felt... half happy, half sad. When we figured out why...' He sighed again. 'Ron, you know that I love you and your family, but I want my own family. Lucius and Draco could be that for me if I give them a chance.'

'How do you know this isn't some trick on Malfoy's part?' Ron demanded.

Someone else tutted and Hermione Granger's voice reached Lucius' ears. 'Ron, Lucius was in prison, remember? Has been since about an hour after the war. So I very much doubt he even knew that Harry was his mate until this morning.'

'But...' Ron still tried to fight.

'I know he's done bad things, Ron, but remember that he didn't even fight in the last battle,' Harry said. 'He was too busy looking for Draco. After that he went with the Aurors quietly and even divorced Narcissa when she asked.'

'Divorces are unheard of in the Malfoy family, you know that,' Hermione added. 'Usually both parties just have affairs. But Lucius divorced Narcissa because she asked, not wanting her to be widowed.'

'He's a vile, twisted man,' Ron grumbled.

'He's my mate!' Harry snapped and once again warmth spread through Lucius' body. 'Yeah, he's made mistakes, but from what Draco has told me he's a good man. He has the potential to be a great man if we help. He just needs someone who loves him for who he is, not for his wealth and name and power...'

Harry's voice had trailed off at the end and Lucius suspected that the green-eyed teen wasn't just speaking about the Malfoy patriarch.

'Lucius has done terrible things, I know,' Harry continued, 'but he deserves a second chance, Ron, and I'm going to give him one.'

'How can you do that?' Ron demanded. 'How can you just accept this?'

'I have no choice,' Harry said, suddenly tired.

'Ron, Harry wasn't accepting of this at first,' Hermione said softly. 'He freaked out at the thought of being bonded to a man, a far older one who was a Death Eater.' She paused and Lucius had to fight the urge to move closer and see her face, and Harry's. 'But the more he thought about it, the more he liked the idea. Lucius won't use Harry for his status as The-Boy-Who-Lived-Twice. He won't want Harry's money or anything.'

Ron scoffed.

'He has enough money,' Harry said firmly. 'And I doubt he'll want to be in the papers any more then he already is. First his fall from grace, then his divorce, his sentencing... he'll probably want to avoid reading The Daily Prophet as much as I do.'

'Lucius Malfoy,' Ron muttered.

'Is intelligent, powerful, charming, sneaky, and a good father,' Harry said. 'He did a lot of things in the war, Ron, and before that, but at the end of the day he defected to protect Draco. Plus he can't hurt me, I'm his mate, he'll have to protect me, being the dominant one.'
Hermione chuckled. 'There's also the fact that he's gorgeous.'

Both Harry and Ron made strangled noises and Hermione giggled.

'What? Don't deny it, Harry. Sure, he's a slimey git, but he's a damn beautiful one.' There was a light growl and Hermione's smirk could be heard in her voice. 'Calm down, Harry, he's all yours. I'm quite happy admiring him from afar.'

Emotions Lucius hadn't felt in years coursed through his body, the main one being lust. Harry had just got jealous... had growled at one of his best friends for admiring Lucius' looks. He smiled slightly despite himself, his veela glad that his mate was already so protective.

Lucius shook his head and decided to make his presence known, if only to stop the three talking about his looks. Ron was just about to shout at Hermione when Lucius walked around the corner, eyeing the three quietly.

They all regarded each other in silence, Harry and Lucius staring at each other, Ron and Hermione looking from one to the other. Finally Hermione dragged Ron up, kissed Harry on the cheek, and left.

Lucius scowled after them, his own jealousy coursing through him after Hermione's little kiss. A chuckle made him turn away from the portrait Hermione and Ron had disappeared through.

'She's just a friend,' Harry said, relaxing in the arm chair.

Lucius glared. 'I don't care who she is.'

'Sure you don't,' Harry smiled. 'Would you like something to eat?'

Lucius was famished but not about to tell Harry that. The teenager called out a name and a small house elf appeared with a tray of sandwiches and drinks. Lucius eyed the food longingly but didn't want to prove Harry Potter right. The younger wizard just stared at him until Lucius sat in the arm chair opposite, crossing his legs.

Harry's eyes trailed up and down his body slowly, taking everything in. Though Lucius was far from his former, regal self, he still looked gorgeous in the snug trousers and loose shirt Harry had laid out for him. The silver material highlighted his eyes beautifully and Harry spent a minute appreciating the man's broad shoulders.

'Stop leering at me, Potter,' Lucius scowled.

Harry smiled, not even looking embarrassed. 'Can't I admire my mate's physique?'

'No,' Lucius said shortly.

Harry shrugged. 'I'm going to whether you like it or not, and I'm sure you do.' He leaned forward and selected a goblet of pumpkin juice, taking a small sip before picking out a sandwich. He ate silently, eyes roaming over Lucius again and again.

Lucius wanted to squirm. No one had ever looked at him with that amount of hunger, of lust, and it was half arousing, half terrifying. He still hadn't accepted this bond between himself and Potter, refused to think about it really, and Harry's staring was making it impossible to ignore.

'What do you want from me?' Lucius asked, trying to ignore his aching stomach.
'Whatever you want to give me,' Harry said simply. Lucius frowned. 'Honestly, Lucius, I won't force you into anything,' Harry continued, brushing crumbs from his trousers.

Lucius scowled. 'And what do you mean by that?'

'I've done a lot of research on veela mates,' Harry said, leaning back once more in his arm chair. He sipped from his goblet before continuing. 'From my understanding, we have to have a physical relationship. Whether that is sexual or not is up to you.' He paused to drink yet again, eyeing Lucius slowly. 'The physical contact is needed to keep your veela, and the one that will grow in me, satisfied. It is detrimental to our continued living. Our veelas, and us, will slowly burn away if we don't touch each other.

'This happens rarely because veela mates are made to be each other's perfect other halves,' Harry said. 'I find it difficult to understand completely, but Draco has assured me that we will be perfect for each other. We'll have our fights, like any other couple, but at the end of the day our love runs so deep that we will forgive each other.

'To be apart will cause us physical and emotional harm,' Harry continued. 'Our bond started at the battle of Hogwarts and it's been agony for me to be away from you. Each day has been worse then the last; the headaches, the nausea, the ache in my very being... but that's all gone now because I held you.'

Lucius remembered Harry's touch and shivered despite himself. He couldn't deny that being wrapped in Harry's arms was lovely.

The teenager, of course, saw the shiver and smirked. 'Shall I continue?' he asked. When Lucius remained silent, he spoke again. 'Slowly we'll learn everything about each other and accept everything. We will be completely smitten with each other, protective, and have eyes for no one else. We'll care deeply and be fiercely protective of any children, or kit, we have together, and that includes Draco.

'I will effectively become Draco's other parent, loving him as I would a child of my own. It's already started, by the way; I keep forcing him to eat extra helpings of food.'

Harry smiled to himself before looking at Lucius again.

'I'm sure you, being a veela, know all this, but I fear you're going to try and fight our bond. So let me say this; I am not leaving you, Lucius Malfoy. The thought of living without my mate makes me want to crawl into a hole and die. I might not love you yet but I already care about you. We have a bad past, that can't be denied, but I'm hoping we can work through it. All I need is your cooperation.'

He was silent then, staring at Lucius carefully. Lucius just stared back. He'd waited years for his mate, hoping that one day he could claim the man or woman that would be with him, and love him, forever.

And now... this. He was stuck with Harry Potter.

It wasn't as revolting as Lucius had thought it would be. Harry was a powerful, intelligent wizard, who cared for those loyal to him and risked his life to save the wizarding world, Lucius and Draco included. He was handsome, interesting, with a fiery temper that matched Lucius' own.

But he was pure, good, whole. Lucius was... divorced, with an ex-wife who was now off with a new lover, a son who hadn't visited him in Azkaban, a destroyed reputation, and an ugly mark
tattooed onto his skin. Harry didn't deserve to be stuck with Lucius, he deserved someone better.

Harry's eyes softened and he said, 'I can feel your hesitance.' He touched his heart and Lucius stared. No, was it possible? Could Harry already feel Lucius' emotions? 'I know veelas and their mates develop the ability to feel each other's emotions,' Harry continued. 'Yes, Lucius, I can already feel yours but only just.' His eyes turned stormy then, dangerous, and Lucius found himself leaning back. 'I don't deserve anything other then you. I want a family, I want someone who loves me for me, and you could be that if you let yourself. Will you?'

Lucius couldn't, he wouldn't.

So he said, 'No.'

'Why not?' Harry asked.

'What makes you think I'll soil myself with a half-blood?' Lucius spat, mustering up all his courage. It physically hurt to speak to his mate with such hatred but he had to, had to convince Harry that this wouldn't work.

'Aren't you sick of wearing a mask, of being the spiteful, hateful Malfoy patriarch?' Harry asked curiously. 'I've heard from Draco that you're very different in private; warm, calm, loving. Severus backed that up when I didn't believe it.'

Lucius scowled. 'I am what I am, Potter.'

'And I think you're a kind, decent man,' Harry said.

'You're a fool.'

'I've been told that,' Harry said with a smile.

'Why are you so accepting of this?' Lucius asked. 'Anyone else would be freaking out about being bound to a Malfoy, your Weasley friend is proof of that.'

'I admit I freaked out at first,' Harry said, 'but when I realised that I could have a family, someone to love me for me, the idea grew on me.'

'Why is having a family so important to you?' Lucius demanded. He himself had never had a great family, his father had beaten him since he was a child. When people spoke of family, Lucius cringed.

Harry felt the anger, the bitterness, radiating from his partner and sighed. 'I never had one growing up,' he admitted. 'As you know, my mother and father died when I was one because of that bastard Voldemort.'

Lucius flinched at the name.

'The people who raised me, my aunt, uncle and cousin, were horrible. They hated me, starved me, made me sleep in a cupboard until I returned from my first year at Hogwarts.' He swirled his pumpkin juice as Lucius stared at him. 'I assume that, like everyone else, you thought I grew up a prince?' Harry asked. Lucius found himself nodding and Harry chuckled darkly. 'I only got food when I completed chores, chores that would make any grown man tired. I was beaten with fists and belts, my uncle trying to smack the magic out of me.

'I didn't know my name was Harry until I was seven. One of Dudley's friend's asked me and Aunt
Petunia had to tell him. I didn't know my last name was Potter until Uncle Vernon screamed that at me when I was ten.

'Besides the beatings, I was starved of attention, of love, my aunt and uncle doting on my cousin while smacking me around. Dudley and his friends joined in, beating the little freak because my relatives said it was okay. My glasses were always broken, my clothes too large for my skinny frame. I'd never tasted chicken or beef or chocolate until I got to Hogwarts.'

Harry paused his story to swig his drink again before grimacing. With a wave of hand he changed it to wine and took a deep drink. Lucius just watched, completely captivated by the young wizard.

'I didn't have any friends until Hogwarts too,' Harry admitted. 'No one wanted to be friends with me, the freak, the weird Potter kid, the orphan who, according to my uncle, was dangerous and deranged.'

He looked up at Lucius, eyes full of anger, jealousy, everything Lucius had ever felt when looking at people with happy families.

'Ron Weasley was always jealous of me, thought I had it all; money, fame, looks.' He snorted. 'He had what I wanted the most; a mum and dad who loved him, siblings who would always be there for him, a home, a bedroom, a place he felt safe. Me? I had reporters hounding me, following my every move, printing my picture. I was famous for killing the man who murdered my parents. I was famous for the one act that destroyed my life.

'And later, I was famous for all the wrong reasons. People like Severus, and you and Draco no doubt, thought I loved it. Why would I?' Harry demanded in a tone that made Lucius wilt. 'Famous for a man trying to kill me! Famous for some dickhead throwing my name into a tournament that would most likely get me killed! Famous for having a hord of fucking Death Eaters trying to torture me for being against Voldemort!'

He scowled and looked Lucius over but not in the lustful way he had before.

'Famous, Lucius, for being the Chosen One, the one who had to kill Voldemort all over again, who had to put the ones he loved in danger just by being near them. Do you want to hear about my life so far?' Harry demanded. 'Do you want to hear about my so-called perfect life?

'Ron Weasley was almost killed by a giant chess set when he followed me to protect the Philosopher's Stone. Hermione Granger, too, figuring out what was poison and what wasn't so I could go forward and face Voldemort. We were kids, eleven, and we went through so much, I myself facing Quirrell and Voldemort. That was in my first year.

'My second year I was thought the heir of Slytherin, feared by my fellow students, even my best friends. Ginny Weasley was posessed because of how close she was to me, Tom Riddle using her to set the basilisk on students. I had to face it, and a teenage him, and I was only twelve. When other twelve-year-olds were worrying about homework and the weekend, I was worrying about living to the end of the year.

'My third year I was supposedly stalked by a mass murderer who turned out to be my godfather while a real mass murdered slept in my dorm room.'

Lucius had heard the story from Wormtail and Voldemort, had heard about Pettigrew betraying the Potters.

'Sirius was taken from me again, forced to run because Pettigrew escaped. My one chance at a real
family was stolen,' Harry said bitterly. Lucius felt his heart melting, going out to the teenager seated across from him.

'We come to my fourth year, which I'm sure you remember,' Harry said. 'I had to compete in the Triwizard Tournament because Barty Crouch Jr put my name in the cup. I was fourteen-years old and I battled a dragon, mer-people, and Voldemort all in one. I was tortured in front of you and the Death Eaters after I unwillingly helped Voldemort gain a new body. I watched my friend die, I watched Pettigrew betray me once again.

'I escaped, only to be called a liar by the wizaring world. That year I was left alone with my abusive relatives, Lucius, beaten and starved again as my friends ignored my every letter. I was forced to watch Voldemort torture people through our link, you included.' His eyes softened slightly at that and he drank more wine. 'I faced him again in the Minister of Magic.'

Lucius remembered that well and squirmed. He hadn't wanted to hurt Harry or his friends, they were just teenagers. Lucius might have had a violent streak but he didn't want to hurt children and had tried to stop Bellatrix doing just that.

'I battled him, I fought against our link,' Harry continued his story. 'Sixth year Dumbledore taught me about the horcruxes before Voldemort declared war on the wizaring world. After that I went on the run with Hermione and Ron, hunting down the horcruxes while Dumbledore faked his death to give Severus a chance to worm his way closer to Voldemort.'

Harry sighed and rubbed his eyes.

'You know the rest,' the teen said. 'We destroyed the horcruxes, and I finally destroyed Voldemort.' He looked up at Lucius, looking tired. 'You're probably wondering why I told you all that.'

Despite himself, Lucius nodded.

'I want you to know the real me, Lucius, not the me that Draco and Severus and *The Prophet* has told you. I am not a god, nor a hero. I am a broken eighteen-year-old who wants love, affection, who wants to be accepted for who he is. My godfather, the Weasleys, my best friends and Remus Lupin... they try, they really do, but they went so long hearing about Harry Potter The-Boy-Who-Lived, Harry Potter the Saviour, Harry Potter the Golden Boy. They see me as a hero, as the man who crushed Voldemort.

'They're always overlooking the fact that I'm broken, fractured, someone who was starved of attention for ten years before suddenly having attention thrust on him. I hate seeing my picture, my name, my private life projected for all the world to see. I hate it; I hate being touched or talked about by people who barely know me.

'I want to be normal, Lucius, just once. I want someone to love me, someone to know me completely. Ginny Weasley wanted to be that person but she's hero-worshipped me since she was six. Her mother has filled her head with nonsense, making me out to be prince charming.'

Lucius scoffed and Harry smiled.

'My thoughts exactly,' Harry said. 'Lucius, I'm accepting this bond between us because I know you'll continue to tease me, taunt me, push my temper. You'll see the broken man, the not-perfect soul that I truly am. And if you let our bond grow you'll accept all that and love me. I want a family, a real family, with someone who understands me. And I have no doubt that you'll be that person.'
Lucius was still reeling from the knowledge Harry had shared him. He'd never thought that Harry was anything but a pampered prince. Of course he'd seen the boy's state in his second year, covered in blood and holding a sword, but he'd thought of little but his own safety.

Now he knew that Harry had battled a basilisk, a basilisk for fuck's sake! Lucius' veela growled at the thought of his little mate being attacked by a giant snake.

Harry stood suddenly and approached Lucius, who shifted in his arm chair. 'What are you doing?' he demanded when Harry stopped in front of him.

Harry smiled. 'Proving that you want me as much as I want you.'

And then he leaned down and kissed him.

Just like that.

Lips against lips.

And Lucius groaned.

He pulled Harry forward, the teenager straddling his hips quickly. Harry's lips were like liquid gold against his own. It was the best, the most passionate, the most wonderful snog Lucius Malfoy had ever felt. All lips paled in comparison to Harry's. They were the perfect shape and size, the perfect softness and wetness while also being hard.

Lucius inhaled deeply, filling his nostrils with Harry's scent. He groaned again when Harry moved on his lap, the Gryffindor wrapping his arms around Lucius' neck to kiss him harder.

Harry's lips were like a drug, like a shot of adrenalin and lust right to his core. His veela roared it's approval as Harry pulled back for air, eyes glazed over.

'Fucking hell,' the teenager said.

Lucius couldn't help but smirk. 'I'm a fabulous kisser, Mr Potter.'

Harry chuckled. 'So you're going to accept the bond?' When it looked like Lucius was going to say no, Harry kissed him again, and each wizard lost themselves to the gesture.

How had Lucius ever stood kissing Narcissa? Or touching her, or any of his lovers? Harry was... absolutely perfect.

When they broke apart again, Lucius groaned, wanting those lips back.

'I won't kiss you again unless you accept our bond,' Harry said.

'How can you just take this so calmly?' Lucius demanded. 'I wasn't aware you were gay.'

'I'm not gay,' Harry said, 'I only have eyes for you. I'm... Lucius-sexual.'

Lucius smiled in satisfaction.

'Lucius, I freaked out a month ago,' Harry said. 'Now I've accepted it. Yeah, it's weird; being bonded to a man more then twice my age is a little strange but...' he sighed. 'I want a family and I know I can grow to love you.' He smiled suddenly. 'Plus you're gorgeous.'

Lucius groaned again when Harry wiggled on his lap, making blood rush to the Slytherin's crotch.
'So, gonna accept me?' Harry asked.

Lucius was still battling, heart and mind going head-to-head. His veela wanted to say yes, while his mind screamed at him to say no. No, he couldn't do this to Harry, Harry deserved better.

Frowning as he watched the man fight himself, Harry tried to think of what he could do, or say, to get Lucius Malfoy to accept this.

And then it hit him.

Wetting his lips, Harry grabbed Lucius' hair and pushed it aside. He sank his teeth into the pale, smooth neck, biting hard and making Lucius gasp and go still. Suddenly the veela in Lucius growled, not too happy that it's submissive mate was taking control.

Lucius pushed Harry and, with a low growl, sank his teeth into Harry's tanned skin. Harry gasped and his veela, which was growing stronger every day, mewled. It gave in completely, making Harry go limp as Lucius' strong arms wrapped around him.

Harry felt completely at ease, safe, protected, as Lucius' tongue licked at the bite marks in his neck. He hummed under his breath and pushed back, trying to get closer to his mate. Lucius let him, a smile on his face as his veela leapt for joy. He was in control, Harry was doing as he was told, all was right.

Lucius bit him again and Harry groaned, arching his neck to give the Slytherin more access. Lucius nibbled along his neck, leaving dark marks and soft red ones. He smiled to himself. Harry was marked as a taken man, as his mate. No one would touch him now and if they did...

Lucius grabbed Harry by the chin and made him turn. Harry's eyes were half-lidded and glazed with desire, with happiness. Lucius licked along his skin before stopping when he reached his lips.

'You're mine,' he told the teenager.

Harry nodded.

'Say it.'

'I'm yours.'

'Forever,' Lucius said, veela fogging his brain, pushing away the doubts he'd had before.

'Yes,' Harry said, nodding again.

Looking him over again, Lucius leaned forward and pressed their lips together. It was a kiss of love and ownership, of equality and desire and everything Lucius and Harry had to offer each other. Harry groaned and reached up, threading his fingers through Lucius' hair. Lucius growled and kissed Harry harder, arms wound around the boy tightly.
Lucius woke very early feeling better than he had in... ever. There was a warm content feeling in his heart and for once his veela was silent. He yawned and shuffled further under the blankets, trying to find whatever was keeping him warm. It took him a few minutes to realise his arms were wrapped tightly around... someone.

Blinking, Lucius sat up and looked down, shifting the blankets aside. Harry Potter was curled up against his chest, mouth parted slightly as he slept. His glasses were gone, eyes closed so Lucius couldn't see the bright green of his irises. His hair was, if possible, even messier than Lucius had ever seen it; jet black, sticking up wildly, covering his forehead.

He looked peaceful, happy, and snuggled further into Lucius as the Slytherin pulled the blankets back. He was wearing a ratty black t-shirt that hung loose at the neck, showing a series of love bites up and down his white skin.

Lucius found a growl building up in his throat. Who had touched Harry, his mate? Who the hell had thought it would be a wise idea to mark Harry?

The memories came flooding back and Lucius realised that he was the one who'd marked Harry. He remembered talking to Harry, hearing his mate recount his broken childhood, his acceptance of their bond.

And then Harry, beautiful Harry, biting him.

Lucius touched his neck and traced over the teeth marks. He smiled, remembering Harry's submission when Lucius himself had bit him. And the kissing, the touching... they'd fallen asleep just holding each other, Lucius' veela finally satisfied to have his mate so close.

The blonde realised everything would be different now. He'd felt protective of Harry ever since the boy had hugged him in Azkaban. But now that he and his mate had kissed, had slept beside each other, it was different. Lucius wouldn't be able to go long without having Harry beside him. The bonding had strengthened, Lucius needed Harry with him.

And he wanted Harry with him. Though his veela had felt that way since Harry scooped him up in Azkaban, now Lucius felt the same way; he couldn't bear to have Harry away from him. He needed to keep an eye on his mate, needed to keep him safe and protect him. The thought of Harry sleeping in the Gryffindor dormitory with so many other males around made him growl again.

Harry shifted and Lucius pressed his lips together. Slowly his mate began to wake, yawning and rubbing his eyes. He squinted at Lucius before groping for his glasses. As Harry woke more, he remembered the previous day's events and smiled.

'So, gonna stop being an idiot?' the teen demanded.

Lucius scowled. 'Excuse me?'

'You were trying to fight our bond,' Harry said.

'I don't-'

'Want to be with me?' Harry butted in. 'M'kay.' He moved away and suddenly Lucius' skin felt cold. He growled loudly and yanked Harry back, wrapping his arms around the teenager and
pulling him into his chest. Harry grinned and let him, snuggling into the older wizard. 'Mm.'

'Don't go,' Lucius said.

'So you do want me,' Harry teased.

'Shut up, Potter.'

'I'll leave if you don't call me Harry.' He tried again and Lucius tightened his hold.

'Fine, fine, Harry. Don't go.'

Harry grinned. 'I don't want to, Lucius, I told you that when I got you out of Azkaban. It's you who doesn't want to give this a go.'

Lucius wet his lips and paused before speaking. 'I don't want you to be obligated, to have your life changed simply because I'm your mate. You deserve better.'

'Lucius, you were made for me, we were made for each other,' Harry said. 'You have no control over who your mate is, you didn't choose me, the universe did. It was decided when you were born and before I was born.'

'Exactly,' Lucius scowled, finally voicing his fears aloud. 'You don't have a choice and it angers me. You deserve more, Harry.'

'I deserve you and I want you,' Harry said. 'You're perfect for me, Lucius, I just don't know how yet. I can feel it, though, in my heart.' He shifted back to look up at the Slytherin. 'I want to learn about you, I want to learn everything. If we spend time together we'll grow to love each other, I know we will.'

Lucius stared at him, taking in Harry's face and words.

'Will you give us the chance, Lucius?' Harry asked. 'Or would you rather die?'

Lucius continued to stare at him, arms still wrapped around the teenager. A few minutes passed before Lucius sighed. 'Fine.'

Harry felt his heart rate increase. 'Really?'

'Yes, I can't let you go,' Lucius said and slid back under the blankets, pulling Harry close. He rested his chin on Harry's head, breathing in deeply and filling his nostrils with Harry's scent. Harry snuggled into his chest, breathing out a sigh of relief that tickled Lucius' naked chest. 'You'll have to spend a lot of time here,' Lucius told him. 'I can't be without you for long.'

'Mm, sounds good,' Harry yawned.

'And we need to spend time together away from Hogwarts,' Lucius continued, 'to get to know each other.'

'Mm-hmm.'

'And you'll start to feel overly protective of Draco. He's my kit and soon you'll feel the same way about him.'

'Hmm, my own baby boy,' Harry giggled.
Lucius smiled, Harry's laughter like music to his ears. 'Harry?'

'Mm?'

'Thank you for helping me.'

'No worries.'

'Not just with Azkaban but for helping Draco when he defected,' Lucius said.

'No worries,' Harry said. 'So...' the teen mumbled a few minutes later and Lucius looked down at him. The black-haired wizard sat up and smiled. 'Do I get a good morning kiss?'

Lucius grinned and leaned forward, kissing Harry softly. When Harry whimpered, Lucius' veela pushed forward, deepening the kiss and claiming Harry's mouth as his own. Lucius pushed Harry down and climbed atop him, covering Harry with his body.

They kissed for a few minutes before Lucius' hand moved up Harry's shirt, touching heated and soft skin.

'L-Lucius,' Harry gasped, 's-stop.'

Lucius' veela obeyed immediately and the wizard sat back. 'What? What's wrong?'

Harry was blushing, looking nicely kissed with swollen lips and pink cheeks. Lucius wanted to kiss him again but Harry stopped him with a hand to the chest. 'I've... Harry licked his lips and Lucius groaned, trying to move forward again. 'Lucius, stop and listen.'

With a huff, Lucius climbed off the teenager and folded his arms to control himself.

Harry sat up and ran a hand through his hair, messing it up even more. Lucius wanted to reach out and touch him; he looked adorable in the morning.

'I've only ever kissed three people, you included,' Harry said and Lucius growled. Jealousy reared its head and before Harry could continue, Lucius was speaking.

'Who?' he demanded. 'Who kissed you?'

'I'm not telling you.'

'Tell me!' Lucius ordered. 'Tell me so I can beat them to within an inch of their lives!' Harry stared at him. 'Who kissed you? You're mine, not theirs!'

Harry reached out and cupped Lucius' cheek, the veela instantly pushing into the contact and practically purring. Harry smiled and said, 'Lucius, it was ages ago, and it was only ever a few kisses.' Lucius scowled. 'It was before either of us realised we were mates so it doesn't count, alright? I'm never going to kiss anyone else, I'm yours.'

Lucius continued to scowl, wondering how he could find out who Harry had kissed. He had a feeling it was that Weasley girl.

'Promise me that if you find out you won't hurt them,' Harry demanded. 'Promise me, Lucius, or I'll go sleep in my dormitory for the rest of the holidays.'

'No!' Lucius shouted and launched himself at Harry. He clung to him tightly, fear spiking through him. 'No, don't go.' He didn't want Harry to leave, couldn't handle it if Harry left.
'Promise me and I won't,' Harry said softly.

Lucius huffed but mumbled, 'Fine, I promise.'

Harry smiled and kissed his forehead. 'Good. Now, back to what I was saying.' Lucius nuzzled into his chest and Harry grinned. 'I've kissed people and you and I have kissed, but... well, I've never... I've never had... sex.'

Lucius pulled back to look at him. 'Do you mean with another man?'

'With anyone,' Harry said. 'Someone wanted to,' he continued, 'but it didn't feel right to me and I just couldn't. This was after the Hogwarts Battle so... I'm assuming the veela growing in me wouldn't let me. It wanted to be with you and you only so... I'm a virgin in every sense of the word.'

Lucius continued to stare at his mate, mind whirling. On one hand he wondered how on earth his beautiful love had never had sex; he was gorgeous, anyone could see that.

On the other hand Lucius was immensely happy, his veela approving whole-heartedly. To know that his mate, his delicious Harry, had never been touched by anyone... it filled Lucius with lust and pride and love.

It also meant that he wouldn't have to go hunt down and kill anyone who had seen Harry naked.

'I know you're experienced, obviously, you have a son,' Harry continued. 'And I'm a little ticked off that people have seen you naked and I haven't.' He scowled and Lucius grinned, delighted that his young mate was jealous. 'But there's nothing I can do about that,' Harry said.

'I'll never be with anyone else,' Lucius told him. 'My veela wouldn't allow me to stray.'

'I know, I've researched it,' Harry said. 'What I'm trying to say is... well, you've had sex before and I haven't. I know your veela wants to bond with penetrative sex-' Lucius' cock twitched at the words, '-' and my veela does too, I do too,' Harry said. 'But I'm not ready for that.'

Lucius felt his cock droop. 'What are you saying?' he asked.

'I do want to have sex with you,' Harry said, 'but not yet. I think we should get to know each other first, as mates and friends and just... as Harry and Lucius. I don't want to have sex just because our veelas tell us to. I want it to be special.' He looked up at Lucius hesitantly. 'C-Can you handle that?'

Lucius' veela wanted to throw Harry down and bond right there and then. Why should he wait? Harry was his, his mate, and Lucius deserved sex.

But he didn't want to hurt his love, didn't want to force Harry into sex just because they were mates. He wanted Harry to be ready, to want him and give him everything.

Lucius could wait.

'Yes,' he said and drew Harry in. 'If that's what you want, we will wait.'

Harry smiled and snuggled into Lucius' chest again. 'This is my favourite spot in the whole world,' he said, voice mumbled against Lucius' skin.

'Is it?' Lucius asked.

'Mm,' Harry nodded. 'S'warm, comfy, smells nice...' he trailed off to breathe in deeply, Lucius' scent filling his nostrils. 'Wanna stay here forever.'
Lucius agreed completely. He felt so warm and comfortable with Harry in his arms. His mate was protected here, safe, and Lucius didn't want to move.

'We'll have to leave at some point,' Lucius said. 'But I think we can stay here a while.'

'Good,' Harry said and yawned. 'Can you wake me for breakfast?'
Breakfast was strange for both Lucius and Harry. As soon as they sat down, a house elf popped into view and grinned. The little elf, who introduced herself as Livvy, piled the table high with toast, waffles, bacon, fried mushrooms, everything Lucius could imagine eating for breakfast. His mouth watered as Harry thanked Livvy, who disappeared with a soft pop.

'Lucius?' Harry questioned when the blonde didn't move.

'Oh, um... just...' Lucius blushed and Harry chuckled. The teenager stood and started piling a plate high with food.

'Anything you prefer?' Harry asked.

'I don't like eggs or tomato,' Lucius admitted.

Harry nodded and grabbed some toast, bacon, and waffles. He added yogurt when Lucius nodded his approval and set the lot in front of the Slytherin. Lucius started down at his plate as Harry got his own breakfast.

'Pot- erm, Harry?'

'Mm?' Harry said, not looking up.

'Why did you serve me breakfast?'

Harry blinked and looked up, as though he'd just realised what he'd done. 'Oh...' he said and turned dark red. 'I... I don't know.'

Lucius smiled at the colour on his mate's face. 'I don't mind, Harry, honestly.'

'I have no idea why I did that,' Harry said. 'It just... seemed like a good idea.'

'Well, as the submissive in our relationship it's in your blood to want to take care of your family.' Harry tilted his head and Lucius continued. 'The submissive veela is all about family; protecting our young, your mate, and making sure everyone's happy. You'll be fiercely protective of myself and Draco and that includes making sure we eat. It's my job to earn a living and provide for the family.'

'So I'm like... the mother?' Harry asked.

'I suppose so, yes,' Lucius nodded. When he saw the look on Harry's face, he said, 'Harry, being the submissive isn't a bad thing. Everyone thinks it means you're weak and just do what I say but that's not true. It's a lot of work taking care of a family and keeping everyone together. You're the only person who'll be able to calm me down if I get angry. You're the only person I'll listen to and trust without a doubt.'

'So... I'm the stronger half?' Harry grinned.

Lucius tutted. 'I didn't say that, Mr Potter.'

'Just admit it,' Harry teased. 'I'm the brains in this relationship.'

Lucius rolled his eyes and started eating.
'Ah, poor dominating Lucius, needs to listen to an eighteen-year-old,' Harry grinned.

'Shut up.'

'Ooh,' Harry said and Lucius couldn't help but smile. 'Ha, made you grin.'

Lucius shook his head but was still smiling as they ate.

{oOo}

They spent the morning just talking and cuddling on the sofa. At first they sat in separate arm chairs, shifting awkwardly and trying to start conversations. Eventually Harry dragged Lucius to the couch and sat him down. He snuggled into the older man, resting his head on Lucius' chest. Lucius hesitated before wrapping one arm around the teenager, who murmured in content.

After that the conversations were easy.

They discussed books and music, school life and families. Lucius learned a bit more about Harry; his favourite subject, what books he liked, how much he loved Quidditch and respected Sirius and Remus, Hermione and Ron. Ron seemed a sore subject for the Gryffindor, who hadn't heard from his friend since the previous day.

'It'll be fine,' Lucius said. Harry grunted. 'He'll come around, Harry.' Harry had told him about their adventures in-depth; the Philosopher's Stone, the Chamber of Secrets, the revelation that Pettigrew was a bastard, how Harry felt during the Triwizard Tournament and all about the horcrux hunt. 'He's your best friend,' Lucius said.

'He's just taking this so badly,' Harry mumbled. 'When I told Hermione how I felt, she threw herself into the library to research it. It wasn't until she had a conversation with Draco that we figured out I was your mate. She accepted it completely; she's read all about veela bonds and knows you'd never hurt me.'

He sighed.

'But Ron... I told him about a week ago and he flipped out. He shouted that you must have cast a spell on me during the battle. Hermione pointed out that you didn't have a wand but he wouldn't listen.'

'It's this feud between the Weasleys and my family,' Lucius said. 'It goes back generations, I don't even know what it's about.'

'You hate each other and can't remember why?' Harry asked.

Lucius squirmed. 'It's not my fault, Arthur Weasley was always a bastard to me in school. He was a few years ahead of me and never wasted an opportunity to hex me.'

'Really, Mr Weasley used to hex you?' Harry said. 'Well, you did get into that fight in the bookstore my second year.'

Lucius smiled and rubbed his cheek. 'That book hurt.'

Harry chuckled and leaned back down, curling an arm around Lucius' waist. 'You're both idiots.'
'What about you and Draco?'

'What about us?'

'You were always fighting.'

'He started it; tried to steal my sweets.' When Lucius looked at him curiously, Harry explained about Draco, Crabbe and Goyle trying to steal his and Ron's sweets on the Hogwarts Express.

Lucius tutted. 'That son of mine.'

'Of ours,' Harry corrected. 'Maybe I should ground him.'

'He's eighteen,' Lucius said with a smirk.

'Hmm... cut off his pocket money then.'

Lucius chuckled. 'Please tell him that in front of me.'

Harry grinned and rubbed his cheek against Lucius' chest, the older man pressing a kiss to his hair.

'Can I ask why you always look like you've just stepped off a broom?'

'S'my dad's fault,' Harry said and scratched at his hair. 'Gave me his mental hair, the sod.'

'Mm, I remember him always messing up his hair even more in school,' Lucius mused.

'You remember my dad?' Harry asked.

Lucius nodded. 'He started when I was in my fifth year. He and Sirius Black were like twins; joined at the hip. And Lupin, he was always following them, nose stuck in a book.' Harry chuckled. 'He was nicer then them, Lupin. I'm not saying your godfather and father were evil, they were just... stupid kids, really. They grew up a lot when they got older but I think that was thanks to your mother.'

'Mm, Severus said Mum was a good influence,' Harry said.

'You've been speaking to Severus?'

Harry nodded and said, 'Ever since the war we've gotten closer. I mean, we'll never be best friends, but he's spent half his life and all of mine protecting me, all because he loved my mum. Yeah, he's been a bit of a prat, but I can't blame him after how my dad treated him in school.'

'That's a very adult way to look at it.'

'I'm a very grown up person,' Harry grinned.

'Mm,' Lucius murmured, stroking a hand down Harry's side. The teenager shivered before clearing his throat.

'Lucius...'

'What?'

'We're waiting, remember?'

'Can't I touch you without you thinking I want sex?' Lucius asked.
Harry smirked. 'Like you don't,' he teased.

Lucius smiled. 'As fabulous as I find your body...' he trailed off and swept his eyes down Harry, making the teenager shiver again, '... I can appreciate the view without attacking it.'

'Sure, sure,' Harry said but laid back down, letting Lucius' slim fingers trail down his shirt. Eventually he moved up to Harry's hair, scratching through the messy locks. 'Mm, feels good,' Harry purred and wiggled a bit.

'I have magic fingers,' Lucius said.

Harry rolled his eyes. 'Gotta mess up the moment with your ego.'

'My ego needs stroking.'

'I'll slap it if it doesn't calm down.'

Lucius chuckled and started kneading the back of Harry's neck. The Gryffindor groaned and stretched out, laying his back along Lucius' legs. Lucius smiled. 'You're like a cat.'

'Mm,' Harry mumbled.

'Don't fall asleep,' Lucius said a few minutes later as Harry's breathing deepened.

'Not... falling a-asleep...' Harry mumbled, breaking off with a yawn.

'Of course not,' Lucius said. A few seconds later Harry was snoring and Lucius chuckled again.

{oOo}

Harry woke with a shout, sitting upright on the sofa and staring around. He pushed damp hair from his sweaty forehead as Lucius came back into the sitting room.

'Harry? What's wrong?'

He sat heavily and pulled Harry close, cupping the teenager's face and searching his eyes, trying to figure out what was wrong.

'S-sorry,' Harry gasped, trying to get his breathing under control. 'Nightmare.'

Lucius frowned. 'You had a nightmare?'

Harry nodded and said, 'I have a lot of nightmares; from the war and from Voldemort killing my parents.' Lucius' frown deepened. 'I re-live my mother screaming, and Dad telling her to run with me,' Harry admitted. 'And Pettigrew killing Cedric Diggory, Voldemort torturing people.' He took a deep, shuddering breath. 'Sorry, usually takes a minute to get myself under control.'

'Don't apologise for that,' Lucius said. 'I suffer nightmares too.' Harry looked up at him. 'The Dark Lord tortured Draco once,' Lucius said softly. 'In Azkaban, the Dementors made me re-live it over and over again.' He shivered and wet his lips. 'I wasn't strong enough to protect my son and-

'Shh,' Harry said, seeing that Lucius was about to start blaming himself. 'Voldemort had the ability
to bring great men to their knees. It wasn't your fault.'

'I should have stopped him,' Lucius said.

'You did, you protected Draco in the end,' Harry said. 'Don't ever apologise for being scared of Voldemort, Lucius.'

Lucius closed his eyes and Harry hugged him, pulling the Slytherin down so they were lying beside each other on the sofa.

'I'm sorry,' Lucius murmured. 'I should be comforting you.'

'You are,' Harry said and stroked a hand through Lucius' hair. 'By admitting you suffer nightmares too, it made me feel better.'

'Really?'

Harry nodded. 'Yep. Shows I'm not the only one with problems.'

Lucius smiled. 'Everyone has problems, Harry.'

'I have more than most people.'

'You can share them with me,' Lucius said. 'I won't judge you.'

'Mm,' Harry murmured and snuggled into the blonde. Lucius wrapped his arms around the teenager, who sighed in content. 'Favourite spot,' he mumbled.

Lucius smiled.
Lucius decided sleeping on the sofa wasn't good for his back, even if it was just a nap, and carried Harry to the bedroom. The Gryffindor didn't wake, instead snuggling into Lucius' chest, arms wrapped around his neck. Lucius smiled until he tried to put Harry down, only for the boy to cling to him tightly and mutter about fuzzy jumpers and Quidditch.

After prying Harry's arms from around his neck, Lucius kicked his shoes off and took Harry's off. He slid the boy's glasses from his face and placed them on the bedside table closest to the teenager before climbing under the covers and man-handling Harry under.

Harry immediately burrowed under the blankets, ending up curled in a ball at the foot of the bed. Lucius watched in amusement as the duvet rose and fell with Harry's breathing, the teen's foot hanging over the edge of the mattress.

Harry was a weird sleeper and Lucius learnt that first hand. The previous night, Lucius had been asleep and woken up with Harry in his arms. He'd naturally assumed Harry slept like everybody else; you know, normally. He was wrong.

Harry Potter managed to toss, turn, roll, and flail about like he was being attacked by invisible Dementors. He spent five minutes curled up like a baby at the foot of the bed, Lucius closing his own eyes and trying to get some rest. Then suddenly he was rolling, crawling, and ended up sprawled across the mattress with one arm dangling over the end of the bed, the other curled around Lucius' leg, and his own legs tucked under the blankets.

After that he crawled to cuddle between Lucius' legs, nearly making the Slytherin jump out of the bed when a warm, messy head of hair nudged at his crotch. Lucius laid completely still as Harry wrapped both arms around his right leg and squeezed tightly.

Finally the Gryffindor moved again, lying on the edge of the bed with about a metre gap between him and Lucius. The bed was large, king-sized, yet Harry managed to sprawl across the entire thing thirty minutes after Lucius carried him there.

He ended up with a pillow tucked under his head, the other between his legs, and Lucius' shirt curled in his fingers. Then he was digging himself into the mattress until Lucius had to sit up and let the teenager have his spot.

The entire time he mumbled under his breath, mostly about Quidditch, food, and Mrs Weasley treating him like a child. Lucius just listened in amusement and felt a smug smile pull at his lips; every second ramble had his own name in it. It seemed even while asleep Harry was thinking about his mate.

An hour after tucking Harry into bed, the boy rolled over again and Lucius sighed. He went to get up, thinking he might just nap on the sofa after all, but Harry dragged him back down. The boy snuggled into his chest, legs pulled up so Lucius could cuddle him. He sighed in content and his breathing evened out. Finally, Harry actually looked like he was sleeping peacefully, and the rambling had stopped.

Lucius smiled and closed his own eyes. Half an hour later he was asleep. Harry hadn't moved from his arms.
They slept the rest of the day and night away, Lucius waking at five the next morning. Harry was still curled into him, nuzzling at Lucius' shirt and mumbling in Parseltongue. Lucius tried to ignore the way the snake language made him shudder, heat pooling in his gut and travelling further south. When Voldemort had spoken to his snake, it had been down-right terrifying. When Harry did it... it made Lucius want to handle the situation in his trousers.

His right hand twitched, fingers itching to wrap around his own shaft and bring himself off. He'd just cupped himself when Harry said, in English, 'Having fun there?'

Lucius jumped and looked down. Harry was looking up at him, emerald eyes gleaming before travelling down to Lucius' crotch. The blankets had pooled around the Slytherin's thighs and Harry could clearly see the bulge the blonde's erection was making.

'Um...' Lucius said.

Harry chuckled and leaned up to kiss him quickly. 'Don't worry about it, Lucius. It's good to know that I can make you feel like that.' He crawled out of bed and stretched, shirt riding up and showing Lucius a sliver of his pale back as well as the dusting of dark hair across his stomach. Harry turned to smile at him. 'I mean, it's just good to know you can still get erections.' He smirked. 'You are over forty, after all.'

Lucius' mouth dropped open. 'You little-

Harry ran for the bathroom and Lucius jumped from their bed, chasing his teasing mate into the tiled room. He cornered Harry against the sink, the Gryffindor gasping as Lucius' erection pressed into his stomach. While Harry wasn't that short, at 5'5 he was six inches shorter then Lucius, who was 5'11. The teenager had to crane his neck to look up at the tall wizard, who smiled down at him.

'That wasn't very nice, my little mate.'

'Um... I didn't mean anything by it,' Harry said, shivering when Lucius thrust forward.

'Oh, I think you did,' Lucius purred. 'You were insinuating that at my age, I would have trouble getting it up.' He paused to breathe in deeply, nuzzling into Harry's mop of dark hair. 'Believe me, Mr Potter,' he said very softly, 'my manhood will have no problem around you.'

Harry gulped and stared up at Lucius. His glasses were still on the bedside table and Lucius' finer features were a blur. But Harry could still tell that the Slytherin was smirking at him.

Lucius thrust forward again, rutting the bulge in his trousers against Harry's stomach. Harry groaned and Lucius bent down to kiss him passionately, making Harry pull at his hair and thrust his own crotch forward.

And then Lucius was pushing him out the door, towards the bed, and Harry opened his mouth to say it was too soon, that he wasn't ready. He could feel Lucius' arousal in his chest, in that one spot near his heart that seemed dedicated to feeling Lucius' emotions. And right now it was bursting with lust, need, arousal.

Before Harry could say anything, Lucius had thrown him onto the bed and stood looking over him, hands on his hips. Lucius' eyes trailed down to Harry's jeans and he smirked. 'It's good to know you don't have any problems, Mr Potter.'
Harry frowned, confused, until Lucius raised an eyebrow. He then realised that his own erection was pushing against his zipper, making his jeans tent uncomfortable. He blushed and Lucius chuckled.

'I'll leave you to take care of that, little one,' Lucius said and turned to leave.

'What?' Harry blurted. 'I thought you wanted sex.'

Lucius turned to face him again, one blonde eyebrow raised. The feeling in Harry's chest changed from lust to... something warmer and softer, yet no less intense. Harry scratched at his chest through his shirt, trying to figure the feeling out, as Lucius spoke.

'Harry, while my veela and I would be perfectly happy to fuck you into the mattress, you said you weren't ready. I will never force you into anything and my veela won't lose control. Remember what I said; you are the only person I will ever listen to you. If you order me to do something I will, regardless of the consequences.'

Harry frowned. 'So if I ordered you to... kill Dumbledore, would you?'

'Well... maybe,' Lucius said. 'My veela has a certain amount of control, being the dominant one, but it's sole purpose is to protect and make you happy. If you begged me, if you told me that Dumbledore's death was the only way you'd be safe... yes, my veela would throw my own thoughts aside and do as you asked.'

'Wow,' Harry said.

'Now you see why submissive mates aren't weak, Harry,' Lucius said with a smile. 'I live for you and you only. Even our kit don't have that much power over me.'

Harry sat up, resting on his elbows, as Lucius walked to the bathroom. 'I won't make you do anything,' Harry called and Lucius paused. 'I don't want our relationship to be like that, Lucius. The bond, the way we can connect, that's just a bonus. All I want is you.'

Lucius smiled at him. 'I feel the same, Harry.'

Harry grinned. 'But I'm so ordering you to make me dinner and carry me to bed.'

Lucius rolled his eyes. 'I would never do that, even if ordered,' he huffed and slammed the bathroom door shut, Harry laughing.

You already carried him to bed, a small voice reminded him.

'Shit up,' Lucius muttered.

{oOo}

Lucius had a ritual in the bathroom that had been destroyed by Azkaban and, later, Harry Potter. He showered every morning quickly, shampooing his hair and scrubbing his skin with a loofa. He used coconut scented body gel that made his skin smell delicious (well that was Narcissa said). His shampoo was the same and made his hair shiny and smooth. The face cream he used kept his skin smooth, soft, and wrinkle-free. Of course, being a wizard, Lucius wouldn't wrinkle too badly for at
least another twenty years.

Unfortunately, Harry had taken it upon himself to buy Lucius' bath products. While it seemed his young mate had made a trip to Malfoy Manor to collect photos, books, and clothes, all the bath products were brand new.

There was a bright green loofa attached to a rope that hung from the bottom tap, beneath a maroon one that had already been used. There were two bottles of body gel; one bright green that smelled like the ocean, and another that smelled like coconut but was a different brand to the one Lucius usually used.

He washed his hair first, using the open bottle and squirting grey liquid onto his palm. Afterwards he found that the shampoo made his hair even smoother and easier to manage then the shampoo he'd used before going to Azkaban. He wondered why it didn't work on Harry's unruly hair.

After using the gel and rinsing, Lucius stepped from the shower and wrapped a fluffy black towel around his waist. Lucius looked at the moisturisers Harry had bought and frowned; none of them would be good for his skin. Sometimes he hated being pale, even though it went well with his hair and made him look more like the veela he was. Lucius needed a specific moisturiser to stop his skin from drying out and to ward off sunburn. Even ten minutes in the sun was enough to make his cheeks and nose bright red.

Lucius went back into the bedroom to find Harry still in bed, the teenager humming under his breath.

'Harry, I need to make a trip to Diagon Alley.'

'Why?' Harry asked.

'Some of the things you bought aren't good for my skin.'

'Oh,' Harry said, frown evident in his voice. 'Well if you don't mind people staring at you we can...' He trailed off as he sat up to look at Lucius. His mouth fell open when his eyes locked onto Lucius' mostly naked form.

Harry had never seen anyone more perfect. Though Lucius' had lost a lot of weight when stuck in Azkaban, he still had a body to die for.

Lucius was tall and broad, shoulders, arms, and chest all toned, muscles looking firm under his pale skin. His chest hair was as blonde as his head and almost translucent as it trailed down to his very firm and flat stomach, a stomach that needed a little fattening up in Harry's opinion. His hips were slim and Harry wanted to grab them, wanted to lick his way up Lucius' strong thighs and dip into his bellybutton. Harry had never been so turned on in his life and it didn't help that Lucius had water dripping down his toned abs.

'Um...' Harry said, realising he was staring. He tried to form a coherent sentence and failed spectacularly. 'Um... we... Diagon... just let... um...'

Lucius smirked and said, 'I'm afraid I didn't quite catch that, Harry.' Not only could he see Harry's lust (the boy was staring quite openly), he could feel it in his chest. Like Harry could feel Lucius' emotions, Lucius too could feel the Gryffindor's. It wasn't too strong at the moment, only a general pang in his chest when Harry's emotions were heightened. When Harry felt extremely emotional, like angry, passionate, or horny, Lucius could feel it.

Like when he was lusting crazily after his half-naked mate. Lucius could definately feel that.
'Catch... products...' Harry mumbled stupidly, eyes still wide as he drank Lucius in.

Grinning, Lucius went to the walk-in wardrobe. 'Can we go to Diagon Alley today or do we need to hide? Obviously people will ask why I'm out of Azkaban.'

'Bastards can sod off,' Harry mumbled, crawling across the bed and leaning forward to keep Lucius in sight.

Lucius hummed and picked out an outfit; a white button-up shirt and black jacket that hugged his frame tightly. He added well-fitting black trousers as well as a thin, sleeveless robe. It was still quite warm and Lucius didn't want to overheat while out with his young mate, especially if Harry wore those Muggle jeans he was so fond of.

Knowing Harry was staring at him, and quite liking the attention, Lucius dropped his towel. He heard Harry choke on his own tongue and chuckled. He grabbed a pair of Slytherin-green silk boxer shorts and made sure to bend over further then necessary, giving Harry a nice view of his perfect arse.

Lucius put his shirt on next, turning to face Harry as he buttoned it up from the bottom, followed by the cuffs. Harry wasn't even trying to hide his staring. He watched Lucius dress, eyes wide and mouth open, fingers curled into the duvet. Lucius slid into his trousers and added a belt, approaching Harry with socks, shoes, and his robe.

He sat beside the teenager, who moved closer, and pulled his socks and shoes on.

Harry took a deep breath and said, 'Mm, coconut.'

'I love coconut,' Lucius said, 'I've used it as body gel since I was sixteen.'

'Mm,' Harry mumbled, pressing his nose into Lucius' lucious hair.

'Harry, are you going to sit there all day smelling me?' Lucius asked as he did up his laces, 'or are you going to shower and join me for breakfast?'

Whatever spell Lucius had had over him seemed to break and Harry turned bright red in a second. He spluttered and muttered excuses before dashing for the bathroom and slamming the door shut.

Lucius chuckled and waited for his mate to shower.

{oOo}

Harry wasn't the only one who suffered from his mate's body. When the teenager returned from his own shower, Lucius nearly fell off the bed.

Harry was very fit from Quidditch and running around Britain killing horcruxes. His skin was tanned, darker then Lucius', and the boy was very thin and lithe. Muscles strained under his skin as Harry reached into the wardrobe for a shirt, tugging it on with a grace he didn't seem to know he had.

Dark chest hair and a firm four pack disappeared under the dark blue cotton, making Lucius moan at the loss. He moaned again when Harry dropped his towel, pulling on black boxer-briefs and
snapping the waistband when he was done.

The material hugged him tightly, outlining his arse and shaft. Lucius nearly jumped across the room to stop Harry putting jeans on, more then happy to watch his mate walk around with his cock almost on show.

He stopped himself, though, because really Harry's arse looked so nice in those dark denim Muggle jeans. Harry grabbed a blue sock and a green one, pulling them on as he leant against the wardrobe doorframe. He pulled trainers on too and did the laces before grabbing a jacket for later.

Lucius swallowed and managed to get a hold of himself as Harry looked up. 'Can I ask why you're wearing two different socks?'

Harry smiled and said, 'Why not? Who said my socks have to match?'

Lucius could see the logic in that and smiled. Harry walked across the room and pressed a kiss to Lucius' lips.

'Did you enjoy yourself?' he asked.

Lucius jumped, unaware Harry had seen him staring. Harry giggled and left the bedroom. Lucius stayed where he was, breathing deeply and thinking unsexy thoughts.

{oOo}

Breakfast pushed them both to the edge. Really, when you're trying not to jump your very sexy mate, eating strawberries, honey, and yogurt isn't a good idea. Both dropped more then one bowl, spilled more then one mug of coffee, and lost a few good minutes just staring. By the time they finished it was nine and Harry stood.

'I have to tell Dumbledore we're going,'

Lucius frowned. 'Why?'

'We're at Hogwarts and you're currently my ward. I have to inform him if you, or I, leave the grounds.'

When Lucius' frown deepened, Harry situated himself between the blonde's legs. Arms draped over his shoulders, Harry leaned in to press a chaste kiss to those lips he was beginning to obsess over.

'It's only until Dumbledore trusts you enough not to do anything,' Harry explained. 'He understands our bond, he knows you can't hurt me, but the same can't be said for the general population. When he trusts you, you'll be able to leave by yourself.'

'I'm not a child, I don't need an escort,' Lucius huffed.

Harry pouted. 'So you don't want to go to Diagon Alley with me?'

Any other time, Lucius would have made a scathing remark. But Harry was pouting, bottom lip stuck out, lips glistening wet, and eyes so wide and bright Lucius knew he could drown in them. So instead he mumbled, 'Um... of course I do...'
Harry grinned and bounced on his feet. 'Excellent. Come on.'

He dragged Lucius up, the blonde blinking when he realised Harry had manipulated him.

_Cheeky Slytherin move_, Lucius thought as he was dragged from their quarter.

{oOo}

The Headmaster beamed at the both of them and Lucius shifted uncomfortably. Dumbledore was sitting at his desk, fingers linked, eyes bright and twinkling. He stared at Lucius and the Malfoy patriarch felt a tug on his mind.

Though Dumbledore was a skilled Legilimens, Lucius was a skilled Occlumens, and it would be no trouble for him to push Dumbledore out. He let the man in, though, knowing it would be easier in the long run to just let the old man have his own way. Dumbledore chuckled when he saw images of their earlier breakfast. Lucius growled, not liking that the older wizard saw Harry like that.

Holding up his hands, the Headmaster said, 'Have fun today. And Harry, remember what we talked about.'

The Gryffindor nodded and dragged Lucius from the office. Lucius linked their fingers as they stepped off the stairs, the stone gargoyle scraping back into positon. 'What did he mean?' he asked as they headed for the nearest portrait where a short cut to the main hall was.

Harry sighed and stopped just inside the portrait, the two suddenly shrouded in darkness. There was enough light peeking through the bottom of the portrait to let Lucius see Harry's outline.

'Only a handful of people know about our bond and your release from Azkaban,' Harry explained. 'Dumbledore and Severus thought it best if we keep it under raps until later. I mean, I'm not ashamed of you, Lucius, but I don't think it's anyone's business that we're soulmates,' the teen said. 'Our bond is fragile, so new, I don't want people trying to break us up.

'So I just figured, until we get more comfortable together, we should keep the exact nature of our relationship to ourselves. That means no overly familiar gestures in public.'

Lucius groaned. How was he supposed to keep his hands off Harry? He understood, and agreed, with the teenager, but really... Harry was gorgeous, and Lucius was supposed to not touch him?

'I know, love,' Harry said, reaching up to cup the Slytherin's cheek. 'But we don't want howlers sent to Hogwarts until we're closer.'

'Mm,' Lucius murmured, pushing into Harry's hand. Harry smiled and leaned up to kiss him softly.

'So,' the younger wizard said, drawing back. 'We're just going to spend time together in Diagon Alley, ignoring everyone who stares at us. And there'll be a fair few, you're supposed to be in Azkaban. If people ask, we ignore them, but we don't hurt them, got it?'

Lucius rolled his eyes. 'Harry, I don't even have a wand.'

Harry scoffed and said, 'Like you can't do wandless magic.'
With a chuckle, Lucius drew the teenager closer. 'You know me well,' he whispered, pressing kisses to Harry's jaw.

'We'll get you one soon, Dumbledore trusts you not to go mental and blast a heap of people away.'

'I thought Dumbledore didn't trust me,' Lucius murmured.

'Well there's not much damage you can do in Hogwarts, what with the wards, and me around,' Harry said, eyes flicking shut as Lucius continued to kiss his neck. 'He said if you prove that you don't want to curse anyone, I can take you to Ollivander's just before the school year starts.'

'Mm,' Lucius mumbled, nibbling on Harry's ear.

Before Harry could lose himself, he pushed Lucius back. 'Stop that.'

'What?' the blonde asked innocently.

Harry rolled his eyes. 'Come on, let's go.' He re-linked their fingers and Lucius smiled at the gesture as he followed Harry through the passageway.

{oOo}

They ran into Hagrid halfway to the main gates. While Hagrid didn't particularly like Lucius Malfoy (the man had helped send him to Azkaban after all), the half-giant loved Harry, had been the teenager's friend and confidant for years.

So he was willing to accept the man and even be civil towards him. Plus there was the fact that the man was part creature too; he understood the bond Harry and Lucius shared and would never try to come between them. In time he knew he'd learn to like Lucius, the man was Harry's other half, so he couldn't be all that bad.

When they came into view, Hagrid nodded to them, shared a few kind words with both, and sent them on their way.

'He's not that bad,' Lucius mused as they walked, hands still joined.

Harry smiled. 'Well, when you pull your head out of your arse, you'll find there are lots of good people around.'

Lucius huffed in indigation, making his eyes narrow and lips push into a pout. Harry giggled and kissed him quickly, pulling away when Lucius tried to deepen it. Still pouting, Lucius allowed the younger wizard to pull him through the main gates.

{oOo}

They apparated to Diagon Alley and, after one last kiss, stepped into public. It only took a few minutes for people to recognise Harry Potter, his hair sticking up wildly and not covering his scar. A few people approached and shook his hand, whispered words of encouragement, and shouted that
they loved and thanked him.

Harry took it all with good grace, years of similar behaviour training him for moments like this. He still didn't like it though and Lucius could see annoyance and resignation in his mate's eyes.

While most people focused on Harry, a few stared up at his companion. In seconds there were shouts and wands, people backing away from Lucius quickly. It didn't help that the collars of his shirt and jacket weren't high enough to hide the prison tattoo that had been burned onto his neck during his first stay in Azkaban three years ago.

Lucius stepped in front of Harry, veela magic searing through his veins and making his protective and possessive streaks flash through his body. Harry calmly stepped back into the spotlight and spoke to the crowd.

'Lucius Malfoy has been released from Azkaban due to information given to the Light,' he lied. 'Mr Malfoy didn't participate in the Battle of Hogwarts and he's been placed into my care. As my ward, Mr Malfoy will be put through a rehabilitation programme to ensure he's fully renounced Lord Voldemort. Any questions can be directed to Albus Dumbledore.'

The crowd stared, gobsmacked, as Harry turned back to Lucius.

'After you, Mr Malfoy.'

Lucius couldn't keep the smirk off his face as he led Harry through the Alley, people parting around them. That was a very Slytherin thing to do,' he commented. 'Lying to your adoring fans.'

Harry shrugged. 'It was Severus' speech, had me memorise the bloody thing.' Lucius chuckled. 'Besides, the Sorting Hat wanted to put me in Slytherin before Gryffindor.'

Lucius nearly tripped over his own feet and grabbed Harry's shoulder to steady himself. Once standing again, he rounded on the teenager. 'What?' he demanded.

'The Hat wanted to place me in Slytherin,' Harry said. 'It went on about my power and cunning and greatness, it said Slytherin would help. But all I'd heard about Slytherin was that only Dark wizards went there, and that the wizard who'd killed my parents was in Slytherin. Add to that a mean little blonde boy who teased my only friend, well...' Harry scratched at an eyebrow. 'Of course I was going to beg to be put in another house.'

Lucius was reeling. Harry, his Harry, his little mate, could have been a Slytherin. He imagined how different things would be. Harry and Draco might have been friends, Harry might have visited the manor during the holidays... though Harry never would have chosen the Dark side, he might have been able to keep Lucius out of Azkaban, might have trusted him, might have turned Lucius away from Lord Voldemort sooner. Lucius probably would have accepted their bond without hesitation if Harry had been a fellow Slytherin.

But... but Lucius didn't want that. He wouldn't change a thing about Harry. The teen was brave, loyal, intelligent... he was a Gryffindor with Slytherin cunning. And that was far better then being a snobby pure-blood who looked down on people for their blood or status. Harry was perfect the way he was, Gryffindor blood included.

'Lucius?' Harry questioned.

'If we weren't in public I'd snog the crap out of you,' Lucius hissed.

Harry turned red. 'Um... what?'
'To know that you have Slytherin in you...' Lucius said. He swallowed thickly.

'You're not mad?' Harry asked. 'I mean, think of what could have been different if I'd let the Hat-

'Harry,' Lucius stopped him, holding up a hand. 'What house you're in doesn't matter, not to me. You could be a Hufflepuff and I'd still want you.' He wrinkled his nose. 'Well, maybe not.'

Harry rolled his eyes. 'Hufflepuffs are hard working and loyal, why do they always get a bad rap? So what if they don't want to go around fighting all the time, I think it makes them better actually-

Lucius ignored him and said, 'Gryffindor helped mold you into who you are. It gave you a great family in the Weasleys, loyal friends in Hermione Granger and the youngest Weasley boy. If you'd been placed in Slytherin, you might not have had that.'

He looked Harry over and couldn't find anything he disliked.

'You made a choice and it turned out for the better; you're a Gryffindor, never think that I dislike that.'

Harry blushed again. 'Um... th-thank you.'

Lucius realised they were drawing attention to themselves, standing in the middle of the Alley, so he smiled warmly at his mate. 'Now, let's get back to our shopping, shall we?'

Harry nodded and allowed Lucius to lead the way.

{oOo}

They started off in a beauty shop, Lucius taking a small basket and filling it with soaps, moisturisers, and various beauty products Harry didn't know the use for. He'd always known Lucius took great care with his appearance; he always looked good, his hair was always tamed, and his nails and eyebrows perfectly manicured. Harry threw on whatever he could find and didn't bother brushing his hair any more.

Harry had to pay because Lucius didn't have any money. His vaults were still frozen until Minister Shaklebolt and Albus Dumbledore could reach an agreement on how to handle the whole Harry-and-Lucius-are-bonded-mates thing. Harry assured his partner that he'd have access to his own money soon enough and pointed out that as soulmates, Harry's money was Lucius' too.

Lucius still pouted though.

And Harry still thought he looked adorable while doing it.

They stopped at the apothacary to stock up on potions supplies, Lucius admitting that it was an interest he shared with both Severus and his son. They went to Flourish and Blotts where Harry busied himself flicking through Quidditch and Dark Arts books while also watching Lucius.

Like Hermione, the man was a bibliophile. He looked at home amongst the book cases, eyes alight with pleasure as he skimmed through the various sections. Though he already had a massive collection both at Malfoy Manor and in the quarters he shared with Harry at Hogwarts, the man bought about twenty books that Harry had to shrink and stuff into his jeans pocket. Harry himself bought a few books on veelas, soulmates, and magical beasts, knowing that with Lucius’ help,
Hermione would finally turn him into a bookworm.

After that they went to the Magical Menagerie. Lucius used to have a whole flock of handsome owls but they'd all been killed by the Dark Lord during his takeover of Malfoy Manor. Lucius hated using the Hogwarts owls so dragged Harry in.

An hour later, after Lucius had conversed with the owner and Harry had threatened to leave, Lucius purchased a handsome screecher owl and Harry bought one himself. Lucius' owl was slim, with honey-brown feathers and white and black patterning around his eyes, which were a deep amber. He was intelligent and liked Lucius immediately, nipping on the Slytherin's finger through the cage affectionately. Harry found out that hard way that he was going to have to work for the owl's affection; it bit him sharply when he tried to pet it and Harry scowled, sucking on his bloody finger.

'Poor baby,' Lucius smirked.

'Shut up,' Harry muttered. 'Or I'll sick my own owl on you.'

A screecher like Lucius', Harry's owl was female and a few inches smaller. She was a deep rust colour, strange for an owl, the owner of the shop had said. She was only just reaching maturity and stared at Harry with yellow eyes which were framed with golden feathers.

'What are we going to name them?' Lucius asked, grin widening when Harry's owl rubbed against his fingers.

Scowling, Harry said, 'Dunno. I named my last owl from a book.' He felt a pang of loss at the thought of Hedwig. She'd been his friend through all his school holidays, had been his link to the magical world. He missed her every time he got mail. She'd died protecting him and Harry would never, ever forget about his first and best friend.

Lucius both sensed and felt his mate's sadness but decided to ask later. He followed Harry to a small cafe where they sat outside for lunch. They ate sandwiches and crisps, sipping magical sodas that Harry thought weren't as good as Coca Cola. Lucius asked what Coca Cola was and Harry giggled.

Both owls hooted and the pair looked at them. They were sitting on the edge of the table, nibbling on crusts that Harry and Lucius had slipped them. They were staring from one wizard to the other, intelligent eyes gleaming in the midday sun.

Cocking his head, Harry said, 'Coca Cola.' They hooted again. 'Coca?' Harry said and his own owl jumped from foot to foot. 'Cola,' Harry said and Lucius' owl bobbed up and down, moving restlessly in its cage. 'Well, we have their names,' Harry grinned.

Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'You want to name our owls Coca and Cola?'

'Why not?' Harry said. 'They like them.'

Lucius looked back at the birds, who did indeed seem to enjoy their new names. Harry spent the next ten minutes hooting at them and shouting Coca and Cola at the top of his lungs. Witches and wizards alike stared at him, wondering if the teen had gone insane, and Lucius just smiled.

{oOo}
After lunch they went to Madam Malkin's, Lucius insisting that Harry needed new dress robes as well as school robes.

'Well, school robes, yeah,' Harry said and explained how all eighth years (as Dumbledore was calling the students who hadn't been able to attend their seventh year due to the war) were going to be wearing different robes. Instead of the black robes with maroon, blue, yellow, or green under-colouring, they would be wearing robes in their house colours. They would resemble their Quidditch robes; maroon with gold under-colouring for the Gryffindors, blue with bronze under-colouring for Ravenclaws, yellow with black under-colouring for Hufflepuffs, and emerald with silver under-colouring for Slytherins.

Their other uniform would be pretty much the same; white shirt, black trousers or skirt, and grey jumpers, vests, scarves and cloaks.

'But why?' Lucius questioned as Madam Malkin fitted Harry for his new robes.

'Dumbledore wants everyone to know who the eighth years are so there's no confusion,' Harry said. 'It's also to remind us not to screw up; we're all eighteen, some like Hermione are nineteen. We may be students but we're still adults; we have a duty to lead the school well and be roll models for the other students.' Harry smirked. 'And I think Dumbledore just wants to see everyone in colourful robes.'

Lucius chuckled and turned to Madam Malkin. What followed was a two-hour long debate with Lucius insisting Harry needed nice dress robes for Ministry functions as well as robes for general life. He couldn't very well wear Muggle clothes forever.

Harry fought back; it was his body, he'd dress how he bloody well liked. Madam Malkin watched, amused. She'd known Lord Malfoy for years, had been the Malfoy family's tailor for a number of years. Narcissa had preferred the upper-scale shops but Lucius liked how personal Madam Malkin's business was; she took care of the customers who paid well, and that included Lucius Malfoy.

She suspected that there was more going on between Harry Potter and Lucius Malfoy then met the eye. They were very familiar with each other; they teased, they provoked, and they stared at each other like nobody else mattered. She knew Lucius had veela blood and it clicked together quickly.

Madam Malkin was a smart witch, she had to be to weave magical materials together to withstand spells, accidental magic, as well as general day-to-day activities. She'd aced her N.E.W.T.S when she'd attended Hogwarts but had always loved clothing and so established her own business.

She knew without a doubt that Harry Potter was Lucius Malfoy's mate. Why else would Lucius be allowing Harry to tease him like that? And why else would Harry allow Lucius to talk him into purchasing a hundred galleons worth of clothing?

Of course she had no intention of sharing this news with anyone. What happened between Harry and Lucius was none of her business. It would get out eventually, the wizarding world was always full of gossip. So Madam Malkin smiled at the pair, bid them good day, and mused about what a gorgeous couple they made.

{oOo}
After heading back to Flourish and Bloots to purchase new school books (Harry's had been left at Privet Drive and burst into flames when some teenagers had broken in and tried to steal them), they went to the stationary store for new quills, ink, and parchment. With everything magiced to fit comfortably in their pockets and not weigh them down, Harry and Lucius stopped off at Florean Fortescue's Ice-Cream Parlour.

Mr Fortescue was shocked to see Harry in the company of a known and convicted Death Eater, but his love for the boy hero meant he kept his tongue in cheek and treated Lucius with the same respect he did all his customers.

Harry had always been a favourite of Mr Fortescue's and the man refused payment after bringing them their sundae's. Harry's was a large bowl with six scoops of ice-cream; peppermint, cookies and cream, banana, vanilla, lime, and strawberry. Heaped on was nuts, cubes of chocolate, and little brightly-coloured lollies Harry called, 'Nerds'. Apparently they were some Muggle lolly from Australia that Harry was in love with (Lucius spat them out when Harry said he could try them and then scowled at the laughing teenager).

Lucius had three scoops of vanilla ice-cream drizzled with honey and chocolate sauce. He watched as Harry devoured his own massive bowl, easily putting away the entire thing and contemplating seconds.

Lucius knew that teenagers ate a lot, teenage boys especially, and had often berated Draco for trying to eat his body weight in food at dinner. But Harry was something else entirely; how he could eat a big lunch, followed by a monumental sundae, and then think seconds... it was astounding.

Harry didn't get seconds, but helped himself to Lucius' ice-cream when the Slytherin admitted he didn't enjoy the treat nearly as much as Harry. He didn't have much of a sweet tooth, only eating the occasional chocolate bar or Bertie Bott's bean. Mostly he ate fruit and, weirdly, pickles.

'Pickles by the jar full', was what he told Harry, who wrinkled his nose as he sucked on his spoon.

'You mean those little green things you sometimes get on hamburgers?' Harry asked. When Lucius nodded, Harry poked his tongue out. 'Yuck.'

'I'll convert you,' Lucius said confidently.

Harry snorted.

{oOo}

That night in their quarters, Harry could see the appeal of pickles... well, he could see the appeal of Lucius eating them. They'd stopped at a small grogery at the end of Diagon Alley to buy some food that Hogwarts didn't have; ice cream in various flavours (Harry really liked ice cream and Hogwarts didn't have a wide selection), fruit (Lucius didn't believe the Hogwarts elves when they said the fruit they served was fresh), firewhiskey and other alcohol Lucius demanded to have on hand, and jars of pickles.

The man bought a case and Harry shrunk it down with the rest of their stuff. After returning to
Hogwarts, they put all their shopping away and enjoyed a light dinner of chicken and rice. Harry disappeared to get his school stuff in order, knowing that if he didn't do it now he'd be running around at the last minute, and Lucius retired to the study to read.

When Harry came back the room was lit by a soft fire, bathing the study, and Lucius, in warm light. Lucius was on the leather sofa directly opposite the door and Harry paused to watch him.

He was sitting cross-legged, shoes on the floor, robe and jacket thrown over the arm, with the top few buttons of his shirt undone to show a well-toned and pale chest. He had a jar of pickles between his legs, open, and a book on his knees.

The pickles were rather large, almost the size of cucumbers, and Lucius used his fingers to pick them from the jar. He'd eaten half already and Harry watched, transfixed, as his mate pulled out another one.

Eyes on the text in front of him, Lucius slowly brought the gerkhin up to his mouth. Pink lips parted to allow the food into his warm mouth and he sucked back, half the thing disappearing with a soft wet sound.

Harry's mouth fell open as Lucius sucked back again, Adam's apple bobbing as he licked and caressed the pickle with his tongue. He did that for about a minute before chewing only hard enough to let the juices run over his tongue.

It was sweet, sour, and refreshing all at the same time. Lucius hummed in enjoyment as he lapped up the juices and turned a page of the thick novel he was reading. Slowly the gerkhin reappeared, only to disappear again as Lucius sucked harder.

Harry had to lean against the doorframe, legs feeling weak as he watched the blonde do very, very naughty things to his food. Really, how could Harry think of anything else? Lucius' lips wrapped around the juicy cucumber as he expertly sucked, licked, squeezed, and nibbled.

Knowing he shouldn't be watching (his hormones were already traitorous around Lucius), Harry tried to take a step back. He'd need a cold shower, or a few minutes alone (maybe with his right hand).

And then Lucius bit down, sucking half the pickle into his mouth and chewing. He swallowed thickly and Harry nearly groaned. Lucius, still not noticing Harry, lapped at the juices running down his fingers. Quickly and with a lot of sucking noises, Lucius engulfed the rest of his food and licked his fingers and lips clean.

Harry was rooted to the floor, eyes wide, drool making his lips wet and an erection pressing annoyingly against his zipper.

And then Lucius did it all over again.

Fingers dipped into the jar.

Pickle extracted.

Pressed into mouth, lips widening.

Sucking, licking, chewing, biting, swallowing.

Harry definitely moaned then.

Lucius blinked and looked up, one hand paused turning to the next page of his novel, the other
holding a pickle between his lips. He eyed Harry for a few seconds before grinning wickedly.

Sucking back once more and wetting his lips, Lucius said in a very calm voice, 'Can I help you, little one?'

Harry groaned and Lucius' grin widened.

'I'm sorry, what was that?'

'Erm...' Harry said and coughed twice to clear his throat. He shifted on his feet, each movement making his arousal even more obvious. 'Just...'

Lucius raised one perfect eyebrow as he sucked back on the second half of his gerkhin.

'Justgonnahaveashower,' Harry blurted out quickly, words mixing together as he ran from the study.

Lucius heard the bathroom door shut and chuckled. Harry would be having a cold shower tonight.

{oOo}

In bed, Harry wrapped in Lucius' arms, the blonde told his mate all about the Gryffindor's strange sleeping habits. Harry chuckled when he was done and said, 'Yeah, Hermione complained about the same thing.'

Lucius' scowl descended like lightning, making his handsome face twist in jealousy and anger. Harry quickly pulled back and cupped Lucius' face, pressing a kiss to his lips.

'Lucius, love, nothing happened,' he said quickly. 'When we were hunting horcruxes... we both suffered nightmares. And when Ron left, things just got harder. We were so scared; our families, our friends, and Ron... they were all out there, in danger, and people were getting killed. We were the only hope the world had of destroying Voldemort.

'We were scared, Lucius, and sometimes we needed each other. Not in a sexual way, Hermione's like my big sister, but in a way that people sometimes need human contact. We only ever held each other, I swear to you. Even if you and I weren't together, weren't soulmates, I don't think I could ever love a woman. And like I said, Hermione's my sister.'

Lucius continued to scowl but on the inside he tried to push his jealousy, and his veela, back. His veela was extremely angry, having grown even more protective of Harry since the man's release from Azkaban. The thought of Harry cuddling with anyone besides Lucius, and maybe Draco, infuriated the creature lurking in Lucius' heart.

'Lucius?' Harry questioned, worry evident in his eyes and voice. 'I'm sorry, but I can't change it, it's in the past. I don't want anyone but you.'

Lucius swallowed and whispered, 'Really?' Though his mind tried to tell him that he and Harry were soulmates, that Harry himself had said over and over again that he wanted Lucius and would never leave, Lucius' veela still needed reassurance. There was still a small part of him that feared someday Harry would run off, even if it meant death.
Lucius had waited so long, had waited so many years, for Harry Potter and the thought of Harry leaving made the blonde feel physically ill. He knew he'd die very quickly if Harry left, his heart would simply break into a million pieces while his soul shattered and blew away.

'Lucius,' Harry said seriously, shifting back to look into his mate's eyes, into his soul. 'I'm not leaving, ever. Not because it would kill me... no, that's not right; yes, I'm never leaving because it would kill me.'

His mate frowned, the veela sure Harry was about to say he was only putting up with Lucius because the alternative was death.

'It would break my heart, my mind, and my soul if I left you, Lucius Malfoy,' Harry said and the other man gasped. 'If we had to part I wouldn't be able to go on. You are my life, my world, my heart; the organ pumps for you and only you. I can't go more than five minutes not thinking about you.

'The thought of waking up away from you, of not seeing you for a whole day, makes me want to throw up,' Harry admitted. 'It's not just the bond, Lucius, it's you. You're funny, intelligent, charming, and you see me for who I am. It's not going to take long for me to fall in love with you, Lucius. And when I do it's forever. Got it?'

He glared at the blonde, as though daring him to say no. Instead of speaking, Lucius leaned forward and kissed him.

Harry felt everything in the kiss and in his heart. Lucius' veela was scared but it wanted him, needed him, was probably already in love with him. And Lucius wasn't far behind. The kiss was hot and heavy, filled with lust and happiness and joy and... warmth, love. How a man could convey so many emotions through a kiss Harry didn't know, but he loved it all the same.

'Are you sure?' Lucius asked when they broke apart, voice husky yet tinged with fear.

Harry scoffed. 'Stupid veela,' he teased. 'Why would I want anyone else when I've got an intelligent, witty, gorgeous man to cuddle every night? Especially since said gorgeous man lets me roll around the bed like a lunatic for two hours.'

Lucius couldn't help the smile that tugged at his lips and Harry grinned.

'See? I know you forgive me.'

'My veela doesn't.'

'Course it does,' Harry said and pressed his face to Lucius' chest. 'Lucius' veela, stop it, you know I only want you.' It was like he was talking to a baby, or only someone he could see, and it made Lucius chuckle. 'Silly, silly veela,' Harry continued to coo. 'Harry doesn't want anyone else.'

'Stop it,' Lucius tried.

'Not until you say you forgive me.'

'Harry-'

'Silly veela,' Harry repeated and slapped Lucius' chest lightly. 'Harry isn't going anywhere, ever. Seriously, I followed you around all day shopping for books and parchment and even pickles. Why would I do that if I didn't care?'
'You seemed to enjoy me eating pickles,' Lucius mused.

Harry blushed and nuzzled into his mate's chest. 'Shut up.'

'Oh, done talking to my veela now?'

Harry mumbled, 'Maybe.' He paused before saying, 'Lucius, why does it feel like there's two of me?'

Lucius looked down at him. 'Excuse me?'

'Well, sometimes it feels like the veela growing in me and me myself are... two different people, or things. Like, sometimes I get this feeling, or a voice, telling me what to do in relation to veela stuff. Is that normal?'

Lucius contemplated Harry's words before speaking. 'Well, at the moment your veela is still young, still developing. Until we bond completely and fall in love, it'll feel like you're two separate creatures. When we bond that'll change. You'll still feel like you but your veela will be you, if that makes sense. You'll merge together and have access to veela magic to protect me and our young. You'll find casting spells easier and your sense of smell and eyesight will heighten, as well as your speed and gracefullness.'

'Right...' Harry said slowly, pulling at Lucius' pyjama shirt. 'Do you feel like that?'

'Yes,' Lucius nodded. 'Until we mate, my veela is a seperate part of me, but still a part.'

Harry frowned. 'So you've felt like this your entire life?' he asked. He didn't know how to explain it. While he enjoyed the new senses he felt with Lucius, while he enjoyed the way his veela made him feel powerful and loved and protected, it was still... strange, like a part of his soul was hiding somewhere and Harry couldn't get to it. It came out with Lucius, especially when they kissed, but at the moment it was just beyond reach.

Lucius could feel Harry's emotions through their bond and knew that, like him, Harry didn't feel complete. He pulled the teenager closer and spoke into his hair.

'Yes, I've felt like that since my seventeenth birthday,' the blonde admitted. 'Like part of me is just out of reach, hiding from me, refusing to complete me.' Harry closed his eyes. 'But it's getting closer every day because of you, Harry.'

'I'm sorry.'

'Why?'

'I hate that you've had to wait for me for so long,' Harry said. 'You've felt incomplete for so long and it's my fault.'

'You didn't choose what year to be born, Harry,' Lucius said. 'The universe did.'

'I hate the universe.'

Lucius chuckled. 'It brought us together,' he reminded his mate. Harry huffed but the tightness around Lucius' heart lessened; Harry was feeling better, as well as sleepy.

'Rest, my little mate,' Lucius whispered. 'We can talk more tomorrow.'

'Unless I kick you out of bed,' Harry murmured.
'You tried,' Lucius said, 'but after I held you you calmed down.'

'Hmm,' Harry mused, 'better keep your arms around me, then.'

'I'm never letting go,' Lucius vowed.

'I never want you to,' Harry replied honestly.
Harry didn't take proper care of his body. At least that was what Lucius said. The Malfoy patriarch scowled when he learned that Harry's idea of getting ready for the day was a quick shower (sometimes), a glance in the mirror (not always), and grabbing whatever clothing he reached first (all the time). His Muggle jeans and shirts were all old, falling apart, and some were big enough to fit Lucius.

It seemed another day trip was in order and no matter how much Harry shouted, kicked, and tried to seduce, Lucius wasn't backing down. Though he quite enjoyed the way Harry sat on his lap and tried to pin him to the sofa.

Harry did manage to convince Lucius that he needed Muggle clothes. He refused to wear robes and formal shirts/trousers all the time, especially when lounging around in their quarters. Lucius only relented because Harry looked delicious in denim.

After Dumbledore gave his approval, Harry and Lucius once again walked hand-in-hand through Hogwarts. Harry sighed when he realised that in three weeks he wouldn't be able to do this; he and Lucius would have to hide. He contemplated just jumping Lucius in public but figured that wouldn't go down too well.

They apparated to Diagon Alley and went through the archway, and then Leaky Cauldron, to get to London. Harry couldn't remember the place well enough to apparate them straight there without fear of splinching.

Like with Diagon Alley, the occupants of the Leaky Cauldron all turned to stare. Most grinned at Harry, shook his hand (much to Lucius' annoyance) and bid him a good day. They scowled at Lucius though didn't say anything to his face. He was still Lucius Malfoy, after all; he was powerful, had been to prison for being a Death Eater, and was a known lover of the Dark Arts. Even without a wand, they weren't about to insult the Malfoy patriarch.

Lucius was looking a little smug as they walked out into London, heading down the street.

'Prat,' Harry muttered. Lucius grinned.

{oOo}

They took a Death Cab (it was actually a taxi, but Lucius seemed to honestly hate and fear the small black cars) into the city and spent most of the morning just looking around. Harry felt safe in London and took Lucius' hand. They drew a few looks from Muggles, mostly because they were both men and because Harry was clearly twenty years younger then Lucius.

Lucius, though, was all smiles as he tugged Harry along. Though they'd come out shopping for Harry, Lucius was the one having a good time. He generally didn't like Muggles but was trying to change for Harry. If he was honest, he found electricity, technology, and automobiles fascinating (bdesides the Death Cabs, of course). He pointed at things Harry had grown up with, demanding to know what they were.

Their first two hours in London, Harry explained telephones, mobile phones, computers, gaming
systems, traffic lights, and the internet. Harry didn't know that much about Muggle technology, having never been allowed to watch TV, play Dudley's games, or own anything worth over ten pounds. What he did know made Lucius’ eyes light up. Lucius loved learning, loved knowledge, and as long as the Muggle stuff was interesting, he would listen.

Harry dragged Lucius into a McDonalds at eleven, just to see it. The man stood uncomfortably near Harry, turning away from the Muggles and plastic seats as well as the oil that seemed to hang in the air. Harry grinned from ear-to-ear, ordered two cheeseburger meals, and dragged Lucius out before he could figure out how to blow up the restaraunt with wandless magic.

Watching Lucius eat fast food was even funnier then him entering a McDonalds. They sat in a park, Lucius peeling his wrapper aside and glaring down at the burger like it had personally offended him.

Harry bit into his own, savouring the unhealthy food as he sipped his coke.

'You could, you know, eat it,' Harry suggested. Lucius wrinkled his nose. Harry leaned forward and pulled the top bun off. He'd ordered it without tomato sauce (remembering Lucius didn't like tomatoes, therefore he also disliked the sauce form) but it still had a line of mustard, onion, and-

'Pickles?' Lucius queried.

Harry grinned. 'Yup. Yummy pickles.' He'd ordered extra and the meat patty was covered with the little green pickled cucumbers. Harry pulled the two off his own cheeseburger and laid them atop.

'See? Just for you.'

Lucius smiled and kissed Harry quickly, chastly, blushing a little when he realised they were in full view of at least twenty Muggles. Harry just smiled and kissed him back before lounging on the wooden seat to eat his food.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Lucius take a hesitant bite of his burger. He smirked when he saw Lucius smile in surprise and take a bigger bite.

One step at a time, Harry, the teenager told himself. You'll have him in jeans soon enough.

{oOo}

Eventually they made it into some clothing stores and Lucius had to admit he had a good time. Watching Harry try on various jeans and shirts, all of them hugging his frame, was a very good way to spend the day.

Harry bought a few pairs of dark blue denim jeans but Lucius talked him into getting some black pairs. He also told Harry green worked on him so the teenager ended up with ten shirts in various shades of green. He bought a few maroon ones too, just to rub his Gyrffindor-ness in Lucius' face.

They bought jackets, coats, trainers, underwear, and scarfs. After stepping into an alley so Harry could shrink his bags, Lucius dragged him through London, not stopping until they'd found an expensive clothing store.

Lucius had actually been there before (on the rare occasion he had to wear a Muggle suit, he only wore the best) and was greated by the sales people with smiles and handshakes.
Harry was forced to try on expensive suits, all made of fine material and to the highest quality. Harry didn't mind, really, especially when he saw Lucius sit down heavily on the plush arm chair opposite the change rooms. He smirked and made sure to show off his body as much as possible; bending, stretching, touching himself...

Lucius had to go stand in the corner forty minutes after arriving.

{oOo}

'Hey, Lucius?' Harry said as they walked back to Hogwarts, pockets filled with shrunken bags. 'Mm?' his mate murmured, swinging his and Harry's joined hands between them. 'Today and yesterday... those don't count as dates, do they?'

Lucius literally stopped and Harry stumbled. 'Why do you ask?'

'Well... just curious, is all,' Harry said with a shrug.

Lucius was quiet for a few minutes, looking Harry up and down carefully. 'Harry...' he said slowly, '... would you like to go on a date with me?'

Harry grinned but looked down shyly. 'Maybe,' he mumbled.

Lucius smiled and tugged him forward until their fronts were pressed together. 'Harry,' he repeated, 'would you like to go on a date with me?'

His tone was commanding and Harry nodded, veela jumping for joy that Lucius had asked. Though they'd kissed, and slept in the same bed, Lucius asking him on a date made Harry giddy. He felt like a thirteen-year-old, nervous and excited and scared and-

Lucius' lips pressed against his, effectively cutting off Harry's train of thought. He melted against his mate, arms rising to wrap around his neck and pull Lucius closer. Lucius let him, always enjoying Harry's little dominant streak. He led the kiss, though, tongue entering Harry's mouth and demanding that his own stroke back, flick back.

Harry lost himself in the kiss, body pressed hard against Lucius', crotch unconsciously rubbing against the older wizard's thigh. It was Lucius who pulled back and Harry whined quite loudly.

'You test me, little one,' Lucius said, breathing heavy, voice thick.

Harry blinked. 'Huh?'

With a smile, Lucius pressed a quick kiss to Harry's lips and pulled him towards the castle.

{oOo}

Lucius didn't mention the date again, making Harry think it was going to be sprung on him
suddenly. He didn't mind really. Just spending every day with Lucius was enough.

He kept in touch with Hermione, Sirius, Remus, and the Weasley twins. Every few days Coca would fly in and out, thrusting her leg out for Harry to unroll a piece of parchment. She was an affectionate little bird, sitting on Harry's shoulder and nipping at his ear. Cola refused to go anywhere near Harry, instead content to spend his days either sleeping in his cage, or hiding out in the spare bedroom.

Sirius' letters were always the same;

*Harry, tell me if he hurts you, okay? I don't care what everyone says, Lucius Malfoy is a dangerous man! If he hurts you I swear to-

And then he'd rant on for two feet of parchment about how despicable Lucius was. Harry only allowed him because the man was his godfather, but his replies were always written with a shaky hand, and with sentences like, "Lucius is my mate", "he can't hurt me", and "SAY THAT AGAIN ABOUT MY MATE AND I'LL KICK YOUR FLEA-INFESTED ARSE TO DURMSTRANG!"

Remus Lupin was a lot more understanding, being a creature himself. Some werewolves mated, some didn't, and Remus had always felt a bit put out that he'd never have a mate. He'd loved Tonks and her death at hit him hard. But he had Teddy and Harry, as well as Andromeda Tonks and Sirius Black. His letters were always filled with kind words, cautions, and congratulations;

*Harry, you're very lucky to have found someone who will love you for you, and not your hero status. You know I love you, Cub, but no one can understand exactly what you went through. Your entire life has been a battle and you deserve to be loved, faults and difficult past included.*

*Ignore Sirius, he's just worried, and he and Lucius never got along in school. Sirius was a troublemaker, as you know, so he bought a lot of it on himself. But Lucius loved to dish out detentions and take points; but that's a Slytherin for you.*

*Be safe and happy, Cub, and don't let anyone tell you who you should love. Listen to your heart. I support you, even with your heart wanting Lucius Malfoy. Hopefully the cold man we all know is actually a mask.*

Harry always smiled after the werewolf's letters and wrote back while humming. The only thing Lucius didn't like was the pet name.

'Cub?' he questioned as he read Remus' letter over Harry's shoulder.

'Well, I'm like his and Sirius' cub,' Harry explained. 'Sometimes Sirius calls me Pup, 'cause he's a dog Animagus, but Cub seems to have stuck.' He shrugged then and Lucius scowled. He needed a pet name for Harry, he would not be outdone by a werewolf and dog.

Lucius didn't quite know how him calling Harry something would help... but his veela demanded it and he'd do it.
Hermione was logical, understanding, friendly, and bossy (as usual). Her letters made Harry frown, curse, smile, sigh, and laugh;

_Harry, the Weasleys are insane, help me!_

I'm kidding (sort of). I hope you and Lucius are getting along (I've charmed this so only you and he can read it. Ron's glaring over my shoulder, wondering why my writing is a bunch of squiggles. Fred and George keep hexing him for spying.

Harry, remember that Remus and I support you. Both Ron and Sirius will come around and I'm sure everyone else will when it finally comes out. I'm not going to lie and say it'll be easy; Lucius Malfoy has always been a cold, powerful, and dispicable man in public, but I'm sure he's not like that in private. After all, you could never be bonded to a horrible man, therefore Lucius must be kind deep down.

_I hope you haven't slacked off with your studies. I know you, Harry, and you're most likely spending all your time in bed with your mate. While it's good that you're getting to know him, DON'T forget to study. You don't want to do seventh year AGAIN, do you?_

Harry chuckled and leaned over for a fresh piece of parchment to write Hermione back. 'She knows me too well.'

Lucius read the letter over as Harry penned his response. 'She seems...' Lucius began, trailing off when Harry looked at him. The teenager raised an eyebrow and Lucius said, '... nice.'

'Nice?' Harry questioned.

'Yes.'

'Really?'

'What do you want me to say, Harry?' Lucius demanded. 'Do you want me to call her a Mudblood?'

'No!' Harry said, anger rising in his gut. 'She's my best friend!'

'That's why I said nice!'

'I knew it, you don't actually think she's nice!' Harry shouted. 'Are you ever going to move on and realise blood doesn't matter?'

'Blood does matter, it makes you who you are,' Lucius fumed.

Harry scowled. 'No it doesn't. Your choices make you who you are.'

'Are you saying your blood, your family, doesn't help mold you?' Lucius demanded.

'Of course it does,' Harry said, 'but it isn't as important as you pure-bloods make it out to be.'

_You pure-bloods,_ Lucius echoed, a sneer on his face. 'Is that what you think of me?'

'Right now, yes!' Harry snarled. 'You're acting no better then those idiots who followed Voldemort blindly!'
'FINE!' Lucius shouted, slamming his hands on the table and standing. His chair clattered back and Lucius glared at his mate. 'If that's what you truly believe, Harry...' he wet his lips, '... fine.'

He was suddenly gone, the bedroom door slamming loudly, and Harry was left staring across the dining room, wondering just how they'd gone from having a peaceful morning to shouting at each other.

Harry sighed and thumped his head on the table, chest aching and burning. He knew it was his own anger as well as Lucius'. But there was a pang of loss there.

Harry didn't know who's emotion that was.

{oOo}

It was their first real fight and it was over something as stupid as Lucius saying Hermione was nice. Once Harry calmed down, he realised that he had blown up over nothing. Lucius had called Hermione nice; he hadn't said it insultingly or smugly, like he didn't believe it true. He'd just stated it as a fact.

And what had Harry done? Berated him, shouted at him, called him a sheep, an idiot.

Harry wasn't all to blame; Lucius thought too much of blood purity. Harry was a half-blood, Lucius only just tolerated half-bloods. He hated Muggles and Muggle-borns, that was known by everyone.

But... hadn't Lucius gone to Muggle London with him? Hadn't he spent the entire day surrounded by Muggles just for Harry?

He hadn't insulted Hermione once since he'd been released from Azkaban.

The more Harry thought about it, the larger the ache in his chest got. Lucius was still in the bedroom and had been for five hours. Only pride was keeping Harry in the sitting room, the Gryffindor flicking through books and magazines and staring into space.

Finally, in the late afternoon, Harry stood and went to their shared bedroom. He knocked but didn't receive an answer. The band squeezing his heart seemed to grow tighter and Harry pushed the door open.

Lucius was on the bed, long body curled up, legs held to his chest by his arms.

'Lucius?' Harry asked, stepping into the room. His mate didn't move. 'Lucius?' he repeated. A sniff had Harry across the room, rounding the bed and looking down at the blonde.

Tears coated the man's face, his eyes red and puffy, and he squeezed them shut as Harry dropped to his knees.

'Hey, why are you crying?' Harry asked. He reached out, only for Lucius to flinch. Harry gulped, feeling more terrified then he had even when facing Voldemort. Why was Lucius crying? He was Lucius Malfoy for gods' sake!

But Harry had begun to realise that the Lucius Malfoy the public knew wasn't the same man Harry was growing to love. In private Lucius was sweet, charming, funny, loving. Draco himself had said
it; his father was always affectionate at home. In public he had to keep himself distant, had to act the cold, aloof wizard. It had been expected of him; he was a Malfoy, and all Malfoys acted like that.

Abraxas Malfoy really had taught his son some twisted values.

'Lucius,' Harry said, trying to push his fear aside, 'why are you crying?'

'You... hate me,' Lucius whispered. He sounded broken, distant, like he had when Harry had saved him from the Dementor.

'I don't hate you,' Harry said.

Fresh tears fell down Lucius' cheeks. 'You were right,' he mumbled.

'About what?'

'I'm b-bad,' Lucius said, voice cracking. 'I'm a stupid pure-blood who followed a m-mad man. I put my son in danger, I nearly got him killed. And n-now I've found my m-mate and he hates m-me.' He closed his eyes again and Harry sighed. This was one of Lucius' I-don't-deserve-happiness things.

Harry hated it, absolutely hated that Lucius thought so little of himself. The once proud man seemed so much softer now and Harry knew it was a combination of the war, his own failed beliefs, as well as his bond with the Boy Saviour.

'Lucius,' Harry said softly and the Slytherin opened his eyes. 'Don't be like that. I'm sorry I shouted, I didn't mean to say that you were bad, or stupid, or anything like that.

'We all make mistakes, myself included. Just because we've done stupid things in the past, like fighting over a simple word, doesn't mean we should hate ourselves or each other. I acted like a child this morning and you did too.

'I'm sorry I insinuated that you wanted to call Hermione a Mudblood,' Harry continued. 'You've been trying hard to forget your old prejudices, I know that. I'll try hard to forget mine too. Me thinking all pure-bloods are snobs, or were followers of Voldemort, makes me just as stupid as you.'

He paused to take a breath and reach forward. This time Lucius didn't flinch and Harry rubbed the tears away.

'I don't want you to ever think that I hate you,' Harry said. 'In the past, yes, I did; I won't deny that. But that was years ago, we're both different people now. You've given me a second chance and I want to give you one too. But you have to take it, Lucius. You have to stop thinking that you don't deserve happiness.'

'I don't.'

'Yes you do,' Harry said sternly. 'You deserve to be happy, to be loved. Draco loves you, Lucius, and I'm sure Narcissa does too in her own way.' He bit his lip before saying, very softly, 'Lucius, I'm falling in love with you.'

Lucius stared at him. 'What?'

'Remember when I said I could see myself falling in love with you?' The other wizard nodded. 'I'm
well on my way,' Harry admitted. 'I can feel it in my heart.'

Lucius was silent, staring at Harry, eyes searching. Harry felt a tug at his chest, like someone was pulling on his heart, and realised it was Lucius. Harry stood and climbed onto the bed, crawling along the mattress. Lucius rolled over and wrapped his arms around the teenager, breathing deeply and squeezing tightly.

They stayed that way for about an hour, re-familiarising themselves with each other's scent, each other's heat and body, trying to push away the five hours spent alone when they should have been together.

Finally Harry said, 'I care about you too much to hate you, Lucius, always remember that.'

'I'm sorry,' Lucius whispered a few minutes later.

'I'm sorry too,' Harry said.

'Can we please not fight about stupid things?'

Harry nodded. 'M'kay. We'll only fight about really, really important things.'

Lucius was silent for a minute before saying, 'Like who gets the bathroom first thing in the morning.'

'Exactly,' Harry said.

Lucius smiled and pressed a kiss to the Gryffindor's forehead. Harry hummed happily.
Dear Harry,

We honestly miss you, Harry, and we hope we've done nothing to offend you. I know you need some time alone, especially after the war, and I'd never want to impose or force you into anything you don't want. But we are your family, dear, and we'd like to see you at least once before the school term starts again.

Arthur misses you, he keeps pestering me to allow him to send letters to you asking about Muggle contraptions. Honestly, that husband of mine.

Bill and Fleur say hello, they're staying with us for a while. Honestly, that boy and his rare steaks. Thank Merlin for Remus, I don't know what to do with a part-werewolf son.

The twins are, as usual, up to their usual shinanigans. I tell you, dear, if I didn't love those boys I'd slap them six ways to Australia.

Ron and Hermione seem to be in some sort of fight; Ron is always moping about and Hermione just tuts at him. I really thought those two would be together after the war but it seems Ron is yet to make a move.

Ginny won't stop asking about you, like everyone else, she misses you, Harry. Perhaps you could take the time to write her specifically? You know how she's always been fond of you.

Please Harry, do visit soon, even if it's only for lunch. I just want to know that you're okay.

Love,

Mrs Weasley

& the Weasley clan

Dear Mrs Weasley (and the Weasley clan),

I'm sorry I haven't been over to visit, I've just been really busy getting my life together. Sirius and Remus have been helping... well, Sirius has been pestering me to return to Grimmaul Place. I refuse until he and Remus get it cleaned up.

Don't worry, I'm taking care of myself. Dobby's always around to make sure I eat, I have long talks with Albus, and Severus and I are still at each other's necks. You know Slytherins, always have to have the last word.

Tell Mr Weasley he can send as many letters as he wants, I'd be happy to talk all about Muggle stuff. But maybe he should ask for permission to talk to Hermione's parents? They know more, obviously, they live in the Muggle world.

Bill's only part werewolf, remember, so at least he only likes steaks and has better eyesight/hearing. He doesn't have to go through the painfull transformations Remus does; he's lucky. Tell Fleur I said hello, I've always enjoyed talking to her and she was sweet when
we stayed at Shell Cottage.

The twins are manic, yes, but thank Merlin they're on our side. Imagine if they disliked us and pranked us all the time? They're bad enough now!

You know Ron and Hermione. Even if they got married they'd be at each other's necks, there's just so much history there. They love each other deep down and will get over it eventually. I'll have a talk with them if you want, Hermione will be open to reason, Ron... well, you know Ron.

I'm sorry I haven't spoken to Ginny much, I've just been busy. I've recieved a few owls from her but I've been so busy getting my affairs in order. I'll apologise in person and try to write more often.

I really do want to visit and I'm free this week. Try and get everyone together, I'd hate to miss seeing someone. Just let me know.

Again, I'm sorry Mrs Weasley, but you know I love you guys.

Regards,

Harry

Harry,

Friday is good, come around midday for lunch. I don't trust the Hogwarts elves to be feeding you properly. You're much to thin, young man. More time eating, less time playing Quidditch.

Love,

Molly

Mrs Weasley,

I'll be there at 12 and I haven't had a chance to fly my broom yet. Good idea though, thanks for that.

Harry

'I don't want you to go.'

'Yes, you've said that... oh, about forty times.'

'What am I supposed to do while you're gone?'

'Read with Albus, play chess?'

'... My chess set was destroyed by the Death Eaters.'
'I'll buy you a new one.'

'Really?'

'All shiny, it'll catch your attention. I know how pretty people like shiny things.'

'Not funny, Harry.'

Lucius was pouting now and Harry grinned as he pulled a green shirt on. He had more green clothes then he knew what to do with, but it was worth it to see the lust in Lucius' eyes, the way they travelled down his chest, his stomach.

Harry did the buttons up and heard Lucius sigh as his skin was hidden. Smiling, Harry did the cuffs up and turned. 'Lucius, I'll be back mid-afternoon.'

'That's too long,' Lucius pouted before pausing to look Harry up and down. 'Aren't you going to tuck your shirt in?'

The Gryffindor was wearing a new pair of black jeans, his scruffy old trainers, and an emerald green button-up shirt that highlighted his eyes. He didn't usually dress this nicely but he had to admit it made him look older. The fitted clothes and semi-formal clothes really suited him.

'No, I'm not,' Harry said. 'I might be open to wearing nicer clothing but I'm not going to go all out.'

Lucius was pouting again and Harry smiled. He crossed the room and stood before his mate, who was sitting on their bed.

'Lucius, I'll be no later then five, okay? We'll have dinner together, I'll be back to cuddle with you while we read. It's only a few hours.'

'I'll miss you,' Lucius admitted, a faint blush colouring his cheeks. 'He'd never felt so strongly about anyone in his life. Of course he'd missed Draco when his kit started school but it wasn't the same.

'And I'll miss you,' Harry said, stepping closer until he was between Lucius' legs. He draped his arms over the Slytherin's shoulders and leaned down. 'You know how much I care about you.'

Lucius closed the distance and kissed his mate passionately, making Harry groan and lean heavily against him. Lucius' lips were warm and wet and tasted of pickles (those bloody pickles) but Harry didn't care. Like Lucius had said, they were refreshing and sour, he was definitely going to convert Harry.

The blonde's arms slowly came up to snake around Harry's waist and suddenly he was being pulled down. Lucius fell back to lie on the bed, Harry atop him, and the teenager gasped.

'Lucius, I have to go soon.'

Lucius huffed before capturing Harry's lips again.

Harry lost himself to the gesture; to the sweet taste of Lucius' lips, to the way they pressed against his own. He could feel Lucius' hands running up and down the cotton of his shirt, always straying to his demin-clad arse but never going all the way. Lucius was hot and hard beneath him, crotch in line with Harry's and sending a little thrill through the Gryffindor's body every time they moved.

Lucius' lips moved to Harry's jaw, teeth appearing to nibble on the expanse of skin. Harry gasped as Lucius' tongue trailed right to his ear before the lobe was sucked into that hot cavern he'd fallen
in love with.

Lucius sucked and nipped the lobe until it was bright red and covered in saliva. Satisfied with the groans Harry was making, the teen's mouth hanging open, the Slytherin moved down to suck back on his neck.

Not a day went past that Harry didn't have some type of hicky on his neck. Lucius loved marking him, loved showing the world that Harry was a taken man. Usually the love bites were small and red, situated all over the right side of Harry's neck. But there was one spot, just below his collar on the left, that Lucius liked to mark hard.

Every time they were making out properly (for Harry, properly was a good hour laying beneath Lucius, arms pinned above his head and crotch pushing up), Lucius would sink his perfect teeth into the juncture where the teenager's neck met his shoulder. Harry would hiss and arch up before Lucius growled. His veela subdued, Harry would be little more then a lump as Lucius dominated him, sucking back and marking him as his own.

The hicky was always large and dark purple, teeth marks sunken into it to show that it wasn't an ordinary bruise. Harry was getting used to seeing the hicky there. Whenever it started to face, started to turn a light green or yellow, Lucius would suck it back to it's original purple colour. It was becoming as familiar to Harry as his lightning bolt scar.

It was that very spot that Lucius latched onto now, sucking back, teeth sinking in, and tongue licking at the bruised skin. Harry gasped out loud and went still, his submissive streak seeming to be connected to that one spot.

Lucius drew back only long enough to say, 'Move, Harry.'

Harry complied, Lucius' order shooting straight through his body. He bent his head so Lucius would bite him again, and the Slytherin complied, mouth immediately going back to the mark.

Harry was lost in a sea of arousal, of need, of lust. He started moving as Lucius had ordered, pushing his crotch forward to rut against Lucius'. He was close to losing control, to begging Lucius to fuck him hard, but a small part still reminded Harry that he wasn't ready, that he didn't want to go all the way yet.

When Lucius pulled back to press kisses to Harry's mark, the teenager gasped. 'Lucius, we have to stop.'

Lucius didn't listen, instead thrusting his hands down Harry's tight jeans. Harry groaned loudly as his arse was squeezed, Lucius' nails digging into his flesh. Suddenly Lucius had rolled them, hands still down Harry's trousers. He settled atop the teeth and captured his lips, kissing Harry with more passion then Harry had ever felt before.

Lucius had been holding out. Now, though, now he kissed Harry like a dying man, like he'd never get to again. Harry grunted against his mouth, lips feeling swollen and bruised as they made out. Lucius lifted Harry's arse off the bed and thrust their crotches together, the teenager letting out a strangled gasp as pleasure shot through his groin.

'Again,' he gasped.

Lucius did and Harry groaned. He wrapped his legs around Lucius' waist, heat crashing through his body and threatening to throw everything away. It didn't help that he could feel Lucius' own passion too. The band wrapped around his heart was throbbing painfully, squeezing the life out of
Harry while sending bolts of pleasure through his chest. He could feel how much Lucius cared about him, how much he turned the Slytherin on. It was enough to make Harry throw his fears out the window, drag Lucius down by the hair, and snog the crap out of him.

They were rutting against each other quickly, Lucius' hands still down Harry's jeans and squeezing. It just added to the thrill they both felt; Harry had never felt this turned on, his entire body throbbed with magic, sparks shooting through his mind and drowning everything else out. Lucius groaned above him, eyes squeezed shut as he crushed their crotches together and sucked Harry's tongue into his mouth.

Though Harry and Lucius both wanted to draw this out, wanting to experience this for the next week or year or possibly century, both couldn't bear it any more. Lucius' fingers slipped between Harry's cheeks to rub the teenager's entrance and, with one last kiss and thrust, Harry was coming loudly, shouting Lucius' name and leaking into his jeans.

The feel of Harry writhing beneath him, shouting his name, and the musky scent of sex and Harry's release in the air, pushed Lucius over the edge. He groaned Harry's name, biting down hard on the Gryffindor's neck as he did. He sucked and licked, Harry grunting beneath him and panting heavily.

Once marked again, Lucius drew back to look down at his mate. The younger wizard was breathing heavily, eyes still dark with arousal, but glazy from his release. He smiled warmly, stupidly, and Lucius grinned back.

Harry leaned up and kissed the blonde softly, lips puffy and sore, and Lucius kissed back.

'Mm, that was... nice,' Harry mumbled.

Lucius smiled. 'I'd hope so.'

'I'm still going to the Weasleys.'

Lucius cursed and Harry chuckled.

{oOo}

Harry didn't bother using a glamour to cover the various hickies Lucius had left on his skin. He figured it would be easier to break the news to the Weasleys over time; he'd start by saying he was seeing someone, then someone older, followed by a man, and then finally he'd tell them about Lucius and the veela bond.

The teen had to change his underwear, thankfully his jeans were clean, and used Dumbledore's floo to get to the Weasleys. Dumbledore had smiled at him, like he knew exactly what Harry had been doing (which he probably did, that man knew everything).

Lucius gave him one last passionate tongue-wrestle before he pushed Harry away, eyes sad and emotions mixed between longing, lust, anger, and jealousy. Harry knew Lucius was angry because he was leaving him for a few hours. He was jealous because Harry considered the Weasleys family. He wanted Harry back, that was the longing, and the lust... well, Lucius was always a bit lustful.

Harry stepped into the fireplace and threw the powder down, shouting, 'The Burrow!' With one last
look at Lucius, he disappeared in a swirl of green flames.

{oOo}

As soon as Harry was out of view, Lucius sighed.

'He'll be back soon,' Dumbledore said from behind his desk.

Lucius pushed the Malfoy mask back on and sneered at the old man. 'He can take as long as he wants.'

Dumbledore chuckled. 'Lucius, you may be able to fool the wizarding population, but not me.'

The Slytherin scowled. 'I don't know what you mean.'

With a smile, Dumbledore stood and went to the other side of his office. 'Would you join me in a game of chess and a glass of brandy? Perhaps we can invite Severus.'

Lucius wanted to go back to his own quarters and read, or listen to music, or maybe fantasise about his little mate naked. With a sigh, he nodded and followed Dumbledore to the man's sitting room.

{oOo}

Harry stumbled out of the fireplace and would have fallen flat on his face if not for Fred and George Weasley. The twins easily caught him and pulled him into a hug. Fred kissed both cheeks and shouted how marvellously good looking Harry looked and George was busy patting him down very thoroughly.

'Well what's this?' George suddenly exclaimed. He moved closer and touched Harry's neck, pushing his collar aside to look at the various hickies on Harry's neck.

'My, my, our little Harry has a lover,' Fred said.

'Of all the horrible things to happen!' George shouted.

'Our Harry has abandonned us!' Fred joined in.

'He's broken out hearts-' That was George.

'he's cleaved them in twain-' Fred.

'whatever that means-

'how can we live-

'when Harry-

'our Harry-' Fred said with a smirk.
'has gone and left us for someone else?' George finished.

"WHY WON'T YOU LOVE US?" the twins shouted, loud enough to have their two owls in the corner, Jackson and Fineas, hooting in indignation.

'Forge!' Bill snapped, coming down the stairs. 'Enough.'

'Oi,' the both exclaimed, 'we're two different people.' They looked at each other. 'That's what I said!' they shouted and grinned.

Bill rolled his eyes and approached Harry.

'Hi Bill,' Harry smiled and shook his hand. 'Thanks for the save.'

'Not a problem, little brother,' Bill smiled.

Harry had always liked Bill. He was mature, a no-nonsense kind of guy, who thought things through and was always willing to listen to both sides of the argument. Harry knew he wouldn't have a problem with Bill when the world found out about him and Lucius.

Billy's eyes fell to the hickies and he smiled. Harry blushed and it didn't go away when the other Weasleys, Hermione, and Fleur all entered.

Mrs Weasley and Hermione were the first to hug him, the Weasley matriarch fussing over his too skinny frame and his hair. Hermione saw the hickies and grinned knowingly, forcing Harry to cough and look down. Fleur kissed him on both cheeks and, like everyone else, looked at his hickies.

She gasped and reached out, moving his collar aside to look at the purple Mark Lucius always left. All the blood drained from Harry's face. Fleur was part veela, she knew all about their customs...

She'd know Harry was bonded to a veela.

He looked up at her with panicked eyes and Hermione, sensing her best friend's fear, put everything together and dragged Fleur away. As Ginny threw her arms around Harry, pressing her boobs into his chest, Harry saw Hermione whispering quickly to Fleur. The part veela grinned and nodded, giving Harry a look that clearly said, "Your secret's safe with me."

Harry breathed out a sigh of relief that had Ginny raising her eyebrows when she pulled back. 'Erm... just glad to see you all,' he smiled.

Arthur Weasley arrived home a few minutes later and they all went into the kitchen to eat. Molly heaped food onto his plate, making sure he had twice as much as everyone else. She sat Harry next to Ron, who had barely acknowledged Harry's existence. The youngest Weasley boy looked at the marks on Harry's neck and wrinkled his nose.

Harry scowled but tried to keep his anger in check. It wouldn't do well to blow up at Ron over the red-head's narrow mindedness.

Ginny was opposite Harry and she scowled at Hermione. The youngest Weasley had tried to sit next to Harry, had been touching him since he had arrived ten minutes earlier, and Hermione knew Harry hated it. Not only was the poor boy gay, but he was seeing someone. She also knew that Lucius would flip out as soon as he smelled Ginny all over his mate.

So, to save Ginny's life, and Harry some embarrassment, the Muggle-born had rushed to sit beside
her best friend.

That didn't stop Ginny, though, who fluttered her eye lids and made pouty faces with her lips. She'd always assumed she and Harry would marry, ever since Harry's first trip to Hogwarts. It didn't help that Molly kept trying to set them back up.

Harry had broken up with Ginny in June, stating that they weren't meant for each other. This was when Harry was starting to feel his veela develop, when he was starting to feel that something was wrong, that someone was missing.

Ginny felt that he just needed time, that if she kept flirting he'd come around.

Harry had half a cheese and tomato toastie crammed into his mouth (he didn't eat tomatoes much, what with Lucius refusing to kiss him if he had) when Ginny spotted the hickies. She shrieked loudly, defening Fred and George, who were sitting either side of her.

'EASY, SIS,' Fred complained.

'My ear!' George shouted.

'Hurts,' Fred moaned.

'At least you've got two,' George pouted.

'You only lost the outside, idiot,' Fred said.

'Who you calling idiot?' George demanded.

'What are those!' Ginny shouted, cutting off Fred's remark. The twins scowled at her, like she'd interrupted a very important conversation.

'AFOO,' Harry mumbled around his food, making Hermione tut at him and Ron lean away. He tried to chew and swallow quickly before Ginny could say anything else, unfortunately-

'Are those hickies?' Ginny practically screamed. This time Fred and George got their hands over their ears and poked their tongues out at Ginny.

'Hickies?' Molly demanded, rounding on Harry from where she'd been slipping more food onto Bill's plate. She was across the room and dragged Harry's collar down before the teenager could move.

He huffed in annoyance as Molly inspected the marks.

'Harry, dear,' she said slowly, 'is there something you want to tell us?'

Harry finally managed to swallow his food and took a big drink of his pumpkin juice. After clearing his throat, and getting a sympathetic look from both Hermione and Fleur, Harry said, 'Yes, I'm seeing someone.'

Ginny's face paled, making her hair look even redder. She gaped like a fish, trying to say something and failing.

'How long?' Molly asked.

'Um...' Harry didn't want to say the truth; he'd only been seeing Lucius two and a bit weeks. Molly would instantly dismiss it as a small fling, nothing serious, and try to get him back together with
Ginny. But he could lie a bit. 'Since early July,' Harry lied.

Ron snorted and Hermione threw a glare at him. Ginny's face darkened. 'Did you break up with me because you were seeing someone else?' she demanded.

Everyone was looking at him now, wondering if that were true. Harry shook his head quickly. 'No, Ginny, I met this person after... well, I already knew them, but I only just started dating them after we broke up. Honestly, I did it because we weren't working.'

Ginny scowled. 'Who?' she demanded.

Harry hesitated. 'Um...'

'Who, Harry?' the witch asked.

'I'd rather not say,' Harry mumbled.

'Why?' Molly said.

'It's new, alright?' Harry said. 'But we care about each other, it's serious, I can't ever see myself breaking up with him.' He clapped a hand over his mouth, eyes going wide as he realised his slip-up.

Ginny's mouth had fallen open again and Arthur dropped the paper he was reading. Molly had to grab the table for support and Ron choked on his drink. Fred and George were nodding knowingly, Hermione and Fleur smiling, and Bill looking at him curiously.

'Him?' Ginny said. 'What do you mean him?'

Well, he'd already stuffed up. Why deny it?

'I'm seeing a man,' Harry said. 'I'm... I'm gay.'

He wasn't sure if it was true, didn't know if he'd ever be attracted to women if he wasn't bonded to Lucius. But the more Harry thought about it, the more he realised that the universe had chosen this for him; had chosen to bond him to a man. So, obviously, Harry was gay. He was attracted to Lucius, to the very male parts he had, so...

'I'm gay,' he repeated.

'WHAT?!' Ginny screamed. 'NO YOU'RE NOT, YOU BELONG WITH ME!'

Harry sighed. 'Gin, I love you, you know that. But you're like a sister to me, just like Hermione, and even Fleur. I'm not attracted to women, I... I like men.'

'Since when?' Ginny asked.

Harry frowned. 'Um... well, since I was born. I didn't suddenly turn gay, I was born like this.'

Ginny was shaking her head even as the twins got involved.

'We knew it,' Fred nodded.

'Of course,' George added.

'Our little Harry-'
'always staring at us in the Quidditch dressing rooms'

'I was not!' Harry exclaimed.

'-he can deny it-' Fred said, ignoring Harry completely.

'-but we know he had a crush on us,' George said.

'And even though we love him-

'-and think he's gorgeous-

'-we're not into glass wearing gits,' they finished together.

Harry was bright red and Bill rolled his eyes at the twins.

'Leave 'im alone,' Fleur said. 'It izz 'ard realizzing you like zee same sex.'

'Harry didn't choose to be gay,' Hermione added, 'he is, end of story. If he wants to date men, I support him. I also support whoever he is; Harry can tell us who he's dating when he's ready.'

Harry threw her a thankful look as Arthur cleared his throat.

'Yes, well, of course,' Arthur nodded. 'We love you for who you are, my boy.'

Molly looked shaken but nodded. 'Harry,' she said in a soft voice, 'of course, we love you.'

Harry looked at her gratefully before glancing at Ginny.

The witch just shook her head and stared at her plate, making the other Gryffindor sigh. It looked like she wasn't going to accept that Harry wasn't in love with her. He'd told her, broken up with her, declared that he only liked men. What more could he do?

Everyone went back to their lunches, trying to ignore the awkward silence that had descended. Harry focused on his plate, knowing that everyone was looking at him.

Trying to get lunch back to friendly ground, Molly asked, 'So what have you been doing with your time?'

Harry swallowed his mouthful and said, 'Just relaxing, you know, and studying of course.' When no one made to interrupt, he continued. 'I went shopping and bought all my new books as well as some others.' Hermione looked immensely proud of that fact. 'I've been reading a lot and playing chess. Albus and Severus are good company, even if the sneaky Slytherin cheats at every game we play.'

'That's Slytherins for you,' Ginny snorted, bitterness over Harry's news still evident in her voice. 'Bad, the lot of them.'

Molly tutted at her daughter, Hermione rolled her eyes, and Harry scowled. 'Not all slytherins are bad,' he said. 'Severus is a brave man, a good man. Draco too isn't all that bad, he just needed a kick up the arse.' He pursed his lips. 'And let's not forget that the Sorting Hat wanted to place me in Slytherin.'

Ginny smiled sickly sweetly and it made Harry's stomach turn. 'Yeah, but you're not a snake, you're a lion.'
'I could have been a snake.'

'But you're not.'

Harry scowled. He didn't know why he felt the need to defend Slytherin. While it was true that most were bastards, not all of them were bad. Merlin himself, the most famous wizard in history, had been a Slytherin.

He guessed it had to do with Lucius and Draco being Slytherins; he had the overwhelming urge to protect the honour of his mate's house.

'They're not all bad,' Harry tried again. 'I've spoken to Blaise Zabini, and Theo Nott, neither of which participated in the war. Theo's dad was a Death Eater, and so was Blaise's, but neither fought for Voldemort's side.'

'They didn't fight for ours either,' Ginny said.

'So what? There's nothing wrong with wanting to hide,' Harry said. 'Not everyone's made out to be a warrior, Ginny, and I can't berate them for choosing to hide their families.'

'Slimey gits,' Ginny continued anyway, 'they have no spines. Just like them Malfoys.'

Ginny didn't notice that Harry's hands were shaking, the attack on his mate shooting straight to his veela and making it snarl.

'They were perfectly happy to support You-Know-Who while he was in power but they ran as soon as they could. I'm glad Malfoy Senior's in Azkaban, he deserves the Kiss.'

Two windows shattered and Ginny's plate slammed into her face, sending the girl tumbling back spluttering, gravy sliding down her face. Only Ron and Hermione knew that it had been Harry. Ron glared at the other Gryffindor and Hermione dragged Harry to his feet.

'We just have to see something,' she said and pulled Harry out. Once alone, she rounded on him. 'Control yourself!'

'I'm sorry,' Harry said, shaking his head and trying to push his magic down. 'But she was badmouthing Lucius, what was I supposed to do?'

'Oh, well obviously fly off the handle and blast everyone aside,' Hermione tutted. 'Control yourself, Veela-Boy.'

'Veela-Boy?' Harry squawked.

Hermione just smiled and tugged him back into the kitchen.

Mrs Weasley had cleaned up and Ginny was sitting pouting at the table, trying to figure out what had happened. Ron glared at Harry but the dark-haired teen ignored him.

'Harry, what do you know about Lucius Malfoy?' Arthus asked suddenly.

Harry knocked his glass over and Hermione dropped her fork. 'M-Malfoy?' Harry asked.

'You were seen together in Diagon Alley together,' Arthur said and pointed at The Daily Prophet he was reading.

Frowning, Harry reached forward and took the paper. There was a picture of himself and Lucius on
the front page, looking very chummy with each other;

**Convicted Death Eater Out For A Stroll**  
*By Rita Skeeter*

Harry groaned at the headline and Hermione said, 'You mean you haven't seen this?'

'I don't read *The Prophet,*' Harry mumbled. It was true, he'd cancelled his subscription after the last hundred page special about The Boy Who Lived. Now he only got *Quidditch Weekly, The Quibbler,* a thick magazine called *Dark Arts Today* that kept him up to date on the Dark Arts, as well as a magazine about the most popular books that Lucius had got him into.

Harry flipped the paper open to read the article;

_Death Eater Lucius Malfoy was seen walking through Diagon Alley two days ago a free man. The Malfoy patriarch, who was imprisoned in Azkaban the day the war ended, was seen shopping with none other then The Boy Who Defeated Voldemort._

_Mr Potter seemed quite happy with the set up and was reported as smiling, laughing, and even teasing the Death Eater._

_Harry Potter stated to the amassed crowd that Mr Malfoy had been released into his care due to information given to the Light that led to the destruction of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-named. Malfoy is Potter's ward and as such must not leave Potter's sight until he is deemed a changed man._

_Neither Albus Dumbledore nor Minister for Magic, Kingsley Shaklebolt, were available for comment. Harry Potter, who is staying at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardy, refused to take any owls this reporter sent._

_It seemed that we won't find out the true story until Mr Potter, Headmaster Dumbledore, and Minister Shaklebolt choose to reveal it._

_For ideas on what could possibly be happening, see page 3._

Harry scowled and threw the paper down. He knew this would happen, of course, but still hated seeing his name in the paper. He smiled a little though when he realised Dumbledore must have been sending back the letters Skeeter tried to get to him.

'What the hell are you doing with Lucius Malfoy?' Ginny demanded, glaring from the paper to Harry.

'None of your business!' Harry snapped.

'Harry!' Molly gaped and even the twins and Bill stared at him.

'Sorry, but really... it's none of your business,' Harry said. 'I'm sorry, but I can't tell you any more then you already know.'
'Are you really Malfoy's charge?' Ginny asked.

'Yes,' Harry said, 'and his name is Lucius.'

Ginny scowled as Arthur asked, 'Is he staying at Hogwarts with you?'

Harry nodded. 'He doesn't have a wand and Albus has changed the wards so that he can't preform magic; it's locked onto his specific signature. So don't worry, he can't hurt me.'

'He's still a big guy,' Fred said.

'He could strangle you,' George added.

'Or ravish you,' Fred said whistfully.

'Ooh, that sounds nice,' George grinned.

Harry wanted to shout at them for taking about Lucius like that but Hermione put a hand on his knee. Harry took a few calming breaths before speaking.

'Lucius has been nothing but nice to me,' he said. 'He is a gentlemen, he respects me and my wishes, and does as I ask. Not once has he led me to believe, in either his actions or words, that he is a Dark Wizard.

'Yes, he still enjoys the Dark Arts, but I do too. Lucius is a changed man, though he still has a fair way to go. Trust me when I say he's fine.'

Ginny and Mrs Weasley immediately exploded, shouting that Harry was a fool. Fred and George were commenting that Lucius' looks more then made up for his behaviour, and Bill and Fleur were watching Harry curiously. Hermione kept her hand on Harry's thigh to stop him from doing something stupid and Arthur held the young Gyrffindor's eyes.

'Does Dumbledore trust him?'

'In a way, yes, he does,' Harry said.

'Do you trust him?' Arthur asked.

'Yes,' Harry said without hesitation.

Arthur searched Harry's eyes and came to the conclusion that Harry was telling the truth. Finally he nodded and said, 'Then I respect your decision, Harry.'

'WHAT?' Molly shrieked. 'You can't be serious, Arthur! That man will kill him.'

'He can't use magic, Harry's more powerful, Lucius doesn't have a wand, and Harry trusts him,' Arthur said. 'That's enough for me.'

Molly and Ginny wouldn't stop shouting and calling Lucius vial names. When the entire room began to shake, Hermione and Ron both grabbed Harry and hauled him into the sitting room.

'Calm down, mate,' Ron said. 'Look, I don't know how to feel about this yet, but I can see you're gonna explode because they're badmouthing Malfoy.' He thrust the floo pot into Harry's hand. 'I don't want you doing something you regret so go, be with your mate and calm down.'

Harry nodded and stepped into the fireplace, hands shaking in anger. He threw a handful of powder
down and shouted, 'Headmaster's Office, Hogwarts!'

Ron and Hermione watched their friend disappear in a swirl of flames.

Hermione looked at Ron. 'Look, I haven't accepted this yes,' Ron said. 'You know me, I always fly off the handle and do something stupid. I won't do that to Harry about this, I know he can't leave Malfoy.' He sighed and turned to face Hermione. 'So I'm taking the time to think about it, to get used to it, and hopefully one day soon I can accept it. I don't want to lose my best friend, Hermione, not again.'

The witch threw her arms around Ron's neck and hugged him tightly. 'Oh, Ron, that was... that was... Merlin, you've actually grown up.'

Ron chuckled. 'Bout time, right?'

Hermione grinned at him and pressed a kiss to his cheek. Blushing, Ron went with her back into the kitchen to make up an excuse for Harry's sudden departure.

{oOo}

Lucius felt Harry's anger as soon as the boy fell out of the fireplace. He, Severus, and Albus were all sitting playing poker with a wizard deck of cards that shot flames at anyone who cheated.

Lucius threw them down and went through the archway, passing Dumbledore's desk to reach the fireplace. Harry was covered in soot and shaking, glasses cracked from where he'd slammed into the floor. Lucius felt anger course through his chest from his Harry Band and dropped to his knees.

'Little one, what's wrong?'

Harry pressed their lips together, plundering Lucius' mouth as his arms wrapped around the Slytherin's neck. Lucius couldn't even bring himself to care about the soot as he kissed Harry back, the band around his heart lessening slightly.

When they drew apart, Harry looked close to tears.

'Harry, what is it?' Lucius asked.

'The Weasleys said stuff about you,' Harry said, 'bad things. I got so angry, Lucius, they had no right to talk about you like that.'

Lucius sighed. 'Harry, there's a lot of anger there, you can't expect them to just forget about what I've done.'

'They shouldn't talk about you like that,' Harry said as Severus and Albus appeared.

'Harry, calm down,' Lucius said in a soft, soothing voice. He stroked his fingers through Harry's hair. 'I know you felt the need to protect me and my honour, I thank you for that.'

Harry felt how much Lucius loved the fact that his mate had defended him and chuckled. 'Smug sod,' he muttered.

Lucius smiled. 'And?'
'Nothing,' Harry said and leaned up to kiss him again. They lost themselves in the gesture, in each other, Lucius using his tongue and hands and lips to soothe his mate and calm him down.

Slowly the anger poisoning Harry's heart died down, his veela satisfied that Lucius was safe, protected, and knew that Harry had defended him. Harry smiled and pulled back to nuzzle into Lucius' neck, offering his neck up.

Lucius pushed the emerald green collar aside but paused before sinking his teeth in. He leaned forward and sniffed before drawing back quickly. Harry gulped as he looked up.

'Who touched you?' Lucius demanded.

'The Weasleys,' Harry said softly.

'How?'

'Fred and George hugged me, Bill shook my hand, Mrs Weasley hugged me too, and...'

'And?' Lucius asked.

'Erm... G-Ginny... pushed her... ch-chest... into me.'

Lucius took a deep breath, trying to push his jealousy and anger down. He could smell them on his mate; dust, cooking, females, other males... it made his veela snarl.

'They're my family, Lucius, you know they're going to hug me.'

'Yes, but the youngest one... Ginevra,' Lucius scowled, 'she wants more then your friendship.'

'But I don't want her,' Harry said. 'I want you, you know that.'

Severus and Albus watched the scene unfold before them, both keeping their wand hands free until they were sure Lucius wasn't going to go dominant-veela on them.

Lucius was still scowling, the anger building and building until Harry knew his mate wanted to jump in the floo and go show Ginny just who Harry belonged to. Crawling up Lucius' body, Harry pulled him closer and mewed in his ear. He offered his neck, rubbed a hand over Lucius' chest, and nudged Lucius' jaw with his nose.

He could feel Lucius breaking, the dominating veela reacting to Harry's submission. He tried to hold onto his anger but Harry could feel it slowly disappearing to be replaced with warmth, pride, and lust.

Harry whimpered softly, arching his neck again, and nuzzling into Lucius' own. He breathed in deeply, filling his nostrils with Lucius' scent, and moaned under his breath.

Lucius sank his teeth into Harry's neck, sucking back on the his Mark and making Harry groan. Harry went limp, allowing Lucius to mark and touch him. The veela threaded his fingers through Harry's hair, over his face, down his neck and arms and back. Harry realised Lucius was checking to make sure he was okay. Though the man knew the Weasleys hadn't hurt him, the veela wanted to make sure.

Harry just stayed in his embrace, mewing softly every time Lucius bit him again. Slowly Lucius moved away from the Mark to press kisses to Harry's neck, up his jaw, before hovering over his lips. Harry opened his eyes just as Lucius kissed him.
Now satisfied that his mate was okay, Lucius needed to show him that everything was okay. It was like a wolf licking her cub, a mother checking her baby over, a lover making sure their partner didn't have a fever. Lucius had to show Harry that everything was okay, that they were okay, and that Lucius wasn't angry at Harry.

The kiss was soft and warm, filled with love and joy and happiness. Harry kissed back softly, letting Lucius lead, arms wrapping around his mate's neck. They kissed for a few minutes before breaking apart, Lucius' grey eyes sweeping over Harry's face.

With a smile, Harry leaned forward and pecked Lucius lightly on the lips.

'Are you sure you're the dominant one?' Severus asked suddenly.

Having forgotten the other two men were there, Harry and Lucius both jumped. Lucius' arms immediately tightened around Harry and pulled him close, covering the teenager with his body. He growled at Severus, who held up his hands.

'I mean you no harm, friend.'

Lucius sniffed the air, veela trying to figure out if the man was telling the truth. Harry was letting off a small amount of allure and Lucius didn't want anyone smelling it and trying to touch him.

After acknowledging that Severus and Albus meant no harm, Lucius said, 'What?'

Severus smirked and folded his arms, seeing Lucius come back to himself. 'I said, are you sure you're the dominant one?'

Lucius frowned. 'Of course I am.'

'Really?' Severus said. 'Because Potter just manipulated you rather well.'

Harry blushed and buried his face in Lucius' neck. 'Did not,' he mumbled.

'Yes you did,' Severus teased. 'You used all your veela charm to make Lucius stop thinking.'

Lucius scowled when he realised it was true and Harry said, 'Sorry.'

'Not a problem,' Lucius said. He didn't mind really, Harry could manipulate him all he wanted as long as he kissed Lucius. He didn't like that it had happened in front of Severus and Albus.

'Well,' Albus said after a minute of silence, 'how about you take Harry back to your quarters, Lucius? I'm sure you could use some time alone.'

Severus snorted as Lucius nodded and got to his feet. Suddenly he picked Harry up bridal style and the Gryffindor shrieked.

'LUICUS, PUT ME DOWN!'

Lucius just grinned and carried Harry out, the teenager shouting.

'Lucius, you stupid prat! Let me go!'

'Never,' Lucius replied.

'Bastard!' was the last thing Albus and Severus heard before Lucius cut his mate off with a kiss.
Harry and Lucius spent all their time together over the next few days, growing more comfortable with each other. Lucius no longer flipped out when Harry teased him, or when they argued over small things. He was always fearfull his veela would take control, especially since Harry hadn't let him rub against the teenager since the first time. Harry would tease him endlessly when Lucius had to disappear and have a cold shower.

Lucius learned that Harry had been staying at Sirius Black's house before rescuing him from Azkaban. Dumbledore was the one who had suggested Lucius might feel more comfortable at Hogwarts rather then Grimmauld Place. Also, he and Harry would have some privacy to get to know each other, and Lucius could visit Severus.

They ate breakfast, lunch, and dinner together, learning each other's favourite foods, their likes and dislikes. Lucius liked reading and often Harry curled up on his lap in the study, watching Lucius read through both Muggle and magical texts. Harry mostly enjoyed reading about Quidditch, magical creatures, and the Dark Arts. Luckily Lucius was an expert on the Dark Arts and he shared a lot of his personal books and notes with the teenager.

Three weeks after being released from Azkaban, the two were curled up together in one of the arm chairs when there was a knock on the portrait. Harry stood and when he came back he was accompanied by Severus Snape and Albus Dumbledore.

Lucius would always feel comfortable in Severus' presence but he was still nervous around Dumbledore. He'd only defected during the last few months of the war and was worried the older wizard would punish him, even though they'd spent a few hours alone in each other's company.

'Relax, Lucius,' Dumbledore smiled, taking a seat on the spare arm chair and regarding him. 'I have no intentions of hurting you.'

It didn't help and Lucius sat stiffly, as though ready to run at a moment's notice.

Severus tutted and sat on the couch. 'To what do we owe the pleasure?' Harry asked, sitting back on Lucius' lap. Severus smirked when Lucius' arms immediately wrapped around the Gryffindor's waist.

'I wanted to see how you and Lucius were doing,' Dumbledore said. 'We haven't seen you for a few days, Harry.'

Harry blushed. 'Just... getting to know each other,' he said.

Dumbledore nodded. 'As I've told you before, Harry, I am supporting this relationship one hundred percent. You and Lucius both deserve the companionship and love.' He smiled at Lucius' face, the Slytherin's mouth having fallen open. 'So you two are doing well?' the Headmaster asked.

'Yep, just learning about each other,' Harry said. 'Lucius is a fascinating man.'

'As is Harry,' Lucius said and Harry grinned at him.

'Circe, the fluff is going to kill me,' Severus mumbled.

Harry poked his tounge out at the Potions Master. 'Now, now, Harry,' Dumbledore chuckled, blue eyes twinkling.
'Sorry,' Harry said though he didn't look it.

Dumbledore smiled.

'Um... did you two want to stay for lunch?' Harry asked.

'Sounds lovely, my boy,' Dumbledore said and stood. 'All I've had today is a few Mars Bars.'

Harry tutted and stood. 'You and your Muggle sweets.' He dragged Lucius up, the Slytherin looking from his mate to the Headmaster with a frown.

'They're always like this,' Severus told his friend. 'Teasing each other like little children.'

Lucius raised an eyebrow and Harry blushed. 'Just having fun,' he mumbled. His mate smiled and pressed a kiss to his cheek. The teenager blushed even harder and Dumbledore smiled, Severus smirked.

They sat in the small dining room, a very familiar house elf appearing to ask what they wanted. Dobby squeaked and jumped behind Harry, cowering and staring at Lucius with wide eyes.

'Dobby, it's okay,' Harry said. 'Lucius is my mate.'

'Dobby knows this,' the elf said but still trembled. 'Dobby doesn't like Lucius Malfoy.'

'He's better now, he won't hurt you,' Harry said and glared at Lucius. 'Will you?'

'Of course I won't,' Lucius said, squirming under Harry's gaze.

'See?' Harry said. 'I'll make him promise not to hurt you, Dobby, okay?'

Dobby stared at Lucius, who raised his hands. 'I promise not to hurt Dobby, or any other house elves, for fear of my mate shouting at me.'

Severus and Dumbledore looked at Dobby, who peered at Lucius cautiously before nodding.

'I'm sorry, Dobby,' Lucius added.

The elf nodded again. 'Dobby accepts Master Lucius' apology. Dobby will protect Master Lucius like he protects Harry Potter.' The little creature's eyes narrowed. 'If Master Lucius hurts Dobby's Harry Potter, Dobby will hurt him.'

Lucius blinked before saying, 'Erm... okay.'

'Excellent,' Harry beamed. 'Dobby, could you and the other elves please make us some lunch?'

Dobby nodded his head, ears flapping about and eyes going wide. 'What can Dobby gets for Master Harry Potter?'

Harry looked at his guests, who all shrugged. 'Um... chicken soup, roast beef sandwiches, some wine, and banana cake for dessert,' Harry said. 'Is that okay?'

The others nodded and Dobby disappeared with a crack.

'Did you see his face?' Severus said, grinning at Lucius. The blonde scowled.

'What?' Harry said.
'The great Lucius Malfoy, fidgeting because a teenager glared at him,' Severus teased.

'Leave him alone,' Harry said.

'Harry can be very scary,' Dumbledore nodded.

Lucius groaned and burried his face in his arms. Severus and Dumbledore both chuckled as Harry leaned over and ran a hand through Lucius' hair.

'S'okay, love, ignore the mean teachers.'

Lucius purred under Harry's words and touch, making him blush when Severus snickered. Dumbledore was smiling, eyes on his plate, and Harry grinned.

'Shut up,' the Slytherin muttered.

The others laughed.

{oOo}

They shared a nice lunch, Harry making very dirty noises over his banana cake. He admitted it was his favourite, the icing melting in his mouth. Lucius had to disappear to the bathroom and Severus cackled. Harry showed Dumbledore the books Lucius had let him read and made him buy, leaving Severus alone in the sitting room.

'This book is great,' Harry said, holding up one of Lucius' tomes. 'Lucius had to explain a lot of it to me but once I understood it it was fascinating. And this one is all about the various things that are often made into Dark objects. Once someone cursed an umbrella to stab people whenever they opened it.'

Dumbledore smiled indulgently and let Harry go on about the books. It was good to see the young man smile; Harry hadn't had much to smile about during and after the war.

'How are you, Harry?' the Headmaster asked when Harry stopped talking.

'What do you mean?' Harry said, replacing Lucius' books in the book case.

'You and Lucius are getting along?'

Harry nodded. 'It was a bit weird at first,' he said honestly, 'but we just... fit, you know? Who we used to be doesn't matter, what we did and said to each other in the past doesn't matter. It's like the veela bond has wiped all that away.'

He paused to run his finger over the spines of Lucius' books, a soft smile on his face.

'Lucius sees me for me,' Harry said. 'He doesn't want to hear about the war, or how much I'm worth, or any of the Saviour crap The Daily Prophet keeps going on about. He asks about me; about my childhood, what I like and dislike, how I felt during the war. He just wants to know me...' He trailed off and blushed when he realised he'd been prattling on. 'Um...' 

'No need to be embarrassed, Harry,' Dumbledore said. 'Lucius makes you happy, I'm glad.'
'He's... amazing,' Harry said. 'Really amazing.'

'That's good,' Dumbledore said. 'Now, tell me more about that Muggle chocolate you gave me last time; Kit Kats?'

Harry chuckled. 'Kit Kats. I can get Remus to buy some next time he's in Muggle London.'

'Fabulous,' Dumbledore grinned and Harry shook his head.

{oOo}

Severus was alone in the sitting room when Lucius returned from the bathroom and the blonde looked around for Harry. Not seeing him in the immediate vicinity, Lucius' veela panicked.

'Where's Harry?' Lucius demanded.

'Calm down,' Severus said with an eye roll. 'He's in the study with Albus.'

'Oh,' Lucius said, trying to calm his racing heart.

'You're already smitten,' Severus said.

Lucius sat in the free arm chair and said, 'Can you blame me? Harry's...' He sighed.

'HARRY'S WHAT?' Severus questioned.

'Beautiful,' Lucius said. 'Intelligent, brave, amazing. He... he's everything I'm not.'

Severus raised an eyebrow, looking at Lucius over his goblet of wine. 'You are also an intelligent man.'

'Not like Harry,' Lucius said. 'He's the Saviour of the wizarding world, Severus. He's good, kind, funny, loving. I'm an ex-Death Eater, someone who couldn't even keep his family together. What can I offer him?'

'Love,' Severus said. 'Protection, understanding. You don't want him for his money or his fame, you've got enough of that.'

'But I'm not good enough for him.'

Severus rolled his eyes. 'Lucius, you were made to be his other half. You can't be more perfect for him. Besides, the brat seems happy.' Lucius scowled and Severus groaned. 'Great, you're going to be even harder to be around.'

'What do you mean?'

'Lucius, you're a prat,' Severus said very matter-of-factly. 'You're a snob, very hard to please, and you always want to get your own way. Yes, we're friends, but you're a bastard.' He smiled. 'And now I have to put up with you scowling and snarling at me every time I tease your little mate.'

Lucius huffed and folded his arms, leaning back. After a minute he said, 'I don't always have to get my own way.'
Severus laughed loudly and Lucius glared at him. Harry and Albus re-entered the sitting room to see Severus chuckling and Lucius scowling.

'What happened?' Harry asked.

'He's teasing me,' Lucius pouted.

Harry grinned. He'd never thought he'd get to see Lucius Malfoy pout, or act loving and worried and just so... adorable. He walked across the room and plopped himself onto Lucius' lap. He wrapped his arms around the blonde and gave him a soft kiss.

'Ignore the bat, he's just upset that you're so gorgeous.'

Lucius blushed and Severus tried to smother his giggles with a cough.

Dumbledore smiled. 'Lucius, there was something I wanted to ask you before I left.'

Lucius shifted Harry so he could look at the Headmaster, the teenager remaining where he was. 'Yes?'

'I was wondering if you would become the new Defence Against the Dark Arts professor,' Dumbledore said.

Lucius' mouth fell open and even Harry stared. Severus just sipped his wine, looking around the room. 'What?' Lucius finally asked.

'I can't find anyone to take the job,' Dumbledore said. 'I've told everyone that it's no longer cursed, the curse died with Voldemort. I asked Remus Lupin but he wants to work in the Ministry and help bring about werewolf rights. I asked Sirius Black too and he laughed in my face.' Harry smiled at that. 'He wants to just relax and not be stared at by students. So, Lucius, now I ask you.'

Lucius stared at him. 'You can't be serious.'

Dumbledore raised a grey eyebrow. 'Why would I joke about that?'

'I'm a Death Eater,' Lucius said.

'Ex-Death Eater,' both Harry and Severus corrected.

'Nobody will trust me around their children,' Lucius continued. 'You'll have more holwers then when the parents discovered Lupin was a werewolf. Nobody will trust me to teach the Dark Arts.'

'It's not like you'll be teaching them anything too dark,' Severus said. 'Honestly, Lucius, this is a good opportunity for you.'

'How?' his friend demanded.

'Who else is going to hire you?' Severus said. 'I trust you, so do Harry and Albus, but not many people will. Like you said, people will be sceptical that you've changed, that you defected even though you didn't fight in the Hogwarts Battle. You won't find many job opportunities out there. I know you have money but you'll go crazy sitting around here all day.'

Lucius looked down, thinking about Severus' words. He hated it when the other Slytherin was right. 'Can I think about it?' he finally said.

'Of course,' Dumbledore nodded. 'I need to know in a week, school starts soon.'
Lucius nodded and Dumbledore and Severus stood. 'You know where to find me,' Severus said before saying goodbye to Harry and leaving.

'I think you should take the job,' Harry said.

'Really?' Lucius said.

Harry nodded. 'Severus is right; I doubt you just want to sit around all day.'

'I enjoy having something to do,' Lucius admitted.

'And I'd get to see you every day if you were my teacher,' Harry grinned.

Lucius chuckled. 'You just want to kiss a professor.'

'You've caught me,' Harry said and pressed his lips to Lucius'.

Lucius hummed and smiled when they broke apart. 'Can I think about it?'

'Of course,' Harry said. 'I think you'll be a good teacher.'

'You're acting like I've already accepted the job.'

Harry smirked. 'I know everything.'

Lucius chuckled and tickled Harry. The teenager squealed and jumped to his feet.

'BASTARD!' he shouted when Lucius cornered him in the study. He roared with laughter when Lucius had to take another cold shower. But really it was Harry's fault; the Gryffindor shouldn't moan so much when getting tickled.

{oOo}

They had another visitor that day, Lucius looking up from his book to see Hermione Granger hugging his mate. He glared at her and the young witch hid behind Harry.

'Lucius, calm down,' Harry said, leading Hermione into the sitting room. He sat beside the blonde, who sniffed the air. He could smell Hermione on Harry, covering up Harry's delicious scent. He pulled the teenager towards him and kissed him quickly, not taking his eyes off Hermione.

'So...' Hermione said, trying not to think about how weird it was seeing Lucius Malfoy kiss her best friend. 'Erm, how are you?'

'Fine,' Harry smiled. 'Getting to know my mate, teasing him.'

Lucius rolled his eyes and went back to his book.

'And how are you, Mr Malfoy?' Hermione asked.

Lucius blinked and looked up at her. Hermione was a pretty witch, her hair finally having been tamed, and she had bright, intelligent eyes. He knew how smart she was, having spent years listening to Draco prattle on and on about how much of a know-it-all she was.
'I'm quite alright.' Harry nudged him and Lucius said, 'What?'

'Be nice,' Harry said.

Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'What? I haven't tried to attack her or called her anything derogitory.' Harry scowled. 'Not that I would,' Lucius said quickly.

'Dann right you won't,' Harry said. 'I know you were raised to think Muggle-borns were weak, but I won't have you making fun of my best friend. Hermione's accepted us, she's saved my life countless times, and she'll be in my life forever, got it?'

Lucius nodded quickly. 'Of course.'

'Good,' Harry said and leaned back, folding his arms.

Both Harry and Lucius jumped when Hermione giggled. They looked at the teenage witch, who covered her mouth and said, 'I'm sorry.'

'What's so funny?' Harry questioned.

Hermione grinned. 'You two are so cute together.' Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'Mr Malfoy, Harry's right; I support this, even though you've been less then pleasent to me over the years. It was in the past and we all make mistakes. I'm willing to work past it if you are.'

Lucius stared at her. Was she serious? She was really willing to overlook the fact that he'd called her a Mudblood, had thought she was below him, had thought she was nothing but scum? Was the Gryffindor really that forgiving?

'She is,' Harry said, having followed Lucius' train of thought. 'Hermione's the best.'

Lucius cleared his throat before looking at Hermione. 'You mean a lot to Harry, who is my world now,' he said slowly. 'I admit that I've made some mistakes in the past, that I judged you based on your blood and not who you were. It will take me time to push old prejudices aside and accept you for who you are. But... I'm willing to get to know you and be civil, for Harry.'

Hermione smiled. 'I am too, Mr Malfoy.'

'Please, call me Lucius,' the blonde said.

'Call me Hermione,' the witch said and looked at her friend. 'So, you left a right mess when you disappeared the other day.'

Harry groaned. 'What happened?'

'Mrs Weasley and Ginny kept going on and on about Mr- erm, Lucius,' Hermione said. 'I tried to calm them down and so did Bill and Fleur.'

'Bill and Fleur?' Harry asked.

Hermione's cheeks turned pink and she said, 'Don't get mad.'

'Hermione...'

'They know.'

'Hermione!'
'I didn't tell them,' Hermione insisted. 'Fleur knows you're bonded to a veela, she saw the Mark.' Harry reached up to touch the dark bruise as Hermione continued. 'She knows that the only family in Britain to have veela blood is the Malfoys. You got upset when Ginny and Molly badmouthed Lucius. Fleur figured it out and told Bill.'

Harry groaned and fell back. Lucius reached out to thread his fingers through the teenager's hair, knowing it would calm him down. Harry smiled weakly at his mate.

'They said they won't tell anyone, that it's your decision,' Hermione said. 'I'm sorry, Harry.'

'S'fine, not your fault,' Harry said. 'I'm just not looking forward to the blow-ups when I tell them all. I'm not letting them say bad things about Lucius.'

Hermione smiled and Lucius grinned.

'I'm not ashamed,' Harry said quickly to Lucius, 'I'll never be ashamed of you, Lucius. I just know they'll shout.'

'I know,' Lucius said quickly, reaching up to cup Harry's cheek. He stroked the teenager's smooth skin with his thumb. 'But your family will most likely act like Ronald, yes?'

Harry sighed again and Hermione's eyes dropped. 'He's being a prat,' she said. Harry and Lucius looked at her. 'I'm staying at the Burrow while my parents recover in St Mungo's,' she explained, 'and Ron's in a right strop. He keeps muttering about Slytherins and blondes under his breath. Don't worry, he hasn't told the other Weasleys anything, but he's not very pleased, especially after you nearly blew up the kitchen.'

'Why can't he just accept this?' Harry asked, slouching on the sofa. 'Lucius is my choice, I want to be with him. Ron's supposed to be my mate.'

'He'll come around,' Hermione said, trying to calm her friend. 'He's just a bit of a hot-head, you know that, and he told me he's trying to accept it.'

Harry lit up at that.

'He'll pull his head out and realise you're happy.' Hermione paused and bit her lip. 'You are, right?'

'Of course I am,' Harry said and blushed. 'Lucius makes me happy.'

Lucius beamed and wrapped an arm around the teen. Harry's cheeks darkened when Lucius kissed him.

'Gods, you two are way too cute,' Hermione beamed.

'Hermione found it odd as she sat there, talking to Harry and Lucius about various things. Lucius was polite and asked about her studies, what she wanted to do when she left school. He also asked about her life; her parents, what being a Muggle was like, how her family felt about her being a witch. It was very strange, this nice Lucius Malfoy.

Hermione had fun though. Lucius was charming, witty, intelligent, and gave her tips on house elf rights that she hadn't even thought of. It was clear that the Lucius Malfoy the general public knew wasn't the real man. Though Lucius was still proud, commanding, and cunning, he was also sweet, charming, and nice. He relaxed around Harry, he let his guard down, and it made Hermione grin.
Lucius couldn't stop touching his mate. Every time Harry shifted on the sofa, Lucius would move too. His arm would either wind around Harry's waist or brush his thigh. He took to staring at Harry when the Gryffindor spoke and smiled whenever Harry looked at him. He seemed to be in love with Harry's hair and was constantly touching it, brushing the messy locks from his eyes.

Harry was rubbing off on Lucius, making him relax and act more... human. Lucius too had affected Harry. The teen was more open, smiling and laughing. After the war he'd been a mess; blaming himself for the deaths of Charlie and Percy Weasley, Nymphadora Tonks and so many other students, Order members, and a couple of teachers. He'd been distant, quiet, had barely smiled even around Draco, whom he'd grown really close to.

The boy sitting on the sofa across from Hermione was completely different. He grinned and laughed, joked and teased, and he beamed at Lucius like the Slytherin was the sun, the most precious thing in the world. Hermione supposed that to Harry he was. Lucius was Harry's world now, the most important thing to him (and Draco too, of course). Hermione was just glad that Lucius made Harry happy. Finally, finally, her best friend would have the family he deserved.

Soon Hermione had to go, Ron had already chucked a hissy fit when she'd told him she was visiting Harry. Lucius nodded at her and told her to visit any time. Harry had to walk Hermione to Dumbledore's office, the witch having used his floo to get to Hogwarts. Dumbledore said he'd change the wards so she could floo right into Harry's and Lucius' quarters.

When Harry got back Lucius wrapped his arms around the teenager's waist and Harry kissed him.

'What was that for?' Lucius asked a little breathlessly when they broke apart.

'For being nice to Hermione,' Harry said.

'She's a charming young woman,' Lucius said honestly.

'I know it must be hard for you,' Harry said, 'being nice to her.'

Lucius sighed. 'Harry, my beliefs come from my father. He beat it into my head that mud- erm, Muggle-borns, were bad,' he said. 'I grew up thinking that pure-bloods were better. Obviously I was wrong.'

'It's not too late to change,' Harry said. 'You heard Hermione; she's willing to work past it.'

'You have very forgiving and loyal friends,' Lucius said.

Harry shrugged. 'I love my mates, Ron included.' Lucius scowled. 'What?'

'They're not your mates.'

'Oh,' Harry said. 'Erm, sorry, does me calling Ron a mate annoy you?' When Lucius nodded, Harry hugged him. 'Sorry.'

'I don't want people getting the wrong idea,' Lucius said. 'You're my mate, Harry, no one elses.'

Harry smiled. 'Geez you're possessive.'

'I'm a veela and a Malfoy, what do you expect?' Lucius asked.

Harry kissed him again and walked to the study. Lucius pouted until the teen was back in his lap, snuggled into Lucius' warmth. He opened his book and settled down to read. Lucius beamed and
shifted to get comfortable.

{oOo}

They were in the middle of a make-out session when there was a knock on the portrait. Lucius groaned when Harry pulled back. 'It's probably Severus, he'll go away if we don't answer,' the Slytherin said.

He tried to drag Harry back down but his mate managed to get to his feet. Harry rubbed at his lips and said, 'The sooner I see who it is, the sooner we can go back to kissing.'

Lucius groaned. He was lying on his back on the sofa, hair tangled around his face and shirt untucked. He had a bulge in his trousers that Harry had been wiggling against and Lucius cursed whoever had interrupted them.

He jumped when Harry said, 'Draco?'

'Can I come in?' Draco Malfoy asked and Harry nodded. He and Harry stepped into the sitting room, Lucius sitting up quickly. Draco looked from Harry to his father, noting their red and swollen lips. He couldn't help but smirk.

It was quickly wiped off his face, though, when Lucius failed to say anything.

'Erm... ' Harry said. 'Drink?'

'I'm fine,' Draco said.

There was more awkward silence, Lucius staring at his son, Draco at the floor, and Harry at everything.

'So...' Harry said. 'Social visit or...?'

'Social,' Draco mumbled and glanced at his father.

Harry stared at Lucius until he had the Slytherin's attention. He raised his eyebrows and nodded at Draco, as if to say, "Well?"

Lucius raised an eyebrow. "Well what?"

"Talk to your son."

"What am I supposed to say?"

"How about, 'I love you'?"

Lucius scoffed and Harry scowled. 'What are you doing? Draco asked.

'Um, just talking,' Harry said and scratched a hand through his hair.

'Without saying anything?' the Malfoy heir said with a raised eyebrow.

'Um... I guess,' Harry said and blushed. 'Didn't know we could do that.'
'It's part of the bond,' Lucius said softly. 'When we bond completely we'll be able to have whole conversations without uttering a word.'

Harry grinned. 'So awesome.' Lucius smiled indulgently before looking at his son.

'Draco...'

'I'm sorry,' Draco butted in. Lucius stared at him. 'I wasn't sure if you'd want me to visit,' Draco continued. 'I mean, you have Harry now and... and you'll end up getting married and having kids...'

'Woah, we just got together, lets leave marriage until after I finish school,' Harry said.

'Draco, what would make you think I wouldn't want you?' Lucius said, ignoring his mate.

'You had me with someone who wasn't your mate,' Draco said softly. 'I just thought maybe-'

'What a stupid, stupid thing to think,' Lucius chided and stood. 'Draco, you're my son, my first born, my heir. I love you no matter who your mother is. I'll always love you.'

Draco looked like a lost, scared little boy, and Harry couldn't help thinking he was adorable. 'Really?' Draco asked.

'Of course.'

'So you're not going to choose Harry over me?' Draco asked.

Lucius crossed the room and pulled his son in for a hug. It looked natural to Harry and he remembered Draco saying that his dad was always affectionate; Lucius was only ever cold in public. He was loving with the people he trusted.

Harry was reminded of that every day.

Lucius pulled Draco close and ran a hand through his hair. 'Silly kit,' he tutted. 'You know I love you.'

Draco burried his face in his dad's chest. Though tall, Draco was still a few inches shorter then his dad and Lucius rested his chin on the younger Malfoy's head.

'How do you feel about this, Draco?' Lucius asked. His son leaned back to look up at him. 'How do you feel about Harry being my mate?'

Draco sighed and Harry headed towards the bedroom but Lucius stopped him.

'No, Harry, you're my mate; Draco's opinion will affect you too.'

'Are you sure you want me to stay?' When Lucius nodded, Harry said, 'Alright.'

Lucius looked back at Draco, who bit his lip. 'I was shocked,' the Slytherin admitted, 'when Harry explained his symptoms to me; I knew for sure he was a veela's mate. I told Granger and she researched it and agreed with me. Then she researched some more and realised what I already knew; the Malfoys are the only family in Britain with veela blood.

'At first Granger thought Harry might be my mate,' Draco said, 'but he still felt ill around me. She's a smart witch and figured out that he must have touched his mate at the Battle of Hogwarts.' He bit his lip again. 'There were only three veelas, or part veelas, at the battle.'
'Draco,' Harry said, 'Fleur, and you.'

'Obviously it wasn't the witch,' Draco said, 'because Harry spent a few days with her during the war and never felt anything for her. And it wasn't me because I wasn't feeling ill and Harry still felt awful around me. So that just left you.'

'That doesn't tell me how you feel about it,' Lucius said.

Draco sighed. 'Yes, it's weird that your mate is someone who's two months younger then me. And yeah, Harry and I haven't always been friends but... we made up before this, before we found out that Harry was your mate.' He looked up at his father carefully. 'You've waited so long for your mate, Father, I don't want to stand in your way. Harry is perfect for you, was made for you, and I just want you to be happy. Are you?'

'Very much,' Lucius said truthfully.

'And you?' Draco asked Harry.

The other teenager nodded. 'I care about your father, Draco, and he makes me happy. I want a family with him.'

Draco smiled. 'And me?'

'Of course,' Harry and Lucius said in unison.

Draco chuckled. 'Well then, who am I to stand in your way? If you're happy then I accept it.' Draco smirked at his dad. 'Besides, Harry's more likely to let me get away with things.'

'Don't count on it,' Harry said.

Draco grinned. 'I'll get you with my Malfoy charm.'

Harry chuckled as Lucius drew his son back in. 'Thank you, Draco,' he murmured. 'Your blessing means the world to me.'

'I'm just glad you finally found him,' Draco said.

Harry couldn't help but coo at the scene. It really was adorable; Lucius and Draco cuddling, Lucius being all sexy and hot and Draco adorable and cute. Lucius and Draco looked at Harry, who was grinning from ear-to-ear.

'Did you just... coo?' Lucius asked.

Harry turned bright red, realising he'd been staring at the two for a good five minutes. 'N-No,' he lied.

Draco grinned. 'Did too.'

'Did not,' Harry mumbled.

'Are we cute?' Lucius asked with a smile.

Harry blushed and Lucius and Draco laughed. 'Shut up!' Harry shouted and stormed into the study. He slammed the door, Lucius and Draco still giggling. 'Bloody Malfoys,' the Gryffindor fumed.
Lucius and Draco managed to talk Harry out of the study and they had lunch together. Rather than sit at the table, they made themselves comfortable in the sitting room.

Lucius and Draco caught each other up; Lucius talking about meeting Hermione, how he felt about Harry, and Dumbledore's offer.

Draco had been staying at Blaise Zabini's, pretty much hiding from the reporters who wanted to interview him about his dad. He was in touch with Narcissa, exchanging letters weekly. She was somewhere in France, lying low and just living life.

'I'm glad she's happy,' Lucius said. 'She deserves it.'

'You look pretty happy too,' Draco grinned.

Harry and Lucius were snuggled together, Lucius sipping from a wine goblet and Harry munching on cookies. The teenager was curled into Lucius, the Slytherin's right arm wrapped around him.

Harry blushed and Lucius said, 'We weren't this comfortable at first but we're getting better. I'm happy.'

'Me too,' Harry grinned.

'Just don't make out in front of me,' Draco said.

Harry chuckled and Lucius said, 'We'll do what we want, where we want.'

'Yuck,' Draco poked his tongue out. 'Please, don't scar me for life.'

Harry leaned up and pecked Lucius on the lips. 'Stop teasing him.'

Lucius rolled his eyes but pulled Harry closer. Draco grinned at the sight. He'd never seen his father this happy, not even with Narcissa. He was happy, safe, and looked at Harry like he was the world. Harry was constantly grinning back and making sure they had physical contact.

Like Hermione, Draco thought it was about time. Lucius had waited years, decades, for his mate, and Harry had been through so much in his short life. They both deserved peace and love and a family. Draco was glad to be a part of that. He'd been worried that Lucius would dump him for Harry and they'd have their own kids, forgetting about him.

But Lucius' words, and Harry's too, had calmed the Malfoy heir down. His dad wouldn't leave him, Harry either. They were a family, a proper one, and it made Draco grin.

'Can I stay here the week before school starts?' Draco asked suddenly. Harry and Lucius were kissing and broke apart to look at him. 'I know you probably want time alone but... I just want to spend some time with you both before school starts.'

He looked like a little kid again and Harry jumped to his feet. 'Of course, Draco!' he said and pulled the Slytherin in for a hug. 'We'll team up on your dad and tease him.'

'Excuse me?' Lucius said.

Harry grinned at him, one arm thrown around Draco. He noticed that Lucius didn't seem to mind
when he touched Draco. 'You've been getting your own way too long, Mr Malfoy. It's time you were taken down a peg or two.'

Lucius scowled. 'So you two are going to gang up on me?'

Harry and Draco both nodded.

'Kill me now,' Lucius groaned.

Harry giggled.

{oOo}

After promising that he was eating healthy, not being picked on, happy, and in excellent health, Draco left. Harry had fussled over him like a mother, making sure Draco had money and food and was wrapped up before leaving. Lucius just smirked and watched his son roll his eyes and insist he was fine. But Draco was smiling the entire time, enjoying the attention.

Harry sat back on the sofa and wrapped himself around Lucius. 'Draco doesn't need you to mother him.'

Harry blushed. 'I'm not mothering him.'

'Yes you are,' Lucius teased.

'Shit up,' Harry muttered and buried his face in Lucius' chest.

Lucius smiled and wrapped his arms around the teenager, pulling him in closer.

'Mm,' Harry murmured, closing his eyes and sliding his arms around Lucius' waist. 'Favourite spot ever,' he muttered.

Lucius chuckled and brushed a hand through the Gryffindor's hair. 'It's becoming my favourite too,' he said.

'Good,' Harry yawned.

'Tired?' Lucius asked and his mate nodded. It had been a long day, what with Severus and Albus visiting, then Hermione, and later Draco.

Suddenly Harry found himself being lifted and gasped, throwing his arms around Lucius' neck as he was carried to the bedroom.

'Lucius!' he squealed.

'Yes?' Lucius asked.

'Put me down!' Harry demanded.

'No, I don't think I will.'

'Lucius!' Harry shouted. 'Damn it, stop carrying me around!'
He shouted again when he was thrown onto the bed and glared at Lucius when he'd stopped bouncing.

'What? I thought you wanted to be put down,' Lucius teased.

Harry's scowl was wiped away and Lucius climbed atop him, pressing their bodies together. Harry groaned and threaded his fingers through Lucius' hair, tugging him down so they could kiss.

'I do believe Draco interrupted us earlier,' Lucius breathed, pressing soft kisses to Harry's jaw.

Harry groaned and pulled him closer, arms wrapped around Lucius' neck. He'd never tire of Lucius' lips, his breath, the way his body pressed against Harry's own. Lucius was the best kisser Harry had ever met and he never, ever wanted to stop. Kissing Lucius was so very addictive; it was delicious and made his heart swell, his head feel fuzzy, and his crotch feel heated.

Eventually Lucius had to pull back and shift away, breathing heavily to calm his aching groin. Harry stared at the canopy above their bed, trying to collect himself.

'Why'd you stop?' Harry asked, thinking back to the very nice time he and Lucius had had before Harry went to the Weasleys.

'If I didn't I'd go too far,' Lucius said. 'I can't control myself all the time, Harry.'

'Sorry,' Harry said.

'It's not your fault my body won't listen to me,' Lucius said.

'My body won't listen either,' Harry said.

'You're a teenager,' Lucius pointed out, 'you have an excuse.'

Harry grinned and nudged Lucius with his foot. 'So what's your excuse, Mr Malfoy?'

'Shit up.'

Harry giggled.
After much berating from Harry and Draco, Lucius accepted the DADA position. Harry was overjoyed to have his mate teach his favourite subject. Draco wondered if maybe this year he could beat Harry Potter at Defence Against the Dark Arts.

The way Lucius looked at Harry told him that was still just a dream.

It was a bit hard for Lucius and Harry to get used to having Draco around. The Malfoy heir had turned up two Sundays before Hogwarts started to find his father and Harry locked in a passionatre embrace on the sofa. Thankfully they had their clothes on but Draco could still feel their passion.

It was the first of many, many times that Draco would be scared by his father and... whatever Harry was. Draco had been put into the guest room two doors down from Harry's and Lucius' room. Thankfully that meant he couldn't hear all the noises they made when they went for a three-hour long make out session before bed.

Draco learned to knock on the study door before going in. It really had looked like Lucius was going to strip his mate and have his way right there on the desk.

He learned to listen carefully before entering the sitting room. If he heard talking, Harry and Lucius were sitting close. If he heard moans, they were touching each other inappropriately. If he heard nothing they were either passed out together cuddling or not in the room.

The worst part was eating. Draco used to love food. He loved toast and scrambled eggs for breakfast (not at Malfoy Manor, Lucius refused to have them anywhere near him), salad sandwiches for lunch (Draco loved pickles too), and roast chicken or beef for dinner with cooked vegetables, gravy... yes, Draco loved food.

He didn't love it anymore. His father and Harry were... cute/disgusting. Breakfast was usually toast, waffles, yogurt, or muesli. Trying to eat while your dad was staring at his mate, who managed to drip honey and milk down his chin, was impossible. Especially when said parent leaned forward to lick it off.

Lunch was easier, Harry usually ate sandwiches or crisps. That didn't stop Lucius from staring at the Gryffindor when he licked his fingers clean.

Draco could handle dinner. They ate in the sitting room just talking or reading, Harry snuggled into Lucius' side, Draco either on the floor grinning at them or in the armchair rolling his eyes. At dinner Lucius and Harry both managed to control themselves and only touch seven or eight times every five minutes.

It wasn't that Draco hated how affectionate they were, he actually liked that they'd grown so comfortable with each other in only a few weeks. He could also feel how much they cared about each other, and about him.

While they weren't bonded completely, Draco's veela hadn't yet recognised Harry completely as his other parent. His veela knew who Harry was, trusted him, and wanted his attention, but the bond wasn't complete.

Draco could only just feel his father's and Harry's emotions, like very thin rubber bands wrapped around his heart. It was only when they were very emotional that he felt anything properly.
Unfortunately that was usually when they were rubbing against each other.

Harry's mothering didn't start out slowly. He would wake Draco up, usually taking the blonde's blanket when he refused to get out from under it, before making him sit at the table. What followed was five minutes of Harry asking what Draco wanted for breakfast, was he sure that was what he wanted, no, chocolate wasn't breakfast, Draco could not have ice-cream for breakfast, Draco had to eat what Harry put on his plate.

Harry seemed to think that Draco was three people. While he ate as much as any eighteen-year-old boy, Harry seemed to want him to weigh another forty stone. If they had pancakes, Harry would slip eight or nine onto Draco's plate. Toast was usually seven pieces, muesli two bowls, and scrambled eggs (when Lucius slept in) was a massive plate with diced bacon, tomatoes, mushrooms, and peppers. He tried to dissuade Draco from drinking coffee because it was bad for you (even though Harry drank three cups a morning) and pushed juice, milk, or pumpkin juice on him.

During breakfast, Harry would ask about Draco's day; where was he going, what was he doing, who with, had he done his homework, did he have a jacket, was he getting enough sleep, did he fancy anyone...

On and on it went, Harry was like a new, over-protective mother. Somehow it wasn't annoying; Draco loved it. He loved that Harry cared about where he went, what he did, and wanted him to be happy and healthy. Lucius would just watch with a grin on his face, like he was having the time of his life.

And he was, really. His mate and kit were getting along, were happy and healthy... Lucius was the luckiest man in the world.

Until Draco complained about their kissing.

And Harry shouted that Draco should be grounded for stealing his favourite shirt.

And then Harry and Draco would demand that Lucius fix everything and whoever he picked, the other would be angry/teary/pouty/annoyed.

Then Lucius just hid.

{oOo}

'Harry, we should go play some Quidditch.'

'Yes!'

'No,' Lucius said.

'Why not?' Harry demanded.

'Too dangerous.'

Harry scoffed. 'It is not.' When Lucius raised an eyebrow, Harry said, 'Okay, yeah, it's dangerous. But so's magic, and walking down the street, and everything really. I could fall over and break my
Lucius drooped his fork and glared at Harry. 'Don't you ever say that again or I'll follow you to the
bathroom every day.'

Harry grinned. 'Really?'

Draco groaned and said, 'Please, stop.'

With a smile, Harry turned back to Draco. 'We'll go down at ten, yeah? We can pack a lunch and
fly around; play seeker-on-seeker, chaser-on-chaser.'

'Dad can be keeper,' Draco said.

'Absolutely not,' Lucius shook his head. He went back to reading The Quibbler Cola had delivered
ten minutes earlier and stirring his coffee. Like Harry, and now Draco, Lucius refused to read The
Daily Prophet. They had written too many lies about his mate and he couldn't look at the paper
without wanting to rip it apart.

'Ah, come on, Dad,' Draco whined. 'You were keeper in school.'

Harry looked at his mate. 'You were?'

Lucius nodded. 'In my second year the Slytherin keeper was hit by a bludger; broke his spine.'
Harry looked horrified. 'They fixed him, of course, but he couldn't play Quidditch for three years.
He was already in his fifth year so they had to find a replacement keeper. Professor Slughorn
suggested me to the captain, I tried out, I was on the team until I finished school.'

'Were you any good?' Harry asked.

With a raised eyebrow, Lucius regarded his mate over his magazine. 'Of course,' he said with that
superior Malfoy voice.

Harry chuckled. 'Well there you go, you can be our keeper.'

'No.'

'Why not?' Harry whined.

'I don't play Quidditch any more, I watch,' Lucius said. 'I'm too old to go flying around on a
broomstick.'

'Are not, you're very fit,' Harry said, eyes sweeping over the Slytherin. Draco groaned but Harry
ignored him. 'Please, Lucius?' He batted his eyelashes, pushed his bottom lip out, and poked at his
toast. 'I love Quidditch, so does Kit... why wouldn't you want to join us?'

Lucius lasted all of ten seconds. He dropped The Quibbler, leaned over the table, and pulled Harry
in by the hair. The teenager gasped as his mouth was plundered, elbow landing on his plate as
Lucius sucked on his tongue. All Harry could do was hold on for dear life and remember how to
breathe.

When they broke apart, Draco was shaking his head and Lucius growled, 'Damn you.'

'So you'll do it?' Harry said, emerald eyes bright.

'Yes,' Lucius scowled and fell back to sit. 'But I won't be happy about it.'
'Doesn't matter, as long as you're there,' Harry grinned and grabbed a fresh piece of toast. 'Thank you, love.'

Lucius huffed and Draco chuckled.

{oOo}

Harry carried his Firebolt, Draco his Numbus 2001 and a spare for Lucius, and Lucius the basket with their lunch. Draco demanded to know where Harry got the Firebolt from, only having seen it during their Quidditch matches.

'My godfather bought it for me,' Harry explained. 'He said it was his fault my Nimbus got destroyed; he was watching me play, I thought he was the Grim, and I didn't see the Dementors in time so... yeah.'

He then had to explain why he'd thought Sirius was the Grim, why Sirius was watching him play, and just how the hell an escaped convict had bought a thousand-galleon broomstick.

By the time Harry was done they'd reached the Quidditch Stadium. Madam Hooch was there, pointing her wand at various seats and banners to fix them in time for the school year.

'Misters Malfoy, Potter,' she nodded. Like the rest of the staff, Madam Hooch had been told about Harry's and Lucius' bond. The only way they'd accept Lucius onto the teaching staff was to know without a doubt that he was a changed man.

'Madam Hooch,' Lucius greeted the woman. 'Is it okay if these two play some one-on-one Quidditch?'

'Not at all,' Hooch said. 'As long as they don't destroy anything...' She didn't say she'd do anything bad but the threat was there. Both Harry and Draco promised not to wreck anything.

Harry and Draco were going to play seeker-on-seeker first so Lucius spread out the blanket he'd brought and sat back with a book. Harry mounted his Firebolt as Draco released the snitch Madam Hooch had given them. They watched it zip out across the pitch before Draco clambered onto his Nimbus 2001.

'Best seeker wins,' Draco said.

'Prepare to lose then,' Harry said and, not waiting for Draco, took off.

It was glorious being back in the air and Harry grinned as he flew around the pitch, doing two laps as Draco flew up and down, practicing his dives and re-familiarising himself with his broom. It took Harry a minute to get comfortable again, as a natural flier he would always feel at home on a broom. Draco needed more practice but had enough talent to prove a real challenge for Harry.

They dove and raced, bashing into each other as they searched for the snitch. Lucius watched from the ground, book forgotten as his eyes followed Harry and Draco. He'd always been proud that his son could perform well on a broom. Not as naturally talented as Harry or his father, Draco had always worked hard to keep himself on the Slytherin team, even though Lucius had bought his way in.
Lucius watched with great pride as his son looped around Harry, leaving the Gryffindor cursing as his glasses nearly slipped off his nose. Lucius didn't feel the same way watching Harry as he did Draco. Harry was all natural; he was light, speedy, gripping his Firebolt as lightly as he could and using the broom like it was another part of his body. He looked better on a broom then off one, was so gracefull that Lucius felt heat pool in his lower body. He tried, and failed, to push it away as he watched Harry zip between the hoops.

It was on when Draco spotted the snitch hovering over the Hufflepuff part of the stands. Harry was at the other end of the pitch and Draco tore towards the little golden ball, eyes fixed on it while his brain registered Harry speeding towards him. With Harry's faster broom, he caught up with Draco just as the Malfoy heir reached for the snitch. A hand tugged on the end of his broom and Draco lost balance, almost slamming into the stands but cartwheeling away at the last second.

The snitch had disappeared and Draco shouted at Harry. Harry just grinned and went back on the hunt.

Lucius sipped the watermelon juice he'd brought as Harry and Draco continued to push and shove each other, one always stopping the other from catching the golden ball at the last second. Finally, after fifteen minutes in the air, Harry had it.

The snitch had zipped and buzzed around the golden posts closest to Lucius and the Malfoy patriarch watched Harry and Draco fly head first at them. His heart skipped a beat the closer they got, sure they were going to crash right into the hoops.

Draco pulled up, flying over the top, but Harry kept going. Lucius jumped to his feet just as Harry got his right hand around the ball, his left pulling the broom to the right. He pulled out of the dive just in time, tumbling through the air and towards the ground. His knees readjusting the broom, Harry grinned and pumped his fist into the air. Draco swore at him as they flew back to Lucius.

'I nearly had a heart attack,' Lucius growled as his mate and son landed.

'Why?' Harry asked innocently.

'You waited far too long to pull out of that dive,' Lucius said. 'What if you'd crashed?'

'Harry would never crash,' Draco scoffed. 'He does that all the time, Dad.' Lucius looked at his mate.

'It's true,' Harry shrugged. 'I can dive closer to the ground or stands then anyone else at Hogwarts. I don't see why everyone makes a big deal of it, it's easy. As long as you've got a metre before you hit whatever you're flying at you can use your body to pull out of the dive.'

Lucius shook his head and tugged Harry close, kissing the boy on the lips. 'Please don't make it a habit.'

'Too late,' Harry grinned.

With a sigh, Lucius kissed Harry again before pulling away. 'Draco, well done.'

'I lost,' Draco said.

'Winning isn't everything,' Lucius said. Draco stared at his dad like he'd grown an extra head. 'You played well and were cunning,' Lucius continued. 'Harry is a very good player, Draco, and he has a superior broom. You almost caught the snitch four times from him; I'd say that's well done.'
Draco beamed and Harry could feel the pride and happiness coming off the Slytherin. He brushed a hand through Draco's hair, messing it up, and laughed when the blonde scowled at him.

'Seeker-on-seeker again?' Harry asked. When Draco looked like he was going to say no, Harry added, 'You can use my Firebolt.'

Draco's eyes lit up and he grabbed the broom. Harry released the snitch and they watched it buzz sluggishly around their heads before it got its act together and darted off. Draco immediately took off, zooming around and laughing loudly at the fast broom he was riding.

Smiling at Lucius, Harry climbed onto Draco's Nimbus and took off after his kit.

The Nimbus 2001 was much slower then Harry's Firebolt but it was still a decent broom. Draco took care of it; the tail was clipped, the handle polished, and it handled like a new broom. Harry did a few laps to get used to it before he saw Draco screaming towards him.

Realising the Slytherin had seen the snitch, Harry whipped around. A flash of gold caught his eye and his right arm swung out, forearm brushing something cold.

Rolling upside down, Harry clung to his broom as the snitch hovered over him. He reached up and snatched it from the air, Draco narrowly missing colliding with the Gryffindor. Draco was swearing far worse then before as he and Harry joined Lucius on the ground.

'Very good,' Lucius said, smiling at them both.

'Bloody Potter,' Draco scowled.

Harry smiled. 'Sorry, Dray.'

With a sigh, Draco shrugged and said, 'Can I have a few more minutes on your Firebolt?'

'Course,' Harry nodded.

Draco shot into the air to work off his anger as Harry joined Lucius on the blanket. He stuck the snitch into the case and closed it.

'You're very talented,' Lucius mused, 'I noticed your second year.'

'Pervert.'

Lucius clicked his tongue. 'I wasn't looking at you in a sexual manner.'

'Sure, sure,' Harry said.

'Bloody Potter,' Lucius grumbled.

Harry grinned.

{oOo}

It took Harry and Draco half-an-hour to talk Lucius into joining them. Finally the Malfoy patriarch agreed (after whining from his son and kisses from his mate) and mounted the spare Nimbus 2000
Lucius looked magnificent on a broom and Harry's teenage hormones went highwire. He stayed rooted to the ground, gripping his Firebolt tightly, as Lucius did a few laps to get used to the broom. He'd tied his hair back and the ponytail flipped behind him, the sun making his hair look golden. He was much more natural on a broom then Draco, not as much as Harry, but he was definitely skilled.

After ten minutes of flying around, Lucius headed for his son and mate. 'So, how are we doing this?'

Harry was at a loss for words, just drinking in the sight of Lucius sitting on a broom. Draco rolled his eyes before saying, 'Father, guard these hoops. Harry and I will start at the other and and try to score goals. When someone scores we go back to the other end and the person who scored gets the Quaffle, sound good?'

Harry nodded vaguely, eyes running over Lucius' arse.

'Potter!' Draco shouted.

'What?' Harry asked, turning to look at him.

'Focus on the game, not my father's arse,' Draco scowled.

Harry blushed and said, 'Shut up,' before zooming to the other end.

'Can you blame him?' Lucius asked.

Draco shook his head and followed Harry.

{oOo}

They played for an hour, Lucius proving to be a very good keeper. Harry and Draco didn't score for the first half-an-hour, Lucius using his arms, legs, and broom to keep the Quaffle out. Draco would shout, Harry would admire Lucius' body, and Lucius would smirk.

After thirty minutes Lucius grew bored and decided to have some fun of his own. Every time Draco had the Quaffle, Lucius would purposely fly between him and Harry. Draco would score and cheer until he turned to see his father and Harry kissing and trying to drag each other off their brooms.

It annoyed Draco to no end but Harry seemed to enjoy it. The next half hour, Draco scored forty times, not that Lucius and Harry noticed. Finally Draco flew back to their lunch and put the Quaffle away. It took Harry and Lucius ten minutes to realise Draco was gone.

Finally prying apart, Lucius and Harry flew back to their kit. Harry apologised, Lucius smirked, and Draco scowled. They ate sandwiches, chips covered in gravy, and sipped Muggle sodas Remus Lupin had sent Harry. Lucius and Draco fell in love with the Kit Kats Remus had also sent and Harry laughed.

Once done, they lounged on the blanket, Draco closing his eyes for a snooze. Lucius read the
novel he'd brought and Harry flicked through the newest issue of *Quidditch Weekly*.

'Dray, have you seen the new Firebolt?'

Draco was immediately up, scrambling across his dad to get to Harry. Lucius cursed as he was elbowed in the stomach but Draco didn't move, legs across his father's own and chest resting on Harry's.

'Give me, give me, give me!'

Harry smiled and showed Draco the new Firebolt Two. It was apparently faster and easier to manage than the older one and Draco's mouth watered. He turned to his dad and demanded one immediately.

'Draco, this thing'll cost a fortune,' Harry said.

'So?'

'Well... you can't just buy everything you want just because you have the money,' Harry said. 'You should prioritise; you have a perfectly good Nimbus 2001, why do you need another broom?'

'This one's better,' Draco said, pointing at the glossy moving picture.

'You've got a broom,' Harry said. 'Haven't you ever, you know, not bought something just because you want it?' Both Malfoys raised blonde eyebrows and Harry said, 'Seriously, you just by whatever you want?'

'We're the richest wizarding family in Britain, Harry,' Lucius said.

'So?'

'So... we buy what we want, when we want,' Lucius said.

Harry rolled his eyes. 'Well you shouldn't.'

Draco didn't understand. Luckily his father did and explained that Harry had gone years without getting anything. The Dursleys had showered Dudley with gifts while Harry only got hand-me-downs or broken toys. To Harry, buying a lot of stuff made you a bully. Yes, Harry bought what he really, really wanted all the time, but it was only ever books and clothes, stuff he needed. He wasn't going to buy a Firebolt Two just because it was the newest one out; he had a perfectly fine broom.

Draco still demanded one, said his father had missed his birthday (Lucius pointed out it wasn't his fault, he'd been in prison after all). Draco was close to throwing a fit when Lucius said, 'No!'

Not wanting to ruin their day by moping, Draco let the subject drop. He grabbed Harry's Firebolt and sped into the air.

'He needs to learn he can't always have everything,' Harry said softly. 'One day he might not have money, or there might be something he really wants that would be better to work for. He won't get anywhere in life if you spoil him rotten, Lucius. He's an adult.'

Lucius said, 'I know, Harry, but I'm weak when it comes to my son.'

Harry smiled. 'I'm not.'

Lucius drew his mate in and kissed him softly.
The last days of the holidays came too quickly for Harry and Lucius. Draco didn't seem to mind, he was looking forward to seeing his friends; Blaise Zabini, Gregory Goyle, and Theo Nott. Harry was in a right strop; kicking thigs, refusing to eat, and stalking Lucius everywhere he went.

Draco couldn't blame Harry or his dad. They'd spent the last four weeks alone together, finally connecting after years of not knowing who they truly were. Their bond was stronger then it had been but was still fragile. To be apart, to hide their relationship from Hogwarts and the world... it was going to be torture.

Two days before Hogwarts started again, Lucius and Harry made another trip to Diagon Alley. Dumbledore said Shaklebolt had given the okay and Lucius was allowed to have a new wand.

Lucius was like a little boy on Christmas; bouncing around, grinning, grabbing Harry and kissing him... okay, little boy's didn't do that. The point was, the man was bloody excited and Harry had to take care of him.

Lucius let Harry finish most of his breakfast before dragging the poor teenager out. Draco waved with a grin on his face, more then happy to sit in their quarters and enjoy a relaxing day.

Harry and Lucius flooed directly into Ollivander's Wand shop. The man had opened his floo for only two hours per Harry's request. Most of the population would have a heart attack if they saw Lucius walking into a wand shop. Best leave that surprise until September 1st.

Ollivander wasn't as healthy as he had been and some said he was considering retirement. He'd been tortured over and over again by Voldemort at Malfoy Manor and the wand-maker flinched every time he said Lucius' name.

Lucius apologised a fair few times but eventually gave up and just tried not to provoke the man. The Slytherin was shown about thirty or forty wands, each threatening to blast boxes off the walls because they didn't like him. Lucius scowled when one burned his fingers and rolled across the floor, Harry having to pick it up and place it back in the box.

Eventually Lucius found a new one, one that he said felt better then his first. It was 12 1/2 inches, made of Yew, with a dragon hearstring core like his first wand. Ollivander said it was surprisingly swishy (Harry had no idea what that meant) and it seemed to fit Lucius perfectly.

It was almost six inches shorter then his first wand and curved, with a small nub of wood sticking out just above the handle. Lucius flexed his fingers around it, eyes looking wide and so innocent.

'Thank you, Mr Ollivander,' Lucius said as Harry paid (Kingsley still hadn't let Lucius have access to his vaults).

Ollivander nodded and looked Lucius over. 'Do that wand justice, Mr Malfoy,' he said softly. 'You failed your last one.'

Lucius thanked the man again before he and Harry flooed back to Hogwarts.

The Slytherin spent the afternoon flicking his wand at everything in bloody sight. He was like a teenage boy who'd recently turned seventeen and could finally use magic outside of school. He used it to serve dinner, to retrieve his book, to undress and put his pyjamas on.
'Don't get lazy,' Harry tisked.

Lucius smiled and fingered his wand again before placing it on the bedside table. He turned and Harry cuddled into him, sighing happily when Lucius' arms wrapped around him.

'Harry?' Lucius asked suddenly.

'Mm?'

'Would you like to go on that date with me tomorrow?'

Harry blinked back sleep and shuffled back. Lucius loosened his hold so Harry could look up at him. 'Really?'

'Yes,' Lucius nodded. 'I don't count our trip to Diagon Alley or Muggle London as dates. Nor the Quidditch with Draco. I want to take you on a proper date with a romantic dinner and a kiss at the end.'

Harry grinned. 'Sounds perfect.'

'Any suggestions for where we could go?'

Harry frowned then. 'Um... dunno.'

'I know a lot of upscale restaurants, unfortunately most patrons will look down on the Saviour dining with a Death Eater.'

'I don't care what they think,' Harry said.

Lucius leaned down and pressed a kiss to Harry's forehead. 'I know, little one, but we've agreed to keep this hidden for the moment.'

Harry sighed. 'I know, I know.' He paused to think it over before saying, 'Muggle London?' Before Lucius could protest, he continued. 'We'd be anonymous in Muggle London, I know the area a little bit, and you enjoyed it last time, don't deny it.'

'I enjoyed the teenager getting undressed in front of me.'

'Well I'll be there,' Harry grinned. 'And who knows, maybe I'll go skinny dipping in the Thames.'

Lucius chuckled and kised Harry properly. 'Sounds perfect, my love.'

'Mm,' Harry nodded. 'Sleep time now.'

Lucius smiled.

{oOo}

Harry and Lucius dressed seperately, Lucius stating that a proper date meant that he would pick Harry up. Harry was standing in their bedroom staring into the wardrobe, trying to figure out what to wear. Draco was lounging on the bed watching, smiling every time Harry threw a shirt aside.

'Father won't care what you're wearing,' Draco said when Harry tossed another shirt aside. 'He's, you know, in love with you.'

'That's not the point, Draco.'
'Go naked, he'd love that,' Draco said.

Harry scowled at his kit and grabbed at his hair, frustrated. With an eye roll, Draco slid off the bed with Malfoy grace and approached. He disappeared into the wardrobe and came back with an outfit in about five minutes.

Harry slipped into the dark green button-up shirt, doing the buttons and cuffs up before pulling on the jet-black jeans. He added a brand new pair of black trainers he'd bought as well as the vest Draco had handed him. It was black and made from magically woven cotton courtesy of Madam Malkin. It had emerald green pinstripes that went well with the shirt as well as Harry's eyes.

'How'd you do that?' Harry asked.

'Do what?' Draco said.

'Put together an outfit in five minutes when I've been standing here half-an-hour trying to rip my hair out.'

Draco smiled. 'I'm a Malfoy.'

Harry supposed that was answer enough; Lucius had impeccable taste and was always dressed well, Narcissa too. It seemed to have rubbed off on Draco, who looked Harry over.

Draco frowned at the shorter teen and reached up, brushing his fingers through his messy black hair. 'Doesn't--'

'No, it doesn't lie flat, no matter what I do,' Harry said.

'Have you tried magic?'

'I'd rather keep my hair, thanks,' Harry said. He went into the bathroom to make sure his face looked good. After a quick wipe and moisturise (Lucius had turned him into a beauty products lover), Harry came back out. 'Well?' he said nervously.

Draco grinned. Harry looked gorgeous, even though Draco felt no sexual attraction to him whatsoever. He could see the appeal though. The jeans were tight fitting and showed off Harry's slim hips and muscled thighs. The shirt was untucked, the vest open, and his flat stomach and toned chest were visible.

After undoing the top three buttons of Harry's shirt, Draco said, 'And now one more thing.' He went over to his father's dresser and hunted around for a minute before coming back.

'Father loves this cologne but it doesn't suit him,' Draco explained as he gave Harry a quick spritz. 'He'll love it on you.'

'Thanks, Draco,' Harry said and went to hug the blonde.

'No, no, Father will want to smell you tonight,' Draco said. 'He doesn't want my scent masking yours.'

Harry blushed and fiddled with his cuffs one last time before checking his pocket watch. 'Well... better go.'

Draco grinned again and followed Harry from the room. Lucius was waiting in the sitting room and Harry's mouth fell open.
The man, who always seemed taller than he was, looked absolutely stunning. He was wearing fitting black trousers and highly polished leather shoes with a deep blue button-up shirt that brought out the colour in his eyes. A jet black tie was done up perfectly and, like Harry, he'd forgone a suit-jacket in favour of a vest. It was as black as his tie and trousers, making the colour of his shirt and eyes stand out. His hair was done back with a deep blue ribbon, leaving his smooth face clear.

Harry stood rooted to the spot, staring (well, leering) at the man who had been bonded to him for life. He couldn't believe someone so handsome existed. Lucius was like an angel, or a demon dressed as an angel. Perfect blonde hair, chissled features, beautiful clothing...

'Harry?' Draco whispered. The teenager jumped as a coat was pressed into his hands. 'In case it gets cold.'

'Th-Thank you... erm...'

'Draco,' the blonde reminded him.

'Mm,' Harry nodded, not really listening.

Lucius wasn't doing any better; Harry looked extremely delicious in those clothes and Lucius wanted to rip them off. The sexual tension was mounting and making Draco uncomfortable. He cleared his throat and both men snapped back to themselves.

'My apologies,' Lucius said and held his arm out. 'Mr Potter, you look ravishing.'

Harry blushed and took his arm. 'Thank you,' he mumbled. 'You look... wow.'

Lucius beamed and led Harry out, Draco shaking his head behind them.

'Idiots, honestly,' the young veela muttered as he went to check he'd packed everything for tomorrow.

{oOo}

Lucius escorted Harry out and across the grounds, the two running into Hagrid again. Hagrid smiled at them; it was obvious they were going on a date.

'Yer scrub up good, 'Arry,' the man commented.

Lucius frowned but didn't want to ruin the night by getting jealous. He pasted a smile on his face, asked how Hagrid was, and then tugged his partner along.

'Jealous,' Harry commented.

'Pardon?'

'You were jealous.'

'I was not.'

Harry grinned. 'Don't pout, Lucius.'

'I'm not pouting.'

'Are too.'
'Harry, this is a date, please stop teasing me.'

'Then stop pouting.'

'I'm not pouting!'

Harry was silent before whispering, 'Yeah you are.'

Lucius huffed and Harry chuckled. Lucius was still pouting.

{oOo}

They appeared in a small alleyway near the expensive clothing store Lucius had taken Harry to just after six pm. They looked around to make sure they hadn't been seen before setting off.

It was a warm night and Lucius carried both their coats as he led Harry through the city. Neither had any idea where they were going, they couldn't exactly walk into the posh restaurants Lucius usually frequented. They settled for just walking, talking, and looking; enjoying each other's company and the city around them.

The couple passed a few small restaurants but none of them seemed to pull them in. It wasn't until they passed a small sushi bar that Harry jumped up and down.

'I've always wanted to try sushi!'

Lucius looked down at him. 'You've never had sushi?' When Harry shook his head, his partner dragged him inside. Unfortunately Lucius' veela didn't like that particular sushi place and they left empty handed. When Harry asked why they couldn't eat there, Lucius wrinkled his nose and said, 'If you and your veela were closer, you wouldn't eat there either.'

'Is this like a scent thing?' Harry questioned. 'Like, you could smell that the sushi was bad?' Lucius nodded and Harry said, 'That's so cool.'

Lucius smiled as he led Harry along. 'How about we find another place, hmm?'

They found another small restaurant and Harry got a bit of everything. He and Lucius went to sit on a low brick wall near a bank, watching the Muggles walk past as they ate.

Harry didn't know the proper names for the sushi, only that some had chicken, others beef, a couple were vegetables, and a few more tuna. Lucius stuck to the chicken ones, pouring soy sauce all over them. He seemed to love soy sauce and used three on one roll.

Harry sniffed his chicken roll before taking a hesitant bite. It was strange, but nice, the rice balancing the strong taste of seaweed well, and the other ingredients blending together nicely. He tried the soy sauce and nearly choked, Lucius laughing as he patted his back.

'No need to drown your sushi with sauce, Harry.'

'You do.'

Lucius smiled. 'I enjoy it. This is your first time trying it; take it slow.'

Harry did and found he enjoyed the sushi a lot more. He ate a few rolls before Lucius shrank the rest and placed a statis charm on them to keep them fresh. He slid them into his trouser pockets and stood. Harry took his arm with a smile and they headed off again.
Harry bought a can of Coke from a small cafe, Lucius a coffee, and they sipped their drinks as they walked. Harry told Lucius all about the very few times he'd been to London; once when he needed to see a doctor, the time he'd had to go to the Ministry for his hearing (Lucius remembered teasing Harry after the graveyard incident and apologised), the time he, Ron and Hermione had been on the run from Death Eaters (Lucius apologised again), and once for Dudley's eighth birthday when the Dursleys couldn't dump him anywhere.

'There was a jumping castle, I thought it was really cool,' Harry said.

'Harry, what's a jumping castle?' Lucius asked.

Harry grinned. 'It's like... a big thing made out of material, I think it's nylon, and filled with air. They're usually in the shapes of castles, hence the name. You can bounce on it, it's fun when you're a kid.' He paused. 'Actually, it'd probably be fun now.'

'Material that bounces?' Lucius clarified.

'Well, imagine a pillow filled with air. If it was all closed up, and air was continuously blown into it, it would stay inflated. You could bounce on it all day.'

Lucius was staring at him oddly and Harry rolled his eyes.

'Never mind. My point is, I had fun on the jumping castle until Dudley threw me off it. Broke my glasses clean in half and nearly my arm too.' He raised his left arm as he said, 'Small fracture, I had to wear a cast for two months.'

Lucius scowled and Harry felt anger radiating off his mate. He stopped walking and pulled Lucius down for a soft kiss.

'It was years ago, Lucius.'

'It still annoys me,' Lucius growled. 'How could your aunt and uncle just let your cousin treat you like that?'

Harry sighed. 'Dudley only did it because his parents encouraged him. When I left Privet Drive, Dudley didn't want me to leave. He's written me a letter saying sorry and that he wants to be in my life.'

'Why would you want that?'

'He's my cousin, Lucius, the only blood relative I have left besides his parents. If Dudley wants to try and change and make it up to me, I have to let him. He was just a kid when he bullied me and Uncle Vernon encouraged it.

'It's like Draco,' Harry said. 'He was a prat because you encouraged that behaviour; he learned to be mean to people he thought below him from you. That doesn't necessarily mean that he's a bad person, just that you taught him some crappy principles.'

Lucius looked down. 'I'm sorry about that. I never wanted Draco to be as spiteful as me. I spoiled him because I wanted to be a good father, I didn't want to be like my father.' He sighed. 'Somehow I ended up being just as bad.'

'Draco's fine now, he's learned his lesson and grown up,' Harry said. 'And so have you, Lucius. You've done some bad things but you're not a bad person, I know it.'
'You're far to forgiving,' Lucius said.

Harry shrugged. 'I've been told that plenty of times. But I'm happy so... no harm done.'

'Fractured arm, Harry.'

'Come on, stop ruining our date,' Harry said and tugged Lucius along the footpath. 'I'll tell you about the time I set a boa constrictor on Dudley.'

'You did what?'

{oOo}

They ended up near the Thames, Harry had no idea where. Not every English person knew everything about London. The water was murky and brown, lapping at the concrete beneath the railing, and Harry and Lucius watched various boats push through the water.

'This is nice,' Harry said.

'The water is filthy.'

'I'm not asking you to swim in it.'

Lucius smiled. 'I recall you telling me you might go skinny dipping.'

Harry chuckled and said, 'Not bloody likely, look at it.'

'Come on,' Lucius teased and moved closer. He wrapped an arm around the teenager, pushing their bodies together. Harry shivered but welcomed the warmth. 'Take your clothes off,' Lucius whispered, 'and go for a swim.'

'I will,' Harry said back, tilting his head to look at the taller man, 'after you.'

'No, that wasn't the deal.'

'There wasn't any deal, just me talking.'

'Hmm...' Lucius murmured, face leaning closer to Harry's. 'I suppose you are correct.'

'Lucius?'

'Yes?'

'Shut up and kiss me.'

Lucius smirked. 'With pleasure, little mate.' He closed the distance and pressed a soft kiss to Harry's lips, the teen sighing and leaned back into him. Lucius' free hand came up to cup Harry's cheek, thumb stroking his smooth, warm skin.

Lucius kept the kiss chaste, not wanting to maul Harry in public... though that seemed like a very fine idea. So it was with regret that Lucius pulled back. Harry whined and Lucius chuckled.

Pressing a quick kiss to his mate's lips, Lucius said, 'Shall we continue?'

'With the kissing? Yes.'

'No, Harry, with our date.'
'Why can't our date be all about kissing?' Harry asked.

Lucius smiled. 'There is more to our relationship then making out, Harry.'

'I know that,' the Gryffindor grumbled. 'It just happens to be a very nice part of our relationship.'

'There will be plenty of time for kissing later,' Lucius said and pulled Harry from the railing.

'There'd better be,' Harry said and wrapped an arm around Lucius' waist. He snuggled into the man's side as they walked, Lucius smiling down at him.

{oOo}

Harry wanted chips and Lucius watched as he passed the Muggle money over to the cashier, who handed him a foam box filled with the cooked potatoes. Lucius was bemused by Muggle money. He knew the conversion rate, knew what was what, but he didn't understand why Muggles chose to use colourful paper.

Harry flipped the box open and stuck his fork in, lifting two chips covered in red and white sauces to his mouth. He slipped them in and chewed before shouting and fanning his mouth.

'Hot, hot, hot!'

Lucius smirked as his mate jumped up and down, blowing air out of his mouth and cursing. 'That teaches you to be aware of how hot your food is,' Lucius said. Harry swore at him and Lucius bought the teenager another can of Coke. Harry chugged it down and breathed a sigh of relief.

And then he did it all over again.

'What's the sauce?' Lucius asked as they walked, Harry licking said sauce from his lips.

'Hot chilli and garlic,' Harry said. 'Delicious.'

'You're a curious individual.'

'I'm insane,' Harry grinned.

'Yes, but I was phrasing it nicely.'

Harry chuckled and stuck his fork back on. 'Want some?'

'No, thank you.'

'Suit yourself,' Harry said and chowed down.

{oOo}

The chips were done, three cans of Coke down, and four rolls of sushi. Was Harry full? No.

He wanted rice and Lucius had to stop while he purchased a plastic container full from a Chinese Restaraunt. He then watched his mate shovel the grains into his mouth with a spoon. Oh, and there were the dozen spring rolls he'd bought that were also devoured.

'Harry, why do you eat so much?' Lucius asked as another spring roll disappeared.

'Oh, sorry,' the teen blushed.
'It's not a problem,' Lucius said and pinched a spring roll. He munched on a mouthful before saying, 'Draco eats a lot as well.'

'You know how I grew up,' Harry said, 'do you think the Dursleys let me eat what I wanted?'

'I suppose not,' Lucius said sadly.

'I got the bare essentials,' Harry explained. 'Two pieces of buttered toast for breakfast, a plain cheese sandwich for lunch at school or on weekends, and either a sandwich or the leftovers for dinner. Dudley and Uncle Vernon got first pick; they ate heaps. Then Aunt Petunia, then me. I was lucky to get a sliver of meat and some mushy vegetables. I got small cans of soup a lot.'

Lucius felt anger and sadness crash over him. He'd always lived in luxury, even as a boy. Lucius had never gone hungry, had never wanted anything...

... besides someone who loved him. His mother had disappeared when he was six (Lucius had always suspected his father and the other Death Eaters) and Abraxas Malfoy made the Dursleys look like a loving family. There were belts and hexes thrown at Lucius from the time he could walk.

But he'd always eaten, had always been given new clothes and books. Harry hadn't had anything and it made Lucius half furious, half depressed. He should have been there to protect his mate, Harry had been his other half even as a child. Instead Lucius had ignored the boy when he was twelve, had teased and bullied him, had told Draco to do the same.

'Lucius?' Harry said.

Lucius blinked back his thoughts and looked down to see Harry staring at him, spoon half raised to his mouth.

'I'm sorry,' the Slytherin said. 'I just hate thinking about your childhood.'

Harry shrugged. 'I never had one, there's nothing to miss.'

'You'll have one,' Lucius said.

When Harry asked what he meant, Lucius refused to answer. Shrugging, the teenager went back to their previous conversation.

'As I was saying, I've never been able to eat whatever I want. Hogwarts was the first place I could and... well, I've always been so stressed out; what with Voldemort out to get me, my friends arguing, Dumbledore acting weird, Severus trying to put me on detention every five minutes, and Ginny stalking me, the last thing on my mind was food.

'But Voldemort's gone, Ginny's angry at me and hopefully won't be rubbing against me any time soon-' Lucius growled but Harry ignored him, '- and I'm happy with you and Kit. So... why not eat all I can? I want to try all kinds of food, whatever I want, whenever I want.'

'If that's what you want,' Lucius said. 'Just don't complain to me when you eat something disgusting, end up throwing up, or gain weight.'

'Everyone's always telling me to eat more,' Harry said, sucking on his spoon.

'Usually you stop when you're full.'
'Never,' Harry said.

{oOo}

The rice and spring rolls were gone, Lucius having eaten four or five, and they strolled through a park. The lights that lined the path every few metres were on, giving the place a soft glow that would be terrifying if on your own. Harry was a strong wizard with a big, burly blonde to protect him; he felt safe.

Lucius was fascinated by the lights and kept staring up at them.

'It's called electricity,' Harry explained. 'It's used to charge and power Muggle technology like fridges, toasters, televisions. It travels along wires that are built into the light and can be turned off or on with a switch or timer.'

Lucius nodded though Harry thought the man might not quite understand. 'Harry?' he said after a minute.

'Mm?'

'What's a fridge, toaster, and television?'

Harry giggled. He was by no means an expert on Muggles, having spent so much time in the magic world, but he knew bits and pieces from his first ten years, as well as all the advances in technology Hermione had told him about.

'Well, a fridge is like a giant cooler box that runs off electricity,' Harry said. 'They can be small, about as tall as me, or massive, even bigger than you, with a cooler part and a freezer part. It keeps your food fresh for longer.'

'Right,' Lucius said. 'A toaster?'

'Toasts bread,' Harry said.

'Why not use fire?' Lucius queried. 'I know Muggles don't have access to magic, obviously, but surely fire would do.'

'Some people use fire when they go camping, or in countries that are poorer than Britain or America,' Harry said. 'But a toaster is a lot easier and safer.'

'I see,' Lucius said. 'And the last one...'

'A television?' Lucius nodded. 'It's a box that projects pictures onto a screen. You know how in our world, pictures in the paper and photos move?' Another nod from Lucius. 'Well a television is moving pictures, in colour, with words. You can hear the people speaking.'

Lucius' eyes lit up. 'The people speak?'

'Yep.'

'How?'

'I don't know exactly, televisions have speakers and it's got something to do with... something,' he said sheepishly, realising he didn't really know how televisions worked. 'You can watch programmes on it,' Harry said.
'Imagine a theatre play,' Harry said. 'That performance is recorded and you can add music and different camera angles. It can be re-shown over and over again.'

Lucius looked even more curious and Harry grinned.

After checking his pocket watch, he turned and said, 'How about we find a shopping centre and I'll show you?'

Lucius nodded enthusiastically and Harry tugged him along. They had to stop a few times to ask where they could find a shopping centre and eventually stumbled across a small one. Harry dragged Lucius into the brightly lit building, the older wizard looking around at the lights and people with unrepressed curiosity in his eyes.

They found a small electronics store that had TVs in the front window and Lucius stood, mouth gaping open, as he stared at them. Harry giggled quietly and led the man inside so he could hear the audio.

'This is brilliant, Harry, I never knew Muggles were so... smart,' he said.

'They've found plenty of ways to get along without magic,' Harry nodded.

'I want a television,' Lucius said.

'They don't work at Hogwarts,' Harry said. 'But you could always buy one for your Manor.'

'Our Manor,' Lucius corrected softly as he poked his finger at one of the screens.

'Excuse me?' Harry said.

Lucius ripped his eyes away from the television and said, 'Our Manor, Harry. Malfoy Manor is your home too.'

Harry's mouth fell open and Lucius smirked.

'Did you think I'd let you return to Grimmauld Place?' He shook his head. 'Of course you can visit and stay with your godfather and Lupin, but you belong with me. I will return to Malfoy Manor after my house elves clean it of the Dark Lord's stay and you will come with me.'

He stepped closer to pull Harry in, pressing a soft kiss to his jaw.

'Silly little veela,' he chastised. 'I will provide whatever you need, Harry. You are already my mate, my other half, and one day I hope you will be my husband, my partner, and a Master to my Lord.'

Harry gulped before whispering, 'H-Home?'

'Yes,' Lucius nodded. 'Malfoy Manor will be your home if you want it to be.'

Harry was close to tears. He'd never had a home, not once. Privet Drive was full of bad memories and Hogwarts, while great, was a school and the place Harry had killed someone. The Burrow wasn't his and Grimmauld Place was Sirius', even though his godfather always welcomed him there.

The sound of a proper home, of spending his days at Malfoy Manor with Lucius and Draco and maybe his friends too... it made Harry's heart swell with joy.
Lucius felt the changing emotions and smiled. He kissed Harry again before saying, 'Come, let's look around some more. I'll have to converse with Miss Granger next time I see her.'

Harry looked at him curiously. 'Why?'

'Muggles are fascinating,' Lucius admitted, 'and I regret all the years I thought they weren't.'

Harry grinned. 'Hermione will love to talk to you about it. Hey, you can talk to Arthur Weasley too.' Lucius scowled at him. 'What? He loves Muggles.'

'I refuse to talk to that man,' Lucius muttered.

'What if Draco's mate is a Weasley?'

Lucius stopped dead, forcing a few Muggles to curse and throw him and Harry dirty looks. 'What did you say?'

'Draco told me that even as a part veela he has a mate, he just doesn't know who he or she is. What if it turns out to be a Weasley? Will you try and force them apart?'

'Of course not,' Lucius said. 'Draco's mate will be perfect for him.'

'Even if it's a Weasley?'

Lucius hesitated before saying, 'Yes, even if it's a Weasley.'

'Well then, you and Mr Weasley would have to talk, wouldn't you?'

'Harry, why must you ruin everything?'

Harry chuckled. 'Come on, Veela-Boy.'

'Veela-Boy?' Lucius said as Harry dragged him up an escalator.

'Hermione called me that,' Harry said. He realised Lucius wasn't listening; the wizard was staring at the escalator, trying to figure out how it worked. 'Electricity,' Harry said.

'It's like magic,' Lucius said in wonder.

Harry giggled.

{oOo}

After stopping at a bookstore so Lucius could buy books on electricity, technology, and a dozen other subjects, they headed back out into the London night.

It was chilly now and Lucius helped Harry into his coat, the teen blushing when the older wizard pressed a kiss to his cheek.

They mostly just talked and walked, enjoying the sights, the Muggles, and each other. They passed a gelato shop and Harry just had to have ice-cream. Lucius got a small scoop of vanilla, Harry a waffle cone with three scoops.

'Peppermint, banana, and cookies and cream,' the teen grinned as he licked it. Lucius groaned. 'What?' Harry asked.
'You shouldn't eat ice-cream in front of me in public,' Lucius muttered.

Harry giggled and licked his cone again. Lucius glared at him.

{oOo}

Their day had to end eventually and Harry and Lucius ended up at a small cafe that stayed open late. They sat on the plastic seats as Lucius ordered them both hot chocolate and a slice of banana cake to share.

Harry ate most of it and sat back when he was done, sipping his hot chocolate. 'Argh, I ate too much.'

'What did I say?'

'That you think I'm gorgeous and would never, ever say, 'I told you so'?' Harry ventured.

Lucius chuckled. 'Something like that.'

'Mm, I'm pretty sure I then said that you should wear jeans.' Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'Come on, Lucius, picture your arse in jeans,' Harry said. 'Delicious.'

'You're strange.'

'Yes, yes I am.'

'I wouldn't change anything about you.'

'No?' Harry said and Lucius shook his head. 'My crazy hair?' Head shake. 'Shortness?' Another shake. 'Danger-loving ways, weird friends, Boy Saviour, awful childhood-'

Lucius cut Harry off by picking up the Gryffindor's left hand. He pressed a soft kiss to the smooth skin he found and rubbed his thumb over the area.

'Harry,' he said seriously, 'I like all of that, I like everything. Do you annoy me occasionally? Yes. Do I wish you kept better company sometimes and didn't feel the need to dive to the ground just to catch a silly golden ball? Of course.

'But all of that makes you you, and I want it all, I like it all. So no, Harry, I don't want any of that to change. I accept that you had a bad childhood, it made you a stronger person. Your hair is adorable, you're the perfect height for me to have my way with you, and your friends love you.

'Everything is perfect from my point of view,' Lucius said, 'I wouldn't change a thing.' He kissed Harry's hand again.

Harry blinked, red tingling his cheeks, before he grinned. Instead of dropping Lucius' hand, he threaded their fingers together. 'I like everything about you too,' he said. 'Over-grooming and Slytherin-ness included.'

Lucius snorted into his drink and Harry grinned.

They spent another hour at the cafe until suddenly Harry was looking around. Lucius watched, confused, as Harry withdrew his wand. After making sure no Muggles were watching them, Harry waved his wand. Their mugs shrunk and Harry stuffed them into his pocket.

'What are you doing?' Lucius asked.
'Come on,' Harry said and leapt to his feet. He took off running and Lucius had no choice but to follow. They ran for a full two minutes before Harry jumped on Lucius. 'Piggyback ride!'

'Harry, get off me,' the Slytherin growled.

'Never,' Harry grinned. He wrapped his arms around Lucius' neck, his legs around his waist. 'Piggyback, piggyback,' he said and kissed Lucius on the neck.

Lucius groaned in annoyance and grabbed Harry's legs. 'Don't fall,' he warned.

'Don't drop me then,' Harry countered as they began walking, Harry giggling into Lucius' ear.

Even though Harry had jumped him, Lucius still felt... nice. He liked having Harry this close, the teenager's lithe form pressed into his back. He held the boy tightly and Harry pressed kisses to his neck, his jaw, every few seconds.

Lucius definitely enjoyed piggyback rides.

{oOo}

'Harry, I'm an old man.'

'Are not.'

'I'm twenty-six years older then you.'

'... Lucius, when's your birthday?'

'You're really going to ask that while you're breaking my back?'

'I'm hardly heavy.'

Lucius sighed.

'So... birthday?' Harry asked.

'October 27th, yours?'

'July 31st.'

Lucius snorted. 'You're a Leo?'

'Yeah, I am. Why?'

Lucius snorted again.

'Why's that funny?'

'You're more Gryffindor then Slytherin.'

Harry smiled. 'Didn't we agree that that was a good thing?' He pressed another kiss to Lucius' neck.

'Um... yes,' Lucius mumbled.

Harry grinned and said, 'What's your starsign?'

'Scorpio.'
Harry giggled. 'So you've got a bit of a sting?'

'I sting like a scorpion,' Lucius smiled, 'and bite like a snake.'

'Figures,' Harry said. 'You said you're twenty-six years older then me.'

'Yes, I said it about three minutes ago,' Lucius grumbled as he readjusted his grip on the teenager's legs.

'So what year were you born? I'm having too much fun to let maths ruin it.'

'Maths can be fun.'

'You sound like Hermione,' Harry muttered before repeating, 'what year were you born?'

'What year were you born?'

'1980. You?'

'1954.'

'So you're...' 

'Almost forty-four.'

'Ooh, that's middle aged in the Muggle world.'

'Harry-

'I still think you're sexy.'

'Of course I am,' Lucius said, a hint of arrogance in his voice.

Harry grinned. 'Mm, I think you have every right to be proud of your looks.' He ran a hand through Lucius' hair, shifting back so he could flip Lucius' ponytail.

'Stop moving!' Lucius hissed, fingers digging into Harry's legs.

'Stop tickling me!' Harry retorted, moving again.

'This is a date, you do remember that, yes?' Lucius said.

'And why can't one date carry the other date on their back?' Harry asked.

'... It's undignified.'

'It's fun.'

'It's silly.'

'It's warm, comfy, and smells nice.'

'You say that about everything.'

'Well you're warm...' Harry's arms tightened around his mate's chest, '... you're comfy...' he wiggled, making Lucius groan but not in pain, '... and you smell nice...' Harry trailed off to press his face into Lucius' neck and breathe in deeply. He hummed in delight.
'You won't win this fight by being cute.'

'Am I being cute?'

'Very.'

'That's hardly my fault.'

'Harry...'

'Fine, fine,' Harry said and slid from Lucius' back. He gave the man a hug and pressed a quick kiss to his lips. 'You want a turn?'

Lucius smiled. 'I'd break your back, little one.'

'I'm stronger then I look.'

'Mm-hmm.'

Harry pouted. 'I am.'

Lucius chuckled and linked their fingers. They walked until they were back by the Thames and Lucius asked, 'Why'd we run and steal two mugs?'

Harry pulled the mugs out and they re-sized. 'I wanted something to remember our first date,' Harry said. 'Just imagine, twenty years from now, celebrating our anniversary and drinking coffee from these mugs.'

Lucius smiled and pulled his mate in. 'Twenty years, hmm?'

'Yep,' Harry said and hugged Lucius tight.

'I like the sound of that.'

'Forty years would be better, now that I think about it,' Harry said.

'Fifty?' Lucius suggested.

'A hundred.'

Lucius chuckled. 'How about two hundred?'

Harry pulled back and smiled at him. 'Two thousand years, take it or leave it.'

Lucius took a few seconds to mull it over and Harry slapped him lightly. 'Deal,' the blonde said and kissed Harry quickly.

Suddenly Lucius stepped back and drew away, a gleam in his eyes.

'Lucius?' Harry said.

Lucius smirked and pulled out his wand. With a swish and flick (Harry could still hear Hermione's 'levi-OH-sah'), the mugs hovered over Harry's hands and transformed into silver wine goblets studded with emeralds and other stones.

Harry's eyes widened as he looked closely at the cups, which had fallen back into his hands.
'Yes, they're real,' Lucius said. 'These goblets have been in my family for generations.'

'How... how?' Harry asked.

'A simple bit of magic to replace the mugs with the goblets,' Lucius said. 'There are now two white mugs sitting in the cabinet in my study at Malfoy Manor, just waiting for our two thousand year anniversary.'

Harry giggled as Lucius waved his wand again. The goblets were filled with dark red wine and Lucius took one back.

'To our first date,' Lucius said, holding his goblet out.

Harry clinked them together in a toast. 'To the first of many,' he said.

Lucius inclined his head and they sipped their alcohol.

Lucius leaned against the railing and drew Harry in, warming the Gryffindor's body with his own. Harry had half finished his wine when Lucius turned to him.

'Harry, I don't want you to panic,' Lucius said. Harry looked at him, confused. 'I'm not proposing, I have no intention of marrying you until you finish Hogwarts.'

Harry's heart skipped a beat when he realised Lucius hadn't been joking; he wanted to marry Harry, make him Master Malfoy, spend the rest of his life with the Boy Saviour.

Lucius placed his goblet on the ground and pulled something from his trouser pocket. Harry gasped; it was a black velvet ring box.

'Harry, this is for you,' Lucius said and pulled the box open.

Inside was a gorgeous silver ring, chunky with a large black stone. A golden coat of arms with an M had been magiced onto the stone and Harry stared at it.

'Wait, that's-'

'The Malfoy Family Coat of Arms,' Lucius said and showed Harry his own ring. It was on his right hand, the second smallest finger, and was the same as the ring he'd got Harry only slightly bigger. 'My ring is a symbol; it shows that I'm the head of the Malfoy family,' Lucius explained. 'Draco has one too, smaller then these two, that shows he's my heir. When I die, or step aside, Draco will inherit my ring.'

Harry stared at Lucius' before his eyes drifted back to the ring box.

'Harry, I want you to have this one.'

'W-Why?' Harry asked.

'This ring shows that you are part of the Malfoy Family and that you're my partner,' Lucius said. 'It doesn't matter that we're not married yet, we're soulmates, and I want the world to know that you're the one I've chosen. If you wear this ring, everywhere you go people will know you're mine, that you're the chosen partner of the Malfoy family patriarch.' He bit his lip, looking nervous. 'Will you tell the world you're mine?'

Harry stared at the ring for another few seconds before throwing his arms around Lucius' neck. 'I can't believe how amazing you are,' he said softly. 'I know we're together but... but doing this...’ He
pulled back and Lucius was alarmed to see tears. 'Lucius, you have no idea how much this means to me,' Harry continued, wiping his eyes. 'I've always wanted a family that loves me and now...'

'Now you have it,' Lucius said softly.

Harry smiled. 'But I thought we were waiting to tell people?'

'You don't have to wear it right away.'

'I want to,' Harry said. 'Um... do you have a chain for it?'

With a smile, Lucius nodded and pointed his wand at Harry's goblet. A strip of silver twisted away from the top of the goblet and floated through the air. Lucius muttered under his breath and the strip twisted and turned before becoming a beautiful but simple linked chain.

Lucius slid the ring onto the chain and said, 'Turn.'

Harry did as asked and Lucius looped the chain around his neck. He fastened it quickly and stroked down the chain until his fingers rested on the ring, which sat just against the middle of Harry's chest. Harry raised his own fingers and linked them, holding the ring with Lucius.

'Thank you so much,' he whispered.

'Not a problem, Harry,' Lucius said.

They shared a soft, tender kiss, lips loving and warm. When they broke apart they remained against each other, Harry's head tilted to press against Lucius' chest.

Suddenly the teen had an idea and drew away. 'Can I have this goblet?' he asked, holding up the one Lucius had mutilated to make the chain.

Lucius shrugged. 'I have dozens.'

Harry smiled and crouched down. He tipped the remaining wine out and sat the goblet on the ground. Biting his lip in concentration, Harry pointed his own wand at the goblet.

Lucius watched as Harry bent and shaped the silver, strips sliding off the cup like Lucius had done earlier. A bright green emerald slid from it's fastening and Harry caught it in his left hand.

Eventually, and with a lot of cussing from Harry, the silver reshaped itself and formed into a ring. Harry took the emerald and held it against the little band. He waved his wand, spoke soft words, and set the stone into the ring.

Smiling, Harry stood and said, 'One more thing.' He pointed his wand at the emerald and poked it. A few seconds later he presented the finished product to Lucius.

It was a silver ring, celtic in design, with the bright green emerald as a setting. A crude H had been carved into the stone and Harry blushed.

'I just figured,' the Gryffindor said, 'you gave me a ring that says I'm yours and... and I wanted you to have one too, a ring that says you're mine. Is that okay?'

Lucius had never received anything so beautiful and told Harry that. Like Harry, he couldn't wear it without anyone asking questions, so Lucius created another chain from the now broken goblet and handed it to Harry.
Harry slid the ring on and stood tall to put the chain around Lucius' neck. Once done, he touched the ring and Lucius did too.

There was a flash of gold light and both blinked.

'What was that?' Harry asked, withdrawing his hands. He gasped and looked at the ring.

It had changed, had become... more beautiful. The ring was now perfectly round, with wavy patterns drawn into the band. The emerald was rectangular and smaller, set deep into the silver band. And, on the stone, was a beautifully scripted H done in black.

'Wow,' Harry said.

'Our bond,' Lucius explained. 'Our veela magic mixed together to create this. It's a symbol of our growing affection, Harry.' He looked up at the teenager.

'That's so... amazing,' Harry said.

'No, you're amazing,' Lucius said and tugged Harry in. They shared another kiss, this one more passionate then before.

'Thank you for tonight, Lucius,' Harry said. 'This was the best day of my life.'

'Really?' Lucius asked.

'Mm,' Harry said. 'Why wouldn't it be? Chinese food, sushi, ice-cream, and a gorgeous blonde.' He grinned and wrapped his arms around Lucius' neck. 'Best day ever, believe me.'

Lucius smiled. 'I agree completely,' he said and kissed the teen again.

They stood by the Thames just holding each other, looking out across the water and London, feeling like the luckiest two people in the world.
Back To School

Lucius woke feeling cold and groaned. He rolled over, expecting to find Harry beside him. But there was only an empty warm spot. Growling in annoyance, Lucius sat up and looked around.

'I didn't mean to wake you,' Harry said softly, rounding the bed.

'Where were you?' Lucius demanded, tiredness making him snappy.

'Bathroom,' Harry answered. He climbed back into the bed and slipped his glasses off, placing them on his bedside table. Lucius' arms tugged him back down under the blankets and Harry sighed in content as he was swathed in warmth.

Before he could get comfortable, Lucius' sleep-thick voice asked, 'Whassa time?'

Harry rolled back over and Lucius followed him, arms still tight around the teenager. Harry grabbed his wand and muttered, 'Lumos.' A soft light filled the room and Lucius groaned, burrying his face between Harry's shoulders. Harry checked the time on his wrist watch and said, 'It's just after four.'

He extinguished his wand and replaced it before rolling back over. Lucius immediately pulled him in until the Gryffindor was wrapped in his arms, nose rubbing against his silk pyjama shirt.

Lucius groaned again and muttered, 'Gotta get up in... six hours.'

He said it like it was six minutes and Harry smiled. Sleepy Lucius was always like the Lucius of old; proud, demanding, and always wanting to get his own way. He barely ever let Harry climb out of bed to use the loo, meaning the teen always had to get up in the middle of the night.

Did Lucius care? No, as long as he has his mate to cuddle. Harry didn't mind really; he liked a proud Lucius Malfoy. He just wished it didn't affect his bladder.

'I have to get up at the same time as you,' Harry reminded his mate as he settled back down.

'I don't care if you have to get up,' Lucius grumbled. He nudged Harry under the blankets with his foot in a gesture Harry assumed was supposed to be a kick.

Harry smiled. 'Don't kick me.'

'Kick whoever I want,' Lucius muttered above him.

'Not me you won't.'

Lucius nudged him again and Harry giggled.

'Gigglin',' Lucius groaned, trailing off with a massive yawn. 'Gettin' up and leavin' me... all cold... just to use the bloody... thingy...'

'I didn't mean to,' Harry said.

'Then movin' all a-about...' Lucius yawned again, ignoring his mate. 'Lights... more mouth movements with... words...'

'You asked me what time it was,' Harry reminded him.
But Lucius was on a good rant, and he loved arguing when half asleep (not that he believed Harry when the boy brought it up during daylight hours).

'Talkin', too much talk-nn,' he said. 'Think you can talk just 'cause you're... what's his face... lightning bolt... Harry bloody... thingy... Potter boy...'

'Oi!' Harry shouted.

'Stop yelling!' Lucius hissed.

'You're making me-

Lucius pushed Harry back and kissed him quickly, effectively shutting the teenager up. 'Sleep,' he ordered.

'Don't tell me what to do,' Harry mumbled.

'Sleep or you can go join... the blonde one, the other one...' Lucius yawned again. 'Smaller then me... Draco, that's it.'

Harry didn't think Lucius would appreciate him sharing a bed with Draco but kept that to himself. Lucius sighed in satisfaction and four seconds later he was snoring.

Rolling his eyes, Harry pressed his face back into Lucius' warm chest. He's lucky I care about him so bloody much, he thought before drifting off to sleep. He dreamed about having Lucius Malfoy beneath him, begging Harry to talk.

It was quite a nice dream.

{oOo}

Lucius was all smiles the next morning. He was definitely a morning person; always smiling, talking, sitting at breakfast like he'd had a vial of Pepper-Up Potion.

Harry and Draco were definitely not morning people. They were sluggish and yawned and grunted at each other. Both got better after coffee and breakfast (Harry, as usual, trying to force Draco to have third and fourth helpings). Harry was particularly slow that day because of Lucius' ranting the night before and the fact that tonight he'd be back in Gryffindor Tower.

'What's up with y-y-you?' Draco asked, last word broken by a yawn.

'Your bloody father,' Harry said as he sipped his second coffee.

'What did I do?' Lucius asked, not looking up from the business section of The Daily Prophet. He'd subscribed again only to keep up with local news and business dealings. He poked his wand at it every morning to get rid of anything with Harry's or his own name in it.

'You went on and on last night about talking and lights and Draco!' Harry snapped.

Lucius raised an eyebrow, still not looking up.

'You did,' Harry insisted. 'I got back from the bathroom to see you sitting up. I apologised for waking you, you asked what the time was, and I checked. Then you went on about me waking up and talking too much. You kicked me, twice, and then demanded I go to sleep. When I got mad, you kissed me, threatened to make me sleep in Draco's room, and fell asleep.'
There was silence before Lucius said, 'I'm sure you're exaggerating.'

Harry groaned and nearly slapped his face into his breakfast. Draco chuckled as he crammed cereal into his mouth.

{oOo}

After breakfast, Harry and Lucius sat together in the sitting room. There was no reading, no talking, just them. Harry was sitting on Lucius' lap, one arm between his body and Lucius, the other hand playing Lucius' hair.

The Slytherin's right hand was rubbing Harry's thigh slowly while his left stroked through the teenager's hair, nails digging into his scalp and soothing him.

Draco didn't dare interrupt them, not when they only had a few more hours together. He watched them from the hallway for a minute, feeling their affection and sadness, before disappearing to his room to give them some privacy.

{oOo}

Lucius had a staff meeting at twelve and disappeared, leaving Harry and Draco to make sure the majority of their stuff had been sent to their respective dormitories. Most of Harry's books stayed in the study, his favourites already in the wardrobe he had in Gryffindor Tower. Harry had told Lucius he'd visit them when he could and Lucius had pouted, asking if Harry was going to visit him. Harry just smiled, forcing Lucius to huff.

Once done, Harry and Draco went down to the Great Hall to join Lucius, Severus, and the other teachers for lunch. Both were welcomed by the professors, a few shaking Harry's hand and asking how his holiday had been.

When Harry managed to get away from them, he headed straight for Lucius, who was sitting at the end of the table beside Severus.

Not caring that were a heap of teachers there (people who had known him since he was eleven), Harry sat himself right on Lucius' lap. There was a fair amount of staring as Harry wound his arms around his mate and buried his face in the blonde's neck.

Lucius' own arms wrapped around the Gryffindor and pulled him close. He rested his face against Harry's hair and stroked the boy's back slowly.

Eventually the others went back to eating and chatting softly, letting the mates enjoy their moment. For once Lucius didn't care that other people were seeing his defences down, his softer side. All that mattered was Harry, his Harry, who was in his arms where he belonged.

Neither ate any lunch.

{oOo}

Soon afternoon slipped into night. The Hogwarts Express was due at Hogsmeade station any minute and Lucius had to be seated at the staff table.

He and Harry sat in their quarters, soon to be Lucius' quarters only, and just held each other. Draco had already said his goodbyes and headed down, giving the couple their last chance alone.

'Before you go, Harry, I have something for you,' Lucius said suddenly. Harry shifted on Lucius'
lap to see the blonde pulling a ring box from his pocket.

'Merlin, are you proposing?'

Lucius chuckled. 'No, I meant what I said; I plan to marry you after you graduate. You have enough to worry about without a wedding added into the mix.'

Harry smiled and looked at the box. 'So... what's this?'

Watching Harry carefully, Lucius flipped the box open.

It was another ring, this one like the one Harry had made; silver, celtic in design, but with a silver stone with blue flecks and a black L. Lucius held it out and Harry touched it. Like the previous night, there was a flash of gold light, and when they pulled away the ring matched Harry's exactly except for the stone colour and letter.

'Why?' Harry asked softly.

'You gave me something beautiful, Harry,' Lucius said, 'I wanted to do the same.'

'But you did, you gave me a Malfoy family ring.'

Lucius shook his head. 'I had to, Harry. Yes, I want everyone to know you're part of this family, and of course I want you to be, but it's... different.'

He sighed. 'I'm not explaining myself very well. We both have Malfoy family rings because we belong to that family. But this-' he pulled his own chain from under his shirt and showed Harry the ring the teenager had made, '- this was made by you, Harry, just for me. I wanted to make one for you.'

Harry grinned and took the ring, touching it carefully. 'It's beautiful, Lucius, thank you.'

'You can wear it on your chain,' Lucius said.

Harry stepped closer and turned so Lucius could remove the chain. He slid the new ring on and re-fastened the chain. Harry glanced down at both rings and grinned. 'Now we both have two.'

'Exactly,' Lucius said.

'Thank you.'

'You're welcome.'

Harry leaned up and kissed his mate softly before sighing. 'I'm going to miss you so much.'

Lucius' eyes were filled with sadness. 'I know, little one,' he said softly. 'I know.'

{oOo}

Harry watched as the students filed in, all wearing their Hogwarts robes. The eighth years stood out in their bright coloured robes. Seamus Finnigan, Dean Thomas, and Neville Longbottom had all returned. Lavender Brown and Parvati Patel would be joining Hermione as the eighth year Gryffindor girls.

Draco was joined by Blaise Zabini, Theo Nott, and Greg Goyle, as well as Pansy Parkinson and Millicent Bulstrode.
The Hufflepuffs were Hannah Abbott, Justin Finch-Fletchley, Susan Bones, and Roy Moon.

Terry Boot, Mandy Brocklehurst, Padme Patel and Lisa Turpin were the Ravenclaws.

All smiled and greeted each other, Harry too, before joining their respective houses. The other years all admired the older students in their coloured robes before finding their friends and sitting. A lot of people stared at Harry, but really that was no different then every other year. Either he was the famous Harry Potter, the heir of Slytherin, the attention-seeking champion or liar.

And then he was the Saviour all over again.

Harry nodded at the people who knew, some like Luna Lovegood, Nigel Attsworth, and Michael Corner from the DA smiled and waved at him. Dennis Creevey, who was as small as his brother had been, said hello to Harry in a small voice and sat with some other sixth years. Harry remembered that he'd lost Colin during the Battle of Hogwarts and felt a pang of sadness go through him.

The students were starting to quiet down and a few looked up at the staff table. Slowly, like a ripple through a tide pool, the whispers grew harsher and louder as students recognised the blonde sitting beside Professor Snape. Some of the older students (and a few younger ones who had sneaked back in) had fought during the Battle of Hogwarts. The last they'd seen of Lucius Malfoy, he'd been getting arrested for crimes against the wizarding world.

Of course Lucius just sat there ignoring them, checking his nails like he didn't have a care in the world. Harry admired his strength, his ability to ignore what everybody said.

Harry realised this was what Lucius loved; all eyes on him, people talking about and fearing him. He loved attention, whether it was good or bad. As long as people knew who he was, feared him, and knew he was powerful, Lucius was quite happy. Even after all he'd been through, he still liked being noticed.

Hermione had sat beside Harry without the wizard seeing her and suddenly a strong hand was on his arm, squeezing reassuringly. Harry tried to ignore the vile words spewing from students' mouths and it took all his strength not to shout at them all.

Neville, who was sitting between Ron and Dean, leaned across the table. 'Is that Lucius Malfoy?'

Hermione nodded, eyes still on Harry.

'What's he doing here?' Neville said.

'Obviously teaching Defence Against the Dark Arts,' Ron answered, eyes on Harry. 'Or Potions.' Harry didn't look at him, more then happy to stare at his empty plate.

'How can Dumbledore employ him?' Seamus said from beside Dean. 'Is he mad?'

'Dumbledore obviously trusts him,' Hermione answered.

Seamus and Dean exchanged incredulous looks before looking back at the staff table.

The doors opened and Professor McGonagall appeared, leading through a large group of terrified looking first years. There was a bigger intake then any other year because a lot of Muggle-borns hadn't recieved their letters, despite being witches and wizards. Severus had figured it best to leave the young ones in the Muggle world where they were safer from Voldemort's power.
So there were a lot of twelve year olds, and even some who looked close to thirteen, amongst the crowd.

They lined up before the stool, the Sorting Hat placed atop it. After its usual song, this one filled with pride at the Hogwarts students who'd fought, McGonagall unrolled her scroll and started.

It felt like hours later that the students had been sorted. There were twenty new Gryffindors, twenty-five Hufflepuffs, at least thirty Ravenclaws, and a dozen Slytherins. The poor snake house had suffered after the war and Harry promised himself he'd help restore it to its former glory.

Dumbledore stood and spread his arms, welcoming the new and old students to another year.

'You may notice that some of our older students are wearing colourful robes,' Dumbledore said. A few heads turned in Harry's direction. 'Those are our eighth years; students who couldn't complete or even start their seventh year due to Voldemort.' There was a fair few flinches before Dumbledore continued. 'The eighth years are like any other student, however I ask that they try and be good role models and not break the rules.' He stared at Harry, who smiled.

'Also, we have a few new staff members,' Dumbledore continued. 'Severus Snape has returned as potion's master-' there were a few claps, Harry amongst them, 'and we are joined by Daniel Abbott who will be teaching Muggle Studies...' another few claps, 'and Amy Severhorn, our new Arithmacy professor.'

When the clapping died down, Dumbledore cleared his throat.

'We're also joined by Lucius Malfoy, who will be teaching Defence Against the Dark Arts.'

There would have been an uproar if Lucius, Dumbledore, and Severus hadn't been glaring at all the students. There were hisses, though, students turning to their neighbours to gossip.

'Professor Malfoy's private life, and past, are of no importance to his teaching life,' Dumbledore said. 'You will respect and welcome him to Hogwarts or face serious consequences. Now, on with dinner.'

Food sprang up out of nowhere and a lot of students tucked in. Some were throwing looks at Lucius, others at Draco, and many were staring at Harry as the Gryffindor lumped chicken, potatoes, and gravy onto his plate.

'Ignore them,' Hermione whispered.

'How can I when they're saying horrible things about Lu... about him?' Harry demanded.

'You have to control yourself,' Hermione insisted as she slid steamed vegetables onto her own plate. 'I know it's difficult, Harry, but please try. If it gets too much we can leave.'

Harry nodded and thanked her, trying to focus on his dinner. But every few minutes his eyes would drift up to the staff table. He'd chosen his seat well; he could see Lucius from where he was and the Slytherin was watching him carefully. It didn't go unnoticed by some other students but Harry didn't care. As long as he could see Lucius, he could eat.

{oOo}

The trip to Gryffindor Tower seemed like a trek to Harry. He was tired of all the staring and it wasn't even the first day. A lot of older students respected his wishes and just smiled or nodded at him as he went past. Some of the younger ones, especially the first years, seemed to think it okay to
hunt him down and swoon all over him.

Harry tried really hard to be nice, they were only kids after all, but Hermione had to stop him smacking them all across the corridors as they walked. She led him through a lot of short cuts and they managed to avoid the brunt of the students.

'Thanks, 'Mione,' Harry said as they approached the Fat Lady. 'Don't know what I'd do without you.'

'Fail miserably and be a sorry excuse for a wizard,' Hermione said.

'And here I thought you were humble.'

'What gave you that idea?' Hermione grinned.

They stopped before the Fat Lady and Harry said, 'Goblin goo.'

'Goblin goo?' Hermione questioned as she and Harry climbed into the common-room.

'No idea, McGonagall's idea,' Harry shrugged.

A few older students were already there and greeted Harry. Those like Ginny, Lavander, and Parvati all hugged him tightly, boobs pressing into his chest. Harry frowned and drew back.

'Harry, it's so good to see you,' Lavender grinned. 'Have you got a girlfriend yet?'

'Lav,' Parvati chastised. She'd always been nicer, and saner, then her best friend and threw Harry an apologetic look.

'Um, no, I'm gay,' Harry said. He figured it best to tell Lavender, she'd have it spread around the school by breakfast. The girl was an excellent gossiper and Harry didn't want random girls asking him out.

Lavender's eyes went wide and Parvati's mouth fell open. 'Shut up,' the blonde said.

'Erm... I'm serious,' Harry said. 'I'm gay, always have been.'

'That's... that's...' Parvati tried.

'So adorable!' Lavender shouted as Ginny glared at her. 'Oh, Harry, that's brilliant. Congratulations.'

Harry raised an eyebrow as Lavender hugged him again and disappeared with Parvati, no doubt to talk about the wizard's declaration.

'Congratulated for my sexuality?' Harry said. 'How does that make sense?'

'Contrary to popular belief, not all girls gossip and understand each other,' Hermione said. 'But I suppose they're just happy for you, you being honest and all.'

Harry felt like his best friend was contradicting herself right there but didn't voice it. Soon they were joined by Neville, Seamus, Dean and Ron, who'd all walked up together.

'Hey Harry,' Dean said and shook the other Gryffindor's hand.

'Dean, Seamus. Nev, how was your holiday?'
'Gran was so proud of me,' Neville grinned. ' Wouldn't stop prattling on. Bit embarrassing, really.'

Harry grinned. 'You deserve all the praise.'

Neville just shrugged. Suddenly he had Lavender and Parvati either side of him, both grinning from ear-to-ear.

'Mr Neville Longbottom,' Lavender cooed. ' Aren't you looking fabulous?'

Hermione rolled her eyes and bid Harry goodnight, wanting to get to sleep before Lavender and Parvati entered the dorm gossiping.

'Um... h-hi,' Neville mumbled, turning pink.

'So handsome,' Parvati said and stroked Neville's arm.

'Please, please, please don't tell us you're gay too,' Lavender begged.

Dean and Seamus frowned at her wording as Neville said, 'Too?'

Both girls looked at Harry and soon all eyes were on him. 'Our Mr Potter doesn't play for our team,' Lavender pouted.

'Please tell us you do,' Parvati said.

Neville stared at Harry, who sighed and ran a hand through his messy hair. 'Yes, I'm gay. Yes, I'm seeing someone. Yes, I was born like this.'

'Um... okay,' Neville said. Dean and Seamus were still staring at him and Ron disappeared up to their dorm.

'Such a loss for the women of Britain,' Parvati said.

'But we're more then satisfied with gorgeous Neville here,' Lavender added.

Neville turned bright red and the other three wizards left him to it, Lavender and Parvati looking him over.

In the eighth year boy's dorm (a new room Dumbledore had had to add onto the tower), Harry felt Dean and Seamus staring at him. Ron was already in bed, drapes drawn, and Harry sighed as he looked at his best friend's bed. Nobody said anything until Neville joined them, cheeks still a faint pink.

'Is it true, Harry?' Neville asked.

'Is what true?' Harry said, even though he knew full well what Neville was talking about.

'Are you gay?' Seamus asked.

Harry sighed and turned to face him. 'Yes, I am.'

There was silence before Dean said, 'Good.'

'Good?' Harry questioned.

'Now I'm not the only one,' Dean said.
Harry's mouth fell open.

'Yep, our little Deany is gay,' Seamus grinned and threw an arm around his best friend.

Neville groaned. 'Great, now one less guy Lavender and Parvati can swoon over.'

Seamus winked at him. 'You're a hero, Nev.'

Another groan from the other Gryffindor.

'So... you don't care?' Harry asked.

Dean said, 'Obviously I don't.'

'Being gay isn't a big deal in the magic world,' Seamus said. As a half-bloody like Harry, Seamus knew about both worlds. 'Honestly mate, it's fine.'

Harry smiled. 'Thanks.'

'Can't wait to see people's reactions tomorrow,' Seamus mused as he readied for bed.

'The girls will be so annoying,' Dean groaned.

The others laughed.

{oOo}

Later in bed, Harry stared up at the maroon canopy and sighed. He had his hands behind his head, legs spread out, and eyes wide open. He was tired from the dinner, from Lavender and Parvati and everyone else staring at him. But he couldn't sleep, couldn't stop thinking about Lucius. His bed was cold, he was cold, and his heart throbbed and ached.

The teenager missed Lucius, plain and simple. He missed the man's warm embrace, his delicious body and soft breathing. Harry just couldn't sleep without it.

He contemplated sneaking out and going to Lucius but threw the idea out before it could form properly. He had to learn to survive without his mate. He could stay with Lucius at weekends and the odd week night, Albus had said it would be fine.

So Harry would wait. He'd be fine, absolutely fine.

He rolled over, punched his pillow, and settled down.

His eyes were still wide open.

{oOo}

The only thing keeping Lucius from running to Gryffindor Tower was pride. He was a Malfoy; he could, and would, sleep alone. He could handle a few nights without his mate. He wouldn't break down like some teenage girl and go running for his partner. He was Lucius Malfoy, damn it!

So he grabbed a spare pillow (Harry's pillow) and wrapped his arms around it. Closing his eyes, Lucius willed himself to sleep.

His will wasn't working.
Harry was bombarded by female students all morning. All of them demanded to know if he was really gay (Lavender worked pretty damn fast) and Harry was beginning to think he should carry around a big sign that said, 'Yes, it's true, I like men'.

Soon it became too much and Hermione shouted, telling the various aged girls (and a few boys) to get lost; Harry was taken, no he didn't want to talk about it, and his private life wasn't any of their damn business.

Harry didn't know how he could thank her. Hermione suggested massive study periods and Harry laughed. That caused a rant about N.E.W.T.S and Harry just smiled and nodded.

{oOo}

Apparently being Voldemort's right-hand man, a cold bastard, and an ex-convict didn't matter to some teenage girls (and quite a few teenage boys). Sitting in the Great Hall for breakfast, Harry heard a number of students talking about Lucius.

Some were bagging him out (quietly, they didn't want the man catching them doing it), others were wondering exactly why he'd been released from Azkaban, and a large portion were gossiping about his looks.

'Professor Malfoy is so gorgeous.'

'What the bloody hell is Dumbledore thinking?'

'He has wonderful hair.'

'He'll know a lot about Dark Arts.'

'I see where Draco gets his good looks from.'

'Can't wait for Dark Arts.'

'Thought we'd moved past having Death Eaters for teachers.'

'How will we concentrate?'

'Criminal.'

'Have you seen his eyes?'

Harry stabbed at his toast viciously, earning more then a few looks, and Hermione whispered, 'Harry, some self-control.'

'They're talking about him!' Harry hissed, jealousy and anger coursing through him. 'What am I supposed to do?'

'Take a deep breath, remind yourself that Lucius is your mate, and also remember that they're teenagers; they'll gossip about it for a while before it becomes old news. Lucius isn't going to leave you for some stupid Hogwarts student.'

'I'm a stupid Hogwarts student,' Harry said.
'Also the Saviour of the wizarding world, the Golden Boy, The Boy Who Lived, Defeater of the Dark Lord, yadda, yadda,' Hermione said. 'Gorgeous, intelligent, funny, and you have a certain Slytherin wrapped around your finger.' The witch smiled. 'Relax, Harry.'

Harry grinned, he actually felt better now. 'Thanks, 'Mione,' he said and took a big bite of toast.

The band around Harry's heart ached softly and Harry glanced up at the staff table. He caught Lucius' eye and smiled. Lucius smiled back briefly before his Malfoy mask of superiority was back in place.

Merlin did Harry miss that man.

{oOo}

Harry's good mood lasted all of five minutes. Professor McGonagall handed out their time tables and Harry groaned.

'What's wrong?' Hermione asked.

'Double Potions, Herbology, Transfiguration...' Harry grumbled.

'And...?'

'No Dark Arts,' Harry said glumly.

Hermione smiled at him. 'Relax, Harry, you'll live.'

'No I won't,' Harry sulked, folding his arms.

{oOo}

There were only twenty-two eighth years so they all had their classes together; Gryffindors, Hufflepuffs, Ravenclaws, and Slytherins. They didn't all take the same subjects. Harry had Potions with Draco, Blaise Zabini, Theo Nott, Padme Patel and Terry Boot. Harry was paired with Draco, Blaise with Padme, and Theo with Terry. Severus seemed to be nicer this year, or maybe it was because most of the class were Slytherins, he actually liked Harry now, and he'd always respected the Ravenclaws.

The class seemed to slowly crawl by but Harry didn't feel too bad. He suspected it was Draco; the part veela's scent warmed his heart and he smelled faintly of Lucius. Harry had to stop himself wrapping his arms around the blonde and hugging him to death.

Thankfully Severus had placed the pairs a good distance apart, two desks between each so they couldn't copy each other. He rolled his eyes every time he passed Harry and Draco, the Gryffindor asking if Draco had eaten enough dinner and breakfast, if he was having any troubles, so on. Draco just grinned the entire time.

Herbology was with Hermione, Ron, Neville, Dean, Hannah Abbott, Justin Finch-Fletchley, and Padme and Parvati. Harry and Hermione were partnered up, the Patel twins immediately jumping to each other's sides, and Neville offered to go with Ron because the red-head needed all the help he could get. Dean, Hannah, and Justin were paired together because there weren't enough students.

Madam Sprout greeted them all and got stuck right in; talking enthusiastically about magical plants and soil. Neville and Hannah were in their prime, both competing for smartest herbologist.
Hermione was a clean third, leaving everyone else to stumble around and try to keep up.

{oOo}

Harry picked at his lunch, not feeling very hungry. Lucius wasn't at the staff table and it made Harry sigh. He pushed his plate away, ignoring the concerned look Hermione threw him.

{oOo}

All the eighth years were present for Transifugration. Harry sat next to Draco so Hermione could sit with Ron and try and work on him. The red-head hadn't been vicious to Harry or anything, he'd just been... nothing, really. Harry was worried Ron would never accept his and Lucius' bond.

Draco sensed all this and kept an arm against Harry, soothing the Gryffindor with his presence.

{oOo}

Harry had a free period before Charms and should have headed for the Gryffindor common-room to get started on the mountains of homework his professors had set.

Instead he found himself heading for the third floor. And then he was standing outside the DADA classroom.

Harry took a deep breath and knocked. There was a strong, 'Come in,' and Harry pushed the door open.

The classroom was filled with first year Ravenclaws and Slytherins. All gaped as Harry Potter moved further into the room.

'Mr Potter?' Lucius questioned, standing from behind his desk. His elegant script was written on the chalk board and Harry glanced at it before shifting from foot to foot.

'Um, Professor Malfoy, I needed to see you about my... homework.'

Lucius smiled slightly, not enough to be seen by the first years, but Harry knew it was there. He nodded and said, 'We can talk in my office.'

Harry walked across the room, trying to ignore the stares of over two dozen kids. He climbed the circular stairs that led to Lucius' office, the blond close behind.

'Don't think you can talk while I'm in my office,' Lucius warned the students. 'If I hear so much as a single word I'll put you on cleaning duty with Professor Snape. He could always use some extra hands to clean out the grime in his cauldrons.'

The first years looked terrified and busied themselves with their notes. Lucius smirked in satisfaction and joined Harry in his office, closing the door. A wave of Lucius' hand had silence and locking charms put up and Harry was immediately in his arms.

Harry crushed their lips together as Lucius wound his arms around the slim boy's waist. Harry was lifted and his legs wrapped around the Slytherin's hips, both groaning at the feeling.

'Gods, I missed you,' Lucius said between kisses, words muffled and voice thick with arousal.

'Me too,' Harry said quickly, pulling Lucius closer by the hair. 'Couldn't sleep last night... missed you... bed too cold without you...'
'Shut up,' Lucius hissed and forced his tongue into the Gryffindor's mouth. Harry moaned loudly and thrust his crotch forward, trying to get some much needed friction to his groin.

Lucius was a merciless tease, holding Harry too high for their erections to press together. He pulled back to kiss down Harry's jaw, licking his ear before going south. Harry groaned and tilted his head.

'Yes, oh Gods, yes,' Harry said as Lucius moved closer to his Mark. 'Mark me, Lucius, Mark me as yours!'

Lucius pulled Harry's collar aside, tie almost strangling the teen, and wet his lips. A feral groan was ripped from Harry's throat as Lucius' teeth sank into the Mark, tongue licking and lips sucking. Harry went completely limp and Lucius turned them, taking a few steps before thrusting Harry against the door.

'So beautiful,' Lucius whispered once he'd removed his teeth. Harry whimpered at the loss. 'Shh, my little one,' Lucius said softly. 'There's plenty of time.'

He went back to kissing Harry's neck, careful not to leave any love bites that could be seen. His right arm was tight around Harry's waist, his left moving and fidgeting until he could stroke Harry's thigh.

'Lucius,' Harry groaned, head tipped back and resting against the cold stone wall.

'What do you want, Harry?' Lucius asked, licking the teenager's jaw. 'Tell me what you want.'

Harry bit his lip as Lucius' hand moved closer to his crotch. 'P-Please,' he begged.

'Please what?' Lucius said.

Harry whimpered again.

'You're the sub here, Harry,' Lucius whispered erotically. 'Tell me what you want, what you need.'

'Y-You,' Harry said. 'Y-Your hand... t-touch me... please.'

Lucius pulled back to look into Harry's eyes, his pupils blown with lust. 'What was that?'

'Please touch me,' Harry begged.

Lucius' fingers trailed up and down his trouser covered leg. 'And where, dear one, would you like me to touch you?'

'Don't make me say it.'

Lucius smirked broadly. 'I'm afraid I must, Harry. How else am I to know what you want?'

'Gods,' Harry groaned. 'You fucking tease.'

Lucius had barely ever heard Harry swear and it sent delicious waves of pleasure to his cock. He shifted Harry down so the teenager's arse was resting against his erection. Harry gasped.

'What was that?'

'Lucius, touch my cock!' Harry shouted.
Lucius grinned. 'With pleasure, my love.'

Lucius worked slowly, torturesly slowly, fingers moving up Harry's school trousers gently but surely. He cupped the bulge Harry's erection was making and the teenager groaned, thrusting forward.

'Ah, ah,' Lucius said. 'I'm in charge here, Mr Potter.'

Harry whimpered and moved again.

Lucius' left hand shot up to grab Harry's hair. He pulled back hard, Harry gasping as pain shot through his scalp.

'What did I just say?' Lucius hissed. Harry didn't answer and Lucius pulled back on his hair.

'Ah, you're in charge! Harry gasped.

'Exactly,' Lucius whispered and nuzzled Harry's exposed neck. 'I'll be setting the pace here, Potter.' Harry groaned at the use of his last name. 'Don't you dare move unless I tell you to.'

It was a direct order from his dominant mate and Harry complied. He slumped against the wall and let Lucius have his way.

Lucius smiled in satisfaction. 'There we go, much better.' His voice was a low growl, rough from arousal, and Harry had to fight not to leap up and kiss the man stupid. His veela wouldn't let him and, truth be told, Harry didn't want to; he wanted to obey Lucius, wanted the Slytherin to dictate each and every little detail. It lifted a weight from Harry's shoulders, pushed his embarrassment aside, and meant Harry could concentrate on Lucius and their shared pleasure.

With a soft smile, Lucius quickly gave Harry a kiss. 'Good, little one, you're learning. Let me take care of everything.'

Harry gave Lucius a smile and received another kiss. Suddenly Lucius' hand was back at Harry's crotch, rubbing his erection through his trousers. Harry had to bite his lip to stop from groaning.

'You can speak, little one,' Lucius said. 'I want to hear you.'

'Fuck, Lucius,' Harry groaned immediately, closing his eyes. 'That's... y-yes.'

'Yes?'

'I'd nod but you told me not to move.'

Lucius chuckled. 'Yes, I did.' His fingers slid up to Harry's belt and, with one hand, he undid the buckle. Harry groaned again as his zipper was pulled down and Lucius' warm, strong hand slipped in to touch his underwear.

Harry nearly bucked up, his lower body half twitched, and Lucius stopped immediately.

'I'm sorry,' Harry said quickly. 'Please, keep going.'

'I'm going to train you,' Lucius said, fingers still. 'I expect you to be able to hold completely still while I ravish your body.'

Harry groaned at the thought and Lucius took the opportunity to squeeze the teenager's erection. This time Harry did jump, teenage hormones over-riding his submissive veela, and Lucius' hand
disappeared.

'No!' Harry whined as he was pulled off the wall.

'What did I say?' Lucius demanded.

'Don't move,' Harry answered.

'And what did you do?'

Harry looked down. 'Moved.'

'Exactly. If you can't follow my orders, Potter, we're done here.'

'NO, I'M SORRY!' Harry shouted. He clung to Lucius tightly. 'Please, don't stop, I need you!'

Lucius raised an eyebrow.

'I've never... you know I've never done anything,' Harry said quietly. 'Please, give me another chance.'

'Hmm...' Lucius murmured. 'I suppose I can't blame you, this is all very new for you.'

'Very,' Harry agreed.

'Fine,' Lucius said. 'Small amounts of movement only. If you buck into me, move off the wall, or try to kiss me, I will stop and send you back to class. Is that clear?'

Harry nodded once before jerking to a stop. 'S-Sorry. Yes, I understand.'

Lucius looked him over carefully.

'Please, Lucius,' Harry begged. 'I'll be better, I promise.' He paused before saying, 'I'll do better, Professor Malfoy.'

Lucius groaned at the use of his title and appraised Harry's body again, the teenager feeling very hot and lovely against him. Finally his need to pleasure Harry outweighed the need to teach the boy a lesson and he thrust his mate back into the wall. Harry gasped but his only movement was his fingers digging into Lucius' shoulders.

Lucius set about removing Harry's maroon robes, letting them drop to the floor. He leaned against the teenager, keeping him pinned to the wall with his body, and removed his own robes. Lucius was wearing dark trousers and a plain white cotton shirt with the top two buttons undone. He had a waistcoat on over it and the buttons gleamed in the soft light.

Harry bit his lip as Lucius' free hand trailed down his body, finger tracing a nipple through the thin cotton of Harry's shirt. He groaned softly and Lucius smirked, pleased with the noise as he moved even further. Harry could feel his touch even through the shirt. It was like magic, or a flame, burning through Harry's clothes to sear into his skin.

Lucius moved even lower and was finally back at Harry's groin. He pushed the teen's trousers further open before running his finger up and down Harry's trapped cock.

'Fuck,' Harry gasped, never having anyone else touch him but his own hand. He and Lucius had rubbed against each other, yes, but this was completely different. Harry wanted Lucius' hand on his bare skin, wanted the man to touch him and bring him to completion.
Unfortunately for Harry, the Slytherin seemed to be enjoying himself. He stroked again and again until Harry was rock hard, a wet patch growing bigger and bigger on the light grey cotton.

'L-Lucius,' Harry moaned, 'please, I need... touch me, please!'

'Ah, ah,' Lucius chastised. 'This is my classroom, Mr Potter, and I dictate exactly how fast we go, remember?'

Harry whimpered.

Lucius grabbed his erection suddenly and Harry gasped. 'Remember?' the blonde repeated harshly.

'Y-Yes,' Harry nodded vigorously.

Lucius smirked and went back to rubbing Harry through his cotton boxer-briefs. The dark-haired wizard was worried he'd come in his underwear. Each touch just built on the one before it until Harry had to physically restrain himself from moving too much.

All the while Lucius had a smug look on his face, looking the perfect gentlemen as he touched Harry again and again. His body betrayed him though; his eyes were dark with lust, his cheeks pink, and erection straining against his trousers beneath Harry's arse. Harry mewled and shuffled about, begging Lucius with his voice and body.

Eventually Lucius grew tired of teasing (and remembered that he had a class of first years waiting downstairs) and pushed his hand past the waistband of Harry's underwear.

The teenager gasped, eyes going wide, as Lucius' large, delicate hand wrapped around his cock. He whimpered and went completely still, eyes falling shut so he could embrace this new pleasure Lucius had brought to him.

He'd never felt anything like it; every nerve of his body was on end, taut, ready to snap given the proper push. Harry's cock twitched eagerly in Lucius' confident hand, just aching to be stroked.

Lucius did just that. Silver eyes locked onto Harry's closed ones, Lucius stroked the teenager from root to tip, flicking his thumb over the head.

Harry gasped again and his eyes flew open. He stared at Lucius in undisguised amazement, body thrumming from this new feeling.

The blonde smirked, he was only just getting started. Slowly, he stroked Harry a few more times, always from root to tip, and always running his thumb through the pre-ejaculate that oozed over the head of his cock. Harry grunted every time he did, legs shaking as spikes of pleasure shot to his core from his cock.

Harry was amazingly hard, and quite well endowed Lucius was glad to find out. He made all the right noises as Lucius stroked him, mewling and keening, staring at Lucius with those emerald orbs Lucius could melt into. His breathing was steadily increasing, chest rising and falling as his body tried to keep up with what was happening.

Lucius started to move faster and Harry gasped at the change of pace. His hips half bucked but Harry stopped himself at the last second.

'Very good,' Lucius praised.

'Uh,' Harry replied.
Lucius smirked. 'What was that, my dear?'

'Uhhh,' Harry moaned louder.

'What, you want me to stop?'

'FUCK, NO!' Harry screamed.

Lucius blinked. 'No need to defean me, little one.'

'Don't stop, please,' Harry groaned, back arching slightly against the wall. 'Please, Lucius, don't... no, can't handle... that...' He sounded so desperate that Lucius' facade cracked a little. His own arousal pushed persistently at his zipper and Lucius let a soft moan of enjoyment escape.

His fist encased Harry's cock tightly and he pumped harder, Harry grunting against him, eyes once more sliding shut.

Hard and wet, just for me, Lucius thought as he watched Harry shudder again. Just for me, always. Lucius groaned but Harry didn't hear it, too caught up in his own pleasure. Mine, Lucius' veela whispered in his ear as the band around his heart gave an almighty pull.

Suddenly Lucius wrenched Harry from the wall, the teenager gasping and scrambling to keep hold of the blonde's shoulders. He blinked as Lucius carried him to the desk.

'Lucius?'

Instead of answering, Lucius slammed Harry onto the desk, parchment and books flying. Lucius quickly unfastened his belt and trousers, getting them down so they fell around his ankles. His boxers followed and Harry groaned as he looked down.

Lucius was thick and long, cock throbbing and bright red as blood was pumped to the organ. He had soft blonde pubic hair that Harry wanted to touch, but his legs refused to move from around Lucius' waist.

Harry imagined what it would feel like to have that inside him. Surely it was too big? That would never fit into him.

Lucius pressed himself against the teenager and all thoughts but one left Harry's head; HOLY FUCKING HELL DOES THAT FEEL GOOOOOOOOD!

A low growl escaped Lucius' lips and Harry mewed in response, body completely still as he waited to see what his mate would do. The dominant veela in Lucius took control and the man thrust himself forward.

His cock slid along Harry's shaft as well as his stomach, spreading warmth, arousal, and pre-come. Harry moaned and bit his lip, fresh pleasure racing through his body. This was far better then anything he'd ever done before and Harry never wanted it to stop.

Lucius stopped suddenly and Harry growled in annoyance. A small chuckle came from the blonde before he waved his hand. When Lucius' cock touched Harry's again it was dripping wet. The teenager flew into a sitting position, almost knocking Lucius back.

'Easy, little one,' Lucius said softly. 'It makes this easier and more pleasurable.'

Harry looked up at him.
Lucius leaned down and kissed Harry gently. 'I promise not to go any further than touching you, Harry. I know you're not ready and I would never betray your trust.'

Harry swallowed and nodded. He eased himself back down with Lucius' help and the blonde paused before starting to gently thrust against the teenager beneath him.

Slowly the pleasure Harry had felt before came back, each of Lucius' pushes adding onto what he was feeling. Soon the Gryffindor was whimpering and moaning again, moving his body slightly under Lucius' bulk. Lucius' hands were on his hips, pulling Harry against him gently to add more stimulation.

'Fuck, Luce,' Harry groaned and arched up. Lucius was too aroused to berate the boy and instead welcomed each and every movement Harry made. 'Please, Lucius, more!' Harry begged. 'Yes, right... right there!' he said after Lucius changed his angle. Now his cock was sliding along Harry's testicles, shaft, and stomach, making the teenager whimper loudly.

'Gods, Harry,' Lucius said, voice cracking as he finally broke. He lost all dominance and control as he crashed their hips together, pleasure assaulting his body like never before. Harry felt better than every previous lover combined, the boy's body and moans making everything so much better.

'Aaahhh...' Harry groaned loudly.

'Harry,' Lucius grunted, now thrusting like mad as he crashed towards his climax. Suddenly he wrapped his right hand around both their shafts and pulled.

Harry's fingers dug into Lucius' neck, close to drawing blood as the teenager writhed and moaned on the desk. Lucius moved again, left hand taking over the pumping as his right ripped Harry's collar aside. Wetting his lips, Lucius moved down.

'Ah, yes!' Harry gasped as Lucius' lips moved closer and closer to his Mark. 'Lucius, Merlin, so close... just... ah... yes...'

When Lucius' teeth sank into his Mark and sucked back, Harry lost himself completely. He came violently and thrust up against his mate, fingers breaking Lucius' skin as he climaxed. Harry shouted Lucius' name, eyes rolling into the back of his head as he emptied himself across both their stomachs.

Lucius growled loudly, possessively, and hissed against Harry's neck. 'Say you're mine!'

'Y-Yours,' Harry gasped out, trying to speak through the pleasure. 'I'm yours, Lucius.'

Lucius groaned. 'Mine,' he whispered and grabbed Harry's right hip with his hand, keeping the teenager moving against his still raging erection.

'Always,' Harry whimpered as his sensitive and softening cock was tugged again. 'Always yours... Luce...'

Lucius bent his head, forehead pressed to Harry's shoulder. Harry threaded his fingers through the blonde's hair and pulled him up for a kiss.

Their lips met and Lucius came, groan swallowed by Harry's mouth as the teenager sucked on his tongue. Semen leaked across their already soiled shirts and Lucius shuddered, arms aching as his fingers dug into Harry's trouser clad hip.

When he could think straight, Lucius kissed Harry back. Their lips were soft and gentle, spreading
warmth through their aching bodies. They stayed where they were for at least ten minutes, Lucius hovering over Harry, Harry lying weakly on the table.

Harry's legs fell to rest against the table and Lucius loosened his grip on the teenager. He moved his hands to the desk and leaned on it heavily, spreading come and lubricant across the wooden surface.

'Gods,' Harry groaned.

All Lucius could do was nod as he stared at his mate. Harry looked delicious; lying back on the wood, completely submissive, shirt riding up and covered in both their seed. His legs were spread wide, Lucius leaning against his still exposed crotch.

He was still breathtakingly beautiful.

A knock on the door made them both jump and Lucius cleared his throat softly. With a wave of his hand, the silencing charm was removed.

'Yes?' Lucius called in a clear voice as Harry panted beneath him.

'P-Professor Malfoy,' came the timid voice of a little boy. 'C-Class is over... can we go?'

Lucius blinked and quickly pulled out his pocketwatch. He swore softly and said, 'Yes, pack up your things and leave. Tell the class to read chapter one by next lesson.'

The Slytherin looked back down at his mate and groaned softly. Harry was bright red, still breathing heavily, and Lucius felt fresh arousal sweep through his body.

But they didn't have the time and, as much as Lucius would love to bring Harry to completion again, they both had classes to get to. It was with regret that Lucius pulled back.

He slid his wand from his walking stick and waved it at their clothes. Semen and sweat disappeared as Harry sat up gingerly, looking slightly weak as he did his trousers up. Both were silent as they finished getting dressed, Lucius turning to help Harry into his robes.

Lucius' long, thin fingers brushed through Harry's hair and down his face. Harry hummed and watched as his mate tided his maroon-coloured school robes.

'That was amazing, little one,' Lucius said.

'Mm, I agree,' Harry grinned. He leaned up and kissed Lucius softly, both losing themselves in the gesture. Before they started ripping their clothes off again, Lucius pulled back. Harry groaned but said, 'I know, I know.'

'I don't want to stop, Harry, but we both have class,' Lucius said. He pressed a chaste kiss to Harry's lips before saying, 'I'll see you soon, my love.'

Harry sighed and hugged his mate quickly before, after one quick checkover, he left. There were a bunch of second years waiting outside the classroom door and all stared at Harry as he left.

Harry hoped they weren't old enough to suspect what he'd been up to.
Night Time Activities

Lucius' and Harry's time together in the DADA room didn't satisfy them like both had hoped. Harry stilled moped around whenever he didn't have DADA and Lucius still terrorised his students because he missed the Gryffindor teen.

Neither realised just how bad it was getting until the night three days after their tryst.

Like every night since school had started, Harry went to bed alone. He was moving about worse then ever and had woken up on the floor the previous morning. Neville and the others asked if he was okay and Harry lied, said he was fine. Only Ron didn't seem to believe him, the red-head looking at him curiously every night before bed.

It was nearing midnight and Harry tossed and turned, whimpering under his breath. He was covered in sweat, eyes rolling behind his closed lids, and his pillows were on the ground. He smacked one hand against the headboard as he rolled over yet again but it didn't wake him.

It woke Neville, who climbed from his bed to see Harry thrashing about. Before he could get to the other Gryffindor, Harry screamed.

Pain ripped through the green-eyed teen's chest, making him sit upright and grab his shirt. The agony only intensified, burning through his body and making the Lucius Band around his heart flex painfully.

Harry fell back onto the bed and his eyes rolled into the back of his head. He moved even crazier then before, limbs twisting and turning as he sucked in great lungfulls of air.

Neville knew Harry had nightmares, had been woken by a fair few, but he'd never seen anything like this. He stared at Harry for a second before running to Ron and pulling back the covers.

'Ron! Ron, get up!'

Always a deep sleeper, Ron groaned and rolled over, ignoring Neville completely.

Harry screamed again, vocal chords scratching together as noise forced its way from his lips. Dean and Seamus were up now, the latter running to get Hermione. Neville pushed Ron violently and finally the red-head sat up.

'Wha? Wha's wrong?'

'Something's wrong with Harry!' Neville said

Harry whimpered and tossed, almost flinging himself off the bed. Dean caught him and held on as Harry fought against him, punching the dark teen in the gut and making him drop to his knees.

Neville joined Dean and helped him push Harry back onto the bed. The other wizard didn't stay still, though; he twisted and rolled, flung himself against the headboard and shouted in absolute agony.

'What's wrong with him?' Dean said, fear clouding his dark eyes.

Ron had a suspicion but it wasn't until Hermione burst into the dormitory, looking wild-eyed and bushy, that he knew for sure.
'Ron, we have to get him to...' she trailed off and stared at her friend, who nodded in understanding.

'Get him where?' Neville asked.

'Dumbledore,' Ron lied quickly as he climbed onto Harry's bed. 'Dumbledore will know.'

Dean and Neville had to hold Harry down so Ron could pick him up. The taller boy got Harry into his arms and Harry curled into his chest, whimpering loudly. Sweat ran down his forehead and Neville grabbed his glasses, handing them to Hermione.

Half of Gryffindor Tower had woken up at Harry's screams. They watched wide-eyed as Hermione led Ron down the stairs and across the common-room. Everyone parted when Harry screamed again, voice sounding hoarse and desperate.

Hermione pushed the Fat Lady open and they ran straight into Draco Malfoy.

'Oh thank Merlin,' the blonde said. 'Hurry!'

Draco had woken to the two thin bands around his heart squeezing tightly, forcing pain through his chest. He'd known immediately what was wrong and had ripped himself from bed, using every short cut he knew to get to Gryffindor Tower.

He, Hermione and Ron quickly ran through the dark castle, Harry's shouts and groans echoing through the corridors. They ran into two prefects and a teacher as they made their way to Lucius' quarters, but all backed away quickly when they saw the state Harry was in.

The Gryffindor was extremely pale, eyes darting behind his lids, fingers wrapped in Ron's shirt so tightly his knuckles were white. He kicked out, almost smashing Draco in the face, but the Slytherin quickly moved aside and pressed a hand to Harry's forehead.

It seemed to calm Harry down, who didn't scream again until they were at Lucius' quarters.

'I don't know the password!' Draco groaned.

'What do we do?' Hermione said desperately.

The portrait swung open suddenly and Severus Snape stared down at them.

'Thank Merlin,' he said, echoing the Malfoy heir as he stepped back. 'Quickly, inside.'

They moved in and Severus led them to Lucius' room.

'He called me about twenty minutes ago, said he wasn't feeling well,' Severus explained. 'And then he started screaming and thrashing about like a Dementor was attacking him.'

'Harry too, sir,' Hermione said, looking terrified. 'What's wrong with them?'

'It's their bond, they've spent too much time apart,' Draco whispered, sounding as scared as Hermione.

Ron quickened his pace until Severus was pushing him through the bedroom door. Lucius was lying twisted in the sheets, blonde head thrown back and lips parted in a desperate moan.

Harry whimpered and Ron carried him to the bed, lowering his friend until he and Lucius touched.

Lucius immediately sat up, eyes only half open. He wrapped his arms around Harry and tugged
him down, growling ferociously at Ron.

'Step back, Weasley,' Severus said quickly. Ron dropped Harry onto the Malfoy patriarch and hurried back, Hermione pulling on his shirt.

Harry let out a groan that seemed to come from his very soul. His fingers pulled at Lucius' shirt, ripping the fabric completely clear in his haste to get at flushed skin. It was thrown aside as Lucius grabbed Harry by the hair, tugging his head to the side and exposing his neck.

Before he could Mark his mate, Lucius looked up. He couldn't recognise any of the people standing in his room, only knew that one was his kit, the other three strangers to his veela-powered mind.

He growled loudly, the threat echoing around the room, and Severus grabbed Ron and Hermione, Draco having already hastened from the room. 'Out, quickly!' he hissed.

The three ran from the room and Severus slammed the door shut.

Lucius waited a few seconds to make sure they weren't coming back before sinking his teeth into Harry's Mark. Harry groaned and went limp, body and soul responding to his dominant mate.

The blonde didn't pull back until Harry's Mark was as dark as it could possibly be. Both were still shaking, their pain mixing together. Tears sprang into Harry's eyes and he whimpered, clawing at Lucius' naked chest.

Their pain was so great that their veelas took over, pushing the two wizards back. Lucius threw Harry onto his back and ripped the teenager's boxers free. Harry groaned and arched up as Lucius tore at his own pyjama pants.

Suddenly they were both naked and pressed against each other. Lucius growled and thrust down, veela magic crackling around them. Harry whimpered and pushed up against his mate, eyes wide open and locked onto Lucius' own.

They writhed and grunted, pushing against each other hard. Slowly their pain faded as their bodies rubbed together, both veelas growling and groaning. Lucius nipped hard at Harry's skin, covering his neck and jaw in love bites. Harry's fingers threaded through Lucius' hair and tugged him down for a kiss.

Their lips were harsh and wet, tongues sloppily licking at each other as they got lost in the veela magic, the bond, pain fading to a thing of the past.

As soon as they climaxed, their combined veela magic exploded, shattering the window and blowing the wardrobe door off its hinges. The bed creaked and groaned beneath them as the bathroom door cracked loudly. Warm liquid coated both their bodies, filling the air with the hot, heady scent of sex.

Lucius dropped and Harry curled into him, trying to get closer and closer. Lucius' arms wrapped around his body and held him tightly as they shuddered together.

{oOo}

Hermione had fetched Albus and the Headmaster sat on the sofa beside Severus. Ron was standing behind the arm chair Hermione occupied and Draco was sitting near the hallway, back pressed to the archway. His body was shaking, arms wound tight around his legs, face buried in his knees.
Suddenly there was an explosion and Draco jerked where he sat. The others felt the raw creature magic coming from down the hall and Draco groaned.

'Are you okay?' Severus demanded, half rising from his seat.

'Fine,' Draco gasped, still shaking, face looking pale. He blinked and said, 'It's fine, they're fine.' He shook his head. 'They're together, pain's gone.'

Draco had been able to feel their pain, the emotions mixing together to make his heart ache and soul feel like it was cracking. He was sitting as close as he could to the other two veelas without hearing exactly what they were doing.

The Slytherin took a deep, shuddering breath, and relaxed more.

'What happened?' Ron demanded. 'Neville woke me and said there was something wrong with Harry. He was screaming and thrashing around, I've never seen him in that much pain.'

Albus sighed and lifted his half-moon specticles to rub at his eyes. 'It's their bond, it wasn't strong enough to handle the separation,' the Headmaster said.

'You fool,' Severus hissed. 'You didn't hear them, Albus! It was... terrible...'

Albus knew it must have been horrible if Severus Snape was shaken. He sighed again and slipped his glasses back on. 'Harry will have to move back in here,' he told them. 'I thought their bond would be stronger now.'

'They haven't completed it,' Draco said softly. 'They're not completely bonded.'

'How do they bond completely?' Ron asked. The others looked at him. 'What?'

'Are you sure you want to know, Mr Weasley?' Dumbledore asked.

'Yes,' Ron said. 'Harry's my best friend and I want him to be safe. The sounds he was making...' he shivered, Harry's screams still echoing in his head.

Severus took pity on the boy and decided to get it over with. 'Penetrative sex,' he told the Gryffindor. 'That is the way to complete their bond.'

Ron turned red before gulping and nodding.

'Will they be okay now?' Hermione asked.

'They'll have to spend a while together, alone,' Dumbledore said and looked at Draco.

The part veela concentrated, seeking out the two bands around his heart that told him Harry's and Lucius' emotions. 'Twenty-six hours,' he said.

'Very well, I'll inform the staff that Harry won't be in class. Severus, can you take Lucius' classes?'

The potions master inclined his head.

'Mr Malfoy, you will be excused from class too,' Albus said. 'Stay here and watch them, make sure no one tries to disturb them.'

'Why?' Ron asked. He didn't know as much about veelas as the others and was confused.
'You heard Lucius growl,' Severus said. 'His veela has taken over and it's dominant; it will protect
Harry. At the moment he will see everyone as a threat and won't hesitate to kill you.'

Ron gulped and said, 'Right, okay. Don't disturb the veelas, got it.'

'Thank you,' Draco said suddenly, looking at the red-head.

'No worries,' Ron shrugged. 'I know Harry and I haven't been talking but... he's my best friend, I
want him to be safe. And I never, ever want to hear him making those noises again.'

'Mr Weasley, Miss Granger, go back to Gryffindor Tower and tell the others Harry is safe,' Albus
said. 'Make up an excuse about Harry suffering night terrors over the war. That should satisfy
curious ears for now. Thank you both and if you need to talk about what happened, or need some
time, just let me know.'

Hermione and Ron nodded and Severus stood to escort them back to Gryffindor Tower. Albus
looked at Draco, who said, 'I'll be fine, Headmaster. I just need to be near them.'

Albus knew Draco would sit there all night. He couldn't get any closer, even as Lucius' kit the adult
veela might not take too kindly to another male getting close to Harry.

The Headmaster waved his hand and a futton appeared on the floor beside Draco as well as a warm
blanket and soft pillow. Draco threw him a thankful look and crawled onto the futton, wrapping
himself in the blanket and hunkering down.

Albus smiled before leaving.

Draco took a deep breath as the bands around his heart squeezed again, washing the young veela in
affection and calm. He sighed and closed his eyes, trying to relax his body so he could get some
sleep.
Harry was surrounded by the most warm, comfortable... something. He didn't know what it was... too soft to be a blanket, yet with an underlying hardness he couldn't place. His aching body was pushed up against it, nose pressed to something that smelted absolutely delicious. Something else was stroking his hair beautifully and Harry hummed, moving closer.

There was a chuckle and Harry frowned. Who was chuckling? And why was this warm, nicely smelling thing moving? He growled in annoyance and pushed a weak arm forward, trying to convey that he wanted it to stop.

It moved again and Harry groaned.

'Open your eyes, little one,' a soft, authoritative voice said from somewhere above him.

Slowly, Harry peeled his eyes open. It was too bright and his body hurt. Harry whimpered and the same voice spoke to him.

'Shh, I just wanted you to know that you're safe.' A kiss was pressed to his sweaty forehead and Harry frowned.

'Lucius?' he whimpered, trying to move and look up at his mate.

But Lucius pushed him back under the blankets and said, 'Yes, my sweet Harry. Go back to sleep.'

'Hurts,' Harry said. He felt like he'd been beaten up by ten bludgers, Crabbe and Goyle, and a Dementor.

'I know, love,' Lucius whispered, breath washing over Harry's face. His arms tightened around the teen, right hand threading through his hair soothingly. 'Go back to sleep. When you wake you'll feel better.'

Harry did as he was told and settled back down, body feeling achy and bruised. He fell asleep against Lucius' solid body, the teen able to feel his steady heart beat through his chest.

{oOo}

When Harry woke again it was dark, moonlight streaming through the broken window. He stared at it, trying to figure out how it'd been broken... and where the hell he was.

Harry remembered going to sleep in his dormitory. But now...

'Awake, I see.'

Rolling over, Harry sat up to see Lucius. The Slytherin was sitting up reading, one hand pushed into Harry's dark and messy hair. Harry groaned as manicured nails scratched at his scalp, sending pleasure and relaxation through his body.

'What happened?' Harry finally managed to ask after blinking back sleep.

Lucius set his novel aside and turned to face the Gryffindor. 'Do you remember anything?'

Frowning, Harry went through his mind, trying to remember how he'd ended up... he realised he was back in the room he and Lucius had shared for a month.
Suddenly it all came sweeping back and Harry whimpered as memories of the pain, the absolute torture, flooded his system. Lucius reached out and pulled Harry into him, making soft, soothing noises as Harry curled into him.

Lucius pulled the teen onto his lap and hugged him close. 'Shh, little veela, it's okay.'

'It hurt so much,' Harry gasped, tears threatening to break free as his body shuddered.

'Relax, Harry, breathe deeply,' Lucius ordered. 'Calm yourself.'

Harry took a deep breath, filling his nostrils with Lucius' scent. He still couldn't quite say what it was, only that it calmed him down, aroused him, and made him feel protected all at the same time.

When Harry calmed down, Lucius explained.

'We spent too much time apart,' the older veela said, continuing to run his fingers through Harry's hair, his other hand rubbing soothing circles on the teenager's lower back. 'Our bond was stretched too far and reacted violently.'

'So... we were in that much pain because we spent too much time apart?' Harry asked.

Lucius nodded. 'Our bond is strong, Harry, but it couldn't handle it. We spent that time together in my office and then only shared a few kisses. Our veela needed each other and... well, you saw what happened.'

Harry shivered before wetting his lips. 'So... what do we do?'

'We have to spend more time together,' Lucius said, 'and that includes nights.'

'I have to move back in here,' Harry said. A statement, not a question.

Lucius nodded again. 'I'm sorry, I know you wanted to keep up a normal facade. But unless you want us both to feel that again, we'll have to be together.'

'I never wanted to leave, Lucius,' the Gryffindor said. 'I just thought it'd be for the best... but no, I never want to feel that way again.'

'Good,' Lucius said, relief evident in his voice.

'Will it always be like that?' Harry asked.

'No,' Lucius said. 'The longer we spend together, the stronger our bond becomes. When we complete it, we'll have to stay together for a number of months. But a year or two after that we'll be able to spend up to a week apart. Any longer and we'll be in extraordinary pain.'

Harry nodded slowly before he realised something. 'Lucius?'

'Mm?'

'That pain... it was our veelas dying, wasn't it?' Lucius was silent. 'Wasn't it?' Harry pushed.

'Yes,' Lucius finally admitted. 'It was our hearts, our souls, and our creatures cracking and fading away.'

'How long did we have?'
'A matter of hours,' Lucius said. 'If you hadn’t been brought here we would have been dead by morning.'

Harry shuddered violently and Lucius pulled him in.

'It didn't happen, little one, we're safe,' Lucius said.

'Gods, Lucius, I nearly lost you!' Harry choked. Finally the tears fell and he pressed his face into Lucius' neck. He cried and whimpered, body breaking down. Lucius held him tightly, own eyes prickling with unshed tears.

But he held them back. He had to be strong for Harry, had to make sure his mate felt protected, safe.

So he sat and murmured calming words, stroking Harry's back and hair, nibbling on his Mark and kissing him softly for hours.

{oOo}

Harry yawned and shifted against Lucius' chest. He felt amazingly warm, more so then he ever had before in Lucius' arms. He wondered why that was and looked down, thinking maybe Lucius had bought a thicker blanket.

He stared in shock as he realised he wasn't wearing a shirt... or trousers... and Lucius wasn't either. Blood rushed to Harry's cheeks, making him glow bright red. Lucius felt Harry's embarrassment thunder through his body and looked down.

'What's wrong?'

'We're... we're... n-naked,' Harry squeaked. He could feel Lucius, all of Lucius. His thighs were strong beneath Harry, his chest and stomach firm. And then there was... that other part, the part Harry really liked, which was currently soft and under his arse.

Lucius smirked. 'Feel something you like?' It seemed impossible but there it was; Harry was even redder then before.

'Um... um...' Harry was at a loss for words and Lucius chuckled. Suddenly the teen remembered what they'd done the previous night and groaned.

'Harry, relax,' Lucius said. 'Yes, we rubbed against each other naked.' He paused. 'Did you know that's a form of sex?'

'WHAT?' Harry shouted.

'Congratulations, Mr Potter, you are no longer a virgin,' Lucius said.

'Fuck off!' Harry snapped.

Lucius grinned. 'I'm serious, Harry. Not all gay men penetrate each other. What we did is a form of sex, just as oral sex is. You're a virgin in the sense you've never been penetrated, or penetrated another man, but you can now say you've had sex... three times, in fact, if you count the time in my office and before you went to the Weasleys.'

Harry scrambled back off Lucius and drew the blankets around him.

'What?'
'Get dressed,' Harry said.

Lucius raised an eyebrow.

'I'm serious.'

'Harry, I've seen you naked.'

'We were... our veelas took control,' Harry said, 'it's not the same as choosing to look at each other naked.'

'Harry, remember the time in my office.'

'Get dressed!'

Lucius sighed but said, 'Fine.' He slipped from their bed and stood before Harry in all his naked glory.

Harry gaped, mouth hanging open and eyes going wide. His bright green eyes roamed up and down Lucius' body, taking everything in and storing it away for future enjoyment.

Lucius enjoyed the attention and stretched, imposing his full form on poor Harry, who's teenage hormones were running mental. The Gryffindor was already hard and he gulped.

'Want me to take care of that?' Lucius asked, feeling Harry's arousal.

'No,' Harry said. 'Go have a shower.'

'I think you're the one who needs a shower,' Lucius said. It wasn't entirely true. As Harry grew more and more aroused, so did Lucius. His cock was thickening, lengthening, and Harry's eyes fell on it. It only grew bigger under the teenager's gaze.

'LUCIUS!' Harry shouted.

'Fine, fine,' Lucius huffed. He turned and headed for the bathroom (slowly), Harry staring at his arse the entire time.

{oOo}

Lucius grumbled as he climbed back into bed wearing pyjama pants and a shirt. Harry was in boxers and one of Lucius' shirt, the fabric smelling like the blonde and making Harry sigh happily.

When they cuddled under the blankets, Harry frowned. It didn't feel right and he moved about, trying to find a comfortable spot. When his hands brushed Lucius' bare stomach, the man's shirt having ridden up, Harry felt something spread through his chest.

Touching Lucius' naked skin just felt... right. And it calmed Harry down, made the teenager feel protected.

'Um... Lucius?' he asked.

'Mm?' The Slytherin had been dozing above him and opened his silver eyes. 'What is it?'

'Can... can you take your shirt off?' Harry asked softly.

Lucius stared at him before smirking wickedly. 'Oh really?'
'Don't be dirty,' Harry said. 'Please, for me, just do it.'

Still smiling, Lucius sat and pulled the shirt off, throwing it across the room. He settled back down and Harry snuggled into him. It still didn't feel quite right and Harry shifted back. Lucius watched as the Gryffindor pulled his own shirt off, exposing his well-muscled, lithe frame to the early morning light.

Harry laid back down and sighed loudly. Finally, finally he was comfortable. Lucius was warm and strong beside him, skin beautifully warm. And that smell!

Lucius had the best scent ever and Harry still didn't know how to describe it. It was better than any cologne, any perfume or flower of food. Harry wanted to bottle it and spray it around every room he entered.

'Happ now?' Lucius asked.

'Mm,' Harry nodded.

'How about we lose the underwear?' Lucius suggested.

'Nope,' Harry mumbled.

Lucius cursed and Harry grinned.

{oOo}

When Harry and Lucius finally left the bedroom, it was late afternoon of the next day. They were both starving and decided to actually eat at the table. They exited the hallway and Harry nearly tripped over something.

He winced as pain flared through his toe.

'Draco?'

Harry looked down at Lucius' exclamation. Draco was curled up on some type of mattress thing, a blanket pulled around his tall frame. He rolled over and looked up, a bright smile spreading across his handsome face.

'DAD, HARRY!' he shouted and leapt up. The Slytherin hugged his father first, wanting to make sure Lucius wouldn't snap at him for hugging Harry. When Lucius hugged back, Draco grinned. He immediately threw his arms around Harry too, breathing in deeply. 'Thank Merlin you two are okay,' Draco said.

'What are you doing here?' Harry asked.

Draco pulled them both into the dining room. 'Dobby?' The small elf appeared and bowed deeply.

'Masters Harry and Lucius are okay,' Dobby said in relief. 'Dobby felt the veelas pain, all the elves did,' Dobby told them. 'We are so happy now.'

'Um... thank you,' Harry said.

'What can Dobby gets Masters Harry, Lucius and Draco?' Dobby asked, big eyes wide.

Draco said, 'I'll have three roast chicken sandwiches with lettuce, pickles and mayonaise.'
Dobby nodded and turned to Harry. 'A big bowl of chicken soup and crackers please, Dobby.'

Another nod and it was Lucius’ turn. 'Tuna bake,' Lucius told the elf, 'and a pitcher of iced pumpkin juice to share, please.'

Dobby disappeared with a crack.

'Now, your question,' Draco said, turning to face Harry across the table. Lucius and Harry were right next to each other, Lucius with his arm around his mate, Harry leaning into his body. 'I felt your pain,' the young blonde explained, 'and went to Gryffindor Tower. Weasley and Granger appeared, the red-head carrying you, and we came here.'

'Wait, Ron carried me?' Harry asked.

Draco nodded. 'You were tossing and screaming,' he said, 'and the easiest way to get you here at such short notice was to carry you, I don't think Weasley even stopped for his wand.

'Anyway, Uncle Sev was here and he said Father was acting the same way as you,' Draco said. 'We put you together and got the hell out of there.'

'Then what?' Lucius asked.

'We talked about what had happened and decided it best to leave you two alone,' Draco said. 'I needed to stay close but I didn't want to hear exactly what you two were doing.' He wrinkled his nose and Harry blushed. 'So I stayed near the hallway.'

'You slept on that mattress?' Harry asked.

Draco nodded. There was a crack and Dobby reappeared with another two elves. They laid the food down and all of them, bowed after receiving thanks, and disappeared.

'How long have we been here?' Harry asked as he dipped his spoon into his soup. Lucus poured the three of them goblets of pumpkin juice before setting the pitcher back down.

'Almost a day,' Draco said. 'You were brought in just after midnight this morning.'

'We'll need more time,' Lucius said.

'How long?' Harry asked as he sucked his spoon.

'Another half a day, maybe longer,' Lucius said. 'We'll see how we feel in the morning.'

Harry nodded before groaning. 'This is good soup.' He dipped a cracker in and Lucius smiled indulgently. Draco shook his head and started on his own food.

{oOo}

Harry and Lucius were sitting together on one of the arm chairs, bodies pressed together and lips hard. Draco had gone to nap in the guest room, leaving Harry and Lucius alone.

Harry knew he'd never be able to get enough of Lucius' lips, his tongue. It was an addiction Harry never wanted to give up.

They were unaware they weren't alone until another scent hit Lucius' nostrils. He ripped his lips away from Harry and growled, arms tightening around the Gryffindor.
Albus Dumbledore stayed a few feet away and raised his arms. 'I mean you no harm.'

Rather then calm down, Lucius got angrier. He leapt to his feet, Harry stumbling, and stalked towards the Headmaster.

'You stupid old man!' Lucius snarled. 'You shouldn't have let Harry go back to Gryffindor Tower, he almost died!'

Albus nodded, knowing that veela was right. 'I apologise again, Lucius,' he said.

'Your apologies mean nothing to me!' Lucius snarled. 'My mate could have died!'

'Lucius-' Harry tried, only to be cut off.

'No, Harry!' Lucius shouted, face looking fierce. 'Dumbledore is a fucking genius, he should have known! He had no right to suggest that you stay with the other Gryffindors! If he had any brains at all he would have told you to stay here!'

'He's not the boss of me,' Harry huffed.

'No, I am!' Lucius snarled and wrapped an arm around the teenager. He glared into Harry's eyes and the Gryffindor gulped. 'You'll stay here, do you hear me? I don't care if the students gossip, I don't care if all of wizarding fucking Britain knows! You are my mate, my world, and you will stay here where I can protect you!'

He kissed Harry hard, lips posessive and fingers digging into the green-eyed wizard's arms. Harry gasped, the sound swallowed by Lucius' mouth. When the Slytherin pulled back he snarled again.

'Do you hear me?' he said, voice dangerously low.

Harry nodded quickly, his veela recognising Lucius' tone and knowing the man was trying to protect him. 'Yes,' Harry said. 'I'll stay here.'

Lucius snorted in acceptance and glared at Dumbledore. On some level he knew this was just as much his fault; he should have known he and Harry were spending too much time apart. But all this bonding was knew to Lucius; he'd gone years without his mate. It was fresh, raw.

Dumbledore was a powerful wizard, a knowledgable man, and should have bloody known.

Plus Lucius had to blame someone, and it sure as hell wasn't going to be himself or Harry.

'Again, I'm sorry, Lucius,' Dumbledore said. 'I didn't know you and Harry would react this violently.'

Lucius opened his mouth to shout again but was stopped by Harry, who placed a hand on his chest.

'Lucius,' he said softly, 'Albus already apologised and we're fine, both of us. So please, stop yelling.'

Lucius wanted to shout all bloody day but Harry looked tired. He still had dark bags under his eyes and his face was pale. Lucius knew he didn't look much better.

So he relented and glared at Dumbledore. 'Please leave, now.'

Dumbledore nodded and stood. He smiled at Harry before leaving, the portrait shutting with a soft thud.
'Thank you,' Harry sighed.

'Not a problem,' Lucius answered. He led Harry back into their bedroom and both stripped from their shirts. Harry snuggled into his mate and let out a tired breath. Lucius kissed him on the forehead and closed his own eyes, arms firmly wrapped around the teenager.
A Trip To Hogsmeade

Chapter Notes

Small Note: I know there are a lot of small mistakes like miss-spelled words and such. This is because I don't have MS Word. My laptop died and I'm using a notebook that only has Wordpad. So I apologise for all the mistakes.

Harry was feeling better by the next afternoon but there was no point leaving, classes were over. Harry knew he had to collect his stuff but really wanted to stay with Lucius. Draco suggested they go when everyone was at dinner; Hermione and Draco had already agreed to help move his things.

When Harry could finally tear himself away from his mate, he met Hermione and Draco outside and walked up to Gryffindor Tower.

'Are you feeling better, Harry?' Hermione asked. 'You looked awful.'

'Yeah, I'm fine,' the wizard insisted.

Hermione shivered. 'I never want to hear you make those sounds again.'

'Try spending a week with him and my father,' Draco said. 'All they ever do is make weird sounds.'

Hermione giggled and Harry blushed. 'Shut up, Draco, or I'll ground you.'

'Oh yeah?' Draco grinned. 'I'll sit right next to you all day and night and make sure you never get any time alone with Dad.'

Harry glared. 'You wouldn't.'

'I'm a Slytherin, of course I would.'

'Fine,' Harry huffed.

Hermione shook her head. When they entered the common-room, a lot of Gryffindors stared at Draco and Harry.

'Yes, there's a Slytherin in the room,' Draco said. 'Don't worry, lions, I won't hex you.'

'Much,' Harry added and Draco shoved him.

A lot of people had been surprised when Harry and Draco had started acting nice to each other. A lot of Gryffindors suspected a spell, most of the Slytherins thought Draco was sucking up to the Saviour. Neither cared, the truth would come out eventually.

Up in the boy's dormitory, Hermione re-sized the boxes she'd stuffed into her robes and she, Harry and Draco started packing the green-eyed teenager's stuff.

'Harry, are you okay?' Neville asked when he stepped into the dormitory.

'I'm fine,' Harry told the other teenager. 'But I'm getting my own room in case it happens again.'
'That's... half cool, half sad,' Neville said. 'I'll miss you, mate.'

Draco frowned at Neville calling Harry a 'mate', but kept his tongue in check. He threw Harry's socks and underwear into a box, not batting an eye at the undergarments.

'What's Malfoy doing here?' Neville whispered.

'Helping me, that's what friends do.'

'Friends?' Neville said.

'Yep,' Harry nodded. 'I know we haven't exactly been... nice, to each other over the years.'

'That's putting it mildly,' Neville chuckled.

Harry smiled. 'Yeah, well Draco's different now and so am I. We're friends.'

'If you say so,' Neville shrugged. 'Want any help?'

'Yeah, that'd be great,' Harry said.

Neville was nice to Draco the entire time, asking questions and answering any that were thrown at him. By the time they finished packing, Neville and Draco were well on their way to becoming friends, even if Draco still called him a 'stupid Gryffindor'.

'Rome wasn't built in a day,' Harry muttered.

Draco pointed out that it could have been with magic.

Harry wanted to slap him.

{oOo}

Lucius refused to help Harry unpack, claiming it was a house elf's job. He sat on the bed and enjoyed watching though; the way Harry had to bend to put his shoes against the wall, the way he stretched, shirt riding up, as he put his books back in the study.

And then there was the pillows being put back on the bed, Harry stripping the sheets because he hated the emerald green ones Lucius had put down (well, a house elf had put them down). Lucius liked that Harry was taking charge and so said nothing, instead just waiting until Harry was done.

When he was done, Lucius backed him into the hallway and against the wall. Harry gasped as he was lifted and held against the wall, Lucius quickly getting his trousers open.

'L-Lucius, wait,' Harry gasped.

'Sorry, did you not want to?' Lucius asked, cock straining against his trousers. Please, please, please don't say no, he thought.

Harry smirked and kissed him. 'Bedroom, I won't be taken against a wall.'

Lucius chuckled. 'But a desk is okay?'

Harry blushed and said, 'Shut up,' as Lucius carried him to the bedroom.

Their bedroom.
Dear Cub,

I know we haven't spoken a lot lately, and that has a lot to do with Lucius Malfoy. Moony's been on my back about that and I wanted to take the time to apologise.

I never meant to alienate you, or make you think that I now hate you. You know how I feel about Lucius Malfoy but that won't change the fact that he's your bonded mate. I know a lot about veelas, being a pure-blood and Narcissa's cousin, and I know that Malfoy can't hurt you.

Narcissa was upset when she learned her then soon-to-be-husband was a veela, and that she wasn't his mate. She thought she would be enough and that maybe he would never find his mate.

Well, I bet she's crying now.

Harry, I will always support you, I trust you to think clearly and to weigh your options before committing to anything. That you want to give a relationship with Malfoy a go is difficult for me to understand, but I'll support you.

So, onto the reason I'm writing; Moony and I want to meet you and Malfoy in Hogsmeade. That's right, I want to have lunch with Malfoy too. I want to get to know him better if you're going to marry him (Moony insists that one day you'll be married, I kicked him and he hid my wand).

Anyway, enough about my relationship with a mental werewolf. If you and your mate can meet Moony and me in Hogsmeade at around one, I'll love you forever, Harry (and it'll get Rem off my back).

Tell Malfoy if he's a prat to me I'll hex him, I don't care who sees.

Love,

Padfoot

'He wants to have lunch with you?'

'With us.'

Lucius snorted. 'I doubt the mutt wants to have lunch with me.'

'Lucius, he's my godfather.'

'And...?'

'Please don't call him a mutt.'

'Fine, Black,' Lucius said. 'He can't really want to meet with me.'

'I think it's Remus, he's pushing Sirius to be nice to you.'

'Why?'
'Because he knows how much you mean to me,' Harry said and leaned back from the table. Lucius looked at him over their dinner, the warm aroma of spaghetti filling their nostrils. 'Rem's a creature, he knows how strong a bond like ours can be. He also loves me so he supports me.'

'And Black doesn't?'

'At first he thought I was insane,' Harry said, 'and then he suggested I just keep you locked up and visit you every now and then so I wouldn't die.'

'Charming man.'

'It was just after the war, Luce, and Sirius' name was cleared; everywhere he went he was stared at and people called him insane. Even though he was innocent he still spent twelve years in Azkaban.' His eyes lit up. 'Hey, you can talk about your time in Azkaban.'

'Oh yes,' Lucius said sarcastically, 'we'll bond over our stints in prison.'

Harry rolled his eyes. 'Lucius, please? Sirius'll be nice, he won't hex you.'

'How can you be sure?'

'Rem'll stop him, me too,' Harry said. 'Plus we'll be in The Hog's Head, Ab won't let it happen.'

'Ab?'

'Dumbledore's brother.'

'Oh... Dumbledore has a brother?'

'Please?' Harry begged, ignoring Lucius' question.

Lucius looked into his mate's large emerald eyes. 'This really means a lot to you?'

'Yes,' Harry nodded.

Lucius stirred his spaghetti. 'You want me to meet your godfather and Remus Lupin? As your...'

'Partner?' Harry nodded. 'Remus is like a godfather too. They're my family, Lucius, more so than the Weasleys.'

Lucius sighed. 'What about the general public? They'll wonder why I'm meeting with you, Black, and Lupin.'

'Let them gossip, who cares,' Harry said. 'Rita Skeeter will probably say I'm failing school.' The Slytherin snorted. 'Please?' Harry begged again.

Lucius groaned loudly. Harry was doing the thing; eyes wide and bright, bottom lip poked out, shoulders slumped... Lucius dared anybody to try and resist Harry Potter when he looked like that.

'Fine,' the Slytherin growled. 'I'll meet with your stupid godfathers.'

Harry grinned and leaned across the table to kiss him quickly. 'Thank you, Lucius.'

'I'll be polite but that's all I'm promising,' Lucius said. 'If they annoy me I'll leave.'

'Just... half-an-hour, okay?' Harry asked. 'If after thirty minutes you really don't want to stay, you
Lucius sighed. 'Fine, I'll go.' Harry grinned and went back to his dinner, slurping noodles messily. 'You realise I'm only doing this for you, right? I don't care for Black or Lupin.'

'I know.'

'I demand compensation.'

'What kind of compensation?'

Lucius smirked and put his fork down.

'Oh,' Harry said. 'But I'm hungry.'

'Dinner will still be here,' Lucius said and held his hand out. Harry grinned and stood.

{oOo}

Harry went to Hogsmeade with Hermione, Lucius with Draco. They were going to meet up at The Hog's Head to try and avoid too many people seeing them together. Once inside, Hermione and Draco went off and Harry stood with Lucius.

A quick scan of the pub showed Harry that Sirius and Remus were sitting in the very furthest corner. Remus waved and Harry led Lucius over.

'Remy,' Harry grinned and hugged the werewolf tightly. Behind him Lucius scowled.

'Harry,' Remus greeted. He pulled back quickly after seeing the look on Lucius' face.

'I missed you, Cub,' Sirius said, standing to hug Harry too. He completely ignored Lucius, even when the veela growled. He only let Harry go when Remus pulled him back into the booth.

Harry nudged Lucius when the Slytherin failed to speak. Throwing Harry a quick annoyed look, Lucius turned to the other two men. 'Lupin, Black.'

'Malfoy,' Sirius muttered.

'Lucius, how are you?' Remus asked, perfectly politely.

Lucius remembered telling Harry he'd at least be polite. So he pasted a blank smile on his face and said, 'Quite well, and you?'

Sirius glared at him, like Lucius had threatened to kill the werewolf, as Remus said, 'Okay, just working in the Ministry.'

'Yes, you used to work in the Ministry, didn't you?' Sirius sneered.

Remus nudged him under the table, rather sharply if the hiss Sirius gave was anything to go by. After glaring at the younger man, Sirius turned to Harry.

'How have you been?'

'Fine,' Harry said. 'Just working hard, I've got lots of homework, and Hermione's trying to kill me with study time.'
'Well you should study hard,' Remus said.

Harry rolled his eyes as Sirius asked, 'So are eighth years allowed to play Quidditch?'

'Dumbledore said I can be captain again, Quidditch was cancelled last year,' Harry said, 'so I guess the answer's yes.'

'I'll have to come and watch you,' Sirius said. 'It'd be nice to watch you a free man.'

Harry grinned and Remus said, 'Harry's a lot better than James.'

'And not a show off,' Lucius muttered.

Sirius glared at him but Harry and Remus both chuckled. Sirius looked like a wounded dog and Remus said, 'It's true, Siri; James was a show off.'

Lucius smirked at the Animagus, who scowled back.

'Um...' Harry said, trying to get Sirius and Lucius to stop glaring at each other. 'Sirius, what have you been up to?'

Sirius pulled his eyes away from the blonde and said, 'I've been doing a lot of reading, exercising, enjoying the outdoors as much as I can. I just want a year of being a free man, one who isn't hunted by both sides.' He glanced at Lucius before continuing. 'After that I'll look into a local job, maybe something quiet.'

'You should ask Fred and George,' Harry said.

'The Weasley twins?' Sirius said. 'Why?'

'They're looking for someone to run the Hogsmeade branch of WWW. Their current manager isn't working out.'

'Hmm...' Sirius mused. 'Doesn't sound too bad.'

'Yes, working at a joke shop,' Lucius sneered slightly, 'must be every boy's dream.'

'Lucius,' Harry said. 'Please.'

'What did I say?' Lucius asked. Harry glared at him and Lucius rolled his eyes.

'At least I'd get the job myself,' Sirius said, 'you used Harry to get your current one.'

Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'Dumbledore offered me the position, and Harry and my son talked me into accepting it. Unlike you, Black, I don't actually have to work.'

'Are you sure about that?' Sirius asked. 'Didn't waste all your money bribing your way out of Azkaban?'

'Sirius,' Remus tried.

'I was released,' Lucius said, 'I didn't have to escape.'

Harry grabbed his mate's arm under the table but Lucius ignored him.

'You were released because you're bonded to Harry,' Sirius snapped. 'You'd be dead without him.'
'So would you,' Lucius shot back.

'How?' Sirius demanded.

'He saved your life his third year,' Lucius said, 'and he killed the Dark Lord. How does it feel, Black, to know you needed a thirteen-year-old to save your mangy hide?'

'Lucius, enough,' Harry said, squeezing his arm tightly.

'At least he chose to save me,' Sirius snarled, 'he had to save you or he'd be dead; self preservation.'

Anger and fear clawed through Lucius' heart, making the band around Harry's own heart flex painfully.

'He didn't mean that,' Harry said quickly. 'You know how I feel, Lucius.'

Lucius' jaw twitched, silver eyes locked onto a triumphant looking Sirius.

'Lucius, please,' Harry said, shaking his arm. 'You know that I care about you, I didn't save you just because I would have died, I wanted a relationship, I still do.'

'Sirius, apologise,' Remus said quickly, seeing that Harry was growing distraught.

'What for?' Sirius demanded.

'For suggesting that the bond Harry and Lucius share isn't real,' Remus growled.

Sirius glared at him before slumping back in his seat. 'Fine, I'm sorry,' he pouted.

Harry gripped Lucius' hand tightly and moved closer to him. 'Lucius, you know how I feel,' Harry whispered. He forced himself to calm down, to let his feelings about Lucius take over. Affection, arousal, admiration, everything Harry felt for the blonde cascaded over him. Lucius jerked in his seat as his Harry Band squeezed around his heart tightly, washing him in soothing emotions.

He blinked and looked down at Harry.

'Believe me?' Harry asked.

Lucius pressed his lips together but nodded. Harry felt his Lucius Band soften and grinned.

Sirius scowled, watching the exchange between the couple. He could see the adoration there, in both of them. Harry cared about Lucius and... the Slytherin cared about Harry too.

It pissed Sirius off to no end. He'd always wanted Harry to have a proper family; a partner, kids, the whole thing. And while he knew he would have that with Lucius, Sirius still hated the man. He'd been a prat in school and a bastard later in life.

Once Lucius had calmed down, Harry turned to his godfather. 'Sirius, you're entitled to your own opinion,' the teenager said calmly, 'but if you ever again suggest that I don't care about Lucius, I won't be responsible for my actions.'

His eyes flashed dangerously and Remus glanced at his best friend. 'What, he was teasing me too!' Sirius said. 'Why am I the one getting berated?'

'Lucius didn't suggest that the person who loves you is only with you to save themselves!' Harry snapped angrily.
The L word wasn't missed by Lucius, Remus, or Sirius, all staring at Harry with wide eyes. The teenager didn't seem to notice and continued.

'Lucius didn't suggest that the person who makes everything okay, who you can't wait to see, who you love more then anything, is just a spineless twit,' Harry growled. 'I know you don't like Lucius but that was below the belt. Our bond isn't up for discussion and you have no right to comment about things you know nothing about.'

'I said sorry.'

'You didn't mean it though,' Harry scowled. 'Look, Sirius, I'm not saying you and Lucius have to be best friends, or even like each other. All I'm asking is that you be civil, for me. Can you do that?'

Sirius chewed on his lip. He honestly didn't know if he could. He'd known Lucius Malfoy since he was eleven. The man, then teen, had always been a bully; he'd docked points and thrown detentions around as a prefect. He'd used money and cunning to worm his way into the Ministry's pocket. And later he'd joined the Death Eaters, had most likely tortured and killed people.

And Sirius was just supposed to forget that?

'We can't change the past,' Harry said, as though he could read Sirius' mind. 'We can only shape the future. Lucius has done some bad things, I know, but we all have. He's a changed man, he's trying to be better,' Harry insisted. 'And you know he'd never hurt me or anyone I care about, that includes you.

'Lucius was willing to be civil today and he broke that in a matter of seconds,' Harry continued and scowled at his mate. On the outside Lucius looked unaffected, keeping up his Malfoy mask. On the inside he squirmed. 'I want you to both apologise to each other, stop teasing each other, and just be nice for me.'

'Harry...' Sirius began, only to see Harry's eyes widen. His lips curved down in a frown and his shoulders slumped like he had already given up. Unshed tears shined in his eyes, making them look bigger.

'Please?' Harry whispered. 'For me, Padfoot?'

Lucius couldn't believe Harry was manipulating his godfather like this... it was a real turn on. Harry Potter could be very cunning when he wanted and Lucius had to resist the urge to smirk when Sirius Black broke down.

'Fine,' the Animagus said. 'For you, Cub, I'll be civil.'

Harry grinned, face lighting up. 'Thanks, Siri!'

"I saw what you did there," Lucius said silently, staring at his mate.

Harry shrugged very slightly. "Dunno what you mean."

Lucius smirked and leaned back in his seat. 'I apologise, Black, for the things I said.'

Sirius glared at him but said, 'I'm sorry too.'

'So...' Remus said, clearing his throat softly, 'anyone see the new Chudley Cannon's team?'

Harry giggled at the lame subject change and even Sirius smiled. Lucius rolled his eyes but didn't
say anything. He'd promised Harry to be civil and would try harder for his mate.

{oOo}

'Harry, I'm sorry,' Lucius said once they left Sirius and Remus. The mates decided it would be safe to walk through Hogsmeade together; just a teacher and student, nothing else.

'Doesn't matter,' Harry shrugged. 'You tried... for all of four seconds.'

Lucius sighed. 'It's hard, Harry. I've known Black for years and we've never liked each other. There's just so much difference; I was in Slytherin, he in Gryffindor. I followed the rules, he broke them. I was mature, he and his friends spent most of their school years stuffing around. I was Dark, he was Light. Plus there's the fact that I'm sleeping with his godson, no parent likes to think about that.'

Harry stopped to look the Slytherin over, eyes narrowed, arms crossed. Lucius wondered if he was in serious trouble until Harry said, 'When the hell have you ever followed the rules?'

A grin pulled at Lucius' lips and Harry smiled back.

'Lucius, I know all that,' the teenager said as they started walking again. 'That's why I'm not mad. I don't expect you and Sirius to become chummy over one lunch together. I know you'll never be friends, but acquaintances I can handle. As long as you're not hexing each other every time my back is turned I'm fine.'

'I promise not to hex him,' Lucius said, moving closer to the teenager. 'Unless he hexes me first.'

Harry chuckled. 'Fine, fine; just don't kill him, Remy needs him.'

'Are Lupin and Black... together?' Lucius asked.

Harry grinned. 'You noticed it too?'

'Did I notice that Sirius Black only listens to Remus Lupin, stares at him, touches him uneccisarily, and smiles at him like he's the most gorgeous person in the world?' Lucius said and Harry chuckled. 'Yes, my love, I noticed that.'

'They're not together, at least I don't think they are,' Harry said and waved his hand, trying to swat a bug from his face. 'Sirius told me he had a crush on Rem in school but Remus was always busy studying, a bit like Hermione. Later there was the war, and Voldemort going after me and my parents, and then he was sent to Azkaban and Remus thought he was a traitor; bit hard to start a relationship.'

'What about after?' Lucius asked. He figured knowing more about the two would help him be friendlier with Black... well, he could at least try with Lupin. The man was smart, powerful, and Lucius could see himself actually liking Remus Lupin (even if the man was a werewolf).

'Remus loved Tonks,' Harry said. 'By the time Sirius got himself back together, Remus and Tonks were seriously in love. He wasn't about to break that up. And now... well, she only died a few months ago. Sirius isn't going to force Rem into a relationship.'

'Sometimes love can mend a broken heart,' Lucius said. Harry felt his Lucius Band flex and realised the blonde wasn't just talking about Remus.

He smiled and said, 'I still haven't forgiven you for teasing my godfather.'
Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'Oh really?'

'Yup.'

'And what are you going to do about it?'

'Punish you.'

Lucius smirked. 'And how, my dear Harry, could you punish me?'

Harry just shrugged and kept walking. Suddenly Lucius grabbed him and dragged the teenager into an alleyway between two small stores. They were on the outskirts of Hogsmeade, a fair distance from the popular shops Hogwarts students frequented. Lucius felt fairly safe as he thrust Harry into a cold stone wall.

'Lucius!' Harry hissed.

Lucius smiled and grabbed Harry's wrists. He pinned the boy's hands above his head and looked down at him. 'Well, well.'

Harry raised an eyebrow.

'Look at the situation you've got yourself into, Mr Potter.'

'Mm, suppose I shouldn't walk around town with Death Eaters,' Harry said.

'Cheeky,' Lucius tutted and leaned closer.

Harry's cheeks flushed and he said, 'L-Lucius, we shouldn't.'

'Why not?'

'Not in public,' Harry said, trying to pull free. But Lucius had him good and tight.

'I thought you were going to punish me,' Lucius whispered, breath caressing Harry's face. The Gryffindor whimpered. 'No? Well, perhaps I should punish you?'

'H-How?' Harry mumbled, eyes drifting shut as he leaned forward, desperately wanting Lucius to kiss him despite his earlier protests.

Lucius paused just over Harry's lips and said, 'Maybe I won't kiss you.'

'No, please,' Harry begged. 'I need-

Lucius cut Harry off by crushing their lips together. The teenager responded enthusiastically, kissing Lucius hard and opening his lips for the professor to lick and explore his mouth.

Suddenly Lucius released Harry's wrists and the teenager felt strong, firm fingers around his arse. Lucius lifted him and Harry jumped, wrapping his legs around his mate's waist. Lucius slammed him into the stone wall and Harry groaned, sound swallowed when Lucius pressed their mouths back together.

"We can't seriously be doing this here," Harry groaned wordlessly, arching his neck in an attempt to get Lucius to bite him.

"Why not do it here?" Lucius questioned as he licked down Harry's neck.
"Public... people... public."

"Very well spoken, little one."

"Bit hard when some guy's rubbing against y- oooohhhh."

Lucius smirked as he sank his teeth into Harry's Mark, the teenager groaning and grunting as he thrust against him. Lucius freed one of his hands from Harry's delectable arse to rub him through his trousers.

There was no way Lucius was going to even let a single inch of Harry's crotch be on public display. While he didn't care that they were doing this in the open, he did care about who got to see Harry's cock.

So he rubbed and thrust, bit and licked, sucked and kissed until Harry was moaning loudly against him. Lucius upped his pace until he was slamming against Harry, Harry against the wall, both of them panting, faces flushed.

Suddenly Harry tightened his grip around Lucius' shoulders and his eyes rolled back into his head. He let out a low, breathless, 'Lucius,' before coming in his jeans.

The sight of Harry climaxing, as well as the delicious scent, pushed Lucius over the edge. He groaned and buried his face into Harry's neck, breathing deeply as he rode out his orgasm.

It took them a few minutes to blink back to reality and when they did Harry winced.

'What's wrong?' Lucius asked.

'Back hurts,' Harry said. He kissed Lucius when he saw the concerned look on the Slytherin's handsome face. 'Absolutely worth it.'

Lucius smiled and kissed his mate back before dropping Harry to his feet. Harry leaned against the wall heavily as they rearranged their clothing. Lucius pulled his wand and waved it through the air, quickly making the come soaking both their trousers disappear.

'Now let's go back to school and do that again,' Harry said, grinning as he started walking. 'I'll be ready by the time we get back.

Lucius groaned. 'You'll be the death of me.'

'Good death,' Harry said.

Neither noticed the little bug that buzzed over their heads, a bug with very distinct markings.
Secrets Revealed

Harry got to the paper first the next morning, meaning Lucius didn't have time to get rid of anything that had either of their names in it. Lucius had just placed a few pieces of toast on his mate's plate when Harry groaned.

'What?' Lucius asked, sitting down.

'Oh no.'

'What is it?' Lucius questioned again.

Harry handed over the paper and Lucius looked down at it;

Secrets At Hogwarts:

The Harry Potter & Lucius Malfoy Affair

By Rita Skeeter

'Oh no.'

'Exactly,' Harry sighed. 'Can't that woman just leave me alone?'

'Have you read the article?'

'No,' Harry said. 'But I just know it'll be about us being together.' He groaned and leaned on his elbows. 'Did she see us in Hogsmeade?'

'Hang on,' Lucius said and he read the article;

No, your eyes aren't lying. Harry Potter and Lucius Malfoy are together! That's right, the Saviour of the wizarding world and the convicted Death Eater are romantically involved!

This reporter was out for a stroll in Hogsmeade, where it happened to be a Hogwarts weekend; older students, including eighth years like Mr Potter, are allowed to spend Saturday in the all-magic town.

Students and teachers alike were enjoying the rare sunshine, buying treats from Honeydukes, visiting Zonkos (which is now a chain of Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes), and sipping butterbeers at The Three Broomsticks.

Stopping to admire a very nice broach on sale, I turned when I heard a noise from the alleyway between Madam Sullivan's Quills and Inks and The Dusty Rose cafe. I expected a stray dog, perhaps a wild owl, or maybe even two teenagers trying to be alone on the outskirts of town, away from the hubub of the other students.

What I saw, faithful readers, was Lucius Malfoy pinning Harry Potter to the stone wall. At first I thought perhaps Mr Malfoy hadn't changed sides after all, and maybe he wanted to avenge his lord by killing our boy Saviour.

Instead Mr Malfoy kissed, that's right KISSED, the young Gryffindor. And instead of pushing him away, like I thought the Golden Boy would, Harry Potter kissed him back!
Now I didn't want to pry into Harry Potter's private life, but it was a shocking sight to behold, especially when Mr Potter was lifted and slammed into the wall. Everybody's favourite boy wizard made some rather loud sounds (sounds I would not dare print in this fine newspaper) and proceeded to thoroughly enjoy Mr Malfoy's advances.

Well, I left as soon as I could get my feet moving, but I was left with dozens, perhaps hundreds, of questions.

*Does Professor Malfoy, a known expert in the Dark Arts, have Harry Potter under some type of spell?*

*If there isn't foul play involved, just how long have the two been seeing each other?*

*And why, oh why, would our Saviour choose such a man like Lucius Malfoy?*

*These are questions without answers, and I for one would like to know just what is happening at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.*

'What a load of rubbish,' Lucius snorted as he finished reading. 'She claims to have been on a walk and just happened upon us.'

'You think she was following me?' Harry asked.

'Most likely,' Lucius nodded. 'She went on about not wanting to pry into your private life, and whether or not I have you under a spell.'

'You do have me under a spell,' Harry mumbled. 'Every time I see you I go all weak in the knees.'

Lucius chuckled. 'Well, she saw us in Hogsmeade. No doubt she was hoping to run into you and learn all your dirty little secrets.'

'She got her wish.'

Lucius smirked. 'Am I your dirty little secret?'

'Not little,' Harry said and Lucius laughed. 'What did she see?'

'I think she saw everything, love,' Lucius said grimly. Harry looked up at him. 'She says here that she left after we got a little more... physical,' he said. 'But I doubt she left at all, she probably took photos.'

Harry groaned and thumped his head against the table.

'This is my fault,' Lucius said, 'I shouldn't have kissed you in public.'

'I didn't exactly try to stop you,' Harry said. 'Well... I didn't try very hard.'

Lucius sighed and leaned back, tossing the paper down. He tapped his elegant fingers along the wood. He was already contemplating revenge, perhaps throwing Skeeter into the Malfoy dungeons?

Lucius glanced at his mate, who was clearly annoyed.

No, Lucius thought. Harry will hate me if I kill her... destroy her on the other hand...

'Now everybody will know,' Lucius said to keep his mind off killing. He would figure out a way to
make Skeeter pay, of that he was sure.

Harry nodded.

'What do you want to tell them?'

'That we're together,' Harry said, 'otherwise they won't shut up. We'll keep the veela bond to ourselves, it's not the public's business. Some people might figure it out but there's nothing we can do.'

Lucius nodded before smiling. 'Now I can kiss you as much as I want.'

Harry chuckled. 'You can't just ravish me in the middle of class.'

'I beg to differ.'

Harry smiled and sat up. 'Hey, now I can wear my rings.' He took the chain from around his neck and Lucius watched the Gryffindor slide the rings off. He placed the Malfoy family ring on his right hand, on the second smallest finger, and smiled at it. Then he looked at the ring Lucius had made for him. 'Um, where does this go?'

Lucius reached across and took the ring. He picked up Harry's left hand and slid the band onto his ring finger. 'Think of it as a promise ring,' Lucius said, pressing a kiss to the silver stone. 'One day I will marry you and make you mine.'

'I'm already yours,' Harry said.

Lucius smiled and took off his own chain, placing the Harry ring on his wedding finger.

'Everyone'll think we're secretly married.'

'Let them think what they want,' Lucius shrugged, picking up his coffee.

'I wish I could be as carefree as you.'

Lucius smiled. 'I'm very talented, Mr Potter.'

'You're a smug sod, Mr Malfoy.'

Lucius' grin widened. 'Never said I wasn't.'

{oOo}

'I don't want to.'

'You have to.'

'Can't I be home schooled?'

'No.'

'Why not?'

'Harry, stop whining, it's unbefitting.'

'I can whine as much as I damn want.'
'Harry—'

'Yes, yes, I know; face your demons and what not.'

Lucius sighed and drew the teenager in. 'Harry, I know you hate gossip, especially when said gossip is about you. But there's nothing you can do, unless you know how to obliviate the entire British population.'

'Hermione might,' Harry said.

'True, but until you see Miss Granger, you have to bear with it. Ignore them, don't let them get under your skin. What they think doesn't matter, okay? We care about each other and one day we'll be married. Don't let them sway you.'

'They won't change my mind, Lucius,' Harry said sternly. 'I'm never leaving you.'

'Good to know,' Lucius smiled and kissed him before nudged the teenager towards the portrait.

'Okay, I'm going,' Harry said. Lucius smiled and followed him from their quarters.

{oOo}

They walked to the Great Hall together and a few students on their way to breakfast stopped to stare at them. There was whispering, and pointing, but nobody dared get close enough. Lucius Malfoy was a scary teacher, a scary man really; everyone knew he'd been Voldemort's right-hand man, had been to prison. They weren't about to risk setting him off over a newspaper article.

Plus there was the Harry Potter temper to think about.

When they reached the Great Hall, Lucius took Harry's hand in his own. 'Ready?' he asked.

Harry nodded.

'Head high, Harry. You're my mate and you'll show that you're proud to be so.'

'I am,' Harry said and took in a huge gulp of air. 'Just don't want to be hexed.'

Lucius chuckled and pushed the doors open.

Everyone stopped and turned as Lucius and Harry entered. Eyes zeroed in on their clasped hands, at the way they walked together, proud to show that they were in a relationship.

Harry spotted Hermione halfway down the Gryffindor table and the witch waved brightly, smiling at their hand holding. Harry led Lucius towards her and stopped beside his best friend.

Lucius turned and, in front of hundreds of staring students, pulled Harry in for a kiss. Harry melted against him, kissing back and winding his arms around Lucius' neck. One of Lucius' hands pressed against his lower back, the other reaching up to cup his face.

They kissed for about two minutes before Lucius pulled away, Harry whining. Lucius chuckled and quickly pecked his mate on the lips before whispering, 'Join your table, hold your head high, and only tell them what you want to tell them. Don't be ashamed of who you are, Harry.'

'I'm not,' Harry said back softly, only Hermione able to hear him. 'I know some people will explode, what with our pasts, but I care about you, Luce. I'm not letting them bad mouth you.'
Lucius smiled. 'Try not damage anyone, hmm?'

'Like that'd upset you.'

'It would upset you,' Lucius said. 'If you feel distressed, come get me and I'll calm you down.'

'M'kay,' Harry said. He leaned up and kissed Lucius again before sitting beside Hermione. Lucius smiled at them both before walking to the head table, glaring at anyone who looked his way.

'So, did you do your Charms homework?' Hermione asked as she passed Harry the bacon. She was acting like it was any other morning, even though she'd seen Harry and Lucius kiss and had read the paper (she just wanted to kill Rita Skeeter).

Harry thanked her for it and took the plate. 'Yeah, Draco and I did it together. He's better at the written stuff then me.'

'I could have helped,' Hermione pouted, jealous that Harry was accepting help from another student.

Harry smiled. He noticed most of the Gryffindors staring at him, mouths open, and could feel a number of eyes burning into the back of his head. He ignored them all and spoke to Hermione.

'I know, 'Mione, but you're taking more subjects then me. I didn't want to overwork you.'

'I'm free Friday nights to help,' Hermione said, brushing Harry's concerns aside. 'You, Draco, and me can meet up in your quarters to go over our homework, okay?'

'Thanks, you're the best,' Harry said. 'Dray and I are both horrible at Transfiguration.'

'And that's why you have me,' Hermione smiled. 'Plus you and Draco can help me with Defence Against the Dark Arts.'

'Deal,' Harry said.

'So it's true?'

Harry and Hermione looked up to see Seamus, Dean, Neville and Ron. The eighth year boys were brave enough to ask Harry directly if he was really dating Lucius Malfoy. Ron already knew so just sat down and started eating.

'Is what true?' Harry asked Seamus.

'You and Lucius Malfoy?' the Irish boy asked.

Harry nodded. 'We're dating, yes.'

'How?' Neville asked.

'Um... we got closer when he was my ward during the holidays,' Harry said, which wasn't really a lie. They had got closer during the holidays. 'One thing kind of led to another and... well...'

Dean grinned. 'Way to go, Harry.'

'What?' Harry said.

'He's gorgeous,' Dean said.
Harry was too stunned to be annoyed and just stared.

'Harry, I trust you,' Neville said before Dean could go on about Lucius' looks. 'If you're happy, I'm fine.'

'I am happy,' Harry said, loud enough for the students eavesdropping to hear him. 'Very happy.'

'Too much information,' Neville muttered and Seamus laughed. Dean held out his hand and Harry high-fived him.

After that students went back to breakfast, satisfied to hear that the paper had been right. Most still stared at him, though, but Harry found them easy to ignore.

'HARRY POTTER!'

Harry winced as Ginny's piercing voice reached his ears. He turned to see the red-head stalking down the hall towards him. 'Great,' Harry muttered.

'WHAT IS THIS?' Ginny demanded, thrusting The Daily Prophet at the wizard.

Harry took it and said, 'Um... paper?' Ginny glared at him and he tried again. 'Newspaper?'

'NO, THIS!' Ginny shouted, pointing at the headline.

'It's... Ginny, what do you want from me?' Harry asked, tired of playing her game already.

'What the hell are you doing with Lucius Malfoy?' Ginny demanded. Her voice was lower then before, but still loud enough for the entire Hall to hear. Everyone was staring at them and Harry squirmed in his seat.

'I'm dating him,' Harry said, 'I thought Rita Skeeter made that obvious.'

'No, she made it obvious that you're letting a slimey Death Eater touch you wherever he fancies!'

Harry scowled. 'He's not a slimey Death Eater,' he said. 'And he only touches me when I want him to, and he does it pretty damn well.'

Ginny's face was turning progressively redder and Harry was worried she'd explode.

'Harry, this gay thing is just a faze!' the youngest Weasley finally said.

'No it's not,' Harry said, 'I like men, I'll always like men, and I currently like Lucius Malfoy.' He wanted to add that he'd always like Lucius Malfoy but didn't think that'd go down to well.

'You can't like him!' Ginny fumed.

'Why not?' Harry asked.

'He's too old!' Ginny shouted. 'He's, what, twenty years older then you?'

'Twenty-six,' Harry corrected, remembering Lucius telling him on their date. If Ginny was going to scream, she might as well get her facts right.

'He's old enough to be your dad!'

'Actually, he'd be older then my dad,' Harry said, 'you know, if my dad was alive.'
Ginny glared at him, fingers curled into fists. No one seemed prepared to stop her shouting and Harry suddenly wished Severus was there; where was the bat when you needed him?

'He's a Malfoy!' Ginny snarled.

'I'm aware of that, I do have eyes,' Harry said.

'He's... Harry, he tried to kill me!' Ginny growled.

'No, he tried to discredit your father,' Harry corrected her once again. 'You know that Lucius didn't know what the diary really was. I'm sure he'd be willing to apologise and try and make it up to you.'

'If he comes near me I'll kill him!' Ginny hissed, too low for anyone but Harry and Hermione to hear her.

'How are you going to go to DADA then?' Harry asked. Ginny was getting on his nerves and he just wanted her to go away. But he acted calm, cool, like he'd seen Lucius do.

'He's evil!' Ginny snapped. 'He's twisted and vile and cruel, Harry, why would you want to be anywhere near him?'

'He's intelligent, charming, sweet, and kind,' Harry said. 'Also gorgeous.'

Dean whispered, 'He so is,' behind Harry, but the green-eyed teen ignored him.

Ginny's eyes narrowed. 'Have you slept with him?'

'Ginny, that's none of your business,' Hermione said before Harry could shout at her.

'It is,' Ginny said and sniffed. 'One day soon Harry's going to realise that this is all a mistake, a faze, and he'll come back to me. I want to know if he's been soiled by that filthy fucking-

'SHUT UP!' Harry roared, leaping to his feet.

Everyone around him flinched and at the staff table, Lucius, Severus, and Dumbledore all got to their feet. The three professors had been willing to let Ginny have her say, knowing she'd just corner Harry anyway, but now Harry was mad; they all knew what an angry veela was capable of.

'Ginny, I'm not coming back to you, I'm gay!' Harry shouted. 'I'm sorry I led you on but I didn't know when we dated that I liked men. Do I feel like a dick? Yes, but I've apologised. I can't change who I am and quite frankly, I don't want to. So no, Ginny, I won't be coming back to you, ever. got it?

'Second; my relationship with Lucius and my sex life is none of your damn business! He's my boyfriend, my partner, and I care about him, past and faults included! He accepts me for me, not because I'm the bloody poor bastard who got saddled with killing Voldemort!

'Lucius is sweet, kind, and has treated me with nothing but respect since August. He's made mistakes, we all have, but we've moved on!'

He took a deep breath just as Lucius, Severus and Dumbledore reached them.

'And yeah, he's touched me,' Harry said, smirking at the look of horror on Ginny's face. 'Got further then you, didn't he?' he snapped angrily and quite a few people gaped at him.
Lucius wrapped his arms around Harry and said, silently, "Harry, calm down."

"NO!"

"Harry, come with me," Lucius said. It was an order and Harry shivered as he allowed Lucius to pull him from the Great Hall. Severus stayed to put Ginny on detention and dock points for swearing, shouting in the Great Hall, and also slandering a teacher.

'That fucking bitch,' Harry snarled as he was pushed through the double doors. 'How dare she say all that in front of everyone? She could have at least waited until we were in an empty classroom!'

'She is an upset young woman,' Lucius said, 'who has a rather large crush on you.'

'She's delusional,' Harry growled, anger still searing through him.

'I'm just glad you didn't make anything explode,' Dumbledore mused.

'I'd expect a lot of howlers, Headmaster,' Lucius said as he pulled his mate close.

'Yes, I'll have to deal with them I suppose,' Dumbledore sighed. 'If only people could forget the past.'

'It's all well and good to say it, harder to do so in practice,' Lucius said.

Dumbledore nodded and went back into the Great Hall now that Harry had calmed down.

'Ignore Weasley, little one,' Lucius said, turning to face Harry. 'There will be more people like her.'

'I know,' Harry sighed. 'I just hate people bad mouthing you.'

Lucius smiled. 'I'm used to it, love.' He leaned forward to kiss the teen but was stopped. 'What?'

'Dean Thomas thinks you're gorgeous.'

Lucius smirked. 'Does he?'

'Yep,' Harry nodded. 'He's two months younger then me. Thinking of trading me in for a younger model?'

'Hmm... no, it would take me too long to train him,' Lucius said. 'You already know my likes and dislikes, I won't waste months of work by casting you aside.'

'Bastard,' Harry said but he smiled and leaned up.

Their lips pressed together just as Ginny stormed from the Great Hall, followed by Severus.

'You!' she shouted at Lucius, who raised an eyebrow and stared down at her. 'I'll get you for what you've done to my Harry!'

'I do believe he's my Harry,' Lucius said and wound an arm around the teenager's waist.

Ginny glared at them and said, 'Just you wait!' She stalked outside, the main doors banging open loudly, and Severus turned to the two veelas.

'I fear that young girl may have a screw loose,' he said. 'Potter, did you know she truly believes you and she will marry one day?"
'She's been in love with me since we first met,' Harry said. 'We barely knew each other and she was fawning all over me.'

'Silly little girl,' Lucius said and pressed his face into Harry's hair to breathe in his mate's scent. 'Doesn't she know you want a dashing alpha male, and not a weak submissive girl?'

'Please, I don't need to hear this,' Severus groaned. He turned and went back into the Great Hall, leaving the couple alone again.

'Miss Weasley will cause problems,' Lucius murmured.

'We'll deal with it when it happens,' Harry said. He threaded his fingers through Lucius' and added, 'Together.'

Lucius smiled and squeezed his hand.
Harry didn't feel up for breakfast after Ginny's screaming so Lucius escorted him to his next class. Luckily it was Potions and in five minutes they were leaning against the classroom door.

Harry was still slightly shaken, eyes down, hands stuffed into his pockets. Lucius took his hands out and threaded their fingers together. 'Harry...'

The teenager looked up at him.

'Don't let one silly witch get you down.'

'It's not that,' Harry sighed. 'It's just I know there'll be more people who think the same thing as Ginny.'

'Forget them, they're not important,' Lucius said. 'You have a lot of people who have accepted this; Black, Lupin, Miss Granger, our kit, and all your Gryffindor friends.'

'True,' Harry said.

'Don't let them make you feel upset or angry,' Lucius said. 'I know it's difficult when it feels like the whole world is against you, and it angers me that it's happening to you again...' He trailed off and looked into Harry's emerald eyes. 'But know that you're not alone, Harry, we're in this together.'

Harry smiled. 'M'kay.'

'Feel better?'

'Little bit.'

'Would it help if I kissed you?'

Harry looked down, smiling shyly. He wasn't used to being able to kiss Lucius in public. 'Maybe...'

Lucius chuckled and dropped Harry's hands. He drew Harry's face up, gripping his chin lightly, while his right hand cupped the teenager's cheek.

He pressed their lips together softly and Harry groaned. He reached up, one arm going around Lucius' shoulders, the other hand running through his platinum blonde hair. He tugged Lucius closer, the Slytherin obliging and stepping forward.

Lucius backed Harry into the wall and pressed their bodies together. Harry was covered in heat, in Lucius, and could feel the strong man's firm body against his own. He had to fight not to rut forward, the desire to crush their lips together and thrust into Lucius was so strong.

Instead Harry let himself slouch against the wall, Lucius leading the kiss and exploring his mouth thoroughly. Harry had always known Lucius was an excellent kisser, but the man just got better every day. He flicked his tongue against Harry's own and Harry groaned embarrassingly loudly.

Lucius chuckled against him but didn't remove his lips, more then happy to kiss Harry into oblivion. It seemed to be working too because Harry was sliding down the wall, knees wobbling and legs feeling weak. Lucius had to let go of the teen's face to wrap an arm around his waist and haul him back up.
Someone cleared their throat and the couple broke apart. Severus was standing there, onyx eyes narrowed, one black eyebrow raised. He had his arms crossed, index finger tapping at his clothed sleeve. Behind him was Harry's class, Draco rolling his eyes at the veela mates, the rest looking quite shocked.

Lucius had to fight not to growl at them all and blast them away so he could get back to Harry's mouth. He pushed through the lust that had descended on his brain and stood tall, pulling Harry with him.

The teenager stumbled before righting himself. Blood rushed to his face and he blushed darkly as Lucius straightened his clothes.

'Harry, I'll see you later,' the Slytherin said and bent to press a chaste kiss to Harry's swollen and red lips. Harry kissed him back but kept still, knowing if he touched Lucius again he'd make even more of a fool of himself.

Lucius glanced at Severus as he left, the other teacher smirking at him. The students hastened aside to let Lucius through and watched him go.

'Potter, can I enter my classroom now?' Severus asked. 'Or are you stuck to the spot?'

Harry moved quickly and with a wave of his hand, Severus opened the door. He flew in, black robes bellowing around him, and the students entered behind him.

Draco grinned at Harry, who blushed again as he took his seat.

'Now class, if Mr Potter is quite done giving us all a show-' he glanced at the teenager, who turned crimson and ducked his head, '- we can get back to studying for your N.E.W.T.S. Not all of you are dating a billionaire, you'll need to actually find a job.'

Harry thumped his forehead against the bench and Severus smirked at him.

{oOo}

Severus teased Harry all lesson until everyone was sure the Gryffindor's face would remain a dark red colour. When class was over, Harry bolted from the room and tore to Charms, trying to put as much distance between himself and Severus Snape as possible.

Unfortunately it seemed the news of Harry's and Lucius' make out session before class travelled through the entire school and by lunch everyone was talking about it.

Harry sat at the Gryffindor table staring at his plate and picking at a sandwich. He could feel everyone staring at him, especially those who'd actually seen him and Lucius making out. The story had escalated until there was a version with Harry up against the wall, Lucius' hand down his trousers, and both going at it like rabbits.

Harry was about to leave for Transfiguration when there was a hand on his shoulder. He looked up to see Dumbledore, the Headmaster looking troubled. He nodded at the door and Harry stood, following the older wizard out.

'What is it, sir?' Harry asked once outside the Great Hall.
'The school governors want to meet with you and Lucius.'

Harry frowned. 'Why?'

'Dumbledore, what's wrong?' Lucius asked, stepping from the Great Hall and heading towards them. He'd seen the Headmaster leave with Harry.

'The governors want a meeting with you and Harry,' Dumbledore explained. 'It's against school rules for a professor and student to date.'

'Oh no,' Harry gasped, 'they won't expel me, will they?'

'I'm afraid they'll try,' Dumbledore sighed and rubbed his eyes. 'You'll have to tell them the truth; that you and Lucius are veela mates. They can't expel you for that, Harry.'

'Gods,' Harry groaned. 'Why does this always happen to me?'

'Bond with a lot of veelas do you?' Lucius teased.

Harry scowled at his mate. 'You know what I mean! Nothing's ever easy for me; school, my family, my bloody destiny... all of it, so goddamn hard.'

'Calm down, Harry,' Lucius said, wrapping his arms around the Gryffindor. He pressed a kiss to his cheek. 'Relax.'

Harry sighed but leaned back into Lucius' embrace. His mate's presence was soothing and he felt his anger receding.

'Dear Circe, not again.' The three looked up to see Severus, the Slytherin looking at Harry and Lucius in amusement.

'Severus, leave my mate alone,' Lucius warned. 'Draco told me that you teased him in class.'

'Well Potter shouldn't make out with professors in front of my classroom,' Severus said.

Lucius ignored him and spoke to Dumbledore. 'When's the meeting?'

'This afternoon,' Dumbledore said. 'Three representatives want to see you in my office after Harry finishes classes, so come up at three. The password is 'marshmellows'.'

Harry smiled and Severus rolled his eyes.

{oOo}

Harry's next bout of bad news came during DADA. He was standing beside Lucius' desk discussing his homework. A few students were staring but most were too busy making sure they'd got their own questions right.

'There's too much information here,' Lucius said, pointing at question five. 'You don't have to add this extra bit, it'll take up valuable exam time and not give you any extra marks. Read the question carefully and only answer what is asked unless it's in the extra credit part.'
'Yes, sir,' Harry nodded.

Lucius smiled at him and moved to the next question. 'This one's good, you got the description of a patronus perfectly-' Harry smirked, '- and accurately described the different ways one can be used.' He paused before smiling. 'Of course, I'd expect nothing less from the man who could create a patronus when he was thirteen.'

'And fight off a hundred Dementors,' Harry added.

Lucius smiled and shook his head. Before he could talk to Harry about his next answer, an owl flew through one of the open classroom windows. It swept through the room, turned in mid air, and dropped a red envelope on Lucius' desk before disappearing.

The envelope was thick, an ugly shade of crimson, with Lucius' name scrawled across the front. Harry groaned when he realised what it was. The envelope leapt from the desk and morphed into a face. Lucius drew his wand and swiped it through the air, putting up a muffliato charm so no one else would hear the screaming.

'LUCIUS MALFOY, YOU TWISTED, VILE MAN!' came the shrieking voice of Molly Weasley. Harry clapped his hands over his ears but could still hear the screams. 'WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, TOUCHING HARRY POTTER! YOU ARE A SICK, POOR EXCUSE FOR A WIZARD! THAT BOY IS ALMOST THIRTY YEARS YOUNGER THEN YOU!

'SHAME ON YOU, MALFOY, YOU SHOULD BE THROWN BACK INTO AZKABAN! ARE YOU SO TWISTED AND DESPERATE FOR POWER THAT YOU'D TRY AND TURN HARRY INTO YOUR LITTLE PET?

'THAT BOY IS TOO SMART TO FALL FOR ANY OF YOUR TRICKS AND I SWEAR I'LL FIND OUT WHAT SPELL OR POTION YOU'VE USED ON HIM! OUR HARRY WOULD NEVER LET YOU TOUCH HIM!

'IF YOU'VE HURT HIM OR VIOLETED HIM IN ANYWAY OTHER THEN WITH YOUR SICK MOUTH, I SWEAR TO MORGANA, CIRCE, AND EVEN SALAZAR SLYTHERIN, THAT I WILL KILL YOU!

'STAY AWAY FROM HARRY OR YOU'LL FACE MY WRATH, MALFOY! HARRY IS NOT YOURS AND HE NEVER WILL BE!'

The howler burst into flames and fell back to the desk, the ashes curling and covering Harry's homework. Lucius looked up to see the entire class staring at them, wondering who the howler had been from. All they could hear was a low buzzing.

Hermione, Draco, and Ron were all looking at Harry, who was shaking.

'Harry?' Lucius said, slowly getting up from his seat. 'Are you okay?'

Anger and worry, disapointment and fear, were the emotions Harry Potter was feeling, as well as a persistant ache in his heart. Molly Weasley's words were shooting through his brain, ringing in his ears, making his entire body shudder violently.

A small part of him understood where Molly was coming from; she had no reason to believe that Lucius was a decent man.

But Harry's veela wouldn't hear it. It was extremely pissed off that Molly had said all those horrible things about it's mate.
What was worse though was that Molly thought Harry couldn't take care of himself. Did she really think Harry would be stupid enough to fall for some spell, or a potion? She still thought he was a child who needed taking care of. And though on some level he did want someone looking out for him, it wasn't in a childish way.

He wanted to be loved, held, he wanted someone to respect him and take care of him like a lover, an equal, a partner.

And that was Lucius, that was what Lucius did. He respected Harry.

But Molly seemed to think Harry couldn't figure out what he wanted. He knew she thought he was going through a silly faze and would run back to Ginny in time.

It made tears prick at his eyes, made him squeeze his fingers into fists so tightly he drew blood. A low whimper escaped his lips and Lucius reached for him.

Harry ran, he tore from the room and the people staring at him. He couldn't bear to break down in front of them. He needed to be alone, to cry, to... Harry just didn't want to deal with it.

Lucius swore and waved his hand, the charm disappearing so the class could hear him. 'All of you stay where you are until class is over. If I hear that you've moved I'll put you all on detention, do you hear me?' he snarled.

He left the room before anyone could answer and turned, looking each way. But it was no use, Harry was gone.

'Fuck it,' he growled.

'What happened?' Hermione asked, she, Draco and Ron coming out of the room behind him.

'Molly Weasley sent a howler,' Lucius said and glared at Ron.

The red-head swore. 'I knew she'd take this bad, Mum still thinks Harry's going to marry Ginny.'

'Well he's not!' Lucius snarled. 'He's mine, not your sister's! And now he's out there alone, terrified that I'm going to leave him!'

'Why would he think that?' Draco asked.

'The Weasleys are his family,' Lucius explained, 'and Harry thinks they're going to cause too much trouble. He thinks I'll leave because it's too hard being with him.'

He could feel it in his heart, the band wrapped around the pumping organ filling Lucius with dread and heartbreak.

'We have to find him and tell him he's wrong,' Lucius said, trying to sound calm when inside he was aching for his mate. 'I'll never leave him, not for anything.'

'We'll split up,' Ron said. 'Hermione, check the Gryffindor common-room, the Astronomy Tower, the Room of Requirement.'

'No, I'll check the Room,' Draco said, 'I can work it better then Granger. After that I'll check Uncle Sev's office, sometimes Harry goes to him.'

Ron nodded and turned to Lucius. 'Mr Malfoy, check Dumbledore's office and your quarters.'
What about you?' Draco asked.

'I'll check Hagrid's, the Forbidden Forest, and the Quidditch Stadium,' Ron said. 'If we find him, or don't, everyone meet in front of the Hourglasses in an hour. We can check the library and anywhere else we think he might go.'

There was a look of respect on Lucius' face that had never been there before as he looked at Ron.

'Hurry, go!' the red-head shouted and took off.

Everyone split up and went in search of their friend.

{oOo}

Hagrid hadn't seen Harry and Ron was sure his best friend wouldn't wander into the Forest without his invisibility cloak; too many bad memories.

He walked down the path that led to the Quidditch Stadium quickly, eyes peeled and looking for a familiar figure. He entered the Stadium and looked around at the stands, eyes narrowed. He was about to go check the locker rooms when he spotted Harry.

The other Gryffindor was sitting in the Slytherin part of the stands in the very front row. Ron ran across the pitch and under the stands, reaching the stairs that led up. He climbed them quickly and went down the aisle, turning right. He approached Harry carefully, not exactly sure how the veela was going to react to him.

Harry had his legs drawn up, arms wrapped around them, and his face burried in his knees. He was shaking slightly and Ron cleared his throat. Harry flinched and looked up.

His eyes were red-rhimmed and puffy, fresh tears falling from his sad looking green eyes as Ron approached.

'Can I sit down?' Ron asked. Harry nodded weakly and re-burried his face, hiding.

Ron sat and looked his friend over. Harry seemed so small and broken, fragile, and Ron hated that it was his mum that had done this.

'You okay?' Harry sniffed and Ron cursed himself. 'Idiot, of course he's not okay, the red-head thought. 'Um... wanna talk about it?' Ron wasn't good with emotions, or talking really, but he wanted to help.

Harry sniffed again. 'She said things a-about L-Lucius,' he mumbled.

'What things?'

'H-Horrible,' Harry whimpered. 'Called him v-vile, twisted, s-said he had me u-under a spell.'

'Harry, you know Mum doesn't know about the veela bond; she thinks Lucius is the same person he's always been.'

'I kn-know,' Harry cried. 'But I can't help it, R-Ron. I can't stand to h-hear bad stuff about L-Lucius. It makes me so m-mad.'
Ron bit his lip before asking, 'Are you scared he'll leave you?' Harry flinched and Ron realised Lucius had been right. 'Harry, Malfoy isn't going anywhere.'

'I'm t-too much t-trouble,' Harry said softly. 'W-Why would he stay?'

'He loves you,' Ron said. 'I can see it, Harry. He looks at you like you're the best thing in the world. And if I can see it, it must be true; you know how much I suck at reading people.'

Harry chuckled softly and sniffed.

Ron leaned back in his seat and looked out across the Quidditch pitch. 'Harry, I know I haven't been around,' the red-head said slowly, 'and I'm sorry for that. I was just trying to wrap my head around you and Mal- um, Lucius.

'But now that I've seen you together, and I've seen how much he cares about you... well, how can I do anything but accept it?'

Harry looked up at him. 'Really?'

Ron nodded. 'He loves you, mate.'

'I love him too,' Harry whispered, rubbing his nose on his sleeve.

'Have you told him that?'

Harry shook his head. He knew without a doubt that he loved Lucius Malfoy. When Molly had screamed all those things, all Harry had been able to feel was a persistent ache in his heart; it was his love for Lucius, trying to overtake Harry and remind the teenager that he cared about the blonde, even if other people said bad things about him. Harry loved everything about the man and he knew that would never change.

'Maybe you should tell him,' Ron said softly, 'he's worried about you.'

'I shouldn't have run,' Harry sighed. 'I'm such a child sometimes.'

'I'd run too if Mum had said horrible stuff about my soulmate,' Ron said. 'No one's blaming you for getting upset, Harry. I'm just glad you didn't blow up the room.' Harry giggled and rubbed his eyes.

'You okay?'

'Better,' Harry said. 'Thanks, Ron.'

'Hey, I can be good,' Ron said with a smile, 'just takes me a while.'

'Years,' Harry said and Ron laughed.

'I really am sorry, mate, it was just hard imagining Lucius Malfoy being... you know, human.'

'He's not cold,' Harry said, 'he can be sweet and loving.'

'I believe it,' Ron said.

Harry bit his lip. 'Was he mad?'

'Mad at my mum, definitely,' Ron said, 'but more worried about you. Harry, you know Mum won't accept this until you tell her the truth. I know it's none of her business but-'
'No, I have to tell her,' Harry sighed, 'otherwise she'll keep sending howlers and I don't want to break down again.'

Ron smiled. 'Everyone needs a good cry every now and then, mate.'

'Um... better not call me that in front of Lucius,' Harry said. Ron raised his eyebrows and Harry explained, 'He's my dominant veela, he's very protective of me, and me of him really. He hates anyone calling me a mate, even though they mean it as 'friend'. He's my mate, no one else.'

'Makes sense,' Ron nodded. 'Anything else I should know?'

'Um... don't say anything too bad about me,' Harry said, 'he get's really posessive and protecting, and don't touch me too much, he hates that.'

'Sounds like a Malfoy.'

Harry chuckled. 'That's what he said,' the teenager said and rubbed his eyes again. 'I'm the same,' he admitted. 'I hate anyone talking about his looks, or badmouthing him. I get insanely jealous and angry.'

'That's veelas for you.'

'It's annoying,' Harry grumbled. 'I wanna rip off people's heads when they say he's gorgeous.'

Ron wrinkled his nose. 'Don't worry, Harry, I won't be saying that any time soon.'

Harry smiled. 'Thanks, Ron; for everything.'

'No worries, ma... erm, buddy?'

Harry giggled and nudged him. 'Buddy sounds so wrong.'

'I think I'll stick to your name,' Ron said and stood. 'Now come on. If I don't bring you back, Malfoy will hunt me down.'

Harry smiled and followed him.

{oOo}

Lucius, Hermione, and Draco were all waiting in front of the Hourglasses. Lucius turned as soon as Harry and Ron entered the castle. He flew across and wrenched Harry into his arms. Harry buried his face in Lucius' chest as Lucius stroked a hand through his hair.

'Are you okay?' Lucius demanded. 'Where were you? You didn't go into the Forest, did you? Are you feeling better, are you hurt? Harry-'

'Let me answer,' Harry cut him off. He saw that it was a struggle for Lucius to press his lips together. 'I'm fine, I was in the Quidditch Stadium, Ron found me and calmed me down.'

Lucius threw Ron a thankful look before turning back to Harry.

'I'm so sorry I ran off,' Harry said softly. 'It was childish of me.'
'No, Harry, don't apologise,' Lucius said. 'A woman you think of as a mother said some horrible things about me; you and your veela reacted, I didn't expect anything different.'

'My emotions are so messed up,' Harry sighed and he hugged Lucius again. 'I'm sorry.'

'Not a problem.'

Lucius stroked Harry's hair slowly, his other arm tight around the boy's shoulders. Both of Harry's arms were around Lucius' waist and he stood against him, breathing in Lucius' scent and letting his presence relax him.

Ron, Hermione and Draco started to walk away, knowing Harry was in safe hands. Before they could go, Lucius said, 'Mr Weasley?'

Ron turned to look at him.

'Thank you,' Lucius said.

The red-head could see that he meant it; Lucius' eyes were serious, thankful, and full of love for the teenager he held against him. Ron knew without a doubt that Harry was safe with the Slytherin. He didn't have to worry.

'No worries, Professor Malfoy.'

Lucius smiled and turned back to Harry. 'Do you want to go rest?'

Harry nodded and allowed Lucius to lead him to their quarters.

{oOo}

Harry felt exhausted that night, both mentally and physically. He'd stayed with Lucius all afternoon until the meeting in Dumbledore's office. The two had had to explain over and over again that they were veelas, bonded mates, and that they had to stay together or they'd die. Dumbledore had told the three wizards about the pain the couple had suffered when they'd spent three nights apart.

After four hours of arguing, nodding, negotiating, and Harry trying not to fall asleep, the representatives accepted that they were bonded and gave them the okay to be together at Hogwarts. Harry had grumbled that they didn't need anyone's permission but thankfully no one had heard him.

Now he was lying in bed wrapped in Lucius' arms, the blonde scratching at his scalp.

Harry was about to fall asleep when he remembered his conversation with Ron.

'L-Lucius?' he mumbled, eyes sliding shut.

'Yes, little one?'

'I... I love you.'

Lucius jerked back like he'd been hexed and looked down at his mate. 'What?'

'I love you, Lucius,' Harry whispered sleepily. 'Love you always.'
Lucius stared at him for a few seconds before a grin spread across his face. He leaned down and kissed Harry on the forehead, the teenager humming.

'I love you too, little one.'

Harry smiled. 'Good.' He snuggled further into Lucius' embrace and fell asleep with a grin on his face.
Ron wrote to Mrs Weasley because Harry didn't trust himself not to send a howler of his own. The red-head had really come around. He was speaking to Harry again like he used to and was defending the teen's relationship with Lucius whenever someone tried to tease him.

Mrs Weasley had written back and apologised to Harry. But her letter was filled with, 'Are you sure he's really your mate?', 'you're too young for him', and, 'Harry, dear, you're not old enough to understand what Lucius really wants from you'.

It infuriated Harry to no end. She was still treating him like a child, like the eleven-year-old she'd first met on platform 9 3/4. Harry hadn't been a kid since he was one. His childhood had been stripped away when Voldemort murdered his parents. Molly seemed to think that Harry, who'd spent most of his life fighting, had defeated countless Death Eaters, had survived the Dursleys abuse and killed Lord Voldemort, couldn't figure out what he wanted and who Lucius Malfoy really was.

Harry ignored the letter. And burned every letter Molly sent after that. Ron understood; his mum was writing him too and asking Ron to try and talk sense into Harry, to break him and Lucius up. Ron said he was worried she'd gone as deranged as Ginny with all her, 'Lucius Malfoy is a swine' talk.

Harry was seriously considering cutting ties with the woman.

Bill and Fleur had written to tell him congratulations (even though they'd already known) and that a veela bond was very special. Fred and George demanded to know what Lucius was like in bed and sent a crudely drawn picture back when Harry abused them via owl.

Ginny was still shouting at Harry whenever she saw him, mainly because he was always with Lucius or Draco. Harry would ignore her, even though her words grated at his heart and made him want to explode. Ron and Hermione both tried to reason with her and Draco shouted right back.

Lucius was calm, collected, looking down at Ginny with a sneer on his face. He'd calmly retort, throwing everything back in Ginny's face. The witch wasn't anywhere near smart enough to win a verbal sparring match with Lucius Malfoy.

That didn't stop her screaming, though.

The couple were getting letters and howlers from various people. A lot of pure-bloods congratulated Lucius on sleeping his way back into Dumbledore's good books. Harry had to stop his mate setting fire to the letters, and their quarters.

A lot of people thought Lucius had Harry under a spell, or potion, or was offering Harry money (even thought Harry had a lot of money of his own). Some people said Harry just wanted to get back in the papers now that the war over. Sleeping with a Death Eater was definitely the way to get
attention. Lucius had to stop Harry shattering all their windows with the teenager's temper spiked.

Some people congratulated them on moving on, on putting their pasts and the war behind them to find love. Harry liked those letters and kept them in the study folded in the bottom draw of the desk he shared with Lucius.

There were a number of vague death threats (and a few detailed ones) that Lucius put aside to give to the Auror office. The mates had to stop each other from hunting the people down and cursing them.

{oOo}

Harry was pushed into the wall and he stumbled, books spilling from his bag. 'Slut,' he heard as he straightened up.

He turned around quickly, looking every way, but no one was even looking at him. Harry scowled and bent to pick up his stuff. It had been the same thing for the past week; Harry would be pushed, tripped, or hexed. The person, or people, responsible didn't stick around long enough for Harry to even see them. They were cowards, attacking when Harry's back was turned. They were too scared to say anything to his face, or Lucius' face for that matter.

'Harry, are you alright?'

Harry looked up to see Luna, the seventh year Ravenclaw smiling dreamily at him.

'Hello, Luna.'

'Did you fall?'

'No, someone pushed me,' Harry said as he stood and stuffed his books back in his bag. Luna handed him the last two.

'Oh, that's not very nice,' she commented. 'Is it because of your relationship with Professor Malfoy?'

Harry hesitated before nodding. He wasn't sure how Luna would react to it; she'd been kept prisoner in Malfoy Manor for weeks, after all. If anyone had a reason to hate Lucius it was Luna.

'Does he make you happy, Harry?' the girl asked.

'Um... yeah, he does,' Harry said, the question taking him by surprise.

'Do you love him?'

'Yes,' Harry nodded without hesitation. 'I love him with all my heart.'

Luna smiled as Harry pulled his bag over one shoulder. 'Well then it's fine by me, Harry. If Mr Malfoy treats you nicely then you should be together.'

'Wow... um, thank you, Luna,' Harry said. He was once again hit with shock that he had such an understanding friend. Luna always looked past everything else, she seemed to be able to see what was most important. Like how Harry and Lucius felt for each other.
It's okay, Harry, it's your decision after all,' the blonde said as they started walking to the Great Hall. 'It's not my business who you date... or bond to.'

Harry almost fell into the wall again, and this time no one had pushed him. 'What?' he spluttered.

'I remember hearning Lucius and Draco speaking when they were feeding Mr Ollivander and me,' Luna said, 'you know, when Voldemort kept us prisoner.'

Harry nodded.

'Draco was upset, almost crying,' Luna continued, 'and his father was trying to confort him. He told Draco he had to live to find his mate, to have kit and live happily. Draco pointed out that Lucius was yet to find his mate...' she trailed off and smiled at Harry, grey eyes wide. 'My point is, I know that Mr Malfoy and his son are veela. You're very lucky, Harry; having a veela love you is a gift.'

Harry stared at the girl, absolutely dumfounded.

'Mr Malfoy and his son were good to us when I was a prisoner,' Luna said conversationally. 'They brought us extra food and stopped the other Death Eaters cursing us. I like them.'

'Um... th-thanks, Luna, really,' Harry said. 'Thank you for telling me that.'

'Not a problem.'

'Could you... well, it's not public knowledge,' Harry said. 'Lucius and I are waiting until we're closer to break the news that we're soulmates.'

'Don't worry, Harry, your secret's safe with me,' Luna said with a broad smile. 'If you ever want to talk, you know where the Ravenclaw common room is.'

Harry laughed. 'Like I'd be able to get in there.'

Luna smiled as they stood just inside the Great Hall. 'I don't know, Harry; you're rather intelligent when you let yourself be.'

And with that she left, Harry shaking his head. He wouldn't change Luna for anything, no matter how strange she was. Harry felt like someone was watching him as he made his way to the Gryffindor table. He looked up to see Lucius staring at him, the blonde completely ignoring Severus. Harry grinned at him.

A foot shot out of nowhere and Harry tripped, slamming into the stone floor hard. His glasses shattered and he tasted blood, mouth and face aching as he rolled onto his back.

It wasn't the worst pain Harry had ever felt and he sat up slowly, head feeling fuzzy. His entire face was wet and when Harry sniffed, he realised his nose was clogged with blood.

'Harry!'

The green-eyed teen looked up and made out a blury image of bushy brown hair and maroon robes.

"Mione?" he slurred, tongue coated in blood.

'Oh Gods, what happened?' Hermione asked.

'Someone tripped me,' Harry said as Hermione helped him up. Suddenly the witch was flung aside and Ron and Neville only just managed to catch her. Lucius hauled Harry up and took his face.
'What happened?' he demanded loudly.

'Someone tripped me,' Harry repeated as he used his sleeve to rub at his bloody face. He felt his Lucius Band flex angrily, filling his body with fury. Everyone else seemed to feel it too and stepped back from the furious blonde.

'Who did this?' Lucius shouted.

'I dunno, didn't see anything,' Harry said as he rubbed his nose again. The blood wouldn't stop and Harry's chest and arm were coated in it.

'Lucius,' Severus said calmly from Harry's right. 'Calm down and get the boy to the hospital wing.'

Lucius growled and led Harry quickly from the hall, scowling at everyone he saw. Hermione grabbed Harry's bag and she, Ron and Neville ran after them.

Only Severus Snape noticed Ginny Weasley, the red-head smirking as Harry and his friends disappeared.

{oOo}

'Mr Malfoy, step back,' Madam Pomfrey ordered for the tenth time. She was cleaning up the blood with a wet sponge so she could see the extent of the damage. She didn't want to hurt Harry accidentally with magic and Lucius was making it impossible to concentrate; he was hovering around Harry, growling whenever the healer touched him, and muttering about finding and killing the people responsible.

Lucius opened his mouth to shout but Harry cut him off. 'Lucius,' he said calmly, squinting as he tried to look at his mate, 'come sit next to me? I need you, it hurts.'

Lucius' veela whimpered and the man shot to Harry's side, engulfing him with one arm while picking up his other and threading their fingers together.

Hermione, Ron and Neville watched as Madam Pomfrey breathed a sigh of relief. Now able to concentrate, she soon found that Harry's nose was broken, four of his teeth chipped, and he'd bitten his own tongue quite badly.

She pointed her wand at him and muttered some spells, swishing and flicking the wood while Lucius growled, watching her carefully.

'Lucius,' Harry sighed and rested his head on the blonde's shoulder. 'I'm tired.'

'You've lost a lot of blood,' Poppy told him. 'You should take the afternoon off and rest.'

'Mm, sounds good,' Harry mumbled, voice clear now that Poppy had cleaned away the blood.

'When I find out who did this,' Lucius growled threateningly.

'No point, I'm fine now,' Harry said. Lucius glared and the teenager continued, 'Lucius, I don't want you going out and terrorising the students because you're upset. If we find out who did this, fine, then you can throw them from the Astronomy Tower.' Lucius snorted. 'Until then just leave it.'
'Are you sure?' Lucius demanded. 'Because I'll interrogate the entire student body if I have to.'

'No, just leave it,' Harry repeated. 'Please?'

He gave Lucius the trademark puppy-dog eyes and the veela wilted. He wrapped both arms around Harry and said, 'Fine.'

Harry smiled. He didn't want to cause a fuss and the bullying and teasing would just get worse if Lucius started shouting at anyone who looked at Harry. The teenager would deal with this in his own time.

'This is all Rita Skeeter's fault,' Lucius fumed. 'When I get my hands on her-

'Lucius,' Harry said sternly. 'There's no need to share your murder plans with so many witnessses.'

Neville and Ron both snorted, Hermione looked horrified, and Poppy chuckled. She knew how protective veela got; murder was nothing when a mate or kit was in trouble. She didn't doubt that Lucius would make Rita Skeeter pay.

And quite rightly, too, the healer thought as she waved her wand one last time, repairing Harry's glasses. That woman is a foul leech.

'All done, Mr Potter,' Madam Pomfrey announced. 'Remember, take it easy. Have some water before you go to bed and something to eat when you get up. Lucius, I'll beat you to within an inch of your life if you don't take care of this boy.'

Lucius glared at her but helped Harry up. He practically carried the teenager to their quarters and put him to bed. He made sure Harry was asleep before leaving.

The blonde was surprised to find Hermione, Ron and Neville all waiting in the sitting room.

'He's asleep,' he informed the collected teenagers.

They all exchanged looks beore Hermione put Harry's bag on the sofa.

'Mr Malfoy,' Neville said, 'we think Harry's being bullied.'

Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'He's always tripped, his bag breaking, or yelping at odd times like he's been hit with a stinging hex,' Ron explained. 'I keep asking if he's alright but he tells me to forget it.'

'We're worried it's because of your... relationship,' Hermione said, glancing at Neville. Neville didn't yet know that Harry was Lucius' veela mate; he thought they were just boyfriends.

'I see...' Lucius said carefully. 'Can you three please keep an eye on him? I need him watched while I decide how to deal with this.'

They all nodded and left Lucius alone, the blonde sitting heavily on the sofa.

I should just tell everyone we're bonded, he thought. They'll leave Harry alone then.

Lucius sighed and rubbed his eyes. This situation was fast getting out of control.

{oOo}
Ron swore and scrunched the letter up, scowling at the owl that had delivered it. Hermione gave the bird a piece of ham to stop it attacking Ron and it flew off with ruffled feathers.

'What's wrong?' Harry asked. It was the afternoon after the tripping incident and so far nothing had happened.

'Mum,' the red-head scowled.

'What?' Hermione said.

Ron sighed and rubed his eyes. 'She's still trying to get me to break Harry and Mr Malfoy up.'

'But they're mates,' Hermione said, munching on her sandwich.

'I know, I told her that,' Ron said. 'But she seems to think Mr Malfoy's tricked him or something—Harry, no!'

Harry had grabbed the letter and smoothed it out to read. His eyes went wide as Ron tried to tug it out of his hands. It was too late.

... Malfoy is a vile, twisted, sorry excuse for a wizard, Ronald. You stay away from him...

... Harry doesn't understand what's going on around him, he never has. You have to protect him, son...

... don't leave them alone, Malfoy will use Harry until he's done...

... veela, don't make me laugh. He's using his charm to get Harry...

... Harry's damaged by the war and by You-Know-Who, he needs help...

... make sure you tell Harry what you really think of Malfoy subtly, he'll listen to you...

... Harry belongs with Ginny, Malfoy's twisted his mind so the poor boy thinks being gay is okay...

... Harry WILL marry Ginny, and when he does we'll be better off. Malfoy's just after his money...

Harry dropped the letter, tears burning behind his eyes. He couldn't believe that Molly Weasley, who he'd always considered like a mother, thought so badly of him. She thought he was damaged, stupid, that Lucius was using him.

'Harry, ignore her, she doesn't know what she's talking about,' Ron said, shaking Harry's arm.

Harry stood and felt a much warmer, stronger hand on his shoulder. He looked up to see Lucius.

'Love, what's wrong?' the veela asked.

Harry gestured at the letter before grabbing his bag. 'I need to be alone,' he said and left before Lucius could stop him.

Confused, Lucius picked up the letter and read it quickly. Ron slid away when the man's arm
started shaking, and then the letter burst into flames. Ash curled to the floor as Lucius crushed it in his hand.

'Mr Weasley,' he said, voice barely controlled, 'tell your mother to leave my mate alone. If she so much as comes within a foot of him, I will kill her, do you understand?'

Ron nodded quickly and watched as Lucius stalked out of the hall.

'Bloody hell,' the wizard breathed.

'He has every right to warn you,' Hermione said, staring at the pile of ashes on the edge of the table.

'I'm surprised,' Ron said, 'I thought he'd just apparate over and attack Mum.'

'Mr Malfoy's changed because of Harry,' Hermione explained, 'he won't hurt her because he knows it would upset Harry.'

'I dunno,' Ron said and turned back to his lunch. He pushed it away, suddenly not hungry. 'I don't think I can move back home after this year if Mum's gonna act like this.'

Hermione raised her eyebrows. 'Really?'

Ron sighed and said, 'Harry's right, she's always treating him like a child. She's never cared what he wants, it's all about, 'what's best'. And she keeps pushing for me to get Harry and Ginny back together, even though Harry told everyone he was gay.

'She seems to think being gay's wrong and that Mr Malfoy tricked Harry into liking men, she's delusional.' He ran a hand through his hair and looked up at Hermione. 'I think it's best I just put some distance between us until she grows up.'

Hermione was speechless. She'd never heard Ron sound so... grown up, before.

'Whatever you want, Ron,' she finally managed. 'You know Harry and I will support you.'

Ron smiled weakly at her and went back to his food, only poking it around his plate as he thought about his best friend.

{oOo}

Harry stared across the lake, back pressed to the large oak tree. It had grown cold and Harry pulled his robes closer around him. He had managed not to burst into tears but they were threatening to break free, burning behind his eyes and making him scrub his face. He didn't want to even think about Molly Weasley. The woman could go to hell as far as he was concerned.

He ended up lost in thought, thinking about everything that had happened since he'd found out about the magic world. The very best thing so far had been Lucius. Yes, Harry loved using magic, he loved his friends, but Lucius was his world, his heart. He loved Harry for who he is, not because he was The Boy Who Lived. He loved... Harry, just Harry.

And nothing was going to keep them apart, especially some middle-aged woman who kept trying to pair the young veela off with her daughter.
Satisfied that he was no longer a sobbing mess, Harry stood and grabbed his bag. He was startled to see that it was dark, the grounds pitch black and the moon only quarter full.

How did I miss that? Harry thought as he quickly walked back to the castle, shivering as a cold wind swept across his body.

The Great Hall was empty, the doors open wide and showing Harry a dark, empty room. He had no idea what time it was and hurried back to his own quarters.

Harry was on the third floor when he was grabbed. He shouted in surprise as strong hands dragged him down the corridor. He was slammed against a wall and Harry gasped. Moonlight streamed through the large window to Harry's right, bathing the teenager in light.

Three boys, all about sixteen or seventeen, were standing before Harry. They wore Gryffindor robes and smirked at him. Two were holding Harry's shoulders, pinning him to the wall. They were tall, muscular, and kind of stupid looking.

The boy in front of Harry was blonde and thin, but looked like he was packing muscle beneath his robes. Harry recognised him from Quidditch try-outs a few years ago and thought his name was Michaels.

'Well, look at we have here,' Michaels sneered. 'Hansen, Myer, we found ourselves a slut.'

Harry wanted to shiver at his words but swallowed thickly. 'Let me go.'

Michaels laughed and it was cold, cruel. 'Nah, don't think so,' he said. 'See, we like sluts, don't we boys?'

The other two, Hansen and Myer, snickered.

'Just let me go,' Harry said and tried to fight but it was no use. Hansen and Myer were too strong and Harry's arms were pinned. He couldn't reach his wand.

'Fight all you want, whore,' Michaels said and stepped closer. His body odour was revolting and Harry tried to turn away. Michaels grabbed his chin and sniffed. 'Mm, smell pretty for a slut.'

'Please,' Harry said, fear spilling through his body, 'just let me go and I'll forget this happened.'

'Nah, gonna have some fun,' Michaels said. 'Ginny says you're a whore, we believe it. No way Malfoy would submit to you.'

'Did Ginny put you up to this?' Harry demanded, struggling again. He was slammed into the wall for his trouble and winced, back aching.

Michaels slapped him across the face, hard, and Harry gasped in pain, blood trickling down his face from where his glasses had cut into him.

'Unless you like pain you'll shut your mouth,' Michaels snarled. He stepped even closer, putting his body into direct contact with Harry's.

Harry's eyes went wide when he felt a firm hardness against his thigh. Fresh terror spiked in him as he realised what exactly Michaels and his friends had planned.

'No, please!' Harry begged, trying to fight away.

'You'll love it,' Michaels said and reached down, hand trailing down Harry's stomach, his thigh. He
grabbed Harry's crotch.

Harry couldn't help it. He screamed.
'I'm having a restraining order put on that woman,' Lucius proclaimed as he paced through Severus' sitting room.

Severus and Draco glanced at each other before looking back at the blonde.

'Really, Father?' Draco asked. 'Are you sure?'

'You didn't read the letter,' Lucius said. 'She thinks Harry's delusional, she sees him as a child. Not to mention that she still thinks he and the Weasley girl will marry...'

'But Harry's gay,' Draco said, confused, 'even if she doesn't believe that you two are mates, surely she can see-'

'Molly Weasley won't let years of planning go to waste,' Severus interrupted.

'What do you mean?' Draco asked and even Lucius looked at the other professor.

'Molly has been shaping Potter since the boy was eleven,' Severus said. 'Sending him gifts, letting him stay, being a mother figure for him... I'm not saying that on some level she doesn't love him but... I fear she loves his money and status more.'

'You think she wants Harry to marry her daughter for the money?' Lucius questioned.

Severus nodded. 'Molly Weasley is fiercely protective of her children,' he said. 'Harry was supposed to marry her daughter, he even dated her in his sixth year. She thought the girl's life was set. And now, because of you, all of that has been taken away.'

'She's mental,' Draco said, leaning back in the armchair.

'I'll definitely put the order out now,' Lucius said. 'Nobody will have Harry's money but Harry himself.'

Severus smiled at the love on Lucius' face. His smile turned into a frown when Lucius clutched his heart. 'Lucius-

'Father,' Draco gasped, hand going to his own chest. He gripped his shirt tightly.

'Harry,' Lucius growled and took off, slamming Severus' portrait open and stumbling into the Slytherin's office.

'Sev, Harry's in trouble!' Draco shouted and ran after his dad.
Severus cursed, throwing his drink aside and following the blondes.

{oOo}

Michaels squeezed Harry's groin and the Gryffindor tried to break free. He'd never felt this terrified in his life. With Voldemort, Harry had always known that the worse thing he'd face was torture and death. Physical pain Harry could deal with, he was used to it.

But this was so much more. This was taking away something that not even Lucius had got. This was Harry's body, *his only*; no one had ever taken this from him.

'Fuck off, let me go!' Harry screamed, terror making his body tense and ache. He thrashed but couldn't break free, Hansen and Myer holding him in place.

Michaels growled when Harry's body refused to respond to him. He crushed his form against Harry's own and felt the other boy trembling.

'Not so great now, are you, Potter?' he sneered. He rutted his hard length against Harry's stomach and the other Gryffindor whimpered.

'P-Please, s-stop...' he gasped.

'I like that, you begging me,' Michaels grinned. He leaned up and touched Harry's throat, Harry flinching away. Michaels ran a smooth finger down Harry's skin and it was like acid, burning the teenager and making him grit his teeth.

*No/i, Harry thought, only Lucius can do that, Lucius, please help me!*

Michaels was still pushing against him as he ripped Harry's robes aside. He loosened his tie and started flicking buttons open, exposing Harry's chest to the cold night air.

He noticed Harry's Mark and grinned.

'So you *are* Malfoy's bitch,' he said and licked his lips.

'Stop,' Harry begged.

Michaels leaned forward and licked Harry's Mark.

Harry went rigid as a wet, unfamiliar tongue traced his bruised skin.

He was touching it.

Lucius' Mark.

The Mark that represented their bond.

Something in Harry snapped and his veela leapt forth. Harry exploded, magic forcing all three boys back. Harry screamed, eyes squeezed shut as his veela scrambled to protect him.

Another explosion shattered the window and wall next to Harry, glass raining down and stone going flying. Michaels slammed into the wall opposite Harry with a sickening crack, skull bursting
open and showering the stone in blood.

Hansen and Myer were thrown to the floor like rag dolls as glass, stone, and power swirled around Harry.

Harry couldn't think straight, couldn't do anything but scream, entire body tense. His veela roared and fresh magic crackled around the teenager, cracks appearing in the floor and doors blowing off their hinges. The entire castle shook with Harry's power.

Hansen and Myer tried to scramble away but were pulled back by Harry's veela, the creature yet to get it's revenge.

{oOo}

Draco and Severus followed Lucius, the veela being pulled by his Harry Band. They were on the staircase heading for the third floor when something exploded.

Draco and Severus were thrown into the banister but Lucius remained on his feet as the castle shook around them. He climbed the last three stairs and turned right.

Harry was at the very end of the corridor, the moon-lit sky behind him. An entire wall had completely disappeared, leaving jagged stones in it's place. Magic and debris swirled around Harry and his face was a mask of terror.

Lucius hurried forward, moving faster then he ever had before. Severus and Draco were right behind him, being pumelled by wind and Harry's power. Severus shivered at the raw power Harry was exhibiting and Draco growled at the fear he could feel. Something had truely terrified his father's mate.

'Harry!' Lucius shouted. 'Harry, I'm here!'

Harry twitched, bright green eyes opening slightly. They went wide when he saw Lucius and suddenly the magic completely disappeared, leaving everyone stumbling at the sudden shift.

'Harry,' Lucius said, carefully taking a step forward. 'Are you okay?'

Harry's face screwed up and he burst into tears. He fell and Lucius jumped forward, catching his mate in his arms. Harry wailed and grabbed at Lucius' robes, trying to curl his body completely into Lucius' embrace.

'Shh, little one, it's okay,' Lucius said, wrapping his arms around Harry quickly. 'I'm here, Harry, I'm here.'

'LUCIUS!' Harry screamed and buried his face in his mate's neck. 'Lucius, they... they...' He trailed off to cry, body shaking violently.

Lucius pulled him close, not knowing what to do. He had no idea what had happened, what had pushed his love over the edge.

'Harry, tell me what's wrong,' Lucius said as he stroked a hand through the Gryffindor's hair. 'Tell me what happened and I'll fix it, whatever it is.'
'They... they... t-touched... m-me!' Harry wailed.

Lucius froze, eyes wide as he stared at his shaking mate. And then white hot fury wrapped around his body completely. He snarled and Harry curled into him.

'Who?' he demanded. 'Who touched you?'

'G-Gryffindor b-boys,' Harry said. 'Over... t-there...'

Lucius' head whipped up and he saw three bodies, two moving, one covered in blood. His eyes locked onto the two shaking teenagers who had managed to get to their feet.

'HOW DARE YOU!' Lucius roared as he stood, Harry in his arms. 'HOW DARE YOU TOUCH MY MATE!'

Draco and Severus had listened in silence and both jolted when Harry said those words. They rounded on the two boys and withdrew their wands.

'You pricks!' Draco shouted. 'What the fuck's wrong with you?'

'It was Ginny,' one gasped, eyes wide in terror. 'Ginny told us to!'

'I don't care who told you to!' Draco screamed in anger.

'You're lucky you're alive,' Severus said in barely controlled rage.

As soon as he'd said the words, Lucius pounced. Harry was suddenly sitting on the floor next to Draco, crying and grabbing at the other boy's leg. Draco dropped to the floor as Lucius slammed into the two Gryffindors, pinning them to the wall.

He snarled in rage and the boys screamed. Before Severus could stop him, Lucius had pulled his wand and shouted.

'AVADA KEDAVRA!'

The boy on the right fell to the floor, dead, and the other boy screamed and tried to break free.

Before Lucius could kill him too, Harry's sobs reached his ears. Throwing his plans for revenge aside in favour of comforting his mate, Lucius turned and ran back to Harry.

Harry threw his arms around Lucius' neck. Lucius pulled him onto his lap and buried his face in Harry's hair, murmuring soothing words.

Severus bound the boy still alive and stepped in front of him. 'Draco, take Lucius and Harry to their quarters and get Miss Granger and Mr Weasley,' the potions master ordered. 'Tell Albus to go to them and ask him to send McGonagall and Flitwick here to help me clean up. We need to control this situation before anyone finds out.'

Draco nodded and went to his dad and Harry. Lucius allowed himself to be dragged up and led away, Harry crying against his chest.

{oOo}
Harry woke with a jolt. He was lying in bed, his and Lucius' bed, and when he sat up he saw that it was dark. Frowning, Harry reached for his glasses and slid them on.

The night's events crashed over him and tears welled up in his eyes. His Mark burned and Harry felt disgusted, absolutely sickened that he'd let anyone but Lucius touch him.

Throwing the covers back, Harry leapt out of bed and tore off looking for his mate. He was only wearing boxers, nothing else, but Harry didn't care. He needed-

Harry rounded the corner and stopped short. The sitting room was full of people; Kingsley Shaklebolt and two other wizards dressed in Ministry robes were standing before the couch. Severus, Albus, Ron and Hermione were all standing between them and the portrait hole. Lucius and Draco were facing off Kingsley, looking enraged.

'I DID IT TO PROTECT MY MATE!' Lucius roared. 'DON'T YOU DARE TELL ME YOU'LL TAKE HIM AWAY!'

'Mr Malfoy, be reasonable,' Kingsley tried.

'They touched him!' Draco shouted, sounding as furious as his father. 'Harry had every right to kill them and so did Father!'

Harry choked when he heard them and every face turned to him. Lucius' anger fell away to be replaced by worry.

'Little one, I'm sorry, we didn't mean to wake you.'

Fresh tears coated Harry's face and he ran across the room. Lucius opened his arms and Harry leapt into them, quickly smothered in warmth, in Lucius. He was still upset but Lucius' mere presence stopped the shaking.

Lucius carried his mate to the sofa and sat down, curling his arms around the boy protectively. He murmured words of love and protection in Harry's ear.

'See, he's distraught!' Draco said, rounding on the Minister. 'The only thing that stopped him blowing up Hogwarts was Dad!'

'It's true, Kingsley,' Severus said. 'You didn't see the power he was exibiting, it was amazing. Harry would have blown up half the castle if Lucius hadn't got to him.'

'Be that as it may,' Kingsley said, 'I can't just look the other way when Harry kills another student.'

Harry tensed in Lucius' arms as the blonde growled.

'He's a veela,' Ron said, sounding angry himself.

'We told you that, Kingsley, you know!' Hermione tried.

'He's not a veela yet, you said they haven't completed the bond,' Kingsley said and rubbed his eyes. 'You know I don't want to do this but-'

'The boy is a danger to every student here,' one of the Ministry wizards interrupted. 'He needs to be removed.'

Lucius tried to stand but Draco pushed him down.
'Mr Malfoy too must face the punishment for his crime,' the other man said. 'He will face the full...'

He trailed off when there was a sharp knock on the portrait. Everyone but Albus looked confused as the Headmaster smiled and went to get it.

He returned with two people, a man and a woman. They were breathtakingly beautiful, the man with caramal coloured hair that fell to his shoulders and piercing blue eyes. The woman was slightly shorter then him and had dark scruffy hair that stuck up on end, her brown eyes sharp.

'Allow me to introduce Perry Octavian,' Albus said, gesturing to the man first, 'and Annigail Laveen.'

'We are representatives from the Veela Nation, the Creature Council to be exact,' Octavian said, voice light and airy but with a hint of power. 'We are here to discuss the matter of Harry Potter and his veela mate, Lucius Malfoy.'

'Mr Octavian-' Kingsley began, only to be cut off.

'No,' the veela said, 'you will listen to us. Mr Potter and Mr Malfoy shall state their case and we will make a decision.' He turned to Harry and Lucius. 'Please, tell us what happened.'

Lucius bent to his mate and said in a soft voice, 'Little one, you must tell us what happened.'

Harry whimpered.

'I know it's hard,' Lucius said, 'just tell us what happened and we can put it behind us.'

Harry sniffed and managed to sit up. He stayed on Lucius' lap, arms wrapped around his mate. He blinked to clear the tears before speaking in a broken voice.

'I was c-coming back from out-outside,' he said. 'It was d-dark and I was coming back h-here. I was grabbed b-by those three b-boys and... and...' He trailed off as fresh tears coated his cheeks.

Lucius reached up to wipe them away and pressed a soft kiss to Harry's cheek. 'I'm here, love, you're not alone.'

Harry nodded weakly before continuing. 'They c-called me a s-slut,' he whimpered, 'and said they l-liked that... the b-blonde one, he... he t-touched me, g-grabbed me.' He swallowed back his sob and looked down. 'He... he... t-touched my... my...'

'Harry, you can tell us,' Lucius said. 'No one will judge you.'

Harry shook as a sob escaped his lips. 'Lucius, he licked my Mark!' the teenager cried. 'The Mark you gave me, he licked it!' He buried his face in Lucius' neck to cry.

Lucius tried to control his rage but a growl rolled past his lips.

'Father, calm yourself,' Draco said softly, sitting beside them on the sofa. 'Harry needs you, think of revenge later.'

'I think I speak for the Veela Nation,' the female veela, Annigail Laveen, said slowly, 'when I say that we are beyond outraged that this has occured.'

'I agree,' Octavian said. 'Did any of the boys survive?'

'Harry killed one,' Severus said, 'and Lucius another.'
'The third boy will face charges from our Nation,' Laveen said.

'He didn't know Harry was a veela,' Kingsley said, 'he can't be held by your rules-'

'Regardless of his knowledge, he will be punished according to our rules!' Laveen snarled. 'Such behaviour is not tolerated by our people. Mr Malfoy and Mr Potter were both within their rights to kill the offenders.'

'You know how protective veela are,' Albus spoke up, looking at Kingsley. 'Lucius and Harry couldn't control themselves, they had to kill the boys.'

'I would have too,' Severus growled. 'To do that to a fellow human being is absolutely disgusting.'

Ron and Hermione both nodded in agreement and Kingsley rubbed his eyes.

'I know that veela are exempt from our laws,' he said slowly.

'You have no right to charge either of them,' Octavian said. 'If you do, Minister, you will be at war with the Veela Nation. We do not tolerate our own being violated in such a way.'

Harry looked up and said, 'R-Really?'

'Of course, little one,' Laveen said, face soft, 'to touch a veela, to try and take something like that from them, it is inexcusable. Our Nation is behind you completely.'

Harry sniffed and rubbed his eyes. 'I didn't mean to k-kill anyone,' he choked out. 'I was just so angry a-and scared...'

'You didn't do anything wrong, Harry,' Lucius said and kissed him again. 'Don't doubt your actions for even a second.'

Kingsley sighed and said, 'As Minister of Magic, I pardon Harry Potter and Lucius Malfoy on the grounds that they are veela. Harry acted in self-defence, Mr Malfoy to protect his mate. The Veela Nation will be responsible for the punishment of Larson Wells, the surviving boy.'

What followed was official talk that Harry tuned out until he heard Octavian speak.

'You will give Lucius Malfoy his fortune back,' the veela said sternly. 'He is the dominant in this partnership, it is his right to be able to care for his mate financially.'

Kingsley nodded though he didn't look happy about it. He bid them all goodnight and slowly everyone left, leaving only Harry, Lucius, Draco, Albus, and the two veelas.

'Mr Malfoy,' Octavian said, 'on behalf of the Veela Nation we congratulate you on finding your mate.'

'Thank you,' Lucius said.

'About time,' Laveen commented, 'we were thinking it would never happen.'

Lucius smiled and said, 'I would wait a thousand years for my Harry.'

Harry smiled too and burrowed into his lover's body.

'I just hope Draco doesn't hate to wait as long,' Lucius said and glanced at his son.
Draco shrugged but both Octavian and Laveen chuckled.

'Fear not, little one, your mate is close by,' Laveen said.

'In a way,' Octavian smiled and Laveen nodded.

'What?' Draco gasped. 'Do you know who it is?'

'We cannot say, it is part of your heritage to find your mate yourself,' Laveen said.

'But you won't have to wait long, believe us when we say that,' Octavian said and stood. 'Harry, Lucius, it was wonderful to meet you. If you have any troubles or questions, please contact us.'

Lucius nodded and shook both their hands.

'Thank you so much,' Harry said.

'Not a problem, little one,' Octavian said. 'Just remember to inform the Nation when you bond, marry, and produce kit. We must keep an eye on our numbers.'

Lucius promised he would and Albus saw them out. He came back in to see Harry yawning.

'Bed, perhaps?' Albus suggested.

'I think so,' Lucius said and made to stand.

'I'm sorry,' Harry said suddenly and turned to look at them all. 'I never meant to kill anyone, I'm so sorry.'

'Harry, you were defending yourself,' Albus said, 'nobody thinks any differently of you. Rest, let your mate comfort you, but don't blame yourself for this.'

'He's right, Harry,' Draco said. 'Father and I would have done the same thing in your position.'

Harry just nodded and let Lucius pick him up. He was placed back in bed and Lucius climbed in with him.

'I love you, Harry,' Lucius whispered. 'I'm so sorry this happened to you.'

'Thank you for saving me,' Harry said and rubbed his eyes. 'I love you too.'

Lucius pressed a kiss to Harry's forehead and the teenager fell asleep.
Statements and Reactions

Chapter Notes

Idea for Hermione, Ron and Draco speaking to The Daily Prophet is from Annabeth Volturi over on FFN.

Harry was a bit shaken over the following days but he soon managed to return to normal. Lucius clung to him like the over-protective veela he was. Harry grumbled but loved it mostly. No one had ever cared about how he was after bad things happened, except for Hermione really. Mostly people were just glad when whatever disaster Harry had been up against was over.

It was different this time. Hermione, Ron, Sirius, Remus, Draco, Severus, and Albus all came to visit. Sirius was as angry as Lucius had been, storming around their quarters and threatening to hunt down the remaining boy and castrate him. The most amazing thing was when he hugged Lucius and thanked him for protecting Harry. The blonde gave him an awkward pat on the back and Harry, Remus, Draco and Severus all snickered.

Hermione fussed over him like a mother; making sure Harry was eating, sleeping well, hovering around him whenever she visited. Ron tried to keep her calm but even he asked every few minutes if Harry was okay.

Surprisingly the Gryffindor was recovering well. He’d got over the initial shock and with Lucius and Draco around, he was coming back to himself. He no longer jumped when anyone touched him and managed to go whole hours without shouting for Lucius.

Albus had broken the news to the students and had promised Kingsley that Lucius and Harry would tell the world about their veela bond. Lucius had agreed and finally Harry nodded, saying everyone had to be warned incase anyone was stupid enough to try something like that again.

So a trusted reporter was called in and their story was told.

After that there was the little matter of Rita Skeeter. Remus, who was on the Creature Council, had spoken with Perry Octavian and Annigail Laveen. All three agreed that Skeeter had set this off by telling the world of what she’d seen. She was well within her right to publish anything but under Veela Nation laws, she had violated the bond between Harry and Lucius and needed to be punished.

So it was with great delight that Lucius joined them in hunting the bitch down.

They found her in Diagon Alley trying to get a story out of a plump witch who sold cakes. The woman was trying her hardest to get Rita away and jumped when she saw the four.

Lucius placed a hand on Rita’s shoulder and growled in her ear. ‘Our meeting has been long overdue.’

Rita scrambled away from him, eyes wide and Quick Quill hovering around her.

‘I can publish what I want!’ she said shrilly.
Octavian scowled at her and Remus said, 'Under Veela Nation law, you violated Lucius’ and Harry's bond.'

'Veela?' Rita gaped, eyes going wide.

'Don't pretend you didn't know of my blood,' Lucius growled.

'You will be punished accordingly.' Laveen said and grabbed the woman's arm. 'The Veela Nation is taking you into custody to be tried for crimes against our citizens.'

She and Octavian disapparated away, Rita screaming as she went.

Lucius smirked and Remus said, 'Well, we don't have to deal with her any more. Any idea what will happen to her?'

'Only minor charges,' Lucius said as he looked at the werewolf. 'Veelas take bonds highly seriously and she had no right to talk about mine and Harry's. But it was my fault, I shouldn't have kissed him in public. Free speech and all that garbage means she won't end up in prison.'

'That... sucks, really,' Remus said. 'She's hounded Harry enough.'

'If she does it again, knowing of our bond, she'll go to prison,' Lucius said. 'Hopefully she realised that I'll kill her if she upsets my mate again.'

{oOo}

The Bond At Hogwarts

By Martin Hentemenn

_Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry has been home to a very special bond since August. Harry Potter, The Saviour of the Wizaring World, and Lord Lucius Malfoy, Patriarch of the Malfoy Family, are bonded soulmates._

_For those of you who don't know, Lucius Malfoy is a veela from his mother's side. Veela, no matter how much of a percentage, have mates that last a life-time. Mr Malfoy's is our own Harry Potter._

_A veela bond is one of love, devotion, and protection. The two involved are soulmates and, if parted, will die a most painful death._

_For reasons only known to the couple, Misters Potter and Malfoy chose to keep this information to themselves. Now, however, they have chosen to tell the world because of events that happened at Hogwarts three days ago._

_I have been asked not to gloss over the facts and I myself am appauled that this could happen, especially to the kind man who saved our lives and defeated You-Know-Who._

_Three days ago, Harry Potter was accosted by three Gryffindor students who tried to rape him. When this happened, Mr Potter's own veela defended him. One boy was killed before Lucius Malfoy could reach his mate, and the veela killed another boy before Severus Snape intervened._
Under both Veela Nation law and Wizarding Law, neither Mr Potter or Mr Malfoy are responsible for their actions. It is within a veela’s right to kill anyone who tries to touch their mate without their consent.

As such, Misters Malfoy and Potter are not going to be charged for the deaths of the two boys. Mr Potter was shaken by the events but with his family’s support, he has come back to himself.

"He was distraught," fellow student Draco Malfoy has spoken out. "He would jump even when Father touched him and was prone to crying at the oddest moments."

"Can you blame him?" best friend Ronald Weasley, and one third of the Golden Trio, told me. "I would be just as upset if some idiot tried to do that to me."

When asked about the relationship between Mrs Potter and Malfoy, Hermione Granger was the most vocal.

"They're gorgeous together," the Muggle-born told me. "I've never seen love like it. Harry and Lucius look at each other like nothing else matters. Lucius doesn't see the Saviour, the wizarding world's hero, he just sees Harry."

"All Harry's ever wanted is a family and Lucius has given him that. They're strong together, they love each other completely. I support them because Lucius would never hurt Harry."

"I was a little concerned at first," Ronald Weasley has admitted, "but you've just gotta spend five minutes with them and you can see the love."

"It's great," Draco Malfoy has said. "Father has never looked so happy and that's all because of Harry. They love each other."

I myself was privy to their relationship and can see that what Mr Potter's friends say is true; Harry Potter is completely in love with his mate.

The couple have asked that their relationship is respected and that strangers especially keep their distance. Veela are fiercely protective of their mates and kit (children) and will not hesitate to attack if they are feared in danger. Take a lesson from recent events and respect their privacy.

This reporter wishes the couple all the luck in the world and hopes that recent events don't change the bond growing between them.

{oOo}

'We should have told everyone the first time,' Harry said as he put The Daily Prophet down. 'We could have avoided this.'

'It was none of their business,' Lucius said. 'We didn't have to tell anyone if we didn't want.'

'But-

'No buts, Harry,' Lucius said. 'Those... scum, acted of their own free will. They decided to try something with you and were punished accordingly.' He growled. 'I just wish I could have killed that other one.'
'He's in prison,' Draco said from across the table.

'Azkaban?' Harry asked.

'No, Cordicon,' Lucius said, 'it's the veela prison in the arctic.'

'Why there?' Harry asked.

'It's the capital of the Veela Nation, where a lot of veela live,' Draco explained. 'Part veelas like Father and myself live in the magic world but most stick to their own kind.'

'The prison is filled with veelas,' Lucius said with a little smirk, 'the prisoners don't take kindly to people trying to touch veela in such a way.'

'Really?' Harry said. 'But they're in prison too.'

'For crimes like stealing and such,' Lucius said. 'No veela would come between two mates.'

'He'll be dead within a week,' Draco said dismissively.

Harry couldn't help but feel slight satisfaction at the Slytherin's words. He still shivered every time he thought of that night. The boy had got what he deserved.

'Harry, let's forget it,' Lucius said and took his mate's hand.

'I'm trying,' Harry said honestly, 'and believe me, you're helping.'

Lucius smiled at him.

{oOo}

'See, Lucius Malfoy has completely warped Harry's mind,' Molly said, gesturing at the paper.

'Molly,' Arthur sighed, rubbing his eyes. He was sick to death of hearing his wife going on about how awful Lucius Malfoy was. While he didn't like the man, he trusted Harry. If Harry said Lucius was his mate, that he was kind and loving, then Arthur believed him, no questions asked.

'No, he's twisted our Harry,' Molly insisted. 'You know him, he wouldn't choose Malfoy over us.'

'He hasn't,' Arthur said for the fifteenth time. 'Harry has no choice, Lucius is his mate.'

Molly snorted.

'Why can't you believe it?' Arthur demanded. 'Lucius can't hurt Harry, he loves him, he would die for him.'

'He's a foul creature who's completely ruined our family,' Molly said. 'Ginny's distraught and Ron's trying to convince me that they're perfect together.' She took her head.

Arthur sighed again.

'Harry will marry Ginny,' Molly insisted. 'He'll join our family and support us.'
Arthur grimaced. His wife was fast losing control of reality. She seemed intent on getting Harry and Ginny together, even though the teenager had admitted he was gay. She seemed to only care about his money.

'Molly, please-' He cut himself off when an official looking owl with jet black feathers swooped into the room. He dropped an emerald green envelope on the table and took off.

'It's addressed to you,' Arthur said.

Molly ripped it open and Arthur leaned over the table to read;

Dear Molly Weasley,

Information has been brought to our attention to result in the following orders.

Under Law 452 of the Wizengamont, we have been asked to inform you that a restraining order has been placed against you by Lord Harry James Potter, Lord Lucius Abraxas Malfoy, and Master Draco Lucius Malfoy.

If you come within fifty feet of our three clients, you will be punished according to Law 452. If you break this order again, you will be sentenced to fourteen months imprisonment in Azkaban.

We have also been asked to inform you that the Veela Nation and Creature Council orders the following; if you try to break the bond between mates Harry Potter and Lucius Malfoy, either through print or in person (whether that be by physically taking Mr Potter away or forming a plan to cause problems between Misters Potter and Malfoy), you will be subjected to the full force of the Veela Nation and, if you survive, will be imprisoned in the Veela prison of Cordicon for life.

We hope you adhere to these orders. If you have any questions, feel free to contact me at my firm of Lasander, Spike, & Holmes.

Regards,

Josepie Holmes

Molly's mouth had dropped open and she stared at the letter in shock.

'Molly, you brought this on yourself,' Arthur said. 'Harry made his wishes clear and he wants to be with Lucius.'

' THAT SWINE!' the Weasley matriarch screamed. 'HOW DARE HE TRY AND TAKE HARRY AWAY! I'LL SHOW HIM! NO ONE WILL STOP GINNY MARRying HARRY!'

Arthur shook his head and grabbed his coat. Before he could say anything that would ruin his marriage, he flooed to work.

{oOo}
'Good,' was what Ron said when Harry told him about the restraining order. 'Dad's written to me, Mum's completely flipped the lid,' he continued. 'She keeps insisting that you and Ginny will be married.' He shook his head as he leaned back on the sofa.

'I'm sorry, Ron, I didn't mean for any of this to happen,' Harry said. 'But after the incident Lucius isn't taking any chances.'

Ron brushed Harry's apology aside. 'Harry, I'm with you one hundred percent behind this. Mum and Ginny need to get over it and realise that Lucius isn't going to hurt you, that you're happy. Until then, I'm by your side.'

Harry grinned and Ron could see how much his words meant to the other Gryffindor. Harry had always been there for Ron, had saved his life countless times. Ron wasn't going to leave now.

'Thanks, Ron, that means a lot to me,' Harry said honestly.

Ron smiled back.

{oOo}

Ginny Weasley sat in front of the fire in the Gryffindor common-room. She stared into the flames, thinking about the article she had just read.

It meant nothing to her. Lucius Malfoy was a twisted son of a bitch and Harry was hers. He was confused, that was all, taken in by Malfoy's lies. He wasn't Lucius' mate, could never be bonded to such a horrible man.

Ginny would get her Harry back. They'd marry and have kids, end of story.

Michaels and his friends had failed. But Ginny would get Harry back, no matter what it took.
Happy Birthday

October 27th, Lucius woke to find Harry gone. It wasn't that uncommon, sometimes Lucius had a free period and would sleep in, or Harry would claim the shower first or be in the study, trying to read and forget about a nightmare.

Lucius rose and yawned. He didn't hear the shower going and the bathroom door was open. Harry wasn't there so Lucius slid into his robe and tied the sash. It was one of those rare mornings when they both had a free period and Lucius went in search of his mate.

Harry wasn't in the study, guest room, main bathroom, the bedroom they kept for Draco when their kit stayed over on weekends, or the sitting room or dining room.

Lucius frowned and headed back to their bedroom, wondering if Harry had gone to the library to do his homework. He opened their walk-in wardrobe with the plan to get dressed and go find his mate.

'Happy birthday!'

Lucius jumped and turned to find Harry standing in front of their bedroom window, a cake in his hands with forty-four glowing candles. He grinned at a stunned looking Slytherin.

'You remembered,' Lucius said.

"Course I did,' Harry said. 'Even made the cake myself.'

Lucius eyed it wearily and Harry giggled.

'I can cook, Lucius Malfoy. But don't worry, Dobby helped me make it.'

'When did you have time to do this?' Lucius asked as he approached the Gryffindor.

'I got up early for Quidditch practice so I had time,' Harry said. He leaned up and pecked Lucius on the lips. 'Happy birthday.'

Nobody had ever baked Lucius a birthday cake, not even Narcissa. He hadn't bothered having the elves make him one when he was older, it had seemed... sad.

Harry making him a cake was wonderful and Lucius grinned as he blew the candles out. 'Thank you, little one. You have no idea how much I love you.'

'Pretty sure I do,' Harry said, feeling his Lucius Band squeeze his heart and radiate with warmth. 'Want a piece?'

'Cake for breakfast?'

'It's your birthday, live a little.'

He towed Lucius through their quarters and into the dining room where Lucius found a large breakfast waiting. It hadn't been there ten minutes earlier and he just had to kiss Harry again.

The teenager sat in the blonde's lap and fed him breakfast; yogurt, strawberries, pumpkin juice, and finally cake. They had a lot of fun kissing each other and tasting chocolate, cream, and vanilla icing.
Despite wanting to, they couldn't stay there forever. Harry stacked all the plates and put the leftover food and cake in the cooler box. Dobby and two other elves appeared to take the dishes, bowing to Lucius and wishing him a happy birthday.

Lucius thanked them and dragged Harry back onto his lap.

'Luce, I have Herbology,' Harry told the blonde before he was kissed.

'Don't care,' Lucius muttered against Harry's lips.

'I have an essay to hand in,' Harry said before kissing his mate again.

Lucius smiled and dragged Harry closer until the teenager was straddling his lap. 'What's one little essay?'

'Forty marks,' Harry mumbled, opening his lips so Lucius' tongue could dive in and taste his mouth.

The professor hummed as he tasted chocolate, icing, and Harry. Harry was by far the most delicious thing and he tasted thoroughly.

'L-Luce, p-please,' Harry begged, 'I gotta... go...'

'Don't,' Lucius said and wrapped his arms tightly around Harry's waist, keeping him in place.

Harry groaned. 'Lucius-

'It's my birthday,' Lucius whined.

'You're a professor,' Harry said, 'you're supposed to... to make sure I go to... erm... class.'

Lucius groaned and held Harry tighter, the teenager still trying to break free.

'Lucius!' he shouted when the man's hands tried to dive into his school trousers.

Lucius sighed and pulled back. 'Fine, ruin my birthday.'

Harry smiled. 'I'll be back later, we can go have dinner outside Hogwarts. Dumbledore said it was okay, even though it's a Tuesday.'

'Hmm...' Lucius said and pressed kisses to Harry's neck. 'You do so much for me.'

'Yup.'

'I love you, Harry.'

'Love you too,' Harry grinned. Ever since the first time he'd said it, it had just got easier and easier for Harry to say the words. It was true; he loved Lucius, with all his heart. It still amazed him that Lucius felt the same way.

'Go, leave me,' Lucius muttered as Harry stood and grabbed his robes. He pulled them on and Lucius said, 'You hate me.'

'Do not,' Harry said, doing his robes up and smoothing them down. He grabbed his bag and hoisted it over one shoulder before leaning over the table. He kissed Lucius quickly and said, 'See you in DADA.'
'I'll be the one leering at you.'

Harry chuckled and left.

{OoO}

Harry, Draco, Hermione and Ron were the first to class and Draco quickly hugged his dad and handed across a present. Draco had got him a new set of pins, all serpents, to fix to his robes. They were made of the highest quality silver with various expensive stones set into them. Lucius hugged his son and thanked him quickly.

Lucius tried to corner Harry after class but the teenager wagged one finger and pushed him back. 'Ah, ah, you have to wait.'

Lucius growled. He and Harry hadn't had sex in a week, both had been too busy or tired. Lucius' body was thrumming with desire and Harry was denying him.

'I promise,' Harry said, 'wait until tonight and I'll make it worth your while.'

Still scowling, Lucius said, 'You'd better.'

Harry kissed him on the lips chastely and bounced away, leaving a very annoyed and horny Slytherin behind.

{OoO}

Lucius was waiting for Harry in their quarters, legs and arms crossed, foot jiggling in the air, eyes locked onto the portrait. Harry had left a note saying to wear his best and Lucius had changed into black trousers, a white button-up shirt, a fitted jacket, and a long, sleeveless black robe. He'd been sitting there for twenty minutes and was just about to get up and search for his little mate when the teenager in questioned stepped in.

'Don't move, I have to get dressed,' Harry said and disappeared down the hallway. Lucius growled and sat back down.

When Harry came back he was wearing pressed black trousers, an emerald green shirt, a black waistcoat, and a sleeveless robe with silver trimming. It was Lucius' favourite outfit on Harry and the teenager had never worn it, had only tried it on when Lucius had begged.

He looked absolutely delicious and Lucius had to calm himself for fear of ravishing his mate right there in the sitting room.

'Come on you, stop moping and let's go,' Harry grinned, slipping his wand up his shirt sleeve and clicking it into his wand-strap. He passed Lucius his cloak.

'I'm not moping,' Lucius said and stood. They helped each other fasten their cloaks. When done, Harry held out his arm and Lucius threaded his own through it, smiling when he realised Harry was leading him.
'You are too,' Harry teased as they left their quarters. 'I'm sorry for all the secrecy and making you wait, but hopefully you'll have fun tonight.'

'Where are we going?' Lucius asked.

Harry refused to answer and they spent the walk down to the main gates bickering. Lucius held onto Harry's arm tightly as he was side-apparated to...

... his favourite wizarding restaurant. Lucius' mouth fell open and Harry grinned as he led the blonde inside. The maître d' took their cloaks and passed them along to another waiter before leading them to their table, complementing Lucius on his position at Hogwarts and his finding Harry.

The man had known Lucius a number of years, the Malfoy patriarch was a good customer and excellent tipper. So he led him and Harry to the best table in the restaurant.

The waiters and waitresses were professional enough not to stare but most of the patrons were looking at them carefully while trying to pretend they weren't.

They were handed their menus and Harry looked it over. The restaurant was a blend of French and Italian meals, as well as good English food. Harry looked up at his mate and asked, 'Can you recommend anything?'

'The salmon is good.' Harry wrinkled his nose and Lucius smiled. 'Perhaps another time.' He turned to the maître d', who had pulled out a Quick Quill and parchment. Both floated beside him, waiting for Lucius' order. The blonde said, 'We'll have a small cheese platter entrée and a small salad to share with glasses of iced water.'

The man nodded as his Quill took it down.

'Our main courses will be the veal parmagiana with steamed vegetables and mashed potato, not noodles, for me,' Lucius said, 'and the Penne all'arrabbiata for my date.'

'Any meats with that, sir?' the maître d' asked.

'No thank you,' Lucius replied.

'Very good, sir, and any drinks?'

'A glass of Italian Brunello de Montalcino for me,' Lucius said and looked at Harry.

'Whatever you think would go with my food,' Harry shrugged.

Lucius nodded and turned back to the maître d'. 'A glass of Italian Sangiovese for my date.'

The man nodded, his Quick Quill writing it all down quickly. 'And dessert?'

'Um, we're going somewhere else for dessert,' Harry told the man before blushing.

Lucius smiled and said, 'You heard the man.'

The maître d' nodded at them before he disappeared to serve other customers, his parchment floating into the kitchen.

'How did you know this was my favourite restaurant?' Lucius asked.
'Um... I asked Draco,' Harry said, fiddling with one of his forks. 'And he wrote Narcissa.'

Lucius tensed but didn't say anything, just watched his mate.

'She wrote me back, she knew Draco was asking for me,' Harry continued.

'And what did she say?' Lucius asked softly.

Harry smiled. 'She congratulated me on finding my mate.' Lucius raised an eyebrow and the Gryffindor said, 'She knew we weren't having a fling, that it had to be something serious, and figured out that I'm your mate, even before The Daily Prophet told everyone. She said she was glad you'd finally found me and that I should take care of you.

'Narcissa said this was your favourite restaurant, that you always wanted to come here on special occasions, so... here we are.' He paused and looked at Lucius carefully. 'You're not mad, are you?'

Lucius frowned. 'Why would I be?'

'Well, I asked your ex-wife-

'Harry, you went to all that trouble just for me...' Lucius said and smiled warmly. 'I'm the luckiest man in the world.'

Harry grinned and reached into his trouser pocket. He pulled out a very small black package that resized as he held it out. 'She sent you a birthday present.'

Lucius took the package and quickly opened it, pulling the golden string aside and peeling back the black wrapping. He took out the present and stared at it.

'Well?' Harry asked.

Lucius smiled and showed his mate. It was a small photo frame made of green wood trimmed in silver. Behind the glass was a colour photo of what appeared to be a young Lucius Malfoy and-

'Severus?' Harry said, peering at the black-haired teenager.

'Yes, this was taken in my seventh year, Severus was in his third,' Lucius explained.

On closer inspection, Harry realised the eighteen-year-old Lucius and thirteen-year-old Severus were standing in the Slytherin common-room wearing their Hogwarts robes.

'We were good friends because he didn't have many,' Lucius said, 'your mother was the only one and they...' he trailed off and looked at Harry.

'I know how they drifted apart and why,' Harry said. 'Continue.'

'I took Severus under my wing at Hogwarts,' Lucius said. 'I was his prefect and we both enjoyed studying hard and reading. We kept in touch even when we both finished Hogwarts, and of course there were our Death Eater days.' He sighed and looked down at the photo. 'We were young and stupid.'

'We all make mistakes when we're kids,' Harry said.

'Not you,' Lucius smiled.

Harry shrugged. 'I was never much of a kid, really.'
'True,' Lucius nodded, looking at Harry sadly.

'Let's not think about the bad times,' Harry said. 'We're here to have fun.'

'True again, Mr Potter,' Lucius smiled. He waved his hand over the photo frame and it shrank so the Slytherin could slide it into his pocket.

'So, how's the date so far?' Harry asked as their entrées were placed on the table.

Lucius looked over the food at the exquisite man sitting across from him. He grinned and said, 'One of the best of my life.'

{oOo}

The food was delicious and Harry was feeling thoroughly full and a little light-headed after the wine. He thanked the maître d' while he paid and Lucius watched him with a smile.

Harry escorted Lucius out of the restaurant and they apparated again, this time appearing in Muggle London.

Lucius chuckled as he was led to a familiar café. 'I do believe we've been here before,' he said as he looked at The Gaslight.

'It's a nice café,' Harry said, 'and sorry, but I need coffee; my head's all fuzzy.'

'You shouldn't have had that second glass of wine,' Lucius said as they sat. 'I didn't know you were such a lightweight.'

'Well excuse me for not getting drunk every other weekend,' Harry pouted.

Lucius smiled and hooked a foot around one of the legs of Harry's chair. The teenager yelped as he was dragged over the paving stones until he was sitting right beside Lucius.

Lucius bent and pressed a warm, loving kiss to Harry's lips. 'I'm sorry, love,' he said when he pulled back. 'That was rude.'

'S'okay, you can be rude,' Harry grinned, 'it is your birthday after all.'

'Oh really? I'd forgotten, what with all the man-handling, and teasing, and bully-' He was cut off when Harry kissed him again. They didn't break apart until the owner of The Gaslight asked if they wanted anything. Harry ordered a black coffee and a slice of banana cake with peppermint ice-cream. Lucius skipped the ice-cream and got a capuccino.

The Muggle wrote down their orders and disappeared.

'Don't pretend you don't like the man-handling,' Harry said once they were alone.

Lucius smirked. 'Ah, you know me too well.'

'Damn right I do,' Harry said and leaned on the table. 'So, still a nice date?"
'Very nice,' Lucius nodded. 'Thank you for doing this, Harry, I haven't enjoyed a birthday this much since Draco was a child.'

'He's still a child on the inside,' Harry grinned and Lucius chuckled.

'That's true.'

'So... want your present?' Harry asked.

'I thought the night out was my present?'

Harry tisked. 'Silly veela,' he chastised, 'of course not.'

Lucius couldn't help the smile that pulled at his lips as Harry slid another package from his trousers. It re-sized in his hands; it was a large box wrapped in maroon paper with gold string and Lucius snorted at the Gryffindor colours.

Harry smiled as Lucius took the box, placing it on the table to open it. The Muggle re-appeared with their orders and Lucius waited until he was gone to open his present.

It was a simple cardboard box and Lucius had to pull back the tape to look at the contents...

... he frowned. The box was filled with about a dozen plastic boxes that had clear plastic over the top and colourful pictures.

'HARRY?' Lucius questioned, not sure what he was looking at.

'They're called videos,' Harry explained. 'They have movies and stuff on them, you put them in a video player and you can watch them on TV.'

Lucius was still frowning. He'd read all about television and still had Muggle books delivered to Hogwarts so he could expand his knowledge.

'Do you not like them?' Harry asked, lips turning down in a frown.

'Well... I don't have a... player thing,' Lucius said, 'or a television.'

Harry smiled. 'You will.' Lucius raised an eyebrow and Harry said, 'Christmas is coming...'

'You're getting me a television for Christmas?'

'A heap of them, actually,' Harry said, 'for the Manor; one for our bedroom, one of the guest rooms, your study, the den, and the sitting room. All with video players.'

Lucius stared at him.

'I'd get you one now but they don't work at Hogwarts,' Harry said, 'and you can't use magic on them; it stuffs up the microchips or something, you'll have to ask Hermione for specifics.'

He smiled.

'Sorry you can't watch the movies now. I bought a few about witches and wizards, it's funny watching what Muggles think of us. I also got you a few documentaries and some action movies, the guy at the store said men liked them.' He shrugged.

'Harry, this is... thank you.'
Harry smiled. 'So you like it?'

'Of course I do,' Lucius said and placed the box on the table. He stood and walked around to Harry. The teenager blushed as he was pulled up, Lucius taking his seat. Lucius made his mate sit on his lap and kissed him softly. 'Thank you, little one.'

'Not a problem,' Harry said and kissed him back.

Lucius didn't care about all the material things, or the breakfast and cake and dinner. Harry was the best present in the world, and the only one Lucius would ever want.

{oOo}

Lucius led Harry back through Hogwarts, bypassing a lot of staring students as they headed up to the fourth floor.

'I really wish they'd get over it,' Harry muttered as a group of girls giggled and fluttered their eyelids at the couple.

Lucius put an arm around Harry's waist and tugged him close. 'They're just jealous,' he said softly, 'that you're on the arm of such a good looking man.'

Harry snorted and nudged him. 'You do realise that you're forty-four, right?' he said. 'You should, you know, act your age.'

'I am,' Lucius smiled. 'That I happen to be extremely gorgeous is hardly my fault.'

'Smug sod,' Harry chuckled.

'Little brat,' Lucius teased back.

They'd reached their quarters and Lucius said the password before leading Harry in. Once inside, he swept Harry into his arms, carrying him to their bedroom.

'Lucius, what have I told you about carrying me!' Harry shouted.

'That you want me to it all the time?'

'NO!' Harry screamed and slapped at Lucius' chest.

Lucius grinned and kicked open the door of their bedroom. 'Now, now, Mr Potter,' he tutted. 'It is my birthday, why are you shouting at me?'

'Cause you're a prat,' Harry mumbled, burying his face in Lucius' neck.

'What a rude thing to say,' Lucius said. 'Maybe I won't ravish you after all.'

Harry looked up, eyes wide. 'No, Lucius, please-'

Lucius cut him off with a kiss, crushing their mouths together. Harry groaned and wrapped his arms around Lucius' neck as he was slowly lowered to the bed. Lucius climbed onto the mattress and moved gracefully, spreading Harry's legs until he was positioned between them.
When they broke apart, Lucius looked down at his heavily breathing mate. 'What were you saying about me?'

'Um... you're a good kisser?' Harry tried. Lucius shook his head. 'You're gorgeous?'

'Keep trying.'

'Lucius!' Harry whined.

'Yes, my love?'

'Just... do something!' Harry groaned.

'Oh, you want me to do something?' Lucius asked. He moved his hands down Harry's body, pushing hard on the teenager's crotch. Harry groaned and Lucius said, 'Would you like me to touch you?'

'Gods, yes!'

'Hmm, I don't think I will,' Lucius said, drawing back and leaning on his feet. 'You've been rather rude to me tonight.'

Harry groaned loudly. 'Luce, please stop teasing me! We haven't had sex in a week, I know you want it.'

Lucius smirked. 'I do, but as I said, you've been rude-'

'LUCIUS!' Harry shouted, pushing up. 'Please, just touch- ahh!'

Lucius was done teasing, especially with Harry writhing about on the bed like the wanton little veela he was. He grabbed Harry through his trousers and the teenager moaned and pushed up into the touch as Lucius loosened his robe.

He pulled it off the teenager and started on his waistcoat, slipping the clothing free. Harry was still groaning as his cock was stimulated.

Lucius stopped rubbing to pull Harry's shirt free, a few buttons flying in his haste. Harry grinned and pulled at Lucius' clothing.

'See? Knew you wanted me.'

'Shit up,' Lucius muttered and kissed Harry again.

Both groaned into the sensation, the taste, each sucking back and licking. Soon Lucius was dominating the kiss and pushing Harry further up the bed. Harry fell against the pillows and dragged Lucius down, pushing up to rub their crotches together.

Lucius grunted and tore himself away from Harry's lips to press open mouthed kisses to the boy's jaw and neck. He sucked back on Harry's ear before licking down his arched neck and nipping every few kisses.

'Ah, Lucius,' Harry groaned. 'Please...'

Lucius smiled as he sucked back on Harry's neck, just above his Mark. Lucius cupped Harry's face as he kissed his way back up to the teenager's mouth. He caught his lips in a searing kiss just as he grabbed Harry through his trousers and squeezed.
'Ahhh,' Harry moaned and arched up again. Lucius' skilled fingers got the Gryffindor's belt open and tore his trousers down. He turned and flicked his hand, Harry's shoes, socks, and trousers shooting off to hit the wall.

Harry gasped, suddenly naked, and Lucius tugged his wand-strap off, throwing it and Harry's wand over his shoulder.

'Harry, easy,' the blonde said when he saw that Harry was panicking. Though they'd had sex numerous times (Harry still couldn't believe rubbing against Lucius was considered sex. He'd gone and lost his virginity without even realising it), Lucius had yet to see Harry completely naked.

He didn't count that time when Ron had had to carry Harry to the Slytherin. Their veelas had taken over, had dictated their moves, and Lucius hadn't had time to appreciate his naked mate.

Every time since then Harry had made sure to keep at least one article of clothing on. Most of the time he lost his shirt but would only let Lucius pull his trousers or boxers down far enough to get his cock out. The Slytherin was never allowed to pull them completely clear.

It annoyed Lucius to no end but he'd always respected Harry's wishes. Not tonight, though.

'Lucius-

'Harry, I love you,' Lucius told his mate. 'You know that. I love everything about you, body included, so why won't you let me see you?'

Harry bit his lip and squirmed, trying to tug the blanket over himself.

'Harry, please tell me,' Lucius begged softly.

The teenager sighed and looked down. 'I don't know, it's just... it's weird, letting someone else see me naked,' Harry said. 'It's like letting someone in completely, letting you in completely, and I can't hide; there's nothing to hide behind.

'It was fine when we first got together, when I teased you that time with the towel, but now we're intimate and in love. You can see all of me; my body, my mind, and my soul, and it's a little overwhelming.' He bit his lip again. 'Does that sound stupid?'

'No,' Lucius said. 'Harry, there's no reason for you to feel worried or scared. I love you, I've said that, and I love everything about you. You don't need to hide from me.'

'I know, it's just hard,' Harry mumbled.

Lucius kissed him softly, cupping Harry's cheek and stroking his smooth skin with his thumb. 'Let me show you how much I love you,' Lucius said.

He moved down Harry's body, kissing and licking his neck, brushing over his Mark and feeling Harry shiver. He ran his hands up and down Harry's shoulders and arms, his chest and stomach and everything. He explored every inch of Harry with his tongue until the teenager started to let go. His arms relaxed and sat on the bed, eyes closed as he arched into Lucius' tongue. When he started moaning Lucius sat up.

'Better?'

Harry nodded.
'Do you trust me?'

'Of course,' Harry said without hesitation.

Lucius kissed him again. 'Then trust me with seeing you, Harry, all of you.'

Harry nodded again and Lucius kissed him softly. The Slytherin was still clothed, Harry only having got his outer robes and jacket off. His shirt was only slightly unbuttoned, his hair framing his face, and he looked absolutely delicious.

Lucius' slim, pale fingers trailed up and down Harry's torso, sending delightful little shivers through the Gryffindor's body now that he was relaxed. He groaned as Lucius slid down to touch him.

Suddenly Lucius was on his back, the Slytherin blinking as his mate straddled his hips. 'What are you doing?'

Harry looked nervous and shy, bright green eyes peering at Lucius from behind dark lashes. He bit his lip before saying, 'Remember how I told you tonight would be worth it?'

Lucius vaguely remembered the scruffy-haired wizard saying something like that after class.

'I... well, I want to try something,' Harry said. 'Just... let me know if I do it wrong.'

Lucius was still confused as Harry shimmied down his body, moving until his arse rested against Lucius' feet. Harry gulped nervously before his hands moved up to undo Lucius' shirt.

He went slowly, removing the cotton and pushing it from Lucius' shoulders. He trailed his fingers up and down the blonde's stomach and chest. He paused to flick both nipples, Lucius hissing under his breath.

With a small smile pulling at his lips, Harry moved down the man's stomach, tracing his four pack and brushing over pale blonde hair. He twirled his finger around Lucius' bellybutton before going lower.

Next Harry undid the Slytherin's trousers, pulling the belt free and unzipping his fly. He pulled them down far enough to grab at the man's boxers and release his raging erection.

Harry traced a tanned finger down Lucius' shaft, his mate shivering, cock twitching as though trying to catch Harry's attention. It already had it and Harry watched, fascinated, as Lucius responded to each and every touch. Harry's own cock was resting heavily against Lucius' trouser-covered leg and Harry had to stop himself from rutting against the man like a horny dog.

Lucius had himself propped up on his elbows and was watching Harry carefully, biting his lip every time Harry touched the head of his cock. The teenager swiped a finger through the translucent liquid leaking from the slit. Lucius watched as Harry brought his finger to his lips and took a hesitant lick.

'What are you doing?' the blonde demanded as Harry sucked his finger clean. It wasn't as bad as Harry had thought it would be. It kind of tasted like Lucius... like Lucius' scent and sex mixed into one.

Smiling, Harry ignored his mate and pulled himself up the Slytherin's body. Head hovering over Lucius' crotch, he wrapped one hand around the base of Lucius' cock and said, 'Remember to tell me if I do this wrong.'
Lucius opened his mouth but whatever he was going to say was cut off by a strangled choke. Harry had lowered himself down and taken Lucius' cock in his mouth. His lips stretched to accommodate the blonde's sex without his teeth touching the hot and hard flesh.

'Fucking hell,' Lucius grunted as Harry moved. The Gryffindor was nervous, eyes wide and focused on his task. He moved down, only taking the tip of Lucius' shaft into his mouth. He licked at the head experimentally and Lucius shook violently.

Smirking around him, Harry took a bit more in and sucked back. Lucius groaned and his head tipped back, mouth falling open as Harry gave him a blow job.

Harry seemed to be doing something right because Lucius was making some very pleased noises; groaning, moaning, whimpering and swearing whenever Harry licked or sucked back. He could only fit a few inches of Lucius in his mouth and used his hand to touch the rest, stroking up every time he pulled back and down every time he lowered his face.

The flesh in Harry's mouth was rock hard, but the skin wrapped around the organ was soft and salty. Harry guessed that was the pre-ejaculate, the liquid coating his tongue every time he sucked. It was just getting tastier and Harry couldn't wait to swallow all of Lucius down.

He made sure to hollow his cheeks and suck back whenever he had half of Lucius' cock in his mouth. He flattened his tongue and stroked the underside of the man's shaft, or licked the head clean when he pulled back.

Harry had never done this before so was going on instinct. He'd never even got a blow job himself; Ginny had wanted to give him one, had even told him what she was going to do. That thought made Harry feel sick but he'd taken her suggestions and used them on Lucius. Harry smirked when he thought about what Ginny would say if she knew Harry was using her techniques on his mate.

'Harry, I'm gonna come!' Lucius shouted suddenly, breaking the teenager out of his musings. Giving Lucius a blow job was hypnotic for Harry and had wiped everything else away; bob down, lick, squeeze, suck, pull up, stroke, swallow, lick, over and over again until Harry was swamped in a musky scent and taste.

Lucius' voice had been a warning, telling Harry that the blonde was giving him the choice to pull back or swallow his load. Harry sucked harder and looked up at Lucius, trying to convey what he wanted with his eyes.

Thankfully Lucius seemed to get the message because he groaned, locked his eyes on Harry, and grabbed the back of the teenager's head. One hand curled in the duvet, the other in Harry's hair, Lucius started thrusting up and pushing Harry down at the same time.

The teenager groaned as his face was fucked, Lucius only pushing in as much as Harry could take. It seemed the veela knew just what Harry was capable of because he only pushed far enough to make everything exciting.

Harry sucked, licked, teased, and rubbed Lucius to completion. The Slytherin swore hoarsely and arched up, shooting his seed down Harry's throat. He shook violently and Harry gripped his hips, nails digging into pale flesh.

Harry's mouth was suddenly filled with hot, sticky liquid. He gagged before forcing himself to swallow, the taste coating his tongue and sliding down his throat. Lucius fell from his lips with a slick, wet sound and Harry rotated his aching jaw. He licked his lips clean and looked up at Lucius.
The man was panting heavily, body splayed all over the bed, skin covered in a light layer of sweat and face flushed. His lips were wide as he breathed in and out, chest rising and falling.

'Fucking hell, Harry,' Lucius groaned.

Harry smiled. 'Was that okay?'

'Okay?' Lucius mumbled. 'Fuck me, don't do that too often, you'll completely ruin me.'

'Is... that a good thing?' Harry asked nervously.

'Very,' Lucius nodded with a grin. Harry breathed out a sigh of relief and Lucius chuckled. He sat up and held out a hand, Harry taking it and threading their fingers together.

The teenager was flipped and pushed into the mattress. Harry gasped as Lucius attacked his mouth, tongue darting in to taste himself.

' Hmm...' he murmured before licking Harry's lips. 'I knew I'd taste delicious.'

Harry scoffed and Lucius chuckled.

'I think I'd rather taste you,' Lucius purred and moved down.

Harry's breathing hitched and he watched as Lucius licked down his neck and chest, sucking back on one nipple while his fingers played with the other. All Harry could do was whimper and push up, Lucius' lower body trapping his own to the bed.

Lucius smirked at him as he moved down, tongue dipping into Harry's bellybutton before tracing the boy's well defined abs. Lucius' tongue suddenly swept up Harry's cock and warm, wet lips wrapped around the head.

Harry shouted in surprise, body suddenly in pleasure overload. He looked down with wide eyes as Lucius took him right down to the root. Harry was a good ten inches long, Lucius slightly bigger, and the Gryffindor wondered how the hell Lucius could fit that much in his mouth.

And then Lucius swallowed, throat stimulating the head of Harry's cock and milking pre-come from him.

Harry shouted again, pushing up, trying to bury himself deeper into Lucius' mouth. Lucius' hard, firm hands pushed him down, slamming Harry's hips into the bed. Harry whimpered as the blonde bobbed up and down on his cock, sucking and licking far more skillfully then Harry had.

When the Slytherin was sure Harry could stay down, his hands came out to play. One palmed Harry's testicles, rubbing the skin, rolling them between his fingers. The other hand rubbed up and down Harry's inner-thighs, across his pelvic bone, scraping long red lines into Harry's stomach and sides.

It was when that hand slid down Harry's arse, squeezing one cheek, then the other, before a finger disappeared to stroke his entrance, that Harry came. He thrust himself up, cock hitting the back of Lucius' throat and erupting.

The pleasure was white hot, better then anything Harry had ever felt, and took over him completely. He saw white, then black, then stars danced across his vision. His stomach tightened painfully and his cock shook. Harry's entire body writhed and twisted and fell back against the bed heavily.
Harry took large, gaping breaths, sucking in air as quickly as his sweat-soaked body would allow. He couldn't see, couldn't do much really, and just laid there feeling absolutely spent.

Lucius moved off of his mate and waved his hand, their skin suddenly dry and clean.

'Shower?' Lucius asked, voice sounding a little rough.

'Uuuurrrgh,' Harry moaned and Lucius chuckled.

'In the morning, hmm?' he said and crawled up the bed. Harry couldn't even nod and Lucius smiled. He waved one hand and the sheets slid from under them before draping over their exhausted bodies. Lucius pulled Harry into him and said, 'You were right.'

Rather then answer, Harry cracked an eye open. Lucius removed his glasses and then placed them on Harry's bedside table.

'That was definitely worth the wait,' Lucius whispered. Harry grinned until Lucius said, 'You were fine with sucking my cock but not letting me see you naked?'

'Shut... up,' the teenager mumbled and nudged his mate tiredly. 'I'm fine ... fine now, aren't... I?'

'Mm.'

'You make it... sound dirty,' Harry muttered.

'It is dirty.'

'Shut up,' Harry repeated before yawning. 'Love you, Luce. Happy... happy b-birthday.' He yawned again.

'I love you too, little one,' Lucius said and kissed Harry chastely. 'Thank you for a wonderful night.' Harry smiled and fell asleep wrapped in his mate's arms.
The first Quidditch match of the season was between Gryffindor and Slytherin. Harry and Draco had both been working their teams hard, trying to out-do each other at every turn. Harry woke up at five to practice, Draco got up at four. Draco made his team train for five hours, Harry for six. Even Ron was starting to think they should calm down.

The Gryffindor thought it was worth it though the day they woke for the match. The entire team, minus Ginny, was sitting down to breakfast in the Great Hall. The Slytherins were shouting from across the Hall and the Gryffindors joined in.

Draco and Harry smirked at each other as they shouted.

'What's the matter, Malfoy?' Harry asked.

'Nothing,' Draco shrugged. 'Just worried about my father.'

'Why?'

'He's gonna have a sobbing mate after the game,' Draco said.

Harry chuckled. 'Cocky little veela, aren't you?'

'I've got good reason.'

'Your dad'll be stuck with a whiney little kit tonight,' Harry told the blonde, 'but don't worry, I'll make him feel better.' He waggled his eyebrows and Draco grimaced.

'Gah, don't tell me that!' he shouted and covered his ears. Blaise laughed loudly and Hermione giggled. Ron rolled his eyes and busied himself with his breakfast.

Lucius walked into the Great Hall wearing Slytherin green robes and a scarf in Gryffindor colours. Harry grinned and bounced over to him, pulling the man in for a kiss. Both teams wolf-whistled and Harry blushed when they broke apart.

'Do I want to know?' Lucius asked, glancing at both sets of teenagers.

'No, you don't,' Harry shook his head. He kissed Lucius again and asked, 'Wanna have breakfast together?'

'I probably shouldn't play favourites,' Lucius said. He looked over at Draco.

'But you love me,' Harry pouted.

'I also love our kit,' Lucius reminded him.

'So?'

Lucius chuckled and wrapped his arms around Harry's waist. 'Calm down, love, you know I'll be cheering for you.'

'Are you sitting with Hermione or Blaise?' Harry asked.

'I'll sit with Severus and make crude comments about how delicious you look in your Quidditch
'Robes,' Lucius said and Harry giggled.

'M'kay, as long as you tell me how he reacts,' Harry said. 'If he says anything bad about you I'll kill him.'

'Good to know,' Lucius smiled and kissed Harry again. He went to the staff table where Severus was waiting, sitting down next to the potions master. Severus wrinkled his nose when he saw Lucius' scarf and the blonde smirked.

Harry was halfway through his breakfast when arms wrapped around his neck. He turned to see Remus before a dark head of hair cut off his sight.

'Sirius?'

'Cub, how are you?' Sirius asked.

Harry smiled and hugged him back before turning to face his godfathers. 'Fine, how are you?'

'Good,' Sirius said as Hermione moved aside. Sirius sat beside Harry with Remus on the teenager's other side. 'Rem and I thought we'd come down and watch your first match.'

'Sure,' Harry said, 'you just want to see Slytherin get beaten.'

Sirius grinned. 'Course I do.'

Sirius and Remus had just started their own breakfast, having left home early to eat with Harry, when Remus was pushed aside. The werewolf yelped as Lucius Malfoy sat between him and Harry, the blonde scowling at Sirius.

'Malfoy,' Sirius smiled.

'What are you doing?' Lucius demanded.

Harry glanced at him as Sirius said, 'Nothing, why?'

Lucius glared and hugged Harry close, kissing the teenager quickly. 'Um... Luce?' Harry asked.

"He touched you," Lucius said silently.

Harry chuckled. "He's my godfather, practically my dad."

"But he's not. The werewolf too was sitting to close."

"Luce-"

The Slytherin cut him off with a kiss and Harry melted into it. Remus had moved so he was sitting beside Hermione and both laughed when Sirius poked his tongue out at the couple.

Lucius felt a hand on his shoulder and broke the kiss to turn. Draco smirked at him and said, 'Playing favourites?'

'Of course not,' Lucius drawled. 'I was just... wondering how Harry was.'

Harry, Draco, Sirius, and Remus all laughed loudly.

'Anyway,' Draco said when he'd stopped chuckling, 'I thought I'd come over and have breakfast
with you; you know, keep the enemy close.'

Harry rolled his eyes but passed Draco the toast. Soon the other Slytherin Quidditch members had trickled over. The Gryffindors moved aside to let them sit and though there wasn't a lot of talking, and a few suspicious glances, no one fought.

Harry smiled and pressed his lips to Lucius' cheek.

'What?' the blonde asked as he stirred his coffee.

'Slytherins and Gryffindors can get along,' Harry said, 'we're not the only ones.'

Just then Sirius flicked eggs at Draco, who spluttered and threw a piece of toast.

Lucius smirked. 'You were saying?'

'They don't count,' Harry said before elbowing his godfather. Sirius scowled but went back to eating. Lucius chuckled.

It was quite a sight the rest of the school came to breakfast to see; the Gryffindor and Slytherin Quidditch teams having breakfast together and not hexing each other.

Stranger things had happened.

{oOo}

Harry gave his team the speech in the change rooms. Ginny, Dean Thomas, and a fifth year named Peter Marcus were the chasers. Two burly sixth years, Kylie Dillon and Marco Collins, were the beaters, and Ron was the keeper. They all listened closely, only Ginny kept glaring at Harry like he'd personally offended her. Harry supposed she still wasn't over the fact that he and Lucius were mates.

As they grabbed their brooms, Harry leading them towards the pitch, something niggled at the back of the green-eyed wizard's mind. Anger swirled through his chest when he remembered the night Michaels and his friends had tried to rape him.

But there was something else, something that Harry felt he should remember as he stared at Ginny. The memory was knocking about in the back of his head but for the life of him Harry couldn't remember it properly.

Harry and Draco shook hands, each trying to crush the other's fingers, before they mounted their brooms and kicked off. Madam Hooch blew her whistle and they were off.

Harry ducked four bludgers and a Slytherin chaser in the first ten minutes. He and Draco ducked and weaved around each other as bodies flew all around them. Ginny scored twice, Dean three times in quick succession. Slytherin were yet to make a point and it reflected in Draco's flying as he shouted at his team mates, blonde head whipping around to keep an eye on Harry.

Another bludger was smashed Harry's way by a Slytherin beater and he rolled over, gripping his Firebolt tightly as he righted himself. Suddenly someone crashed into him and Harry nearly went flying. He rolled off his broom and dropped a good five metres, the crowd screaming loudly.
Harry felt Lucius' fear tear through his heart as he hooked his leg over his broom, managing to crawl back on. Just as Harry had settled back onto his broom, he was crashed into again. This time he managed to stay on and looked around, trying to figure out what was going on. It was like his first Quidditch game all over again.

Harry spotted Ginny tearing towards him, a look of pure fury on her face. Harry managed to dodge another one of her attacks as she barrelled past him, red hair whipping behind her.

Draco tore to a stop beside Harry and sarted shouting. 'STUPID FUCKING WITCH, WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?'

Ginny turned and hovered a few metres ahead of them, ignoring the Slytherin chaser Angus Gould who flew past her with the Quaffle. 'What?' she shouted over the wind and cheering. 'I lost control of my broom, sorry.'

'SORRY?' Draco shouted. 'LOST CONTROL? YOU STUPID BITCH, YOU TRIED TO KNOCK HIM OFF!'

All eyes were on Harry, Draco, and Ginny, the youngest Weasley smirking. She shrugged and took off, bashing into Dean and taking the Quaffle off him. Dean watched in amazement as his own team mate snapped at him and took off.

'What the hell?' Harry said as Draco turned to him.

'You alright?'

'Fine,' Harry said. 'What's her problem?'

'She's mental,' Draco shook his head. 'Don't worry, I'll keep an eye on you.'

'Just focus on the snitch,' Harry said and grabbed his broom with both hands.

He and Draco got back to the game, Harry finding that it was 130-100 in Slytherin's favour. Ginny was acting like a right nutcase, stealing the Quaffle from both Dean and Peter and ignoring their help. She lost more then she scored, her one-minded behaviour overshadowing her skills.

By the time Harry and Draco spotted the snitch it was 270-130. Harry had to catch the snitch before Slytherin scored again or they'd end up tied. Harry and Draco zoomed across the pitch at least twenty metres above the stands. The Slytherin beaters were focused on trying to knock Ginny from the sky and even Kylie and Marco had sent a bludger or two her way.

Harry zipped over Draco, his faster broom giving him a slight edge. It didn't stop Draco from bashing into the back of Harry's broom and trying to knock him aside. The snitch shot down and Harry and Draco followed, both screaming straight to the ground.

Harry was just ahead and the snitch zipped before his broom. He reached out a gloved hand, fingertips just touching a wing-

His fingers closed around the snitch just as a red and gold blurr smashed into him, sending him flying. His arms pinwheeled through the air as he fell back, Firebolt slipping from between his legs. Harry's eyes went wide just as Draco shouted, 'HARRY!'

Harry was free falling, his entire body feeling weightless even as fear crashed through his body. He knew he was going to hit the ground, there was nothing he could do.
An arm wrapped around his waist and yanked. Harry's eyes were full of blonde hair and he looked into Draco's face just as they hit the ground.

Catching Harry had slowed their fall but also knocked Draco from his own broom. Neither could stop the inevitable; they smashed into the ground, the Slytherin's Numbus 2001 snapping clean in half and showering them in splinters. Harry broke Draco's fall but both rolled across the grass, a plum of sand bursting up around them as they slid towards the goals.

The crowd on both sides were screaming, the Slytherin and Gryffindor teams both shooting towards their seekers. Students dismounted their brooms and ran across grass and sand just as Draco got up.

'HARRY? HARRY!'

Harry blinked blearly at him as the snitch he'd caught shot from his bloodied hand.

'L-Lucius...' Harry mumbled before his eyes rolled into the back of his head. Then everything went black.

{oOo}

'I'll kill that stupid little piece of shit.'

'Father, calm yourself.'

'CALM MYSELF?'

'Dad-'

'Mr Malfoy, really.'

'She could have killed him!'

'I dunno what's wrong with my sister, acting like that.'

'She's mad!'

Broken voices reached Harry and he groaned. His eyes were closed and he was lying on something soft. His entire body hurt, a migraine thumping through his head. His left arm felt achy and bruised and his fingers were stiff as he moved them.

'Harry?'

He heard Lucius' voice and peeled his eyes open. The soft light overhead made him squint and fresh pain stabbed through his head. A goblet was pushed to his lips and strong arms helped him sit up. Harry gulped down the potion and his pain disappeared, leaving him stiff.

'Lucius?'

Arms wrapped around him tightly and he was hauled into a warm hug. Harry sighed and buried his face in Lucius' chest, losing himself to his mate's warmth and scent.
When they broke apart, Harry looked around. He was in the Hospital Wing, a thin blanket pulled over him. Someone had taken off his Quidditch robes and he was wearing pyjama bottoms and a large shirt. Harry blushed, wondering who'd dressed him.

Draco, Hermione, Ron, Sirius, Remus, and Severus were all standing around his bed.

'Harry, are you alright?' Sirius demanded.

'What happened?' Harry asked, looking around at them all.

Lucius moved back to sit beside him as Draco said, 'What do you remember?'

'Um...' the Gryffindor frowned, 'I caught the snitch, right? After that...' He trailed off, mind fuzzy.

'Ginny knocked you off your broom,' Draco said and Ron shook his head in disgust.

'Draco caught you but you both fell,' Hermione explained. 'You hit the ground rather hard, Harry.'

They all looked distressed.

'You broke your left arm, your right wrist, and had a lot of cuts and bruising,' Lucius snarled, anger building up. Harry felt his Lucius Band flex and threaded his fingers through his mate's.

'How long have I been here?' Harry asked.

'A few hours,' Lucius said. 'You've been in and out of consciousness.'

'Draco, your broom-' Harry began but Draco cut him off.

'Is just a broom, it doesn't matter,' he said.

'Who won?' Harry asked.

Lucius snorted and Harry glanced at him. 'You're in hospital and all you care about is who won?'

Harry blushed as Ron said, 'Slytherin. You caught the snitch but they scored twice more before you could, they won by ten points.'

Harry sighed and looked at Draco. 'Congratulations.'

'I'm just glad you're okay,' Draco said. 'Father hasn't left your side.' He had a proud look on his face.

'Madam Pomfrey tried to get rid of me but I wouldn't budge,' Lucius told Harry.

Harry smiled, knowing he'd act the same way if Lucius had been injured. He leaned forward and kissed Lucius chastely. 'Thank you, love.'

'I couldn't leave,' Lucius shrugged.

Harry smiled again and pulled Lucius back. The teacher moved until he was sitting with his back to the headboard and Harry curled around him. A few short conversations followed until Hermione, Ron, Sirius and Remus all left, the last two saying they'd stay and have dinner with Harry later. Harry looked up to see Draco and Severus watching him.

'What?' he asked. 'What is it?'
'Weasley's been detained in the Headmaster's office for what she did,' Draco began before glancing at Severus.

Lucius was frowning too. 'What?'

Severus wet his lips before saying, 'Madam Pomfrey looked into Harry's and Draco's memories to see what happened from their point of view. Draco felt, and I agreed, that Miss Weasley is a danger to herself and others...'

He trailed off and Harry looked at him carefully. 'Severus?'

Severus ran a hand through his inky black hair before saying, 'Lucius, I need you to keep calm.'

'Why?' Lucius demanded.

'Father...' Draco hesitated before continuing, '... do you remember what happened that night Harry was attacked?'

Lucius' handsome face was marred with anger. 'Yes,' he growled.

'I fear you don't remember what the surviving boy said,' Severus commented.

Harry frowned. He had the same feeling he'd had before the Quidditch match; like there was something he should be remembering. 'Something to do with Ginny...' he mumbled.

Severus and Draco looked at him. 'Madam Pomfrey felt that you pushed the memory away because it hurt too much,' the Slytherin said.

Draco nodded in agreement. 'We don't want to hurt you by reminding you, Harry, and we don't want Father getting mad.' He looked back at his dad, who was scowling.

'Draco, tell me what it is!' the man snapped.

'Fine,' Draco said. 'The boy, the surviving one, he said... he said that Ginny told the three boys to rape Harry.'

There was silence, each wizard staring at the other. Harry's eyes went wide and fresh pain crashed through him. He remembered, dear Merlin, how had he forgotten? The boy had claimed that Ginny had set them on him. How... how had he...

'I'LL KILL HER!' Lucius roared and leapt to his feet. Harry grabbed him around the waist and dragged him down. He crawled onto Lucius' lap and whimpered, tears spiking in his eyes. Lucius held him closely, anger momentarily disappearing to be replaced by worry. 'Shh, little one, I'm here.'

Harry cried, betrayal and anger and pain all sweeping through him. He knew Ginny was upset and had been acting a little insane, but to do that to him, to set three boys on him and hope he was raped...

Harry cried harder and Lucius shushed him. Harry didn't realise Albus and the veela from the Creature Council, Perry Octavian, had come in.

'Headmaster,' Lucius growled and Harry sniffed, looking up. 'I hope that young... witch, has been dealt with.'

Dumbledore sighed and nodded. 'She admitted under veritaserum that she told Mr Michaels and
the other boys that Harry wanted them to rape him. She has been expelled, her wand snapped, and she'll be admitted to St Mungo's.'

'Why?' Lucius demanded. 'She should be executed!'

'Unfortunately, Miss Weasley is not in her right mind,' Octavian told the two veelas. 'Her mind was warped by her mother; she has been told over and over again since she was ten that she and Mr Potter would be married.'

'So she really is crazy,' Draco commented.

'She's never shown signs of being unstable before this,' Severus said.

Harry sniffed and all eyes were drawn to him. 'She's... she's been in love with me since she was ten,' he mumbled, rubbing at his red-rimmed eyes. 'She always followed me when I was at the Burrow and Mrs W-Weasley always put us together, saying we were a lovely couple.'

Lucius growled and pulled Harry closer. 'You're mine,' he said.

'I know that,' Harry sniffed and smiled up at him. 'Yours always.'

Lucius kissed him lightly before looking up at Dumbledore and Octavian. 'What about the other one?'

Dumbledore raised an eyebrow and Draco said, 'Mrs Weasley.'

'Ah, well there's little we can do,' Albus said.

Octavian nodded. 'As much as it annoys me, we cannot do anything to the woman, she has yet to try and do anything. The restraining order stands and she has been warned by our Nation to leave you be.'

Harry sighed and snuggled into Lucius' arms. 'Why's everything always so complicated?'

'You're fine now, little one,' Lucius told him. 'I'll keep you safe, she can't hurt you.'

'I can't believe Weasley attacked you in broad daylight,' Draco snorted.

'Mm, not the smartest thing to do,' Severus agreed.

'I hope she gets better,' Harry mumbled.

'How can you say that?'

'I don't want her stuck in St Mungo's forever if she can get better,' Harry shrugged, rubbing his nose. He yawned softly. 'Hopefully she gets better.'

Lucius rolled his eyes and stood. Harry whined until Lucius climbed under the blankets with him, the Gryffindor grinning and closing his eyes. Lucius wrapped his arms around his mate and said, 'You're too forgiving.'

Harry snored in response and Lucius chuckled.

'We'll leave you to it,' Severus said, bowing to the Headmaster before sweeping away. Draco told his dad he'd see them after dinner and followed Severus out.
'Mr Malfoy, the Veela Nation is relieved you and your mate are safe,' Octavian told Lucius.

'Safer,' Lucius corrected. 'There are still people out there who are against this union.'

Dumbledore smiled as Lucius looked down at his mate, love clear in his eyes. 'Well, perhaps we should let them rest, hmm?' he said to Octavian.

The veela nodded and they parted ways, leaving Lucius and Harry alone.

Lucius sighed and settled down, Harry snuggling into his chest. With Ginny gone, Lucius felt a weight lift off his shoulders. He hadn't realised how much of a threat she'd posed until that Quidditch match. Molly Weasley could still prove to be trouble, and there were strangers who hated that Harry had been "turned" by Lucius.

They didn't matter though, not at the moment. Harry was safe and in Lucius' arms, where he belonged. For now everything was okay.

{oOo}

Ron was a bit down after hearing about Ginny. He didn't blame Harry, or even Lucius. He was just glad Lucius hadn't gone and killed his sister. The youngest Weasley brother had been disgusted by his sister's behaviour and couldn't believe what Harry had told him. He'd always known Ginny was a bit too obsessed with Harry but hadn't realised she had spiralled so out of control.

The other Weasleys had written to tell Harry that it wasn't his fault. Well, all but Mrs Weasley had written. Harry hadn't expected her to, he knew the witch would blame Lucius for Ginny being sent to St Mungo's. The teenager was surprised by how little he cared. He'd always seen Mrs Weasley as a mother-like figure but her behaviour since learning he was gay had been disgusting. It would take a while for him to forgive her, if she ever apologised and tried to make it up to him.

Bill had decided it was time for them to meet Lucius as Harry's mate and Lucius had agreed. After a few conversations, and some arguments, Lucius agreed to have Harry's friends over the day after Christmas, or Yule as Lucius kept calling it.

Sirius, Remus, Teddy, Andromeda Tonks, Bill, Fleur, Fred, George, Neville and his grandmother, Luna and her father, Ron, Hermione, Severus, Hagrid and Dumbledore had all been invited December 26th to have dinner at Malfoy Manor with Harry, Lucius and Draco. Severus would be staying at the Manor for the holidays like he usually did and Hermione and Ron would stay a few days after Christmas.

Arthur had written Harry back to say he'd try and come but Molly was being difficult. Harry understood. He didn't think he could ever trust Molly again, not after everything that had happened. But as long as he had Lucius he'd be okay.
Hallowe'en

Harry was looking forward to Christmas (‘Yule’, Lucius would correct him). He'd be with Lucius and his family, he'd finally have a place to call home. Lucius had promised Harry that Malfoy Manor would be his as much as Lucius' and Draco's home and the young Gryffindor couldn't wait to explore the grounds.

But something was keeping him from being happy.

Hallowe'en.

Harry used to enjoy Hallowe'en; the feast in the Great Hall was always great, the ghosts got into the spirit of things and scared the crap out of people, and there were decorations and treats.

But hunting the Horcruxes hadn't been easy and one of the hardest nights had been Christmas; just Harry and Hermione in Godric's Hollow, visiting Harry's parents' graves. It was that night he'd learned that his parents had been murdered on October 31st.

Since then, Harry had dreaded Hallowe'en and this was the first year he'd known exactly what night his parents had died. To him, Hallowe'en signified the day his life had changed, the day his parents had been struck down in their home, the day Voldemort had ruined Harry's life.

The date was just around the corner, two days after the Quidditch match. Everyone thought Harry's sullen mood was because of what had happened to Ginny. Only Hermione, Severus and Albus knew the truth. Not many people seemed to remember the significance of Hallowe'en, least of all the people who had been too young to fear Voldemort during the first war.

Lucius was worried and woke October 31st to find his mate gone. He wrapped his robe around himself and padded out into the sitting room. It was early, around four am, and Harry was sitting on the sofa crying. His hair was a mess, his clothes thrown on haphazardly.

'Little one?' Lucius said, sitting beside him. Harry looked up at his mate. 'What's the matter?'

Harry sniffed and gestured at his clothes. 'I was gonna... go visit.'

'Visit who?'

'My parents' graves,' Harry whispered.

Lucius jolted and his eyes went wide. Of course, how could he have been so stupid? The Potters had been killed on October 31st. Lucius hadn't cared back then, he'd just been glad to see Voldemort gone.

Of course his mate would be upset, he'd lost his parents this day seventeen years ago.

'Oh, Harry, I'm so sorry,' Lucius said and held his arms out. Harry crawled onto his lap and cried, Lucius hugging him closely. 'I'm sorry, I should have realised,' Lucius said.

'S'not your fault,' Harry mumbled.

'I love you, I should know that you'd be upset come Hallowe'en,' Lucius sighed. 'I'm sorry.'

Harry sniffed. 'I miss them.'
'I know you do, love,' Lucius said. 'And I know they'd be so proud of you.'

Harry cried and buried his face in Lucius' chest, his mate hugging him tightly.

{oOo}

After showering and dressing, Harry and Lucius left Hogwarts together. Dumbledore had understood straight away when Lucius had requested he and the teenager leave for the day. Harry apparated them to Godric's Hollow and they walked down the street together.

They saw the statue and Harry cried again, Lucius circling an arm around the Gryffindor as they looked up at the stone figures of James and Lily Potter.

They slowly made their way to the cottage, perfectly preserved, half it's roof caved in. It was a beautiful spot that still belonged to Harry and Lucius suggested they fix it up.

But Harry could never live there, not with the knowledge that his parents had died there. He decided to keep it as it was, including the sign that many had written over, as a memory to his parents.

The graveyard was empty and Harry led the blonde to his parents' graves. They started down at the headstone and Harry cried silently, the odd sniff escaping his lips. Like Hermione before him, Lucius created a bouquet of flowers, lilies, and Harry put them against the stone.

A soft pop announced that they weren't alone and the couple turned to see Sirius and Remus. They walked over, joining the two veelas. Sirius laid down his own flowers.

'Sunflowers?' Harry asked.

'Your father's favourite,' Sirius replied. Harry hugged him tightly and Sirius returned the favour. Lucius and Remus stood close to the two, their own sadness clawing through them. Remus had lost two best friends that day too. Though he hadn't been as close to James as Sirius had been, he had been very close to Lily. Lucius hadn't known them that well but his mate was hurting so he was too.

There was another pop, this time Severus Snape appearing. He glanced at the four before turning to leave.

'Snape, don't,' Sirius said and gestured for the other man to come closer. Severus did, though slowly. 'I know you loved Lily,' Sirius said. 'You can join us.'

Severus laid roses down and the five stood together in silence, staring at the graves and thinking about what they'd lost. Lucius squeezed Severus' arm tightly and the potions master put a hand over his, thanking him silently.

{oOo}

They had lunch at a small cafe in Godric's Hollow. Harry's tears had dried up but he was still quiet, sitting on Lucius' lap and leaning back. Sirius and Severus too looked worse for wear and Remus and Lucius were both subdued.

'Do you remember that time you hexed James?' Remus said suddenly, looking at Severus.

The Slytherin glanced up from his sandwich. 'Which time?' he asked.
'First year,' Remus continued, 'he had bubbles coming out his ears for a week.'

Severus and Lucius both smirked and Harry grinned. Sirius chuckled and said, 'I remember; I tried to fix it for him and made the curse worse; he ended up with bubbles coming out his...'

'Arse,' Remus said when Sirius refused to answer.

Harry giggled. 'Oh Merlin, really?'

Remus and Sirius both nodded and Severus grinned.

'I remember that,' Lucius mused. 'Potter then cursed Severus so he kept sneezing spaghetti.'

Harry burst out laughing as his godfather chuckled. 'That hurt,' Severus said, close to pouting. 'I had sauce dripping out my nose for five minutes after each sneeze.'

Lucius grinned. 'Do you remember when we were in the library studying, you trying to get me to teach you a spell to get back at him?'

'So that was your hex?' Remus asked and Sirius' mouth fell open.

Lucius nodded. 'It took me a few days to teach Sev but he got it in the end.'

'Potter was stuck with a girl's voice for a month,' Severus said.

Harry was laughing loudly, a full body laugh that made his sides ache and tears come to his eyes. Lucius held him tightly, Harry about to fall right over. Remus and Sirius were glad to see him smiling and Severus looked at the teenager fondly.

'Gods that's funny,' Harry giggled, rubbing his eyes.

'It went on for weeks,' Remus said, 'until Dumbledore got involved and forced them to stop.'

'It didn't stop the hexes but they both calmed down a bit,' Sirius said.

'For a while,' Severus said and Sirius nodded in agreement.

There was silence for a while, all eating and thinking.

'We were such bastards in school,' Sirius commented.

'Agreed,' Severus said.

'I was a perfect gentleman,' Lucius broke in. Harry elbowed him in the ribs.

'You were not,' Severus said. 'Remember that incident in your sixth year?'

Lucius threw him a glare and Harry leaned forward. 'What incident?' he asked.

'Well-'

'Don't,' Lucius butted in.

Severus ignored him and continued, 'Lucius was seeing someone new.'

'I'm warning you,' Lucius growled.
'...and they met down by the lake,' Severus talked over his friend. 'They were getting intimate and McGonagall caught them. Lucius—'

'Shit up!' Lucius shouted and went for his wand. But Harry, wanting to hear what happened, wrapped both arms around Lucius and kept the blonde's own pinned to his side. 'Harry!' he whined.

'Keep going!' Remus and Sirius ordered.

'Lucius tripped over and fell straight into the lake naked,' Severus said. 'Minerva had to rescue him, the ponce couldn't swim and still can't.'

'You can't swim?' Harry asked.

'McGonagall saw you naked?' Sirius cackled.

'He and the young man involved,' Severus said, 'were dragged to Dumbledore's office, Lucius dripping wet and blushing beyond belief.'

Harry and Sirius howled in laughter and Remus chuckled. Lucius couldn't stop the blush working over his pale cheeks and struggled against his mate to draw his wand and hex Severus into next week.

'Lucius, don't,' Harry giggled. 'He's sorry, right?'

Severus smirked and made a lame attempt at apologising. Lucius growled and hugged Harry close.

'I think maybe we should hear an embarrassing story about young Mr Potter, hmm?' Lucius suggested after a few minutes.

'I don't have any embarrassing stories,' Harry lied.

Remus grinned. 'Oh really?'

'Yup,' Harry said.

'So that time your cauldron blew up and showered you in a potion turned your hair pink wasn't embarrassing?' Severus said.

Harry's cheeks darkened. 'N-No.'

'You had pink hair?' Lucius said and brushed a hand through Harry's scruffy dark locks.

'It was Neville's potion, not mine,' Harry groaned.

'What about that time you, Fred and George were fighting?' Remus said. 'The twins stole your jeans and you had to run through Grimmauld Place half naked.'

Harry was burning red now and Lucius pulled him close. 'Others saw you half naked?' he demanded.

'Hermione told me that Draco hexed you so cats would follow you,' Remus grinned.

'I remember that,' Sirius nodded. 'Fifth year I think; Harry wrote me and asked if I could come to Hogwarts and chase them away.'

Harry frowned. 'For a week I had bloody cats pawing at my legs, they even tried to follow me to
class. Hermione ended up fixing it and I got Draco back; cursed his shoes to make him dance.'

Lucius chuckled and stroked a hand through Harry's hair. 'See? We all have embarrassing stories.'

'Like that time fifth year when you got caught naked in the broom shed,' Severus said.

Lucius groaned, Harry kissed him, and Remus and Sirius demanded the story.

{oOo}

They spent the rest of the day walking around Godric's Hollow, visiting the small shops that Sirius and Remus told Harry about. Apparently the teenager, then a baby boy, had loved it all and squealed in delight. Severus joked that he must have been a loud, annoying baby, and Lucius commented that he would have been gorgeous.

It was a strange group, Harry thought. Who would have guessed that Lucius Malfoy and Severus Snape could spend the day with Sirius Black and Remus Lupin without shouting, hexing, or smirking at each other? Okay, so there was a fair amount of shouting, smirking, and threats of hexing, especially with the embarrassing stories that were being told.

Harry was still in school and found it more embarrassing then the others when talks of his most mortifying days were brought up. Somehow he was forced to talk about his first kiss, a story that made Lucius growl and grin.

'She cried?' Severus asked.

Harry said, 'Well, she was crying before it happened so... it was wet.'

Sirius giggled and slapped his godson on the back. 'Harry, that's not the right way to kiss a girl.'

'I don't want to kiss a girl,' Harry grimaced.

'Damn right you don't,' Lucius muttered.

Harry smiled and wrapped an arm around his mate's waist, one of Lucius' own on his shoulders. "Course I don't,' the teen said and pressed a quick kiss to the Slytherin's lips.

'Are you gay, Harry?' Severus asked and Lucius scowled at him. 'What? I'm curious.'

'I guess I am,' Harry said. 'I mean, I love Lucius and he's my perfect other half so I must be, right?'

'But you dated Cho and Ginny,' Sirius said.

Lucius' grip tightened but Harry ignored him. 'I did, but... well I didn't really date Cho and with Ginny... it was just comfortable, you know? It wasn't exciting, I didn't have this massive need to see her when we weren't together. And I didn't feel stupidly happy when we were together.'

'But you feel that with Lucius?' Remus asked, glancing at the blonde.

'Yep,' Harry said. 'I miss him every minute we're apart and I feel complete when we're together.'

Lucius grinned and Sirius rolled his eyes, but even he looked happy.

'Who was your first kiss?' Harry asked his mate.

'Do you really want to know?' Lucius said. When Harry nodded, he said, 'Brian Lynch, a
Hufflepuff, third year.'

Severus choked on his own tongue and Sirius' mouth fell open. Remus raised his eyebrows as Harry said, 'A Hufflepuff?'

'He was cute,' Lucius said with a shrug. 'I managed to corner him after Herbology and demand a kiss. He complied.'

Harry chuckled and shook his head. 'Only Lucius Malfoy would demand his first kiss.'

'I'm sure Draco did too,' Lucius said.

'Probably,' Harry smiled, thinking about Draco demanding a fellow Slytherin to kiss him. 'What about everyone else?'

'Um... some girl in Gryffindor, I dunno,' Sirius shrugged.

Remus tutted. 'Of course you don't remember.'

'She was a girl, 'course I don't remember,' Sirius said.

'First kiss with a boy then,' Harry said.

Sirius grinned. 'James.'

It was Harry's turn to choke and he looked at his godfather with wide eyes.

'I'm serious,' the Animagus said. 'I just wanted to test the theory that I liked guys so I kissed him.'

'What did he do?' Remus asked, not having heard this before.

'Said he was glad I realised I was gay and to control myself around him, no matter how gorgeous he was,' Sirius grinned.

Harry poked his tongue out. 'Yuck, don't wanna think about that.'

'Lupin?' Lucius said, looking at the werewolf.

'What?' he said.

'Your turn,' Harry grinned.

Remus rolled his eyes but said, 'A Ravenclaw girl named Hesta Anderson. I took her to a ball we had fifth year and kissed her goodnight.'

'That's sweet,' Harry said. He looked at the potions master. 'Sev?'

Severus looked away quickly and mumbled, 'Lily.'

Harry changed the topic after that.

{oOo}

Harry was feeling better when they returned to Hogwarts, Sirius, Remus and Severus joining him and Lucius in their quarters. He still felt a bit lost but the men around him were helping.

They had dinner together, talking about the old days and Sirius and Remus sharing stories about
Harry when he was a baby. Lucius enjoyed them, Harry was embarrassed, and Severus teased the poor Gryffindor.

Neither Harry not Lucius missed the looks and actions between Sirius and Remus. The two Gryffindors blushed whenever they touched each other too much and both smiled at the other a little more then was necessary.

Lucius remembered what Harry had told him that day in Hogsmeade and kept throwing Harry knowing looks. Harry would grin back.

"They'll be a couple by Christmas," Lucius said silently, sipping his wine. Harry shook his head and his mate said, "You don't think so?"

"They're both so oblivious to the other, it'll take ages."

"Care to wager?" Lucius asked.

Harry smiled. "Sure, what's the bet?"

"Hmm... if I win, you teach me how to swim and never tell Draco that I didn't learn until I was forty-four."

"Okay, if I win, we get Draco that broom for Christmas."

"I thought you said he had to learn to go without?"

"He needs a new one anyway."

"Fine, it's a deal. When do you think they'll be together by?"

Harry paused, head tilted and spoon stuck into his banana cake. Finally he said, "My nineteenth birthday."

"Deal."

'What are you two smiling about?' Severus asked, breaking Harry and Lucius from their thoughts.

'Um... nothing,' Harry said and glanced at Sirius.

Lucius did too and smirked when the Animagus' hand brushed Remus'.

Sirius scowled, having seen the way his godson and the blonde were looking at him.

'What's up, Cub?' the Black patriarch asked.

Harry grinned over his dessert, face a mask of innocence. 'What?'

Sirius scowled at him. 'Something's up, Cub, tell me what. '

'I have no idea what you're talking about,' Harry said, shrugging lightly.

Remus raised an eyebrow at the teenager, who just shrugged again.

When they retired to the sitting room, Lucius pouring drinks for them all, Sirius dragged Harry aside and hissed in his ear. 'Alright, be honest, what the hell are you and blondie smirking about?'

Harry smiled and glanced at Remus before looking back at Sirius. He raised an eyebrow and his
godfather frowned.

'What?'

'Well... you and Rem, acting pretty chummy with each other,' Harry said.

Sirius' frown deepened. 'What are you talking about?'

'You're just... cute, is all,' Harry shrugged.

'Cute?' Sirius commented.

Harry nodded. 'Mm, you two would make a lovely couple.'

Sirius blushed darkly and started stuttering. 'Well, I-I just... we're f-friends, that's all, he's... he's n-not... we're j-just...'

'Just friends?' Harry said and Sirius nodded vigorously. 'Sure you are.'

'We are,' Sirius insisted.

'Mm-hmm.'

'He's not even...'

'What, gay?' Harry asked and his godfather nodded again. 'How do you know?'

'He married Tonks.'

'He might be a little gay,' Harry said.

Sirius scowled. 'Harry-'

'What? I think you should tell him how you feel.'

'And how do I feel?' Sirius demanded.

Harry grinned. 'You love him.'

'I do not.'

'Do too.'

'No I don't.'

'You looove him,' Harry teased.

Sirius scowled darkly. 'I'll hex you, Cub.'

'Nah-ah, 'cause you love me too,' Harry said. Sirius growled and Harry ran away, crossing the sitting room quickly. He jumped into Lucius' arms and said, 'Help, Luce, Sirius is gonna hex me!'

Lucius wrapped his arms around his mate and looked up at Sirius, who was fuming in the corner. 'Shh, little one, the mean old Animagus won't hurt you.'

'Promise?' Harry asked, smiling stupidly.
Lucius chuckled and said, 'Promise.' He kissed Harry quickly and Severus rolled his eyes. Remus smiled at how loving they were.

'Stupid bloody veelas,' Sirius grumbled as he sat beside Remus. Harry poked his tongue out and Sirius returned the favour.

'Stop being a child,' Remus chastised.

Sirius humphed and folded his arms, leaning back and pouting. Harry giggled and shared a knowing look with Lucius.

{oOo}

'How are you feeling?' Lucius asked when Harry came out of the bathroom.

The teenager rubbed his towel through his hair and grabbed his pyjamas. 'Okay, I guess,' he said as he got dressed. 'Having Siri and Rem over helped, thank you for being nice to them.'

'I think it's time we put our differences aside,' Lucius said, pulling back the duvet. 'We have you in common and we all want you to be happy. School rivalries shouldn't get in the way of that.'

Harry smiled and got into bed, cuddling into his mate. He sighed and Lucius brushed his hair back.

'Are you sure you're okay?' he asked.

Harry mumbled, 'I miss them, Lucius.'

'I know you do, little one.'

'Do you think they'd be proud of me?'

'How could they not be?' Lucius said. 'You're brave, loving, beautiful, and intelligent... you're the very best person you can possibly be.'

'I just... I hope they don't hate me for being with you.'

'They would understand, Harry,' Lucius said and pressed a kiss to the teenager's forehead.

'Thank you.'

'For what?'

'Just being here,' Harry said. He leaned up and kissed Lucius properly before settling back down. 'I love you.'

'I love you too, little one.'
November passed with little incident, the odd howler and student making Harry fume with anger. Gryffindor won it's next two Quidditch matches, Dennis Creevey having replaced Ginny as chaser. He wasn't as good as the red-head had been but was nimble on a broom and not scared of anything.

Slytherin was leading in house points, having won so greatly against Gryffindor and later Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw. Gryffindor wasn't too far behind though and that made Harry smile.

Harry, Severus, and the two Malfoys were prepared to head to Malfoy Manor December 16th. Lucius had taken an afternoon off to go back to the Manor, the first time he'd been since Voldemort had taken over. The house elves had all been killed and Lucius had let Harry talk him into hiring Dobby and another elf called Griffy. Both were paid for their work, much to Lucius' disgust, but they got the job done and cleaned the Manor up.

Lucius and Severus got rid of everything the Death Eaters had left behind and sealed off the dining room Voldemort had used for his meetings. The room had too many bad memories and Lucius made a dining room on the other side of the house the main one.

Most of Harry's bigger things, like books and his casual clothes, had been sent ahead with Dobby. Lucius, Draco, and Severus too had sent their stuff ahead. Harry was looking forward to exploring the Manor and spending more time with Lucius.

The last week of classes started with Defence Against the Dark Arts. Harry was leaning against the wall closest to the door waiting for Lucius, the rest of the class waiting near him. Harry was staring listlessly, as was Ron, and Hermione of course had her nose buried in her text book. The class was chatting about holiday plans and Harry caught a few snippets from Lavender Brown and Parvati Patel who were standing near him.

Suddenly their conversation changed and Parvati giggled. Lavender was talking about some fifth year boy who was apparently gorgeous. Harry let it wash over him, thinking about his own gorgeous boyfriend.

'He's so sexy.'

'Who?' Parvati said to Lavender's words.

'Professor Malfoy,' Lavender said, 'he's sexy.'

The words snapped Harry out of his daydream and he turned.

Ron rolled his eyes but Hermione looked at Harry. She knew he'd be just as protective of Lucius as Lucius was of him. Harry was already frowning, not liking Lavender saying that about his mate. No one was allowed to look at Lucius but *him*.

'He's got those gorgeous grey eyes,' Lavender whispered and Parvati nodded. 'And that hair!'
'That body,' Parvati said and fanned herself, Lavender giggling.

Harry's fingers curled into fists and he scowled.

'So fit,' Lavender said.

Parvati nodded, 'And his skin, so pale.'

'Do you think it's soft?' Lavender asked.

'Why don't you try and brush against him when we go inside?' Parvati suggested.

That made Harry snap, veela taking over completely. He would not allow anyone to touch his Lucius! The veela in him growled and Harry leapt at the girls, ready to defend Lucius and show them that he was a taken man, that he was Harry's mate, Harry's dominant veela, no one else's!

Hermione and Ron got in the way, the former having nudged Ron when Harry started glaring at the girls. Ron got his arms around Harry's waist and dragged him back as Hermione pushed.

'Harry, stop!' she said.

'No, they're going to touch him!' Harry shouted, struggling.

Ron began to lose his grip. 'Blood hell, mate, stop!'

'NO!' Harry snarled. He got free, mind completely focused on throwing Lavender and Parvati across the corridor, girls or not. He took two steps before he was tackled, his senses immediately assaulted by a familiar scent.

'Harry, control yourself,' Draco scowled.

Harry tried to get to his feet. 'Get off me,' he said and Draco shook his head. 'Kit, move!' he snarled.

'No,' Draco said and wrapped his arms around Harry's legs, the Gryffindor managing to stand. He tried to walk but Draco was strong, wrapping himself effectively around Harry with both his arms and legs. 'Harry, control yourself.'

'Let-me-go!' Harry said and tried to kick Draco free without hurting him. If it had been Ron he would have thrown the idiot aside but Draco was his kit, Harry couldn't hurt him.

'Harry!' Hermione said, getting between him and the girls as Ron grabbed his shoulders.

Harry continued to struggle, the entire class watching him with wide-eyes. Lavender and Parvati had backed up, not sure why Harry was trying to attack them.

'What's going on?' Lucius asked, walking down the corridor and seeing the fight. He scowled at Ron, not so much at Draco. As their kit, Draco could touch Harry as much as he wanted.

'We're sorry, Professor,' Hermione said quickly.

'He tried to attack Lavender and Parvati,' Ron said, struggling to keep Harry back.

'Why?' Lucius asked.

'They said things about you!' Harry shouted, anger clouding his thoughts. 'Lucius, they were talking about your body, it's mine, not theirs!'
A murmur of realisation swept through the students. They were remembering *The Daily Prophet* commenting on how protective veelas got.

'No one but me has any right to know how soft your skin is, or your hair, or anything! It's mine, all of it, mine only!' Fresh anger seeped through him and he started struggling again. 'Let me go!'

'Do as he says,' Lucius said.

Ron, Hermione and Draco all stared at him.

'Dad, you can't be serious,' Draco said.

'He'll kill 'em,' Ron said, wincing when Harry elbowed him in the gut.

'Just do it,' Lucius ordered.

After looking at Hermione, who nodded, Ron let Harry go. Draco released his legs and Harry launched himself at Lavender and Parvati. The girls screamed but Lucius got in the way, grabbing Harry's arm and spinning the teenager into him.

'Stop this,' he ordered.

'No, they were talking about you,' Harry snarled, 'only I can, Lucius, you're mine!'

Lucius pulled Harry closer, arms wrapping around the struggling teenager. 'Harry,' he hissed, 'stop.'

Harry's veela recognised the tone, the dominance, and stopped. Suddenly Harry's head was tilted, neck on show. Lucius bit him hard, sinking his teeth into the soft skin and forcing Harry to calm down. Harry instantly went limp, Lucius holding him up. The veela in Harry whimpered at the contact and begged for more. His fingers twisted in Lucius' robes, trying to pull him closer.

'Stop,' Lucius whispered, kissing Harry's neck. 'They meant nothing by it, my love.'

'Said... things...' Harry mumbled, tipping his head to nudge Lucius' chest.

'They didn't mean anything, Harry, they are simply young women expressing their attraction,' Lucius told him. 'They won't touch me, especially now.'

Harry's scowl returned and he looked up, finding Lavender and Parvati. 'He's mine!' he hissed at them and turned to kiss Lucius properly.

His lips were hard and demanding, possessive, dominant. Lucius let Harry lead the kiss, knowing his young mate needed to reassure himself, and Lucius, that they were indeed mates and that Harry would defend Lucius and claim him as his own.

Harsh whispers broke out as everybody commented on how lucky Lavender and Parvati were. Harry and Lucius continued to kiss, even when Severus walked by.

'What happened?' he asked Draco.

'Brown and Patel said some things about Dad,' Draco said, 'and Harry lost it.'

'I see,' Severus said. 'Lucius?'

Lucius broke the kiss and Harry growled, clinging to his mate tightly. 'Yes?' the blonde asked.
'Take Harry back to your quarters and stay there until he calms down, I'll take the class.'

'Thank you,' Lucius said and dragged Harry away, the teenager not making walking easy.

{oOo}

Harry was lost in a haze of anger, jealousy, and the need to reassure Lucius that he was his mate, that Harry wanted him and appreciated him. It took them half-an-hour to reach their quarters because Harry kept tugging Lucius to a stop to kiss him. When they finally walked into the sitting room, Lucius sat on the couch and dragged Harry onto his lap. They sat there for a while, Lucius brushing a hand through Harry's hair and calming him down. Eventually Lucius' scent and presence helped Harry think clearly.

'Oh Gods, did I really do that?'

Lucius chuckled. 'Welcome back.'

Harry sat up quickly. 'Did I kiss you in front of my DADA class?' Lucius nodded. 'And... did I try to attack Lavender and Parvati?' Another nod. 'Did Ron, Hermione and Draco stop me?'

'Yes,' Lucius said and Harry groaned, burying his face in Lucius' neck. 'Harry, it's nothing to be ashamed of.'

'Yes it is,' Harry mumbled. 'I embarrassed myself, and you.'

'You stood up for your mate, Harry, there is nothing wrong with that,' Lucius said. 'You heard them say things about me, things that they have no right knowing.'

Harry frowned. 'They said you were sexy, that you had a fit body and your hair was nice. And then Parvati suggested to Lavender that she touch you to see if your skin is soft.' He growled softly. 'She's not allowed to touch you, no one but me and Kit are.'

'I know that, love,' Lucius said.

Harry blinked, trying to push the jealousy away. 'Gods, is this how you feel when Hermione hugs me?'

'Yes,' Lucius nodded.

'I'm sorry, I had no idea.'

'It'll get easier, Harry,' Lucius said, rubbing Harry's lower back. 'Eventually we will learn to trust each other more. Our close friends will be able to touch us without our mate flying off the handle.'

'And strangers?' Harry asked.

'I'm afraid that will never go away,' Lucius said. 'We'll always be jealous of others touching what is ours, regardless if they mean it as a friendly gesture or an act of attraction. What we have to do is learn to control ourselves and not hurt anyone.'

Harry sighed.
'You could have killed them, Harry.'

'I know.'

'You wouldn't have gone to Azkaban.'

Harry looked down, knowing he wouldn't be blamed. He had no control over himself when he was jealous or protecting his mate.

'I know you would never forgive yourself for hurting someone just because they thought I was good-looking,' Lucius continued. 'So promise me that you'll tell Miss Granger, Mr Weasley, or Draco if you feel jealous. They can talk you out of it, our kit especially. His scent is close to ours, breathe in deeply and he'll calm you down.'

'M'kay,' Harry said and snuggled closer. 'I'm sorry.'

'Don't be,' Lucius said. 'Watching you defend me is very arousing.'

Harry smiled. 'All you think about is sex.'

'All I think about is you,' Lucius corrected. 'That you happen to be extremely sexy and arousing is not my fault.'

Harry giggled and leaned up to kiss his mate, both getting lost in the gesture. When they broke apart, Harry whispered, 'Lucius?'

'Mm?'

'I... I'm ready.'

Lucius pulled back. 'Excuse me?'

Harry blushed, looking down and playing with his mate's robes. 'I'm ready for... erm, penetrative sex.'

Harry had been thinking about it a lot lately, especially when he and Lucius rubbed against each other naked (which they did a lot). Though it was nice, Harry wanted more. Every time Lucius pulled back a little too much, his shaft pushing between Harry's cheeks, a large part of the teenager's mind begged for his cock to slide in completely, to push and burn and fill the Gryffindor.

He hadn't voiced his thoughts until now, he'd wanted to make sure he was ready. The more time he spent with Lucius, the more he wanted it. Harry knew he was ready. He wanted to complete the bond, he wanted to share that act with his love.

'Really?' Lucius asked and Harry nodded. 'I don't want to pressure you, Harry. I want you to be absolutely sure that you're ready.'

'I know that, and I wouldn't say I'm ready if I'm not.' Harry wet his lips before continuing. 'I love you and... I want to share that with you.'

Lucius looked him over carefully before hugging Harry close. 'If you're sure we can try.'

'M'kay.'

'We can stop whenever you want to,' Lucius said. 'I don't-'
'I know, Luce,' Harry cut him off. 'I know you'll make it perfect.'

Lucius kissed him softly and Harry smiled.

{oOo}

Lucius, as the gentleman he was, made Harry a romantic dinner. He actually made it himself, a fact that made Harry grin stupidly. He'd never had anyone make him dinner (he didn't count Mrs Weasley or Kreacher, or even Hermione, who'd cooked a lot when they'd been hunting horcruxes).

It was a beautiful roast chicken with vegetables, roasted potatoes, salad, and gravy. There were candles lit everywhere, bathing the dining room in a soft, warm glow. Lucius told Harry to change into comfortable clothes and the teenager threw on a pair of jeans and an emerald green shirt, one of Lucius' favourites.

He washed up and went back into the dining room, Lucius smiling and kissing him softly. He drew out Harry's chair and pushed it in. Only when the teenager was seated did Lucius himself sit.

He made up Harry's plate, pouring him a butterbeer because Harry didn't really like wine or firewhiskey. They ate and talked softly, comfortable silences here and there. It was one of the best dates of Harry's life and he told Lucius so.

'You have the ability to make me blush, not an easy feat,' Lucius said as he laid his knife and fork down. He sipped his wine before getting dessert.

'I have many talents,' Harry said as Lucius came back.

Dessert was chocolate cake with banana ice-cream and Harry gobbled his down. Lucius watched, eyes locked onto Harry's lips whenever the Gryffindor licked them to clear chocolate or cream.

'Stop leering,' Harry said.

Lucius blushed again and looked down at his dessert. Harry grinned.

{oOo}

When the bowls had been cleared away, Lucius blew the candles out, took Harry's hand and led him to the bedroom. He closed the door behind them and waved his hand, the candles on the dresser and bedside tables bursting into life.

Harry was nervous and it must have shown because Lucius drew him into his arms. 'Relax, my love.'

'Sorry.'

'Having second thoughts?' Lucius asked. 'Because I can wait if you want to.'

'No, I'm just... will it hurt?' Harry asked.
'Do you want me to be honest?' Lucius said. Harry nodded. 'Very well... yes, the penetration will hurt a little, even with preperation. But you'll grow accustomed to it.'

'Have...' Harry bit his lip, '... have you ever...?'

'Had sex with a man?' Lucius asked. Again his mate nodded and, again, Lucius answered honestly. 'Yes, Harry, I have.' He felt his mate tense and said, 'It was years ago, when Draco was very young. Narcissa and I both had lovers but I didn't have many.

'I won't tell you who it was because I know you'd hunt them down and kill them.' Harry gave him a small smile. 'I've never bottomed before, it's not in my nature to do so, but I've topped. Do you understand what I mean?'

'Um... you penetrated him but he never penetrated you?' Harry tried.

Lucius nodded. 'Yes, that's correct.'

'Will... will I always be the bottom?' Harry asked.

Lucius turned the teenager so they were facing each other. 'I'm afraid so, Harry,' he said. 'As the submissive you'll be the bottom.'

'Okay.'

'That doesn't bother you?'

Harry shook his head. 'I guessed that would be the case from the books I read on veela. They weren't graphic but they got that point across.' He reached up to cup Lucius' cheek. 'I'm glad, Lucius, I can't ever see myself doing that to you. All I want is for you to fill me and complete me.'

Lucius smiled and leaned down to kiss him.

It seemed the time for talking was over. Lucius' lips were soft, testing, making sure his mate could pull back whenever he wanted. Harry didn't want to though and deepened the kiss, wrapping his arms around Lucius' neck and pulling him closer. Lucius' own hands trailed up and down his back, rubbing his skin warm through his shirt.

Lucius' lips licked at Harry's own and Harry opened up, letting his mate's tongue flick into his mouth. Lucius explored the teenager's mouth slowly and thoroughly, coaxing Harry's own tongue to come out and play. They tangled together as Lucius pushed his hands up Harry's shirt, the Gryffindor once again not having tucked it in.

A groan escaped Harry as the Slytherin's warm hands rubbed up his lower back, his shoulders, before gliding back down again. Harry's skin was smooth and warm, his muscles strong. There was a scar on the left of Harry's back, just above his hip, that had been courtesy of a spell during the Battle of Hogwarts. Lucius touched it briefly before moving on, not wanting to think about dark things during this time.

Lucius' hands slid out to grab Harry's hips. He squeezed tightly, rutting their crotches together, and both moaned at the sensation. They were growing hard already and Lucius abandoned Harry's hips in favour of taking off his shirt.

His hands moved up Harry's front before flicking buttons open, the teenager's chest and stomach slowly revealed. Lucius pulled back so Harry could shrug out of the garment, letting it fall to the floor at their feet.
The blonde moved to kiss Harry's jaw, moving to his ear to suck back on the lobe. Harry groaned loudly, head tipped back when Lucius moved again to kiss and lick at his neck. His tongue was warm, leaving wet and glistening trails down his tanned skin. His hands were doing their own thing, rubbing at Harry's strong stomach and tracing his abs.

He moved up Harry's stomach, passing over his toned chest to his nipples. Harry gasped as both nipples were rubbed, a shudder of pleasure passing through his body. Lucius sucked back on his neck, just below Harry's jaw, and the teenager mewled in response.

Lucius smiled, pleased with his mate's noises, and moved down to create another love bite. His teeth nipped while his lips sucked, tongue laving at the soft red flesh.

He passed Harry's Mark, leaving that for later, and bent to take one of the teenager's nipples into his mouth. Harry let out a very loud groan, grabbing at Lucius' shoulders to keep him in place. Lucius rolled the little nub between his lips, licking at it slowly with the tip of his tongue.

'Ah, L-Lucius,' Harry gasped, one hand threading through Lucius' hair and tugging him forward.

'EASY, little one,' Lucius said before resuming his attack, sucking on Harry's nipple hard.

Harry just groaned, eyes shut and lips parted as Lucius teased him. When he felt the other nipple was being neglected, Lucius pressed a kiss to the wet one and moved. Harry groaned again, legs feeling weak as Lucius started licking and sucking again. His right hand came up to flick the first nipple and Harry swore harshly.

Lucius chuckled and kissed both nipples before coming up to kiss Harry again. Their lips were harder now, tongues dancing quickly, and both groaned into each other's mouths. Harry's hands rubbed Lucius' face and shoulders before grabbing at the clasps of his jacket.

Harry managed to get a few free before Lucius had to help him. The Slytherin pushed his jacket clear and flicked his own buttons free, the shirt joining Harry's on the floor.

Finally they were skin-on-skin and they groaned as they came into contact. Harry rubbed at Lucius' own nipples, the blonde breathing heavily as they continued to kiss.

'B- Bed,' Harry stuttered and Lucius nodded, grabbing Harry's hips and backing the teenager to their bed. They crossed the room and Lucius pushed Harry back, the Gryffindor letting out a breath of air as he fell.

Lucius grabbed his feet and rested them against his thighs as he undid Harry's laces. He pulled his shoes and socks off, Harry watching with lust blown eyes. Lucius toed his own off and joined Harry on the bed, sliding up his mate's body until he rested over him.

Leaning on his forearms and knees, Lucius lowered himself and Harry wrapped his legs around the Slytherin's waist. He hauled Lucius in and their mouths met again, the couple kissing heatedly. Lucius's left hand cupped Harry's cheek while his right rubbed up and down the teenager's side, his chest and stomach, exploring every inch of Harry he could reach.

Harry purred beneath him, body flexing and crotch pushing up. He had one arm around Lucius' shoulders while his free hand twisted through Lucius' hair, tugging the older wizard close so they could continue kissing. His entire body was thrumming with need, heat pooling in his stomach and crotch. His cock was already hard and pushing against his zipper, aching to be released and taken care of.

Harry could feel Lucius' own erection pressing against his thigh, the man's trousers very thin.
Lucius began to move, thrusting himself down to push their crotches together. Harry let out a gasp of surprise that quickly morphed into a needy whimper, pleasure slashing through his body.

They'd done this before, yes, but it felt different to Harry, bigger. Knowing that they were going to have *that* type of sex half aroused Harry, half scared him. He knew he was ready and knew Lucius would be gentle, but he was still worried about the pain. He wondered just how much it would hurt as Lucius moved down.

The blonde was panting heavily, eyes dark with lust, and he licked his puffy and red lips. He reached forward, hands stilling as he rested them either side of Harry's thighs.

'We can stop any time you want,' he said.

Harry nodded and pushed up a little to show that he wanted to continue. Lucius popped the button of Harry's jeans and pulled the zip down. Harry lifted his hips and Lucius pulled his jeans completely clear. Harry's boxers were tented and Lucius smiled.

'Just for me?' he asked.

Harry grinned. 'Always.'

Lucius leaned down and mouthed at Harry's cock, licking it through the silk of his boxers. Harry moaned and pushed up, Lucius burying his face and inhaling deeply.

'Mm, you smell wonderful,' Lucius commented as he went back to teasing his mate. He licked and sucked, nuzzled and purred. Soon Harry's boxers were wet with saliva and pre-come, the teenager groaning and cursing under his breath.

'Lucius, please,' he begged.

Lucius pulled back and hooked his fingers under the waistband. He pulled down and after some shuffling, threw Harry's boxers over his shoulder. He went back down immediately, licking a strip up Harry's cock and making the teenager shudder. He licked and kissed the hard flesh, hands rubbing Harry's thighs and stomach. He pressed a kiss to each of Harry's thighs before swallowing him quickly.

Harry groaned and thrust his head back, eyes closed as Lucius sucked him slowly. He teased the head, lapping away pre-come and sucking back. His right hand moved to play with his balls, thumbing the soft skin and rolling them between his fingers. His left hand held Harry's hips down; the teenager had the tendency to thrust up and try and choke his mate.

Lucius took more into his mouth before pulling back, lips wrapped tightly around Harry's shaft and tongue licking up and down the heated flesh. Harry just groaned, head still back, as Lucius sucked him off.

The blonde knew just what to do to have Harry panting and begging. His lips, tongue, hands, hell even his eyes were enough to send Harry over the edge. Which he did when he swallowed Harry to the root, throat working to have the teenager climaxing with a shout.

Harry groaned and shuddered through his release, eyes squeezed shut as Lucius swallowed him down. When he was done he fell against the mattress, breathing heavily. Lucius drew back, licking his swollen lips and looking Harry over.

The teenager was beautiful, there was no other word for him. He was sweating now, body flushed from his climax, hair messy and eyes glazed. His lips were red and swollen from their kissing and
his arms and legs were splayed across the mattress.

Lucius would never want anyone else and it wasn't only the bond. Yes, they were soulmates, but there was so much more to their relationship then that. Harry understood Lucius, he accepted the aristocrat for all his talents and faults. He'd forgiven him for his past and moved on, had dug deep and drew out a Lucius Malfoy he would be proud to be with.

Lucius was so happy with Harry, happier then he'd ever been. They could laugh and joke together, read and eat dinner, spend time sitting in companionable silence just enjoying the other's company. Lucius loved everything about Harry, even his foolish Gryffindor tendencies and ability to forgive everyone. To Lucius, Harry was perfect.

'Mm,' Harry moaned, finally blinking through the haze that had settled after his climax. 'Merlin, you're good at that.'

Lucius smiled. 'I'm good at everything, Mr Potter.'

'I know,' Harry said and raised a hand. He bent his index finger and Lucius moved up his body, once again lying atop the teenager. He rutted their crotches together as they kissed, slowly coaxing the Gryffindor into hardness.

It didn't take long to have Harry gasping again, arching into the bigger body above his own. His fingers dug into Lucius' shoulders.

'I'm ready, Luce,' he panted. 'Please.'

Lucius nodded and drew back. He kneeled between Harry's spread legs and pushed them wider apart, exposing the teenager to his mercury silver gaze. 'Are you sure?' he asked.

Harry nodded and Lucius mumbled a lubricant charm. Harry bit his lip and tried to relax as Lucius' wet fingers slid between his cheeks, rubbing his entrance slowly. Lucius looked up, grey eyes meeting green, before he pushed in with one finger.

Harry's mouth fell open, eyes wide as Lucius' finger was swallowed to the knuckle. It didn't hurt, it was just really strange, and Harry watched as Lucius settled in completely.

'Alright?' Lucius asked.

The teenager nodded and Lucius drew his finger out before going back in.

'It's weird,' Harry admitted as Lucius prepared him.

'It doesn't feel nice?' Lucius asked.

'Um... not really,' Harry said. 'Is that wrong?'

'Of course not,' Lucius said. 'This isn't for everyone, Harry. The act of being full is what most men enjoy, also touching the prostate.'

'Prostate?' Harry asked.

Instead of answering, Lucius crooked his finger. After a minute he found the little bundle of nerves and stroked.

Harry jolted, pleasure washing through his body. It was nothing big, like the first stroke of your cock when masturbating, but it still felt good.
'Oh.'

Lucius smirked. 'Feel better?'

'Yeah, that's... nice,' Harry said.

Lucius stroked again, building on the pleasure Harry was feeling. The teenager breathed out heavily, eyes once more darkening.

'I like that,' he admitted and Lucius chuckled.

'Want to try another finger?'

Harry nodded and Lucius withdrew his index finger. He pushed back in with two and this time Harry felt a slight burn, muscles protesting as they were stretched. His lips twitched but it wasn't that bad, Harry had been hurt worst before in Quidditch. It was clear when Lucius halted that he wanted to make sure the teenager was okay and Harry said, 'I'm fine, just a little burn.'

'Are you sure?'

'Yes, Luce,' Harry smiled. 'I'll tell you if I wanna stop.'

Lucius continued to stretch and prepare the teenager, scissoring his fingers. Harry hissed in pain when he did, even more so when Lucius added a third, and later a fourth finger. The teenager was amazingly tight and Lucius wasn't exactly small; Harry needed all the preparation he could get.

It was starting to feel really good; Harry liked being full, he could see why men enjoyed this. Lucius stroked his prostate every few thrusts, adding more pleasure to what Harry was already feeling and making the Gryffindor's cock twitch. He was groaning more, body heating up and sweating, hair sticking to his forehead. Lucius had begun stroking his own cock through his trousers, biting his bottom lip as he stopped himself jumping Harry and thrusting into him. He wanted to make sure his mate was completely ready.

After what felt like hours of preparation, Harry said, 'Lucius, I'm ready.'

Lucius halted. 'Are you sure?'

'Stop asking me that,' Harry huffed, 'and just fuck me.'

How could Lucius say no? He withdrew his fingers and wiped them clean on the duvet beneath them. He slid off the bed and slipped from his trousers and underwear before climbing back between Harry's legs. He pulled them apart and, after making sure the teenager stayed in that position, muttered the lubricant charm. Cock now wet with gel, he moved closer until the head of his shaft was pressing at Harry's entrance.

Lucius paused and looked up at Harry.

'What?' the Gryffindor said.

'I should tell you now before I get carried away,' Lucius said. 'I can be gentle the first time but after you come... Harry, I won't be able to control myself.'

Harry was silent as he processed Lucius' words. 'You mean your veela will take over and you'll be rough?' Lucius nodded. 'Okay.'

'I'm sorry.'
'You can't help it, can you?'

Lucius shook his head.

'Then there's nothing to be sorry for,' Harry said. 'I love you, Lucius.'

'I love you too,' Lucius said. He shifted to kiss Harry softly before going back to his task. 'Deep
breaths and relax.'

Harry nodded and calmed himself as Lucius pushed.

Harry gaped, eyes widening as Lucius slowly but surely pushed in. He was so big, had he always
been that big? Harry's muscles screamed in protest, even after being stretched. Harry felt like he
was being torn in two, pain flaring up from below and shooting up his spine.

'Fuck,' Harry whimpered as Lucius was sheathed all the way in, the blonde groaning.

'Damn, you're tight,' Lucius groaned before blinking. Panting heavily, he asked, 'Harry, are you
okay?'

Harry whimpered and said, 'Don't move, please.' His voice was broken from pain, face dark red
and sweaty. Lucius hated that he was hurting his mate but there was nothing he could do. Harry
had to grow accustomed to the intrusion.

So they both waited, breathing heavily, as Harry tried to adjust.

After about five or ten minutes, Harry took a deep breath and said, 'You can move a little.'

Lucius nodded and drew slightly out, only about two inches, before going back in. Harry swore and
bit his lip but told Lucius to keep going. It was slow and nowhere near perfect but they were
together, trying to complete their bond, and that was what mattered.

Slowly Harry began to roll his hips, muscles finally stretching enough to make this feel
pleasurable. He bit his lip and Lucius moved faster, whimpers of pleasure now escaping the
teenager's hips.

Lucius leaned forward on his forearms so he could kiss Harry and make him forget his pain
quicker. Harry groaned into his mouth, tongue dancing with Lucius', lips wide to welcome the
blonde's in. Harry was so deliciously tight and Lucius was having a hard time holding back. The
teenager had been designed just for Lucius, body included, and he gripped the blonde's cock so
delightfully.

Leaning on his left arm, Lucius' right hand snaked between their bodies to wrap around Harry's
cock. He pulled in time with his thrusts and angled his body to hit Harry's prostate.

The Gryffindor jolted before crying out, sounds being swallowed by Lucius' mouth. He was
moving quicker now and all Harry felt was pleasure; Lucius' cock filled him so perfectly, and the
scrapes against his prostate built on the burning pleasure he felt. His cock was tugged over and
over again and Lucius was panting into his mouth.

It was all perfect, wonderful, and Harry's brain began to shut down as pleasure took over. His
breathing was quickening, his body shuddering, and his stomach tensing as a familiar burn worked
through him. His balls tightened and Harry cried out, 'Lucius!' as he came suddenly.

It was better than any other orgasm, hitting every single inch of Harry's body. It made him thrust
down, impaling himself on Lucius' glorious shaft. His toes curled in the duvet and his fingers dug into Lucius' flushed skin, close to drawing blood. Harry thrust his head back, continuing to groan and curse as Lucius tugged and thrust, milking the climax from Harry until it seemed like it was going forever.

Magic crackled along their bodies, swirling from every pour. Their veelas growled and mewed, danced together as their magic melded. It was unlike anything Harry had ever experienced, the feeling of everything being glorious and so right surging through him.

The room was filled with Harry's heavy breathing, Lucius suddenly frozen but still inside him. The blonde watched his mate orgasm, ride it out, and then go still, chest rising and falling with each breath.

Lucius pulled out slowly and Harry whimpered at the loss. He was turned onto his side and Lucius slotted in behind him, cock rubbing at Harry's dilated entrance. Lucius' veela growled suddenly, yet to be sated.

What felt like seconds after coming, Lucius' hand was once more wrapped around Harry's cock. The teenager gasped and looked down. 'L-Lucius?'

The Slytherin didn't answer, instead stroking Harry's now lengthening cock in his hand. Before Harry could ask, Lucius was thrusting back into him, hard.

Harry cried out both in pain and pleasure as he was completely penetrated, Lucius' long and thick prick settling into him perfectly. He let out a breathy moan that Lucius stole with a searing kiss. He moved immediately, rocking in and out of Harry while both on their sides. Harry arched as his prostate was stimulated, head tipping back to rest on Lucius' shoulder.

'Fuck, Luce,' Harry groaned, scratching at his thigh with one hand. Lucius caught it and brought it up, bending Harry's arm and locking it behind his back. He thrust in hard and Harry whimpered. 'Lucius, Lucius, oh Merlin!'

Lucius groaned as Harry pushed back, fucking himself on the blonde's cock. 'Harry, Gods, yes,' he moaned. 'Just like that, Harry, keep going.'

Harry did, rolling his hips and slapping his skin against Lucius' as they fucked. Suddenly Lucius was rolling Harry onto his stomach, the Gryffindor pressed deeply into the mattress.

Lucius pushed in and out hard, snapping his hips to bury himself into the teenager as deeply as he could with each thrust. Harry shouted out in pleasure, a pleasure that only intensified when Lucius' strong fingers wrapped around his wrists, pinning his hands to the pillows.

Lucius changed his angle so he was hitting Harry's prostate and forcing the younger wizard to rub against the mattress. The soft sheets were now pulling at Harry's cock, giving him that extra stimulation to come.

Harry was mewling now, begging with his voice and body, wanting Lucius to fill him over and over again and fuck him into another orgasm. Lucius could sense all this and his veela roared its approval.

It didn't seem possible to Harry but Lucius' thrusts increased in speed and depth until the teen felt like he was being fucked in two. He wailed and thrashed from side to side as heat enveloped him, as Lucius' scent and body and very magic overcame him and wrapped around him completely. Harry chewed on his bottom lip and bit hard enough to taste blood as Lucius fucked him.
'Lucius, fuck yes!' Harry shouted, trying to thrust back. His orgasm was approaching, slashing through his body, making his stomach tighten and his muscles feel on fire. 'Lucius, fuck, I'm... fuck... LUCIUS!'

Lucius' name came out a strangled cry as Harry climaxed again, soiling the sheets as well as his stomach. All he felt was the nirvana that settled over him, the unbelievable release that made his entire body tingle like on fire. His brain shut down as it was swathed in heat and lust, Lucius’ scent invading him and making him groan.

The Slytherin was still thrusting, it wasn't over yet. Without pulling out, or letting Harry's tightness make him come, the blonde rolled his mate over to see a look of pure bliss on the Gryffindor's face. Grinning, Lucius pulled Harry's legs over his shoulders and hovered over the teenager.

He kissed Harry just as he started fucking him again and the teenager cried out, oversensative body suddenly stimulated again.

'No, Lucius, I can't, too much!' Harry cried, muscles twisting and cock twitching between their bellies.

'Yes you can,' Lucius told him, kissing Harry's groans away. 'Come again, my love.'

'N-No, too... m-much...' Harry whined.

'Again,' Lucius said, thrusting hard and hitting Harry's prostate. It was enough to make the teenager achingly hard again, cock growing between their sweat-soaked bodies.

'No,' Harry tried, 'please, can't... no...'

Lucius nipped at Harry's neck and growled, dominance shining through their sex induced hazes to make Harry whimper. He immediately went still, eyes glazed as he waited for whatever Lucius wanted to do.

'Scream for me, Harry,' Lucius asked, voice completely authoratative and demanding. 'I want you to scream.'

Harry whimpered, fingers clawing at his thighs.

'Scream, Harry!' Lucius snarled.

'Fuck!' Harry shouted, Lucius' voice, his scent, his dominance making it impossible not to do as asked. 'Lucius, it's too much!' he screamed. 'Please, don't!'

'You have to,' Lucius growled, licking at Harry's neck. 'Come again.'

'P-please!' Harry begged.

Lucius just thrust harder and Harry wailed, he screamed, he begged not to come again so soon. But Lucius didn't listen, knowing Harry would thank him when they were done.

The teenager's tightness and shouts, his breathy moans and emerald eyes, all had Lucius tip over the edge. Just before he did, he sank his teeth into Harry's Mark and sucked back.

Harry arched off the bed, impaling himself completely on Lucius' cock, and screamed. He screamed so hard Lucius felt his entire body shake as come spilled across their connected stomachs. Harry shook and groaned, gritted his teeth and scratched through his hair, ripping and
pulling as his glasses fell.

Lucius just groaned and held on, Harry's muscles milking his orgasm from him for what felt like hours. It was so unbelievably delicious, he could feel himself slicking Harry's insides with his seed.

Mine, Lucius told himself as his veela purred. Mine, mine, mine.

Their magic twisted and exploded around them, showering the room with light and making it shake. The entire castle glowed with their union and the house elves scampering about stopped to grin and bask in the power.

Magic licked at their skin as their veelas shouted their pleasure, their bond. When Harry thumped back onto the mattress, chest heaving as he tried to breathe, Lucius went with him. Their magic made their skin tingle and their bond strengthen, sealing them together and beginning to complete their union.

Harry's eyes opened and looked onto Lucius'. They just stared at each other, both feeling their veelas meld with them, filling their bodies with the magic that only came with their kind.

Finally, their bond was coming together.

Finally, they were almost complete.

Their magic slid back into their bodies and Harry started shaking. He was a mess; sweat soaked skin, trembling limbs, hair tangled, and lips swollen and bloody. He winced as Lucius pulled out and fell to his side, the older wizard feeling thoroughly strung out.

Harry twitched when Lucius grabbed him but was too tired to try and move. He allowed the blonde to pull him over, body so weak he grunted.

'Shh,' Lucius whispered. 'Sleep, love.'

Harry didn't need to be told twice.
When Harry woke he felt thoroughly debauched yet full of energy. It was like after a Quidditch match; tired from flying, ducking, and weaving, but ready to do whatever he wanted after the high of catching the snitch, of winning.

He sat up to see that Lucius was awake, the Slytherin eating chicken and chips and reading a book. 'Hungry?' he asked, the Gryffindor nodding. 'Dobby?' Lucius called.

The house elf popped into existance on the middle of the bed, not even batting an eye to their nakedness. 'How may Dobby help Masters Lucius and Harry?' he asked with a grin.

Harry realised they must have spoken before he woke because Dobby didn't seem even slightly scared of Lucius like he normally was. 'Um... can you get me some ice-cream?' he asked.

Lucius tutted. 'Ice-cream is not food, Harry.'

'I want ice-cream,' he pouted.

With a smile, Lucius nodded at Dobby. 'What kinds of ice-cream does Harry Potter want?' the elf asked, bouncing up and down.

'Um... peppermint,' Harry said, 'and cookies and cream... with nuts and chocolate sauce.'

Dobby bowed low. 'Dobby fetches ice-cream at once, Harry Potter. Can Dobby get anything for Master Lucius?'

'Just some iced pumpkin juice please, Dobby,' Lucius said.

Dobby bowed again before disappearing with a pop. 'Why are you being so nice to him?' Harry asked.

'I know you like Dobby,' Lucius said, 'and I know I treated him badly. It was in the past though and Dobby said he'd throw me out the window if I hurt you.' Harry smiled as Lucius smirked. 'I figured I should be nice or be thrown out a window.'

They lapsed into silence until Dobby returned with a tray. On it were three massive bowls of ice-cream; peppermint choc-chip, cookies and cream, banana and vanilla, a small bowl of nuts and chocolate sauce, two empty goblets, and a pitcher of iced pumpkin juice. After thanking Dobby, Harry tucked in, shovelling ice-cream down his throat as though he was starving.

Harry swallowed and licked his lips. 'What's the time?'

'Midnight,' Lucius said, not looking up from the book he was reading.

Harry frowned. 'But we fell asleep...'
'Around nine pm,' Lucius said, flicking a page.

'Did... did we sleep an entire day?' Harry asked.

Lucius smiled and looked at him. 'No, Harry, you've only been asleep about three hours.'

'But I feel like I've been asleep for days,' Harry said.

Lucius sighed and bookmarked his page. 'I suppose I should tell you.'

'Tell me what?' Harry asked as his mate turned to look at him.

'A veela completely bonds with his or her mate when they have penetrative sex.'

'I know,' Harry cut in.

Lucius frowned. 'Don't interupt.' Harry poked his tongue out and shoved a spoonful of ice-cream into his mouth. Lucius smiled and continued. 'We did that earlier tonight, as you know.'

Harry grinned at the memory.

'Well, what I didn't tell you was that we'll be in here for a while,' Lucius said, pouring pumpkin juice into a goblet and drinking a large mouthful.

Harry frowned. 'Why?'

'When our veelas connected, they started sharing their magic,' Lucius explained, 'which is heightened during sex. At the moment, our veelas haven't had enough. They need more time together.'

'You mean they need more sex,' Harry said and Lucius nodded. 'Erm... how much?'

'We'll be having sex multiple times over the next seven days.'

Harry's mouth fell open. 'Seven days?' Lucius nodded. 'We're going to have sex over and over again.'

'Over seven days, yes,' Lucius said. 'Maybe longer.'

'What?'

'We waited a while to have penetrative sex, Harry, our veelas might need longer,' Lucius said.

'How... how can we have sex that many times? Won't we combust?'

Lucius smirked. 'Harry, you do remember that I made you come four times in the space of an hour, yes?' Harry blushed and nodded. 'You're no longer like other human males,' Lucius explained, 'you are part veela now. And as such, I can make you come multiple times if I choose too.'

Harry turned redder. 'So... erm... how... many...'

'At least nine during one round of love making if I wanted,' Lucius said.

Harry nearly fainted. 'You can make me come nine times in a row?'

'It would maybe take two hours, but yes,' Lucius said. 'Don't worry, Harry,' he added when seeing his mate's frightened face, 'I won't do that yet, you're not ready.' He paused. 'I didn't hurt you
earlier, did I?'

'Little bit,' Harry admitted, shifting beneath the sheets. 'But it was... mm, nice kind of hurt.' He grinned and sucked back on his spoon.

'Please finish your ice-cream quickly,' Lucius told him, putting his book aside.

'Why?' Harry asked.

'My veela needs sex,' Lucius said, quickly taking a large bite of his chicken.

'Liar,' Harry grinned. 'You want sex, you're just using your veela as an excuse.'

Lucius grinned coyly. 'Ah, how you know me, my love.' He licked his lips and Harry swallowed. 'Can you ever forgive me?'

'Mm... I think so,' Harry said, suddenly feeling over-heated. Lucius took his spoon and tray, adding his own plate to it on the bedside table. He turned and pushed Harry down, covering the teenager with his body.

'I better start apologising now,' Lucius whispered and kissed him. Harry groaned.

{oOo}

Ron and Hermione entered Harry's quarters and looked around, wondering where their friend had got to. It was the following afternoon and they were worried, they hadn't seen Harry in over two days.

'Harry?' Hermione called out as they entered the sitting room. They found Draco curled up on the couch with a book. 'Draco, where's Harry?'

There was a loud groan from down the hallway and Hermione looked, Ron stopping beside her.

'In bed with my father,' Draco grimaced.

'So he's okay?' Hermione asked, wringing her hands. 'He hasn't been to class and Dumbledore doesn't know anything.'

'He won't be to class for the remainder of the term,' Draco said.

Seeing the confused looks on Hermione's and Ron's faces, he sighed and gestured to the arm chairs. After sitting, Draco explained.

'My father and Harry have finally completed their bond.' Ron grimaced and Hermione turned red. 'They'll be in the bedroom for at least a week and we can't disturb them.'

'Why?' Ron asked.

'Harry'll be letting off enough allure to make even the straightest man feel horny,' Draco said. 'If you so much as look at him my father will kill you.'

'Why?' Ron repeated.
'He's a veela, he'll protect his mate,' Hermione said. 'If Harry's letting off a submissive allure after having sex, Lucius will lose control. Lucius will think that Harry's in danger and attack before asking questions to protect Harry.'

'Right,' Ron said slowly. 'That's... half sweet, half disgusting.'

Draco smirked. 'The worse part is they haven't used a silencing charm,' he said. 'They've had sex at least four times since I got here a little over an hour ago.'

'So why are you still here?' Hermione asked.

'My veela wants to be close,' Draco said, 'because they're finally completing their bond. I now recognise Harry as my other parent and I want to share that, be part of their bonding. Of course I have no desire to see either of them naked so I'm stuck here.'

'That sucks,' Ron said and Draco nodded.

There was a loud thump from down the hallway and they clearly heard Harry shout, 'Fuck, Lucius, yes!'

'Oh Gods,' Draco groaned and Ron turned bright red. Hermione grinned.

'Draco, want to come to the library?' Hermione asked. 'Maybe give them some time alone?'

Draco looked like he wanted to stay but eventually nodded and followed the other two. They all heard Lucius growl, 'So tight!'

'I'm gonna throw up,' Draco groaned.

Hermione giggled and Ron said, 'Should we tell Dumbledore?' The other two looked at him. 'What if someone comes to see what they're doing, hears a shout, and thinks Harry's in trouble? Sirius said he might visit and... well, I don't want him to die.'

'You're right,' Hermione said and Draco nodded. 'We'll tell him at dinner.'

{oOo}

Harry was like a cat. He was snuggled up into Lucius' side purring and mewling, pressing kisses to his mate's chest and stroking his leg. Lucius smiled down at him, heart about to burst with love. It didn't help that Harry was adorable; his skin was covered in sweat, his cheeks bright red and lips swollen from kissing. His hair was even more dishevelled then usual and Lucius ran his fingers through it.

'Beautiful,' he murmured and Harry snuggled into him even more. 'I love you.'

'Love you too,' Harry yawned. 'Even if you broke me.'

Lucius chuckled.

{oOo}
Harry thrust up, moaning as he kissed and licked his mate's neck. He was lying on his back, legs wrapped around Lucius' waist. Both were hard, Harry already having been prepared, and he was close to begging; the man was taking too damn long!

Suddenly Lucius rolled them and Harry scrambled. He found himself straddling Lucius' hips, the blonde gripping him tightly.

'Ride me,' he ordered.

Harry blinked. 'What?'

'Ride me,' Lucius repeated and lifted the Gryffindor. Harry pulled himself up and leaned back, hand moving until it found Lucius' cock. Harry gripped it tightly and shifted until the head pressed to his opening.

He groaned loudly as Lucius breached him, quickly filling the teenager completely. Harry moved down until he was sitting snug on Lucius' lap, the Slytherin's cock sheathed in his heat. He moved back and forth, feeling Lucius inside him, and let out a breathy moan.

'Move,' Lucius ordered.

It seemed Lucius was in the mood for quick sex and Harry was happy to comply. They moved quickly, Harry pulling himself up before dropping down. Lucius helped by snapping his hips, burying himself inside his mate over and over again.

Harry swore as he was fucked, eyes squeezed shut and head tipped back. Lucius had never felt so big and he hit all the right spots, pleasure burning through the teenager like a supernova.

It didn't take long for Harry to reach his first climax, shuddering as he spurted all over Lucius' abdomen. The blond gripped his hips tightly and made sure he kept moving, eyes locked onto Harry's face which was contorted in pleasure.

Once Harry had come back to himself, he fell forward, resting his hands on Lucius' sweat-covered chest. He impaled himself over and over again on his mate's cock, Lucius groaning beneath him.

Harry could tell Lucius was reaching his own orgasm, especially when his hand wrapped around his cock. He stroked quickly, Harry's shaft filling out and fresh arousal thundering through him. Harry leaned down to kiss the blonde, lips and teeth and tongues all sloppy as they grunted into each other's mouths.

'Lucius,' Harry groaned. Lucius licked his jaw. 'Make me come, make me come again,' Harry begged.

Lucius moaned and moved faster.

Suddenly he flipped Harry again so the teenager was on his back. Harry knew Lucius liked the power; liked to see Harry writhing beneath him. And writhe Harry did; begging, moaning, pleading with Lucius to make him come.

Lucius thrust in hard, hitting Harry's prostate and tugging on his cock. Harry arched up and came, white liquid spilling across his stomach. His muscles tightened and Lucius came with a hoarse grunt, head hanging as he emptied into the teenager beneath him.
When they'd calmed down, Lucius pulled out and slithered down Harry's body. Harry watched, wide-eyed, as Lucius licked his stomach and cock clean, his own seed disappearing into his mate's mouth.

'Fuck,' Harry said. He was in danger of getting hard again.

Lucius smirked knowingly. 'Round two?'

'More like round forty,' Harry said, thinking of the past few days.

Lucius grinned and moved back up the Gryffindor's body. He kissed Harry deeply, the younger wizard groaning as he tasted himself on Lucius' lips.

'Well?' the blonde asked.

Harry smiled. 'Go on then.'

{oOo}

Cleaning spells were good and all but Harry needed a proper shower. He knew he'd end up sweaty and sticky probably minutes after it but he really needed one.

So he left a sleeping Lucius and padded to the bathroom, wincing every few steps. His whole body ached, his arse burned, but every time Lucius so much as looked at him he was raring to go. Harry wondered if it was possible to die of too many orgasms as he turned the shower on.

Not wanting to wake his mate, Harry shut the door before sliding into the shower. He groaned as the hot water beat against his body, soothing his aching muscles.

Harry just stood under the water for a few minutes before grabbing his body wash. He lathered up a loofah and started scrubbing away the evidence of his and Lucius' coupling. Harry found love-bites all over his chest and stomach, stark red marks that stood out against his skin. There were bruises on his hips, small ones and large, all from Lucius' strong fingers.

Harry smiled as he replayed all their encounters, humming under his breath and rubbing his body clean. He was so wrapped up in his thoughts that he didn't hear the door open, or the other body step into the shower.

He jumped and shouted when warm arms wrapped around him, a kiss being placed against his cheek. 'Something wrong, little one?'

'You scared the shit out of him,' Harry admitted as he turned.

Lucius smirked, blonde hair darkening under the water. 'So sorry.'

Harry grumbled under his breath and continued washing, Lucius just watching him. When he was done Lucius grabbed his own loofah and began to wash.

Everything the man did was sexy and Harry swallowed as he watched, fresh arousal sweeping through his body. He knew he'd been caught when Lucius glanced down at his crotch.

'Enjoying yourself?'
Harry looked down too and realised he was hard. He blushed furiously, even more so when Lucius pushed him against the wall. Harry gasped as his back came into contact with cold tiles.

Lucius slid to his knees gracefully, water trickling down his face and neck, right down to his own raging erection. Lucius took Harry's in his hand and stroked a few times, Harry groaning loudly.

Smiling, Lucius licked his lips before leaning forward. He swallowed Harry down to the root, throat working to stimulate the head as he buried his nose in Harry's dark pubic hair. Harry swore, one hand pressing against the tiles, one threading through Lucius' wet hair and tugging him close.

Lucius pulled all the way back to tease the head, licking the slit and making Harry shudder. The Gryffindor swallowed thickly and looked down, eyes dark. Lucius looked up at him from beneath dark lashes before taking Harry again, sucking back, flattening his tongue to lick the underside.

It continued like that; Lucius taking Harry's cock completely before pulling back to tease. Harry whimpered and mewed, tugging Lucius closer and harder to keep the blonde in place. Finally Lucius relented and sucked back hard, bobbing up and down as he blew Harry off.

Harry groaned loudly, muttering under his breath as he watched. His orgasm was approaching fast, the hot water pouring over them, drumming into Harry's hot body. Harry could take no more and when Lucius deep-throated him, sucking back hard, Harry came.

Lucius had to raise both hands to hold Harry up, pushing the teenager against the wall as his legs threatened to buckle. Harry shot his seed down Lucius' throat and the Slytherin swallowed it all down.

Lucius licked his lips clean and drew back, closing his eyes to let the hot water wash down his face. Harry dragged him up and they exchanged kisses before Harry was pushing Lucius against the wall.

The older wizard chuckled as Harry grasped his erection. 'What are you doing, little one?'

'Returning the favour,' Harry grinned. He wasted no time in wrapping his lips around Lucius' cock, revelling in the groans of pleasure his mate made.

Harry had never been able to take Lucius completely, the man was too big. But now it didn't seem that hard and with each suck Harry sank further down until Lucius' cock was slipping down his throat.

Lucius swore and grabbed Harry's head, fingers threading through his hair and digging into his scalp. The blonde thrust forward violently and Harry would have grinned if he could; he loved when Lucius took control and this time was no different.

He relaxed his jaw and braced himself against Lucius' thighs as the man thrust again. He fucked Harry's mouth hard, eyes dark and locked onto Harry as he did. The Gryffindor looked up at him, eyes bright and wide, and it did Lucius in in seconds. He came violently, coating Harry's tongue with his salty seed.

Harry swallowed it all, moaning in pleasure as Lucius panted above him. Slowly the blonde pulled out and sank to his knees, tugging Harry close so they could kiss again. It was soft and slow, gentle, and they breathed in each other's scent.

'I'm sorry about that,' Lucius said when he could speak clearly.

'I loved it,' Harry replied honestly.
He stood but Lucius remained on the floor, watching as Harry tilted the showerhead. Once done, he sat back down and made Lucius lean against the wall. He settled between Lucius' legs, back pressed to his chest, water raining down on their legs and keeping them warm.

They sat together in silence, kissing and touching softly as the warm water lulled them into relaxation.

{oOo}

'They've been in there for six days,' Severus said. He and Draco were eating dinner in Severus' quarters, the blonde needing somewhere to hide out now that he didn't have his father or Harry to spend time with.

Draco groaned. 'Please don't remind me.'

'It'll happen to you one day.'

'I hope so,' Draco said. 'Those two veelas from the Creature Council said my mate was close. What does that even mean?'

'Veela are annoying creatures,' Severus said, smirking at the angry look Draco threw him. 'You'll find out soon enough.'

'I just don't want to wait as long as Dad,' Draco said. 'I saw what it did to him.'

'Your father's happy now,' Severus said. And then, just to annoy Draco because it was funny, he added, 'Probably buried in Potter right now.'

Draco groaned and pushed his dinner away. 'Not hungry,' he muttered.

Severus grinned.

{oOo}

Harry woke when he was suddenly flipped and Lucius straddled his lower back. He began moving immediately, rubbing his hardening cock up and down Harry's spine and down the crack of his arse.

'Gods, Lucius,' Harry groaned, pushing back.

'What do you want, Harry?' the veela growled.

'You,' Harry answered immediately. 'You, as hard as you can give it.'

Lucius smiled and moved down Harry's body, sliding his cock between the boy's cheeks and making Harry shiver. His grin widened as he slid to rest on Harry's thighs. He rubbed Harry's back, hips, and arse cheeks before muttering the lubricant charm.
Fingers coated in gel, Lucius rubbed a finger around Harry's entrance without going in, the teenager groaning in annoyance as Lucius rubbed the oil between his cheeks and along his skin.

Suddenly a sharp slap rang out and Harry jolted on the bed. His arse stung as Lucius slapped him again. Harry thought he should be angry, or scared, that Lucius was hitting him. But really he was just turned on. His cock twitched against the mattress as Lucius slapped him hard.

'Oh... ooohhh...' Harry groaned very loudly and tried to bend to look back at his mate.

Lucius grabbed him by the back of the head, forcing Harry's face down into the duvet. 'Ah, ah, no peeking,' the veela tutted.

'S-Sorry,' Harry said and moaned when Lucius smacked his arse. 'Oh Gods.'

'Do you like that?' Lucius asked.

'Uh... uh-huh,' Harry grunted and tried to nod.

Lucius smiled and slapped him again. Suddenly something much more painful was happening and Harry gasped as Lucius thrust into him in one slick movement. He was still loose from earlier but his muscles protested at the sudden intrusion, making Harry try to pull away.

'Noo,' Lucius said and thrust again, hitting Harry's prostate. 'Stay down.'

Harry moaned and whimpered as Lucius started fucking him.

The man was merciless. Each thrust was hard and punishing, the blonde's long, thick cock stretching his muscles and making everything burn in a delicious haze of lust. Harry grunted and bit into the duvet, sucking cotton between his lips and licking it, body wanting to do something but not knowing what.

Lucius was pushing all the right buttons; he still had a hold of Harry's head and pushed him into the mattress hard. His other hand was raking up and down Harry's back, leaving red trails and bruises when he grabbed the teenager by the hip. His body weight was keeping Harry down so the Gyrffindor couldn't touch his cock or rub it against anything.

It was half delicious, half maddening, and Harry was torn between moaning that Lucius was a sex god and screaming at the man to make him touch his shaft.

Lucius smirked knowingly and rolled his hips before snapping them, slamming into Harry's prostate to add fresh waves of pleasure roll through the younger wizard's body. Harry arched up and groaned, fingers digging into the duvet.

Suddenly Lucius stopped and Harry blinked, wondering if he'd passed out in pleasure. The hand on his head was gone and he sat up, twisting to look at his mate.

He was pushed down by strong hands, nails digging into his shoulders as his chest bounced against the mattress.

'What did I say?' Lucius hissed in his ear. He moved up and down so Harry could feel his cock but not enough for it to stimulate him.

'Ah... um... s-stay down?' Harry tried, brain fuzzy.

'And what did you just do?'
'D-Didn't stay... stay down,' Harry mumbled.

'No, you didn't!' Lucius snarled. He slammed in again and Harry shouted in pain and pleasure, Lucius' cock seeming to tear him in two and throw him into a pleasure oblivion.

Harry's arms flailed about, not sure what to do, and Lucius grabbed them. He pinned them to the bed above Harry's head and the teenager gasped.

Lucius started teasing his mate, swiftly plunging into the teenager before pulling all the way out. Harry whimpered each time he pulled out, moaned rather loudly every time he pushed in. It was a beautiful mix of frustration and pleasure, at least for Lucius. Harry sounded like he wanted to cry.

'L-Luce... p-please!' Harry begged.

Lucius kept Harry's arms pinned with one hand and used the other to grab Harry by the hair and yank his head up. He crushed their lips together and thoroughly plundered the groaning teenager's mouth, Harry's tongue flicking and dancing with his own, the two exchanging wet licks and swallowing each other's groans.

Lucius pulled out again and got off his mate, letting go of Harry's hands and stepping off the bed. Harry's whine was cut off with a gasp when Lucius dragged him from the bed. He carried the Gryffindor over to the arm chair in the corner and threw him on it.

'Hold the back of the headrest,' Lucius ordered, voice husky and rough. Harry did as asked while Lucius spread his legs and pulled him back by the hips. The teenager shivered and looked over his shoulder.

Lucius plunged back into his loose hole, fresh gel leaking from him every time Lucius slid out.

'Fuck, Lucius!' Harry shouted, back arching and fingers digging into the leather beneath his hands. 'Fuck, fucking hell, ah... I...' He swore a number of times as Lucius slammed into him, slapping Harry's cheeks and scraping his back with dulled nails. Harry just moaned all the louder, body being assaulted so wonderfully.

Lucius started fucking him with abandon and Harry bounced on the arm chair. He would have gone flying off it, or collapsed over the thing, if Lucius hadn't held him in place. His hands were hot and hard on Harry's shoulders, curling around the Gryffindor's muscles possessively.

The blonde didn't seem to like that position though and wrapped his arms around Harry's waist. The green-eyed wizard was lifted and carried back to the bed, Lucius not slipping out once. He made Harry drape over the bed, knees on the floor, arms spread above his head. He crouched down, legs spread wide, and slammed back into the teenager.

Lucius let out a loud groan and Harry whimpered in response. Lucius finally seemed happy and he fucked Harry hard, the Gryffindor bouncing against the mattress. The bed and position was doing half the work for Lucius, not that the teacher ever slowed down once. He slammed into Harry hard and rolled his hips, hitting the boy's prostate dead on.

Harry tensed as his cock rubbed against the side of the bed, the organ finally getting the stimulation it needed. A few of Lucius' hard and punishing thrusts pushed Harry over the edge. Lucius fucked him through the orgasm, the boy's tightening walls not once changing his pace.

Harry whimpered and moaned and scratched crazily at the sweat-soaked sheets beneath him. His body shuddered with his release and Harry couldn't think clearly until it was over.
Lucius had stopped inside him and was running a firm, loving hand down the boy's back. 'Look at you,' he said softly, 'coming apart, just for me.'

Harry groaned.

'You're so lovely like this, absolutely beautiful,' Lucius said and pulled out. He leaned over Harry to kiss his neck and lick at his Mark. Harry shivered but didn't move, the younger veela waiting to see what his mate would do.

Lucius licked a trail down his sweaty back, tongue lapping up the salty liquid. Harry moaned softly, eyes flickering open and shut as Lucius licked and swirled his tongue down, down-

'Lucius!' Harry hissed as his arse was licked; first one cheek, then the other, followed by Lucius tonguing his hole. 'Ah, so... g-good...' Harry groaned.

He squealed when Lucius penetrated him, that wet, slippery organ thrusting in hard and feeling oh so good. Lucius had to hold the teenager down, the boy trying to thrust back to get more of Lucius' tongue into him.

Harry pulled at the blankets and writhed, moaned, pushed his face into the duvet and drooled all over it. He was a complete mess and it didn't help when Lucius wrapped a firm hand around his cock.

'FUCK!' Harry shouted. 'Fuck, fuck, shit, LUCIUS!'

Lucius grinned behind him before withdrawing his tongue. He licked up and down the teenager's arse before thrusting back in and pulling at his shaft. He flicked his thumb over the head of Harry's cock and used his free arm to pull Harry back, face suddenly buried between the teenager's cheek.

Harry swore hoarsely as he came again, leaking all over Lucius' hand and the bed. He shook violently, muscles twisting and burning as pleasure descended over his mind and body.

Lucius pulled back and pressed soft kisses to Harry's lower back before dragging the teenager up. Harry moaned tiredly and fell against Lucius, face pressed into the man's hard stomach. Lucius lifted Harry's chin and made the boy watch as he licked his hand clean, swallowing Harry's seed.

Harry moaned again, eyes heavy with exhaustion but also dark with lust. Lucius stood tall, crotch level with Harry's face, and watched the Gryffindor's eyes flick down to his still hard and heavy shaft.

'Well?' Lucius asked.

Harry immediately leapt forward, wrapping his lips around Lucius' cock and sucking him down to the root. Lucius groaned and let himself go a little, enjoying what Harry could do without being the one in control.

Clearly enjoying himself, Harry groaned and looked up at Lucius. The man nearly came right there and then; Harry's bright emerald eyes were staring up at him through dark lashes. His hair was even messier then usual and stuck to his sweaty forehead. His skin was flushed a deep red, face a mask of pleasure.

'Gods, Harry,' Lucius groaned, raising a hand and brushing his knuckles over the boy's overheated cheek.

'Mmf,' Harry mumbled and sucked back harder. He grabbed Lucius' hip with one hand, the other
wrapping around the base of his cock. Every time he pulled back, he fisted Lucius' shaft and pulled.

'Ah, fuck,' Lucius grunted. 'Harry, Harry, Harry...' He scraped his nails through Harry's messy black hair and watched the teenager shiver. The Gryffindor's cock was twitching, slowly re-hardening as Harry licked and sucked on Lucius' shaft. 'Look at you, getting all hot and bothered for me again.'

Harry moaned and swallowed around Lucius' cock.

'You've already come twice and you're so desperate for me again.'

'Oh goff,' Harry moaned and closed his eyes. He pushed forward, taking Lucius completely and swallowing. He pulled back and let Lucius fall from him with a very wet pop before thrusting his face forward. He buried his nose in Lucius' pubic hair and breathed in deeply.

There was baked bread and chilli, musk and man, sex and pre-ejaculate, Lucius and lubricant and love and-

Lucius grabbed Harry by the sides of the head and growled. Harry's mouth dropped open and Lucius thrust back in. His jaw was stretched wide, lips expanding as Lucius pumped into him. He was hard, rough, and Harry moaned in enjoyment. He looked up at Lucius and the man groaned, licking his lips as he watched Harry take him over and over again.

Harry could taste pre-come and himself, a bitterness that covered his tongue and made his gut ache. Heat was burning through his lower half and Harry knew he was hard again. His arse was clenching and unclenching, as though begging Lucius to be filled.

Lucius fucked Harry's face hard and furiously, blonde hair whipping around as the man grunted. Sweat trickled down his chiseled jaw and Lucius bit his lip. His orgasm was building and building, and unlike Harry he wouldn't be able to come again so quickly. So he drew back swiftly, saliva and pre-come dripping down the teenager's red and swollen lips.

Tongue coming out to lap at his bruised lips, Harry looked up at Lucius with dark eyes. Lucius bent and crushed their lips together, tasting so many things in his little mate's mouth. Harry kissed back just as hard, hands threading through Lucius' hair and pulling him down.

Strong hands grabbed Harry's arse and lifted him. Harry wound his arms around Lucius' neck and felt himself being pushed back. Lucius climbed onto the bed and laid Harry down gently, hands warm and smooth on his backside.

They exchanged soft, slow kisses, Lucius licking at Harry's tongue and lips, his teeth nibbling and pulling back on Harry's bottom lip. Harry groaned at the sudden change in pace as the two spent a few minutes just kissing.

Harry's legs were suddenly pulled up and wrapped around Lucius' waist. Harry opened his eyes just in time to see Lucius thrust back into him. He cried out, filled suddenly and so perfectly. He shook as Lucius pulled all the way out, cock sliding between his cheeks.

'Lu-Luci-us...' Harry mumbled, so exhausted yet turned on at the same time. He couldn't believe what Lucius could do to him, the way the blonde tired him out yet made him beg for more. It was amazing, insane, just... Harry loved it.

Lucius rubbed up and down Harry's inner-thighs before he thrust back in, slamming into Harry in one slick movement. Once again the teenager cried out. And, once again, Lucius pulled all the way out, his wet and leaking cock sliding along Harry's skin.
Now the teenager had tears in his eyes, bottom lip sucked into his mouth. Salty liquid spilled from his eyes to mix with his already wet skin. Lucius growled low in his throat, a deep primal sound that shot straight to Harry's cock. He mewed in response and Lucius groaned.

He thrust back in and this time kept going; his hips moved forward and back, filling Harry over and over again and fucking him hard. Harry shouted out in pleasure, back arching off the bed as Lucius grabbed his hips. He pulled Harry off the bed as he slammed in, Harry's cock flopping along his stomach and spreading fresh pre-ejaculate.

Lucius slowed down to move in long, slow thrusts, making sure Harry felt every inch of him as he slid in. The teenager mewed and groaned, alternated between staring at Lucius with his big emerald eyes and thrusting his head back into the pillows to pant.

He was absolutely stunning, gorgeous, and Lucius' heart tore with love and happiness. He felt his Harry Band tighten and knew the teenager felt the same way. Lucius groaned and slid his hands up and down Harry's toned stomach and chest, flicking a nipple before wrapping one hand around Harry's neck.

The teenager gasped, eyes flinging open. He looked up at Lucius with absolute trust and swallowed thickly. Lucius' thumb trailed along Harry's smooth, marked neck and he grinned. His hand slid back down to the boy's cock and his fingers trailed down it slowly.

Harry gasped and watched as Lucius started to up his movements. Soon he was slamming into the teenager again, hitting Harry's prostate each time. The Gyrffindor shouted in pleasure, teeth sinking into his already bruised bottom lip.

Lucius dragged his mate closer and wrapped one arm around his shoulders. He pulled Harry up until they were flush against each other, the Slytherin snapping his hips to continue burying himself in Harry's tight heat. Kissing Harry quickly, Lucius moved down, getting closer and closer to his Mark as their orgasms tore towards them.

Harry was breathing heavily, heart thumping against his chest and Lucius' own. Their hearts beat in sink as Lucius' free hand wrapped around Harry's shaft. He pumped four, five times, before sinking his teeth into Harry's Mark and sucking back hard.

With a strangled cry, Harry came and Lucius followed. Harry leaked across his stomach and Lucius' fist, warm liquid dripping over his heated skin. He shuddered and groaned as Lucius continued to thrust into him and pull.

Lucius moaned against Harry's neck and continued to bite him. He filled the teenager, seed slicking the Gryffindor's insides. Harry's muscles tensed and spasmed, milking Lucius' cock for at least three minutes. Lucius shook against Harry, panting heavily over his mate and whimpering under his breath.

Their magic danced together, sizzling through their veins and finally completing their bond, the tether that joined their hearts. The bands around both their hearts burned white-hot and flexed, expanded, pummelling both men with every feeling they'd ever had for each other.

They were both absolutely wrecked when they broke apart, their magic disappearing to leave them wiped out. Lucius lowered Harry to the bed and the teenager slumped onto the mattress. Lucius managed to pull out slowly, Harry wincing as his tender hole was stretched one last time. The blonde dropped beside his partner and rolled onto his back.

Harry moved immediately, snuggling into Lucius' side. He mewedled and whimpered, nuzzling
Lucius' sweaty chest with his nose and head. Lucius wrapped an arm around the teen and pulled him close, Harry sighing happily and closing his eyes.

'L-Love... y-y-yooou,' Harry finally managed to yawn.

Lucius' lips twitched in a smile as he whispered very softly, 'I love you too, Harry. Our bond is complete.'

Harry smiled happily.

Neither cared that they were covered in various body fluids and completely naked. Both were too hot to get under the blankets and were more then happy to lay there together, both falling asleep with the other on their mind.
Veela Powers

Everything was different when Harry woke. He blinked as he stared up at the ceiling, eyesight fuzzy because his glasses were on his bedside table. He reached over for them and was surprised to feel that his body wasn't sore. He'd become used to being achy and bruised but sat up feeling fresh and strong.

He was still covered in love-bites and bruises, his body sticky and disgusting because he and Lucius hadn't cleaned up the night before.

Harry took a deep breath, knowing it was morning from the sunlight streaming through the window.

He was assaulted by a heavenly scent; fresh baked bread that made his mouth water, something spicy like chilli, and something that made him feel warm/aroused/protected/loved all at the same time. Confused, Harry sniffed again.

'That's me.'

Harry jumped and turned. Lucius was on his back, arms tucked under his pillow. He blinked at Harry with sleep-caked eyes.

'What do you mean?' the teenager asked.

'What you smell is me,' Lucius said, 'that's my scent.'

Harry frowned. 'But... how?'

Lucius chuckled and sat up, yawning and stretching. 'I know you could always smell me, my particular scent, but you could never figure out what it was, right?' Harry nodded. 'Now you can because our bond is complete.'

'Oh,' Harry said.

'What do I smell like?'

'Um... fresh baked bread, all delicious.' Lucius chuckled. 'And spicy, like chilli. There's also... I dunno, it smells like love and protection and makes me horny.'

Lucius laughed again and said, 'Sounds like me.' Harry rolled his eyes as Lucius breathed in deeply. 'Mm.'

'What?' Harry asked.

'I can smell you properly,' Lucius said. 'You're like a forest after a thunderstorm; fresh and young, clean. There's also...' he breathed in again, '... dark chocolate, rich and delicious.' Harry grinned. 'And also love, warmth, exactly what you said; I can't describe it but it's there...'

He trailed off and frowned, sitting up.

'What?' Harry asked.

'Your Mark,' Lucius said, pointing at the spot low on the right side of Harry's neck.
'What about it?' Harry asked.

'It's... different,' Lucius said. 'Dobby!' The house elf cracked into view and Lucius asked, 'Can you please get me a mirror?' Dobby nodded and disappeared, only to return a few seconds later with a mirror. Lucius thanked him again and showed Harry.

The teenager gasped. His Mark was... different, like Lucius had said. It was in the same spot but no longer looked like a large bruise or hickey. It looked like a tattoo now, like thick black ink had been burned into his skin. It was an intricate pattern with many loops and swirls.

'Wow,' Harry said.

'Beautiful,' Lucius murmured.

Harry smiled and said, 'Is this because our bond is complete?'

Lucius nodded. 'You're now Marked as my life mate, Harry. Anyone who sees that Mark will know.'

'Good,' Harry grinned and leaned across to kiss his mate softly. Both gasped. They'd kissed hundreds, thousands of times before, but this time it was different. It was warmer and better, their warm and wet mouths tasting like each other's scents. Harry knew he could drown in Lucius' mouth and reached out to touch him.

His skin was softer then before and burned, imprinting itself on Harry so the teenager could never forget. His hair was like silk, making Harry want to thread his fingers through it and never let go.

Lucius was having the same feelings. Harry's skin was like velvet and seared through him, the boy's breathy moans shrouding his brain and making him shudder.

It was like they'd never kissed before, never held each other, and both got lost in each other. Lucius pushed Harry down until the Gryffindor was on his back. A quick cleansing charm had them both fresh but it seemed a waste of time as Harry's cock oozed pre-come onto his stomach.

Lucius wasted no time in muttering the lubricant charm, slick fingers quickly sliding into the teenager's hole.

'FUCK!' Harry shouted. He was close to coming already, just from Lucius' fingers alone. It was like he'd never felt them before; they were hot and seemed to pulse, filling Harry completely and making him thrust down. Lucius pushed them in, groaning loudly.

'Shit, Harry, you feel so good,' Lucius panted, eyes darkening until Harry could barely see the silver of his irises. 'I can't even... it's like-

'I know,' Harry groaned. 'Just fuck me, hurry, I need you.'

Lucius prepared him quickly before covering his cock in gel. He moved between Harry's legs and slid in quickly.

They both shouted, amazed at how good it felt. It was better then before, so much better. Harry was perfectly made, muscles clenching deliciously around Lucius' shaft. He was warm and wet and so very strong, body seeming to pulse and coax Lucius to move.

Lucius' cock was exactly right, it was just perfect. Harry cried out as Lucius slid in and out, quickly moving to deep and hard thrusts. Harry scratched at Lucius' shoulders, head tossed back as his body
was assaulted. It was like nothing he'd ever felt before and it wouldn't take long for him to come, he knew.

Lucius felt the same way and wrapped one hand around Harry's cock, tugging quickly. Harry turned and Lucius caught his lips in a searing kiss.

Their bodies were overloading, not able to cope with that amount of pleasure. Lucius kissed his way down Harry's neck and sank his teeth into the Mark.

It was like a trigger, making them both explode. Their bodies seemed to sear and sizzle, muscles twisting and aching, pleasure thrashing through their bodies and making them scream. Magic, both veela and wizard, exploded around them, cracks appearing in the walls and threatening to make the bed break.

Lucius spilled into Harry in thick threads, coating the teenager's insides. It just made Harry cry out more, own come leaking across his stomach. They shuddered together, panting heavily and groaning.

Lucius' veela roared and Harry's mewed as they pressed against each other.

{oOo}

Harry woke again and it was later, close to midday. His body still felt good but there was an edge to it, a kind of lethargy that he'd grown used to after sex. He sat up and groaned; he'd fallen asleep against Lucius, limbs tangled with the blonde's own. Lucius was already awake and looked at Harry with sated eyes.

'What the hell was that?' Harry asked.

'We had sex,' Lucius smirked. 'Was it as good for you as it was for me?'

Harry rolled his eyes. 'Be serious.'

'I am,' Lucius said. 'We had sex. It was just more intense because our bond is complete.'

'More intense?' Harry said. 'Fuck, I felt like I was going to explode.'

'You did,' Lucius said and trailed his fingers up Harry's sticky stomach.

Harry shivered. 'Stop that.'

'Stop what?' Lucius asked innocently.

'We can't stay in here forever.'

'Why not?'

'We have... um... classes.'

'It's December 18th, everyone's left already,' Lucius said.

'Really?' Harry said. 'So we've been in here...'
'Nine days,' Lucius answered.

'Merlin, nine days shagging,' Harry said and flopped back onto the bed. 'Must be a record.'

'Most likely, veelas usually leave after seven,' Lucius said. 'Harry, it's been the best nine days of my life.'

Harry grinned and said, 'Mine too, Lucius. I can't believe... fuck, was that good.'

Lucius chuckled. 'Naturally I'm fantastic in bed,' he drawled.

'Shut up,' Harry said and swatted him. Bad idea because Lucius grabbed his wrist and tugged him closer. 'Lucius,' he whined as the blonde licked his neck.

'Mm?'

'Shower.'

'No.'

'Breakfast?' Harry tried.

'No,' Lucius repeated.

Harry paused before saying, 'Sex?'

Lucius grinned. 'Oh yes.'

{oOo}

When they finally left the bedroom after showering (Harry had to stop Lucius jumping him again) and changing, they made their way out to the sitting room. The entire place smelled heavily of sex and magic and Harry and Lucius both had to cast a few spells to clean the air.

It was lunch time and though they wanted to spend more time alone, both wanted to see Draco and the others. So they made their way through the empty castle, fingers threaded together and bodies close.

They entered the Great Hall and found that all the tables had been moved to one side and replaced with a single one in the centre of the Hall. Most of the teachers were seated, as well as five students that were staying for the holidays. Ron, Hermione and Draco were all there, Draco waiting on his dad and Harry. Ron and Hermione would be heading to the Burrow later that afternoon.

All eyes turned to them and quite a number of people grinned. Harry knew he looked thoroughly debauched; his hair was a mess, even more so then usual, and he had at least ten hickies visible as well as his Mark, which had a number of teeth marks around it. Lucius looked smug as hell as he led Harry to the table.

Lucius sat between Severus and Hermione and dragged Harry onto his lap.

'Protest all you want,' the blonde said, 'I'm not letting you leave my arms.'
Harry huffed but snuggled into Lucius' warmth. Severus rolled his eyes and Draco grinned.

Lunch was hard and not just because he was sitting on Lucius' lap. Harry's heightened senses assualted him. He could smell each and every food and each and every person and it made his head spin.

Hermione smelled like books, knowledge, and woman. Harry couldn't explain it but she did. Ron was like fresh-cut grass and something tangier, vinegar or something. Draco was fresh baked cookies (a bit like his dad there) and pickles as well as something that Harry interpreted as adorableness and love.

Severus was a mixture of things; dittiny and pepper, roast chicken and intelligence. He, Hermione and Ron all smelled friendly, like Harry was being told to trust them by his nose.

'Strange, isn't it?' Lucius murmured as he ate his sandwhich.

Harry nodded. 'It's so powerful.'

'What is?' Hermione asked.

'Your smell,' Harry said. Hermione's eyebrows went up before realisation went through her.

'Oh, you can smell our scents now because you completed the bond,' she said knowingly.

Harry smiled as Draco asked, 'What do I smell like?'

'Cookies and innocence,' Lucius answered.

Draco frowned. 'That's no fun.'

'What, you want to smell like danger?' Harry asked.

Draco pouted and Harry immediately tried to get up. He wanted to hug the teenager, smooth his hair back, and pile his plate high with food. Lucius pulled him down and said, 'Easy, you'll embarrass him.'

Harry scowled but said, 'Draco, eat more.'

'I had two sandwiches,' Draco said. Harry's face made it clear that he wouldn't take no for an answer. Sighing, Draco grabbed another roast beef sandwhich and some wedges. Harry leaned across the table and poured him more pumpkin juice.

'Did you go to all your classes?' Harry asked.

'Of course I did,' Draco said.

'And no one was mean to you?'

Draco frowned. 'No.'

'How have you been?' Harry demanded. 'Everyone's treating you right, yes? And you're not cold, are you? You should always take a jumper, even if it doesn't look like it'll be cold, especially in winter. Are you sleeping enough? Blaise hasn't been a prickt has he? If he has I swear to Merlin-'

Lucius cut him off with a kiss and Harry melted into it, arms winding around Lucius' neck. He completely forgot his rant, and everything else, as he moaned against his mate.
'Dear Gods,' Severus groaned and Lucius broke the kiss.

'Sorry,' Lucius said to his mate, 'but I had to stop you.'

Harry blinked at him, in a daze, and Lucius went back to his lunch. When Harry could think clearly he blushed. Hermione and Albus were grinning at him, as well as most of the witches. Ron was pointedly looking elsewhere and Draco and Severus were smirking.

'Um...’ Harry mumbled before cramming his mouth full of crisps. Hermione smiled at him before reaching for her goblet. She knocked it over and Harry's hand shot out, steadying it before a drop of juice could be spilt. There were gasps from all around the table and Harry said, 'What?'

'How did you do that?' Hermione asked.

'Do what?'

'You moved so fast,' Ron said, eyes wide.

'I did?' Harry frowned. 'Um...'

'You're a veela now,' Lucius reminded him. 'Your senses are heightened; smell, eyesight, reflexes, hearing, taste, touch.'

'Oh,' Harry said, 'but I still have to wear glasses.'

'There's only so much veela magic can do,' Lucius said. 'Your eyesight is atrocious.'

'Bastard,' Harry said and started pouting.

Lucius' veela whined and he wrapped his arms around Harry, nuzzling his mate's neck. He didn't want Harry to be sad, or angry, Harry couldn't be angry! He nipped and kissed Harry's neck until the teenager melted. Only when Harry smiled at him did Lucius go back to his meal.

'You're disgusting,' Severus commented.

'And you are jealous,' Lucius replied.

Severus snorted.

'Damn it,' Draco groaned suddenly.

'What?' Harry practically shouted, protectiveness searing through him. He leapt off Lucius' lap but Lucius held onto him firmly.

'Now I'll never beat you at Quidditch,' Draco said.

Harry blinked. 'Is that all?' he said and sighed in relief, sitting back down. 'Merlin, you worried me.'

'Mummy Malfoy,' Severus commented and the table burst into laughter.

Lucius scowled at them but Harry grinned, proud that others saw how much he cared about Draco. He'd been worried about him and protective before but it was something else now. If anyone tried to harm his kit Harry would kill them.

Draco smiled too and ate happily, even though he'd never win at Quidditch again.
Slowly people began to trickle away, leaving Harry and Lucius alone with Draco, Severus, Hermione, Ron and Albus. The Headmaster's eyes were twinkling like mad, Severus looked like he'd swallowed an onion, Draco was trying to eat the fourth sandwich Harry had slid onto his plate, Hermione was asking questions, and Ron was reading a Quidditch magazine.

'So how are you?' Hermione asked now that they were in the company of friends.

'Good,' Harry grinned and leaned back into his mate. 'Great, actually. Fantastic.'

'We get the point,' Severus drawled.

Harry ignored him.

'Did you really... you know, for the whole nine days?' Hermione whispered, low enough so that only Harry and Lucius could hear her.

Harry smiled. 'Yep.'

'Merlin.'

'He's amazing,' Harry grinned wickedly. Lucius chuckled and Hermione blushed a vivid red, turning away and fanning herself.

Hermione busied herself with a book she'd brought, trying to stave off the images of Harry and Lucius together. Albus leaned forward over his treacle tart and said, 'Lucius, when are you and your family planning to go to Malfoy Manor?'

'Tonight,' Lucius said. His chin was resting on Harry's shoulder and Harry giggled as Lucius tickled him with his nose. Lucius smiled and said, 'Around six or seven if Draco and Severus are ready.'

'All my stuff's at home,' Draco said.

'Mine too,' Severus added.

'Tonight then,' Lucius said.

'Hermione, Ron, are you two still coming on the 26th?' Harry asked.

'Mum and Dad said it's okay, as long as I spend Christmas day with them,' Hermione said.

'I'm coming, the twins, Bill and Fleur too,' Ron said. 'Dad wants to but he's still not sure yet.'

'That's fine, as long as you come,' Harry said before glancing at Albus.

'I'll be there, my boy, Hagrid too.'

'Sirius and Remus wrote to say they'd come over Christmas day if they're allowed,' Hermione said. Harry pulled back to glance at his mate.

'They're more than welcome,' Lucius told him.

Harry grinned. 'Excellent. I'll write them now. Anyone have a quill?'

Hermione, of course, had everything. She still carried around the bag with the extensive charm on
it, meaning she could carry as much stuff as she wanted. She dug around and handed Harry a quill, ink, and parchment.

'Got an owl in there?' Harry joked.

Hermione chuckled and placed her bag on the table. She leaned her head against Harry's shoulder and it was fine until Lucius noticed.

He growled threateningly and tugged Harry away, wrapping his arms around the teen possessively. Harry turned to kiss his mate quickly, Lucius sidetracked from thoughts of revenge by Harry's delicious lips.

'Oh Gods, I'm so sorry, I didn't even think,' Hermione gushed as she scooted away.

'It's fine,' Harry said when he and Lucius broke apart.

'Don't do it again,' Lucius scowled.

'They'll be very possessive of each other,' Severus said, 'it would be best to keep away for a few weeks.'

'Or years,' Lucius sniffed and pressed his face into Harry's neck.

'Lucius, stop, that tickles!' Harry giggled and tried to pull away.

All tension melted and the gathered group smiled at the happy couple.

{oOo}

It became apparent that the bond had affected a lot of things when Harry summoned a book. The thing shot towards him and hit him in the gut, making Harry stumble. Lucius caught him and Harry winced, rubbing his stomach.

'What the hell was that?' the teen demanded.

'You used your wand, the spell was too powerful,' Lucius said. 'Try using wandless magic and think the spell.'

Harry did and the book jumped into his hand. 'Salazar,' Harry muttered, a habit he'd picked up from Lucius, who was always using the Founder's name as an exclamation. 'That's so cool.'

Lucius chuckled. 'You're more powerful now, Harry, you have veela magic.'

'What else can I do?'

'Spells are easier, you can use wandless magic for almost anything except the Unforgivable Curses,' Lucius said. 'You can control an element-

'WHAT?'

Lucius winced. 'Harry, my hearing is better then it was before, please don't shout.'
'Sorry, sorry,' the teen apologised. 'What the hell do you mean I can control an element?'

'How many of those veela books did you read?'

'Um... I stopped reading after the sex parts.'

Luicus chuckled and drew Harry across the sitting room. They had been doing their last minute packing when the book had tried to kill Harry and Lucius sat them on the sofa.

'Every veela has control over an element; fire, water, air or earth.'

'Right,' Harry said, 'how do I know which one?'

'It'll come to you soon enough; you'll start to show an affinity for one element.'

'So cool.'

Lucius chuckled and kissed him softly.

'So, what will I be able to do?'

'If it's fire, you'll be able to control and create it, as well as the temperature. If you get mad the temperature will increase so you'll have to learn to control it. Things will also burst into flames.'

'That's dangerous.'

'I'll help you control it, you'll be fine,' Lucius said. 'Water is the same thing; control, creation, and the temperature will plumate if you get mad.

'Air you can create and control fierce winds that will morph if you lose your temper. That would help in Quidditch; you could simply whip up a wind and have the snitch come straight to you.'

'That would be cheating.'

'And?' Lucius asked, eyebrow raised.

Harry shook his head. 'Slytherin through and through,' he smiled. 'What about earth?'

'You will be able to control and manipulate the earth, which includes trees and other plants. Roots will spring up out of the ground if you get angry.'

'Where did you learn all this?' Harry asked.

'Research,' Lucius said. 'I'm a veela from my mother's side and my father hated it. He was furious when I came of age and proved to be a veela.'

'I'm sorry.'

'It's in the past,' Lucius said, playing with Harry's hair.

'So you'll get an element too?' Lucius nodded. 'I wonder if we'll control the same element.'

'It could happen,' Lucius said, 'but most likely we'll have control over separate elements.'

'I can't wait.'

'Patience, my love.'
'Patience sucks.'
Lucius chuckled.

{oOo}

Everything was packed and Harry, Lucius, Draco and Severus stood in their quarters. They'd said their goodbyes and Lucius took the floo pot. 'Everyone remember what to say?'

'Yes, Lucius, I remember,' Harry grumbled. Of course Draco knew how to get home and Severus had visited the Manor for years. Harry knew Lucius was just checking to make sure he knew where to go.

'My apologies,' Lucius smiled and took a fist full. 'I'll go through first.' He passed the pot to Harry and threw the powder into the flames. They turned green and Lucius stepped in. 'Malfoy Manor, foyer!' He disappeared in a swirl of flames.

It was Harry's turn and he wasn't looking forward to it. He hated all forms of travel that weren't broom. Harry threw his powder down and repeated what Lucius had said. He was sucked through a burning hot tube, twisting and turning, before suddenly being thrust out into light.

Harry was caught by strong arms and groaned, stomach feeling queasy. 'Are you okay?' Lucius asked as he righted the teenager.

'Fine, I just hate flooing,' Harry said.

Lucius tutted at his state and waved his hand. The soot covering Harry disappeared and the teenager thanked him with a kiss.

The hearth turned green again and Severus stepped out. 'Circe, don't you two ever stop?'

They broke apart, Harry blushing, as Draco appeared from the fire. Dobby and Griffy popped into view and Lucius said, 'Dinner will be at seven, whatever you've whipped up will be perfect.'

'Welcomes home, Masters,' Dobby and Griffy both said. They bowed before disapparating.

'I'm going to go put my things away,' Draco said and disappeared.

'Me too,' Severus said. 'You two behave.' He smirked at Harry's blush and left the couple alone.

'So...' Lucius said, hand drifting to touch Harry's arse.

'You never stop,' Harry grinned before leaping onto his mate. He wrapped his arms around Lucius' neck, legs around his waist, and Lucius apparated them to the bedroom with a crack.

{oOo}

They didn't reappear until dinner, both looking thoroughly shagged. Harry's hair was sticking up
wildly and he had two fresh hickies on his neck. Lucius was his usual smooth self, apart from the red and swollen lips.

Draco grimaced and Severus rolled his eyes. Lucius sat at the head of the table and managed to let Harry sit beside him. Draco was on the left, Severus the right.

Their food appeared on the table; turkey, roast beef, baked and mashed potatoes, cooked vegetables and salad. Harry tucked in quickly, feeling ravenous.

They ate mostly in silence, the odd conversation starting. By the time dessert was finished, a lovely raspberry cheesecake with cookies and cream ice-cream that Harry practically inhaled, everyone was feeling full and warm.

Lucius, Severus and Draco were all drinking wine, Harry butterbeer, and the two teenagers let the adults' conversation wash over them.

Harry felt Lucius tense, Severus yet again teasing him and Harry. Lucius snarled at the potions master, who flicked him off.

Suddenly storm clouds swirled into view above them and broke out, thunder crackling as rain poured onto them. Harry, Draco and Severus all shouted and jumped to their feet, soaked in seconds. Rain splattered against everything, water dripping off the table and sloshing around their feet.

Lucius blinked, staring at Severus before looking around. He was completely dry, the water sliding off his skin like he repelled it.

'LUCIUS, STOP IT!' Severus roared.

As quickly as the rain had started it stopped, the clouds disappearing in an invisible wind. Harry and the others were dripping wet, hair clinging to their faces and clothes hugging their frames.

'Well, Father,' Draco said as he pushed wet hair from his forehead, 'it seems we know what element you can control.'

Lucius grinned. He was the only person not wet and Harry shook his head, showering them all (except Lucius) in water.

'As long as you don't drown us, I'm fine,' Harry said.

"You don't have to teach me how to swim now," Lucius said silently.

His voice was clearer then it had been before and Harry grinned. "Why?" he asked.

"I can't drown in my element, Harry," Lucius tisked.

"So you can swim now?"

"Swim in water, walk on it, control it, whatever I want."

"Awesome."

Lucius chuckled and picked up his goblet. The water melted right off it, splashing onto the drenched table.

'Care to clean this up?' Severus asked, gesturing around the room.
'I can try,' Lucius said and screwed up his face in concentration. The water all joined together, forming a massive blob. Lucius stood and walked it out, flicking his hand at a window and opening it. He sent the water out and it splashed across the ground. 'That was fun,' he said when he'd joined the others.

'I'm still wet,' Harry pouted, gesturing at his damp clothes. A fierce wind knocked them all from their chairs. Harry was lifted into the air, clothes quickly dried. His hair stuck up wildly as he was lowered to his feet, the wind disappearing.

Lucius, Draco and Severus got up, the blonde teenager groaning. 'Bloody hell, a little warning!' he snapped.

'What just happened?' Harry asked.

'Air, your element is air,' Lucius said, smoothing down his hair and robes.

Harry grinned and a light wind ruffled his hair. 'Wicked.'

{oOo}

Lucius gave Harry a tour of the grounds the next day... well most of the grounds, because the Manor was quite large and it would take days to explore the forest that circled the back of the building, including the lakes, the river, the Quidditch pitch, the manicured lawns and eating areas and back veranda and... Harry stopped listening there.

He and Lucius enjoyed a nice quiet walk; just chatting, and kissing, and a quick shag on a marble bench before rearranging their clothes and walking back to the house.

Harry looked up at it; the building really was beautiful. It was all dark and made of wood and stone, with a large roof and windows everywhere trimmed in white paint.

The veranda, which wrapped around the back of the house and the right side, was made of dark wood varnished to perfection with a low railing. There was an awning coming off the right side and partly down the back, surrounded with tall green trees and gardens that were bursting with bushes and flowers.

That area was enclosed with Slytherin-green coverings that could be pulled down and there was a fireplace inside so it could be used in winter. There were also tables and chairs, all spelled to withstand the weather, as well as a pool table.

Next to the awning part of the veranda, and through two doors, was an indoor swimming pool that Harry had yet to see. Lucius had said he didn't go in there much because he couldn't swim but he'd have to take Harry now that he could.

Peacocks strutted around the snow-covered grounds as well as a number of brightly coloured birds and other scampering animals.

Lucius had said there were something like thirty or more bedrooms, more bathrooms, at least seven dinning rooms, two ballrooms, five recreational rooms, two libraries, three studies, and a number of other rooms Lucius had never visited. The house was huge, the grounds beautiful, and Harry was looking forward to living there and raising a family.
'You already live here, Harry,' Lucius reminded him when Harry said that.

Harry grinned stupidly.

It wasn't too cold so they had lunch on the back deck, the covered part, as Harry learned that they referred to the open part as the verenda. It was warm inside, a bright fire keeping them toasty. The place was beautiful, the coverings slightly open to show them the snow-covered landscape, spells keeping the cold out. A large circular table sat to the right, the pool table to the left, and Draco and Severus were already seated.

'Enjoy your stoll?' Severus said, smirking at them knowingly as food popped onto the table.

'Yes, we did,' Lucius said, watching as Harry placed four rolls on his plate, six on Draco's. 'Harry's very flexible.'

Draco choked on his roll and Severus had to pat his back. Lucius smirked until a ham, pickle, and chilli sauce roll was shoved into his mouth.

'If you're going to tease Severus you can at least eat,' Harry said and scowled until Lucius took a bite.

Satisfied that the two men in his life were eating, Harry started on his own lunch.

They ate in silence for a few minutes until Severus said, 'Lucius, do you remember that Yule we spent here?'

Lucius sipped his pumpkin juice. 'My sixth year?' The other Slytherin nodded. 'I remember it, why?'

'I thought I saw a wolf in the snow when I was picking potions ingredients,' Severus said.

'Ah, yes, over by Theodore Lake behind the south-west trees,' Lucius nodded. 'I remember my father shouting at you for being an idiot.'

Severus snorted. 'Your father wouldn't have known a wolf if it bit him on the arse.'

'True,' Lucius nodded. 'Why are you bringing that up?'

'I just remember it, it was the first Christmas I actually enjoyed,' Severus said. His voice got a little hard at the end and Harry's eyes softened. He knew what Severus' home life had been like as a child, they all did. Sev had been no better off then Harry.

'Let's talk about good things,' Harry said. 'Like did you two ever hook up?'

Draco was choking again and Severus raised an eyebrow as he patted his godson on the back.

'Excuse me?' Lucius asked.

Harry grinned. 'I know you've been with other men,' he said pointedly, 'and I feel that Sev isn't one hundred percent straight.'

'Merlin, my ears!' Draco gasped.

'So I need to know if I have to kill Severus for touching you innapropriately,' Harry said and looked between the two men.
They both snorted, though Severus inched away from the teenager.

'No, Harry, we've always just been friends,' Lucius said and threaded his fingers through Harry's. 'Nothing has ever happened between us.'

'Lucius was a dog in school and I have taste,' Severus said.

Harry growled at him but Lucius chuckled.

'It's true, my love,' Lucius said. 'When I hit puberty... well... I couldn't keep my snake in it's cage, so to speak.'

'Shut up!' Draco shouted. 'Please, shut up, you don't hear me yapping about my sex life!'

'What sex life?' Severus asked.

Draco glowered at him. 'I could ask you the same thing.'

Harry and Lucius snickered at the afronted look on the potion master's face.

'You've never had a girlfriend?' Harry asked Draco. 'Or boyfriend?'

Draco glared at him for bringing this up in front of his father and godfather. But he said, 'No, I haven't.'

'Why?' Harry asked.

Draco sighed. 'I want to find my mate, I don't want to settle for anything other then him or her.'

He glanced at his father, who nodded in approval.

'What about Pansy Parkinson?' Harry asked. 'You two always seemed close.'

Draco snorted. 'Pansy? Gods, no. She's always wanted me for my money.'

'Vile little girl,' Lucius sniffed.

'I agree there,' Severus said.

'No, I haven't been with anyone...' Draco said, trailing off. Harry knew he was thinking about his mate, whoever that may be. He hoped Draco found him or her soon.

'Okay, let's move on,' Harry said. 'How about we talk about that wolf.'

The chair beneath the teenager broke and Lucius jumped to his feet. Instead of Harry, there was a large black wolf with bright green eyes. It was a massive creature with a curled tale that flicked between it's hind legs as it stood.

Severus and Draco backed away quickly and Lucius tilted his head.

'Harry?'

Suddenly the wolf was gone, replaced by the Gryffindor again. Harry was sitting on his arse, clothes dishevelled and glasses askew. 'What just happened?' he asked.

'I think you transformed into a wolf,' Severus said.
'I did what?'

'You found your Animagus form,' Severus said, eyeing the teenager with great respect.

Harry frowned. 'How can I just turn into a wolf-

He transformed again, the jet-black wolf staring at them all. Lucius smiled and said, 'Harry.'

The teenager was back and he scowled. 'How can I just do that? Doesn't it take years of training and meditation and... stuff?'

'Harry, you're a veela, you seem to forget that you have more magic,' Lucius said. 'You're stronger now and more in-tune with your body and magic. Not much is hard for you anymore.'

'Could have used this when fighting Voldemort,' Harry snorted. 'So what, I can just turn into a wolf-

Lucius sighed as wolf-Harry once more stared up at him. 'Harry, please.'

Harry cursed as he came back to himself and stood. 'Okay, no saying the W word, because apparently my magic takes that to mean 'Hey, Harry, change into a wolf.'

Wolf-Harry seemed to be scowling and Severus grinned as the creature growled. 'Harry,' he said.

Harry was back and he swore loudly. 'I have got to stop doing that.'

'I think you look breathtaking,' Lucius commented.

'Only you would be attracted to a wolf,' Severus teased.

Lucius rolled his eyes. 'I'm attracted to Harry, whatever form he takes, wolf-

Lucius was gone, a large white wolf in his place. His eyes were still pale grey and his ears flicked back, nose moving as he scented the air.

'That is so cool,' Harry grinned, eyeing his mate. 'You're a W too.'

'Lucius, come back,' Severus said.

The wolf transformed and Lucius stumbled as he tried to stand on two legs. 'What just happened?' he asked.

'That's what I said!' Harry commented.

'You're a wolf Animagus too,' Severus mused. 'I've never seen two people reach a full transformation so quickly.'

'It's 'cause we're so powerful and awesome,' Harry grinned.

Lucius chuckled. 'So I'm a wolf-

He transformed and Harry grinned. He leaned forward and Lucius pushed into him, nuzzling into Harry's chest and making the Gryffindor giggle. He ran his fingers through Lucius' fur.

'Oh, you're so soft.'

Lucius licked his hand.
'Lucius!' the potions master scolded.

Lucius was back and he righted his robes. 'So, we must control that so we can say the W word.'

'Moony and Padfoot aren't going to believe this,' Harry said. 'It took Siri years to learn to transform. Being a veela is awesome.'

'I know it is,' Lucius grinned and tugged his mate close for a kiss.

Draco had remained silent throughout the entire thing but suddenly he exploded. 'THAT WAS SO COOL, DO YOU THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO DO THAT WHEN I BOND WITH MY MATE? THAT WAS AWESOME, DO IT AGAIN!'

Harry and Lucius glanced at each other before both saying, 'Wolf.'

They transformed and Harry strutted around Lucius, tail down, his dominant mate eying him with great interest.

"Can you hear me?" Harry asked silently.

"Yes," Lucius answered.

"This is awesome, I didn't think I'd ever be an Animagus."

"If you'd read those veela books completely you'd know that this could happen," Lucius said. "The trick is learning to control it."

Harry nuzzled into Lucius' chest. His mate was bigger then him and stood at least two feet taller. He wrapped his head around Harry's neck and breathed in deeply.

Their scents were much stronger in this form and both keened at each other. Harry dropped and rolled, showing his stomach and submission to his mate. Lucius growled in approval.

Suddenly they were both human again and Harry scrambled to his feet.

'And we'll be off,' Lucius grinned before he and Harry disapparated.

'Urgh, they're disgusting,' Draco complained as he fell into his seat.

'I agree,' Severus said.

'That was cool, though,' Draco grinned and munched on his roll. 'I hope I can do that.'

'You will, I'm sure of it,' Severus told him. 'I was waiting for it to happen, I didn't think they'd both be wolves.'

'Mm, I wonder what I'll be,' Draco mused before he was lost in thought.

{oOo}

'It's so weird,' Harry said. He and Lucius were lying in bed together, tangled in the sheets naked. Harry had his head resting on Lucius' chest, the blonde stroking a hand through his hair.

'If you'd read-

'The veela books, I know,' Harry grumbled, cutting him off. 'Suppose I should, don't want any more
surprises.'

Lucius chuckled.

'Why wol... erm, W's, though?' Harry asked.

'Family,' Lucius replied. 'You hold family above all else. You are brave, loyal, cunning, like a wo-W. It suits you.'

'What about you?'

'I'm whatever you need me to be,' Lucius said, 'and I'm all the things I just listed.'

'Mm,' Harry murmured. 'Still strange.'

'W's are mysterious.'

'I can't wait to see Sirius' and Remus' faces.'

Lucius chuckled.
Yule

Harry and Lucius managed to get control of their new gifts early on. There was still a few mishaps, like when Lucius nearly drowned his mate in the shower, and when Harry sent Severus flying across the grounds after the professor annoyed him. As long as they didn't get too angry or too passionate they were safe.

Sex had taken on a new twist. Not only was it far better then it had been before, their elements always decided to make an appearance. When Lucius climaxed, Harry often found the room filled with water, the two swimming laps before Lucius got rid of it. When Harry was close to coming, a fierce wind would push Lucius harder, stronger, and would swirl around them, lulling them to sleep.

They managed to get their wolf forms under control... sort of. When one of them was feeling particularly emotional they'd transform and the other would follow. After that there was a lot of nipping and growling, a lot of chasing and rolling. Usually followed by them transforming back to themselves and shagging like rabbits.

It was pretty fun, really.

As pure-bloods, Lucius and Draco celebrated Yule. They were Pagans but not strictly so, they only followed some of the customs, all to do with Christmas.

Every night leading up to Christmas they heaped wood up in the Manor grounds, Draco and Lucius both lighting it with magic. They'd stand around the bonfire and think about their year, celebrating new life and the sun and the many gods that littered Pagan history.

The Manor was decorated in colourful paper; red, green, gold, white, silver, yellow, and orange were the colours. There were bubbles that floated above them in some rooms and confetti rained down whenever you walked through a certain doorway, disappearing when you were gone. Sparkly lights, that Harry were sure where faeries, twinkled overhead every time they ate dinner or retired to the study for drinks.

Incense was burned in the sitting room, study, and bedrooms; pine, cedar and cinnamon were the ones that Harry could identify. Lucius would put the sticks into little holders and light them with a hand wave, thick smoke spiralling out to fill the room.

There were a few symbols Harry began to grow accustomed to over the days leading up to Christmas... er, Yule. Mistletoe was a familiar one, the small plant hung in doorways. Severus and Harry accidently stepped under one and Severus found himself drenched by a very angry veela after pecking a blushing Harry on the cheek.

Long gold candles were left around the place lit, surrounded by magic to make sure they didn't set anything on fire. Baskets of clove and various fruits were placed on each and every table and wreaths and holly adorned many doorknobs and windows.

Harry was made to sit down and write a letter that would be burned at the bonfire on Yule night. It was a mix of Malfoy and Yule tradition; you planned for the future, as Yule symbolised rebirth, and the Malfoys had always written letters to themselves wishing for a happy year.

Harry found it odd that the Malfoys were so symbolic and into their faiths; it was nice though and Harry loved Yule, even more then Christmas, so sat down and penned himself a note;
- Protect Lucius and Draco
- Protect my friends and family
- Make sure Draco stays safe
- Make Lucius do that thing with his tongue every time
- Celebrate big; birthdays, graduations, anything, just have a party
- Have sex with Lucius at least once a week
- Marry Lucius before next Christmas Yule
- Get Lucius under some mistletoe
- Learn what that incense is that Severus burns in his room
- Talk about marriage and babies with Lucius
- Make Lucius proud

Harry rolled up the note to himself, which had more become a list of things to do over the following year, and stuck it into the desk in his and Lucius' room where it would stay until Yule night.

Harry and Lucius busied themselves in the kitchen, another thing Harry hadn't thought Lucius would ever do, and rubbed Yule herbs into meat that would be thrown into the bonfire on Yule as an offering to the gods. They used evergreen, mistletoe, oak, pine and sage, as well as herbs Harry had never heard of like bayberry, blessed thistle, frankinscense holly, and yellow ceder.

The couple had a lot of fun, giggling with each other and throwing herbs. Severus and Draco joined them to make a few things before disappearing, Severus saying they were disgusting. Harry was too happy to care.

Harry learned that there were a lot of stones that went with Yule; rubies, bloodstones, garnets, emeralds, and diamonds. They had to wear one of the stones every day in the week leading up to Yule (another Malfoy tradition). Harry either had a leather necklace around his neck or a few chords wrapped around his wrists, each with a beautiful stone. Lucius liked the emeralds Harry wore, all bright green and wrapped in light leather. Harry decided he would wear them more often, but only if Lucius wore the diamonds.

Severus asked if they were going to go wassailing (Draco explained to Harry that it was caroling) and the teenager grinned when Lucius scowled and snapped that he would never go caroling. They all enjoyed the imagery of Lucius Malfoy knocking on someone's door and bursting into song. Lucius nearly drowned them all.

A lot of spells were cast during the week, ones of peace, harmony, love and increased happiness. Harry did his part by shouting that he loved Lucius whenever they had sex. Lucius pointed out that that didn't count. Harry continued to do it anyway.

{oOo}
Harry woke Christmas morning to Lucius kissing him. They'd enjoyed a nice romp the night before, like they did most nights, and Harry grinned and stretched.

'Morning, love,' Lucius said. 'Merry Christmas and happy Yule.'

'Merry Christmas and happy Yule to you too,' Harry said and kissed him back.

They stayed in their pyjamas and threw on their robes. Snow was falling outside the windows, blanketing the Manor and its grounds in white. Harry and Lucius found Draco already sitting by the tree, bouncing in excitement. Harry grinned and kissed the top of Draco's head.

'Merry Christmas.'

'Happy Yule,' Draco replied. 'Presents now?'

'We have to wait for Sirius and Remy,' Harry said, checking his watch. 'They should be here in an hour.'

Draco whined and Lucius said, 'I'll go get Sev up.'

A few minutes later there was a bellow and Lucius walked in cackling. Severus followed behind, dripping wet and fuming.

'You utter prick,' Severus scowled, pushing wet locks from his eyes.

'You wouldn't get up,' Lucius said and sat on the sofa.

'You're a bastard,' Harry said and his mate grinned. Tutting, Harry looked at Severus. A soft, warm wind surrounded the potions master and dried him quickly.

'Thank you, Harry,' Severus said and disappeared to change. Severus Snape would never sit with a group of people in his pyjamas, no matter how much he liked them.

Draco was itching to open his presents, and there were a fair few under the tree, but every time he inched closer Harry would flick him back with a sharp wind. Draco pouted and folded his arms and it took all of Harry's self control not to give in and let Draco have his way.

At nine Dobby appeared to say there were two men at the gates, shivering violently. Lucius cursed when he realised he hadn't changed the wards to let them in. He and Harry hurried outside and came back with Sirius, Remus and little Teddy Lupin, the two men staring at Lucius in his black silk pyjamas.

'Draco, you can open your presents now,' Harry said as he cuddled his godson close.

'Thank you!' Draco shouted and started tearing into them.

They all exchanged gifts, Harry sitting beside Lucius so the man could open his presents. Harry got a thick book on the Veela Nation from Hermione with instructions to read it properly and not just skip to the better bits. From Ron he got chocolates and Quidditch magazines. Fred and George gave him a box of Weasleys products as well as a book on sex for gay couples. Harry blushed furiously and shoved that between the sofa cushions.

From Severus he got a photo album with pictures of Lily when she was a child. Harry leapt to his feet and hugged the potions master, only to be yanked back by his scowling mate.

Sirius gave Harry a new watch, the same one he'd got from James' parents when he'd turned
seventeen. Harry grinned and went to hug him but stopped when Lucius glared. He settled for saying thank you.

Remus' gift was a dozen bottles of butterbeer as well as an animated toy; a dementor revolved around a wooden base being chased by a stag patronus. Harry remembered Remus teaching him how to cast a patronus and was close to tears before managing to choke out a thank you.

Draco got him a heap of clothes; shirts and trousers and a little note that said his father would love the underwear. Harry was mortified that Draco had bought him underwear.

One of the best gifts of all was the one from Lucius; a glass orb filled with white smoke. Harry just had to concentrate and touch it and he could see whatever he wanted; him and Lucius having sex, eating lunch in the Great Hall, Quidditch. Harry thanked Lucius with a long and passionate kiss that only stopped when Draco chucked a chocolate frog at him.

Lucius nearly cried when he unwrapped Harry's gift. It was an assortment of things, all placed in a beautifully carved mahogany box. There were two little booklets that they each kept; Lucius just had to write a sentence down and Harry would get it. They could write dirty notes to each other in class. Sirius and Draco both clapped their hands over their ears when Harry said that and the couple grinned.

There was a bracelet with a snake and lion twirled around each other, the snake's eyes changing colour based on Lucius' mood, and the lion's changing colour based on Harry's. 

There was a crate of pickles that had been magiced down to fit in the box but Harry assured his mate there were about fifty jars in there.

The final gift was a photo album that Harry, Draco, Severus, Sirius and Remus had all helped create. It was filled with pictures of Lucius and Harry as babies, as well as Draco, pictures of Lucius and Severus in their younger years, and finally pictures of Harry and Lucius together.

Another long snog was in order, Lucius vowing they would take more pictures together. Harry agreed and suddenly Lucius apparated them to their bedroom.

{oOo}

When they rejoined the others, Harry apologising and Lucius smirking, Draco was starting on his last gift, the one from Harry and his dad. He peeled the wrapping away and opened the box, frowning as he reached inside.

He pulled out a broomstick, standing so he could see it properly. The Slytherin's mouth fell open when he saw it.

'Merlin,' he gaped, 'this is... this is...'

It was the Firebolt Two, made of a wood and ash handle like the first. It was dipped more in the middle and had charms on it to make it more comfortable. Not a twig was out of place and the wooden handle was polished to perfection. Green letters blazed at the tip; Firebolt Two, Model 01.

Draco's mouth fell open. 'This... this...'}
'The Firebolt Two, the very first one made for mass production,' Harry grinned. 'I had to throw my name about to get it but I think it was worth it.'

'Do you like it, Kit?' Lucius asked. 'We could take it ba- oof!' Draco had tackled his father and hugged him tightly.

'Thank you, thank you, thank you!'

Lucius chuckled. 'It was Harry's idea.'

Draco drew back to look at the Gryffindor. 'Really?'

Harry nodded. 'I know I said you shouldn't want the Firebolt Two just because it's new but... I did a bit of thinking and realised your Nimbus 2001 was pretty old; you got it when you were twelve, that was six years ago. It got destroyed and you've been using your spare Nimbus 2000 without complaint.

'You didn't argue when your father said no, you accepted his decision like an adult,' Harry continued. 'I thought that showed great maturity and... it's Christmas, I thought you deserved something you really wanted.' He grinned suddenly. 'Plus now you might just have a chance at beating me in Quidditch.'

Draco grinned from ear-to-ear and hugged Harry too. 'Thank you so much, Harry, really. This is an awesome present.'

'Shut up and go for a fly, I know you're dying to.'

Draco nodded quickly, hugged them both again, and took off.

'Wear a jacket!' Harry shouted after him.

The collected group chuckled.

'I feel like a parent, watching Draco do that,' Harry said.

'You are a parent,' Lucius reminded him and wrapped his arms around the teenager's waist. 'That was a lovely thing to do for Draco, I know how you feel about over buying.'

Harry shrugged. 'You were right; his broom was old, he needed a new one.' He paused. 'Besides, no kit of mine should be flying around on an out-of-date broom.'

Lucius chuckled and pressed a kiss to Harry's cheek. 'We'll make a Malfoy out of you yet.'

'Wait, does that make Draco my grandson?' Sirius asked.

'I suppose so,' Harry said.

Sirius grinned. 'Excellent, I get to clip him over the ear.'

'You will not,' Harry scowled, eyes darkening in anger.

'Calm down, love,' Lucius said and shoved a box of chocolates into his hands. 'Mm, chocolate.'

Harry was a sucker for chocolate.
Harry and Lucius spent the day in the sitting room, going through the two photo albums. Harry got a bit teary but Lucius always rubbed them away with a quick kiss and a mumbled, 'I love you'.

Harry spent a lot of the afternoon with Teddy. Lucius still had Draco's baby toys and he and Harry sat on the floor with the toddler, watching him squeal and throw things around. Lucius charmed a few toys to fly around and Teddy giggled.

Lucius noted that Harry was good with kids. He knew just how to handle Teddy and didn't mind changing nappies or feeding him. He burped Teddy just right and cooed in his ear. He was perfect, absolutely beautiful with children.

An image of Harry with a little dark-haired boy leapt into his mind and refused to leave. Harry would look stunning pregnant with Lucius' child, stomach swollen, face glowing with good health. He'd be wonderful with their kids too and Lucius smiled to himself.

After putting Teddy down for his nap in a cot Lucius had transfigured, the Slytherin wrapped his arms around his mate and said, 'You want children, yes?'

'Of course I do,' Harry answered.

'And you would be okay with carrying them?'

Harry turned and wrapped his arms around Lucius' neck. 'I'd love to, Lucius. Nothing would make me happier then to become pregnant with our child.'

'Not too soon,' Lucius said. 'After you graduate and we get married.'

Harry grinned. 'Sounds good to me.'

They kissed chastely before breaking apart, Lucius' face suddenly very sinful. 'How about we go practice?'

Harry grinned and tugged his mate into the study where Severus and Sirius were playing chess, Remus reading. 'Watch Teddy, Luce and I are gonna go practice making babies.'

Lucius apparated them to the bedroom and Sirius' screamed, 'WHAT?' echoed throughout the house.

Finally it was dinner and Harry and Lucius dressed before joining the others in the dining room. Lucius sat at the head of the table with Harry on his right, Draco his left. Sirius and Remus, with Teddy in a high chair, sat on Harry's side, Severus on Draco's.

The food appeared magically. There was turkey and roast chicken, ham, beef, pork and lamb, steamed and roasted vegetables, baked potatoes and mashed, bowls of fruit and potato bake. There were stews with every type of meat and vegetable thrown in, all smelling delicious as they steamed.
There was a bowl of pickles and other greens as well as bowls of honey, vinegar, salad dressing, nuts, ginger, and minced garlic. There were pitchers of iced pumpkin juice, Muggle sodas Harry was fond of, bottles of wine and firewhiskey and eggnog.

Lucius cut all the meats before raising his glass in a toast. 'To family.'

'To family,' the others chorused.

'Remus, Sirius,' Lucius continued, speaking their first names for the first time, 'we were enemies, strangers, but now we're drawn together because of my mate, my love, the most precious thing in my world.' Harry blushed. 'I'm glad Harry has had you in his life and I hope you'll be in our joined lives for many years to come.'

'We're just glad you make Harry happy,' Sirius said.

'Agreed,' Remus said.

Lucius smiled. 'Draco, I love you, my son, my kit, and you continue to make me proud.'

'Glad to do it,' Draco grinned.

The blonde turned to his best friend. 'Severus, my friend, my confidant, thank you for your years of wisdom.'

'You'd be dead without me,' Severus said.

Lucius rolled his eyes before clearing his throat. 'Also, to little Teddy Lupin'- the baby gurgled, '-thank you for throwing one of Draco's old toys at my head, it was well deserved, and I apologise for not handing you the elephant the first time.'

The group laughed and Lucius held his cup high.

'A toast to our friends, our loved ones, the people we care about who make our lives complete. Also, to a year filled with love, peace, harmony and happiness.'

'Hear, hear,' the group chorused and drank.

They slid into a more comfortable atmosphere, Harry migrating to Lucius' lap. They fed each other every manner of food and the others chose to ignore the sounds they made.

Harry was just eating a piece of ham when he saw Sirius kiss Remus quickly. He choked and spluttered, hacking loudly. Lucius patted him on the back before Harry could breath again, the teenager standing.

'WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TWO DOING?'

Sirius blushed and Remus said, 'What?'

'YOU TWO JUST KISSED!' Harry shouted.

'Well... we were waiting to tell you,' Remus said and looked at Sirius.

'We're together,' Sirius told his godson.

Harry blinked at them.
'Are you mad?' Remus asked.

'I thought you'd be okay with this,' Sirius added.

Harry blinked again. And then a broad grin spread across his face. 'FINALLY!' he shouted.

'Harry, stop yelling,' Lucius said, yanking the teenager back onto his lap.

'Sorry,' Harry blushed. 'Merlin, it's good to see you two together, I thought it'd never happen.' He frowned and turned to Lucius. 'Damn it, you won.'

'I know,' Lucius grinned.

'What do I owe you?' Harry asked. 'You already...'

"... know how to swim," the teenager finished silently.

Lucius tilted his head before silently saying, "I know the perfect thing."

"Care to share?"

"Not really, no."

'Bastard,' Harry said out loud.

'Wait, you were betting on us?' Sirius asked.

Harry and Lucius nodded. 'And Lucius won, he said you'd be together by Chritmas.'

'And you said by your nineteenth birthday,' Lucius smiled. 'Silly veela.'

'Shut up,' Harry said and forced a fork-full of potato bake into the blonde's mouth.

Lucius grinned around his food.

'So you're okay with it?' Remus asked.

'Course I am,' Harry said, eating slowly. 'Just glad you're happy.'

Remus said, 'Thanks, Cub,' a look of relief washing over his face.

Harry smiled.

{oOo}

It was time for the Yule bonfire. It was larger then the others because they'd all contributed, throwing the wood they'd collecting by hand atop the large bundle. Remus and Sirius had joined them, Teddy asleep and curled up in Sirius' arms.

'Ready?' Lucius asked and the others nodded. 'On three. One, two, three!'

They all waved their hands and the wood burst into flames. Red and gold flames leapt across the wood before reaching for the sky, burning hotly and crackling before them.
'Throw your letters on,' Lucius said.

Rem and Sirius watched as Harry, Lucius, Draco and Severus all threw the letters written to themselves onto the bonfire. They burned quickly, turning to ash and disappearing.

Lucius wound an arm around Harry's shoulders and the teenager snuggled into him. Remus and Sirius were looking cosy too and Draco and Severus stood side by side, small smiles on their faces as they looked at the happy couples.

'I hope you find your mate soon, Draco,' Severus said.

Draco smiled at his godfather. 'I hope you find someone too, Sev.'

They all stood in silence, thinking about the year coming and whether their dreams would come true. They could only hope and work hard to make their dreams reality.

{oOo}

The group parted once back inside. Sirius and Remus were staying the night in the guest room next to Severus'. Teddy was already asleep so they smiled at Harry, thanked Lucius, and disappeared.

Severus clapped Lucius on the back and said, 'Another Yule come and gone.'

Lucius smiled, arm tight around his mate. 'Yes, but this year I have a lot to be thankful for.'

'Me too,' Harry agreed and kissed Lucius' cheek.

Severus rolled his eyes but they sparkled slightly. 'Yes, well, no need to share your disgusting ways with the rest of us.'

Draco snorted. 'Father, Uncle Severus, I think I'll turn in.' He looked at Harry before hugging him tightly and whispering in his ear. 'Thank you.'

Harry didn't know why he was being thanked but said, 'No worries,' anyway.

Draco and Severus bid them goodnight, leaving Harry and Lucius standing in the back room.

'Bed or hot chocolate?' Lucius asked.

Harry's eyes lit up. 'Ooh, hot chocolate.' He dragged Lucius into the kitchen, the older wizard smiling indulgently.

{oOo}

They finally made it back to their bedroom where Lucius tugged Harry into the ensuite bathroom. It was decked out in black and gold tiles, the bath and shower both white. Lucius turned the large fixtures of the tub and watched as hot water filled the porcelain.
'It's cold,' Harry said, shaking slightly as he peeled off his outer clothes, soon standing in just his cotton underwear. He wrapped his arms around himself and stood on the mat, watching the bath fill.

'Not to worry, I'll warm you up soon,' Lucius promised.

He held out his hands and a few glass bottles hovered towards him. He poured a pink liquid into the bath and Harry watched as it filled with bubbles. Next was a cream-coloured liquid that made everything smell like coconut.

The tub was full and Lucius turned off the taps before stripping. He slid into the bath and groaned, leaning back against the far wall. The bath was big enough for five people, more like a mini pool really, and Lucius stretched, head tipped back.

It had taken a while for Lucius to be able to control his water abilities enough to actually bathe. Usually he couldn't get wet but when he concentrated, the water wet his skin like everybody elses. Harry had laughed himself to tears more then once when Lucius had been washing his hair and had suddenly dried.

'Going to join me?' Lucius asked, tilting his head back up to look at his mate.

Harry smiled and slid from his underwear, pushing them off completely with his foot. He stepped into the bathtub and groaned, boiling water feeling delicious against his cold skin. He took his glasses off before ducking under the water completely, the bubbles and heat stinging his eyes.

He resurfaced and rubbed his eyes before putting his glasses back on. Lucius smiled at him as Harry spat water from his mouth and pushed his hair from his forehead.

'You have no class,' Lucius said.

Harry grinned. 'Well you're just gonna have to try and teach me,' he said coyly, 'maybe you can rub off on me yet.'

Lucius chuckled and held one hand out, bubbles dripping down his perfect skin. Harry grinned before sliding through the water and into his mate's arms. Lucius drew him close, pulling until Harry was resting across his legs. He pushed wet hair from Harry's eyes and kissed his cheek.

'You need a hair cut.'

Harry smiled. 'Do I?' he asked, running a hand across his head. 'I suppose it's gotten a bit long.'

'Mm, I like it shorter,' Lucius said, 'it sticks up when it's shorter, like your third year.'

Harry raised an eyebrow.

'The photo album had a picture of you, Miss Granger, and Mr Weasley in your third year, remember?' Lucius said. 'I like your hair like that.'

'Really?' Lucius nodded and Harry rested his head against his mate's chest. 'Suppose I can cut it for you.' He twisted Lucius' wet locks between his fingers. 'I like your hair long.'

'You wouldn't know what it looks like short.'

Harry smiled and said, 'I suppose not... though you'd probably look like Draco.'

'My hair was a mess short,' Lucius admitted. 'A bit like yours really.'
'So maybe I should grow mine out.'

'Never,' Lucius said and pulled Harry in for a kiss. 'I want it short.'

'So I should just dress how you like?' Harry asked.

Lucius smirked. 'You already do,' he teased. 'Every shirt you wear is green.'

Harry huffed, knowing the older wizard was right. He pushed back, sliding through the water on his back. Lucius pouted as his mate swam across to the other side of the bathtub.

'Harry,' he groaned.

'Nope, I'm staying over here,' Harry said and pushed his legs out, purposely brushing against Lucius' own. Lucius groaned again and Harry snickered.

'What did I do?' Lucius demanded.

'Teased me,' Harry answered.

Lucius growled but said, 'Fine.' He reached behind him to the small shelf that stretched between the wall and tub. On it was a number of beauty products; shampoos, conditioners, soaps and loofahs. Lucius grabbed a purple bottle and pushed down on the top, grey liquid pooling in his palm. He brought it to his head and started washing his hair, Harry's eyes locked onto the blonde locks.

He couldn't believe how fascinated he was with Lucius' hair. It was pale blonde inside but shone like gold when the sun hit it. When it was wet, it was a dark shade of blonde like his eyebrows and Harry just lost himself staring.

Lucius knew, of course, and like a Slytherin and a Malfoy he took full advantage. He made sure to sit up straight and stretch, making the muscles in his chest and arms ripple. He let his eyes drift shut, hair over one shoulder, and long fingers stroking through the wet locks.

Harry groaned and Lucius smirked. He rinsed his hair before starting again with the conditioner, Harry practically drooling. He tried to stop staring and wash his own hair but ended up sitting with one hand stuck to his head for ten minutes.

And then Lucius started with the body wash. Like every other time he bathed, Lucius stood and drained the bath. Harry had to grab the sides of the tub to stop from being sucked back towards Lucius. Lucius just stood completely naked and dripping wet, watching as bubbles disappeared down the drain. And poor Harry sat completely still, mouth hanging open, watching water and suds drip down his naked mate.

Once drained, Lucius turned the taps on so fresh, clean water spilled into the tub. When it was full he sat back down, taps off, and groaned as the hot water soothed his muscles. He grabbed his body gel and squirted it onto a loofah, making sure Harry was watching before starting.

He dragged the loofah lazily up and down his arms, the gel foaming along his pale skin. Harry bit his lip to stop from groaning again as Lucius washed his neck and muscled chest before standing, soap dripping and sliding along his well defined muscles. He washed his stomach, fingers tracing his four-pack, before trailing down to his-

Harry definitely groaned very loudly as Lucius soaped up his erection, the long and thick muscle standing against his stomach. He washed his legs, his lower back, turning to give Harry a good
view of his arse.

Licking his lips, Harry slid through the water and grabbed Lucius around the waist. He made his mate turn and eyed the man's cock.

'Let me clean myself up, little one,' Lucius said smugly. Harry growled but allowed the older wizard to sit back in the tub, washing at his body with large hands. Once he was clean he took Harry in his arms. 'Do you trust me?'

'Of course,' Harry said without hesitation.

Lucius smiled and kissed Harry quickly before dragging him under the water. Harry held his breath but let his eyes slide open. Everything was murky and his eyes stung slightly from the soap, his glasses threatening to slide free.

"Harry," Lucius said silently and the Gryffindor glanced at his mate. "Take a breath."

Harry stared at him, Lucius' golden hair fanning through the water. "What?"

"Trust me," Lucius said. "Take a breath, I won't let you drown."

Harry was nervous but he trusted Lucius. So he dredged up his Gryffindor bravery and opened his lips. Water flooded his mouth but Harry took a breath anyway.

He had expected to choke, for water to gush down his throat and fill his lungs. Instead he breathed in oxygen. Harry gasped as he breathed under water, eyes wide. The water (or air, Harry really had no idea) was sweet and refreshing. Harry clung to Lucius tightly as his heart thumped in his chest.

"Nice, isn't it?" Lucius said silently, fingers tugging at Harry's hair.

"Definitely," Harry said. "How are you doing this?"

"Concentration," Lucius answered.

"You won't suddenly lose it and drown me, will you?" Harry said nervously.

Lucius chuckled in his head. "Little one, I cannot hurt you, not even unintentionally. My veela will not allow my element to hurt you."

"Good," Harry said.

"Mm, it is, because there's something I want to do," Lucius said and grinned.

Harry knew that grin and smiled. He glided through the water until his body was flush against Lucius'. "Oh?"

Lucius' smile became very sinful very quickly. "You still owe me something for the bet."

"How can I repay you, Lord Malfoy?" Harry asked, batting his eyelashes.

Lucius chuckled before drawing Harry closer. "I can think of something, Lord Potter," he said before kissing Harry deeply.

It was sweet and warm, tasting of water and Lucius and soap. It was absolutely delicious and Harry groaned, deepening the kiss and sliding his tongue into Lucius' mouth. Lucius welcomed it and allowed Harry to explore his mouth while his hands slid down the teenager's sides to his arse. His
fingers dug into the soft flesh he found and Harry grunted into his mouth, cock twitching against Lucius' stomach.

Harry heard Lucius think the lubricant charm and two long fingers twisted into him, quickly finding his prostate and stroking torturously. Harry groaned and pushed back and forth, fucking himself on Lucius' fingers and sliding his cock along the man's own shaft.

The friction was beautiful and Harry's eyes slid shut as Lucius kissed him again. The water was a heavy presence around them but Harry felt Lucius move through it gracefully, like he was born to live in the liquid. Harry supposed he was, just like the Gryffindor was born for the air. They were their elements, after all.

It didn't take much for Lucius to bring Harry to his first orgasm. He watched as the teenager cried out silently, eyes wide as he spurted into the water, thick trails curling around them. Lucius ignored it in favour of milking the climax from his mate, Harry shaking above him.

When Harry had control of himself, he slid down Lucius' body until he was level with the man's erection.

"Stay in contact with me, Harry," Lucius said silently, Harry glancing up at him. "I need to remain touching you so you can breathe under the water."

Harry nodded his understanding and gripped Lucius' thighs with both hands. He licked his lips, bubbles rising before his face, as he eyed Lucius' impressive girth. Harry shifted forward and licked up and down Lucius' cock, the flesh hotter then the water around them. Lucius groaned above him, hips jolting, and Harry sank down onto him.

He sucked back, water and pre-come sloshing through his mouth. The water was sweet but Lucius was far tastier. Harry sucked back hard, head bobbing through the water as he took Lucius again and again. His tongue swirled around the head and Harry badly wanted to swallow Lucius' pre-ejaculate but was unable to. He settled for lapping away, rolling the sweet nectar his mate had to offer through his mouth.

Lucius was shaking, head tipped back and pressed against the porcelain of the bathtub. One hand threaded through Harry's hair and pulled tightly, making sure Harry kept up a fast pace. Harry moaned deep in the back of his throat as Lucius' cock slid between his lips. He worked his throat to stimulate the head and Lucius cursed.

"Harry, enough, I need you," Lucius said, voice sounding ragged even in Harry's head.

Harry let go with one final suck and allowed Lucius to drag him back up. They shared another kiss, lips hard and demanding, before Lucius broke it. He repeated the lubricant charm and grabbed Harry's hip with one hand. He moved the teenager through the water, Harry biting his bottom lip as he was positioned. Lucius thrust up and quickly filled Harry, cock being swallowed by the Gryffindor's eager hole.

Harry groaned, though it was more a gurgle under water. He bit his lip harder as Lucius shifted, trying to get comfortable under water and keep Harry atop him. When he found his spot he started thrusting, pulling Harry up and down. It was easy under water and Harry groaned as his body glided through the liquid, Lucius' cock long and thick inside him.

"Fuck, this is good," Harry grunted silently.

Lucius chuckled beneath him. "Isn't sex with me always good?"
Harry rolled his eyes and leaned down to kiss his mate. "Cocky sod."

"You like my cock," Lucius retorted. He thrust up harder and Harry groaned, falling forward to lay with his face buried in Lucius' neck. He moaned and cursed both out loud and silently, bubbles spewing from his mouth and rising to the surface of the water.

As Lucius began to move faster and harder, the water around them churned and rolled. It began to fall over the edge of the bath but neither cared; they were lost in each other.

Harry started rolling his hips, fucking himself on Lucius' cock while Lucius thrust up. Their eyes locked a second before they started kissing, water filling their mouths alongside tongues and teeth.

It was weird, strange, so goddamn erotic that Harry was close to coming again. He could feel Lucius clenching beneath him, the man's muscles tense under Harry's splayed fingers. His nails dug into Lucius' chest, palms rubbing against the blonde's nipples.

"Harry," Lucius groaned, eyes sliding shut. "I'm so close."

"Come for me, Lucius," Harry said silently. "I want you to fill me, you fill me so good."

Lucius groaned and pulled Harry down, fingers strong on the back of Harry's neck. He licked his way to the teenager's Mark, tasting water and sweat and Harry.

"Oohh, Lucius," Harry moaned, lips sucked between his teeth. "Lucius, Lucius..." He trailed off in another moan, body overwhelmed. He rolled his hips, feeling Lucius stretch him, make him ache and burn and feel oh so good. Lucius was hitting his prostate dead on and Harry grunted.

Lucius sank his teeth into Harry's Mark and sucked back hard while at the same time grabbing the boy's cock. His long fingers twisted around the heated shaft and pulled.

Harry screamed, water exploding around them as he came. Lucius was rocked by a fierce wind, water spilling across the bathroom floor as Harry was assaulted by pleasure. His muscles clamped down and Lucius groaned, hanging on for dear life as his cock was squeezed. He managed another two thrusts before he was spilling into his mate, filling Harry to the brim.

They were rocking in the water, a soft breeze blowing around them. When Lucius sank back into the tub, Harry atop him, the water only came up to the man's elbows. Harry groaned and panted above him, water and hair blinding them both.

The couple was quiet as the water settled and soon cooled. Lucius shifted beneath Harry, who mumbled and told him to stop.

'We can't sleep in the bathtub,' Lucius said.

'But it's comfy,' Harry groaned.

Lucius chuckled and slid from his mate, who winced before taking a deep breath.

'Mm, always good,' Harry said and kissed the blonde.

Lucius smiled before helping Harry stand. He drained the tub and used his new elemental powers to move the water on the floor. Harry whipped up a wind that dried them both, Lucius guiding his now shivering mate into the bedroom.

He waved his hand and the candles extinguished themselves. Another hand wave had the fireplace
across from the bed bursting into life, orange flames flickering in the hearth.

Harry jumped into bed and Lucius followed, holding his arms open. Harry snuggled into him and sighed in content, yawning and resting his head against Lucius' chest.

'Mm, best spot in the world,' he commented.

'I know,' Lucius said, kissing his forehead. He removed Harry's glasses, putting them on the bedside table.

'I love you, Lucius,' Harry said before he fell asleep. 'Happy Yule.'

'Happy Yule,' Lucius said, kissing him again. 'I love you too.'
Dinner

Harry and Lucius were the first ones up, the younger wizard sitting on his mate's lap. It was a beautiful day; a bit chilly and still snowing, but the sun was out and made the snow shine.

'We should go for a run,' Harry said.

Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'It's freezing.'

'We'll be fine in our Animagus forms,' Harry said.

'Oh,' Lucius said and nodded. 'Very well. Should we go now?'

'Yeah, we can come in later and have something warm.'

Lucius chuckled and stood, sliding Harry from his lap and to his feet. 'You just want hot chocolate.'

Harry batted his eyelashes, a pout forming. 'Do not.'

'You do,' Lucius teased. 'You and that hot chocolate.'

'Well Dobby makes it delicious,' Harry pouted. 'Come on, let's go.' He led Lucius outside and they stood on the back veranda. They removed their dressing gowns, Lucius waving them inside.

Harry changed first, concentrating on his form. Suddenly he was a large black wolf, nose twitching with the new smells blowing towards him. He padded back and forth, Lucius watching him with a proud smile.

Harry whined and Lucius rolled his eyes before he too changed. He towered over Harry, bigger both in height and weight, and Harry immediately dropped lower; tail between his legs and ears swept back, Harry whimpered low in his throat and approached his mate cautiously.

Lucius was completely still, pure-white fur shining in the morning light. His tail was erect, ears tall, and he kept his sleet grey eyes on the younger wolf.

Harry dropped even lower until he was on his side, stomach exposed, completely submissive.

Lucius growled his approval and nipped Harry's ears, his snout, Harry giving him a wolfish smile. He yipped and bounced to his feet, jumping around Lucius and mewing in the back of his throat. Harry bound down the steps and across the snow, Lucius chasing after him.

{oOo}

Sirius yawned as he and Remus walked through the house, trying to remember where the dining room was. Teddy was still asleep and Remus had got Dobby to watch him, the little elf promising to alert them if the baby woke.

'Where the hell are we?' Sirius demanded as they came out in an unfamiliar hallway.

'No idea,' Remus admitted, hands shoved into his pockets.
'Lost?' Both turned to see Severus, the man dressed in jet black robes as usual. He quirked an eyebrow and Sirius smiled.

'Severus, my old friend.'

'Friend?' Severus said.

Sirius grinned. 'Course you are: we're buddies now, right? For Harry, 'cause we care about him.' Severus remained silent. 'And since we're buddies,' Sirius continued, 'you can lead us to the dining room and not tell Harry we got lost.'

Remus chuckled as Sirius tried to use all his charm to get Severus to help them. But Severus was immune to charming men (he was best friends with Lucius Malfoy, after all) and just smirked.

'Please?' Sirius tried.

'I will show you the dining room,' Severus said, 'but I'm telling Harry you got lost.'

Sirius groaned as Severus turned, Remus following quickly. 'He'll tease me,' the Animagus pouted. 'Of course he will,' Severus said. 'And I'll help.'

'Me too,' Remus piped in.

'You got lost too,' Sirius growled at his boyfriend.

'But I can admit it,' Remus said. 'Plus I've never been here before. You were here for Lucius' and Narcissa's wedding. You also visited when Lucius was courting her.'

Sirius sighed. 'You all hate me.'

'No we don't,' Severus said as they walked into the dining room.

'We don't what?' Draco asked, brushing a hand through his messy blonde hair.

Remus and Sirius were still astounded by the casualness Lucius and Draco displayed when at home. Severus of course was used to it and didn't bat an eye as he sat down.

'We don't hate Black,' Severus said.

'We don't?' Draco asked.

Severus smiled. 'Of course we don't. We like him so much that we have to help him find the dining room.'

Draco's eyes swivelled to his cousin and he grinned. 'You got lost?'

No I didn't,' Sirius lied.

'The room you're staying in is two corridors away,' Draco said.

'And he's been here before,' Remus added.

'Stop helping them!' Sirius shouted.

Remus opened his mouth to retort when a flash of colour from the back veranda caught his eye. He rounded the dining table and stepped through the door into the back room. The glass doors and
windows gave a lovely view of the grounds and Remus saw snow and trees.

Sirius, Severus and Draco all joined him, the Malfoy heir spooning porridge into his mouth.

'What is it?' Sirius asked.

'I saw something,' Remus said before looking around. He spotted two robes on the leather couch. 'Aren't those Harry's and Lucius' dressing gowns?'

'Yes,' Severus said, glancing at them. 'I assume they've got for a run.'

'Run?' Remus asked.

Draco tried to explain but his mouth was full. Before he could clear it, he spotted his father and Harry. Draco pointed and the three men turned.

Remus and Sirius gasped, eyes going wide and mouths falling open. All they saw were two wolves; a massive white one and a big black one. They were racing around each other, kicking up snow as they tumbled across the ground. The white one growled threateningly and the black one yipped in response, nipping at the white wolf's jaw.

The white wolf tossed it to the ground and stood over it, the black wolf remaining still and looking up. Suddenly the white wolf nuzzled the other and allowed it up. The black one pranced around before pushing it's snout into the white wolf's neck.

'What the hell?' Sirius said.

'Are those-' Remus began only for Severus to cut him off.

'Wolves? No.'

'But...' Sirius mumbled.

'They are wolves,' Draco said, finally swallowing his porridge, 'but technically they're wizards.'

'Wizards?' Sirius asked.

'Wait, are you saying that's Harry and Lucius?' Remus demanded.

The two Slytherins nodded.

'Since when does Harry have an Animagus form?' Sirius said.

'Or Lucius?' Remus added.

'Since a few days before Christmas,' Draco told them before explaining the story. Afterwards the four stood and watched the veela mates play, Lucius occasionally pushing Harry down when the younger wolf got too bold or dominant.

They had their breakfast in the back room and were just finishing up when Harry and Lucius bounded in. Harry transformed first and opened the door. Lucius tackled him from behind, both going flying and hitting the floor. Lucius growled and Sirius and Remus stood quickly, both prepared to protect their godson.

But Harry giggled and rubbed Lucius' snout before scratching behind his ears.
'You prat,' the teenager said. 'You smell like wet dog, get off me.'

Suddenly Lucius was back in human form and kissed Harry quickly. 'Liar,' he said.

Harry grinned and pushed Lucius up, the blonde dragging himself and his mate to their feet. They both turned to see they had company and Harry blushed.

'Good morning,' Lucius said brightly. He grabbed his and Harry's dressing gowns. 'Did everyone sleep well?'

'Excellent,' Remus said, 'those beds are amazingly soft.'

'And bouncy,' Sirius added.

Harry grimaced and his godfather winked at him. 'Yuck,' Harry said. 'Don't need to hear it, thanks.'

'Well maybe you and Father will learn to use a silencing charm,' Draco said.

Harry blushed again and Lucius sat on the sofa. He dragged Harry close and called Griffy for breakfast.

'So wolves, huh?' Sirius said.

'Mm-hmm,' Harry said as he sipped his hot chocolate.

'It really only took you seconds to transform completely?' Sirius asked.

Harry nodded and Lucius said, 'Every time either of us said wolf we'd transform.'

'Took days to learn to control it,' Harry added.

'But we got there,' Lucius said.

'Mostly,' Harry snickered. 'One time Lucius said wolf and grew a tail.'

The others burst out laughing and Lucius scowled. 'I'll take away your hot chocolate,' he threatened.

Harry bit his bottom lip, emerald eyes going wide. 'Please don't,' he said softly.

Lucius groaned and fell back, tearing his eyes away from Harry's "puppy dog eyes" look. 'I can't win with you.'

Harry grinned. 'I love you too.'

{oOo}

'You can't be serious,' Molly said.

Ron looked at her. 'Of course we are.'

'We're going to Malfoy Manor-' Fred began.
'to have dinner with Harry,' George said.

'And Mr Malfoy,' Fred added.

'Because he's Harry's mate,' George nodded.

'And we support Harry-' Fred said.

'- no matter what,' his twin finished.

They were standing in the Burrow, most of the Weasleys and Hermione all ready to head to Malfoy Manor. Harry had owled them for Christmas and had said they could come over at six while dinner would start at seven. Molly had flipped when she'd found one of Lucius' eagle owls sitting on her kitchen table.

'Mum, we'll be back later tonight, or tomorrow,' Bill said, trying to keep his mother calm. 'Mr Malfoy said we could stay the night if we don't want to floo back.'

Molly rounded on her eldest son. 'Don't you dare go there, William Weasley!' she snarled, close to shouting.

'Mum-' Bill tried.

'How can you just willingly walk into Malfoy Manor?' Molly demanded.

'Molly, the kids will be fine,' Arthur said, sounding tired.

Molly glared at him. 'What about Charlie and Percy?' she snarled. 'Has everyone forgotten that they died at Hogwarts? Has everyone forgotten that Lucius Malfoy and his son fought for the other side?'

'They didn't fight, Mum,' Ron said.

'Mr Malfoy was looking for his son,' George added.

'And his wife saved Harry's life,' Fred said.

'Have you forgotten that?' the twins demanded.

'Mr Malfoy's different now,' Hermione butted in, for Molly looked close to hexing her own sons. 'He's still a bit snobbish, and he's got an ego the size of a Hungarian Horntail, but he's polite and kind to all of us when we visit.'

Ron nodded enthusiastically though stayed behind Hermione, letting her face the Weasley matriarch.

'He hasn't said a bad word to me since he was released from Azkaban. I've had dinner with him and Harry. Harry is Lucius' world; the man would never, could never, hurt Harry or anyone Harry cares about.'

'Except if you look at Harry,' Fred grinned.

'Or touch him,' George added.

'Not that we would,' Fred said hastily to Bill's raised eyebrow.
'I definitely would, he's a gorgeous young man,' George grinned.

'Don't let Mr Malfoy hear you say that,' Ron snorted.

'Shut up!' Molly roared, all eyes turning to her. 'Shut up right now, the lot of you. Not one of you is going to Malfoy Manor, do you hear me? I won't allow it!

Fleur, who had been silent until now, stepped forward. 'You are not zee boss of anyone, Mrs Weasley,' she said slowly. Molly's eyes snapped to her and narrowed. 'If your children vant to go to zee Manor zay vill, regardless of vat you zay.'

'Hear, hear,' Fred nodded.

'Mum, you can't stop us,' George said. 'We're going because we love Harry; he's our brother, part of the family, and we want to be with him to celebrate the holiday.'

'Mr Malfoy's invited us and we're going,' Ron said.

'You still live here, Ronald,' Mr Weasley fumed, realising she couldn't stop her eldest sons from going; she had no control over them.

'I don't have to,' Ron threatened. 'I'm sure Mr Malfoy would let me stay for the rest of the holidays. Or Bill, Fred and George, even Hermione's parents.'

'You would choose Lucius Malfoy over your own family?' Molly demanded.

Ron sighed. 'It's not about choosing, Mum,' he said. 'Besides, Harry is our family, therefore Lucius Malfoy is too. He and Harry are a stone's throw away from getting married. If they do, Mr Malfoy will be family in my eyes.'

'Never!' Molly snarled. 'Don't you see what he's done? He's ripped this family apart!'

'He hasn't done anything,' Hermione tried.

'He got poor Ginny locked up in St Mungo's!'

'Mum, Ginny was delusional,' Ron said, tired of the same old argument. He'd been hearing it all week. 'Ginny tried to knock Harry off his broom, she told three boys to rape him. How is that Mr Malfoy's fault?'

Molly opened her mouth but Bill cut her off.

'We have to go, Mr Malfoy's only opened the wards for twenty minutes,' Bill said. He gestured to the door and the others all filed out, throwing Mrs Weasley various looks. Bill turned to his dad. 'Remember you're still invited,' he said before turning and leaving.

'Molly.'

'He's ruined our family!' Molly exclaimed, brandishing her wand. Arthur sat to avoid getting hexed. 'He's ruined Harry, he's taken the Saviour away from us.'

Arthur frowned. Since when was Harry the Saviour? No one close to Harry ever called him that; he was just Harry.

'He's taken Harry's money and added to his own fortune,' Molly growled, continuing to rant. 'He's ripped this family apart; he killed Charlie and Percy and then took my precious girl away from me.'
‘Molly, Lucius wasn't at fault during any of that. He didn't fight during the Battle of Hogwarts, he wasn't in any way responsible for the curses that took our boys. As for Ginny, Lucius didn't force her to trick those boys into raping Harry, and he didn't force her to try and kill Harry during that Quidditch match.’

Molly rounded on him. ‘What are you saying?’ she demanded.

Arthur stood and grabbed his cloak, throwing it on and hastening to the door. ‘I'm saying that I support Harry and I'll be there for him. Lucius is his mate, his soulmate, and Harry can't change that. From what I hear he doesn't want to.

‘So I'm going to Malfoy Manor for dinner, I'm going to have fun, and I'm going to get to know Lucius Malfoy for Harry.’ He pulled the door open and stepped out. Giving his wife a withering look, Arthur disapparated on the spot.

Molly glared at the door. Her entire family was at Malfoy Manor... well, that just wouldn't do. Harry was hers, not Malfoy's. Harry would join their family. Ginny would be released when Molly convinced Harry that his proper place was at the youngest Weasley's side. Lucius Malfoy wouldn't win this. He wouldn't.

{oOo}

Harry growled and fiddled with his tie. His clothes were new; jet black robes and trousers, the robes trimmed emerald green, with a white shirt and emerald green tie tucked into his green-pinstriped waistcoat. Harry was trying, and failing, to do up his tie.

‘These things are impossible,’ Harry scowled, glaring at his reflection in the mirror. Lucius chuckled and came up behind him. ‘You wear a tie at school.’

‘I get Hermione to do it up,’ Harry admitted. ‘I just re-adjust it everytime I take it off or put it on.’

Lucius tisked and pushed Harry's hands away. Arms around Harry, he quickly did the boy's tie up and tucked it away. Harry looked up at his mate. Lucius was wearing black robes, the silver trimming setting off his eyes. He had a white cotton shirt on, the collars up stiffly, with a black and silver striped cravat wrapped around his neck. His waistcoat was silver and buttoned up, the silver chain of his pocket watch visible.

Harry smiled and turned to peck his mate on the lips. ‘I love you.’

‘Mm, only because I do all the small things for you,’ Lucius said. ‘I turn the bath on, I help you dress, I-’

‘Shut up,’ Harry said, ‘and face the mirror.’

Smirking, Lucius did as asked and felt Harry's fingers through his hair. The teenager grabbed a silver brush from the dresser and swept Lucius' hair back. Once done, he drew it back into a black ribbon and tied it. Harry peeked over Lucius' shoulder and smiled.

Handing Lucius his serpent-headed walking stick, Harry said, 'Beautiful.'
Lucius chuckled and grabbed his silver gloves, slipping them on. 'You scrub up well yourself, Mr Potter.'

'I hate dressing up,' Harry admitted before eyeing himself in the mirror again. 'But with your help I think I look okay.'

'You look positively ravishing,' Lucius said and kissed Harry's cheek. 'Now let's go, it's almost six.'

{oOo}

Sirius, Remus, Severus and Draco were all waiting, Teddy sitting in Remus' arms. Sirius was wearing a dark purple suit and robes, his curly brown hair falling in waves to his shoulders. Remus was staring at him, eyes dark, and Harry nudged him.

'Erm...' Remus cleared his throat and looked away. The werewolf was dressed in dark brown, the colour complimenting his skin and hair. His amber eyes were back on Sirius and Harry smiled up at him.

Severus, of course, was dressed in black, though his robes were nicer then what he wore at school. Draco was wearing black like his father, robes trimmed in honey gold, making his hair seem darker. He wore black gloves, hair brushed to perfection, and looked every bit a younger Lucius.

'Don't we all scrub up nice,' Sirius commented, glancing at his godson.

Harry rolled his eyes. 'Yeah, yeah; I usually look a mess.'

'Not so much lately,' Severus said. 'It seems Lucius has rubbed off on you.'

Lucius opened his mouth and Draco shouted, 'Don't you dare, I don't want to be scared for life!'

Lucius smirked but kissed Harry quickly, the teenager blushing.

There was a knock on the large wooden doors and Griffy popped into view. He was wearing a jet-black pillow case with the Malfoy family coat of arms stitched on the chest in silver. He waved his hand and the door swung open.

Bowing deeply, Griffy said, 'Welcomes to Malfoy Manor, sirs.'

'Thank you, little one,' Albus Dumbledore said and stepped in. Dobby popped into view to take his cloak and was bowled over when Hagrid handed over his own coat.

'Er, sorry 'bout that,' Hagrid said, yanking Dobby up.

Dobby teetered on the spot before disappearing with a crack.

'Lord Malfoy,' Lucius bowed respectfully before shaking Lucius' hand. 'Lord Potter,' he said to Harry. 'Master Draco, wonderful to see you all,' Dumbledore finished before stepping aside to greet Sirius and the others.

'It's etiquette,' Lucius said to Harry's confused face. 'When visiting one's home for a gathering, it is respectful to greet the head of the home, followed by his or her partner, then any heirs.'
'Right,' Harry mumbled.

'Soon you'll be a Malfoy,' Lucius promised and Harry grinned.

There was another knock and Griffy answered, again bowing. Harry's mouth dropped open when Narcissa Black and a middle-aged Asian man he'd never met before walked in.

Narcissa was as beautiful as ever, every bit the perfect pure-blood woman. She looked healthier then when Harry had last seen her, her platinum blonde hair shining and blue eyes bright. The man with her was the same height and thin with warm caramal coloured skin, jet black hair, and chocolate brown eyes.

Narcissa went to Lucius and bowed. 'Lord Malfoy.'

'Ms Black,' Lucius responded before taking her hand and kissing it. Harry growled and Lucius let go quickly.

'Lord Potter,' Narcissa greeted Harry.

'Ms Black, wonderful to see you,' Harry said and the woman smiled.

'Draco, darling,' Narcissa hugged her son and kissed his cheek.

'Lord Malfoy, Lord Potter, Master Malfoy,' the man accompanying Narcissa said.

Lucius raised an eyebrow and Narcissa made the introductions. 'This is my partner, Christian Shang,' she said. 'Christian, this is my ex-husband Lucius, my son Draco, and Lucius' mate, Harry Potter.'

Christian bowed deeply to Harry and shook his hand. 'I have heard a lot about you, Mr Potter. I fear you sacrificed a lot for our freedom.'

Harry smiled; he liked Christian Shang. The man hadn't gushed yet.

'Thank you,' Harry said, 'and welcome to our home.'

Lucius' arm was suddenly around Harry's waist, eyes glaring at Christian. Christian smiled in understanding and stepped back from Harry. 'Thank you for letting me into your home,' he said to Lucius and bowed.

'You're most welcome,' Lucius said tersely.

Harry rolled his eyes and Narcissa smiled as she led Christian into the larger sitting room to the left of the foyer.

'Stop being a git,' Harry said when they were alone.

'He touched you far too long,' Lucius growled.

'You kissed Narcissa's hand!' Harry fought back.

'Stop bickering like old women,' Draco hissed as the door was opened for another guest.

Lucius and Harry both pouted but smiled warmly when the Weasleys arrived.

Bill, Fred, George, and Ron all trooped in followed by Fleur, Hermione and Arthur.
They took turns shaking Lucius' hand, bowing respectfully, and drawing Harry in for hugs. Draco had to hold his father back from doing something stupid.

'Mr Weasley,' Harry said when he shook Arthur's hand.

'I'm sorry about my daughter and wife,' Arthur said. 'They have no right to act the way they have been.'

'It's in the past; Ginny's getting better, right?' Harry said.

Arthur nodded. 'We visited yesterday and she seemed subdued. We're not out of the woods yet but she's slowly regaining her mind.'

He looked at Lucius, who had a possessive hand on Harry's bicep.

'Mr Malfoy-

'Lucius, please,' the Slytherin interrupted.

Arthur inclined his head. 'Call me Arthur,' he said, 'my apologies to you too for the damage my family has caused.'

'I don't hold you all responsible for Ginvera's wrongdoings,' Lucius said. 'Your boys have been supportive and are always welcome in our home.'

Harry smiled and Arthur did too. 'That's good to know, Lucius,' he said. 'Master Malfoy,' he nodded at Draco, 'Lord Potter.'

Harry groaned. 'Enough of the Lord stuff.'

Arthur chuckled and clapped him on the shoulder before leaving.

'Lord Malfoy, thank you for letting us into your home,' Hermione smiled. Draco's eyes went wide; the witch was wearing a dark blue gown that was tight fitting and reached her knees. Her hair had been pulled back into a messy bun, strands framing her face. Ron was practically drooling over her and Harry smirked.

'Miss Granger, always a pleasure,' Lucius said, kissing her hand like he had Narcissa's.

'A pleasure,' Draco added and kissed her hand too.

Harry had to stifle a giggle and Lucius smiled at his son.

Ron quickly took Hermione's arm and bowed to Lucius, Harry and Draco.

'Welcome, Mr Weasley,' Lucius said.

'Thank you for having us,' Ron said. His eyes went back to Hermione and Harry told them to join the party.

'He's smitten,' Lucius commented, he, Harry and Draco watching Ron lead Hermione to the sitting room.

'Took him long enough,' Harry said.

Bill and Fleur had waited patiently and Harry blushed.
'Sorry, my manners have flown right out the window,' the teenager said.

Fleur smiled and Bill said, 'Ah, we all know you haven't got any manners, Lord Potter.'

'Shut up,' Harry said as Fleur kissed both his cheeks.

'Arry, it eez so good to see you again.'

'Welcome to our home, Mrs Weasley,' Harry said.

Fleur grinned and threaded her arm through Bill's.

'I know all about being a veela's mate,' Bill said and winked at Harry. Harry burned bright red as Bill said his thanks to Lucius and Draco.

'Lovely colour,' Lucius said, a finger stroking his mate's cheek.

'Shut it,' Harry muttered.

'HARRY!'

He was bowled over by the twins, Fred and George kissing each cheek and ignoring Lucius' scowl.

'How gorgeous you've gotten,' Fred said.

'A little caterpillar-' Geroge said.

'- who has grown into a beautiful butterfly!' Fred exclaimed.

'Or some type of other bug,' George said.

'Like a moth,' Fred nodded.

'Or a spider.'

'Is a spider a bug?'

'I don't think so,' George murmured.

'No, me either,' Fred said. 'Maybe we should ask Ronnie?'

'Oh yes,' George agreed, 'he's always loved spiders.'

Fred smirked. 'Especially the big hairy ones-

'- like that monster that used to roam the Forbidden Forest.'

'Argo?'

'Aragon,' George tried.

'Arraraa?'

'What the hell is Arraraa?' George demanded.

'Giant spider,' Fred told him.
'His name was Aragog,' Harry provided.

'You're being rude,' Draco growled at the red-heads.

The twins glanced at him and broad grins overtook their handsome faces.

'My, my,' George said.

'It's the little dragon,' Fred said.

'How he's grown,' George murmured.

'And still has some growing to do-' Fred glanced at Lucius.

' by the looks of it,' George finished, giving Lucius a very thorough examin.

'Stop leering at my mate,' Harry growled.

The twins both held up their hands in surrender.

'Easy there, little Harry,' Fred said.

'We mean you no disrespect,' George added.

Suddenly the got to their knees, foreheads pressed to the marble floor. 'Oh Lord Malfoy,' they said together, rather loudly too, 'we beg your forgiveness for our less than respectful greeting.'

Harry rolled his eyes, Draco looked appauled, and Lucius watched with amusement.

'Fredderick Gideon Weasley requests your forgiveness,' Fred said.

'As does Georgeson Fabian Weasley,' George said.

'We'd be ever greatful-' the eldest began.

' if you could find it in your heart-' George butted in.

' to forgive us for our dishonourable greeting-'

' of two Lords and a Master-

' as powerful as you three,' Fred said.

'Please!' George stressed.

'Get up, you gits,' Harry growled and kicked George in the arse. The youngest twin yelped and scrambled to his feet.

'How rude,' George exclaimed.

'Brought up without proper rules,' Fred tisked.

'He should be taught a lesson,' George grinned, a dangerous glint in his eyes.

'And we would be more then happy to, right, George?'

'Why of course, Fred.'
'You're forgiven,' Lucius said when the twins finally shut up. 'Mr Weasley and Mr Weasley, welcome to Malfoy Manor.'

The twins grinned, bowed from their waists, and shook his hand vigorously.

'Why Mr Malfoy,' George began.

'-- you aren't as much a bastard as we've been led to believe,' Fred said.

'Definitely gorgeous though,' George said.

'Oh yes,' his twin agreed.

'Shit it!' Harry shouted and pushed them away.

'Oi, we're going,' the twins said and ducked Harry's arms.

'Stop leering at my mate,' Harry growled again.

'Yes, Lord Potter,' they said together and grinned before ducking into the sitting room.

Harry groaned and went back to his mate and kit.

'They're quite... strange,' Lucius mused.

'Weirdos,' Draco muttered.

'You get used to them,' Harry said, 'they just like a laugh.'

Lucius kissed Harry's cheek and whispered, 'They touched you too much.'

'Well they were practically undressing you with their eyes,' Harry scowled.

Lucius chuckled and kissed him again.

Luna and her father, Xenophilius, arrived in bright orange robes that hurt Harry's eyes. He blinked as Xeno did the bowing and thanking, Luna copying before kissing Harry's cheek.

'Congratulations,' she said dreamily.

Harry frowned. 'Um... for what?'

She just smiled knowingly and led her father into the sitting room.

'What was that about?' Draco asked.

'No idea,' Harry said. 'Luna's smart but a bit out there.'

'Perhaps she was congratulating you on our bond?' Lucius suggested.

'No,' Harry shook his head, 'she already did. She knew we were mates before the public and she said I was lucky.'

Lucius shrugged as they turned to their newest guests.

Andromeda Black had arrived with Neville Longbottom and his grandmother Augusta. Andy looked a bit lost and hid behind the other two pure-bloods.
'Lord Malfoy, Lord Potter, Master Malfoy,' Augusta greeted.

'Lady Longbottom, always a pleasure,' Lucius bowed back.

'Charming as always, I see,' Augusta said before looking at Harry. 'Make sure you whack him when he's being a sod.'

'Grandmother,' Neville groaned.

Harry smiled as Augusta rolled her eyes and flittered away.

'Sorry about her, Lord Malfoy,' Neville said, tilting his head.

'Your grandmother is a strong woman,' Lucius said, 'it's best to accept what she says unless you want a fight.'

'Don't I know it,' Neville said before hugging Harry. Lucius stiffened and didn't relax until Neville had walked away.

'Lord Malfoy,' Andy said tightly.

'Mrs Tonks, welcome to our home,' Lucius said, voice warm.

'Mrs Tonks,' Draco nodded respectfully at his aunt.

'Andromeda, it's wonderful to see you again,' Harry said and hugged the woman tightly. 'Remus and Teddy are in the sitting room.'

Andy managed to look away from Lucius and his son. Her dark eyes shone brightly. 'Is Sirius in there?'

Harry grinned. 'You heard?'

'Caught them snogging in my kitchen,' Andy chuckled. 'Remy had no idea Sirius loved him; that boy can be a bit slow with matters of the heart.'

Harry said, 'So you're okay with them being together?'

'I know Remus loved Dora but she's gone,' Andy said, pain briefly flashing over her beautiful face. 'Dora would want him to move on. Teddy adores Sirius and he'll take good care of them.' She scowled. 'If he knows what's good for him.'

Harry laughed loudly and sent Andy on her way.

'I forgot how funny she could be,' Lucius said.

'You remember Andy?' Harry asked.

His mate nodded. 'She was still part of the family when I was courting Narcissa. Bellatrix was always a little unstable but Andromeda was smart, brave, loyal. Narcissa was devastated when she was disowned.'

'Really?' Harry said and Lucius nodded again. 'Well maybe they can get to know each other again.'

'Perhaps,' Lucius said. 'It would be good for Draco to get to know his aunt.'
'As long as she doesn't curse me like Bellatrix,' Draco shivered.

Harry gave him a quick hug before turning to face their final guests. Kingsley Shacklebolt, Perry Octavian, and Annigail Laveen had been last minute invites. Lucius didn't like Kingsley because of the whole ordeal with the three boys at Hogwarts. But Harry insisted he was actually a good man, had fought bravely, and was trying to make changes at the Ministry. Octavian and Laveen would always be welcome for all the help they'd given.

Kingsley said hello in the traditional manner but Octavian and Laveen followed veela tradition; they hugged Lucius, Harry and Draco like they were best friends. Lucius managed not to go crazy and shout at them for touching his mate. Octavian and Annigail laughed and went to join the party.

'Well, that's everyone,' Lucius said and held his arm out to Harry. 'Lord Potter?'

Harry blushed but threaded his arm through Lucius'. 'Why Lord Malfoy, I would be delighted.'

Draco snorted and followed them into the sitting room.

{oOo}

The party was only slightly formal; everyone was well aware that they were in Malfoy Manor and nobody stuffed around at Malfoy Manor (except the Weasley twins). Everyone was courteous and quiet, enjoying each other's company and just having fun. Lucius was sweet and kind to everyone though he kept a firm arm around Harry's waist whenever anyone got too close.

Harry told Albus all about his and Lucius' Animagus forms as well as their elemental abilities. The Headmaster was thrilled that they were developing so quickly.

Sirius and Remus only had eyes for each other and the few short times they could stop kissing and standing together was spent talking to Andromeda or Severus.

Draco flittered about the room, talking to Hermione or Ron, sometimes the Weasley twins (who managed to be in five places at once to shout about how forgiving Harry was). Surprisingly Draco, Neville and Luna migrated into a corner together, talking about their separate childhoods; Draco's with both parents, Neville's with his grandmother, and Luna's with her father after her mum died.

Harry was glad to see everyone getting along. Narcissa and her partner, Christian, struck up conversations with Octavian and Annigail.

Dobby popped into view beside Luicus and said, 'Dinner is being ready, Masters.'

'Thank you, Dobby,' Lucius said and cleared his throat. 'Dinner is served, please follow us.'

He and Harry led the group to the dining room. The table had been enlarged to fit them all. Lucius sat at the head of the table with Harry right beside him on the same side. It wasn't usually proper; the head of the table was always for the Patriarch or Matriarch of the family. But Lucius saw Harry as his equal, regardless of their dominance or submission. Harry was his equal so he would sit on the same side.

When everyone settled and the soup had been served, Augusta continued the conversation she'd been having with Hagrid and Albus.
'Well there are so many different people here,' Augusta said. 'Miss Granger is a Muggle-born, my grandson Neville and the Weasleys are pure-bloods, young Lord Potter is a half-blood, the Malfoys are veela, Mr Lupin is a werewolf, Mr Black an Animagus, and Hagrid's a half-giant. Who would have thought Malfoy Manor would draw such a diverse group?'

'They are all welcome,' Lucius said as he folded his napkin over his lap.

The woman smiled. 'I never said they weren't, young man. But you must admit, it is a strange group.'

'They're all loyal and fun people,' Harry said, gesturing his spoon around.

Augusta smiled. 'And they wouldn't be here together if not for your union with Lord Malfoy.'

'A toast then,' Remus cut in and all eyes went to him. 'To Harry and Lucius; I'm glad they found each other and could unite despite adversity.'

Severus raised his glass and soon everyone had joined them, a chorus of, 'To Harry and Lucius,' echoing around the room.

Harry blushed and Lucius planted a soft kiss on his cheek. 'I love you.'

'Love you too,' Harry said.

'AWWWEEE!' the twins cried. Bill and Ron, sitting either side of them, whacked them over the back of their heads. 'OI!' they shouted.

The table laughed.

There was the sounds of clinking spoons as everyone sipped their soup. A lot of murmured approvals could be heard before people asked for rolls and started talking again.

Narcissa, who was sitting between Christian and Hermione, said, 'So, Mr Potter-

'Please, call me Harry,' the teenager cut in.

Narcissa inclined her head. 'Harry, then,' she said. 'I assume you and Lucius have completed your bond?'

Harry burned red as Lucius said, 'Yes we did; about a week ago.'

Sirius and Draco both grimaced, Remus and Severus smirking at them.

'I'm glad,' Narcissa said. 'You had to wait so long, Lucius. I trust you are happy?'

Lucius nodded and kissed Harry again. 'I'm happier then I've ever been.'

Narcissa smiled. 'Now we just have to hope Draco doesn't have to wait.'

'He won't,' Octavian said, smiling over his soup.

'His mate is just around the corner,' Laveen nodded.

'Perhaps right under his very nose,' Luna added dreamily.

The two veelas shared a knowing look and Draco huffed in frustration. Not for the first time Harry
wondered if Luna was a seer.

'I wish they'd just bloody tell me,' Draco muttered.

'Kit, language,' Harry said.

'He's like the mummy,' Fred grinned.

'Mummy Harry,' George said.

'Mummy Malfoy,' Fred corrected, looking at his twin.

'Mummy Harry Malfoy?' they both tried.

'I like Mummy Harry,' George said.

'No, Mummy Malfoy,' his twin disagreed.

'Mummy Harry,' George tried again.

'Mummy Malfoy,' Fred shot back.

'Shit up, the pair of you,' Harry growled.

'No, they're right,' Draco grinned and held out his goblet. 'Can I please have some more wine, Mummy?'

Narcissa and Lucius both chuckled as Harry scowled. But the teenager couldn't help himself and called Dobby to pour Draco more wine.

'Cheers,' the Slytherin grinned and took a sip.

'I hate you all,' Harry fumed.

'Do not,' Lucius said and kissed his cheek.

Harry blushed at the amount of grins thrown his way.

{oOo}

Dinner passed without anyone hexing or shouting at each other (unless you counted Sirius' goblet tipping over his lap as a hex. The Animagus swore Severus had jinxed it but the potions master just smiled innocently). They moved back into the sitting room where a table of crackers, dip, and a number of other snacks and drinks were laid out in case anyone wanted something. Extra sofas and arm chairs had been added, the fires at either end lit.

The party was winding down and everyone looked comfortable. Harry was sitting on Lucius' lap at the far end of the room, watching Draco at the table. His kit was examining a sanwich and bumping into a fair amount of people in the process.

Suddenly Draco froze and the Band around Harry's heart that tied him to his kit squeezed tightly. Warmth quickly followed by wonder spread through Harry's chest. Harry, and now Lucius,
watched as Draco wheeled around, eyes scanning the crowd. He looked to his left, where a number of red-heads were laughing and teasing each other, before swallowing thickly.

Fear now spread through Harry's heart and Lucius said, 'Go check on him.'

Harry nodded and excused himself, leaving Lucius to speak with Albus, Andromeda, Narcissa and Christian. Harry quickly pushed through the crowd and grabbed Draco.

'What's wrong?'

Draco was pale and shaking slightly, eyes wide and darting around the room. Harry pulled him from the sitting room and out into the foyer.

'Draco, what is it?' Harry asked as they stood near the front door. Snow was falling past the front windows and a fire burned in the hearth to their left.

'I found my mate,' Draco suddenly said.

Harry's eyebrows jumped up. 'What?'

'I found my mate,' the blonde repeated.

'Erm... okay,' Harry said and glanced around. 'Someone here?'

Draco rolled his eyes. 'Duh.'

'Sorry,' Harry apologised before stepping closer. 'Who is it?' Here Draco groaned and Harry wrapped an arm around him. 'What's wrong?'

Draco looked up at him, pale grey eyes wide.

'Draco?'

'I don't know.'

Harry frowned. 'Don't know what?'

'I don't know who my mate is.'

'How can you not know?' Harry asked.

Draco sighed and rubbed a hand over his face. 'All I saw was red hair.'
'All you saw was red hair?' Harry asked and Draco nodded. He looked back at the sitting room. Arthur, Bill, Fred, George, and Ron all had red hair. 'Erm... that's not a lot to go on, Draco.'

'He was tall,' Draco tried.

Harry snorted. All the Weasleys were stupidly tall.

'What do I do?' Draco groaned. 'I can't let him go, not now. We have to find him!'

'Calm down, Kit,' Harry said, running a hand through the older boy's hair. 'We'll find him, okay?'

Harry's brain seemed to be processing this slowly. Draco had found his mate. It was a male. It was a Weasley. Draco didn't know which one. He snorted again but turned it into a cough when Draco scowled at him.

'Problem?' Lucius asked as he appeared, having felt Draco's continued distress through his Draco Band.

'Draco found his mate,' Harry said.

Lucius blinked before grinning broadly. 'Really?' When Draco nodded, his father pulled him into a strong hug. 'Oh, Kit, I'm so happy for you.'

'There's a problem,' Harry said.

'Are they married?' Lucius asked.

Harry shook his head before thinking of Arthur and Bill. 'Erm... maybe.' He thought about how funny it would be if Draco was bonded to Arthur, a man older than his father. He giggled and Draco whacked him.

'Stop laughing!' he hissed.

'I'm not laughing,' Harry said, rubbing his shoulder.

'Would someone please tell me the problem?' Lucius demanded.

'He doesn't know who it is, only that it's a Weasley,' Harry explained.

Lucius frowned.

'I brushed against someone at the table,' Draco said. 'I felt... all warm and tingly and I just knew. But when I turned around, all I saw was a flash of red hair before the person disappeared. They're...'
still here, I can feel it.’

He was looking at the sitting room anxiously and didn't notice his father's frown.

"Lucius?" Harry asked silently.

"Of course he's bonded to a Weasley," Lucius groaned.

Harry smiled. "The Weasleys are a fine family."

Lucius frowned before saying, "I suppose that's true; they have been nothing but kind and understanding since arriving."

"Because they love me," Harry said, linking his fingers through Lucius'. "Soon they'll love you too... especially since one of them is your kit's soulmate."

Lucius sighed but squeezed Harry's hand.

'How are we going to find Draco's mate?' Harry asked out loud.

'Simple,' Lucius said. 'We make sure Draco shakes everybody's hand at the end of the night. He'll be able to tell who his mate is.'

Draco grinned, hugging his dad tightly. 'You're a genius.'

'I know,' Lucius smirked. Harry rolled his eyes.

'I can't wait until this stupid party ends,' Draco murmured.

'It's not stupid,' Harry and Lucius both said.

Draco ignored them.

{OoO}

While Draco was busy fretting, and Lucius smirking, Harry asked Hermione to meet him out in the corridor. When she did Harry grabbed her arm and tugged her down the hall towards the staircase.

'Harry?' she questioned.

'Just follow me,' the wizard said and pulled her up the marble stairs. They walked along another corridor before crossing through two more doors.

'Harry, what's wrong?' Hermione asked. 'I don't need an angry veela chasing after me thinking I've stolen his mate. You're handsome and all but-'

'You prefer red-heads?' Harry snickered. Hermione burned red and Harry said, 'I'm glad you and Ron are finally pulling your heads out.'

'You haven't asked me out or anything,' Hermione admitted.

'But you were holding hands after the battle,' Harry said, letting Hermione's hand go. She followed him down a dark corridor done in earthy tones. 'And I've seen you two acting all cosy.'
'Well yeah, we've kissed a bit, but he hasn't asked me out.'

'Want me to talk to him?'

'No,' Hermione shook his head as they finally stopped. 'He has to do this on his own.'

Harry threw a look at her; he badly hoped that Ron wasn't Draco's mate.

They were standing before two large double doors and Hermione asked, 'Where are we?'

Harry just smiled and pushed the dark wooden doors open. They entered a long sitting room that stretched out either side of the doors. To their right was a sofa and two armchairs around a low coffee table, a window with green drapes letting moonlight in. To their left the three walls were covered in bookcases filled with large tombs, small paper-back novels, as well as framed photos of Lucius' family as well as Harry's. Another table had documents stacked in tall piles, a leather armchair facing the lot. Either side of the doors were large green-marble fireplaces that were currently empty.

'This is beautiful,' Hermione said.

'The whole Manor's so gorgeous, I love it,' Harry smiled.

Hermione turned her own smile on him. 'I'm glad, Harry. I can see you and Lucius running around after little Malfoy-Potters.'

Harry chuckled and led her through the room, to a dark wooden door opposite them. 'I can see our kids being a handful and Lucius spoiling them.'

Hermione giggled as Harry opened the door. 'I can picture Lucius Malfoy running around the grounds after a half-naked little boy who wants to play Quidditch.'

'Half-naked?' Harry asked. He stepped into the room and Hermione followed.

'My cousin had a naked faze; either refused to wear a shirt or his nappie.' She looked around. 'Is this the main bedroom?'

'Mine and Lucius', yeah,' Harry nodded.

It was done in black, dark greens, and silver. The carpet was grey, like the sitting room Hermione had just been in, and the drapes on the floor-to-ceiling windows to their right were black trimmed with silver. There was a door to their right, currently open, and showed a large walk-in wardrobe with racks and drawers on either side.

To their left was another door between two large dark wooded dressers, this one also open and showing a bathroom. The tiles around the bear-claw bathtub and glass-walled shower (both of which Hermione was sure could fit all of Ron's family) were dark green and silver, the tiles on the floor black and white. The ceiling was a dull grey with green trimming and the long sink, filled with moisturisers and brushes, was white marble. Next to the bathtub was another small marble shelf with bottles of conditioner and soap.

Hermione gaped as she turned back to look at the king-sized bed which took pride and centre in the middle of the room. It was made of dark wood, the headboard thick and beautifully carved, snakes and a large M adorning it. The four posters were also carved with snakes and the drapes, currently drawn back and fixed to the canopy with green ropes, were black. The sheets, which Hermione were sure were silk, were all black.
'Merlin, Harry, this is amazing,' Hermione said, sitting on the wooden chest at the end of the bed. It was topped with black leather and Hermione saw that the sofa and two armchairs beneath the windows were also leather.

'Lucius doesn't do anything by halves,' Harry agreed while walking to his wardrobe.

'So why did you bring me to your bedroom?' Hermione asked. 'Suddenly like women?' she joked.

Harry grimaced as he came back in carrying a few small cardboard boxes. 'Merlin, no.'

Hermione just smiled as Harry set the boxes on the floor and waved his hand. They re-sized, two of the boxes large and thin, the other three smaller. Hermione tilted her head, reading the sides.

'Flatscreen TV... video player?'

Harry nodded and sat beside her. 'Lucius has been reading up on Muggles, their technology in particular. You saw the bookcases out there, yeah?' He pointed to the sitting room that could just be seen through the bedroom door and Hermione nodded. 'Those are recreational reading. His study is filled with business books, the libraries with... well, everything.

'We keep our pleasure reading in our personal sitting room. My Dark Arts, Quidditch, and creature books are out there, as well as every book Lucius has bought on Muggle technology, electricity, all kinds of stuff.'

'Lucius loves Muggle technology?' Hermione asked.

Harry nodded, leaning back. 'He loves knowledge, you know that, anything to fill the vast spaces in his head. On our first date I tried to explain electricity to him but I know little about it so we bought some books, visited some stores... then, for his birthday, I bought him some videos.

'He loved them and I said I'd get him a television for the Manor as well as a player. I ordered them by Muggle post; two televisions, a video player, a DVD player, and a box of DVDs were delivered yesterday,' Harry said.

'M'kay,' Hermione nodded, familiar with Muggle technology. 'So... why am I here?'

Here Harry blushed and looked down, running a hand through his hair.

'Oh,' Hermione grinned. 'You don't know how to set it all up.'

Harry nodded. 'The instructions make no sense.' Hermione giggled. 'They don't,' he insisted. 'That's not to mention the fact that the Manor isn't set up for Muggle technology; there aren't any powerpoints or anything.'

'Ah, well I can help you,' Hermione said and hiked her dress up. She slid her wand from a strap around her thigh and Harry watched. 'You really are gay,' Hermione mused.

'What?' Harry said, looking up at her.

'Not a blush or eye-pop anywhere,' she chuckled.

Harry smiled. 'Hermione, you're beautiful, but believe me; Lucius' thighs are the only ones that get my blood boiling.'

Hermione giggled again and waved her wand. One of the televisions began to unpack itself and Hermione asked, 'So you want one in here, yes?' Her best friend nodded. 'And the video and DVD
Harry nodded again. 'I got another TV for the sitting room downstairs and I'll get some more if Lucius likes them.'

'I created a handy little spell to run technology off of magic,' Hermione explained as she twirled her wand, making the TV rise and set itself on the cabinet across from them.

'Really?' Harry asked.

'I've been experimenting with magic since I turned seventeen,' Hermione said. 'I've got all the appliances at my parents' house set up to run off magic, they don't have to use electricity. Saves them money and also helps the earth.'

'You're brilliant,' Harry breathed.

'I know,' Hermione smiled before getting back to work. In next to no time she had the TV, video player, and DVD player set up. 'Now, I've got it set up so you can get normal channels as well as watch videos and DVDs,' she said. 'But you can't use magic to change the channel or anything; you have to do it all by hand.'

Harry nodded and hugged Hermione quickly. 'Thank you so much.'

There was a soft cough and they broke apart to see Lucius, the blonde scowling, arms crossed.

'Mr Malfoy,' Hermione squeaked and quickly stepped away from Harry.

'Miss Granger,' Lucius murmured, voice a soft growl. 'May I ask why you're both in the bedroom... hugging?'

He looked really angry and Harry could feel jealousy coursing through his chest from his Lucius Band.

'Luce, it's not what you think,' Harry said quickly.

'Then what is it?' Lucius demanded.

Harry held his hand out and Lucius crossed the room, glaring at Hermione as he took his mate's hand, threading their fingers together.

'Hermione was helping me with your Christmas present.'

'Christmas present?' Lucius said, confusion now spreading across his handsome face.

Harry nodded and pointed at the cabinet. Lucius turned and stared at the TV and two players.

'Harry-'

'I didn't know how to set them up and Hermione helped me,' Harry said and quickly explained everything.

Lucius began to relax and soon a smile spread across his face. 'You did all of this for me?'

'Of course I did,' Harry said. 'What did you think, I was dragging Hermione away to have sex?' Lucius blushed but shot a glare at Hermione, who smiled while keeping a good distance. Harry snorted and pulled Lucius down by the hair. 'Silly veela,' he chastised. 'I love you.'
He pressed his lips to Lucius' and the Slytherin groaned, wrapping his arms around Harry's waist and tugging him close. Hermione stood watching before Lucius pulled at Harry's tie, quickly getting it down far enough to start on the teenager's buttons.

'Er, well... I'll just go,' Hermione said and backed to the door quickly. 'Harry, just let me know if you want help with the TV in the sitting room.'

Harry groaned as Lucius backed him towards the bed and Hermione shut the door. She heard a thump, followed by Harry's begging, and burned red as she quickly returned to the party.

{oOo}

Harry and Lucius re-joined the party, Harry patting his hair down and adjusting his tie. Severus smirked at them knowingly and Lucius smiled smugly. Hermione was across the room beside Ron and raised an eyebrow as she glanced down. Harry followed her train of sight and realised his fly was open. Blushing fiercely, he did it up quickly, Hermione giggling.

Soon (though not in Draco's eyes) the party came to an end. Luna and her father were the first to go. To be on the safe side, Lucius told Draco to shake both their hands. Luna kissed his cheek and said, 'Your mate is here, Draco. You'll be together soon.'

Draco's mouth fell open and Xeno thanked the three.

'Congratulations again, Harry,' Luna said. She smiled knowingly before leaving with her dad.

'They are so odd,' Draco mumbled.

'Awesomely odd,' Harry grinned.

Neville and his grandmother left next, shaking Lucius' hand as well as Draco's. Harry grinned when Draco shook Augusta's hand.

'See you next year, yeah?' Neville said.

Harry nodded. 'Maybe come visit later in the holidays?'

'Of course,' Neville said and waved before leaving.

'So not Neville?' Harry asked. Draco shook his head.

'What about Augusta?' Lucius asked.

'Yuck, Dad,' Draco spluttered.

Lucius grinned. 'She's a fine woman.'

'Yeah, for a dinosaur,' Draco grumbled.

Harry and Lucius snickered.

Narcissa and Christian came to the door with Andromeda, Sirius, Remus, Severus and Teddy.
'Wonderful party, Lucius, Harry,' Narcissa said before kissing her son on the cheek. Draco grabbed Christian's hand and shook it before scowling.

'Erm...' Christian said.

'Apologies, I'm feeling unwell,' Draco muttered before turning to stare at the sitting room.

Narcissa raised an eyebrow and Lucius said, 'He'll owl you.'

She nodded and turned to Andromeda. 'Andromeda, it was lovely seeing you.'

'You too, Narcissa,' Andy smiled. 'Perhaps we can have tea sometime? You can get to know Teddy.'

Narcissa smiled at the little baby, who had platinum blonde hair and bright blue eyes. He shook his head and changed back to his usual brown hair and amber eyes. 'Yes, that would be lovely,' Narcissa said.

Andy thanked Lucius after Narcissa and her partner had left.

'Not a problem,' Lucius said.

'You can stay the night if you want, Andy,' Harry said.

'That's okay, honey, Remy and Siri are bringing Teddy over for the week,' Andy said. 'Maybe another time.'

'M'kay,' Harry said and hugged her quickly.

Draco shook her hand as well as Sirius', Remus', and even Teddy's. His scowl deepened and Sirius said, 'What's wrong with him?'

'Tell you later,' Harry promised.

'Sev, shake Draco's hand,' Lucius said once he, Harry and Draco were alone with the other Slytherin.

Severus raised an eyebrow but did as asked. Draco rolled his eyes. 'Father, I have touched Uncle Sev numerous times since turning seventeen.'

'What are you babbling about?' Severus asked.

'Draco found his mate,' Lucius said before quickly explaining what had happened.

Severus snorted. 'Urgh, a Weasley.' Draco growled and Severus smiled. 'Yes, yes, you adore them already. I'm retiring for the night; good luck, Draco.'

With that he swept away.

'Bastard,' Draco muttered.

Hagrid and Albus headed back to Hogwarts at the same time and Draco looked like he was going to faint when he shook their hands. Thankfully neither was his mate. Hagrid stumbled outside, a bit tipsy from all the wine, and Albus smiled at them all.

'Well thank you for a lovely evening.'
'Thanks for coming, sir,' Harry beamed.

'Draco, I hope you find your mate,' Albus said, winking at the blonde before disappearing.

'How the hell does he do that?' Draco demanded.

'Magical lemon drops,' Harry answered.

Lucius snorted as the three turned to see off the two veelas and the Minister. None of them was Draco's mate, which just left the Weasleys. Arthur was ruled out first, Draco breathing a heavy sigh of relief that confused the Weasley patriarch.

Bill smiled and hugged Harry as his wife said goodbye to Draco and Lucius. Bill shook Draco's hand and raised an eyebrow when Draco pushed him away. The blonde shook his head at Lucius.

Draco kissed Fleur's hand, he'd already ruled out Hermione earlier that night, and the veela smiled down at him.

So that leaves... Harry thought before turning back to the sitting room. The twins and Ron were pushing and shoving each other as they came out of the sitting room.

'Gerroff!' Ron shouted, grabbing at his robes.

'Ahh, but Ronnie, you look adorable without them,' George said.

'Absolutely gorgeous,' Fred added.

'Hermione will notice,' George teased.

'What?' Hermione spluttered, face turning red.

'Shut up!' Ron shouted.

Arthur sighed. 'I'm sorry about his, Lucius.'

'Boys will be boys,' Lucius said and glanced at Draco. Draco was eyeing the three, eyes flicking between them. Harry wondered which was his mate; Fred, George, or Ron? Harry kind of hoped it was one of the twins; he was sure Hermione was in love with Ron.

They got closer and Draco was practically vibrating with nerves and anticipation. Suddenly Fred let go and his younger brother went flying, knocking into Lucius. Draco helped him up and sighed in relief, setting Ron on his feet.

'Careful there, Weasley,' he said before turning to the twins.

'Sorry,' Fred said.

'Can't help ourselves,' George added.

'We're leaving, boys,' Arthur said. 'Lucius, Harry, Draco, thank you for having us.'

'Not a problem, Arthur,' Lucius said, shaking his hand while keeping an eye on the twins.

'We'll miss you!' they shouted and hugged Harry tightly.

'I think you should hug Draco too,' Harry said.
George was the first to fling Harry aside, always ready to hug a gorgeous boy. He threw his arms around Draco, who gasped loudly. George froze before frowning and drawing back, looking at his hands.

‘What just happened?’ he asked.

Draco was incapable of speech, just staring at George with wide eyes. Harry looked at Lucius, who nodded. They could both feel it; Draco had found his mate.

Lucius turned to usher the Weasleys out, George included. Draco needed time to process it before letting George know.

Fred stared from Draco to his twin before shrugging. He hugged Draco too. Draco’s mouth dropped open and Fred jumped back.

‘What the hell?’ the red-head exclaimed.

Harry frowned as Draco ran, quickly disappearing down the corridor that led to his bedroom.

Fred looked at Harry and said, ‘He just... it felt... I’m confused.’

Lucius quickly pushed Fred out, he and his brother continuing to say that something felt off. Harry left Lucius to it and went after his kit.

He found Draco pacing in his room, blonde hair messy and robes thrown on the floor. His shirt was coming undone and he was muttering to himself.

‘Draco, what’s wrong?’ Harry asked.

‘How... how... this can’t be happening,’ Draco murmured.

‘What’s wrong?’ Harry repeated. ‘I thought George Weasley was your mate.’

‘He is,’ Draco said.

‘So what’s the problem?’ Harry asked.

Draco stopped pacing and stared at him, grey eyes wide and confused.

‘Draco?’

‘I felt the same thing with the other one.’

‘Fred?’ Draco nodded and Harry frowned. ‘Wait, so you felt warmth and safety coming from George...’

‘And I felt warmth and safety coming from Fred too,’ Draco said. ‘I felt it from both of them.’

‘So... they’re both your mate?’ Harry asked.

‘But how can that be possible?’ Draco demanded. ‘You’re only supposed to have one mate.’

‘Maybe it’s because they’re twins,’ Harry tried. ‘I know that they’re separate people but Fred and George are so alike it’s scary.’

Draco shook his head. ‘There must be something wrong with me.’
'There's nothing wrong with you,' Harry said softly.

'No, there is,' Draco groaned. 'I can't have a mate if I can't tell which one it is.'

'Draco, there's nothing wrong with you,' Lucius said from the doorway. Harry and Draco turned to look at him. 'Sit,' Lucius said and they both did, Lucius sitting on the sofa beside his mate. 'Now, tell me why you think there's something wrong with you,' Lucius said.

Draco re-explained everything and Lucius listened in silence. When his son was done, he leaned back on the sofa, face thoughtful.

'Hmm... this is very rare,' Lucius finally said and the two teenagers looked at him. 'You, my dear kit, are a switch veela.'

Draco frowned. 'A what?'

Lucius leaned forward again, elbows on his knees, chin resting on his linked hands. 'You understand that in my case, I am the dominant veela and Harry is my submissive?'

Draco nodded and said, 'Yeah...'

'Well that means that he takes over the parenting role more then me; he bears any young we have, feeds them, takes care of them. My part isn't as important in that sense; Harry is the mother and is responsible for our kit's formative years.

'What this also means is that Harry has a powerful protective streak, even more so then me. He cannot see clearly when it comes to our kit; his first priority is protection, no matter what the cost. As the dominant, I can look at it subjectively.'

'Like... Harry will hate my mate at first because he thinks no one's good enough?' Draco asked. 'But you'll be able to accept them into the family straight away?'

'Exactly,' Lucius nodded. 'Being the dominant also means that I take control in the bedroom.'

Draco looked disgusted but his father raised a hand. 'Let me finish.' Draco nodded and Lucius continued. 'I take the dominant role when we have sex; I am the top, Harry the bottom, because it's in my nature to take him. I can't let him do that to me.

'Another aspect is Harry's power over me; he can control me when he needs to calm me down. I live to protect and serve him, to make sure he's happy. As long as Harry is safe and happy, I will be happy too.'

'You make it sound like being the submissive is... better,' Draco said honestly.

Lucius smiled. 'It some ways it is; Harry has me wrapped around his beautiful little finger.'

Harry giggled and Lucius grinned before winking at him. Draco rolled his eyes and said, 'What's this got to do with me?'

'You have two mates,' Lucius said, leaning back on the sofa. 'When that happens, it means that you are neither dominant nor submissive; you are both.'

Draco frowned. 'But how's that possible?'

'It happens every hundred years or so, it's very rare,' Lucius said. 'Usually a veela's personality shapes around what role they are; for me, I am strong, cunning, manipulative, and hold family
above all else,' he said. 'I get my own way a lot because it's in my nature.'

'Harry is gentle, kind, brave, and wants a family, wants to protect everyone. In part this is because he was born to be my submissive.'

'That actually makes sense,' Harry mused. 'I'm always putting myself last and everyone else first.'

'Because you would do so for our kit or for me,' Lucius said, threading his fingers through Harry's own. 'You are remarkable.'

Harry grinned.

'Back to me,' Draco said, snapping his fingers.

The couple laughed before Lucius turned back to their kit. 'In your case, Draco, you are manipulative, cunning, and like getting your own way; dominant. You are also protective, accepting the Dark Mark to save your mother and me, you put us before yourself; submissive. You are both because you have two mates, you were destined to be both.'

'So what's that mean?' Harry asked.

'It means that one of the twins will be Draco's dominant, while the other will be his submissive,' Lucius explained. Draco's mouth fell open. 'Yes, Draco, that means that you can impregnate one Weasley and bear for the other. You will be able to calm one down with your submission, while the other will calm you down. You get to play both roles.'

He leaned back and sighed slightly, eyes glazing over.

"You wish you could be both, don't you?" Harry asked silently.

Lucius nodded slightly. "I'm happy with you, love, don't get me wrong; I don't want anyone else and I'd hate to share you." Harry smiled. "But sometimes I do wish I could experience carrying a child, or letting you take me."

"And you can't at all?" Harry asked.

Lucius shook his head and said, "I just can't, Harry. The thought of submitting to you makes my veela growl in rage. While it would be interesting to experience that type of pleasure, the thought of actually doing it makes me feel enraged. I want to take you over this sofa right now just to prove that it's my role."

Harry moaned and Draco said, 'Oi, snap out of it, I need help here.'

The couple looked away from each other and Harry said, 'Sorry, Draco.'

The young veela shrugged and said, 'How do I know which Weasley is which?'

'As soon as you start to spend time together, get to know each other, you'll know,' Lucius said. 'One will act possessive of you while the other will want your comfort.'

'But Harry acts possessive of you,' Draco said.

'We've been together some time now,' Lucius said. 'Both twins will do that eventually but at the end of the day one will lead you, the other will follow.'

Harry snorted and Lucius glanced at him. 'I don't follow anyone,' the Gryffindor said.
Lucius raised an eyebrow before putting his hand on Harry's thigh. The teenager shivered and Lucius said, 'Oh really?'

Harry rolled his eyes and nudged Lucius away. The Slytherin grinned before turning to Draco. 'Invite Misters Weasley to dinner some time this week and we'll explain everything. Harry, will they take it well?'

'Most likely,' Harry nodded. 'They have the ability to ignore people's pasts and get to know them. I think they'll like the idea.' He frowned suddenly. 'They'd better not touch you.'

Draco groaned and Lucius smirked. 'Welcome to mating,' he told his son.

Draco groaned again.
Fred & George Weasley

Draco was fretting; walking around the Manor, muttering under his breath, and scowling at anything that dared get in his way (this included walls and doors). Harry had owled the twins and asked them to come over the Saturday following the dinner party. They'd agreed and would be appearing for lunch at midday.

Draco had been up since six; he didn't know what to wear, how to act, what to say, how they'd act. Would they like him? Would they want to bond with him? Would they-

Finally Lucius lost it and shouted, 'Draco, for the love of Salazar, sit down and shut up!'

Draco pouted and threw himself into an armchair, arms crossed and blonde head down.

'Relax, Draco,' Severus said to his godson. 'The twins will accept you.'

'You can't know that,' Draco muttered, checking his watch for the four-hundredth time that morning.

'They'll die if they don't,' Severus reminded him.

Draco scowled and Harry said, 'They'll accept the bond because they want to, not because they'll die.'

It helped until Draco checked his watch again and leapt to his feet. 'What am I going to wear?'

He darted out of the room and Lucius sighed.

'I'll go help him,' Harry said and stood.

'You?' Severus asked, glancing up from the chess board.

'Yes, me,' Harry huffed.

'Severus, please don't insult my mate,' Lucius said before moving a piece. 'Check.'

Severus scowled and moved his king. 'All I'm saying is that Harry doesn't have the best fashion sense.'

'It's better than yours,' Harry sniffed. 'Honestly, you look like a bat.'

'Maybe that's intentional,' Severus said.

'Check,' Lucius murmured. 'Harry, go help Draco, I'll come in after I beat Severus.'

'So four hours?' Severus teased, moving his bishop.

Lucius rolled his eyes and positioned his queen. 'Check.'

Harry smiled and kissed his mate before going to help Draco.

Four seconds later he heard Lucius say, 'Cleck mate.'

'Blonde git,' Severus growled.
Harry giggled.

{oOo}

'You look fine,' Harry said for the tenth time.

'I do not,' Draco pouted.

'You look like you usually do,' Severus commented.

'That's the problem,' his godson growled.

'Draco, you don't have to dress up for them,' Harry said. 'You want the twins to get to know the real you, not the Malfoy heir that everyone else sees.'

Draco glanced down at his silver button-up shirt and black trousers. 'Do I really look okay?'

'Yes!' Lucius, Harry and Severus all said.

Draco smiled. There was a knock on the door and he froze completely. Harry answered and smiled at the twins. They were both wearing denim jeans and black coats. But Fred had on a green shirt and red scarf, George a red shirt and green scarf.

'Who dresses you?' Harry asked.

'Our mother, why?' Fred and George grinned before hugging him.

'Idiots,' Harry said and led them in.

Fred brushed snow from his shoulders as George said, 'Mr Malfoy, thank you for inviting us over again.'

'My pleasure; and please, call me Lucius,' Lucius smiled.

Harry took their coats and Dobby came to collect them. Lucius led them all into the smaller sitting room, Severus re-setting the chess board.

'Who won?' Fred asked.

Severus scowled and Lucius smirked.

'Mr Malfoy,' George said.

'I'll play you, Professor,' Fred said to Severus. 'I can never win at home.'

'I'm too good,' George said.

'You and stupid Ronnikins,' Fred scowled.

'And Bill, Fleur, Hermione, Dad-' George began, only for his twin to elbow him in the stomach.

'So you suck at chess?' Harry asked Fred, who nodded. 'Me too; everyone beats me.'
'So a losers tournament,' the eldest twin mused. 'I'm game if you are.'

Harry grinned as Lucius said, 'Everyone, sit. Dobby and Griffy will bring refreshments and sandwhiches.'

Fred and George exchanged looks, no doubt wondering why they were having lunch in the sitting room.

'He's really not as uptight as everyone thinks,' Harry said.

'No, he's further up himself than that,' Severus said.

The twins snorted, Fred saying, 'You know, Professor, you're not as bad as I've always thought.'

'Quite amusing,' George agreed.

'Indubitably, old chum,' Fred grinned.

Harry rolled his eyes and glanced at Draco. The Malfoy heir was sitting still, hands curled into fists on his knees, eyes locked onto the twins. He smiled when he felt fear and lust from his Draco Band. Lucius scowled at his son, rubbing his chest.

"Now you know how Draco feels when we get horny," Harry told him silently.

"It's awful," Lucius groaned.

Harry smiled.

'So-' Fred began.

'- why are we here?' George asked.

'Surely you didn't miss us that much, Harry dear,' Fred said.

'We know you love us-' George grinned.

'- but really, control yourself,' Fred tisked.

'After all-

'- we don't want an angry veela-

'- coming after us,' George said.

'And tearing us limb from limb,' Fred finished.

Harry smiled and leaned into his mate, Lucius wrapping an arm around him. 'How about we eat, talk a bit, and we'll explain everything afterwards?'

Fred and George paused, eyes on each other, before they nodded. 'Okay,' they both said, 'but you better explain why Lucius Juniour felt weird.'

Draco blushed darkly and looked down, hair falling into his eyes. George shifted forward to play chess with Severus and Fred and Draco both watched.

"So far so good," Lucius commented silently.
"Mm," Harry agreed with a slight nod.

'Oi, you totally cheated!' George shouted as Severus took his queen and check mated him in five moves.

'No I didn't,' Severus smirked.

'Did too,' Fred said.

'He might have,' Draco agreed.

'Oh yes, side with them,' Severus scowled.

'Severus,' Lucius warned.

The other Slytherin huffed and folded his arms.

'I demand to play with someone trustworthy,' George said before his eyes settled on Draco. 'How about you, gorgeous?'

Draco's face turned bright red but he nodded and swapped seats with Severus. Severus rolled his eyes as Draco shakily moved his first piece. Fred had moved closer and grinned as Draco stole a pawn.

'Smart little dragon,' Fred said.

'I like them smart,' George murmured, smiling up at a still blushing Draco.

'Oh yes, me too,' Fred agreed.

They both grinned and Draco looked down, face the colour of a tomato. Severus rolled his eyes and called Dobby for some wine. Lucius and Harry smiled at each other.

{oOo}

After lunch, Fred and George sat back on the sofa with Draco in the armchair closest to them. Harry and Lucius were sharing one of the other armchairs. Severus stood suddenly and smoothed down his robes.

'Gentlemen, I'll leave you to it,' he said. 'Lucius, may I use your potions lab?'

'Of course, you never have to ask,' Lucius said.

Severus thanked him, threw a look at Draco, and left.

'Okay, so what's going on?' George asked. 'You called us here for lunch without Ron or Hermione.'

'Something's up,' Fred said and looked from Harry to Lucius to Draco.

Draco turned red and looked down, staring at his shoes. Lucius sighed before sitting forward, Harry propping himself up on his lap.

'We are aware that you felt... something, when saying goodbye to Draco at that dinner party last
week,' Lucius began.

'It was weird,' Fred said.

'It was warm and comforting,' George added.

'And nice,' Fred nodded.

Lucius opened his mouth to continue but Draco stood. 'Father, Harry, may I have a word with them alone?'

They couple glanced at him. 'Are you sure, Draco?' Harry asked.

'We can stay if you want,' Lucius added.

Their kit nodded. 'I'll call if I need you.'

'Alright,' Harry said and stood, Lucius getting to his feet. They stepped out of the sitting room and closed the door. Harry looked up at his mate. 'Listen at the door?'

'Oh yes,' Lucius said.

They both grinned and pressed their ears to the door.

{oOo}

Draco stared at the door, entire body feeling tense.

'Malfoy?' Fred said.

'Are you okay?' George asked.

Draco steeled himself and turned to face them. Both sat on the sofa, twin expressions of concern and confusion on their faces. Draco thought they were beautiful.

They looked exactly the same, apart from the fact that George had scared skin and a hole where his left ear used to be. Their flaming red hair was short and brushed down, their fringes reaching their eyebrows. They had pale skin that was clear, though George had a mole on his neck where Fred didn't. They were identical in every way, right down to the warm and fuzzy feelings Draco was getting from them. He wanted to jump on their laps and never let go.

He took a deep breath and folded his arms. 'There's something I have to tell you,' he said.

'And that would be?' George asked.

'Just... it's hard,' Draco murmured.

'What is?' Fred asked.

'Telling us whatever it is, obviously,' George said.

'And what is 'it'?' Fred asked.
'How would I know?' George said.

'I dunno, you're the smart one,' Fred grinned.

'Nah, I'm the good-looking one,' George said.

'As if, Holey,' Fred muttered.

'The gods had to take something away, I was too gorgeous before,' George said matter-of-factly.

Draco snorted, their entire act amusing him to no end. They were so in-sync it was like they were the same person. But there was subtle differences there that Draco really wanted to learn. He wanted to know each and every thing about them both, as twins and as individual people.

'Well...' the Malfoy heir began again and cleared his throat. 'It's just... um... you know how Harry's my dad's mate?'

'No way,' George gasped.

'We assumed all the hugging and kissing was just an act!' Fred exclaimed.

'Our poor Harry-' George said.

'- taken by Lucius Malfoy!' Fred finished.

'Gods, I'll never get through this,' Draco groaned.

The twins softened and moved apart.

'Sit-' Fred said.

'- and tell us what's wrong,' George said.

They patted the cushion and Draco sat quickly. He was assaulted by their scents and cologne. Fred wore something spicey whereas George's was more earthy. He breathed in deeply before steadying his hands on his knees.

'I have a mate too,' Draco said.

'You mean a soulmate?' Fred asked and Draco nodded.

'You have someone like Harry?' George asked and again Draco nodded.

'Wow,' Fred said.

'Someone made for you,' George mused.

'Perfect in every way,' Fred grinned.

'Kind of like us,' his twin commented.

'Well...' Draco murmured and the twins looked at him. 'When I find my mate I'll feel... warm and safe,' he said, 'and so will they.'

Fred and George frowned.

'Warm?' the eldest asked.
'Safe?' the youngest queried.

Draco nodded.

'Like how we felt-" Fred began, realisation dawning.

'- at the party after we hugged you,' George finished.

'Merlin,' they exclaimed and rounded on Draco, 'are we your mate?'

'Mates,' Draco corrected. 'And yes, you are.'

'Can that happen?' George asked. 'Can you have two mates?'

'According to my father I can,' Draco said and quickly explained how he was a switch veela.

'Merlin,' Fred murmured again.

'That's amazing,' George said.

'Agreed,' Fred nodded. 'First Bill, then Harry-'

'- now us,' his twin butted in.

'Mum'll flip,' Fred said.

'Oh yes,' George said.

'Shit, I don't want to cause problems,' Draco stressed, standing so he could look at both of them. 'Please, I don't want to come between you and your family.'

'They won't care,' Fred said. 'Bill's Fleur's mate and Harry's with Lucius. We've all accepted that.'

'Fleur could never hurt Bill just like your father could never hurt our little brother,' George added. 'Our family gets that.'

'It'll be hard at first,' Fred said, glancing at George.

'Ronnikins will chuck a fit,' George agreed.

'But we don't care,' Fred said.

'We've already decided,' his twin said.

Draco frowned. 'Decided?'

They both grinned and held out a hand each. Draco stepped forward and suddenly found himself in a Weasley twin sandwich. He blushed deeply as Fred whispered in his right ear.

'We've decided, little dragon-'

'- that we want to be your mates,' George whispered in his other ear.

'We'll do everything in our power-" Fred said.

'- to make sure you're safe,' George said.
'Of that we are certain,' they vowed together.

'So... you're okay with this?' Draco said when he could speak properly.

'Oh yes,' George grinned.

'A beautiful little Slytherin to call our own,' Fred smiled.

'B-Beautiful?' Draco said.

'Sexy,' Fred supplied.

'Gorgeous,' George added.

'Breathtaking,' his brother murmured.

'Absolutely,' George agreed.

'Do you two always do that?' Draco asked.

'Do what?' they asked.

'Finish each other's sentences?'

The twins smiled. 'Finish them, start them, interrupt them; we do it all.'

'And we do it together,' George said.

'And we'll love you together,' Fred said.

'Protect you-

'- keep you safe-

'- because we want to get to know you,' they said together.

'But... I've done so many horrible things,' Draco murmured.

'Hey, we won't have any of that,' George said, taking Draco's chin in his long fingers. Draco shivered. 'We want to know you, Draco, not the snotty little brat that the rest of the world sees.'

'We know there must be more to you; we've always known,' Fred said.

'Always fancied you too,' George said.

'Oh yeah,' Fred agreed.

'Watching you play Quidditch,' George grinned.

'Acting all sexy in those green robes,' Fred licked his lips.

'Shut up,' Draco said, blushing darkly.

The twins smiled and George brushed Draco's hair back. 'We want to get to know you, little dragon,' he said.

'Will you let us?' Fred asked.
'Harry was right,' Draco said in amazement. 'You really don't care who I used to be.'
They shrugged. 'People make mistakes,' Fred said.
'We can't forget the past,' George said.
'But we can move on and forgive,' Fred smiled.
'Which is what we'll do-' George began.
'- so we can fall in love-
'- with our little dragon,' they said together.
Draco blushed darkly and looked down.
'Well?' the twins asked.
'Okay,' Draco said, swallowing thickly. 'We have to... erm... s-spend time together.'
'Sounds lovely,' Fred grinned.
'What I mean is, you'll have to move to Hogwarts,' Draco said. 'Father and Harry tried to spend a week apart and nearly died; I can't have that happening to you.'
'Oh, little Lucius cares about us,' George said.
'Of course I do,' Draco huffed, folding his arms. 'No Malfoy would let harm befall their mate.'
'He speaks so beautifully,' Fred said.
'Absolutely gorgeous,' George agreed.
'Shut up,' Draco groaned.

The twins smiled and leaned back, wrapping an arm each around Draco. They made Draco lean back and the blonde blushed again.
'We agree to anything and everything if it means a lifetime of happiness,' Fred said.
'We'll come back to Hogwarts and get to know you,' George added.
'That means dates,' Fred said.
'Wonderful dates,' George nodded.

Draco smiled. 'Really?'
'Of course,' the twins said before pausing.
'Erm... your dad knows, right?' Fred asked.
'And Harry?' George said.
'We don't want them killing us.'
'We rather like being alive, thank you.'
'They both know,' Draco said. 'But maybe be careful around them.'

'Why?' they asked.

'Veela are protective,' Draco said.

'Ah,' they both nodded.

'Well, Fred, looks like we'll have to do some research,' George announced.

'Research is boring if it has nothing to do with pranks,' Fred said.

'But he's our mate,' George reminded his brother.

'Ah yes, much more fun than pranks,' Fred nodded.

'Hermione could help us.'

'She has a lot of books.'

'I can't wait to see Ron's face.'

'He'll crap himself,' Fred grinned.

George chuckled.

'So... would you like to stay for dinner?' Draco asked nervously.

The twins grinned at him.

'We'd love to, little dragon,' Fred said and took his hand.

'If your father and Mummy Malfoy agree,' George said, taking the other.

'Yes, we wouldn't want to upset Mummy Harry,' Fred snickered.

'Of course not,' George agreed.

They kissed a hand each and Draco melted.

{oOo}

'I am not Mummy Harry or Mummy Malfoy or Mummy anything!' Harry fumed.

Lucius chuckled and led him away from the door. 'Relax, love.' Harry pouted. 'At least they accepted Draco.'

Harry grinned, focusing on the Draco Band around his heart. He could feel how nervous and happy Draco was. 'Yeah, it's amazing,' Harry said.

'I'm glad he didn't have to wait long,' Lucius said. 'And a bit jealous, really.'

'He's our kit and we're happy for him,' Harry said.
'Of course, little one,' Lucius said and kissed his cheek. 'Are you worried about him, Mummy Malfoy?'

Harry ignored the term and smiled. 'I'm more worried about the twins.'

'Oh?' Lucius said with a raised eyebrow.

'They'd better treat Draco right or I'll tear them limb from limb.'

Lucius chuckled.

{oOo}

Severus was busy in the potions lab so it was just Harry, Lucius, Draco and the twins for dinner. Fred and George sat either side of Draco while Harry sat beside Lucius, who'd forgone sitting at the head of the table.

'We don't have to stand to attention around family,' Lucius said to their questioning looks.

'Are we family?' George asked.

Lucius nodded. 'You and your brother are Draco's mates; you are family, even if you're not married.'

'Will people be okay with Draco having two mates?' Harry asked.

'Who cares that people think,' Fred said.

'Agreed,' George said.

Lucius smiled. 'I think I'm beginning to like you two already.'

Fred and George grinned.

'Well, Mr Malfoy-' Fred began.

'Lucius,' the blonde cut in.

'Lucius,' George agreed.

'We're so lovable it's scary,' Fred continued.

'You'll love us so much-'

'- you won't know what to do with us,' Fred finished.

Lucius chuckled and watched as Harry heaped food onto his and Draco's plates.

'Does he always do that?' Fred asked.

'Oh yes,' Lucius said.

'Mummy Malfoy,' Draco snickered.
'I'll kill you,' Harry growled at the twins.

'We're hurt,' George said, gripping his heart.

'Here we thought our daddy-in-law would love us,' Fred feigned hurt.

'To know he wants us dead-' George began.

'- is absolutely heartbreaking,' Fred finished.

Draco grinned at them and Harry sighed. 'Prats,' he mumbled.

Draco glared at him and Lucius chuckled. 'Be careful what you say about a veela mate,' he warned the Gryffindor.

Harry smiled as Fred and George grinned at Draco, who blushed.

{oOo}

Dinner was comfortable and fun until Fred brushed Draco's hair from his face, making the blonde burn red. Harry growled and made to rise but Lucius dragged him onto his lap.

'Calm yourself, little one,' he whispered, pressing a kiss to Harry's Mark. The teenager groaned, anger retreating to be replaced by lust. He turned and buried his face in Lucius' neck.

'Um... what's happening?' George asked, he and Fred staring at Harry.

'Harry hates you,' Lucius said simply.

The twins gaped but Harry said, 'No I don't.'

'Yes you do,' Lucius grinned before kissing Harry again. He turned to the Weasleys. 'He hates you because you're taking Draco away. Harry is basically his other parent; he wants Draco to be safe and happy.'

'But... we would never hurt Draco,' Fred said.

'Ever,' George added.

'Of course he knows that,' Lucius said, 'but he doesn't trust you yet. He knows that you will touch Draco, take him, and his veela wants to protect him. You'll have to work hard to earn his trust when it comes to our kit.'

Fred and George glanced at each other before the younger twin asked, 'And do... do you trust us?'

'Of course, you could never hurt your mate,' Lucius said. 'I have accepted this; I'm just glad Draco didn't have to wait as long as I did.'

He squeezed Harry and the teenager sighed. 'I'm sorry Fred, George,' he said softly. 'I can't help it. Every time you look at him I just get the overwhelming urge to push you away and hug him.'

Lucius chuckled and kissed him again.
'He's gone barmy,' Fred whispered to Draco.

'Absolutely,' George added.

'You have no idea,' Draco said.

{oOo}

When dinner was over they retreated to the sitting room where Severus was sitting with a book. Fred and Draco had wine, Lucius, George and Severus scotch, and Harry butterbeer. They sat much as they had before except this time with Draco between the twins and Harry and Lucius beside Severus.

Harry played two games of chess with Fred and won, much to the red-head's disgust. George snickered before playing Lucius and losing spectacularly.

They chatted softly for hours, midnight nearing by the time Fred and George realised they should be getting back to the Burrow.

'I thought you'd moved out,' Harry commented as Lucius packed the chess board away.

'We have,' Fred said.

'But Mum wanted us home for the holidays,' George explained.

'And with everything that's going on-

'- we didn't have the heart to say no.'

'Your mother will hate me,' Draco frowned.

George tutted and drew Draco close, Harry having to grab the armrest to stop himself pushing the red-head away. George brushed a hand through Draco's hair as Fred moved to sit before him.

'We won't let our mother keep you away from us, little dragon,' Fred said.

'Never,' George added, hugging Draco tightly.

Fred pushed himself into Draco's arms and the blonde held him tightly while George soothed him. Suddenly Lucius chuckled loudly and all eyes turned to him.

'What?' Harry said.

'I think we've figured out which is which,' Lucius smirked.

Draco blushed as Fred pulled himself from the younger wizard's arms. 'What do you mean?'

'We're easy to tell apart now,' George said, not letting Draco go.

'He only has one ear,' Fred pointed at his twin.

Lucius shook his head. 'You misunderstand me,'
'He means we now know which of you is Draco's submissive and which is his dominant,' Harry said, realisation dawning on him. George was hugging Draco close, protecting him, while Fred was seeking Draco's warmth.

Fred and George raised their eyebrows and Harry smiled.

'I'm the dominant in mine and Harry's relationship,' Lucius explained. 'Harry is my submissive mate. Draco has two mates; you two.'

He paused to make sure the twins were listening before continuing.

'Draco is a switch veela; meaning he is neither dominant nor submissive, he is both. One of you is his dominant mate, the other is his submissive.'

Fred nodded along and George said, 'So... Draco will submit to one of us and listen to the other?'

'Yes,' Lucius said, 'but the biggest difference is in the bedroom.'

Draco blushed furiously and the twins grinned. 'Oh...' they said, '... we get it now.'

Lucius smiled and Harry frowned. 'Don't get any ideas,' he warned the two.

'We would never take advantage-' Fred began.

'- of our dear dragon,' George said.

'We will only do what he is comfortable with,' Fred added.

'We care about him too much-' George said.

'- to ever hurt him like that,' Fred finished.

Lucius nodded his approval but Harry still looked annoyed.

'So which is which?' Fred asked.

'We want to know,' George said.

'George, you are Draco's dominant,' Lucius said, pointing at the youngest twin, 'and Fred is Draco's submissive.'

The twins grinned at each other and threw an arm each around their mate. 'Marvellous,' they exclaimed.

Draco grinned stupidly and Harry glared. Lucius wrapped an arm around his own mate and kissed his cheek. 'Calm down, love.'

Harry continued to scowl but it softened slightly at the look of happiness on his kit's face. And he could feel Draco's emotions; the blonde was ecstatic to finally have found his mate... well, mates.

'I'm happy for him, really,' Harry whispered as Fred and George pulled Draco into conversation. 'But I can't help wanting to keep them away from him.'

Lucius smiled. 'It'll get better, Harry. You're just worried at the moment.'

'So it'll go away?' Harry asked.
'You'll always worry about Draco,' Lucius said, 'but yes, you'll be able to trust him with his mates; they just have to earn it.'

'Good,' Harry said and leaned into his mate so he could keep an eye on Draco. Lucius smiled and held him close.

Severus groaned. 'Now I'm stuck with a bunch of love-sick veela.'

Fred and George poked their tongues out while Draco blushed.

'Jealous,' Harry said.

'Mm-hmm,' Lucius agreed.

Severus scowled.

{oOo}

Finally the twins departed, after promising to come back the next day and spend as much time with Draco as possible. Lucius suggested they spend the remaining holidays at Malfoy Manor and the twins agreed to think about it.

They hugged Draco, said goodbye to Harry and Severus, and thanked Lucius for inviting them over. They apparated together, appearing with a soft pop outside the Burrow.

'Well...' Fred mused, 'that was interesting.'

'Definitely,' George agreed. 'A soulmate.'

'I can't believe it,' his twin said. 'To have someone that's perfect for us... and will accept us.'

'It's more then we ever hoped for,' George grinned.

'Draco will be perfect for us,' Fred said.

'Gods he's gorgeous,' George said and fanned himself.

Fred chuckled and hugged his brother quickly. 'This means we'll never have to part.'

George's face softened and he hugged his brother back. 'I know, Freddie.'

Fred smiled and rubbed his eyes 'Gods, turning into a woman.'

'It's manly to cry.'

'I suppose so,' Fred said before taking a deep breath. He and George looked up at their childhood home. 'Mum's gonna flip.'

'First Bill -'

' - then Harry -'

'- now us,' George said. He scratched a hand through his hair.
'We won't let her keep us away from Draco, agreed?'

'Of course,' George nodded. 'I already feel-

' - so connected to him?' Fred supplied, his younger brother nodding. 'Me too.'

'I can feel him here,' George said and gestured at his chest. 'Like a warm band wrapped around my heart.'

'We'll have to ask Hermione for those books.'

'Should we research first before telling Mum and Dad?' George asked.

Fred nodded. 'We'll tell Hermione and Ron; they should be the most agreeable.'

'Then Bill and Fleur-

' - Dad-

'- and finally Mum,' George said.

His brother sighed. 'Not looking forward to that.'

'Nope,' George said before leading his twin inside.

{oOo}

Ron and Hermione were the only ones up, Molly having fumed herself into exhaustion after the twins agreed to go to Malfoy Manor. Ron and Hermione were sitting on the couch, a blanket wrapped around them, the witch snuggled into the youngest Weasley's side.

Fred and George grinned and Ron's ears turned red as Hermione sat up.

'What did they want?' Hermione asked with a yawn.

The twins glanced at each other before sitting.

'Now don't panic-' George began.

'- there's something we need to tell you,' Fred said.

'It's massive-' his brother said.

'- humongous,' Fred agreed.

'Amazing!' they both exclaimed.

Ron frowned as Hermione sat up even more, pushing hair from her face. 'Well?' she asked.

Fred and George hesitated before the younger twin pulled his wand. He flicked it around, erecting a muffliato charm. 'Now,' George said, 'we were invited to Malfoy Manor because Draco had some news for us.'
'Draco?' Ron frowned.

Fred nodded. 'He had to tell us something.'

'Something to do with how weird we felt after the dinner party,' George said.

Hermione's eyes lit up and she grinned. 'Are you saying what I think you're saying?' She'd listened to Fred and George talk about their feelings after hugging Draco and had put it all together quickly.

'If you think one of us is Draco's mate, you're partially right,' Fred said.

'What?' Ron gasped.

'We're Draco's mates,' George said.

'Both of us,' Fred added.

'B-Both?' their younger brother gaped, paling quickly.

'That's very rare,' Hermione said. 'Only one veela every hundred or so years is a switch.'

'That's what Lucius said,' the twins told her.

Ron was still gaping like a fish so the other three ignored him.

'What did you say?' Hermione asked.

'That we'd bond with him,' Fred said.

'We want to get to know Draco,' George said.

'And we've seen how happy Harry is with Lucius, his perfect other half,' Fred added.

'We want that,' George smiled.

'Merlin, that's amazing, congratulations,' Hermione grinned.

The twins smiled.

'Draco Malfoy is your mate?' Ron finally got out. His brothers nodded. 'Both of you?' They nodded again. 'But... but... that can't be legal!'

Hermione tutted and Fred and George rolled their eyes.

'I'm Draco's dominant mate, little brother,' George informed them.

'And I'm his submissive,' Fred said.

'Which means Draco will, in the future, carry my children,' George said.

'While I'll carry Draco's,' Fred finished.

Ron paled even more. 'Ch-Children?'

'Of course, we want children,' Fred said.

'Little blonde pranksters,' George grinned.
Fred chuckled and Hermione rolled her eyes. 'Only you two,' she muttered.

'Mum's gonna flip,' Ron groaned.

Fred sighed and his twin said, 'We know. That's why we're going to find out as much as we can about veelas before telling her.'

'And we'll spend more time with Draco and strengthen our bond,' George said.

'We don't want her trying to tear us apart like she is with Harry and Lucius,' Fred said.

'Will you choose Draco over Mum?' Ron asked.

Fred and George glanced at each other, hesitating before telling Ron the truth.

'Yes,' they said in unison.

'Draco will love us for us,' Fred said.

'He'll understand us completely,' George said.

'If Mum loves us she'll accept that—'

'—and not try to break us up.'

'We won't let her drive Draco away,' Fred said sternly.

'Even if she threatens to disown us,' George said.

'Draco was made for us—'

'—and we won't throw that away,' they finished together.

'Merlin,' Ron groaned.

'Do you hate us?' they asked their brother quietly.

Ron looked at them. Though Fred and George were known as pranksters, as two wizards who didn't give a stuff about anything, they were really warm and kind-hearted guys when you got to know them. They cared about family a lot, they just didn't understand why you should follow all the rules. They loved having fun and brushing things off with a laugh. But they loved their family.

'No, I don't hate you,' Ron said, 'how could I? You didn't choose Draco and he didn't choose you. You're mates, end of story.'

Fred grinned.

'Why little brother—' George began.

'—so grown up,' Fred said.

'Little Ronnie—'

'—finally growing a set.'

Ron rolled his eyes. 'I love you guys, you know that. I've already accepted Harry and Mr Malfoy; Harry's like my brother too. Why wouldn't I accept you?'
'Because Draco was a prat in school?' Fred said, George nodding.

'We've moved on,' Ron waved a hand. 'We're not best buddies but he's nicer then he was before the war. He kind of grows on you.'

'Well, you shouldn't spend too much time together,' George said, jealousy suddenly searing through him.

Fred felt the same way. 'Yes, brother, no spending alone time with our little dragon.'

'Or we'll be forced to prank you until you stop,' George threatened.

Ron held up his hands. 'Don't worry, you're welcome to him.'

Fred and George grinned.

'Merlin, another two jealous veelas to put up with,' Ron sighed.

Hermione giggled.

'I'm really glad for you two,' Ron continued. 'Congratulations.'

Fred and George both grinned, warmth and happiness swelling inside them.

'Thank you, little brother,' Fred said.

'We appreciate it,' George added.

Ron smiled at them and Hermione grinned.
Moments Together

Fred and George sneaked downstairs slowly. It was around eleven and they'd received an owl from Draco asking them to come over. Fred and George hadn't seen him in a whole day and were starting to get anxious. Was their little dragon alright? Did he need them? Was he safe?

Their mother and Bill were awake, Fleur sleeping in because she had just found out she was pregnant. Ron and Hermione were no doubt still asleep ('Shagging,' Fred said. 'No way, Ronnie wouldn't know what to do,' George retorted) so that just left their eldest brother and mother to deal with.

They skipped the bottom stairs because they squeaked and landed lightly on the floor. There was clanking from the kitchen, their mother no doubt starting lunch.

Fred glanced around the banister and saw his mother bustling about the sink, chopping potatoes, bread, cheese, and a heap of other things for soup and sandwiches. He waved a hand and George snuck to the front door, pulling it open carefully.

'George?'

Fred turned to see that his brother had bumped right into Bill. The eldest Weasley raised his eyebrows as George stood tall and said, 'Erm... well, we were just-

'Boys?'

Fred groaned as their mother stepped into the sitting room, toweling her hands.

'Mother, good morning,' Fred grinned broadly.

'What are you doing?' Molly asked, eyes narrowing slightly.

'Nothing,' George said.

'Absolutely nothing,' Fred told her.

'Molly raised her eyebrows and Bill looked from one twin to the other. 'Well,' the Weasley matriarch finally said, 'you can help me get the fire going and stir the soup.'

Fred and George looked at each other before talking at once. 'Mum, we have to... erm...'

'Yes?' Molly asked.

'Go somewhere,' Fred said.

'It's to do with...' George tried.

'... the joke shop,' Fred said lamely.

'I thought Lee was taking care of things during Christmas,' Molly said.

'Well,' Fred said.
'He is,' George murmured.

'But he needs our help,' Fred told her.

'We're the owners, after all,' George said.

'Needs our brains,' Fred finished.

'Nonsense,' Molly tisked, 'you're here for the holidays and you'll stay here. Now wash up and help me.'

Fred and George opened their mouths but could think of nothing to say. They were wondering if they should just run for it when Bill put a hand on each of their shoulders.

'Mum, I read Lee's letter, he really needs them.'

Molly looked at her eldest as Fred and George tried not to look surprised.

'You did?' she asked.

Bill nodded. 'There was something wrong with an order and Lee's tearing his hair out. He needs the twins.'

Molly glanced at the twins, who nodded vigorously, before snorting. 'Fine,' she said, 'but don't take too long, you two. I want you back here for the holidays.'

'Yes, ma'am,' Fred and George grinned before leaving, Bill following them.

'Where are you going?' Bill asked once they were outside.

They hesitated, glancing at each other.

'Forge?' Bill asked.

'We're going to Malfoy Manor,' George finally told him.

'Why?' Bill asked before concern flittered across his handsome face. 'Is Harry okay?'

'He's fine, probably shagging Mr Malfoy,' Fred said with a grin. Bill rolled his eyes.

'We're going to see Draco,' George said.

'Why?' their elder brother asked.

Fred and George shared another look before nodding.

'We're his mates,' they said together.

They explained everything quickly while keeping an eye out for Molly. Once done, Bill's mouth had dropped open, eyebrows almost disappearing into his hair.

'Wow.'

'That's what we thought,' Fred said.

'But we like the idea,' George said.
'And we really like Draco,' Fred added.

George nodded. 'We want to get to know him-

'- as Draco and as our mate.'

'We don't care about his past mistakes-' George began.

'- or the image of a ponce prat the world sees,' Fred added.

'We want to know Draco-

'- just Draco,' Fred finished.

Bill nodded along. 'Wow,' he repeated. 'First me, then Harry, now you two.'

Fred smiled. 'We're happy with it.'

'Draco's gorgeous,' George said.

'And we want to protect him,' Fred said.

'Good,' Bill smiled before hugging them both. 'I'm happy for you.'

'Thanks, Bill,' they said together before pulling back.

'We'd better go,' Fred said.

'Draco's waiting,' George added.

Bill chuckled. 'Go on then, I'll cover for you.'

'Thanks, Bill,' they repeated before disapparating with twin cracks.

Bill sighed and looked back at the house. Mum's gonna flip, he thought.

{oOo}

Harry looked up and smiled as Dobby brought the twins in. 'Fred, George, hello.'

'Today we're Forge and Gred,' the twins announced.

Lucius raised an eyebrow as Draco stood. 'Why?' the younger blonde asked.

'Because we say so,' the twins said.

Draco looked at Harry, who chuckled. 'Long story,' he said before gesturing to the seats. He was sitting on Lucius' lap reading a book, Lucius playing with his hair. Severus was down in the potions lab being annoyed by Sirius and Remus, who'd come back to spend the rest of the holidays with Harry. Teddy was spending some quality time with his grandmother.

Draco sat down quickly with the twins either side of him. He blushed when George brushed his hair back, Fred kissing his cheek. Harry scowled and made to stand but Lucius beat him to it.
Suddenly the Gryffindor was being hauled over his mate's shoulder and he squealed.

'Lucius, put me down!' he shouted.

'No, we're leaving our kit and his mates alone,' Lucius said and walked to the door.

'Lucius!' Harry shouted and thumped his fists against the blonde's back. 'Put me down right now!'

'No,' Lucius smiled. He turned at the door to see the twins and Draco smirking. 'Have fun,' he said before turning and leaving.

'So cute,' Fred said.

'Very,' George nodded.

'Not as cute as our dragon,' Fred smiled at Draco.

'Of course not,' George agreed.

Draco blushed.

{oOo}

'Lucius, you bastard, I told you to stop carrying me!' Harry huffed.

'And I told you I'd carry you as much as I please,' Lucius said.

Harry growled but stopped fighting, resigning himself to going wherever Lucius was carrying him. He blinked when they entered a sun-lit room and the smell of chlorine filled his nostrils.

'Lucius?'

'Yes, little one?' Lucius hummed.

'Why are we in the pool room?'

Lucius smirked and Harry felt it right through his heart.

'Lucius-'

'We're going for a swim,' Lucius said and shifted Harry.

Before Harry could protest he was thrown through the air. He shouted and had time to take a deep breath before he hit the water. He had to stop a gasp as the cold water assaulted him, soaking through his clothes in a millisecond. He sank to the bottom and opened his eyes, blinking and looking around.

He could see Lucius standing on the edge of the pool and quickly swam to the top. Harry broke the surface and gasped, water running down his glasses and obscuring his vision.

'You bastard!' he hissed, rubbing his eyes.

'I'm hurt,' Lucius said, holding a hand to his heart.
Harry scowled and swam to the edge of the pool, grabbing onto the cold tiles. 'I'm just worried about Draco.'

'He'll be fine, the twins won't hurt him.'

'You can't know that,' Harry growled.

'I can because I would never hurt you,' Lucius said, crouching to look at his mate. 'They can't hurt him, Harry.'

Harry looked up, green eyes bright. 'But I could hurt you, Lucius.'

'No you couldn't.'

A wicked grin crossed Harry's face and his hands snapped out. He grabbed Lucius by the robes and dragged him forward. Lucius flailed through the air before hitting the water, twisting through the liquid to look at his laughing mate. Lucius broke the surface, not a drop of water to be found on him.

'That was rude,' Lucius huffed.

Harry scowled. 'You did it first.'

Lucius smiled and glided through the water, Harry backing up quickly.

'Lucius...'

'Yes, little one?'

'I know that look,' Harry said, eyeing his mate warily as he continued to swim away.

'Oh?' Lucius said, gaining ground and quickly cornering his mate against the edge of the pool.

Suddenly Lucius' warm and dry body was pressed against Harry's, drying the teenager instantly and making him shiver. Harry's hair stuck up wildly and Lucius brushed a hand through it.

'Lucius, we can't,' Harry said.

'Why not?' the blonde asked.

'Draco and Fred and George-' Harry was cut off by a soft kiss being pressed to his lips. 'Siri and R-Remy...' Harry mumbled before he was kissed again. 'Sev-' Harry cut himself off this time, wrapping his arms around his mate's shoulders and drawing him close.

He groaned as Lucius' lips pressed against his own, quickly pushing all thoughts away. They were replaced by a delicious heat and taste, Harry's senses assaulted by Lucius' gorgeous smell. He groaned and wrapped his legs around Lucius' waist, Lucius pushing through the water to hold Harry against the pool wall.

Lucius' tongue licked at Harry's lips, begging entrance, and Harry could only hold out a few seconds before opening up. Lucius grunted in triumph before licking at Harry's teeth, the insides of his mouth, exploring every part he could reach before stroking Harry's tongue.

The teenager whimpered and licked back, tongue wrapping around Lucius' own to dance back and forth. Finally Lucius' tongue retreated and Harry's followed, the Gryffindor now doing some exploring of his own. It was rare for Lucius to ever give up control, even with kissing, and Harry
savour each and every second.

He explored as thoroughly as Lucius had, fingers twisting through his mate's gorgeous hair as he tasted and felt everything he could. Harry would never get over kissing Lucius; it was as addictive as their first kiss and Harry knew that would never change. Everything about Lucius, right down to his tongue, was perfect, and Harry would never want anything else.

Lucius pulled their lips apart to kiss Harry's cheek, his jaw, tongue lapping down to his neck. He licked and sucked on Harry's Mark, the teenager shivering violently, before moving back up.

Their lips pressed together and they sighed against each other before breaking apart.

'This is nice,' Lucius mused.

Harry was panting heavily and he blinked back the fog that had descended on his brain. 'Huh?'

'This is nice,' Lucius repeated, scratching a hand through Harry's hair. 'I love having sex with you, don't get me wrong, but sometimes it's nice to just enjoy the smaller gestures.'

Harry smiled and leaned forward, resting his head against Lucius' neck. 'Mm, it is nice,' he agreed.

'I love you, Harry,' Lucius said and kissed his cheek.

'Love you too,' Harry said, 'even if you throw me into pools.'

Lucius chuckled. 'I dried you afterwards, didn't I?'

'You're still a sod.'

Lucius drew back to pout. 'Am not.'

'Are too.'

Lucius shut him up with another kiss.

{oOo}

Severus scowled as Sirius picked up another vile. 'What's this?'

'Wormwood; leave it alone.'

Sirius put the crystal down. 'What's this one?'

Severus glared at him and Remus put a hand on his partner's shoulder. 'Siri, leave him alone.'

'Yes, Siri,' Severus smirked. 'Listen to your boyfriend.'

Sirius scowled. 'Don't get smart with me, snake-boy,'

'Oh, that's original,' Severus said dryly.

'We're supposed to be getting along,' Remus reminded them. 'For Harry and Lucius, remember?'
Severus and Sirius scowled at each other before turning away, Severus back to his potion, Sirius back to looking at everything.

Remus breathed a sigh of relief before saying, 'So what are you working on?'

'A blood replenishing potion that works faster than the current one,' the Slytherin replied.

'And how's it going?' Remus asked.

Severus glanced at him before murmuring, 'Fine.'

'Do you want any help?' the werewolf asked.

Severus narrowed his eyes, trying to decide if Remus was being serious or not. He finally decided that he was; Remus had never picked on him in school and they'd been friends before Severus and Lily had stopped talking.

'You can cut up the herbs over there,' Severus said, gesturing to a chopping board with a bunch of purple clumps sitting on it. 'Cut them as small as you can.'

Remus nodded and stepped aside to do as asked. Sirius glanced between them before saying, 'Erm... suppose I can help, too.'

Severus raised an eyebrow and Sirius sighed.

'I can be helpful, you know.'

'Oh, and here I thought you were just a troublemaker,' Severus murmured.

Remus snorted. 'He might be, yes, but he's also smart.'

Severus hated that Remus was right. James Potter and Sirius Black had always been smart as well as popular, gorgeous... life wasn't fair.

'Fine, you can cut up the slugs across from Lupin,' Severus said.

'You know you can call me Remus,' the werewolf said as Sirius rounded the wooden work bench. 'You used to.'

Severus looked him over carefully before saying, 'Very well... Remus.'

Remus beamed.

'And call me Sirius,' the Black patriarch murmured as he grabbed a slug.

'Cut the slug into thin, even strips, mutt,' Severus said.

Remus snorted and had to cover his face to stop. Sirius scowled but a smile pulled at his lips as he started slicing the slugs.

Severus went back to adding ingredients, a thin layer of orange liquid sitting on the bottom of the cauldron. He glanced at the other two men, watched as they chatted and went about their tasks.

_Hmm_, he thought as he turned the burner on. _I suppose this could work._
'Wow,' George gaped as they stepped into Draco's room.

'You can say that again,' Fred said, looking around with wide eyes.

'Wow,' his twin repeated.

Draco stood by the door, nervous and watching. His room was large, every room in the Manor was. The wallpaper was a dark forest green with swirling black patterns, the ceiling a grey colour. There were two bookcases filled with novels, old school books, framed photos, and odds and ends Draco had collected over the years. There was a walk-in-closet to the left, an ensuite bathroom to the right.

The bed was king-sized and had grey sheets and a silk bedspread and pillows. The hangings were black and currently drawn up to the canopy. There was a small table either side with gas lamps and candles, the drawers filled with parchment, quills and magazines. A sneakoscope sat on the right one, a stack of books on the other.

The furniture, including a leather sofa under one bay window to the left, and two arm chairs before the other one, was all dark wood, varnished to perfection. The doors too were dark wood, the knobs highly polished silver.

The bathroom was black and white tiles, the bathtub, shower, and sink all white marble.

'Sweet Merlin, a Firebolt Two!' Fred gasped and looked at the broom sitting in the corner.

'Dad and Harry got it for me for Christmas,' Draco told them.

'Gods, I wish Harry was my dad,' George said.

Draco smiled. 'Well, Harry did destroy my last broom.'

'We heard about that,' Fred said, turning back to his brother and mate.

'We're sorry about Ginny,' George said.

'And Mum,' Fred added.

'It's okay,' Draco shrugged. 'I don't hold you responsible for what your sister did, or what your mother has done. It's not your fault.'

'Such words of wisdom from our little dragon,' George smiled.

Draco blushed darkly and looked down.

'Why are you so embarrassed around us?' Fred asked.

'Cause you're... um...' Draco murmured.

'Yes?' George prompted.

'You're all gorgeous and smart and funny,' Draco blurted.
'So are you,' Fred said.

'You are,' George cut in when Draco opened his mouth to protest. The twins sat on the bed and George held his hand out. 'Come here, little dragon.'

Draco immediately crossed the room and sat between them. George drew the younger wizard into his arms, his presence instantly soothing the Slytherin. George stroked a hand through his hair as Fred grabbed Draco's right arm. He lifted it and burrowed into Draco's chest, the blonde wrapping an arm around him.

'This feels nice,' Fred said.

'Mm,' George agreed.

'It's... perfect,' Draco said.

The twins smiled. 'We should go on a date,' they said.

'Date?' Draco squeaked.

'Yep,' Fred said while George nodded. 'A proper date in public. We'll take you to a fancy restaurant-

'- and we're paying, our little dragon won't have to buy anything for himself,' George cut in.

'I have money,' Draco frowned.

'And I don't care,' George said.

'Can't argue with Georgie,' Fred told him.

'My name is Forge,' George said.

Fred smiled. 'I thought it was Gred?'

'Um... I can't remember,' George shrugged.

'What's with Forge and Gred?' Draco asked.

'Mum and Dad sometimes have trouble telling us apart,' Fred told the Slytherin.

'So we got into the habit of calling ourselves Forge or Gred,' George said.

'Just to rub it into our parents' faces that they forgot which is which,' Fred added.

'But you're easy to tell apart,' Draco said.

'Well now we are,' George said, gesturing at the spot his left ear used to be.

'Courtesy of Snape, by the way,' Fred said.

'But I've forgiven him,' George added hastily seeing Draco's wide eyes.

The blonde blinked before shaking his head. 'No, I don't mean that,' he said. 'I mean that you're different, it's obvious.'

'Is it?' they asked.
Draco nodded. ‘First, George has a mole here,’ he said and pointed at the younger twin's neck. ‘And Fred doesn't,’ he said, looking at his submissive mate. ‘And Fred, you always smile first where George nods along to your ideas. And George's hands are softer, where Fred has callouses on his thumbs.’

‘That's because I handle all the boxes while George unpacks with Lee,’ Fred said.

‘Very impressive, little dragon,’ George said.

Fred smiled. ‘Yes, very,’ he said, George nodding.

‘See,’ Draco said. ‘Fred's smiling and George is nodding.’

‘No,’ Fred corrected. ‘Forge is smiling and Gred is nodding.’

Draco pushed Fred away and flopped onto his back across the bed. The twins joined him, turning on their sides to keep Draco in view.

‘Tell us if we ever annoy you,’ Fred said.

‘We can be annoying,’ George added.

‘But we don't want to annoy you,’ Fred finished.

‘You're not annoying,’ Draco promised. ‘Well, besides saying dirty things in front of my parents.’

‘Your dad's cool,’ George said. ‘But little Harry-'

‘Ah, little Mummy Malfoy,’ Fred grinned.

George and Draco both chuckled.

‘Will he get over it?’ George asked.

‘He will, it'll get easier,’ Draco said. ‘It's just that his veela sees me as a baby and he knows that one day we'll... well, you know.’ The twins gave the same sinful smirk that had Draco swallowing. ‘Erm... well, he knows that, and he just wants to protect me. But the more he sees us together the better he'll get.’

‘But he'll kill us if we hurt you,’ Fred said.

‘Dad too,’ Draco nodded.

‘Worth it,’ George said.

‘Oh yes,’ Fred agreed.

‘So, that date,’ George said. ‘Friday night, are you free?’

‘Erm... yeah, I suppose I am,’ Draco said, blushing darkly.

‘Gorgeous,’ Fred said and stroked a finger along the blonde's cheek.

‘We'll pick you up at...’ George began.

‘... six?’ Fred supplied.
'Six,' George agreed. 'Wear whatever you want, dragon, you'll be gorgeous no matter what.'

Draco blushed again and the twins smiled.

'We should probably ask Harry and Mr Malfoy,' Fred mused.

'I'm eighteen, I can go out if I want,' Draco said.

'Yes, but we're effectively courting you,' George said.

'We want your parents' blessing,' Fred said.

'You already have it.'

'Not for a date we don't,' Fred shook his head.

'We'll ask later,' George said.

Draco huffed, folding his arms. George trailed a finger up his chest and Draco shivered. The twins chuckled.

{oOo}

Harry sat on the edge of the pool, feet dangling in the water, and watched Lucius swim laps. They'd changed into swimmers and Dobby had heated the pool. The water was lovely and warm and Harry sighed, relaxed, as he watched his mate.

Lucius was absolutely gorgeous in the water; his muscles rippled beneath pale skin, his hair fanned out behind him, and he looked so at home in the water. He was concentrating hard and when he popped out of the water he was dripping wet. He shook his head and swam over to Harry lazily.

'Lonely, love?' Lucius asked.

'Perfectly fine watching you,' Harry said and grinned.

Lucius chuckled, squeezing water from his hair and throwing it over his back. 'And you say I always have sex on the brain.'

'I didn't say anything about sex,' Harry said, pushing a foot against Lucius' wet and muscled stomach. 'You're just gorgeous.'

Lucius smiled and slid through the water. He leaned against the wall of the pool between Harry's legs and wrapped his arms around the Gryffindor's waist.

'And you, my beautiful little one, are absolutely delectable.'

Harry chuckled and drew his mate in for a soft kiss. It was wet and warm and so wonderful that Harry didn't want it to end. A light wind ruffled their hair and Lucius broke the kiss.

'Easy, love.'
Harry huffed and drew him back in.

'Harry,' Lucius warned when an even stronger gust of wind blew through the room, rattling the pool chairs behind Harry.

'Sorry, sorry,' the teenager apologised.

Lucius smiled and rested against Harry's thigh, head turned and cheek pressed to the teenager's wet leg. Harry brushed a hand through his hair and Lucius sighed.

'Don't fall asleep,' Harry murmured.

'I won't,' Lucius said, scrubbing his eyes to push away the lethargy setting in. 'You know, we should go out.'

'Should we?' Harry asked, pushing wet hair behind his partner's ear.

Lucius nodded. 'A romantic date, we haven't had one since we completed our bond.'

'Mm,' Harry murmured.

'Anywhere you'd like to go?' Lucius asked.

'Wherever you want,' Harry said. 'Ooh, we should have a candle light dinner somewhere.'

Lucius smiled and sat up. He leaned on the pool to kiss Harry. 'Whatever you want, my love.'

'I want you,' Harry said and drew Lucius closer for another snogging session.

Lucius chuckled against his lips.

{oOo}

'Now add that, slowly,' Severus said.

Sirius rolled his eyes but did as asked, slowly sliding the slug strips into the potion. Once done Remus added a handful of the purple herbs he'd cut up and the three watched as the potion turned a dark, murky red.

'Now I have to leave it for seven hours,' Severus said, casting a charm over the cauldron to stop anything being added accidentally.

'Well that was boring,' Sirius commented.

'Shut up,' Remus said and elbowed the Animagus. 'We should go have dinner somewhere.'

'Like where?' Sirius asked.

'How about that restaurant in Diagon, the new one?' Remus suggested.

'The Wiley Goat?' Sirius asked and his boyfriend nodded. 'I heard they have nice food.'

Sirius and Remus continued to discuss their date and Severus turned away. He wasn't jealous, he
told himself. Just.. annoyed that everyone else had someone. Lucius had Harry, Draco the twins, and even Sirius bloody Black had a partner. Severus hadn't been with anyone since Lily.

He sighed to himself as he watched the potion simmer.

'Sev, you coming?' Remus asked.

Severus blinked from his thoughts and turned. 'Pardon?'

'We were thinking of having dinner,' Sirius said, 'and we'll invite Lucius, Harry, Draco, and the twins. Wanna come?'

Severus started. 'You're inviting me to dinner?'

'Relax, we're not proposing,' Sirius smirked.

Severus rolled his eyes. 'I know that, mutt-

'Come on, you're not doing anything,' Remus said. 'Let's go.'

Severus hesitated before saying, 'Fine, but only because I have nothing to do.'

Remus smiled and Sirius snorted as the potions master followed them from the lab.

{oOo}

Draco, Fred and George ran into the three older wizards in the corridor near the veranda.

'Godfather, Mr Black, Mr Lupin,' Draco smiled.

'Please, call me Remus,' the werewolf said.

'Call me Mr Gorgeous,' Sirius supplied.

The twins giggled and Draco snorted. Severus rolled his eyes and said, 'Draco, where's your father?'

'Dunno,' Draco shrugged.

'Probably off shagging Harry,' the twins said.

Sirius and Draco both groaned, the blonde rounding on them. 'Please don't say that!'

'It's probably true,' Severus mused.

'Shit up,' Draco scowled.

There was a splash from down the corridor and they all turned.

'Probably in the pool,' Draco said and led the way. He pushed the double doors open and the group filed in and froze.

Lucius was in the pool, Harry sitting on the edge. The teenager had his legs wrapped around the
blonde, hands tugging at his hair, and Lucius' own arms were snaked around the Gryffindor's waist. Their lips were melded together, a flash of tongue seen amongst the erotic moans they were making.

Draco and Sirius both grimaced and looked away. Severus rolled his eyes, Remus chuckled, and the twins stared, mouths falling open.

'Merlin,' Fred said.

'That is hot,' George murmured.

Draco rounded on them, anger and jealousy searing through him. 'What was that?' he demanded.

Fred wilted and said, 'Erm, it was him.' He pointed at his twin.

George smiled. 'Relax, little dragon,' he said and drew Draco in, arms tight around the shorter wizard.

Draco melted into his embrace and Fred hugged him from behind.

Lucius and Harry, having heard Draco's shout and his feelings in their chests, broke apart and turned. Harry blushed darkly when he saw the group and quickly wiped his mouth.

Lucius looked pleased with himself and said, 'Can we help you?'

'We were just going to invite you to dinner,' Remus said.

'If you can stop shagging long enough to eat,' Severus cut in.

'Shut up!' Sirius groaned.

Severus smiled as Remus said, 'Want to come to dinner?'

'Where?' Lucius asked as he drew back slightly from his mate.

'The Wiley Goat, a new restaurant in Diagon Alley,' Remus said.

Lucius glanced at Harry, who was still red. 'Erm... s-sure,' the teenager mumbled.

Lucius pecked him on the lips before the water around him churned. He was lifted from the pool and the water melted away, leaving him completely dry. He pulled Harry up and a soft wind blew around them, drying Harry and ruffling his hair.

He tried to flatten it down but Lucius stopped him. 'You look perfect, little one.'

Harry blushed and the twins wolf-whistled.

'Shut up,' the Gryffindor groaned.

'When are we leaving?' Lucius asked.

'I'll firecall and make a reservation for... six?' Remus suggested.

Lucius held out his hand and his pocketwatch shot across from the table in the corner. 'That gives us... three hours,' he said and smiled at Harry. 'I need your help picking out what to wear.'

Harry felt his Lucius Band flex and lust filled his chest. 'Erm... sure,' he said and grinned.
'Father, please,' Draco whined.

'My apologies,' Lucius smiled, not looking very sorry. He wrapped his arms around Harry and they disapparated with a pop.
Fred and George headed home to change for dinner, wanting to look nice for Draco. They managed to sneak in and change; Fred wore pressed grey trousers and a cobalt blue button-up shirt, a waistcoat made of grey dragon-scales pulled on with a black tie. George was in black trousers, a crimson coloured button-up shirt, and a waistcoat made of black dragon-scales, his tie grey.

George nodded as Fred turned, inspecting himself in the mirror. 'Perfect, big brother.'

'Why thank you, little brother,' Fred smiled, checking to make sure George looked good. They both brushed their hair, made sure their teeth were clean, and grabbed black cloaks before heading out.

The entire family was in the sitting room, Molly keeping an eye on the roast she was making for dinner.

Bill whistled and Fleur said, 'You both look veree smart.'

Fred smiled and George said, 'We always look smart, sister-in-law.'

Fleur chuckled and rubbed her stomach. She was only a month pregnant but she and Bill were over the moon; the whole family was, really. The first grandchild was on the way.

'Where are you two going?' Ron asked, the underlying question clear in his eyes; Are you going somewhere with Draco?

George nodded as Fred said, 'Business meeting, little brother.'

'We're meeting Lee in Muggle London,' George lied.

'We're looking at investing in a new type of vanishing potion being developed in Paris,' Fred said.

George nodded again.

Molly, who had listened from beside the dining table, frowned slightly. 'Why the sudden meeting?' she asked.

'Business men don't wait, Mother,' Fred said.

'We were firecalled only an hour ago,' George added.

'So we must be off,' Fred said.

'Don't wait up,' George smiled.

'We'll try and get back-'

'- but you know how men are,' George finished.

Molly scowled but said, 'Fine, but you two are spending far too long working; you're supposed to be on holiday.'

They kissed her quickly on each cheek and said, 'No rest for the wicked, Mum.'

'Have fun,' Bill said knowingly and Fred winked at him. George held the door open and bowed to
the group before following his brother.

'Are they going to the Malfoy's again?' Ron whispered to Bill.

'Probably,' his older brother said.

'Eet izz so wunderful,' Fleur sighed, Bill having told her earlier that day.

'Mm,' Hermione nodded. 'Everyone's got a veela.'

'Well you've got me,' Ron told the witch.

Hermione blushed and Bill and Fleur smiled at each other. Arthur, who was sitting by the fire reading a book, glanced at his kids before looking back down at the text. Something was going on, he just didn't know what.

Molly gasped and pulled the roast from the wood-burning oven. 'Oh no,' she groaned.

The collected group turned to see smoke pouring out of the oven.

'What happened?' Arthur asked.

'I must have burned the fire too hot,' Molly scowled. 'It's ruined.'

'Can't fix it?' Arthur said, glancing at the charred meat.

Molly shook her head. 'Food is better when made by hand, Arthur!'

Arthur just shrugged.

'Maybe we can go out?' Bill suggested.

'Yes,' Fleur clapped her hands. 'A wunderful family meal.'

Ron nodded in agreement and Hermione said, 'That sounds nice.'

Arthur looked at his wife, who sighed but said, 'Okay, fine, everyone go get ready.'

'Where will we go?' Arthur asked, standing and stretching.

Molly tilted her head, thinking. 'Hmm...'

{oOo}

Harry stepped out of the walk-in-closet, looking around the darkly furnished master bedroom. He still couldn't quite believe that it was his bedroom as well as Lucius'. The blonde aristocrat had done everything in his power to make Harry feel at home in the Manor. And Harry was starting to refer to the massive building as home; it was comforting, warm, and Harry felt safe.

Lucius came out of the bathroom toweling his long blonde hair. He smiled at Harry, who grinned up at him before going back to getting dressed. They weren't dressing up too much; The Wiley Goat was a semi-formal restaurant. So Harry was wearing denim jeans, a dark blue polo shirt, and a jacket. Lucius went for pressed trousers, a button-up shirt, and a long-sleeved robe and cloak.
'You'll freeze in that,' Lucius tutted.

Harry glanced down at his clothes. 'I don't want to overheat in the restaurant.'

Lucius pursed his lips before saying, 'At least wear a scarf?'

Harry nodded and dug one out of the wardrobe, winding it around his neck. He didn't bother with his own hair but watched Lucius brush his. He couldn't help but reach up and run his fingers through it, Lucius' eyes sliding shut.

'Harry, we have to leave soon.'

'Mm,' Harry murmured.

Lucius shivered but managed to pull away. He turned and took Harry's hands in his own, kissing each knuckle. 'Stop that.'

Harry grinned and kissed his mate quickly. 'Sorry, sorry.'

'Come on,' Lucius said after brushing his hair back one last time. He linked his fingers with Harry's and they left the bedroom.

{oOo}

Draco paced back and forth, his belt undone, shirt hanging off his thin frame. 'What do I wear?' he demanded. He knew this wasn't a date (not with his bloody parents and godfather there!) but he still wanted to look nice. He threw another shirt aside just as Severus knocked on the door.

'What?' Draco growled.

Severus entered and tutted. 'Draco, honestly.'

'I want to look nice,' Draco grumbled.

'Usually you can put an outfit together easily; something you and your father have in common.'

Draco sighed. 'But it's just... the twins are always so... they look...'

He trailed off and Severus rolled his eyes. He pushed past his godson and entered the wardrobe. Glancing back at Draco to see that he was wearing dark red trousers, he picked out a black shirt and threw it at him. Draco pulled it on and Severus walked out with a tight fitting grey coat. He helped Draco slip into it and brushed his godson's hair back.

He steered Draco to the mirror and said, 'Perfect.'

'Shoes?' Draco asked.

'Black dragon-skin boots,' Severus answered.

Draco grinned and hugged him. 'Thanks, Uncle Sev.'

'Don't tell Harry I helped dress you nicely for the Weasleys,' Severus said.
Draco chuckled. 'No worries, I need you alive.'

Severus smiled and left his godson to finish dressing.

{oOo}

When Draco joined the others he was finished and Lucius whistled.

'Looking good,' Remus said and Sirius nodded in agreement. The werewolf was dressed in comfortable clothes; trousers, button-up shirt, a black sweater with a cloak. Sirius was in his usual pressed trousers, shirt and waistcoat, a cloak over his shoulders. Severus, of course, was wearing black.

'You look good,' Harry agreed before frowning. 'If the twins-'

'Touch him you'll kill them,' Lucius butted in. 'We know, love.'

Harry blushed but grumbled, 'Better not touch him,' under his breath.

Lucius smiled and wound his arms around Harry's waist, resting his chin on the teenager's shoulder. They spoke softly to each other while Sirius, Remus and Severus talked. Draco was fidgeting and checking his watch every few seconds; they were waiting on the twins.

At ten to six there were two synchronised knocks on the door and Dobby answered. Draco's mouth fell open when the twins walked in. They were dressed identically only in different colours and Draco's eyes flicked between them. They were so gorgeous, had they always been that gorgeous? How had Draco not noticed in school? All those years he'd sneered at them, taunted them, made fun of them for being poor... Draco hated himself.

'What's wrong?' George asked, he and Fred noticing the look on Draco's face. They had pains in their chests and assumed it was Draco.

'Um...' the blonde mumbled.

'Tell us,' Fred said, lifting Draco's chin.

'I'm sorry I was so mean to you,' Draco said.

'When?' George asked, Fred frowning.

'All through school, and before that,' Draco said. 'I'm so sorry.'

'It's in the past,' Fred brushed Draco's words aside.

'You were young and stupid,' George added.

'We don't care about that,' Fred said. 'Honestly, Draco.'

'If Harry can forgive me for my past mistakes,' Lucius said, 'then the twins can forgive you, Draco.'

'After all, your father was a bigger bastard then you,' Sirius grinned.
Remus nudged him and Severus chuckled.

The twins beamed. 'See,' they said, 'your father was a prat and Harry loves him.'

'He is not a prat!' Harry shouted.

'Calm, love,' Lucius said and kissed Harry’s Mark. The teenager melted.

'Will I have a Mark like that?' Draco asked suddenly.

'From George, yes,' his father said. 'You'll give one to Fred.'

'When?' the twins asked, looking excited by the prospect of getting Marked.

'When it feels right,' Lucius said, running a finger over Harry's Mark, the teenager looking lost in the sensation.

'When did you Mark Harry?' Sirius asked.

'The day I woke up after he rescued me from Azkaban,' Lucius said, taking his finger away from Harry’s skin.

Harry blinked back to reality and smiled. 'He was fighting our bond,' he told the others, 'so I bit him.'

'You bit him?' Severus asked.

Harry nodded and Lucius said, 'He fought my veela for control and naturally I didn't like that.'

'Being the controlling prick you are,' Harry cut in.

Lucius slapped his arse and Harry yelped. 'As I was saying,' Lucius continued, Harry glaring at him and the others smirking. 'Harry pretended to fight me for control so I kissed and bit him. Slowly the Mark began to darken until we completed our bond. Now it is what it is.'

Harry smiled and touched his Mark, tracing the patters with his finger.

'So I won't have a Mark?' George asked.

Lucius shook his head. 'As Draco's dominant, you'll Mark him, not the other way around.'

'And Draco will Mark me,' Fred said, Lucius nodding. 'Brilliant.'

'I'm jealous,' George pouted.

'Hey, I don't get to Mark anyone,' Fred said.

'True,' his twin mused.

'Okay, we've gotta go to make our reservations,' Remus cut in.

'Of course,' Lucius said and took Harry's hand.

Slowly they trapsed outside and to the front gate. Only Lucius could apprate and disapparate inside the house, and when he and Harry married the Gryffindor would be able to as well. Family like Draco and Severus could apparate and disapparate in the grounds only.
Remus, Sirius, Fred and George could only apparate or disapparate outside the main gates but Lucius was looking at changing that; the twins were Draco's mates, after all, and Remus and Sirius were like Harry's parents. They should be allowed to apparate directly into the grounds, maybe even the house... yes, Lucius would definitely be changing that.

{oOo}

They appeared with soft pops in front of the restaurant, Remus, Sirius and Severus heading in first. Harry threaded his arm through Lucius' and smiled up at his mate. Fred and George jumped either side of Draco and took an arm each.

'Let us escort you, little dragon,' Fred said.

'It would be our honour,' George said.

He and his twin bowed deeply and Draco snorted. 'Stop being prats and lets go.'

The twins grinned. 'Yes sir,' they said and dragged him inside.

'Malfoy party of eight,' Remus said. Lucius raised an eyebrow and the younger man said, 'I still have trouble in some places because I'm a werewolf.'

'I thought Shacklebolt would be changing that,' Lucius said.

'He's trying,' Sirius said, 'but there's still a lot of old prejudices that not even a war can't wipe away.'

'It's ridiculous,' Severus snorted.

'You're the one who told everyone I was a werewolf, remember?' Remus said as they were led into the restaurant.

'A mistake on my part,' Severus murmured.

'Dear Gods, I've died, Severus Snape is admitting he was wrong,' Sirius swooned, head tipped back.

Harry and Remus snorted and Severus rolled his eyes.

'Ve forgot how funny you are, Padfoot,' Fred said as Draco pulled his chair out for him. He sat and grinned.

George pulled Draco's chair, brushing aside the blonde's protests. 'Not as funny as us, of course,' he said as he tucked Draco in and sat beside him.

Lucius made sure Harry was sitting before taking his own seat and Remus and Sirius fought over who was going to sit first.

'For the sake of all that is magic, just sit,' Severus snapped, pulling out both their chairs.

The couple blushed and sat, Severus scowling as he took his own seat.
Harry giggled at the pout Sirius was sporting and Lucius smiled at his mate.

'I'm funnier than you,' Sirius said, looking at the twins. 'I was a Marauder, remember.'

'Marauders are old school,' Fred said.

George nodded. 'We're the new generation.'

'You forget Teddy,' Remus joined in. 'He's the second generation of Marauders.'

'Wouldn't Fred, George, and I be the second generation?' Harry asked. 'I got up to some stuff at school.'

'Really?' Fred exclaimed.

'You don't say,' George added.

'Here we thought-

'- that you and our little brother-

'- were perfect little angels,' Fred said.

'Is that a lie?' George demanded.

'You two give me a headache,' Severus groaned.

'They're cute,' Draco pouted.

Harry smiled at his kit.

'Fine, we'll say Teddy is the third generation,' Remus said.

'That and any children Harry and I have,' Lucius smiled at his mate.

Harry blushed as Fred said, 'And any children we have.' George nodded.

Harry scowled at the twins, George hastily saying, 'Not that we plan on that any time soon.'

'Absolutely not,' Fred agreed.

'Little dragon has to finish school-' George began.

'... and take whatever job or further training he wants-'

'... only after that will we speak marriage-'

'... and bonding-' Fred said.

'... and children,' George finished.

Draco was bright red and Harry huffed. 'I'm watching you two.'

'You can trust us,' the twins implored. Harry ignored them.

'Say, would we have to move into the Manor?' Fred asked.
Draco looked at them before glancing at his father.

Lucius didn't answer until they'd ordered drinks and their food, all skipping the appetisers in favour of main courses. 'It's up to Draco,' he said. 'He will one day become Lord Malfoy and have to live at the Manor if I step down or pass away.'

Harry whined and Lucius kissed him quickly.

'Don't talk like that,' the Gryffindor murmured, wrapping his arms around Lucius' chest.

Lucius smiled and kissed him again before looking back up. 'As his mates, you'll have to live with him,' he continued. 'Until Draco becomes Lord Malfoy you can live wherever you want.'

'Would we have to move out?' Harry asked.

'Don't be stupid,' Draco tutted, 'no head of the family has ever moved out after becoming Lord or Lady Malfoy.'

'So... that's a no?' Harry asked. 'Because I really like the Manor.'

'The rooms are huge,' Fred said.

'How many are there?' George asked.

'Between thirty and forty,' Draco shrugged.

'Merlin,' the twins swooned.

'It's rather large and empty,' Lucius said.

'What are Draco and I, pets?' Severus asked.

Lucius rolled his eyes. 'You know what I mean, Severus. There was only ever you, me, Draco and Narcissa. The house should be full of family members.'

'We'll just have to make some,' Harry whispered in his ear.

Lucius shivered and shook his head to clear it.

'Merlin,' Severus sighed. 'You never cease to amaze me, Lucius.'

'How so?' the Malfoy patriarch asked.

'You have the libido of a teenager.'

'Well, my mate is a teenager,' Lucius said and smiled, 'he's rubbed off on me.'

Sirius and Draco both clapped hands over their ears and the others all chuckled.

'No sex talk at the table,' Draco groaned.

'Sorry,' Harry grinned sheepishly.

Their food was delivered and there was silence as they all picked up their napkins and utensils. Harry had got chicken with potatoes and salad. Lucius went with a creamy pasta, Draco a steak burger and chips. The twins both got fish and salad, Remus a juicy and red steak, and Sirius some type of soup. Severus was eating a vegetarian lasagne with a side salad.
'So how's Teddy?' Harry asked after taking his first bite.

'Growing so fast,' Remus said over his steak. 'One minute he's so small, the next he's grown a few inches; it's amazing.'

'And his hair keeps changing,' Sirius said. 'One minute it's red, the next it's green.'

'But he always goes back to brown, like me,' Remus smiled proudly.

'He looks a lot like you,' Sirius agreed. 'Has your amber eyes most of the time.'

'How old is he?' Lucius asked.

'Nine months,' Remus said. 'He'll be one April 4th.'

'What's it like, being a father?' Severus asked, looking curious.

Remus paused, knife and fork still. 'It's... difficult,' he admitted, 'without Tonks. I miss her so much and I wish Teddy had got a chance to know her.' He shook his head, trying to clear the bad thoughts. 'But I've got Andy and Sirius to help, Harry too. So it's manageable.'

Sirius and Harry both smiled at him, the others listening silently.

'It's also amazing,' Remus continued, back to cutting his steak. 'Every day is a new challenge but I'm learning so much. And having a child, someone who's your flesh and blood and connected to you... it's just brilliant, I can't stop smiling. I love him so much.'

'I want that one day,' Harry said, popping a tomato into his mouth.

Sirius scowled at him.

'I said one day,' Harry mumbled, 'not now.'

'You'd look gorgeous pregnant,' Lucius said and looked Harry up and down.

Draco groaned and the twins smiled at him.

'Do you want children, Severus?' Remus asked.

Severus paused, all eyes on him. 'Yes,' he said.

'Really?' Lucius asked. He'd known Severus for years and had never known the other Slytherin to want children.

Severus nodded. 'I saw how happy Draco made you, and how happy Remus is with Teddy,' he said. 'I would like that.'

'That's great, Sev,' Draco beamed.

'We could babysit,' the twins offered.

'Not bloody likely,' Severus snorted.

'Why?' the Weasleys whined.

The table chuckled.
Lucius paused suddenly and tilted his head. 'Luce?' Harry asked.
'I just realised something,' the blonde said.
'And that would be?' Severus asked.
Lucius looked at his son. 'Draco, your starsign is Gemini, yes?'
'Yeah,' Draco nodded.
Lucius smirked and Harry said, 'What is it?'
'The symbol for Gemini is the twins,' Lucius told them.
Draco blinked and Severus said, 'Oh, it is too.'
'See, we were always meant to be,' George grinned at Draco, who blushed.
'What's your starsign?' Harry asked.
'Aries,' George said.
'Birthday?' Lucius queried.
The twins smirked and Harry said, 'They were born on April Fools Day.'
'Mum should have known we'd be trouble,' Fred said.
'It's not our fault,' George added.
'The universe made us this way,' Fred agreed.
'Your element is fire,' Lucius mused. 'I wonder if that will affect what element you control when you and Draco bond completely.'
'Does it matter?' Harry asked.
'Well, the element for my starsign, Scorpio, is water,' Lucius said.
'And you can control water,' Sirius pointed out.
Lucius nodded. 'But Harry's starsign is Leo, his element fire.'
'Yet I control air,' Harry mused.
'Exactly,' Lucius said. 'I suppose it doesn't matter really, but sometimes the day you're born can affect everything.'

Harry shared a look with Severus; both knew that Harry being born July 31st had affected everything. It was why Voldemort had hunted him down; a boy born at the end of July...
'Severus, what about you?' Harry asked, not wanting to dwell on bad memories.
'Janurary 9th,' the potions master said, 'I'm a Capricorn.'
'Also older than me,' Remus said.
'But I don't look it,' the Slytherin said with a quirked eyebrow.

Lucius chuckled as Sirius said, 'I'm a Sagittarius.'

'Pisces,' Remus said. 'Teddy's Aries too.'

'We'll train him right,' Fred vowed.

'He'll be twice as sneaky as us,' George agreed.

Remus groaned.

'Don't worry, Rem, I'll protect him,' Harry said. Fred and George grinned. 'Er, maybe not.'

The table laughed.

{oOo}

Molly and Arthur apparated with a pop, appearing on the steps of a new restaurant in Diagon Alley.

'This looks nice,' Molly mused as Ron, Hermione, Bill and Fleur all appeared behind them.

'Mm,' Arthur agreed before leading his family inside. They hadn't made reservations and had to wait for a table. Hermione and Ron were on the outskirts, chatting softly about their up-coming outing (no, it wasn't a date... okay, maybe it was), when Hermione froze.

"Mione?" Ron asked.

She pointed over his shoulder and Ron turned. He spotted Harry, the two Malfoys, Severus, Rem and Siri, and the twins.

'Oh no,' he groaned.

'What do we do?' Hermione hissed.

'We- ' Ron cut himself off when Molly turned to survey the restaurant. 'Oh Merlin,' he groaned when his mum spotted Harry.

She scowled, watching as Lucius kissed Harry on the cheek. 'Slimey git,' she grunted.

Arthur turned and saw what Molly was talking about. He rubbed his eyes and said, 'Molly, leave them be.'

'Look at Malfoy, touching Harry in public,' Molly continued.

Lucius had his arm around Harry's chair and the teenager looked comfortable snuggled up to him.

'Zay are gorgeous,' Fleur said, Bill nodding.

Molly snorted and looked around the table. 'Of course Severus is here, always willing to bend over for the Malfoys.'
'Lucius and Severus are best friends,' Arthur pointed out.

His wife ignored him. 'I can't believe Sirius and Remus; I thought they'd be on our side.'

'There are no sides,' Arthur said.

'They just want Harry to be happy,' Bill sighed.

'Which he is,' Ron pointed out.

Molly ignored them, looking around the table. She spotted Draco... and the two very familiar redheads sitting either side of him. Her face drained of colour and she watched as Fred turned, grinning at Draco. Draco blushed and George brushed hair from his forehead, cooing over him. Harry was scowling now and Lucius' arm tightened around him.

Blood rushed back to Molly's face and she hissed, 'What are they doing here?'

'Um...' Arthur mumbled, not sure. He glanced at Bill, who wet his lips.

'Mum, there's something you should- Mum!'

Molly was marching across the restaurant, ignoring the waiter who asked her to stop and wait for a table. Her family followed quickly, trying to get between her and the happy group.

Lucius spotted them first and pulled Harry closer, Harry yelping as he slid across his seat. 'Luce?'

'Mrs Weasley,' Severus said, the twins turning quickly.

'Oh-' Fred began.

'- crap,' George finished.

'What the hell do you two think you're doing?' Molly demanded.

'We... we...' Fred tried.

'Just... um...' George murmured.

'They're having dinner with us,' Lucius said coldly, eyes narrowed on Molly.

'Is that not obvious?' Severus asked.

Draco was pale and shifted back.

'You told me you had a business dinner,' Molly said.

'Mum, they can do what they want, they're twenty-years-old,' Bill said.

'I don't care how old they are!' Molly snapped, still glaring at the twins. 'What are you doing here?'

Fred and George glanced at each other before taking deep breaths.

'We're having dinner-' Fred said.

'- with our boyfriend, Draco,' George said.

'Who happens to be our mate-' Fred told her.
'- our *soulmate*, George added.

Molly gaped. 'What?'

'We're Draco's mates,' Fred said.

'Draco's a veela like Mr Malfoy,' George explained, 'and has a bonded mate.'

'It just so happens that George and I are Draco's mates.'

'Both of you?' Arthur asked. The twins nodded and he said, 'Merlin.'

'Don't lie to me, Fredderick Weasley,' Molly snarled.

'We're not,' George frowned.

'Draco's our mate,' Fred said.

'No, he's tricking you!' Molly said, close to shouting. A fair few eyes had turned to them already.

'Mrs Weasley-' Hermione tried.

'This is Harry all over again!' Molly snarled, glaring at Harry and Lucius. 'Malfoy's tricking you, don't you see that?'

'A veela cannot lie about zeir mate,' Fleur butted in. 'Eet eez physically impossible.'

'Mum, Lucius is Harry's mate, and Draco is the twins' mate. You can't change that,' Bill said.

Molly rounded on him. 'You knew?'

'Yes,' Bill nodded.

Molly surveyed the rest of her family. 'What about you lot?'

'Fred and George told us a few days ago,' Ron said.

'And we're happy for them,' Hermione added.

'Of course we are,' Arthur smiled at his sons. 'Congratulations, boys.'

'Thanks, Dad,' Fred and George beamed.

'ENOUGH!' Molly screamed, the entire restaurant falling silent.

Harry and Lucius both winced, their hearing far more sensitive then everyone else's. Remus too cringed and shifted away from her.

'THIS ISN'T REAL!' Molly screamed. 'THE MALFOYS ARE BASTARDS WHO ARE TRICKING YOU, WHY CAN'T YOU SEE THAT? HARRY ISN'T THIS BASTARD'S MATE-' she gestured at Lucius and Harry snarled, '- AND THE TWINS AREN'T HIS!' she pointed a finger at Draco, who leaned away from her. 'THIS FAMILY WILL DO ANYTHING TO GET WHAT THEY WANT, INCLUDING RIPPING OUR OWN APART!'

'You're ripping your family apart,' Harry said, own anger searing through him. 'You filled Ginny's head with lies until she was delusional and tried to kill me.'
'It's your own fault,' Lucius said coldly. 'You got your daughter locked up.'

'Don't you dare speak about my Ginny!' Molly snarled at him.

'Well don't you speak about my son or my family like they're nothing but scum,' Lucius growled, voice getting dangerously loud. 'I have never said a bad word against you, Mrs Weasley, but that will change if you say one more thing about my family.'

'Like you care,' Molly glared. 'You've raised your son to be as evil as you and no doubt you've twisted Harry just as well.'

'ENOUGH!' Lucius roared, standing quickly. Harry stumbled into the table and Severus pulled him up. 'You won't say one more thing about my mate or kit!' Lucius snarled, hand going for his wand. 'Who the fuck do you think you are?'

Molly and the others had all backed away, anger rolling off Lucius in waves. Only Harry braved it and wrapped his arms around Lucius, pulling him close.

'Luce, stop, let's go.'

'She has no right to speak about you like that,' Lucius snarled.

'I know,' Harry said softly, rounding his mate and leaning up. He kissed Lucius softly before bending his neck. 'Let's just go, love, please. I don't want you to hurt anyone.'

Lucius was immediately pulled in, face soon buried in Harry's neck. He licked the teenager's Mark and Harry groaned, body going limp. Lucius pulled him up so they could kiss.

'Disgusting,' Molly sneered.

Lucius' head snapped up and he growled, a low animal sound that came straight from his chest.

'Molly, stop it, you'll get yourself killed,' Arthur said and pulled his wife away.

'Fred, George!' Molly said.

'We're staying with Harry and Lucius,' Fred said.

'We won't stay with you while you continue to treat our mate's fathers with such disrespect,' George said.

Bill could see his brothers were serious.

'Are you sure?' Ron asked.

The twins nodded.

'We'll pack your stuff and bring it to your flat,' Bill said.

'No, bring it to Malfoy Manor,' Lucius said. 'The twins are always welcome under my roof.'

Harry nodded and the twins beamed.

Bill smiled at them before leaving with his wife, brother, and Hermione. Arthur had a hard time getting Molly outside, the Weasley matriarch snarling like a rabid dog.
The restaurant stared at the group and Severus stood. ‘We'll pay,’ Sirius said and he and the potions master disappeared to do just that.

Fred and George pulled Draco up and followed, Remus making sure Harry had a hold of Lucius.

Once outside they apparated quickly and were soon back at Malfoy Manor.

‘Vile, twisted, sadistic woman,’ Lucius snarled, in full-rant mode.

‘Lucius...’ Harry sighed.

‘She has no right to speak to your or Draco like that!’ Lucius shouted. ‘I should tear her limb from limb!’

‘No you shouldn't,’ Harry said.

‘You can't tell me she didn't make you feel bad,’ Lucius said.

‘She did,’ Harry nodded, ‘but she just doesn't understand. I won't let her words affect me so much. Our bond is stronger then that, Lucius.'

‘We're so sorry,’ Fred and George said together. ‘We can't believe she did that.’

Draco sniffed and rubbed his eyes.

‘Dragon?’ they asked.

‘S’my fault,’ Draco murmured. ‘I shouldn't have... I just... why...’

‘It's not your fault,’ Harry said quickly, running to his kit and enveloping him in a hug.

‘You did nothing wrong, Draco,’ George said.

‘It was our mother, she's in the wrong,’ Fred said.

Draco sniffed again.

‘Don't cry, not about her,’ George said sternly.

‘We'll never let her hurt you,’ Fred added.

‘Ever,’ they vowed together.

Harry smiled and the twins hugged him and Draco tightly.

‘You won't leave me?’ Draco whispered.

‘Never,’ Harry said.

‘Not in a trillion years,’ the twins promised.

‘Bed time, perhaps,’ Severus said, rubbing his eyes.

Lucius nodded and pulled Harry into his arms. ‘Fred, George, feel free to stay.’

The twins smiled at him as Lucius disapparated with Harry.
'Will you be okay?' Remus asked Draco, Sirius too looking at him with concern.

'I'll be fine,' Draco said, 'as long as Gred and Forge stay with me.'

He smiled and the twins gave him massive grins.

'Why Master Malfoy-' Fred said.

'- we would love to stay,' George smiled.

'We will protect you with our lives-' Fred vowed.

'- or we aren't Forge and Gred Weasley!' they shouted together.

The three older wizards smiled as Draco giggled. He wiped his eyes and said, 'Shut up and let's go.'

The Weasleys bowed deeply and followed Draco to his room.

'I hate that woman,' Severus said when he was alone with Sirius and Remus. 'How dare she say that to Lucius and Draco.'

'I know,' Sirius said. 'A few months ago I would have agreed with her, but Lucius isn't the same man.'

'He's so much better because of Harry,' Remus said.

'And vice versa,' Sirius pointed out.

Severus sighed and rubbed his eyes again. 'I need a drink.'

Sirius smiled and said, 'Well, allow us to lead you to the study, Master Snape.'

'We have a wide selection of drinks,' Remus grinned.

'You're both idiots,' Severus said. 'Remus, you've been spending too much time with the dog.'

'I fear I have,' Remus agreed, making Severus turn.

'But it's worth it,' Sirius winked at him.

{oOo}

Draco changed into grey silk pyjamas and washed his face. He stared at his reflection; messy hair, red-rhimmed eyes. He sighed and went back to his bedroom — and promptly froze.

The twins had shed their waistcoats and shirts, shoes and socks placed next to the door. They'd transfigured their trousers into pyjama bottoms, Fred's red and George's green, and were standing either side of Draco's bed without shirts on, warm because of a fire burning in the hearth.

They were thin but muscular, skin pale and chest hair a rust red. They smiled as Draco swallowed thickly, eyes wide as he stared at them both.
'See something you like?' Fred teased.

'Erm... um... I...' Draco stuttered.

George chuckled and drew the covers back. He held out a hand and Draco crossed the room. He threaded his fingers through George's, a tingle travelling up his arm. He'd never tire of holding his mates and smiled as he climbed into bed.

It was lucky Draco had such a big bed and the three fit easily; Draco was in the middle, Fred on his right, George his left. They snuggled together under the grey covers and Draco sighed.

'Don't let her worry you, little dragon,' George soothed, moving Draco so the Slytherin's back was pressed to his front.

'I'm sorry,' Draco murmured.

Fred snuggled into Draco's front, the blonde's arms wrapping around him. 'We don't want you blaming yourself,' the eldest twin said.

'It's not your fault,' George said.

'You didn't choose us-'

'- the universe did-

'- and we're quite happy with it,' they finished together.

'Really?' Draco asked.

George nodded and Fred said, 'Of course.'

'We know we'll love you one day, Draco.'

'We're already falling hard for you,' George said.

'Really?' Draco repeated, a stupid smile pulling at his lips.

'Mm-hmm,' George said and nuzzled his neck while Fred pushed against his chest.

'We'll always protect you, Draco Malfoy,' George said.

'As long as we live,' Fred promised.

Draco smiled and pulled Fred close, while George did the same with him. They fell asleep tangled in each other's arms, happier then they'd ever been.

{oOo}

Lucius was still fuming and Harry sat cross-legged in their bed, watching his mate pace back and forth.

'Of all the nerve- stupid little- I should strangle her- with my bare hands!'
'Luce,' Harry tried, scratching at his chest. He could feel Lucius' agitation, the feeling spreading through his body. It was so much stronger since they'd completed their bond.

'Fucking vile woman,' Lucius snarled.

'LUCIUS!'

The blonde turned to see Harry sighing, rubbing his eyes. 'What?'

'Please, just stop.'

'I can't let her get away with this,' Lucius said.

'Strressing over it will just make you sick,' Harry said. 'So please, come to bed.' He held out his arms, lower lip poked out, emerald eyes shining brightly.

Lucius groaned and quickly stripped, climbing into bed alongside his mate. Harry kicked his boxers off and pulled the covers up, him and Lucius sliding under. Harry crawled into Lucius and sighed as he was wrapped in warm, strong arms.

'I'm sorry she said those things,' Harry whispered.

'It's not your fault,' Lucius said, removing Harry's glasses and placing them on the bedside table.

'I know,' Harry murmured. 'I'm still sorry.'

'You shouldn't apologise for things you have no control over.' He kissed Harry's forehead. 'I love you, little one.'

'I love you too, Lucius,' Harry said. 'Thank you for standing up for me.'

'Always,' Lucius promised.
'She violated the restraining order, you do remember that, yes?' Lucius demanded.

Harry sighed. Lucius was still cranky, sleeping on it apparently hadn't helped.

'I know, but... let's just forget it, okay? If she does it again we'll report her. Really, I would have been upset too if I found out my kids were mated to someone and hadn't told me.'

'That doesn't give her the right to-'

'No, it doesn't,' Harry agreed. 'But just let it go, please?'

Lucius frowned. 'If she comes near us again-'

'You can report her,' Harry said as he and Lucius stepped into the back room.

Lucius huffed but didn't say anything more on the subject.

Harry eyed Severus when they sat down for breakfast. It was still snowing and it fell in thick waves across the veranda. Severus was wrapped in his black dressing gown, eyes closed and hair messy. Harry had never seen him so... casual.

'Are you okay?' he asked and Severus winced.

'He's hungover,' Lucius smirked.

Harry's mouth fell open as Sirius and Remus walked in.

'Hey there, Sev, feeling alright?' Sirius teased.

'I'll murder you,' Severus grumbled.

'You got him drunk?' Harry grinned.

Sirius smirked and said, 'After three drinks Ol' Sev has a filthy mouth.'

'Seriously, I'll kill you,' Severus threatened, voice a soft growl.

Harry giggled and Lucius grinned at his best friend. 'Oh, Severus, you've gone and let the cool kids talk you into drinking.'

'Tisk, tisk, Severus,' Harry smirked.

'Shut up,' Severus groaned.

The door across the room thumped open and Draco walked in yawning. He was flanked by the twins, both wearing spare robes that belonged to Draco. The twins were at least five inches taller then him, taller then Lucius too, and the robes were too short around their wrists and ankles.

'Morning all,' Fred yawned.

'Sleep well?' George asked.
'Not all of us,' Lucius said and smirked at Severus.

Draco eyed his godfather as he sat on the spare sofa, the twins either side of him.

'He's hungover,' Harry told them.

'Merlin,' Fred exclaimed.

'That's awesome,' George grinned.

'What's he like drunk?' they asked in unison.

'Very dirty,' Sirius smirked.

'He tells the filthiest jokes I have ever heard,' Remus said.

'Oh yes, I forgot about that,' Lucius mused. 'I haven't seen you drunk since the end of the war, old friend.'

'Fuck off,' Severus grunted.

'I like hungover Snape,' Harry said.

'Definitely fun,' the twins agreed.

'I hate you all,' the professor moaned, rubbing his temples.

'There's some hangover cure in the lab,' Lucius offered.

Severus was up in a flash, stumbling from the room and clutching his stomach.

'You ruined it,' Sirius whined, pouting at the blonde patriarch.

'He's my friend, I have to stand up for him,' Lucius shrugged.

'Bastard,' Harry grumbled, 'hungover Severus is awesome.'

Lucius chuckled and kissed his mate.

{oOo}

They waited until Severus returned to eat. The potions master was looking healthier, though a bit pale (then again, he was always pale). He glared at Sirius, who grinned, and sat back down.

Dobby and Griffy served breakfast; Lucius and Draco both had porridge, Remus and the twins jam-covered toast, Sirius and Severus cereal, and Harry whaffles.

Harry covered his stack of whaffles in chocolate sauce and scarfed them down, moaning and licking his lips. The twins stared at him, toast forgotten, as Harry wolfed down at least twelve of the golden brown squares.

'Wha?' Harry mumbled through a mouthful when he realised the twins were staring at him.
'Do you always eat this much?' Fred asked.

Harry blushed before swallowing. 'You know about my childhood, yeah?' The twins nodded and Lucius tensed beside him. 'I didn't get to eat a lot so... I tend to eat as much as I can now, I dunno why.'

Lucius growled and Harry kissed him.

'Luce-

'I still want to kill your relatives,' Lucius scowled.

'Me too,' Sirius and Severus said together.

Fred and George smiled at him and Fred said, 'Eat as much as you want, little brother-

'- just stop making those noises,' George said.

'Or Mr Malfoy might lose himself,' Fred snickered.

Lucius smirked and Harry turned dark red. Draco groaned. 'Stop, please stop.'

'Sorry,' the twins said, though they didn't look it.

'Coffee!' Harry shouted, startling his mate. Dobby popped into view and handed Harry a mug, the teenager sniffing before taking a mouthful. 'Mmm.'

Dobby hesitated before saying, 'Harry Potter, coffee isn't good for you.'

Harry looked down at the elf. 'I always drink coffee, Dobby.'

'Dobby doesn't mean-' He was cut off when Griffy popped into view.

'Nones of our business!' the smaller elf hissed.

'But-' Dobby tried, only for Griffy to grab him, both disapparating with a crack.

Harry frowned and Lucius said, 'Odd.'

'House elves are always odd,' Severus commented.

'Dobby's awesome, he saved my life,' Harry said, glaring at the Slytherin.

Severus raised his hands. 'I didn't say he was bad, I just said house elves are odd little creatures.'

'They're great, always giving us food when we snuck into the kitchens at Hogwarts,' Fred grinned.

'Mm, remember that time they gave us a whole chocolate cake?' George asked.

'Oh yes,' Fred nodded. 'We scarfed the lot and ended up sick for two days.'

'Throwing chocolate up everywhere,' George said.

'Worth it.'

'Totally worth it.'
Draco grinned at them and Lucius and Harry smiled at the obvious affection in their kit's eyes. Harry sipped his coffee and Lucius asked, 'So, about that date...'

'Mm?' Harry murmured.

'Are you free tonight, Mr Potter?'

Harry smiled. 'Oh, I dunno. I have a boyfriend.'

'Do you now?' Lucius asked, trailing a finger up Harry's thigh.

'Gorgeous man; blonde, silver eyes, tall,' Harry said.

'Sounds handsome,' Lucius smiled.

'Circe,' Severus rolled his eyes. 'Were you always this sappy?'

Lucius shot him a glare before turning back to his mate. 'Tonight, six o'clock. Wear something nice because I'm taking you out.'

'Sounds wonderful,' Harry smiled and leaned forward to kiss him.

Severus breathed a sigh of relief when they disapparated with a crack.

'Do they always do that?' Fred asked.

'Always,' Sirius and Draco both growled.

'Well, Draco, your fathers will be busy tonight,' George said, turning to his mate.

'So you can come out with us,' Fred said.

Draco raised an eyebrow. 'I thought we were going out Friday.'

'Tonight is much closer,' Fred said.

'And we want to take you on a proper date,' George said.

'Please?' they asked, twin pouts on their faces.

Draco groaned and said, 'Fine, fine.'

'Excelllent,' they beamed.

'Be ready-' Fred began.

'- by six-' George said.

'- so we can take you-'

'- to a wonderful meal-'

'- that you'll never-' Fred said.

'- forget,' George finished.

Draco blushed and managed a nod.
'Surrounded by stupid couples,' Severus growled as Sirius kissed Remus on the cheek.

'Well if you pulled your head out you wouldn't be,' Sirius said.

Severus raised an eyebrow and Remus nodded. 'You're a good-looking man, Severus. If you left the dungeons every now and then you'd find someone.'

'Just open your heart-' Fred said.

'- and allow yourself to be loved,' George grinned.

Severus glared at them and the twins jumped up, hauling Draco to his feet.

'That's our cue-' George said.

'- to leave,' his twin finished.

'Bye,' Draco grinned as he was dragged from the room.

'They're right,' Remus said.

'Shut up,' Severus scowled.

{oOo}

Bill, Fleur, Ron and Hermione all stood outside the main gates of Malfoy Manor shivering. They'd met the wards and been forced back, snow blanketing them and the road beneath them.

'Merlin it's cold,' Ron shivered.

'Stop complaining,' Hermione said.

'I'm sure someone will come let us in,' Bill hummed, arms tight around his wife.

No sooner had the words left his mouth then Dobby popped into view. He bowed deeply and said, 'Please come in.'

They followed him through the wards, which changed briefly to let them in, and trecked down the drive. The front door was opened by Harry, who was still wearing his pyjamas. He ushered them in and smiled broadly.

'Master Harry shouldn't be out in the snow,' Dobby scowled as he took their cloaks and jackets.

Harry smiled. 'Relax, Dobby, I'm just letting my friends in.'

Dobby shuffled away, muttering about silly wizards under his breath.

'What's up with him?' Hermione asked.

'Dunno, he's been weird all day,' Harry said, brushing a hand through his hair. 'What are you guys doing here?'

'We brought the twins' stuff from the Burrow,' Bill said and started sliding luggage from his
pockets. It all resized as Lucius entered the foyer.

'Misters Weasley, Mrs Weasley, Miss Granger,' Lucius greeted.

'You can call me Hermione, you know,' the Muggle-born said.

Lucius just smiled and wrapped his arms around his mate. Harry tipped his head back to kiss the older wizard, who nibbled his bottom lip before letting go.

'Enjoying your holiday?' Hermione asked.

'Yeah,' Harry grinned.

'You look vell, 'Arry,' Fleur commented, 'very 'ealthy.'

'Um... thank you?' Harry said.

Fleur smiled and Harry looked at Ron. 'How's your mum?'

The taller boy sighed and rubbed his face with gloved hands. 'A real nightmare, mate.' Lucius cleared his throat and Ron said, 'Er, I mean Harry.'

'Continue,' Lucius said, chin resting atop Harry's head.

'Well, she was yelling all night,' Ron said, 'saying... just hurtful things, I won't repeat them.'

Lucius scowled as Hermione said, 'We tried to make her see sense but...' she bit her lip before continuing, 'Harry, I don't think she's ever going to accept this.'

Harry sighed and looked down.

'We're all behind you, Harry,' Bill said.

'We vould never come between you and your mate,' Fleur agreed.

'We're with you all the way, ma- er, Harry,' Ron said, glancing at Lucius.

'I just wish your mum would try and understand,' Harry said.

'Relax, little one,' Lucius said, rubbing Harry's back soothingly. He could feel his mate's sadness, his Harry Band squeezing around his heart tightly.

'I'm right,' Harry said, smiling briefly.

'So, where's Forge?' Bill asked. 'Not causing any trouble, I hope.'

'Besides making Draco blush?' Lucius said.

'Draco blushes?' Ron asked.

Lucius smiled. 'Around Fred and George yes, he does. They have the ability to make him turn as red as a tomato.'

'Good, I'm not alone any more,' Harry mumbled.

Lucius chuckled and kissed his cheek. 'Would you like to stay for lunch?' he asked the group.
'Sounds lovely, we don't have anywhere to be until one,' Bill said. When Harry looked at him, Bill continued. 'Fleur has a healer appointment at one.'

'Healer appointment?' Lucius asked as he led the group to the dining room.

'Vee are expecting our first born late August,' the witch told them proudly.

'My congratulations to the both of you,' Lucius said as they sat. Dobby and Griffy appeared to take their coats.

'Dobby, Griffy, could you please make us some soup and bread?' Lucius asked. 'Something to warm our guests up.'

'Of course, Lord Lucius,' Dobby bowed.

'Wills I calls the others?' Griffy asked.

'Please,' Lucius said. He hooked his foot around one of the legs of Harry's chair and dragged him closer. Harry yelped and Lucius asked, 'Why are you sitting so far away?'

'Erm...' Harry mumbled before he was kissed. And then all thought just stopped, really.

Bill, Fleur and Hermione were all grinning, Ron pointedly looking at the table. The others joined them and Severus sighed as he set.

'Professor,' Hermione smiled at him.

'Please, we don't have to be as formal in a friendly setting,' Severus said, giving the witch a brief smile. 'It's Severus.'

'Or Sev-Sev when he's drunk,' Sirius snickered.

Remus elbowed his boyfriend as Severus glared at him.

'Not even gonna ask,' Ron mumbled.

'Ronnikins,' Fred and George grinned, hugging their youngest brother quickly.

Draco growled and yanked them both back, dragging them to the other side of the table.

'He's our brother,' the twins said.

'I don't care,' Draco glared. He drew out Fred's chair and made him sit, George doing the same for him.

Hermione smiled and said, 'How are you, Draco?'

Draco blinked through his jealousy and said, 'Oh, I'm fine.' He glanced at his currently kissing parents. 'Except for that, of course.'

'Animals,' Sirius said, Harry and Lucius ignoring him completely.

'Zay are cute,' Fleur said.

'Disgusting,' Severus grimaced.

'Jealous,' Sirius told him.
Severus scowled.

Food was suddenly magiced onto the table; a large pot of vegetable soup, plates of buttered rolls, pitchers of iced water and juice, as well as Muggle sodas.

Harry sniffed suddenly and broke from his mate. 'Food?'

Lucius groaned and tried to get Harry back, only for the teenager to elbow him as he ladled soup into three bowls; one for Lucius, one for Draco, and one for himself.

He sighed and accepted his bowl, dipping his spoon in.

'Welcome back,' Severus commented.

'Hnn?' Lucius hummed.

'You were trying to eat Harry's face,' Severus said.

'Well he is delicious,' Lucius smirked.

Sirius choked on his roll and Remus had to pat his back. Harry blushed and busied himself with his food.

'Ron hasn't told you his news yet,' Hermione said suddenly.

The tables occupants all looked at him and Ron swallowed his mouthful before speaking. 'I'm moving out.'

'Really?' Harry asked.

His best friend nodded. 'I can't deal with Mum anymore and it's about time, really.'

'But how are you going to look for a place while at Hogwarts?' Harry asked.

'Bill and Fleur said I can stay with them after we graduate until I find a place,' Ron explained. 'I'll pack all my stuff and they'll take it before we go back.'

'You can stay above the shop,' Fred said.

George nodded. 'We probably won't be using it,' he said and glanced at Draco.

'So it'll just be an empty space,' Fred added.

'Feel free to live there-'

'- until you find a better place,' Fred said.

Ron smiled before pausing. 'Wait, do I have to pay rent?'

The twins grinned. 'Life isn't free, little brother.'

Ron cursed and they chuckled.

'Are you going with Draco to Hogwarts?' Bill asked, dunking a roll into his soup.

'We haven't discussed it,' Fred said and he and George looked at Draco.
Draco blushed before saying, 'Um...'

'We'll have to talk to Dumbledore,' Lucius said, 'but it shouldn't be a problem.'

'He can't say no,' Harry shrugged.

'Where would we live?' George asked.

'You can share our quarters,' Lucius said. 'We have three bedrooms; ours, the room Draco uses when he stays, and a guest room.'

'We can share with Draco,' the twins smiled.

Harry growled and Lucius pressed a quick kiss to his Mark to calm him down.

'Or the guest room,' they corrected.

'Is that okay with you, Father?' Draco asked.

'Of course,' Lucius nodded.

'Harry?' the Slytherin asked his other parent.

Harry hesitated. He badly wanted to say no; he didn't want the twins touching his kit! Draco was just a baby, he wasn't ready for that!

But Draco was wide-eyed, bottom lip poked out. Harry groaned and Lucius smirked. 'He's using your puppy dog look,' the blonde commented.

'Fine, they can live in our quarters,' Harry sighed.

'In my room?' Draco asked.

Harry bit his lip before nodding. Draco grinned broadly.

'Thank you, Harry.'

'Thank you, Mummy Malfoy,' the twins said.

'Don't push your luck,' Harry scowled at them.

The twins grinned.
Draco stood before the mirror in his bedroom, trying to see if his outfit was working. The twins were dressing in a separate room and were going to 'pick him up' at six. It was ten to and the Malfoy heir was scowling.

He was wearing a sky-blue cotton shirt, the top three buttons undone, black pressed trousers and a matching suit jacket. He had a cloak over his bed and his boots were zipped up.

He wasn't sure if it was too casual or too flashy. Did the twins want him to dress up? Or was he supposed to be comfortable?

Draco chewed on his bottom lip before sighing and grabbing his cloak. He didn't have time to get changed. He did his cloak up and started pacing, fiddling with the Malfoy ring he wore on his right hand. His pocketwatch ticked over to six and there were twin knocks on his bedroom door.

Taking a deep breath, Draco pulled the door open.

Fred and George were both wearing fitted grey trousers with matching jackets. Fred was wearing a deep purple turtle-neck, George a golden one, and they had black scarfs and cloaks pulled on.

'My, my, look at our mate,' Fred said.

'Absolutely delicious,' George grinned.

Draco blushed and looked them up and down. 'You both look... wow.'

'I never thought Draco Malfoy would be speechless,' George mused.

'I love it,' Fred smiled.

They held out their arms and Draco threaded his own through them before following them down the corridor.

{oOo}

'Robes or Muggle clothes?' Harry murmured as he stood naked in his and Lucius' wardrobe. Lucius was still showering, giving Harry a few minutes to decide.

He eventually settled on a silk green button-up shirt and jet-black jeans that hugged his lower half. He slid into leather shoes, doing the laces up before grabbing a blue striped scarf from one of the shelves. He wrapped it around his neck and took a nice coat from his side, shouldering it on.

The shower was turned off and Lucius walked out naked, skin and hair both dry. Harry licked his lips and made no attempt to hide his leering as his mate dressed.

Lucius came back into the bedroom in black trousers, a white button-up shirt, black jacket with designs along the cuffs, and a long-sleeved robe. He turned to grab his brush and Harry said, 'You should leave your hair out.'
'Should I?' Lucius asked.

Harry nodded and crossed the room to thread his fingers through the blonde locks. 'Mm, love your hair out.'

Lucius smiled and turned to kiss his mate quickly. He brushed his own fingers through Harry's messy hair, making it stand up more. 'Perfect,' he said, looking down at the shorter wizard.

Harry rolled his eyes and tugged Lucius from the room, the blonde grabbing his walking stick before leaving.

Severus was in the lab, Sirius and Remus over at Andromeda's. They ran into the twins and Draco in the foyer, Harry staring at their joined arms.

'Erm...' Draco murmured.

'And where are you going?' Harry asked.

'D-Date,' Draco said.

'Marvellous,' Lucius smiled. 'Not too late, boys.'

'Yes sir,' the twins grinned and tugged Draco away before Harry could shout.

'You must calm down, love,' Lucius chastised as they followed at a slower pace.

'I know,' Harry sighed. 'But I can't help it. It's getting easier.'

'Good,' Lucius smiled and kissed his lips quickly. 'Now let's forget our kit and have fun.'

'Yes sir.'

Lucius chuckled.

{oOo}

'Where are we going?' Draco asked. 'Not some crappy little restaurant, right?'

Fred chuckled and George said, 'No, we know the Malfoys dine in fantastic restaurants.'

'We would never settle for second best,' Fred tisked.

'Not for our mate,' George added.

Draco blinked before frowning. 'Did you just call me a snob?'

'Yes,' the twins grinned. Draco huffed and they chuckled.

They reached the main gates and Fred and George apparated, George tugging Draco along. They re-appeared in an up-scale restaurant in Muggle London.

'It's run by wizards,' Fred said as they stepped inside.
'Lovely food,' George nodded.

'And fancy enough for our little dragon,' Fred smiled.

Draco was led inside and soon to their table. It was small, more a table for two, but an extra chair had been added. Draco pulled out Fred's chair, George Draco's, and they all sat. There was a single gold candle on the table, making everything seem romantic, and Draco tried to calm his beating heart as he picked up his menu.

'I think I'll get steak,' Fred said.

'Chicken for me,' George murmured.

'Draco?' they asked together.

Draco chewed his bottom lip, glancing over the menu. A waitress appeared before he could say anything.

'May I take your order?' she asked, pen hovering over her notepad.

Draco said, 'Fred first,' and gestured at the twin on his right.

'I'll have the steak, medium rare, with mashed potatoes, a side salad with vinegar, and mushroom sauce, please,' he said.

The waitress nodded and George said, 'Draco?'

'I'll have the calamari,' Draco decided. 'On a bed of fried rice with a side order of hot chips, mushroom sauce, please.'

She took down the order and turned to George.

'Chicken cordon bleu,' the youngest Weasley said, 'with potatoes, and a side salad with balsamic vinegar.'

'Very good, sirs,' the woman smiled. 'Drinks?'

'I'll have a beer,' Fred said.

'Wine,' George smiled.

'Scotch, please,' Draco said.

She nodded and took their menus, disappearing quickly.

There was a short silence, the twins staring at Draco, Draco fidgeting with his family ring.

'Um...' Draco mumbled.

'How about we get to know each other, hmm?' Fred suggested.

'We can ask each other questions; learn all the little things as well as the big,' George said.

'Okay,' Draco said slowly. 'You two first.'

Fred and George glanced at each other before the younger twin asked, 'What was your childhood like?'
Draco blinked before leaning back. 'Well...' He trailed off when their drinks came and waited until the waitress had disappeared before continuing. 'It was... okay, I guess,' Draco said, sipping his scotch. 'My father and mother loved me and spoilt me, as you know.'

The twins nodded.

'But it was hard,' Draco admitted. 'My grandfather was a bastard; a complete and utter prick. I know he beat my father, though he won't talk about it...'

Fred frowned and George said, 'He never beat you, did he?'

'No,' Draco shook his head, 'Father stopped him. And he would never beat me, he didn't want to be like Abraxas.

'Um... he died when I was six so it was safer after that; our home was warmer. Of course, as Malfoys, we couldn't appear warm; people would be begging for money.'

Fred nodded and said, 'I can see how appearing cold and aloof could keep gold-diggers away.'

'You've seen my father,' Draco said, 'he's only cold when he has to be. He's changed a lot since bonding with Harry, yeah, but he's always been warm and smiled a lot at home.'

'What about your mother?' George asked.

'She loves me,' Draco said.

'But not your father?' Fred said.

Draco shook his head. 'I knew early on that they weren't in love. Dad explained it to me when I was ten; he said that he was a veela, which I knew, and that he had a soulmate that he hadn't found. I quickly understood that that meant he wouldn't be happy with anyone but his mate.' He frowned slightly.

'Draco?' Fred said.

'I hate that he had to wait so long,' Draco admitted, staring at his drink. 'He didn't feel whole for over forty years; his veela was always waiting, just waiting for Harry. I hated watching him feel so... lost,' Draco murmured.

'Hey, he's fine now,' Fred said, kissing Draco's right cheek.

'He has Harry,' George said and kissed the other.

Draco blushed and cleared his throat.

'Are you okay with Harry being your father's mate?' they asked together.

Draco nodded. 'At first I was worried that Father would stop loving me because he had Harry.'

'Why?' Fred asked.

'I thought that he'd toss me aside because I wasn't his mate's kit,' Draco said. 'I know that Harry's like my other dad but still... we're not blood related. I was worried that Father would push me away because he could have proper kids with Harry.'

'That's just stupid,' George said.
'Your father obviously loves you,' Fred said.

'He defected to save you,' George smiled, 'your mother too.'

'Well I know that now,' Draco huffed. 'I was just scared, alright?'

'I don't like you being scared,' Fred said.

George shook his head. 'Me either.'

'I'm fine,' Draco rolled his eyes. 'I can take care of myself.'

The twins just smiled.

'Did the Sorting Hat ever want to put you in another house?' George asked suddenly.

Draco frowned. 'No, it said, 'Slytherin is for you', and shouted it. Why?'

'The hat wanted to put us in Slytherin,' Fred admitted.

Draco's mouth fell open. 'What?'

George nodded and said, 'Fred went first and it whispered that he was cunning for a Weasley, loyal to a default, and had the makings of greatness. It wanted to put him in Slytherin but Freddie talked it into Gryffindor.'

'Same with George,' Fred said. 'Said the exact same thing but eventually agreed to Gryffindor.'

'Why would you ask it to put you into Gryffindor?' Draco asked.

'Mum, Dad- ' Fred said.

'- Bill, Charlie, all in Gryffindor,' George said.

'As well as our uncles, Fabian and Gideon,' Fred supplied.

'Our grandparents too,' George told him.

'So we asked for Gryffindor,' they finished together.

Draco stared at them, eyes wide.

'It said the same thing to Harry, you know,' George said.

'Yeah, Father told me,' Draco said, trying to get his mind back. 'But Father loves Harry, Gryffindor blood included.'

Fred and George smiled. 'And we adore you, sweet dragon,' Fred said.

'Slytherin blood included,' George grinned.

Draco smiled. 'I guess I can accept that you two are idiot lions.'

'Oi!' they exclaimed and Draco grinned.
Harry grinned stupidly when he was pulled onto a large yacht. 'Really, Lucius?'

'You've mentioned that you've never been on a boat,' Lucius said, taking his mate's hand. He led Harry around to the back deck and Harry gasped.

There was a white table covered in a silver cloth, a chair either side. Five white candles were lit and stuck to the middle of the table, a chiller with a bottle of wine and butterbeer sitting in ice. Two silver plates, goblets, and utensiles were either side and Harry stared.

'Lucius, you never cease to amaze me,' Harry said.

'Is that a good thing?' Lucius asked.

'Oh yes,' Harry smiled and kissed his mate quickly.

Lucius pulled Harry's chair out and let the Gryffindor sit. He pecked Harry on the cheek and the teenager blushed, watching as the blonde rounded the table to sit.

The yacht suddenly turned and started moving, flowing through the dark water.

'Who's driving?' Harry asked.

'A wizard, not important,' Lucius answered.

'Where are we?'

'Ireland,' Lucius smiled.

'Is this your yacht?'

'One of many, now are you going to stop asking questions?' Harry blushed and Lucius smiled as he grabbed one of the bottles from the chiller. 'Butterbeer, my love?'

'Please,' Harry smiled and held out his goblet.

Lucius poured himself some wine and they toasted. 'To our kit finding his mate- well, mates,' Lucius smiled.

'To Draco,' Harry agreed.

'And, to us,' Lucius smiled. 'Five months, Harry.'

'Really?' Harry said and his mate nodded. 'Wow.'

'Problem?' Lucius asked.

Harry shook his head quickly. 'No, it just... it feels so much longer.'

'I know,' Lucius said. 'I can't remember a time in my life when you weren't there... and really I don't want to.'

Harry grinned. 'I love you, Luce.'
'And I love you, little one.'

Harry sipped his drink and nearly choked when food suddenly appeared on his plate. It looked like curry; orange, with chunks of... chicken? ... rice, and herbs.

'Butter chicken with boiled rice,' Lucius said and took his napkin, quickly folding it over his lap.

'I don't think I've ever had butter chicken,' Harry said.

'There's other food if you don't like it,' Lucius said and watched as Harry picked up his spoon. He took a tiny bit of chicken and sauce and blew on it before trying it.

Harry chewed quickly and swallowed, licking his lips. 'Mm, yummy,' he smiled.

Lucius breathed a sigh of relief and picked up his own spoon.

'Is there anything you want to do for New Year, love?' Lucius asked as they ate.

'Um... not really, no,' Harry said, wiping his mouth. 'Why, do you have plans?'

'I was thinking fireworks in the Manor grounds,' Lucius said. 'We can invite whoever you want.'

'Sounds nice,' Harry said. 'Fred and George could get us some awesome fireworks.'

'I heard they let some of their own products off in the Great Hall during your DADA O.W.L,' Lucius said. 'Is that true?'

Harry smiled and nodded. 'Yeah, they did it to annoy Umbridge and it was hilarious. There were small ones that attacked some of the Slytherins and Umbridge too, followed by a massive dragon that exploded everywhere. They flew around on their brooms throwing stuff at her.'

Lucius chuckled.

'They also created a swamp in one of the corridors and let loose a heap of fireworks in the halls,' Harry continued. 'Umbridge couldn't get rid of them, it was so funny.'

'They're smart young men,' Lucius mused.

Harry nodded. 'Everyone thinks they're just jokers, that they don't care about anything, but they're really smart and they know when to get serious.'

'You think of them as family, don't you?' Lucius asked.

'Of course I do,' Harry said, licking his lips again. 'Bill, Fred, George, and Ron are all like my brothers. And Hermione and Fleur are sisters.'

'You do realise that the twins will be your son-in-laws, right?'

Harry paused before saying, 'Oh.'

Lucius chuckled again and reached across to brush a finger across Harry's lips. 'You'll learn to accept it, love.'

'I hope so,' Harry said. 'I don't want to always be shouting at Fred and George for touching Draco.'

'Or Gred and Forge,' Lucius said in amusement.
Harry nodded. 'The first I heard of that was Christmas my first year; Mrs Weasley makes jumpers for all her kids and Ron's had a big R on it, Fred's an F, and George's a G. They demanded to know why I didn't have a H on mine and then said, 'We know our names are Gred and Forge'.

Lucius smiled and said, 'I think they'll be good for Draco; sometimes he needs more... fun.'

'Mm,' Harry agreed.

'You know, Harry, I have a lot to thank you for.'

'You do?' Harry said.

His mate nodded and sipped his wine. 'You've made me whole and loved, I've never been this happy in my entire life.'

'You're welcome,' Harry smiled.

'Without you, Draco may have never found his mates,' Lucius continued. 'I doubt he would have frequented the joke shop or any parties that the twins were invited to.'

'Welcome again,' Harry grinned.

'And,' Lucius said, 'you've brought Severus out of his shell.'

Harry frowned. 'I have?'

Lucius nodded and sucked sauce from his thumb, Harry's eyes focusing on his lips. 'He's a lot happier then I've seen him in years.'

'He hardly ever smiles.'

'But when he does it's worth it,' Lucius said. 'Sev's a good man, as you know, but he's always so withdrawn and moody. It's his nature but also how he lost your mother and his role as a spy...' he sipped his wine again. 'These past five months I've actually seen him have fun; sometimes at our expense, and other tims with Draco, Sirius, and Remus.'

'They do seem to be getting along,' Harry said, thinking of his godfathers. 'I'm glad they are.'

'Me too,' Lucius said and stood. He leaned across the table to kiss Harry quickly.

Harry deepened it and Lucius groaned, tongue flicking out to lick into Harry's mouth. He tasted curry and Harry, the latter far more pleasurable. After a minute he had to draw back and Harry whined.

'Romantic dinner,' Lucius said, sitting back down.

'Followed by sex,' Harry said and Lucius chuckled.

{OoO}

'Favourite colour?' Fred asked as he cut his steak.
'Blue,' Draco answered. 'I don't know why, I just like it. What about you two?'

'Red,' Fred said.

'Green,' his twin answered. 'What's your favourite subject?'

'Potions,' Draco said. 'I'm thinking of working in the apothecary my family owns.'

'You own an apothecary?' Fred asked.

Draco nodded, chewing a piece of calamari. 'Malfoy Apothecary,' he said after he'd swallowed. 'It's based in France but I was thinking I could convince Father to let me open one in Diagon Alley or maybe Hogsmeade. The one in Diagon doesn't have a wide selection because it mainly caters to Hogwarts students and locals just wanting ingredients for small potions.'

Fred and George watched him speak in rapt fascination, every word leaving his mouth burning into their brains.

'I enjoy working with potions,' Draco continued, sipping his second scotch. 'It's just... nice, you know?'

'Is it?' George asked.

Draco smiled. 'It's so... therapeutic; you have to follow the instructions, make sure everything's perfect, it's nice and organised. I like that. There's so much you can do with potions; you can cure diseases, fix up wounds, or make people feel better. I want to help people and I'm good at potions, I like doing it, so why not?'

'You could get a Masters in potions,' Fred nodded.

'Uncle Sev suggested that, he'd even let me apprentice with him so I could teach potions if I wanted.'

'Having another degree under your belt would help,' George smiled.

Draco blushed and looked down.

'What do you like doing in your spare time?' Fred asked, popping a lettuce leaf into his mouth. He chewed quickly and said, 'I saw a lot of books in your room.'

'Do you like reading?' George asked.

'A bit, not much,' Draco said. 'Father likes reading everything, Harry prefers Dark Arts books and ones on creatures, but I like reading about potions, Quidditch, history, things like that.'

'You like to add to your knowledge, expand it,' Fred mused.

'I hate reading,' George wrinkled his nose.

'Except if it's about pranks,' Fred grinned.

'How does reading help with pranks?' Draco queried.

'Well...' George said as he cut up his chicken, cheese oozing from the middle, 'reading poitions or spell books can give you ideas on how to prank people.'
'It also helps with the stuff we make,' Fred took over. 'For example, I read about Peruvian powder in one of Bill's old curse books.'

'It had lists of how the Ancient Egyptian wizards protected their tombs,' George said. 'They used to put the powder in little containers in doorways and as soon as you broke in it would cover you.'

'You'd be stuck in darkness for an hour or two, depending on how much powder was used,' Fred said.

'So we got the idea of using it in small ways,' George said. 'Like throwing it to prank people—'

'— or let Death Eaters in,' Fred grinned at Draco.

Draco looked down and George said, 'Hey, we're not blaming you.'

'You did what you had to do,' Fred added.

'I never wanted to be a Death Eater,' Draco admitted. 'But with Father in prison, Mother and Severus weren't enough to protect me. The Dark Lord wanted me to fail so he could kill my entire family. I—'

'— did it to save your parents, we know,' Fred said. 'We don't think any less of you, Draco. We would have done anything to save our family.'

George nodded and Draco smiled slightly before sipping his scotch. 'So, reading helps?'

'Oh yes, it's how we came up with some of our fireworks,' George said.

'Lee's a lot of help, we'll have to introduce you,' Fred said. 'He runs the store we have in Ireland.'

'Are you looking at expanding?' Draco asked.

'We want to buy Zonko's, the owner is looking at retiring and we've been talking,' George said. 'But we don't have the money yet and there are other buyers.'

'Father could help, or I could,' Draco said. The twins glanced at each other and Draco continued. 'Father is a business man, he invests in anything that makes money over a long period of time. He doesn't mind losing money in the beginning as long as he gains it back, plus interest, in the long run.'

'Would he invest in a joke shop?' George asked.

'Harry's an investor, that could help,' Fred mused.

'He invests in anything that turns a profit,' Draco told them. 'If you can prove that you're expansion will be profitable for him, and if you can impress him as business men, he'll invest, no worries.'

'He wouldn't just do it because we're your mates?' Fred asked. 'Because we don't want charity.'

Draco shook his head. 'Father has three separate places in his head; family, Harry, and business. Only Harry overlaps everything. He won't go easy on you because you're my mates. You'll have to impress him.'

Fred and George looked at each other.

'It would be helpful—' Fred said.
'having backing from someone as rich and smart as Lucius Malfoy,' George said.

'With his business sense-

'- and investment-

'- we could easily buy Zonko's,' Fred said.

'And any other shop we wanted,' George added.

'He could turn us from a small business-

'- into an enterprise,' George smiled.

'We'll have to talk to Lee-

'- get his opinion-

'- and Harry too,' Fred said.

'Why Harry?' Draco asked, swallowing a mouthful of rice.

'Harry's one of our biggest investors,' Fred told the Slytherin. 'We have smaller ones that help fund our new projects or own part of certain products-

'- but Harry gave us our starting money so he owns a quarter of the business with Lee,' George explained.

'We own just over half of it,' Fred said.

'And Harry and Lee own a quarter each.'

'I never knew that,' Draco said.

'He gave us his winnings from the Triwizard Tournament so we could start Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes,' Fred explained. 'We didn't want to take it but he convinced us.'

'We lost our life savings to Ludo Bagman,' George said and quickly explained what had happened at the Quidditch World cup.

Draco chuckled darkly. 'What?' Fred asked.

'My father will deal with that,' Draco said. George raised his eyebrows and Draco continued. 'My father may be a ruthless business man but he is honourable; he doesn't like when people go back on their word. You're both my mates and you were cheated from your winnings. My father will make sure Bagman pays up.'

'But it was years ago,' Fred said.

'There's nothing we can do,' George said.

'And Bagman lost big with the goblins, last we heard he was running.'

'My father will find him,' Draco promised. 'Don't worry about it.'

George and Fred smiled at each other.
'Our own ruthless Slytherin,' Fred said.

'I love it,' George grinned.

'Anyway, tell me about your childhood,' Draco cut in. 'What's it like having so many siblings?'

'Fun but hard,' Fred said. 'There was always somewhere there to play with, or to help out. But it also meant not a lot of time alone and we had to share everything.'

'Bill's eight years older then us,' George said. 'Charlie was six years older, Percy two. And then Ron's two years younger then us, Ginny three.'

'Bill and Charlie were really close because there was only two years between them,' Fred said. 'They both graduated by the time we started.'

'They were good brothers, Bill still is,' George said, sipping his wine. 'Bill's always been really smart and he did well in school, Charlie too.'

'Charlie was a bit rougher,' Fred grinned, 'always stuffing around with us, helping out with pranks, and then there was Quidditch.'

'Percy was a total bookworm and never broke the rules,' the younger twin murmured. 'Gods, remember that time he shouted out at us for leaving his favourite book in the rain?'

'Yeah,' Fred nodded. 'Wouldn't talk to us for a month.'

They both looked sad and Draco said, 'You miss Charlie and Percy, don't you?'

The twins nodded. 'We didn't get along with Percy-' Fred began.

'-' and Charlie was so much older,' George added.

'But we loved them-'

'-' they were our brothers-'

'-' and we wish they'd lived,' Fred finished.

Draco felt their pain and kissed them both on the cheek quickly. 'I'm sorry.'

'S'not your fault,' Fred smiled.

'I'm still sorry that you're in pain, that you lost them,' Draco said.

George kissed his cheek. 'Thank you, little dragon.'

Draco grinned.

{oOo}

After dinner, Lucius led Harry to the front of the yacht where a sofa was waiting and blankets. Harry grinned as Lucius laid down, head propped up against the armrest. Harry jumped on him and wriggled up the Slytherin's muscular body, Lucius groaning.
'You tease,' Lucius breathed out as Harry settled atop him and between his legs. Harry just smirked and Lucius waved a hand. A thick winter blanket spread over them and Harry sighed. 'Alright there?'

'Mm, just happy,' Harry smiled. 'And you're warm.' He rested his cheek against Lucius' chest, feeling the man's heart beat through his skin.

It was cold and snowing but the yacht seemed to be enchanted; the snow peeled around them and it was warmer then it should be. Harry felt great snuggled up against his mate, Lucius running fingers through his hair, and he sighed again.

'You have to stop doing that,' Lucius commented.

'Shit up,' Harry yawned.

'Hot chocolate?' Lucius asked.

Harry badly didn't want to move but the need for hot chocolate outweighed that and he sat. Lucius clicked his fingers and a small table appeared before them with two steaming mugs as well as a bag of marshmallows.

'You spoil me,' Harry said and picked up his mug. He warmed his hands before taking a small sip and groaning. 'Gods, I'm in love with Dobby.' Lucius growled and Harry giggled. 'Not really.'

'Then don't say it.'

'Sorry,' Harry apologised and kissed his mate quickly. They settled back together, now sitting, Lucius with an arm around his mate's shoulders. The bag of marshmallows sat on Lucius' lap and Harry dunked them into his hot chocolate slowly.

They stared across the coast of Ireland, Harry had no idea where. There were large cliffs to their left and it was so dark he couldn't see anything. The stars were shining brightly, Harry had never seen so many, even at Hogwarts.

'It's beautiful here,' Harry mused.

Lucius smiled. 'Can I ask you something?' he said over the roar of the waves, which seemed softer then Harry would have thought. Magic, he mused. 'Harry?'

'Sorry, lost in thought,' Harry said and turned to his mate. 'You wanted to ask me something?'

'What do you plan on doing after Hogwarts?'

Harry blinked. 'Where did that come from?'

'I'm curious,' Lucius confessed. 'You've never spoken of plans after Hogwarts.'

'Well, I know we'll get married-' Harry began.

'You can work, Harry, if you want to,' Lucius cut him off. 'I don't want you to think that I'll keep you locked up at the Manor.'

Harry chuckled. 'I don't think that, Lucius.'

'Oh.'
'Narcissa never worked, did she?' Harry asked.

Lucius shook his head and settled back. 'No, she preferred being a pure-blood Lady; charity events, re-modelling the Manor, that kind of stuff. She worked with charities on occasion but mostly planned events.

'It was what she wanted to do, though, and I never begrudged her that,' Lucius continued. 'If she had wanted to work I would have let her.'

'I know,' Harry said. 'Um... I dunno, honestly. I was thinking of doing something with children.'

'Oh?' Lucius asked.

Harry nodded. 'Hermione and I were talking on our horcrux hunt and we both agreed that there isn't enough being done to transition Muggle-borns into the magic world.'

Lucius was silent as his mate spoke.

'People like me and Hermione were completely lost when coming to Hogwarts and the magic world in general, and I think it's a reason some pure-bloods hate Muggle-borns,' Harry said. 'You think Muggle-borns want to change your ways, ways that have been carried out by generation after generation.'

'History is important, but so is growth,' Lucius said.

Harry nodded. 'I know that; without change the wizarding world would die out.'

'It already is,' Lucius sighed.

'That's why Hermione and I want to help and make changes,' Harry said. 'So many Muggle-borns go back to the Muggle world because they feel like they don't belong. People like Draco and Ron were brought up with magic, they understand parts of it that Hermione and I never could.'

'So what are you suggesting?' Lucius asked.

'Maybe classes at Hogwarts that teach the magic world to Muggle-borns, and classes that teach Muggles to magical children,' Harry said. Lucius looked sceptical so he continued. 'Imagine, Luce, if you'd been introduced to Muggles at a younger age; if they'd been explained to you in a way you could understand. You might not like them but you'd at least get it and see where Muggle-borns are coming from. And people like me who grew up in the Muggle world would understand pure-blood customs and the wizarding world a lot better.'

Lucius tilted his head, Harry's words running through his mind. 'I see.'

'Hermione also suggested pre-schools for Muggle-borns before they start Hogwarts,' Harry said. 'That way, by the time they do get to school, they understand and feel part of the magic world.'

'And I assume early classes for those already part of the magic world to understand the Muggle one?' Lucius said.

Harry nodded. 'So Hermione and me were thinking of starting up schools like that and teaching; we could get Muggle-borns to come in and teach, pure-bloods and half-bloods too. We could introduce both sets of kids to magic and magical creatures.'

'That's a good idea,' Lucius admitted.
'Really?'

He smiled. 'Yes, it is, marvellous really,' Lucius said. 'You're right, Harry, my old prejudices are stupid. If I'd been exposed to Muggles and Muggle-borns before my father sank his claws in, I would never have joined the Dark Lord or called Miss Granger such awful names.'

'I was also thinking of magical orphanages,' Harry said. 'I'd hate for what happened to me to befall someone else.'

Lucius paused before saying, 'Or what happened to Tom Riddle.'

Harry started. 'You know about that?'

'Severus has explained the entire story to me,' Lucius said. 'If Tom Riddle had grown up in a magical orphanage, where his gifts were understood, we might have avoided him becoming the psychotic lunatic he ended up being.'

'Mm, maybe,' Harry said. 'So... good idea, huh?'

Lucius smiled. 'First we have to plan everything out, my love. An idea is good but you must have structure.'

Harry snorted and settled back down. 'That's what Hermione said.'

'I would be willing to help.'

'Yeah?'

Lucius nodded. 'If you and Miss Granger present a detailed plan to me we can come up with a place to start and go from there. Of course to teach you'd have to get a degree.'

'In child care or something?'

'Early teaching,' Lucius corrected. 'There are very few private schools for magical children before they start at Hogwarts or another school. Most families hire tutors for their young ones.'

'Did you do that?'

Lucius nodded again. 'I had a few tutors for Draco, educated him in magic and manners. But if your idea works we could spread them throughout Britain and have all the magical children educated properly before they reach proper schooling age.'

Harry smiled.

'Are you sure that's what you want to do?' Lucius asked.

'I want to help,' Harry said, 'and I don't want to be an Auror anymore. I did when Voldemort was alive but I've had enough fighting for a lifetime, maybe forty. I just want to help, not fight.'

'Well, you can attend university for your early education degree, or study from home,' Lucius said. 'You should also do a business degree if you want to run a school or orphanage. Also, a speciality would be helpful.'

'Speciality?' Harry asked.

'Like a Masters in Potions, or Defence Against the Dark Arts,' Lucius said. 'It's helpful to have one
subject that you know in-depth so you can allocate yourself in the right role. You can specialise in preparing children for DADA.'

'Makes sense,' Harry said.

Lucius smiled, running his fingers through Harry's hair. 'You still have a few months, little one; think about it and get back to me.'

'Mm, I'll talk to 'Mione,' Harry mumbled, sipping his hot chocolate.

Lucius leaned over and kissed his cheek. 'If you want any help with anything, let me know.'

'I will,' Harry smiled and kissed him properly.

{oOo}

Draco was feeling full and happy as he and the twins apparated back to Malfoy Manor. They walked around the grounds arm-in-arm, the twins casting warming charms to keep them from freezing.

'Your home is beautiful,' Fred commented.

'I love the grounds,' Greg agreed.

Draco hesitated before asking, 'Would you be okay living here?'

The twins looked at him.

'I mean, we've sort of spoken about it, but not really; are you okay with coming to Hogwarts with me? And moving here?'

'Of course we are,' the red-heads said together.

'Are you sure?' Draco asked. 'I've suddenly uprooted your life, I don't.'

He was cut off when Fred put a finger to his lips, George hugging him from behind.

'Draco, love, we want to be with you,' George said in his ear.

'It doesn't matter where,' Fred said.

'Whether in a giant mansion-'

'- or a crappy little one-room flat,' Fred smiled.

'We just want you around-

'-all the time.'

Draco blushed as Fred pulled his finger away.

'Draco?' George asked and the blonde turned. 'Can I kiss you?'
Draco’s mouth fell open, heart pounding quickly. He managed a small squeak and George smiled. 

'I'll take that as a yes,' his dominant partner said and hauled Draco forward. 

Their lips pressed together and Draco absolutely melted. His arms wound around the taller wizard’s neck and George’s went around his waist, pulling him closer. They were suddenly flush against each other and Draco groaned loudly. 

A tongue licked at his lips and Draco let it in, moaning again when George's tongue licked at his own. They danced together, every thought Draco had ever had disappearing completely. All that mattered was George's mouth and body, the way he held Draco, the way he kissed him. 

It was the most delicious kiss he’d ever had and Draco never wanted it to end. George tilted his head to deepen the kiss and a soft growl of content escaped the red-head. Draco shivered. Oh, what the man could do to him. 

George broke the kiss and he and Draco stood panting, staring at each other. 

'Merlin, you're a bloody good kisser,' George said. 

Draco just blinked stupidly. A tap on his shoulder made him turn again and he looked at the shy face of Fred Weasley. The older twin looked down before murming, 'Um... c-can I have a kiss?’ 

The overwhelming urge to do just that shot through Draco and he hauled Fred forward. The red-head gasped before their lips were pressed together. 

It was the same as kissing George, only different. The lips were the same, the body, but where George was all in control and dominating, Fred was lost and submissive. He let Draco lead the kiss, let Draco pull him closer. 

And he let Draco push his tongue out, the read-head moaning as his mouth was explored. Draco revelled in it, in the control; Fred was putty in his hands and it sent tingles of pleasure up his spine. 

He was suddenly pulled away and George's lips were back, taking control again, and Draco lost himself. He felt Fred's body against his back and pulled him closer so he was in a Weasley twin sandwich. 

The last intelligent thought Draco had was, Bloody hell this is fantastic. 

{oOo}
Harry let out a moan of pleasure, instantly melting into Lucius' emrace. Lucius moved forward, which made Harry step back, and suddenly they were stumbling towards the bed.

Before they could get there Harry was slammed into the wall, the teenager gasping loudly. Lucius' tongue dove into his mouth and flicked against his own, calling Harry to dance with him. Harry's fingers were curled tightly in his mate's robes, Lucius' own cupping his face to kiss him harder.

When they broke apart both were gasping and Lucius' eyes were dark with lust. 'I'm going to fuck you right against this wall,' he growled.

Harry's mouth fell open as Lucius suddenly ripped at his belt. In seconds Harry's shoes and socks had been pulled free, his coat pushed off, and his jeans and underwear around his ankles.

He managed to kick the clothing free and Lucius hoisted him up, Harry gasping and his legs wrapping instinctively around Lucius' firm waist. He was slammed into the wall hard and cried out, the sound drowned out when Lucius crushed their lips back together.

Harry groaned. They hadn't had rough sex since they'd bonded, it had either been loving or fast. Harry's blood boiled and his cock twiched against Lucius' covered stomach, itching to be touched. His entire lower half was tingling, practically begging to be filled and taken.

Lucius broke their kiss again to nip and suck on Harry's jaw, teeth digging in hard and drawing delicious gasps from the teenager. He left bright red marks along the Gryffindor's pale skin as he moved to his ear. He took the lobe between his lips and sucked back, teeth dragging over the sensitive skin and making Harry cry out.

Lucius' veela growled in approval and the man muttered the lubricant charm. Wet fingers suddenly slid down Harry's delectable arse, right to his entrance, and Lucius wasted no time in shoving two right in.

Harry cried out, body shaking as he was filled over and over again. Lucius wasn't being gentle and Harry loved it. Of course he loved when Lucius took his time, when he worshipped Harry with his tongue or hands, but rough sex was definitely a favourite of the green-eyed teen's.

'Fuck, Luce, please,' Harry begged.

'What's that?' Lucius questioned.

'P-Please,' Harry mumbled, head tipped back, throat on show.

Lucius licked his lips before hissing, 'What do you want, Harry?' He leapt forward, sinking his teeth into that gorgeous neck, while simultaneously stabbing at Harry's prostate with two fingers. Harry cried out louder then before and climaxed suddenly, soaking Lucius' shirt in come.

He shook and shuddered through his release, moaning Lucius' name under his breath. Lucius growled loudly, keeping Harry up as he sucked on his skin and continued to prepare him.

'Lucius, fuck me, please,' Harry begged breathlessly.

'How hard?'

'Hard,' Harry groaned.

Lucius grinned and grabbed his cock. A silent lubricant charm had him ready and he thrust in, quickly filling Harry and burying himself balls-deep into his lover.
Harry shouted in pleasure, fingers digging into Lucius' shoulders. He held on for dear life as his muscles were stretched and burned, veela swooning as his mate settled inside him perfectly.

Lucius pulled out before thrusting back in hard, Harry groaning, eyes squeezed shut. Lucius was brutal, slamming back in over and over again, hitting Harry's prostate and sending pleasure cascading through the Gryffindor's body.

'Fuck, Luce, yes,' Harry groaned.

One of Lucius' hands fisted in the teenager's hair and yanked his head back. Harry's mouth fell open as Lucius latched onto his neck, biting hard and sucking back.

'Fuck!' Harry shouted, cock twitching back to life and oozing pre-come. 'Fuck, fuck, fuck!'

'Scream for me,' Lucius ordered, angling his body to hit Harry's prostate.

'Lucius!' Harry shouted, breathing ragged as he tried to speak through his ecstasy. 'Lucius, fuck, you fill me so good! Merlin, you're so big, I love you!'

'Do you love my cock?' Lucius asked, slamming in again.

Harry gaped. 'Yes, yes,' he groaned, head hitting the wall when Lucius ripped at his hair. It sent pain through his body, mixing deliciously with the ache building up in his gut. His nerves were alive with sweet pleasure, Lucius knowing just what to do to have Harry tip over the edge.

Lucius snarled and kissed Harry possessively, never once faltering in his punishing thrusts. Harry mewled into his mouth, body feeling so tense, like a bowstring about to snap. All it would take was a few more thrusts, a few more touches.

Lucius sucked Harry's tongue into his mouth, slamming him hard into the wall with a brutal thrust. One hand was wrapped around his waist, keeping him against the wall, and one moved down Harry's body. He ripped Harry's shirt open, buttons flying, and found a nipple.

As soon as Lucius twisted it Harry was coming again, more semen spitting across Lucius' already soiled shirt. He swore into Lucius' mouth, the Slytherin swallowing the sound and continuing to thrust, to pull, to kiss.

When Harry had his head back Lucius ripped him away from the wall and walked to the bed. He threw Harry down and leaned over him, body large and dominant. He growled and Harry purred in response, eyes hazy from his two climaxes.

Lucius' dominance was back; the man loved being on top. Leaning on his fists and caging Harry with his arms and body, the blonde crouched before thrusting hard.

He pounded into Harry, the Gryffindor pushed over and over again into the mattress. Harry's breathing was practically non-existant and his backside ached and burned. His legs were still wrapped firmly around Lucius' waist and moved each time the older wizard did.

'Fuck,' Harry groaned. 'Merlin, Luce, what you do to me!'

Lucius was starting to lose control, thrusts not as smooth and strong as they had been.

'Gods, the way you fuck me,' Harry continued.

Lucius groaned, dropping to rest on his forearms, cock slamming into Harry.
'Screw me, Lucius, screw me into the mattress!' Harry shouted.

It broke Lucius, who's right hand whipped up to encircle Harry's cock and pull. Two pulls, two thrusts, and Lucius sank his teeth into Harry's Mark, tongue licking the intricate design, the Mark that bonded them together. He sucked back hard and they were suddenly coming together, Harry with a shout of pleasure, Lucius with a roar of ecstasy.

He spilled into his mate, who's muscles clenched tight and milked the climax from him. Harry's own seed dripped along his muscled stomach, glistening in the firelight.

They shook together, Lucius' hips finally stopping and the man collapsing forward. He smothered Harry with his body and the teenager wrapped himself around him, legs and arms all pulling Lucius impossibly closer.

They were sweating against each other, covered in come, but both were as happy as anyone could be. Harry panted into Lucius' ear, hot breath tickling his skin and finally making Lucius roll aside.

He pulled out and Harry groaned at the loss. They both laid on their backs, blinking through their hazes, and only Harry yawning could bring Lucius back enough to clean up.

Rolling to his feet, Lucius waved his hand and cleaned them both. He nudged Harry, who swatted at him.

'No, Luce, sleepy time.'

Lucius chuckled. 'Yes, love, that means you have to move.'

'Noo,' Harry whined. 'Me and the mattress, we're part of each other, gotta stay here.'

Lucius rolled his eyes and said, 'Harry, come on.'

'Nope, screwed me into the mattress,' Harry grinned stupidly.

The Slytherin smiled. Finally he leaned down and dragged Harry up, throwing the teenager over his shoulder. Harry was too tired to protest and just hung limply until Lucius pulled back the sheets and placed him back on the bed.

Harry moved immediately, stretching out across the mattress and humming.

'You annoy me,' Lucius said.

Harry wiggled his arse and Lucius groaned. 'Nah ah,' Harry giggled.

Lucius growled and leapt atop him, grinding his hips into Harry's arse. Harry moaned and Lucius rolled clear.

'Bastard,' Harry groaned.

'I can't come again as quickly as you, you know that,' Lucius said.

'Bastard,' Harry repeated before yawning.

Lucius smiled and drew him close while pulling the blankets up. Harry snuggled into his chest and Lucius removed his glasses, placing them on the bedside table.

'Harry, your shirt.'
'Shh, sleepy time.'

Lucius waved his hand and the shirt ripped completely clear. Lucius tugged it off and threw it over his shoulder.

'Ruined my favourite shirt,' Harry said.

'And?' Lucius raised an eyebrow.

'Love you, Luce,' Harry answered. 'Thank you, I had a wonderful time.'

'I'm glad.'

'Sorry I'm a prat after sex,' Harry said, 'but you ruin me and make me stupid.'

'I know.'

'Shh, sleepy time,' Harry repeated.

Lucius chuckled and kissed his forehead. 'I love you, Harry.'

Harry smiled and snuggled closer.
Lucius walked into the dining room to find Severus picking at a muffin and reading the newest edition of *Potions Monthly*.

'Where's everyone else?' Lucius asked, checking his pocketwatch; it was almost nine.

'I don't know about Black and Remus, but Draco is still asleep with the twins,' Severus said.

'Did his date go well?' Lucius asked before sitting. Griffy popped into view and bowed. 'Can you please get me some muesli with strawberries and bananas? Also a cappuccio.'

Griffy nodded and disappeared with a faint pop.

'I'm not sure,' Severus said once Lucius had looked back at him. 'I heard them get in around eleven and Draco seemed happy. You'll have to ask him.'

Lucius nodded and sat back to wait for his breakfast.

A few seconds later Severus looked up from his magazine and blinked at him.

'What?' the blonde asked.

'Where's Harry?'

'Asleep,' Lucius said.

Severus frowned. 'Usually you're joined at the hip.'

Lucius rolled his eyes but didn't say anything; it was true, after all.

'Is he okay?' Severus asked.

'He's fine, probably just tired from last night.' He smiled slyly and Severus snorted.

'You need to be castrated.'

'I'm hurt.'

'Are you trying to shag him into an early grave?' Severus queried.

'More like he's trying to shag *me* into an early grave,' Lucius said as Griffy popped back with his breakfast. 'You call me a sex maniac but Harry takes the cake.'

Griffy hesitated after putting Lucius' bowl and mug down. He started at the patriarch, chewing on his lip.

'Griffy?' Lucius said, blowing steam from his mug.

The elf looked like he wanted to say something but finally shook his head and said, 'Sorrys, Master.'

He disappeared and Severus said, 'Your elves are just getting stranger.'

'Mm,' Lucius agreed, puzzled over Griffy's and Dobby's behaviour. They'd been acting very odd
lately, especially around Harry.

He was pulled from his thoughts by a yawn from the doorway. He glanced up to see Harry shuffling into the room, yawning loudly and rubbing his eyes. He looked a mess; hair all over the place, bags under his eyes, dressing gown pulled on over one of Lucius' shirts and pyjama bottoms.

'Harry, are you okay?' Lucius asked, concern shooting through him.

'F-F-Fine,' Harry got out through a yawn.

'Are you sure?'

'Just tired,' Harry admitted. Lucius held an arm out and Harry padded across to him. He was pulled onto his mate's lap and kissed him quickly before settling down; arms around Lucius' waist, head resting on his chest.

'You look exhausted,' Lucius commented.

'Mm,' Harry mumbled, closing his eyes.

'I didn't hurt you last night, did I?'

Severus snorted and Harry shook his head. 'No, it was nice,' he smiled, eyes still closed.

'You should eat something,' Lucius said. 'Do you want me to call Dobby or Griffy?'

'No,' Harry mumbled. 'Just... give me a minute.'

A minute later Lucius heard a soft snore and saw that Harry had fallen asleep, lips slightly parted as he breathed in and out.

Harry was gorgeous when asleep; he looked so young and innocent, and his face was clear of everything but content. The only downside was his eyes were closed; Lucius couldn't stare into their gorgeous depths.

'He doesn't look well,' Severus said and Lucius glanced up at him.

'No, he doesn't,' the blonde agreed. 'I'll finish my breakfast and take him back to bed.' Severus snorted and Lucius sighed. 'Bed, Severus, we do sleep.'

'Not by the looks of it,' Severus commented.

Lucius ignored him, spooning muesli into his mouth slowly so as not to wake Harry. Harry slept peacefully, not even waking when Lucius finished. He wrapped one arm under Harry's legs, the other around his back, and picked him up.

Standing, Lucius left the dining room and carried Harry through the house. He didn't want to apparate in case Harry really was sick; the teenager hated any form of transport that wasn't flying and Lucius didn't want him throwing up.

So he walked through the silent house, sunlight streaming through the open windows. Lucius hummed to himself as he held Harry close, climbing the staircase to the second floor - where he spotted Draco between two Weasleys, all three sharing heated kisses.

Lucius stepped back quickly, going another way when he heard his kit groan. Lucius might have
accepted the Weasleys but it didn't mean he wanted to see his son snogging anyone.

'Oh, Harry,' Lucius commented as he walked to their bedroom. 'You would have screamed if you saw that.'

Harry slept on, completely unaware, and Lucius kissed his forehead.

{oOo}

Harry woke yawning loudly. He stretched as he sat up, back cracking and muscles feeling heavy. He yawned again and groped for his glasses.

'Awake at last,' Lucius smiled. He was sitting on the sofa beneath the large windows, sunlight streaming through and highlighting his hair. Harry smiled as his mate stood, put down his book, and carried a tray of food to the bed. He set it down and turned. 'Are you okay?'

'Fine, why?' Harry asked, leaning forward to kiss him.

'You've been asleep most of the day.' Harry raised an eyebrow and Lucius said, 'It's almost two.'

'PM?' Harry asked. Lucius nodded. 'Huh... I've never slept that late before.'

'Are you sure you're okay?' Lucius asked, looking worried. He leaned forward, placing the back of his hand against Harry's forehead. Harry hummed at the contact as Lucius' grey eyes searched his face. 'You don't have a fever and you look okay,' Lucius murmured.

'I'm fine, I was just tired,' Harry shrugged and kissed him again.

It started to grow heated and Lucius said, 'H-Harry... f-food.'

'Mm, later,' Harry mumbled, threading his fingers through Lucius' hair and tugging him closer.

'Harry, you should eat,' Lucius tried. But he was fast losing control, especially when Harry climbed from under the covers to straddle his lap. He rutted forward, his hard cock stroking along Lucius' rapidly strengthening own.

Lucius gave in when Harry broke the kiss to lick his jaw and nibble his ear. He groaned loudly and waved his hand, the tray of food shooting to the sofa and landing with a clatter. He fell back with Harry atop him, the teenager groaning loudly.

'Fuck, Luce,' Harry moaned, sucking on Lucius' ear as he continued to push their groins together.

'Merlin,' Lucius groaned.

'No, Harry,' the teenager replied coyly.

Lucius ignored him and quickly fiddled with his belt and trousers. He managed to get his cock out and slid Harry's through the slit in his pyjamas. Harry groaned as Lucius' long fingers circled both their erections and pulled.

'Aah,' Harry moaned loudly, pushing forward, adding extra stimulation.
Lucius mumbled the lubricant charm and his hand glided along their shafts, making the fire in Harry's belly burn white hot and lick his insides. He thrust down once, twice, before coming hard, spilling across Lucius' stomach and crying into his mouth.

Lucius kept pulling, milking the climax from his lover and watching with dark eyes as Harry shook. When he came back to himself, Lucius growled. Strong fingers tore Harry's pyjama bottoms free and he was rolled onto his back, Lucius slotting between his legs.

'Lucius, yes,' Harry moaned wantonly, spreading his legs wider. 'Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!'

Lucius shoved two fingers into Harry's entrance and the teenager cried out, head thrust back into the mattress as his boyfriend quickly prepared him. Lucius wasted no time in slicking up his cock and thrusting in hard, Harry moaning loudly.

Each thrust was punishing, hard, so delicious, and Lucius and Harry lost themselves in each other, in the pleasure. Harry rolled his hips and met Lucius push for push, the blonde sliding in impossibly deep and stimulating Harry's prostate each time he was filled.

Harry came again, fingers digging into Lucius' clothed back hard enough to bruise. He shouted through his release, muscles clenching around Lucius' still raging cock. The Slytherin groaned but kept thrusting, kept pounding into the shaking body beneath his own.

Panting heavily, Harry peeled his eyes open to see Lucius above him, the blonde flushed and sweaty, face contorted as he kept fucking him.

'Gods, Luce,' Harry groaned, wiggling his arse, clenching his muscles. 'Feels s-so... ah!... good...'

Lucius was fast approaching the peak of his pleasure and pulled Harry's baggy shirt aside, revealing his ink-black Mark. He growled and waited until Harry mewled in response before sinking his teeth into the Mark and sucking back. He continued to pound into the Gryffindor as his right hand came up, wrapping around Harry's cock and tugging.

Harry came a third time, come leaking across his stomach, the teenager's mouth falling open in a silent scream. His muscles once again squeezed Lucius in a vice-like grip, pushing the blonde over the edge. He groaned against Harry's neck as he spilled into the teenager, filling him with his seed.

Lucius' veela growled and Harry purred, both shaking against each other as they road out their pleasure.

Lucius blinked back to reality and pulled out, Harry moaning. 'Can't you stay in me?' he asked.

Lucius chuckled and kissed Harry deeply, the green-eyed wizard's hands threading through his hair. He groaned and pushed his crotch up, rubbing his sticky stomach against Lucius' shirt.

'Harry, you know I can't,'

Harry moaned. 'I hate you.'

'Do not,' Lucius said and kissed him again.

He managed to untangle himself from Harry five minutes later, the teenager pouting at him. Lucius grabbed his wand, slipping it from his walking stick. He waved it to clean them up before fixing Harry's pyjama bottoms.

Harry smiled and pulled them on, yawning again and stretching. 'Mm, my arse hurts.'
'Well what do you expect?' Lucius asked as he retrieved the tray.

'I didn't say I hated it,' Harry said, watching Lucius walk back to the bed. He sat against the headboard and Harry leaned against him.

Lucius poured them both orange juice and he sipped his own as Harry picked up a sandwich.

'Guh!' Harry spluttered, spitting a mouthful back onto the tray. 'What the hell is this?'

'Ham and cheese, why?' Lucius asked.

Harry's face was set in a grimace. 'It's horrible,' he said, taking a large gulp of orange juice.

'You like ham and cheese, don't you?' Lucius said.

'Yeah, but this ham is disgusting,' Harry grunted, throwing the sandwich down.

'Maybe it's off, I'll talk to Dobby about it,' Lucius said. 'Do you want something else?'

Harry nodded and said, 'Soup would be nice,' before he slid off the bed, walking to their wardrobe.

'Where are you going?'

'Getting dressed,' Harry said. 'Enough people have seen me looking shagged, thank you very much.'

Lucius chuckled and called Dobby.

'Yes, Lord Malfoy?' the little elf said.

'Harry said this ham tastes disgusting, it must be off,' Lucius said. 'Please throw it out and get him some soup.'

Dobby hesitated before bowing deeply. 'Yes, sir.' He took the tray and disappeared with a crack.

Harry returned in baggy denim jeans, socks, and one of Lucius' button-up shirts. Lucius raised an eyebrow as his mate climbed back onto the bed and snuggled into his side.

'May I ask why you're wearing my shirt?' Lucius asked, fingering the white cotton. 'Smells like you, Harry said and breathed in deeply. 'S'comfy.'

Lucius chuckled.

'Can I wear it?' Harry asked.

'Of course,' Lucius nodded, 'you look gorgeous in it.'

Harry smiled. 'Well, maybe you'll get to see me out of it later.' He leaned up and kissed Lucius deeply, both losing themselves in each other. They didn't stop until Dobby re-appeared with a crack. Harry blushed and said, 'Thank you, Dobby.'

Dobby grinned broadly. 'Chicken soup for Harry Potter as well as rolls. Chicken soup good for Master Harry, chicken soup make you strong.'

'Erm... thanks,' Harry said and smiled as the house elf bowed and disapparated with a crack.
'He's acting odd, Griffy too,' Lucius said.

Harry shrugged and set the tray across his lap. He was suddenly starving and slurped it all down, Dobby having to bring him seconds. Lucius nibbled on a roll and just watched Harry eat, smiling the entire time.

{oOo}

'Father, what are we doing for New Year?' Draco asked.

They were all sitting in the dining room eating dinner, a lovely pasta Griffy and Dobby had spent the afternoon making. The sauce had garlic and chilli mixed through, cheese sprinkled over the top.

Lucius and Harry were at the head of the table, with Draco and the twins on one side, Sirius, Remus and Severus on the other. Harry had Teddy Lupin on his lap, feeding the boy little chunks of chicken and pasta. Teddy was squealing and throwing food around, he and Harry both covered in sauce.

Harry licked sauce from the corner of his mouth and said, 'See, Teddy, this is how you eat.' He leaned back and dropped pasta into his mouth, Teddy watching with bright blue eyes. He grabbed a handful and shoved them into his mouth, Harry grinning. 'That's it, Teddy-bear.'

'Normal people use forks,' Lucius commented. Both Harry and Teddy stared at him, the latter's hair turning platinum blonde. Remus snorted and Lucius raised an eyebrow. Teddy's own eyebrow went up and Harry burst out laughing.

Teddy grinned and turned back to Harry, hair turning black, eyes emerald green.

'Much better,' Lucius said.

Harry smiled and dangled a noodle over Teddy's face. Teddy grabbed at it and munched away, flicking sauce all over Harry's face.

Draco watched his father, who was staring at Harry and Teddy. He knew it wouldn't take long until Lucius and Harry had a baby. 'Father?'

'Sorry?' Lucius said, turning away from his mate.

'What are we doing for New Year?' Draco asked again.

'Was there something you wanted to do?' Lucius asked.

Draco shook his head and Fred said, 'What do you normally do?'

'Well, if Father was working, I would stay at home with Mother, go to Severus', or stay at Hogwarts,' Draco said. 'If not we'd go to France or Australia, Ireland, somewhere fun.'

'I think we should stay at the Manor,' Lucius said, eyes back on Harry and Teddy.

Teddy was chewing open mouthed and Harry said, 'Nah, Teddy-bear, eat like Uncle Harry.' He chewed slowly and Teddy's lips clamped up, copying Harry perfectly. 'Who's a clever boy?' Harry
grinned and rubbed sauce from his cheek, Teddy giggling.

'We can invite a few friends,' Lucius continued as Teddy licked sauce from Harry's nose. 'I was thinking of having a small party outside with fireworks.'

'Fireworks?' the twins perked up instantly.

Lucius smiled at them. 'Harry tells me you have a number of fine products that we can buy for good prices.'

'Absolutely,' Fred grinned.

'We have fantastic products,' George agreed.

'Of course I'd have to look at your products, your store, to make sure,' Lucius said and Draco smiled. 'Can you have your products ready by tomorrow?'

The twins nodded.

'And you can set everything up in two days?'

'Yes,' the twins nodded.

'Very well, tomorrow at eleven,' Lucius said and turned his attention back to Harry.

'Invitations?' Severus said.

'Word-of-mouth, invite people who you trust,' Lucius murmured, watching Harry feed Teddy a spoon-full of sauce. It dribbled down Teddy's chin and Harry cooed as he wiped it away, Lucius grinning at the sight.

'And we've lost him,' Severus said.

The others chuckled, Lucius didn't hear them.

{oOo}

Harry was in the sitting room with Teddy and Sirius, all three playing with toys and colouring pencils. Teddy had a red marker and Lucius smiled as he walked in, fixing his tie and watching the little boy swipe Sirius again.

'Oi, you little brat,' Sirius said and jumped.

Teddy squealed and tried to crawl away, only to be grabbed by both legs. He giggled loudly as Sirius dragged him across the carpet.

'Tickle attack!' Harry shouted and and dug his fingers into Teddy's sides. Teddy squealed in delight, laughter bubbling from his lips as he tried to break free. Sirius let him go and Teddy crawled over Harry, trying to tickle the older wizard. 'No, stop, have mercy!' Harry begged as he laid on his back, Teddy sitting on his chest.

Teddy gave him a truly evil look and slapped Harry's chest, Harry laughing.
'No mercy, right, Teddy?' Sirius said and loomed over his godson.

'No!' Harry shouted, only for Sirius to start tickling him.

Lucius didn't mind that Sirius was touching his mate. A small flame of jealousy licked at his insides but it was nice to see Harry laughing, and it was beautiful seeing Harry with a baby. Teddy often took Harry's features, looking like a mini Potter, and Lucius lost hours thinking about what his and Harry's future children would look like.

'Luce, help, they're attacking me!' Harry shouted, dragging Lucius from his thoughts.

Teddy spotted him and his hair turned blonde, eyes a stormy grey. Lucius smiled and crossed the room to crouch beside them. 'Is this true, Teddy?'

Teddy grinned shyly and looked down. Lucius smiled and Teddy raised his marker.

'And what is that?' the Slytherin asked.

Teddy gurgled, 'Mar... mar...'

Lucius raised an eyebrow and Harry sat up, watching as his godson tried to speak.

'Can you say marker?' Harry asked.

Teddy looked at him before screwing up his face.

'Mar...'

'Can you say Harry?' Lucius suggested.

Teddy pointed at Harry and the Slytherin nodded. With a look of great concentration on his face, Teddy said, 'Hawwy.'

Harry grinned. 'Did he just say my name?'

'I think so,' Sirius smiled.

'Hawwy,' Teddy repeated, smiling to himself.

'Excellent,' Lucius smiled, patting Teddy on the head.

'Markie,' Teddy said, brandishing the marker.

'That is so adorable,' Harry grinned and hugged Teddy close.

'Hawwy, markie, Hawwy, markie,' Teddy giggled.

'I have to tell Remus,' Sirius said.

Lucius smiled as Teddy turned back to him. 'Markie?' he asked and Teddy nodded vigorously. 'I think that colour suits Harry.'

Teddy seemed to understand and turned to colour Harry's nose in, the teenager held down by his godfather.

'You prats, stop it!' Harry laughed, Teddy drawing a circle on his cheek.
'I'm afraid I can't, I have business,' Lucius said and leaned down to kiss his mate. Harry groaned and then giggled when Teddy got Lucius. 'That was uncalled for,' the Slytherin said, wiping his cheek.

Teddy grinned and Harry grabbed the marker. 'No mercy,' Harry said and pushed Teddy to the floor. Teddy shrieked as Harry ripped his shirt up, drawing up and down the baby's chest and stomach.

'What is going on in here?' Remus asked, walking into the sitting room. Severus was behind him and he raised an eyebrow as he saw Lucius wiping his face clean.

'Marker attack,' Harry grinned, sitting up. Teddy pulled himself up and looked at his dad, arms up.

'There's my little bear,' Remus said and crouched to hug him.

'Hawwy,' Teddy said very matter-of-factly.

Remus blinked. 'What?'

'Hawwy,' the little boy repeated and pointed at the teenager.

'Did he just say-' Remus began.

'Harry, yes,' Lucius smiled.

'His first word is Harry,' Remus grinned and hugged his son. 'Merlin, I'm so proud of you, Ted- oi!'

Teddy giggled and coloured in the werewolf's neck.

'People aren't colouring books, Teddy,' Remus told his son.

'Are too,' Sirius said and grabbed another marker. 'Harry's a colouring book.'

Lucius left to three adults and one baby colouring each other in, Severus watching with a smirk of amusement.

{oOo}

Lucius apparated to Diagon Alley and walked through the busy crowds, bypassing people who stared at him. He managed to get to the twins' shop before a few reporters found him.

'Mr Malfoy!'

Lucius turned to see three reporters, two cameramen, and a whole heap of curious bystanders staring at him.

'Yes?' Lucius said.

'How's your relationship with Harry Potter going?' the first reporter demanded.

'Are you thinking of marriage or children?' came from another.

'Is it true you're teaching Harry Potter Dark Arts?' was a weird one that had Lucius frowning.
'I'm not giving interviews, now go away,' Lucius said in his best diplomatic voice. Reporters always irritated him and he pushed into the shop, the hoard following.

'Mr Malfoy, Mr Malfoy, MR MALFOY!'

'Oi!'

Lucius turned at the new voice and spotted a short, dark-skinned man with black dreadlocks and warm chocolate brown eyes. He was wearing a Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes shirt, the colour magenta and the logo gold. His trousers were pressed, the jacket he was wearing nice, and he pushed past Lucius to face the crowd.

'Mr Malfoy is here for business, not to talk about his personal life,' the younger wizard said.

'We just want-' a reporter began.

'No,' the wizard said, cutting her off. 'Be professional and owl for an interview, don't jump him in public. You're not welcome here if Mr Malfoy doesn't want to speak to you.' He glanced at Lucius, who nodded. 'See? Now out, get out.'

He ushered them all outside and Lucius watched as the wizard drew up shields to keep them out.

'Merlin, sorry about that,' the man said, coming back in and stowing his wand away.

'Not a problem,' Lucius smiled. 'Thank you for that.'

'They need to respect your privacy,' the man said before smiling. 'Sorry, where are my manners? Lee Jordan.'

He held out his hand and Lucius shook it. 'Lucius Malfoy.'

'Of course, I was two years above your son in school,' Lee said.

'You're the twins' business partner?' Lucius asked.

Lee nodded. 'After Hogwarts I got a business degree, the twins mainly produce products and such. I help them deal with the business side.'

He led Lucius through the shop, stopping before a young witch in the Wheezes' purple shirt.

'Laila, can you watch the front counter?' Lee asked. 'And make sure no one comes in looking for Mr Malfoy.'

Laila jumped and looked at Lucius, but professionalism took over. 'Of course, Mr Jordan.'

'Thanks,' Lee said and led Lucius down a hallway and into a large office.

There were two desks, spotlessly clean, with pictures of the Weasley family. The shelves were stacked with products and files, books on all sorts of topics in a large case in the corner. There were framed pictures of the shop, of the twins and Lee, on the walls and Lucius looked at them all.

'The twins are in the workshop, I'll just go get them,' Lee smiled and left Lucius alone. A few minutes later he returned.

'Mr Malfoy,' Fred smiled, shaking the blonde's hand first.
'Welcome to Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes,' George said. 'Sorry about the reporters.'

'It's not your fault,' Lucius said.

'Please come through to our workshop, we have a number of products on show,' Fred said and led Lucius from the office.

An hour later they had a deal. Lucius was amazed at the different kinds of fireworks the twins had on offer, some general ones that were found in most stores, most what they had created themselves.

He also heard a lot about their other products; love potions, fake wands, sweets that made you sick, and a number of little animals they'd created with magic and potions.

'For kids who can't have owls or dogs,' Fred explained as Lucius looked at a Pigmy Puff. 'Girls love them.'

'What do they do?' Lucius asked.

'Not much, a bit like hamsters,' George told him. 'They love being stroked, they can eat almost anything, and they're good little company.'

'Except the white ones,' Lee shivered. 'Put a bit too much lust in the potion and they were breeding like rabbits.'

'Really?' Lucius asked, looking amused.

George nodded as Fred said, 'We opened the store once and they were everywhere. Unfortunately we had to destroy them all; they would have overtaken Britain.'

'Draco tells me you're looking at expanding,' Lucius commented as he looked across a variety of quills and ink.

'We are,' Fred said. 'We have a store in Ireland, very small, and Lee runs it with his cousin Amelia.'

'We want to buy Zonko's but don't have the funds at the moment,' George admitted.

'Yes, Draco mentioned that,' Lucius said and drew back. 'Well, boys, I'm very impressed. If you need an investor, I'm available.'

Lee's mouth fell open as the twins said, 'Really?'

Lucius nodded. 'A detailed presentation, what market you're aiming for, and your profits as well as business management, and I'll have no problem funding the Hogsmeade branch.'

'Thank you so much,' Fred gushed.

'We'll get right on it,' George grinned.

'Huh-nah...' Lee gawped.

Lucius smiled and checked his pocketwatch. 'I have to get back to the Manor, I left Harry getting attacked by a marker-weilding infant.'

Fred chuckled and nodded as George said, 'Thank you for coming by, we'll have your order packed and sent by tonight.'
'Can you tell Draco we'll be back late, around ten?' Fred asked. 'We have a new order coming in and have to re-stock the shelves.'

'Of course,' Lucius said.

'You can use our floo,' Lee said, head coming back and a broad grin spreading across his face. 'If you don't want to face the reporters.'

'Thank you, but my floos aren't connected to the store.'

'The one in our office is connected to Draco's bedroom,' Fred said and blushed when Lucius raised an eyebrow.

'Saves t-travel time,' George mumbled.

Lucius smirked and thanked them again before following them back to their office.

'Oh, boys,' Lucius said as he threw powder into the fireplace. 'Don't tell Harry that,' he finished and stepped in.

Fred and George burned red as Lucius was swept away.

{oOo}

Lucius got back to find Harry and Sirius both asleep, Remus and Severus playing chess. Sirius was sprawled in an armchair, head tipped back and lips parted, a blanket thrown over his legs. Harry was curled up on the sofa in a little ball, a blanket covering his body, the only thing visible the top of his messy head.

Teddy was napping in a cot in the corner and Remus and Severus glanced up when Lucius came in.

'Teddy tired them out,' Remus said, smiling as he glanced at his boyfriend and godson. 'All the while shouting 'Hawwy', 'markie', and 'Sevie'.'

'Sevie?' Lucius asked.

Remus smiled. 'I think he was trying to say Severus.' The potions master rolled his eyes and moved one of his pawns.

'I don't blame them, children can be a handful,' Lucius said, sitting on the sofa. He pushed the blanket down to reveal Harry's face, peaceful in sleep, and leaned down to kiss his forehead.

'You'll have to deal with it soon enough,' Severus commented, moving his queen and taking one of Remus' castles.

'Hopefully not until he finishes Hogwarts and we're married,' Lucius said.

'Really, that soon?' Remus asked.

Lucius smiled. 'I would ask Harry to marry me right now if I thought he was ready.'
'He'd say yes, he loves you,' Remus said. 'Check,' he grinned triumphantly.

'How did it go with the twins?' Severus asked, moving his king.

'They're smart young men and their products are astounding,' Lucius said, stroking Harry's hair. 'I expressed my interest in becoming an investor.

'Really?' Remus commented, taking Severus' bishop.

'If they can prove to me that I'll turn a profit, I'd be very interested,' Lucius said. 'I know the owner of Zonko's is looking at retiring and the store does well from Hogwarts students. With the Weasleys running it, they'll do well.'

'They do have a knack for it,' Severus said, taking Remus' remaining pawn. Bits of it went flying across the board before being magiced to the side. 'I remember them always screwing around in potions.'

Lucius smiled and said, 'They're funny, you have to admit.'

'I'll never admit it,' Severus said. 'Checkmate.'

'Damn it,' Remus sighed before waving his hand. The pieces all fit back together and he leaned back.

'Huzzah,' Harry snorted and sat up, blinking rapidly. His glasses had imprinted into his cheek and Lucius chuckled, stroking the marks. 'Whazza...' Harry mumbled.

'Hello there,' Lucius said.

Harry grinned and kissed him softly. 'You're back already?'

'Harry, you've been asleep about three hours,' Remus said.

'Oh,' Harry yawned. 'Merlin, Teddy has a lot of energy.'

'Like his mother there,' Remus said and glanced at his son.

Sirius snored loudly and Severus raised an eyebrow.

'He does that a lot,' Remus said and kicked his bodyfriend.

'NO, BACK YOU BEAST!' Sirius shouted and leapt to his feet. Harry giggled as his godfather realised where he was and blushed. 'Who kicked me?' he demanded, sinking back onto the armchair.

'No one,' Remus smiled and pecked Sirius quickly on the lips.

'You're getting old, Black,' Severus commented as he poured himself a drink.

'Harry fell asleep too,' the Animagus pouted.

"Cause Lucius tires me out,' Harry said cheekily.

'Gods, what's the matter with you?' Sirius demanded.

'We're all adults here,' Lucius said. 'We can talk about sex.'
'No thank you,' Sirius grunted. 'Harry's like my son, don't need to hear it.'

'Well we don't need to hear about Remus' impressive girth,' Severus said.

Sirius burned red and Harry snickered. 'You talk in your sleep, remember?' Remus told him.

'Oh, right,' Sirius grumbled and rubbed his eyes. 'What's for dinner?'

Harry chuckled.
New Year

New Years Eve was cold, of course, but Lucius, Severus, and Remus were setting about to change that. They had set up a large tent that ran parallel to the veranda, spells cast to keep the cold out. A spell went up to stop snow falling on the veranda and the doors of the back deck had been opened, wood heaped up beside the two fireplaces.

Harry and the others spent the entire day setting up tables and chairs, Harry and Draco helping Dobby and Griffy prepare the food. Dumbledore had sent three elves from Hogwarts to help and Harry spent a lot of time instructing them on how to make party food; little sausage rolls and pies, frankfurts wrapped in bacon and pastry, popcorn and crisps and hot chips.

Remus and Sirius disappeared to get the drinks, heading to both Diagon Alley and Muggle London for wizard alcohol, Muggle drinks, and sodas.

Fred and George had told them that the entire Weasley clan was coming, minus Molly who was spending the night with Ginny in St Mungo's. Lee and Laila from the store were coming, as well as Luna, Neville, Seamus and Dean, Andromeda Tonks, a few of Draco's Slytherin friends, Terry Boot from Ravenclaw, the Patel twins and Lavender Brown. Oliver Wood was back in England for a match between Puddlemore and the Chudley Cannons and had owled Harry to see how he was going. Harry had quickly invited the other Gryffindor.

Lucius had invited a few of the Slytherins' parents, those who hadn't supported the Dark Lord; Pansy's mother and father, the Zabinis, the Greengrasses and a few other pure-blood families.

'A lot of people are coming,' Harry commented as he, Lucius, Draco and the twins stood ready to greet their guests.

'Mm, well New Year isn't as important as Yule,' Lucius told him, quickly reaching to fuss over Harry's red and gold striped tie. The teenager was wearing a black button-up shirt, black jeans, and a coat. The twins and Draco were dressed similarly, only Lucius had worn a robe.

'Luce, it's fine,' Harry said and swatted his mate's hand away.

'If you're going to wear a tie, wear it properly.'

'You weren't this anal at Hogwarts,' Harry said.

'That's before I'd been in your arse,' Lucius whispered in his ear.

Harry shivered and licked his lips, mind filling with very naughty images. Fortunately Draco and his mates chose to ignore him as Lucius smirked.

There was a knock on the door and Dobby, Griffy, and the other three house elves (Missy, Dala, and Pin-Pin), were all ready.

'Well, let's get this over with and have some fun,' Harry smiled.

{oOo}
An hour later the guests had all arrived, the back deck, veranda, and tent filled with people. Lucius was chatting with a few of the pure-bloods, Draco and Harry sitting on the pool table because there were no chairs left. A few of the women were cooing over Teddy, who was shifting his hair colour so fast it ended up striped blue, green, red and brown.

The twins were laughing with their brothers, Ron with a firm arm around Hermione's waist. Severus was talking to Oliver Wood, the two seeming to put old house rivalries aside for the night.

Harry grinned when he saw that Draco was staring at the twins.

'You loooove them,' he teased.

'Shut up, Mummy,' Draco smirked.

Harry groaned. 'I'll kill Severus and Forge, they started this whole mess.'

'It suits you, your future kids should call you Mummy.'

'Don't you dare tell them that,' Harry growled.

'I'll start on Teddy first,' Draco grinned.

'Dray!' The two looked up to see Blaise, Greg Goyle, and a girl Harry hadn't met before. 'Dray, where have you been?' Blaise continued as he approached, a goblet of alcohol in his hand. Harry wrinkled his nose at the smell and shifted back.

'Busy with family,' Draco shrugged and glanced at Harry. 'Have you all met officially?'

'No,' Greg said and held out his hand. 'Gregory Goyle.'

'Harry Potter,' the other teenager said with a smile.

'No way, the Harry Potter?' Blaise smirked. Draco rolled his eyes as the Slytherin shook Harry's hand. 'Blaise Zabini IV.'

'The fourth, really?' Harry asked.

Blaise sighed. 'My parents have no imagination.'

'Neither did mine,' Harry said. 'I mean, Harry's as normal as they come.'

'Draco definitely takes the weirdo cake,' Greg commented.

'I'll hex you, Goyle,' Draco glared.

'So, Potter-' Blaise began.

'Harry,' the Gryffindor interrupted.

'Harry,' Blaise nodded, 'how's life with the Malfoys? Have they converted you into a Dark wizard yet?'

Harry could tell the taller boy was joking and smiled. 'Not yet, but they're trying.'

'Oh yes, Father's definitely trying,' Draco mocked, 'by shagging you in every bloody room.'

Harry blushed. Earlier that day Draco and the twins had walked in on Harry and Lucius in the
study. To say Draco took it badly was an understatement; no child wanted to see their parents in that position.

Blaise, Greg, and the girl Harry hadn't met yet all laughed.

'Sorry, this is Astoria Greengrass,' Draco said, pointing at the girl. She was tall, about the same height as Harry, with wavy honey hair that fell down her shoulders and bright blue eyes. She inclined her head and Draco said, 'Sorry.'

'Greengrass?' Harry asked. 'That name's familiar.'

'My sister, Daphne, was in the same year as you,' Astoria said.

Harry vaguely remembered a blonde girl who used to hang out with Pansy. 'Right...'

'I wanted to apologise for what I did in school,' Greg cut in, making everyone look at him. 'I was a complete tosser.'

'Yeah, you were,' Harry agreed.

'My dad was a fucker,' Greg continued and Harry raised his eyebrows.

'Seriously, Greg's dad makes mine look like a fluffy rabbit,' Draco said.

'He was one of the Dark Lord's worse Death Eaters; loved Dark curses and stuff,' Greg continued. 'I had little choice but to act like that or he'd cane me.'

'Gods, that's awful,' Harry said.

Greg shrugged. 'Part of it was my dad, part was me being a wanker. I hope we can move past it.'

Harry smiled. 'Hey, if I can see Lucius Malfoy as gorgeous, Draco as an adorable little boy—'

'Oi!' the Malfoy heir interjected.

'—then I can see you as a mate,' Harry talked over his kit. 'So no worries. We all did shitty stuff in school.'

'Friend,' Lucius said, crossing the room towards them. 'Friend, Harry, not mate,' he said and scowled at Greg. Greg, Blaise and Astoria all stepped back quickly.

'Sorry, friend,' Harry smiled and leaned up. He kissed Lucius quickly before the blonde drew back.

'Come,' Lucius said and dragged him off the pool table.

'Yes sir,' Harry grinned and look at the others. 'Sorry, he gets really jealous.'

Draco snickered and Lucius shot a glare at his son before tugging Harry through the crowd.

'Easy, I was just joking,' Harry said.

'Mm-hmm,' Lucius murmured.

Lucius sat on the sofa closest to the fire and dragged Harry onto his lap. Harry got comfortable before looking around. They'd joined Andy, Hermione, Ron, Oliver and Severus.

'Hey there, Harry,' Oliver smiled and reached out to shake his hand again.
Harry took it and Lucius' arm tightened around his waist. 'Luce, for the love of Slytherin, calm down,' Harry told him.

Lucius ignored him completely and Oliver smiled as he sat back.

'I hear you play Quidditch,' Lucius said.

Oliver nodded as Harry said, 'He was captain when I got put on the team in first year.'

'Never seen anything like Potter,' Oliver smiled. 'Not even Charlie Weasley was as good as him.'

Harry rolled his eyes and Lucius smiled proudly.

'Shove off, the lot of you,' Harry said and held out his hand. A plate of cheeses, carrots, and other cut up vegetable shot to him. Harry placed the plate on his lap and ate slowly, dipping vegetables in a variety of dips.

'Harry, anyone with a set of eyes can see you're great at Quidditch,' Hermione said from the armchair in front of him. 'Though I don't understand the sport, honestly.'

She received scandalised looks from every single male around her.

"Mione, really,' Ron said.

'Quidditch is the most amazing sport ever,' Harry mumbled through a mouthful of food.

'It's all about team work and flying extremely quickly, strategies too,' Oliver added.

'It brings people together,' Severus offered.

'And it's a great way to pass the time,' Lucius finished.

Andromeda snorted and said, 'Hermione, love, you can't win; men love Quidditch.'

'Some girls too,' Harry said, thinking of Ginny.

'Girls are the most vicious players, I'm telling you,' Oliver said. 'I was playing the Silver Falcons three days ago and they have two female beaters. They're small but gods do they pack a punch.' He stood and pulled up his silk shirt, showing them a large purple and green bruises on his hip.

'Ouch,' Hermione said.

'That was from Lois Zagont, nineteen-year-old,' Oliver said, sitting back down. 'About five foot six, skinny as a rake, and she snapped three bats last season.'

'Blimey,' Ron said and Hermione and Andromeda looked pleased.

'Never underestimate a woman,' Andy said, the younger witch nodding.

'Oh, I never would,' Harry said and smiled at Hermione. 'Wouldn't wanna face her wand.' He shoved a cracker into his mouth, spraying his lap in crumbs.

Lucius tutted at Harry before saying, 'I've faced her wand.' He brushed crumbs from his robes as he continued, 'She sent me crashing to the floor in the Department of Mysteries. I didn't even attack her.'
'Well you were all scary looking,' Hermione said. 'What was I supposed to do?'

'Blast my mate across the room,' Harry giggled.

Lucius swatted his arse and Harry yelped.

'Harry, have you thought about becoming a professional Quidditch player?' Oliver asked, all eyes turning to him.

'Erm... no,' the teenager said honestly.

'Why not?' Oliver demanded. 'You're an amazing seeker, and a fair good chaser too. You'd be picked, easy.'

'I'd hate to travel all the time and the fame that comes with it,' Harry said. 'I don't want to drag Lucius all over the world.'

'I wouldn't mind,' Lucius said.

Harry smiled and kissed his cheek. 'I know, love, but it wouldn't be fair to you. Plus I don't want to be any more famous than I am; I want to fade into the background.'

'Yes, 'cause that'll happen marrying a Malfoy,' Ron snorted.

Harry smiled. 'I know... but nah, Quidditch is just a hobby. I love it, don't get me wrong, but I don't want to play professionally.'

Oliver looked put out and Harry apologised again.

'S'fine,' Oliver sighed.

'You can come over to the Manor and play any time you want,' Harry said, glancing at Lucius.

'Of course,' his boyfriend agreed. 'As long as you owl in advance and don't hurt my mate.'

'You should see Lucius play, he's amazing,' Harry grinned. 'He was a keeper too.'

'Really?' Oliver asked.

'Second year to seventh,' Severus told him. 'Of course it made his ego even bigger.'

'It's not my fault I was a good player,' Lucius huffed. 'Besides, I didn't prance about like I was Merlin's gift to women.'

'No, Merlin's gift to men,' Severus smirked.

Lucius glared at him and Harry giggled. 'Oh, Luce, ignore the mean snake,' he said and kissed his partner. Lucius lost the glare and kissed Harry back, arms winding around the teenager's back.

'Enough,' Severus said and the couple broke apart, Harry looking flushed. He smiled in embarrassment and leaned against his mate.

{oOo}
'Harry,' Dean Thomas smiled as his best friend sat beside him. The others had all migrated off, leaving Harry and Lucius alone.

'Hi Dean, Seamus,' Harry smiled.

'Professor Malfoy,' the two Gryffindors nodded at Lucius.

'Mr Thomas, Mr Finnegan,' he smiled at them. 'Enjoying your holiday?'

'It's brilliant,' Seamus said. 'We're staying with Dean's mum in France.'

'She was a bit iffy about using a portkey, but I talked her into it,' Dean admitted. 'So we've spent all the holidays, and Christmas, in Paris.'

'Sounds lovely,' Harry said.

'I'll take you sometime,' Lucius murmured to him.

Harry grinned.

'How are you, Harry?' Dean asked, drinking from his goblet.

'Happy,' Harry said honestly. 'Tired, enjoying myself, you know; pretty good all around.'

'Good to hear,' Seamus smiled.

'Best holidays ever,' Harry said and kissed Lucius.

'It's still weird to see you all...’ Dean waved his hand at Harry and Lucius.

'All what?' Harry asked.

Seamus said, 'You know... cosy.'

Harry could see where they were coming from. 'It's just so normal for me,' he said. 'We've been like this since August.'

'Can't believe you managed to hide it,' Seamus said, nibbling on a bowl of crisps.

'We're very sneaky,' Harry grinned.

'He's turning you into a Slytherin,' Dean commented and Lucius chuckled.

'And?' Harry asked.

Dean smiled and Seamus said, 'And nothing.'

Lucius smiled.

{oOo}

Harry started yawning heavily and Lucius shifted him. 'Alright there, love?"
'Just tired,' Harry admitted. 'It's been a long day.'

'You've been tired a lot lately.'

Harry sighed. 'I'm fine, Lucius, honestly. Stop worrying.'

'I'll worry as much as I want,' Lucius growled before his features softened. 'Do you want to go to bed?'

'Nah, I'll stay-stay u-u-up,' Harry choked out through a yawn. 'Wanna see the fireworks.'

He leaned heavily against Lucius and closed his eyes.

'Don't fall asleep, little one,' Lucius whispered.

'I won't,' Harry mumbled back.

{oOo}

'Harry.'

'Mm.'

'Harry?'

'Nn.'

'Harry, wake up.'

Harry grumbled loudly as he opened his eyes. He was a bit disorientated and his neck hurt. He groaned and heard a chuckle. Looking up, Harry realised he'd fallen asleep on Lucius' lap on the back deck.

'Mm,' he yawned. 'Wassa time?'

'Almost midnight, it's why I woke you,' Lucius said. 'Come on, the twins are getting the fireworks ready.'

Harry was slipped onto his feet and Lucius had to help him stand. Harry wrapped his arms around Lucius' waist and walked bleary-eyed out onto the veranda, through the tent, and onto the grounds.

He shivered and Lucius cast a quick warming charm. 'Are you sure you don't want to go to bed?' he asked.

'Mm, after the fireworks,' Harry said. 'I wanna kiss you at midnight.'

Lucius smiled and led Harry to the rest of the guests, who were standing in a broken line.

'Hey there, sleepy head,' Sirius said, spotting Harry and Lucius.

Harry poked his tongue out as Remus said, 'You alright, Harry?'

'Would everyone stop asking me that? I'm fine,' the teenager grumbled.
'Moody,' Sirius mumbled.

'Shut up,' Harry yawned.

Lucius stroked a hand through Harry's hair, instantly calming the Gryffindor. There were soft conversations as Fred and George hovered around the fireworks. A few minutes later they turned, wands out, and bowed to the gathered people.

'My Lords, my Ladies-' Fred began.

'- Masters, Heirs-' George said.

'- and those without a title,' Fred smiled.

'We thank you for gathering for our demonstration.'

'Put together and paid for by Lord Lucius Malfoy,' George said. There was a short round of applause before the younger twin spoke again. 'You are in for a special treat-

'- gathered here is some of Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes' finest products,' Fred took over. 'Hand-picked by yours truly as well as Lord Malfoy.'

'It was expensive, so you'd better bloody like it,' George quipped.

There were a few chuckles and the twins grinned.

'So, we're Fred and George Weasley-' Fred said.

'- or Forge and Gred Weasley,' George cut in.

'Sometimes the twins,' Fred smiled.

'Or just, 'Hey, you tossers',' George added.

Harry snorted loudly and drew a few looks.

'Oi, Mummy Malfoy, don't take the spotlight away from us,' George said.

'Shut up, you wanker,' Harry retorted loud enough for everyone to hear.

Draco growled and the twins grinned.

'Now, now, little dragon, calm yourself,' Fred smiled warmly. The guests had all been told that the twins were Draco's mates and they'd accepted it, though thought it a little odd.

'So, without further ado,' George said.

'Whatever that means,' Fred added.

'Please, enjoy the free show,' George said.

'And don't forget to visit Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes in Diagon Alley in London-

'- and Snake's Row in Ireland-

'- and soon another branch in Hogsmeade,' they finished together and bowed.
There was more clapping as the twins headed to either end of the line of fireworks they'd set up. They nodded at each other before shooting sparks at the fireworks and running.

'She's gonna blow!' George shouted and Fred cackled.

The guests all stared as the twins stood either side of Draco, waiting.

'What-' Harry began, only to be cut off buy an explosion.

Purple smoke covered the ground, bellowing around their feet and lapping at the snow. Two large boxes shot off the ground and hovered before exploding. Sharp cracks rang out as lengths of coloured, sparkly fireworks leapt into the air.

There were a lot of gasps as they shot into the crowd, spinning and whizzing loudly, showering them in colourful lights.

Everyone gasped, eyes wide as the fireworks zipped and chased each other, drawing patterns in the sky. Sirius sniggered as they drew crude pictures and Remus smacked him over the head.

The fireworks began to fizzle out, only for larger ones to explode from the other boxes. They were about a metre long, five inches thick, and whirled through the air high above their heads. Harry's mouth fell open; it was just like that day Fred and George had left Hogwarts, only on a much bigger scale.

More fireworks went off, these ones in all shapes and sizes; flowers, small dragons, mer-people and other fantastic beasts. The crowd watched, stunned, as an entire Quidditch team was assembled from sparkly lights, a Quaffle being thrown around.

It went on for at least twenty minutes, the fireworks eventually sizzling out and leaving silence, thick smoke curling over everyone's heads. The guests clapped and the twins grinned.

'And now-' Fred began.

'- for the main event,' George finished.

The box in the middle slowly flipped open and two large ropes slipped out. Fred and George bowed again before pointing their wands. The ropes, which Harry now realised were fuses, lit up and flamed brightly.

There was a seconds pause before flames roared from the box. The entire audience stepped back, covering their faces. When they looked again a massive dragon made completely of fireworks and magic was soaring through the air.

'Merlin, that's awesome,' Harry breathed.

Lucius was just staring, looking very impressed.

The dragon roared and sparkly fire slipped from its lips. The fire began to morph and the crowd watched as it became a massive 10.

'TEN!' Fred and George shouted.

Everyone realised it was the countdown to midnight; the twins had planned it perfectly.

'NINE!' the twins roared.
Another number formed and the crowd shouted along.

'EIGHT!'

The next number appeared and not one person was silent.

'SEVEN!'

Draco grinned as the twins hugged him from either side.

'SIX!'

Lucius drew Harry close, the teenager's eyes pulling away from the fireworks.

'FIVE!'

Lucius smiled warmly and tugged until he and his mate were flush against each other.

'FOUR!'

Reaching out, the Slytherin brushed Harry's hair back, fingers ghosting his cheek.

'THREE!'

Harry grinned as Lucius cupped his cheek with one hand, the other winding around his waist.

'TWO!'

Harry's arms went around Lucius' neck and he tugged him down.

'ONE! HAPPY NEW YEAR!'

Harry's and Lucius' lips pressed together, the feeling and taste drowning everything out. Other couples celebrated, Sirius and Remus kissed, Fred and George smothered Draco, and Severus avoided a drunk Oliver Wood.

But none of that mattered as Lucius' lips moved against Harry's, the kiss sweet and loving and filled with everything they felt for each other.

When they finally broke apart they were both panting slightly and there was still cheering.

'Happy New Year, Harry,' Lucius said and kissed his cheek, his jaw, moving down to kiss his Mark. 'I love you.'

Harry shivered and wet his lips when Lucius pulled back. 'I love you too, Lucius,' he smiled. 'Happy New Year.'

They shared silly grins and kissed again, happy to spend the first hours of the new year in each other's arms.
Goodbye Malfoy Manor, Hello Hogwarts

Malfoy Manor was full of hungover people, all except Harry and Lucius. They found a very apologetic Terry Boot asleep on the dining room table, Oliver, Dean and Seamus all spooning on the floor of the sitting room, Sirius and Remus passed out in their bedroom, Severus nursing a hangover with a cup of coffee, and Draco and the twins staring at the wall with unseeing eyes.

Albus too seemed a little out of it and was barely listening when Lucius tried to discuss the twins moving to Hogwarts with Draco. He just sipped his coffee, agreed, and left quickly.

'This is so fun,' Harry grinned and glanced at Lucius. 'Why aren't you hungover?'

'I only had a few drinks,' Lucius said. He and Harry were in the sitting room, watching Draco and the twins trying to get Oliver, Dean and Seamus up. 'I don't drink a lot,' the blonde admitted, sipping his coffee.

Harry had a mug of hot chocolate and was snuggled up next to his mate. He giggled when Oliver tried to hit Fred, only for Draco to snarl and yank him up.

'Out, now!' the Malfoy heir hissed.

Oliver apologised quickly while running and Dean and Seamus soon followed after thanking Lucius and Harry for having them over. After an hour it was just the family, Sirius and Remus both joining them with Teddy.

'What a party,' Sirius said, flinging himself onto an armchair.

'Mm,' Remus nodded in agreement.

'Who would have thought Malfoy Manor would play host to a bunch of drunk teenagers,' Severus commented.

Sirius snickered. 'You were drunk too.' Severus rolled his eyes and continued to drink his coffee. He'd downed a bottle of hangover cure earlier and was feeling better. 'Did everyone see Oliver hitting on Ol' Sev?'

Harry giggled and Severus glared darkly.

'Yes, that was quite amusing,' Lucius grinned.

'Shut up, Lucius,' Severus growled.

'He was all over you,' Draco joined in, sitting on the other sofa with his legs beneath him, Fred and George having an arm around him each. Harry found that it wasn't as annoying as it had been; he felt kind of warm whenever he looked at Draco, Fred and George together.

'You totally should have gone for it,' Fred said.

'Oh yes, Oliver would have given you an amazing night,' George nodded.

Draco growled and Fred added, 'We were never with him-

'- nope, definitely not,' George agreed.
'We're a one-man duo,' Fred smiled.

'And that one man is you,' George said and kissed Draco on the lips.

Lucius glanced at Harry, who was grinning stupidly. 'You finally approve?' he asked his mate.

Harry shrugged, dunking a marshmallow into his hot chocolate. 'As long as I don't see anything other then kissing, I think I'll be okay.'

'Finally,' George sighed.

'We're sick of sneaking around,' Fred yawned.

'It's annoying,' Draco added.

'Merlin, you've turned into them,' Sirius commented.

The twins grinned and Draco blushed.

'Why didn't you hook up with Oliver?' Sirius asked, turning his attention back to Severus. 'You're both single.'

'I don't sleep with students,' Severus muttered.

'He's an ex-student,' Remus reminded him. 'And, what, about twenty-three? He's old enough to know the difference between sex and love.'

'I don't take advantage of inebriated young men.'

'Ah, but you like young men, right?' Harry asked. All eyes turned to him and he said, 'Well I don't know if Sev is straight or gay or what.'

'Bisexual,' Lucius told him and Severus scowled. 'What? Everyone knows.'

The twins both nodded.

'We totally used to talk you up to the younger students,' Fred said.

'Told them you were sexy under your robes,' George said.

'Not that we looked,' they said together after catching the scowl on Draco's face.

'Damn right you never bloody looked,' Draco muttered, shoving toast into his mouth.

'You were pimping him out?' Sirius grinned.

'Oliver started it, he had a crush on you,' Fred told Severus.

Harry giggled. 'Ha, Sev was leered at in the dungeons.'

Sirius, the twins, and Lucius all laughed as Severus glared. Remus and Draco gave him soft looks and Harry snorted into his hot chocolate.

'Okay, let's all l-leave Severus a-alone,' Lucius said, wiping tears from his eyes.

'I'd like to see how you'd react if a drunk wizard was slobbering all over you,' Severus growled.
'I'd handle it with grace and dignity,' Lucius answered.

'No you wouldn't,' Harry said and the others looked at him. 'No drunk person is getting within a three feet radius of you.'

Lucius smiled and pulled Harry closer, kissing his cheek. 'Well there you go; my own little bodyguard.'

'Not little,' Harry mumbled.

'No, not where it counts,' Lucius winked.

Draco and Sirius grimaced and the others chuckled.

{oOo}

Harry didn't want to go back. It wasn't that he hated Hogwarts, or even his classes and homework. At Malfoy Manor he and Lucius could spend every minute together; kissing, touching, laughing and talking. Sirius and Remus were there, Teddy too, and the twins and Severus were always fun. At Hogwarts Harry couldn't sit on Lucius' lap in the middle of class, or even at breakfast or dinner. He couldn't drag the man away at any given time for sex either... well, maybe he could do that.

It was annoying and Harry pouted in the days leading up to the new term. Lucius tried to keep him occupied with books, sex, chess, sex, horse riding, swimming, food... sex... It all worked for a little while and then Harry would remember and pout again.

'I don't understand why Harry's so upset,' Sirius commented one afternoon two days before Harry, Draco, Lucius, Severus and the twins were heading to Hogwarts. He and Remus were in the lab with Severus, helping him work on a few healing potions. 'He's always upset.'

'He'll miss jumping Lucius every hour,' Severus said, leaning over to inspect one of his cauldrons.

'Please don't say that,' the Animagus grimaced.

Remus smiled and said, 'He's just going to miss spending the entire day with Lucius.'

'But they live together at Hogwarts, they'll see each other, what's the problem?' Sirius asked.

'Padfoot, imagine not being able to see the person you're bonded to every single minute,' Remus said.

'Harry and Lucius will only be able to spend certain amounts of time together,' Severus said. 'They'll have classes in-between, homework, Harry has Quidditch...'

'I suppose that'd upset me,' Sirius agreed. 'But still, he's a little testy. Did you see when he threw the chessboard at me 'cause I won?'

'We all saw that,' Severus grinned.

Sirius stuck his tongue out. 'It was a little odd,' Remus said, tilting his head and leaning against the wooden work bench. 'He's been eating a lot too.'
'And the elves keep shouting at him when he wants to go outside and turn into a wolf,' Sirius said. Severus froze and the other two men looked at him. 'Sev?' Remus questioned. 'You okay?' Sirius asked. 'Fine,' Severus said, clearing his throat. 'I'm sure Harry's just upset.' 'But-' Sirius began. 'Honestly, stop worrying,' Severus tisked, putting a vial down. Remus and Sirius glanced at each other, the latter shrugging. 'So, gonna have lunch with us next weekend?' the Animagus asked. 'I already said yes,' Severus said, just glad they were moving past Harry. If he was right... sweet Merlin. But no, no, Lucius would have taken precautions... 'No need to bite our heads off,' Sirius grumbled. Severus smiled. 'My apologies.' His friendship with the werewolf and dog had been one of the weirder things to come out of Lucius' and Harry's bond. Severus never thought he'd be on speaking terms with Sirius Black, let alone actually enjoy and want the man's company. 'Good, just owl us if you want to meet in Diagon or Hogwarts.' Severus nodded and went back to his potion. 

{oOo}

Finally the day came and Harry sat on his and Lucius' bed pouting. 'Harry, you have to pack,' Lucius said. 'Don't wanna.' 'You're acting like a child.' 'And?' Lucius sighed and turned to face his mate. Harry had his arms and legs crossed, glaring at the mattress like it had personally offended him. 'I know you'll miss the Manor, love-' 'No, I'll miss you,' Harry corrected. 'I'm not going anywhere.' 'You are,' Harry insisted. 'We won't get to spend as much time together; you'll be busy teaching and I'll have homework, my N.E.W.T.S... I'm gonna miss just sitting with you and having nothing to
worry about.'

'Little one, you're stressing over nothing,' Lucius said, crossing the room to sit beside his mate. He leaned over and pulled Harry in for a kiss, the teenager melting. 'We'll make time for each other. There's breakfast and dinner, lunch, free periods, weekends. Don't worry.'

'I'll miss you,' Harry repeated and hugged him tightly.

'I know, little one,' Lucius chuckled. 'I didn't realise you loved me this much.'

'I love you with all my heart,' Harry growled and jumped him. They went tumbling off the bed, Harry landing atop Lucius. Before the blonde could catch his breath Harry was kissing him, small hands moving up to undo his shirt.

'H-Harry, we don't have t-time,' Lucius groaned, Harry licking at his neck.

'So fuck me hard and fast,' Harry grumbled.

Lucius sat up and dragged Harry to his feet. They stumbled into the wall, Lucius turning Harry and making him bend over. The Gryffindor groaned, hands pressed to the wall, as Lucius ripped his jeans down. He massaged both of Harry's cheeks before slipping a finger between, rubbing his entrance.

'Fuck, Luce, hurry,' Harry begged.

Lucius muttered the lubricant charm and suddenly three wet fingers were pushing in, Harry hissing as his muscles burned and stretched. He let out a wanton moan and thrust back, fucking himself on his mate's wonderful digits.

Lucius stabbed at Harry's prostate and the teenager groaned. 'Fucking hell, I'm so close,' he said.

'Come for me,' Lucius hummed, leaning forward, body pressing against Harry's. The teenager let out another groan. 'Come for me, love,' Lucius said and kissed his Mark, free hand wrapping around Harry's cock.

He didn't have time to pull; Harry was coming violently, dripping down the wall and Lucius' hand. His muscles spasmed around the Slytherin's digits and he withdrew them. He quickly leaned back to rip his trousers open, licking his lips as he spread cold gel along his throbbing erection.

Taking Harry's hip with one hand, Lucius held his cock with the other and lined himself up. The head of his cock touched Harry's hole and the teenager pushed back, forcing Lucius into his tight heat. He didn't stop until Lucius was buried all the way in, both wizards letting out a groan.

Harry started moving first, bracing himself against the wall with his hands. The muscles in his arms bulged as he thrust back, impaling himself over and over again on Lucius' cock.

'Fuck, Harry,' Lucius moaned, using his hands to spread Harry's cheeks and watch his erection disappear into the Gryffindor's hole.

'Mmmmm,' Harry moaned loudly, head hanging and back arching as he rolled his hips. 'Oh, soo good,' he breathed out.

'Faster,' Lucius ordered, squeezing Harry's right cheek, nails digging in. Harry groaned in response and started rocking back on his heels.
Swearing loudly, Harry let his head drop, eyes shut and teeth digging into his lip. Sweat was running down his forehead and Lucius growled behind him, slapping Harry's arse until it turned pink. 'Aaah... g-g-gods...'

Lucius started thrusting, meeting Harry each time. One hand grabbed onto Harry's shoulder to keep him in place while the other circled his cock.

'FUCK!' Harry screamed. 'F-FUCK, AH, LUCIUS!'

Harry came after a few tugs, spilling across Lucius' hand. His muscles clenched tightly and Lucius groaned, managing another thrust before leaking into his partner. He fell forward and pushed Harry into the wall, the teenager gasping and resting his forehead against the wallpaper.

They stood together, panting heavily, Lucius' face buried in Harry's neck.

'Fuck me,' Harry groaned.

'I just did,' Lucius said, sounding smug.

Harry chuckled. 'I know, I know.' He took a few deep breaths. 'So packing, huh?'

'Mm.'

'I think sex is more fun.'

Lucius chuckled.

{oOo}

As teachers, Lucius and Severus had to arrive at Hogwarts two days before the students to make sure they were ready for classes and had their lessons planned. There was a staff meeting at three so Harry and the others decided to leave the Manor after lunch.

They were in the sitting room, enjoying each others company. Sirius and Remus were heading back to Grimmauld Place and Harry was talking to them while holding Teddy. The little boy seemed to know that Harry was leaving and clung to his t-shirt.

Lucius had his arm around Harry and smiled, hugging him close. Suddenly he paused before his hand dove between the cushions.

'Luce?' Harry questioned.

'There's something poking me...' Lucius murmured. He pulled out a paperback book and glanced down at it. '100 Sex Positions for Gay Couples...' He raised an eyebrow and looked up.

Sirius had choked on his biscuit, Remus and Severus looked confused, Draco poked his tongue out and Harry turned bright red. The twins looked half annoyed, half amused, and Fred looked at Harry.

'You stuffed our Christmas present behind the cushions?'

'We are outraged,' George said.
'Christmas present?' Lucius asked, looking at his mate.

'Erm... w-well,' Harry stuttered, Teddy tilting his head up at him. 'The- the t-twins... erm... F-Fred and George... f-for Christmas...'

Lucius flicked the book open, scanning the table of contents. 'Harry, look, we've done chapter twenty-one.'

Harry glanced over it and said, 'Oh, we have too.'

'Dear gods,' Sirius groaned.

Harry was blushing again and rubbed a hand through his hair.

'Chapter ten looks interesting,' Lucius said and smirked down at his mate.

'Ooh, chapter ten does look good,' George nodded.

'Absolutely,' Fred agreed, he and his brother looking from Harry to Lucius.

'Oh gods,' Harry groaned. Lucius chuckled.

{oOo}

All too soon it was time to go and Severus disapparated first after saying goodbye to Sirius and Remus. Draco smiled at Teddy before he and the twins disapparated. Harry hugged Sirius and Remus tightly before kissing Teddy on the cheek.

'I'll miss you, Teddy-bear.' The baby gurgled. 'You'll visit, right?' Harry asked his godfathers.

Remus nodded and Sirius said, 'Next weekend we'll come have dinner. You just be careful.'

'And study,' Remus added.

Sirius rolled his eyes and hugged Harry again.

'Okay, that's enough,' Lucius said and tugged Harry back. The other two men chuckled and shook Lucius' hand before thanking him for having them over. 'You're family,' Lucius said and they all smiled. 'Harry, have you got your trunk?'

Harry nodded. 'I sent the owls ahead and their cages are in my pocket.'

'Okay, let's go,' Lucius said and gripped Harry's hand tightly. The teenager waved before Lucius apparated.

{oOo}

Severus disappeared to put his stuff away and Draco and the twins did the same. The red-heads whistled at their quarters before following Draco to their bedroom.
'This place is pretty nice,' Fred said.

'Yeah, except Harry and Dad always forget to use a silencing charm,' Draco grimaced.

George chuckled and resized Draco's trunk and their boxes. They'd made a trip to their flat above the shop to collect some of their bigger stuff and started putting everything away.

Fred and George took one side of the walk-in wardrobe, Draco the other. Bath products sat next to each other in the bathroom, books on shelves, and odds and ends of various surfaces. The bed was king-sized, slightly smaller then the one Draco had at home, but definitely big enough for all three of them.

They hadn't moved their relationship beyond kissing but all three were happy; kissing Draco was amazing and Draco felt the same way about the twins. He knew that soon he'd want to explore them a bit more, know the ins and outs of his delicious mates. But for now he was happy.

'You don't think we'll turn all fluffy and gross, do you?' Draco asked after sliding his underwear drawer shut.

'What do you mean?' the twins asked.

'Harry and Dad are... yuck, disgusting,' Draco said.

'They're in love,' Fred smiled.

'You only think it's gross because they're your dads,' George added.

Draco tilted his head. 'I suppose so...'

'I for one can't wait until we're that close,' George said, grinning as he sat on the bed. He laid back and looked at Draco.

Draco's heart skipped a beat as he walked across the room, an invisible force seeming to tug him to George. It didn't help when Fred pushed him foward, making Draco fall, body across George's. George hauled him up and shifted so Draco was lying in the middle of the bed, legs tangled with George's.

'Why hello there,' George smirked.

'Fred pushed me,' Draco grumbled.

'Guilty as charged,' Fred said, climbing over his twin and mate to lie on Draco's other side. The blonde found himself in a Weasley twin sandwhich and shivered.

'Now, what was I saying?' George said, eyebrows going up. 'Ah, yes...' He trailed off and sealed his mouth against Draco's.

Draco groaned as George's lips moved against his own, kissing him softly but posessively. One of George's hands threaded through his short blonde hair and tugged, making Draco groan again. His other hand ghosted down Draco's face, his shoulder, before stroking up and down his side, making Draco's skin boil beneath his shirt.

Fred watched in rapt fascination as George parted Draco's lips softly. Suddenly his tongue was dipping in, tasting Draco's delicious scent and coaxing Draco's tongue to come out and play.

Draco revelled in it; in the warm body beneath his own, in the soft hands that seemed to be
everywhere at once-

Wait, that was Fred; Fred's hands were rubbing up and down his back, sending shivers through the Slytherin's body. When Draco gasped George broke the kiss and the blonde turned, grabbing Fred by the back of the head and tugging him forward.

Their lips crashed together and this time it was Draco leading. He thrust his tongue out, Fred moaning, and licked the elder twin's lips, nibbling on the bottom one before pulling back. He took in Fred's dazed look before hungrily devouring his mouth again, tongue stroking along Fred's own.

George was kissing his cheek, his neck, and shifted to a kneeling position to loom over him. Draco felt teeth nip at his neck and a violent shiver went down his spine. He pulled away from Fred and turned back.

'George?'

George sank his teeth into the right-side of Draco's neck, sucking back hard. Draco gasped and went limp, mewling under his breath. Fred held him, stroking his hair, as George sucked and licked, making Draco a begging, whimpering mess.

When George finally pulled back he and Draco were panting heavily, staring at each other with dark eyes. Draco groaned as George reached out, stroking a finger along the dark bruise on his neck.

'Beautiful,' George said and leaned down to kiss it.

The touch was like a shot of lust right to Draco's core. He felt completely protected and wanted nothing more then to curl into George's arms.

A tingling spread through Draco's body and he found himself turning. Fred was staring at him, face flushed, and Draco licked his lips. The urge to sink his teeth into his submissive mate was overwhelming and he growled.

Fred whimpered and laid down, letting Draco climb atop him. Arms pinned by his sides, Fred was in Draco's power; he licked his lips as Draco made him turn, the right-side of his neck on show.

Draco lashed out, sinking his teeth into Fred's skin. Fred went stiff, lips parting, before he went completely limp. He shivered in pleasure as Draco licked and sucked on his neck, creating a bruise as dark as his own.

When he was done Draco was completely red and gasping for air. Fred looked ruffled and grinned stupidly while George pulled Draco down. The Slytherin was dragged into George's arms, back to his front, and he held out his own arms. Fred smiled and snuggled in, leaving Draco in-between them.

'Merlin,' Draco groaned when he could think again.

'Welcome back,' George chuckled.

'We lost you for a few minutes,' Fred said.

Draco smiled. 'Gods, you two are just... I'm so lucky.'

'We're pretty luck too,' the twins said together. Fred kissed Draco's cheek, George the other, and the blonde hummed happily.
Harry groaned as he finally got all his stuff in their proper spots. He fell onto the bed and sighed, closing his eyes.

'Did you want to have a nap before dinner?' Lucius asked.

Harry yawned and shook his head. 'No, I'll come to the staff meeting with you.'

'Are you sure?' Lucius said. 'It'll be boring. Severus will droan on and on about how stupid the students are and Dumbledore will want to know every single part of our plans.'

Harry grimaced. 'Sounds boring.'

'That's what I just said.'

'I don't want you to go without me.'

Lucius smiled and sat beside him. 'I know, little one, but it's just a few hours. I'll come straight back, okay?'

'M'kay,' Harry said kissed him quickly. 'I'll read until you get back.'

'We'll have dinner together,' Lucius said, kissing Harry again before standing. He changed into a different robe and left Harry lying in bed reading.

{OoOo}

When Lucius got back Harry was asleep. He tried to wake his mate, only for Harry to smack him in his sleep. Lucius decided Harry could eat tomorrow. He had dinner with Draco and the twins, two of the three sporting dark hickeys and looking pretty damn pleased.

Lucius pulled Draco aside after dinner and hugged him quickly.

'What was that for?' Draco asked.

'Congratulations,' Lucius said and nodded at his Mark.

Draco blushed and ran a finger over it. 'Yeah, it's... amazing,' he said honestly.

'I'm glad, Kit,' Lucius smiled and hugged him again.

He headed back to his and Harry's room while Draco and the twins settled down to read and talk in the sitting room. Lucius slipped from his clothes, left them folded on the sofa, and climbed into bed with Harry.

Harry had lost his shirt and his skin was wonderfully warm as he migrated across the mattress to burrow into Lucius. Lucius smiled and pulled him in, arms wrapped around his mate.
Harry sighed in content and Lucius removed his glasses, setting them on the bedside table.

He just laid there and watched Harry sleep; watched his chest rise and fall with each breath, the odd word escaping his full lips. Most of the time it was Lucius' name and evil twins calling him 'Mummy'. Lucius chuckled under his breath and kissed Harry every time, like the simple gesture could scare away everything that annoyed the teenager.

Harry's left arm was up against Lucius' body, his right draped over the Slytherin's waist. His legs twitched occasionally but mostly stayed tangled with Lucius' own.

The blonde's eyes drifted down to Harry's left hand and he stared at the Lucius Ring the teenager wore. It was as beautiful as the day Lucius had created it, the stone gleaming silver in the moonlight, the L thick and black. Lucius moved to run a finger over it when he could reach, softly stroking Harry's skin too.

*An engagement ring would look marvellous*, Lucius mused. *A wedding ring even better.*

Of course Lucius had thought about marriage. He'd always known he and Harry would one day marry, and he wanted that to happen after the teenager graduated and decided his future.

But that didn't mean they couldn't have a long engagement.

Lucius' head was filled with images of him kneeling before Harry, a ring on show, Lucius asking the teenager to marry him.

And Harry, crying and saying yes, Lucius slipping the ring on before ravishing him on the spot.

Lucius smiled and kissed Harry again before settling down and closing his eyes.

Yes, Harry wearing an engagement ring was a very good image.
Valentines Day

Lucius woke to someone kissing him. Soft lips started at his collarbone before moving up, brushing over his pale neck and making goosebumps rise. He shivered as his mind fought to break out of the lethargy that always settled just after waking. They were familiar lips and Lucius raised a hand, feeling soft and warm skin beneath his fingertips.

He groaned when teeth dug into his jaw, nipping slightly before disappearing, a warm tongue replacing them and soothing the bites. Lucius' eyes flickered open and he saw Harry sitting to his right, the teenager's green eyes alight with warmth.

'Morning,' he whispered before his lips descended on Lucius' own. The blonde groaned as he was kissed thoroughly, Harry's lips soft yet hard at the same time. Both his hands came up, one stroking Harry's cheek, the other threading through his hair.

Harry shifted on the mattress and his own hands moved over Lucius', fingers threading together. Harry pulled back and smiled at him.

Suddenly Lucius' hands were slammed into the headboard and he yelped in surprise. Harry grinned evilly as silver pieces of silk wrapped around Lucius' wrists to tie him to the headboard. Harry moved away and Lucius fought against the bonds, only to find that he was securely tied.

'Harry?' he questioned.

'Hnn?' the teenager hummed as he went to the sofa, collecting a silver tray.

'What are you doing?' Lucius asked.

'Well, sweet Lucius, I've realised that we've fallen into a bit of a pattern,' Harry said as he came back over. He placed the tray on Lucius' bedside table.

'We have?' Lucius said.

Harry nodded. 'You're always taking me on wonderful dates, leading me, being in charge... don't get me wrong, I love that, but I feel bad. You're always doing such wonderful things for me and... well, now it's my turn.'

Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'And you think tying me to the headboard is wonderful?'

Harry smirked and Lucius felt a shiver of pleasure run down his spine. 'Well, it's what's going to happen while you're tied up that will be wonderful.'

'Oh? And what would that be?'

The Gryffindor smiled and pulled the covers back, exposing Lucius' naked and semi-hard cock to the cool morning air. Harry had pulled on a pair of pyjama bottoms and they tickled Lucius' skin as the teenager hoisted himself over his legs, settling down on his mate's thighs.

Harry reached over and pulled the tray closer, Lucius finally turning to look at it properly. There was a bowl of what looked like chocolate sauce, a bowl of strawberries, cut up bananas, as well as chocolate digestives, pumpkin juice, coffee, and waffles.

'Not a very healthy breakfast, I know,' Harry said as he picked up a strawberry. He bit it in half and
ate slowly, chewing and licking his lips clean. 'Well, the chocolate isn't healthy, but the rest is.'

'Are you going to sit on me and eat?' Lucius queried.

Harry chuckled. 'Oh, no. I'm going to eat off you.' Lucius' eyebrows jumped in surprise. 'I thought you'd like to be my plate, Professor Malfoy,' Harry continued, the Slytherin shivering. 'Of course, I can go eat on the sofa and leave you here.'

'No,' Lucius said quickly, trying not to sound as excited as he was. 'No, that's... I-I don't mind.'

Harry grinned. He could feel Lucius' lust and excitement in his chest but Lucius pretending he wasn't affected was always fun. 'Very well then. Be a good little plate and stay still.'

He turned and sliced a strawberry into small pieces before placing them on Lucius' flat stomach. He added a few pieces of banana before dipping his fingers into the chocolate sauce. Lucius bit his lip as the creamy liquid dripped onto his stomach, covering the food and Lucius' skin.

Harry pressed his index finger to the top of Lucius' abs and starting moving, drawing squiggly lines and making Lucius bite his lip even harder. When Harry was done he raised his fingers and sucked them clean. Lucius couldn't hold back the moan that time and Harry smirked at him.

'Mm, this looks nice,' Harry said as he shimmied down Lucius' body. He placed his arms either side of Lucius, leaning on his forearms, and wet his lips. 'Mm,' he mumbled before bending down.

Lucius watched as his mate began to nibble and suck pieces of fruit into his mouth, chocolate smearing over his lips and the blonde's stomach. The soft fruit tickled Lucius' stomach and Harry's tongue often flicked across his skin, causing Lucius to squirm and giggle.

'Stop that, good plates don't move or giggle,' Harry chastised.

'Sorry,' Lucius apologised.

Harry nodded and went back to his task. When he'd eaten all the fruit he placed his tongue against Lucius' bellybutton and flattened it before licking. Lucius groaned, the act far more erotic than ticklish. Harry licked most of his skin clean before his lips pressed against Lucius' stomach. He sucked back, swallowing chocolate and humming as he did. Lucius' cock was steadily getting harder and nudged Harry's chin, the teenager bobbing back and forth to make sure he stimulated the organ.

'Harry,' Lucius groaned, head tipped back as Harry continued to clean him.

'Mm?' the teenager hummed, sucking back the last blob of chocolate.

'Feels... nice,' Lucius admitted.

'Tastes nice too,' Harry said and licked Lucius again. 'I feel like more chocolate.'

He leaned back to grab the bowl and tipped more chocolate onto Lucius' wet stomach, the liquid sticky and warm as it dripped and ran over Lucius' skin. Lucius bit back another moan as Harry ducked down to lick him again. When he was done his tongue trailed up to Lucius' nipples and circled one before the teenager's lips sucked back, turning the soft flesh into a hard nub. He pulled back again and blew over it before dipping his index finger into the chocolate.

Lucius watched as his mate rubbed chocolate over both nipples, the bowl placed back on the tray. 'Can you clean my finger?' Harry asked.
Lucius bobbed forward and took Harry's finger into his mouth, sucking hard, tongue swirling around the digit. The chocolate was warm and sweet, filling Lucius' mouth and making him hum. Harry licked his lips as he watched Lucius work, the man's Adam's apple bobbing up and down.

He released Harry's finger and the Gryffindor smiled. 'Good plate.'

Lucius chuckled. 'Plates don't usually suck your fingers clean.'

'Mm, no, you're a very strange plate,' Harry agreed. One again he shuffled down Lucius' body before sucking his nipples clean, teeth nibbling around the pink flesh, tongue swirling and flicking the nub. Lucius shuddered and Harry smirked to himself until he was done. 'Lovely,' he commented before glancing down.

Lucius' cock was completely hard, standing up near his stomach. A bead of pre-come had formed and Lucius watched with dark eyes as Harry moved further south. He spread Lucius' legs and slotted between them, reaching for the bowl of chocolate. He darted forward and licked the head of Lucius' cock, making the Slytherin inhale sharply at the sudden pleasure.

'Like that?' Harry asked, blowing softly across the wet, swollen head.

'Uh... uh-huh,' Lucius managed. Usually he took control, it was usually him who pleasured Harry like this. Lucius loved watching his mate squirm and beg and come. But it was quite nice to have Harry doing this, appreciating his body in such an erotic way. Lucius would definitely have him do this in the future.

'Good,' Harry said, dipping his fingers into the chocolate. He brought them back out and trailed them up and down Lucius' cock, spreading dark liquid and making Lucius moan at the sudden contact and warmth. Harry didn't stop until Lucius' entire shaft was covered. He raised his hand and once again Lucius sucked and licked his fingers clean, Harry letting out a soft moan of his own.

He pulled his fingers from Lucius' mouth and bent down to lick his cock. Lucius swore harshly as Harry's tongue licked up and down his heated shaft, lapping away chocolate. He hummed in pleasure before moving further down to lick and suck on Lucius' testicles. Harry's left hand spread across Lucius' sticky stomach, fingers splayed and digging into the warm flesh.

Lucius swore loudly when Harry sank down on him, warm mouth wrapped around his sweet cock. He sucked back on the head, chocolate and pre-come mixing beautifully in his mouth and making Harry moan. Lucius made sure he watched as Harry sank further down, chocolate building up in the corners of his mouth.

'Oh, Harry,' he moaned as the teenager sucked back, pulling up and cleaning the warm liquid away. He went back down, taking more of Lucius in, cheeks hollowing as he sucked, tongue lapping all around, lips hard and pressing. 'Fuck,' he groaned, hips arching slightly off the bed.

Harry made no move to hold Lucius down and the blonde took full advantage. He pushed up, forcing more of his cock down the Gryffindor's throat. Harry relaxed his jaw to take Lucius all the way, lips wrapping around the base of his cock, right hand pushing between Lucius and the bed to squeeze the man's left cheek.

Lucius slowly lowered his hips back to the bed and Harry sucked back as he did, both moaning. Lucius pushed back up and soon started a slow rhythm, forcing his cock all the way into Harry's mouth before pulling back. Harry sucked and licked until all the chocolate was gone and only then did he pull back.
He repeated the entire process; fingers dipping into the chocolate, spreading it all over Lucius' shaft, the blonde sucking his fingers clean before he went down on him again. It was a beautiful mix, the scent of chocolate heavy in the air and strong on both their tongue's. Lucius lost himself to Harry's warm, delicious mouth, the teenager knowing just what to do to have the Slytherin moaning and sweating.

'H-Harry,' he groaned when Harry pulled back to re-apply more chocolate. 'I can't last much longer.'

'So don't,' Harry said, voice husky. He spread more chocolate and Lucius bit his lip. 'This day is about you, Lucius, not me,' Harry reminded him. 'I want you to come.'

'But-

'No, you can pleasure me later,' Harry said sternly, fingers wrapping around Lucius' erect shaft. He pumped a few times before leaning back to lick his hand clean. 'Come down my throat,' he ordered before sucking back on Lucius again.

'Fuck,' Lucius whimpered, hips jolting off the bed, cock sinking down Harry's throat. Harry swallowed to stimulate the head and Lucius swore hoarsely.

He started bucking up, fucking Harry's mouth harder and harder. Both of the teenager's hands slithered around Lucius hips and grabbed his arse, fingers digging into the soft flesh and pulling. He helped Lucius thrust up, the blonde moaning, head flung back.

Lucius was fast losing control, his orgasm stampeeding towards him. He wasn't used to coming this quickly, usually he and Harry had been going for a good hour before Lucius climaxed. But Harry wanted him to so Lucius let himself go, let himself get lost in the pleasure, the warmth, the way Harry hummed around his cock.

'H-Harry,' Lucius chocked. 'I'm g-gonna... ah!'

Lucius' hips lifted off the bed as he came, back arching and legs shaking, heels digging into the mattress. He erupted down Harry's throat and the Gryffindor sucked and licked him clean, eyes on Lucius as his mate shook.

Lucius' lips were parted in a silent scream, eyes squeezed shut as pleasure assualted him. His body was on fire, ever nerve tingling and frayed. The muscles in arms were bulging as he strained against the silk ties, wrists chaffed and sure to bruise as Lucius pulled. He slowly drooped back to the bed, falling from Harry's mouth with a wet pop.

Harry watched as Lucius' chest rose and fell, breathing ragged, face red and covered in a light sheen of sweat. When Lucius opened his eyes they were dark and hazy. Lucius looked thoroughly sated. Harry grinned, pleased with himself, and waved a hand. The silk ties disappeared and Lucius let his arms drop, groaning as blood rushed back into his limbs.

'You okay?' Harry asked.

'Mm,' Lucius moaned. 'F-Fine.'

Harry crawled up the bed and Lucius managed to pull himself into a seating position, back pressed to the cold headboard. He wrapped an arm around Harry and pulled him in for a kiss, lips sloppy and warm.

'Mm,' Lucius moaned again.
'Are you sure you're okay?' Harry asked.

'Just a little... doped out,' Lucius admitted, Harry chuckling. 'Where'd you get the idea for that?'

'Well, I was thinking breakfast in bed, since its valentines day and all,' Harry said, trailing a finger along Lucius' stomach. 'And then I remembered that you have a delicious body and figured why not turn breakfast into something kinky?'

Lucius smiled and kissed him again. 'I love you so much.'

'You're just saying that 'cause I sucked your cock,' Harry said, looking smug.

Lucius chuckled. 'Ah, you caught me.'

Harry smacked his stomach lightly before leaning over to take the tray. Lucius drew the blanket up so Harry could set the tray across their legs.

'So, proper breakfast now,' Harry said, grabbing a knife and fork to start on the waffles. 'I've got the rest of the day planned.'

'And you won't tell me anything?' Lucius asked, picking up a mug of coffee. It was still hot and he took a sip, the caffeine helping to bring his ming back.

'Nope,' Harry said, swallowing a forkfull of waffles.

'And I'm not allowed to do anything?' Lucius asked.

Harry shook his head.

'Well, I suppose I should just sit back and enjoy what my little one has planned,' Lucius said.

'You'll love it... I hope,' Harry said.

Lucius leaned over to kiss him. 'I'll love it,' he promised.

Harry smiled.

{oOo}

Harry and Lucius got dressed for the day ('Comfy clothes,' Harry said) and left the bedroom. Fred, George, and Draco were all on the sofa, Draco between the twins with a plate of chocolate chip pancakes on his lap.

'Ah, are you getting special treatment from your mates too?' Lucius asked as he sat on one of the arm chairs, Harry getting himself comfortable on the blonde's lap.

'Mm,' Draco nodded before swallowing. 'They woke me up with breakfast in bed and roses everywhere, fireworks too.'

Harry chuckled. 'Did they set anything on fire?'

Fred huffed and George said, 'Those drapes were horrible anyway!'
'Mm-hmm,' Harry grinned.

'They won't tell me what else we're doing today,' Draco said, sipping his pumpkin juice.

'Neither will Harry,' Lucius said and pulled his mate in for a snog.

'Mmf,' Harry said when they broke apart, grinning broadly. 'Well, we're watching a movie, and that's all you're getting for now.'

Lucius smiled as Harry stood to turn the TV and DVD player on. They all sat back and got comfy, Draco snuggled between the twins, as a romantic movie started playing.

'We're watching a movie about a boat?' Lucius asked the movie started.

'It's a romantic tragedy,' Harry said, 'based on a true story.'

'But it looks sappy.'

'Shh,' Harry cut his mate off. 'Just sit back and get comfy.'

'Why?'

As soon as the movie started properly, Harry turned and kissed Lucius deeply. When they broke apart Lucius smiled.

'Oh,' he said and dragged Harry in for another snog, the twins following Harry's lead and grabbing Draco.

Neither couple watched the movie.

{oOo}

When the movie was over Harry and Lucius broke apart with twin groans. They both had red and swollen lips, their faces were flushed, and when Harry wiggled he felt a very hard something beneath him.

He grinned wickedly and said, 'Should we adjorn to the bedroom?'

'Hmm, are you going to let me...?' Lucius trailed off and looked at him pointedly.

'No, that's later,' Harry said.

Lucius sighed. 'You're killing me, Harry.'

'Hey, you got a blowjob this morning, I didn't.'

'Merlin, my ears!' Draco groaned, breaking away from Fred and glaring at them.

'If you don't want to hear us then don't listen!' Lucius growled before turning back to Harry. 'You're the one who wouldn't let me-

'Blah, blah,' Harry said and cut him off with a kiss. 'Come on, the day's not over yet.'
'And what does my little one have planned?' Lucius asked as he stood, shifting from foot to foot and moving his trousers.

Harry grinned as Lucius sighed in relief, the bulge in his trousers less noticeable then before. 'Nah, not telling.'

'Harry!' Lucius whined as the teenager walked towards the hallway.

'Not telling!' he repeated. 'Come on, grab your cloak.'

Lucius groaned but followed.

{oOo}

The castle was filled with couples like Harry and Lucius, some holding hands, others snogging, and most blushing and standing around awkwardly. Professors Snape and McGonagall had been stuck with chaperoning and though McGonagall looked okay with it, the head of Slytherin looked downright murderous.

Harry grinned as Lucius and Severus conversed, all waiting until eleven to set off for Hogsmeade.

'I may just end up in Azkaban yet,' Severus growled. 'Teenagers with libidos to match your own, Lucius, it's horrible.'

Lucius smirked. 'If you find yourself a partner you wouldn't be so grouchy, old friend.'

Severus looked like he might just murder Lucius too and Harry cut in. 'Ignore him, Sev, he's just in a good mood 'cause... erm...' He trailed off and blushed, Severus rolling his eyes when Lucius grinned.

'Kill me now,' he muttered and walked off to lead the group.

'Harry!'

Harry and Lucius turned to see Hermione, the witch beaming. She was dragging Ron behind her, the red-head blushing furiously. Harry realised they were holding hands and grinned broadly.

'Hello there,' Harry smiled.

'Hi,' Hermione said and looked at Lucius. 'Professor Malfoy.'

'How many times have I asked you to call me Lucius, Hermione?' the man asked.

Hermione grinned. 'In the castle you're Professor Malfoy, outside the gates you're Lucius.'

'There's no point fighting her on it,' Ron told the Slytherin.

'Yes, I can see that,' Lucius chuckled. 'Do you two have plans for today?'

Ron blushed again and stared at his shoes, ears turning bright red. Hermione smiled and said, 'Ron surprised me today and said he's taking me out.' She pointed at the rose in one of her coat buttons.
'Wow, that's... wow,' Harry said and looked at Ron.

'So are you two officially dating?' Lucius asked.

'Or are you still pretending you're not totally in love with each other?' Harry added.

Ron mumbled something and continued to stare at his shoes like they were the most fascinating thing in the world. Hermione was blushing now and looked down at their still joined hands.

'I'd take their silence as a yes,' Lucius said to his mate.

Harry grinned. 'It's about time. Merlin, seven years of flirting, arguing, and jealousy.'

'We weren't that bad,' Hermione said. Harry scoffed and she said, 'Were we?'

'I'm not even gonna answer that,' Harry shook his head. 'Luce, come on!' The group was moving towards the main doors and Harry grabbed his mate's hand, linking their fingers and tugging. Lucius smiled as he was pulled from the Main Hall, Hermione and Ron following.

{oOo}

Harry and Lucius walked with the main group into Hogsmeade before everyone started to peel off. Ron was taking Hermione to The Three Broomsticks and a lot of other couples disappeared to Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop.

'Hmm, should we go into Madam Puddifoot's?' Harry asked. The look Lucius gave him was part revulsion, part 'are-you-fucking-crazy'? Harry giggled and said, 'I'm joking, Luce.'

'Oh thank Merlin,' Lucius breathed a sigh of relief. 'I'm neither a teenage girl, nor someone who wants to make out in front of a dozen people in a tea shop.'

'You love the making out part,' Harry teased.

'Not with my students watching I don't,' Lucius grumbled.

Harry chuckled and checked his watch. 'Come on, we'll get some butterbeers and some other stuff before the next phase.'

'Next phase?' Lucius queried as they walked.

'Phase one of 'Romance Lucius Malfoy' was a blowjob,' Harry said. 'Phase two was breakfast in bed, phase three a long make out session while watching some romantic movie. Phase four is...' He trailed off and smiled. 'You'll see.'

'Harry, my life, I love you,' Lucius said as they stepped into The Three Broomsticks, 'but if you continue to keep me in the dark I might just attack you.'

'Attack me with kisses,' Harry grinned and dragged Lucius to the counter.

Harry bought four butterbeers and pulled Lucius from the building. Lucius was beginning to think Harry would drag him everywhere as they stopped off at a small store selling chocolates and
snacks. Harry stocked up on a few things (Lucius had no say) and then led him further from town. It wasn't until the building came into view that Lucius realised where they were heading.

'The Shrieking Shack?' he asked.

Harry nodded as they walked down the snow-covered path, Lucius having cast a few warming charms. He stopped suddenly just before the fence and grinned. 'Perfect.'

'What's perfect?' Lucius asked.

'This,' Harry said and gestured around. He opened his coat and pulled out a small square of fabric that re-sized into a large blanket. Harry laid it on the ground before rummaging through his pockets again.

Soon he had two pillows, two more blankets, a picnic basket, the bottles of butterbeer, and a jar filled with blue fire spread out.

'A picnic,' Lucius said and grinned broadly. Harry turned to face him and pulled something from his sleeve. It was a rose, the stem free of thorns, the petals in full bloom and a bright emerald green. A silver ribbon was tied around the stem. 'Harry...' Lucius said softly, reaching out for the rose.

'For you,' Harry said and blushed. 'It's magiced to stay like that forever so... yeah, you can keep it with you.'

'This is amazing,' Lucius said and sniffed the rose. It smelled like most roses but it was the underlying smell of Harry that had Lucius grinning. 'Thank you, love.'

Harry blushed again and drew Lucius down to sit.

The Slytherin cast a few charms to warm them up and keep the snow from falling while Harry opened the picnic basket. He pulled out containers of warm chicken, potatoes, fresh vegetables and salad, crackers and cheese, bread rolls and bread, as well as a container of chocolate cake. He placed them all on the blanket and opened each one before putting down plates, forks, and knives.

'Perfect,' Harry grinned.

'Yes, you are,' Lucius said and kissed him quickly.

Harry blushed before crossing his legs. 'Well,' he said and cleared his throat. 'For starters we have...' He trailed off and grabbed a container filled with round crackers. He dumped a few on one of the plates and grabbed another container. '... crackers with cheese and a few dips,' Harry continued, putting the plate between himself and his mate. One of the containers had dividers and was filled with coloured pastes.

Lucius smiled and grabbed a cracker, dunking it into the green dip. He popped it into his mouth and chewed quickly before swallowing. 'Avocado and pickle, my favourite.'

Harry grinned. 'Yeah, well...'

'You're beautiful,' Lucius said and kissed him before grabbing another cracker. Harry chuckled.

They worked their way through the crackers, the cheeses, having fun licking dip from each other's fingers and lips. Harry was kissed thoroughly for five minutes after spreading avocado dip along
his lips and blinked when Lucius broke it.

'Erm... yes, well...' Harry murmured and coughed quickly. He put the leftover dip and crackers back in the picnic basket before giving Lucius a plate. 'The main course; roasted chicken, potatoes, vegetables and salad if sir chooses-' Lucius chuckled, '- and a choice of bread or breadrolls.'

Lucius smiled as they loaded their plates with food, Lucius uncorking two bottles of butterbeer.

When their plates were full Lucius raised his bottle and said, 'To having someone special on valentines day.'

Harry smiled and raised his own. 'To having someone who puts up with you every other day of the year.'

Lucius chuckled, clinking their bottles together. 'Agreed,' he said and he and Harry sipped their drinks.

They ate and chatted, Harry lying on his stomach, feet in the air, while Lucius sat cross-legged. The couple looked out across the snowy landscape, at the trees and bushes, the Shrieking Shack in the background. Harry told Lucius about the time he hexed Severus when Peter Pettigrew got away. Lucius told Harry about all the times he and his friends sneaked in to smoke and drink.

'You smoke?' Harry asked.

Lucius shook his head as he chewed on his chicken. 'I did when I was a teenager, and later after Draco was born, but I successfully kicked the habit a few years ago.'

'Do you ever... you know, just have one?' Harry asked.

Lucius hesitated before saying, 'No.'

Harry tutted. 'Honestly, you used to be such a good liar.'

'I don't smoke.'

'You do if you have one once a week, or month, or-'

'Yes, Harry, I get it,' Lucius said.

Harry leaned on his elbows. 'Well?'

Lucius sighed and drank from his bottle before saying, 'Occasionally I... may have a cigarette.'

Harry looked him over carefully before nodding. 'M'kay.'

Lucius blinked. 'That's it?'

'Yup,' Harry said, pushing his salad around. 'I can't stop you if you want to smoke.'

'But...'

'Lucius, honestly, it's fine,' Harry insisted. 'I don't like it, I think it's a bad habit, obviously, but... it's your choice.' He shrugged again and sipped his butterbeer.

'It's only every two or so weeks, when I'm feeling particularly stressed,' Lucius said. 'I don't smoke a packet a day or anything.'
Harry smiled and reached out to squeeze his mate's thigh. 'Good,' he said. 'I don't want you dying from lung cancer or anything.'

Lucius stared at him. 'Why would lung cancer be a problem?'

Harry blinked. 'You... cancer isn't a problem?'

'Well, if it's caught early enough, there's a potion regiment as well as certain spells that can be used to shrink and later destroy the cancer cells,' Lucius said.

'That... Merlin,' Harry breathed.

'What?'

'In the Muggle world lung cancer, and other forms, kill millions every year.'

'Does it?'

Harry nodded vigorously.

' Hmm,' Lucius mused. 'Maybe a dozen people in the wizarding world die every year from cancer. Some can't afford the treatment, others don't go to a healer in time for it to be destroyed. I have monthly check-ups and I'm rich so... cancer shouldn't be a problem.'

Harry continued to stare at him, even when Lucius went back to eating. 'Merlin,' he breathed. 'The magic world will never stop surprising me.'

Lucius chuckled.

{oOo}

The chocolate cake went much the same way as the dip; Lucius and Harry took great pleasure in smearing icing all over each other's faces and using their lips, tongues, and sometimes teeth to clear it away. When they finally finished eating, all the containers and leftovers packed away, Harry had three lovebites across the right side of his jaw and Lucius had two hickeys to the left of his Adam's apple.

Lucius was lying on his back, arm under his head, the other wrapped around Harry. The teenager was curled up next to him, snuggled right up to Lucius' side and snoozing. Lucius shifted the blanket down slightly and ran his fingers through Harry's hair.

'I got you a present. '

'Hmm?' Harry mumbled. 'Luce!' he complained when the blonde sat up.

'I need to sit to reach your present,' Lucius said and reached for his cloak. The two blankets Harry had brought, as well as all the warming charms, meant they were quite snug sharing each other's body heat and didn't need their cloaks and jackets.

'Oh,' Harry said, yawning and rubbing his eyes. 'Lucius, I didn't get you anything.'

'Ahh, you forget this entire day, and my rose,' Lucius said as he turned back. He was holding a
square box made of black and green cardboard. Harry couldn't help but smile as the blonde handed it over. 'Happy valentines day.'

Harry pulled the lid off and peeled the wrapping paper back. Inside was a thick leather bracelet, dark brown in colour, with silver clasps and leather threaded through the middle to make a wavy pattern. Held to the bracelet by the leather were grey stones that immediately changed to a dark blue when Harry picked the bracelet up.

'It's not a mood bracelet or anything, I figured you'd prefer the people around you not know your exact mood every second of the day,' Lucius said. Harry chuckled; his mate knew him well. 'It's set on a timer and the stones change every hour; blue, red, green, purple... you can choose a colour if you hold your hand over the bracelet and think of what you want.'

'Lucius, this is beautiful,' Harry said and drew up his left sleeve. Lucius took the bracelet and Harry held his arm out. Lucius clasped it around his wrist and held Harry's hand, kissing his knuckles quickly. 'Thank you,' Harry said and leaned up to press their lips together.

Lucius' warm smile turned to a sinful smirk in a millisecond. Next minute Harry found himself straddling the blonde, Lucius holding his wrists.

'What are you doing?' Harry demanded.

Lucius' answer was a hard, passionate kiss, Harry moaning and leaning down. The blankets drew themselves up, coming up to Harry's lower back as the teenager laid atop his mate.

When Lucius was sure Harry wasn't going anywhere he let go of the Gryffindor's hands. They immediately moved; one pressed against Lucius' chest, fingers digging in, and the other cupped Lucius' face. Lucius threaded his fingers through Harry's hair while his right arm wrapped around his mate's lower back, applying pressure and making Harry press against him.

After a few minutes of chaste kissing (well... semi-chaste), Lucius pressed against Harry harder and made the teenager part his lips. The blonde's tongue licked broad strokes along his bottom lip before ducking in, groaning at the taste and feel. Harry's own tongue came out to play, the two wrapping around each other, dancing, licking and feeling and doing everything in their power to drive their owners wild.

Harry moaned and moved, pressing more of his body against Lucius'. Lucius kissed him harder, tongue diving further in, wet sucking sounds now filling the clearing. The arm wrapped around Harry's back began to move further south as Lucius drew back, teeth dragging Harry's bottom lip out. Harry whimpered before his eyes shot open.

'Lucius, what are you doing?' he asked breathlessly.

'Touching your arse?' Lucius ventured.

'Yes...'

Lucius leaned up and kissed him again, Harry reciprocating until-

'Lucius!'

'What?' the blonde asked.

'You can't do that in public!' Harry hissed.
Lucius had managed to open Harry's jeans without the teenager realising and his hands were now down Harry's underwear, cupping and squeezing his warm cheeks.

'I do believe I can,' Lucius said, squeezing again. 'And look at that, I'm actually doing it.'

'L-Lucius,' Harry moaned, head tipped forward and eyes closed. 'We c-can't...'

'Why not?' Lucius asked.

Harry shook his head and tried to think clearly. 'Lucius, do you remember how England found out about our relationship?'

Lucius paused.

'Exactly,' Harry said, shifting to sit properly. He grabbed Lucius' arms and made the blonde pull his hands from his jeans.

'Harry,' Lucius whined.

'No.'

'But-'

'No.'

'Har-'

'No,' Harry said sternly, doing up his fly and re-buttoning his jeans. 'I'm not having sex with you in public, Lucius, especially not here.'

Lucius pouted.

'Later, I promise,' Harry said and leaned down to kiss him. 'I don't want pictures of me naked in The Daily Prophet, thank you very much.'

'Well you don't have to get naked,' Lucius said. 'We can-'

'No.'

'But Har-'

'No.'

'You hate me,' Lucius huffed and folded his arms.

Harry chuckled and rolled back onto the blanket, wrapping an arm around Lucius' waist. 'Do not,' he said and kissed the blonde's cheek.

Lucius' right arm wrapped around the teenager again and he sighed. 'You'd better make tonight spectacular,' he mumbled.

Harry pushed his hand under the blankets and grabbed the bulge in Lucius' trousers, making the Slytherin gasp, his hips jolting.

'Oh, I will,' the Gryffindor promised.
Harry and Lucius cleaned up and packed their stuff away, the two holding hands as they trekked back to the main street. Most of the students had re-assembled and McGonagall was looking around carefully to make sure no one was left behind.

Ron and Hermione were standing close together at the edge of the group and Hermione looked up when Harry and Lucius joined them. She grinned broadly and Harry looked between her and Ron before raising his eyebrows. Hermione smiled and nodded, looking down at where she and Ron were holding hands. Harry couldn't help the smile that broke out on his face.

'What?' Lucius asked.

'Ron and Hermione,' Harry said and nodded at them, Lucius glancing up. 'It's about time.'

'Mm,' Lucius said and squeezed Harry's hand. 'I'm glad they found each other.'

'They found each other first year,' Harry said. 'It's admitting it that's been the problem.'

Lucius chuckled and drew Harry in for a soft kiss. 'They got there in the end.'

'Finally,' Harry mumbled.

Lucius laughed again. 'Come on, everyone's heading back.'

Harry smiled and threaded their fingers together, the two following the group as they made their way back to the castle.

{oOo}

When Harry and Lucius got back to their quarters, the twins and Draco were nowhere to be seen. Harry noted that their bedroom door was shut but he couldn't hear anything so he chose to ignore it. *They're playing Scrabble,* Harry told himself. *They're not doing anything like... like that, absolutely not.*

'What is my love thinking about?' Lucius asked as he shut their bedroom door, locking and silencing the room with a wave of his hand.

'Um... nothing,' Harry smiled and took off his cloak. He draped it over the dresser across from their bed and Lucius did the same.

'Nothing?' Lucius raised one blonde eyebrow as his cloak joined Harry's, the Slytherin adding his robe before kicking his shoes off. 'Are you sure you're not thinking about... *us?*

'Us?' Harry questioned, bending to untie his trainers.

Lucius chuckled and swept his hair back. 'I seem to recall someone promising a spectacular night.'

'Oh, *that,*' Harry said, smirking as he stood. 'Hmm... nah, not thinking about that.'
Lucius huffed as his mate yawned and scrubbed at his eyes.

'Bit tired actually, it's been a long day, very hard,' Harry murmured. 'Might just have a shower, wash myself a bit-' Lucius groaned at the image of Harry in the shower, skin glistening wet and covered in soap, '-' gotta keep yourself clean,' Harry continued as he pulled his shirt off, showing Lucius his toned chest and firm stomach.

'Harry...' Lucius warned, eyes darkening, tongue coming out to lick his lips.

'Hmm?' Harry said, pulling his shirt off and dropping it on the floor. He re-adjusted his glasses and smiled. 'What's wrong?' he asked. 'Want to join me in the shower?' Lucius groaned again. 'Maybe wash me?' His fingers trailed down his chest, touching both nipples before moving further. 'Maybe wash my stomach?' Harry questioned, fingers ghosting his abdomen. 'Or somewhere...' his right hand cupped his crotch and Lucius bit his lip, '..lower?'

Lucius was incapable of speech and just stared as his mate trailed a finger up and down his fly, tracing the stitching in his jeans.

'No?' Harry asked before shrugging. 'Oh well, I'll just-' He was cut off when wet lips crushed against his own, Lucius' arms wrapping around his naked torso and pulling them together. Harry groaned and grabbed Lucius' face, pressing their lips together hard as tongues came out to play.

Harry started walking backwards and Lucius went with him, bodies staying connected even when Harry turned them. Suddenly Lucius was pushed to sit on the armchair, blinking when Harry dropped to his knees.

'Harry-

'Shh,' Harry cut him off, running his fingers up Lucius' thighs. 'This day is about you, remember?

Lucius bit his lip as Harry's fingers unbuckled his belt, the button being popped open and the zip pulled down. Harry licked his lips as he rubbed Lucius through his silk boxers, the Slytherin moaning and thrusting up.

Harry pulled open the button of Lucius' boxers and slid a hand in, grasping firm, hard flesh and making Lucius groan. He pulled Lucius' cock through the slit and stroked up and down slowly, watching as his mate hardened in his hand.

Licking his lips again, Harry shifted forward.

'Harry, I thought-

'Shh,' Harry chastised again. 'Just let me lead, okay?'

'But-

'Lucius,' Harry growled. 'Shut up and fuck my mouth.'

Lucius reached forward and grabbed Harry either side of his head, the teenager opening his mouth wide. Lucius slid to the edge of his seat and thrust forward, cock sinking into Harry's warm, wet cavern. Lucius let out a loud groan, head tipping back and fingers digging into Harry's scalp.

Harry relaxed his throat so Lucius could thrust all the way in, the older wizard's shaft sliding along his tongue, filling his mouth.
'Oh fuck, Harry,' Lucius whimpered, pulling out before thrusting in hard. He looked down to watch his cock disappear into Harry's mouth, eyes dark, lips parted as he grunted.

Harry's lips squeezed around his flesh, tongue flattening along the underside or flicking to lick the head. He alternated between humming and swallowing when Lucius jammed himself all the way in, both sending waves of pleasure through Lucius' body.

Harry sucked back hard and Lucius shuddered, hips faltering as he moved ever closer to his climax. When he tried to pull back Harry grabbed his hips and pulled, forcing Lucius to slam in harder then before. The blonde felt his cock slide in impossibly deep, Harry doing everything in his power to send Lucius over the edge.

Lips squeezed his cock, saliva glistened on his skin, and Harry knelt on the floor sucking and licking, staring at Lucius with bright eyes, his pupils dilated and hair sticking up wildly.

'H-Harry,' Lucius moaned, once again trying to pull back. But Harry thwarted him, fingers digging in and dragging Lucius closer. 'P-Please,' he groaned.

Lucius' cock took over and forced the Slytherin to thrust in hard, pumping in and out and fucking Harry's mouth with abandon. Harry smirked around him as Lucius let go, losing himself in his pleasure, in his mate.

A few more thrusts and he was coming, forcing his cock down Harry's throat and exploding. Harry swallowed and licked him clean as Lucius shuddered through his climax, back arched, eyes squeezed shut. His nails dug painfully into Harry's head but the teenager ignored the pain in favour or pleasuring his mate.

'Harry,' Lucius sighed when he could think again. He pulled out with a slick sound, saliva making Harry's swollen lips glisten. 'We were supposed to... I can't have you just pleasuring _me_.'

'I want to,' Harry said, voice hoarse. 'You always take such good care of me; it's my turn.'

'But I love focusing on you,' Lucius said. 'And I love finishing the night by burying myself in you.'

'I know, and you still can,' Harry said, smiling as he got to his feet.

Lucius frowned. 'But it takes me at least-'

'Twenty minutes or half-an-hour to get hard again,' Harry cut in. 'Perfect amount of time for me to masturbate, for you to fuck me with your fingers, and for us to hand a grand old time.'

Lucius swallowed thickly, fresh arousal seeping through his body. 'You... you're...'

'Going to masturbate?' Harry asked. His mate nodded. 'Yep,' the teenager smiled. 'I'm going to stroke myself slowly and you're going to watch.'

'Oh dear gods,' Lucius groaned. The thought of Harry touching himself alone made blood rush to his crotch.

Harry smiled and stretched, giving Lucius a nice view of his body. The blonde leaned back heavily, cock lying flacid against his thigh, as Harry started undressing.

Long fingers popped the button of his jeans before pushing down the zip, Lucius' eyes following the movements. Harry used his thumbs to push his jeans down his hips, wiggling slightly and making Lucius bite his lip.
Harry turned his back to his mate and wiggled again, arse moving from side to side as he pushed his jeans down, bending over to get them down his thighs, his calves. Lucius reached out and touched him, fingers ghosting over Harry's underwear. The teenager groaned as a long finger pushed between his cheeks, the feel of it through his underwear as delicious as when he was naked.

He stood still and let Lucius touch him, the blonde getting bolder and using both hands to squeeze Harry's cheeks. Soon Harry had pulled back and Lucius groaned, looking like a child who'd had his favourite toy taken away.

*I suppose he has,* Harry mused as he kicked his jeans off. He'd been hard since getting on his knees for Lucius and his cock strained against the blue cotton of his underwear. Harry grabbed himself and stroked, tipping his head back and moaning as he traced the outline of his cock.

'Harry...' Lucius whimpered.

'Mm?' Harry hummed.

'Just touch yourself, damn it!' Lucius demanded.

Harry chuckled and let his eyes slide open. Lucius was sitting on the edge of the armchair again, eyes locked on Harry, fingers gripping his knees.

'I am touching myself,' Harry said and gave his cock a squeeze. He let out a deep breath and wet his lips as he went back to stroking himself.

'I meant properly,' Lucius growled.

Harry smiled and bent to take his socks off, leaving them on the floor with his jeans. He walked over to the bed and sat before tipping himself back, keeping his feet planted on the floor. Lucius stood and walked over quickly as one of Harry's hands ducked into his underwear.

'Ooh,' the teenager moaned as his fingers touched heated flesh.

'How does it feel?' Lucius asked, sitting on the bed beside his mate.

'So good,' Harry moaned.

'Do you do this often?' Lucius asked, eyes running up and down Harry's body. 'Do you touch yourself a lot?'

'Mm, not often,' Harry admitted. 'Got someone who does it better.'

Lucius smirked and said, 'Are you imagining it's my hand?' Harry nodded quickly as he stroked himself from root to tip. 'Hold yourself like I do, Harry,' Lucius said. 'Grip yourself softly at first before squeezing.'

Harry did as asked and gasped, arse lifting off the bed.

'It feels good, doesn't it?' Lucius asked.

'Uh-huh,' Harry nodded.

'Use your other hand, love,' Lucius said. 'Touch your balls, you know you want to.'

Harry let go of his cock to pull his underwear off, kicking them clear and lying back down. His right hand went back to his shaft, squeezing and stroking, while his left moved down to cup and
'Oh fuck,' Harry gasped.

'Do it like I do, Harry,' Lucius said, watching carefully. 'Go on, you know you want to.'

Harry whimpered as he stroked himself from root to tip, wrist twisting, thumb swiping over the head. His other hand pulled and fondled his balls, rolling them between his fingers. Harry's breath was coming quicker now, chest rising and falling rapidly as pleasure swept through his body.

'You look delicious,' Lucius said, shifting closer, belt clinking against his crotch. 'So fucking beautiful.'

Harry moaned.

'You're such a little slut,' Lucius continued. 'You love my cock, don't you?' Harry nodded and Lucius hissed, 'Tell me!'

'I l-love it,' Harry moaned, hands moving quickly. 'Fuck, I love your cock, Luce.'

'You're such a wanton whore, such a cock slut,' Lucius said, moving even closer. When he reached out to touch Harry, the teenager jolted, teeth digging into his bottom lip. 'Fuck your fist, Harry,' Lucius told him. 'Go on, fuck it and pretend I'm buried in you.'

Harry couldn't in his current position so Lucius made him move. He dragged Harry further up the bed and made the teenager plant his feet on the mattress. Harry's arse immediately lifted off the bed, forcing his cock through his fisted hand. He moaned loudly, lips parting as he took ragged breaths.

'Fuck, look at you,' Lucius said, biting back his own moan as he watched Harry's glorious shaft plunge through his fist. 'How good does it feel?'

'Aah...' Harry groaned. 'S-So... g-good...'

'Faster, Harry,' Lucius said, leaning down to whisper in his mate's ear. 'Fuck your fist, come on, you can move faster then that.' Harry started bouncing on the bed, fingers gripping his cock tightly, hand moving to add more stimulation. 'How close are you?'

'C-Close,' Harry choked out.

'You're so tight,' Lucius breathed. 'Your arse grips my cock so well, Harry.'

'Oh Gods,' Harry moaned, hands flying up and down his cock.

'Come, Harry,' Lucius whispered, breath blowing over Harry's ear. 'Come for me...' He licked the Gryffindor's ear, index finger brushing lightly along Harry's Mark-

Harry's back arched off the bed and his cock pushed through his fist as he came with a shouted, 'LUCIUS!' Thick ropes of come shot from the tip of his cock and splattered against his legs, his stomach, leaking down his fist. Harry's lips were opened wide, head thrust back into the mattress, legs shaking as he roared his orgasm.

He slumped back to the bed moaning and swearing, hand moving slowly over his now tender shaft. He whimpered and shook, come glistening on his skin.

Lucius kissed his cheek, his neck, moving up to press their lips together softly. 'So beautiful,' he
whispered. 'Look at you.'

Harry moaned and his hands dropped to the bed, chest rising and falling with each inhale and exhale. 'Fuck,' he groaned.

Lucius smiled and kissed him again. 'You put on a good show, Mr Potter.'

The teenager chuckled and peeled his eyes open to look at his mate. 'Mm, glad you enjoyed yourself.'

'Oh, I did,' Lucius said. 'I doubt it'll take more then ten minutes for me to be ready to fuck you.'

Harry groaned as Lucius made him move. They shuffled up the bed together, Harry's head hitting their pillows, Lucius slotting between his legs. He was still dressed; shirt buttoned up, trousers hanging around his thighs, half-hard cock poking through the slit in his boxers.

He licked his lips and nudged Harry's legs open, the teenager spreading them wide.

'I love the view,' Lucius commented.

'Do you?' Harry asked.

The blonde nodded and trailed his fingers up Harry's thighs, the Gryffindor shivering. 'Very nice,' Lucius said.

Suddenly wet fingers were stroking Harry's entrance and the teenager moaned, wiggling his hips and trying to get Lucius to touch.

'Tell me what you want, Harry,' Lucius said.

'It's about you,' Harry reminded him. 'What do you want?'

'I want you to tell me what to do,' Lucius said.

Harry looked up at him carefully, green eyes bright even in the darkening room. He bit his lip and said, 'Erm, I... I want...'

'Harry, you don't have to be embarrassed in front of me,' Lucius said softly.

Harry knew he shouldn't, after all they’d had sex hundreds of times. But somehow actually saying what he wanted out loud (besides the usual 'fuck me harder!') was just so... embarrassing.

Lucius smiled and leaned down to kiss his mate, lips tender and sweet. 'Harry,' he said, voice gentle, 'tell me what you want.'

'I want... I want your t-tounge,' Harry mumbled.

'Where?'

'Um... d-down... th-there...'

'Where specifically?' Lucius asked, sliding down Harry's body, pressing kisses to the soft skin he found. 'Here?' he said, kissing Harry's left nipple. The teenager shook his head. 'Hmm... here?' Lucius asked, tongue licking down to the Gryffindor's bellybutton. Harry giggled and shook his head again. 'So many places,' Lucius commented as he kissed and nipped his way down to Harry's cock. 'Here?' he asked and licked a strip down Harry's shaft to his balls.
Harry groaned, fingers pulling at the duvet as Lucius licked again.

'Well, Harry?'

'N-No,' Harry said. 'L-Lower...'

Lucius smiled and pressed his tongue to Harry's inner-thigh. He flattened it and licked down to Harry's knee, the teenager giggling again.

'No, Luce, you prat! Harry said. 'That's too low!'

'I'm afraid I don't know where you want my fabulous tongue,' Lucius said, kissing his way back up to Harry's crotch. 'Not here, right?' he said as he licked Harry's cock again.

Harry squirmed on the bed and shook his head.

'Where?'

'No.'

'No...?'

'I can't... Harry mumbled.

'Come on, love,' Lucius said. 'Tell Professor Malfoy where you want his tongue."

Harry smiled before biting his lip, looking down in embarrassment. 'I want... I want your tongue... um, d-down... um...'

'Harry-'

'My arse,' Harry blurted.

Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'What was that?'

'I w-want your t-tongue in my... in my... a-arse,' Harry finally managed to mumble.

'Oooh... Lucius said and grabbed Harry's thighs. 'Well why didn't you say so?'

Harry's scowl was wiped away by a gasp as Lucius lifted his legs. They were draped over the blonde's shoulders and Lucius leaned down to kiss and lick his way to Harry's entrance. Thin, nimble fingers gripped Harry's cheeks and pulled them apart, Harry biting his lip as Lucius' tongue licked at his balls.

'L-Lucius,' Harry groaned, 'p-please...'

'Please what?' Lucius asked, breathing against Harry's exposed hole.

'F-fuck me,' Harry begged, 'with your t-tongue... please.'

Lucius smiled. 'As you wish, Mr Potter.' He shifted back and Harry jolted as a warm, wet tongue was pressed to his hole.

'Oh,' he gasped. 'Ooh.'

Lucius licked up and down Harry's arse, the teenager wiggling and moaning beneath his breath.
'Is this satisfactory, Mr Potter?' Lucius asked.

'Uh-huh,' Harry nodded.

'Do you want me to continue?'

'Gods, yes!' Harry practically shouted.

Lucius chuckled. 'If that's what Mr Potter wants...' He licked again and Harry groaned, legs spreading wider as Lucius applied more pressure, the tip of his tongue circling Harry's hole.

'L-Luce...' Harry moaned.

' Hmm?' Lucius hummed.

'Please,' Harry begged.

Lucius smiled and drew back completely, Harry blinking in surprise as his legs were dropped.

'Lucius?' He was flipped suddenly, the teenager gasping as warm hands grabbed his hips. 'Luce-

He was moved again, Lucius forcing him to his knees, arse in the air, face pressed to the mattress. 'Much better,' Lucius commented. He grabbed Harry's cheeks and pulled them apart before ducking down to lick and suck Harry's hole.

'Oh fuck!' Harry gasped, legs quivering as his entrance was plundered. 'Oh fuck, oh fuck... OH FUCK!' Lucius' tongue had finally penetrated him, pushing past his ring of muscles and sending pleasure cascading through Harry's body.

Lucius drew back before going back in, burying his face between Harry's cheeks. He thrust his tongue in and out, fucking Harry with the wet organ, while his fingers kept Harry's cheeks apart.

Harry grabbed at the duvet beneath him, legs shaking, face buried in their pillows. Lucius hummed behind him and Harry groaned. 'Fuck, Lucius, oh Gods...'

'Is this what you wanted?' Lucius asked, taking a second away from Harry's hole to press kisses to the Gryffindor's heated skin.

'Yes,' Harry said quickly.

'Do you want more?'

'Fuck, yes,' Harry nodded vigorously. His face was flushed, sweat clinging to his skin, and Lucius smiled as he rubbed a hand up and down the teenager's back.

'Mm,' Lucius murmured and ducked back down to rim his mate again.

Harry moaned and pressed his forehead to the bed, teeth gritted and eyes squeezed shut. 'Oh fuck that's good,' he moaned.

Lucius hummed behind him, tongue thrusting in and out, fingers digging into soft flesh. Suddenly Harry felt a wet finger pressing into his hole alongside Lucius' tongue and he inhaled sharply.

Lucius buried his middle finger into Harry's arse, palm pressed to his right cheek. He continued to tongue Harry's arse, licking and sucking, pushing in beside his finger.
'Oh M-Merlin,' Harry gaped.

Lucius smiled and drew his finger out before going back in, fingerling Harry while he rimmed him. Harry was practically sobbing into his pillow, hips jolting as he thrust back, trying to get more of Lucius' tongue, his finger, just more.

The blonde took pity and thrust another finger in, scissoring them and stretching Harry for later. Harry moaned into the pillows and his right hand came up, circling his erect prick and pulling.

Lucius pulled back only long enough to say, 'I want you to come, Harry. Come as hard as you can.'

'Fucking hell!' Harry shouted as three of Lucius' fingers thrust into his arse, the Slytherin's tongue sliding between them and licking.

Harry fisted his cock and pulled in time with Lucius' fingers, white-hot pleasure bubbling inside his gut, his crotch, threatening to take over completely and throw Harry into oblivion.

His skin was on fire, sweat dripping down his forehead, glasses sliding down his nose and about to fall off. Harry was thrusting back to meet Lucius' fingers, moaning wantonly as he pulled his cock. Lucius' free hand was rubbing up and down his sweaty back, nails occasionally digging in and making Harry arch his back.

'Fuck, Lucius, I'm so close,' Harry gasped. 'Oh gods, Luce...'

Lucius' fingers twisted to stroke Harry's prostate and the Gryffindor nearly jumped right off the bed, a strangled gasp escaping his lips. Lucius didn't falter once in his movements, continuing to build and add to the pleasure Harry was feeling.

'Yes, yes, right... oh gods... Lucius, right th-there...'

Lucius jammed his fingers in, stabbing at Harry's prostate, while his tongue thrust in and his nails dug into the teenager's back. Harry pulled on his cock one final time and screamed.

'FUCK!'

Come dribbled down Harry's hand as the Gryffindor shuddered through his orgasm, eyes shut and teeth digging hard into his bottom lip. His muscles clamped around Lucius' fingers and the blonde moaned, imagining that vice-like grip wrapped around his cock...

Lucius drew out and rolled Harry onto his back, the teenager gasping and groaning for air. A muttered lubricant charm had Lucius' raging erection ready and he pulled Harry's legs open.

Harry groaned as the tip of Lucius' cock pushed into his arse, stretching his muscles even further. He halted and drew back slowly before pushing in again, more of his shaft penetrating the teenager. He grabbed Harry's legs and forced them up, knees parallel with Harry's shoulders, fingers digging into his soft thighs.

Lucius drew back again and this time pushed half his cock in, Harry groaning, muscles squeezing tightly. Finally Lucius pushed all the way in, swathed in Harry's heat, and let out a loud moan.

He paused to watch Harry, the Gryffindor breathing heavily and trying to blink through his orgasm. When he could think clearly he squeezed his muscles, Lucius groaning at the extra pressure.

'Fuck me,' Harry begged.
Lucius drew all the way out before pushing back in, rhythm slow, hands soft on Harry's thighs. Harry watched with sated eyes as his mate thrust in and out, blonde hair in disarray, cheeks red and lips swollen.

'Gods, you're gorgeous,' Harry said, moaning when Lucius' cock brushed against his prostate. 'So... fuck, you're just...'

Lucius smiled and started thrusting harder, Harry moaning as his legs were pushed further back. Lucius looked down to watch himself sink into the teenager's tightness, Harry's balls bouncing above his hole, cock twitching on his stomach.

Soon Harry's prick was thickening, lengthening, blood rushing to the organ and making it stand to attention. Harry moaned as Lucius thrust in hard, balls slapping against Harry's arse with each push. Lucius wrapped a hand around Harry's cock and pulled in time with his thrusts, the green-eyed teen swearing harshly as his body was assaulted in pleasure.

Lucius leaned down and kissed Harry's stomach, his chest, moving up to a nipple. He latched on to one and sucked back, tongue swirling around the nub.

'Shit!' Harry shouted as he came again, cock leaking over his stomach. His muscles tightened around Lucius, who moaned against Harry's chest, hips jolting. He breathed in deeply to stop from coming himself as Harry whimpered through his orgasm, body shaking violently.

When he'd stopped moving, Lucius moved down. Harry's skin glistened come and Lucius licked his lips before drawing his tongue down Harry's stomach, licking away come and swallowing.

'Oh gods,' Harry groaned as he watched his own seed disappear between Lucius' plump lips. Lucius cleaned him slowly and carefully, making sure every drop of come was gone before licking his lips clean.

'Delicious,' he said.

Harry groaned again and let his head drop. 'You'll be the death of me,' he said.

'How?'

'Gonna... shag me into-into an early... early grave...' Harry said.

Lucius chuckled and rubbed his hands up and down Harry's wet stomach, letting the teenager's legs drop to the bed. 'Oh, Harry... remember how I said I can make you come nine times?'

Harry groaned.

'We'll work up to it,' Lucius said. 'For now lets see if we can make you come a fourth time, hmm?'

He made Harry wrap his legs around his waist before drawing out slowly- and slamming back in hard/i>.

Harry jolted on the bed, head thrusting back into the pillows, arms flailing about before one pulled at the duvet, the other scratching at his stomach. Lucius moved to press his entire body against Harry's own, his hips snapping as he kept burying his cock in Harry's heat.

'Oh gods, oh gods, oh gods,' Harry chanted, breathing heavy as Lucius fucked him.

'Harry,' Lucius moaned, face pressed into Harry's neck. 'Merlin, you're so delicious.'
Harry whimpered as his prostate was stimulated and Lucius' body rubbed against his sensitive cock.

Lucius didn't know how much longer he could hold out. Watching Harry masturbate, and then fingerling him, rimming him, tasting him, followed by the Gryffindor's glorious heat, the noises he made... it was pulling Lucius to the edge, making the fire glowing in his stomach threaten to break free. Harry was mewling beneath him, head thrashing from side to side as his hyper-sensitive body was pumelled and fucked over and over again.

Lucius' fingers dug into Harry's hips to drag him across the bed, forcing Harry to meet him thrust for thrust. Harry rolled his hips each time, legs locked around Lucius' waist, hands coming up to grab Lucius' neck, his hair, and drag him down.

Their lips crashed together, tongues sloppily licking into each other's mouths, teeth clacking together, groans being let out and swallowed. Lucius broke the kiss to press his lips to Harry's jaw, his neck, moving down to the ink-black Mark that represented their bond, their love.

'L-Lucius,' Harry moaned, twisting his head, offering his neck to his mate. 'Lucius,' he breathed again.

Lucius' tongue circled closer and closer to the Mark as his orgasm crashed towards him.

Harry whimpered. 'Luc-'

Lucius sank his teeth into the younger wizard's neck, sucking back hard on his Mark. Harry screamed and arched up, impaling himself on Lucius' cock. They came together, Lucius groaning against his mate's skin as he spilled into him, slicking Harry's insides with his seed. Harry's orgasm dripped along their connected stomachs, the teenager shuddering and mewling, gasping and trying to breathe as fresh pleasure ripped through him.

They shook together, staying connected as the last moments of their union tore through them. When Lucius could think straight he pulled out, watching Harry slump against the mattress, his body absolutely wrecked.

Lucius waved his hand, cleaning them as best he could before his arms and legs gave out. He collapsed onto the bed beside his mate and Harry immediately shifted towards him, limbs wrapping around Lucius sloppily. A non-verbal spell from Lucius had the duvet slipping from under them before coming up to cover their bodies.

Harry was practically asleep already and Lucius pulled his glasses off, tossing them onto the bedside table.

'Was...' Harry tried, lips barely moving. 'Wassit... s-spec... tac-tac... ularr?' he slurred.

Lucius smiled slightly. 'Mm... s'good,' he mumbled. 'Love... you...'

'Love you... t-too...' Harry grinned before his eyes slid shut, lips parting as a snore rumbled past his lips. Lucius' smile widened before he too closed his eyes, letting sleep take him.
Like most mornings, Lucius woke first. He had the ability to blink back sleep and feel refreshed, even before having a shower. Unlike Lucius, Harry sleep-walked his way through showering and dressing, but usually managed to perk up during breakfast.

Today Lucius turned to see Harry dead to the world, his mate lying on his stomach, limbs splayed across the mattress. Lucius eased Harry's right arm from around his waist and slipped out of bed, the Gryffindor snorting and burrowing further under his pillows.

It was six thirty, two hours before Lucius had to be sitting in the DADA room, so he took his time showering, concentrating to let the water wet him. Half an hour later he stepped from the shower feeling refreshed and watched the water slide from his skin and to the floor, leaving him completely dry. He stared at the water and made it jump right down the drain before heading back into the bedroom.

Harry was still asleep and it made Lucius frown slightly as he went to the walk-in-wardrobe; usually the shower running woke Harry up and he'd be moaning and cursing Merlin about having to get up for classes.

Lucius dressed for the day in trousers, a white cotton shirt, and plain black robes that were still more expensive than anything the other teachers wore. He was brushing his hair when he came back out to see that Harry was still asleep.

Frowning, Lucius tied his hair back with a black ribbon before sitting on the bed. 'Harry?'

No answer.

Lucius pressed a hand to Harry's naked back and the teenager wiggled under his touch. 'Harry, love?'

'Nngh...'

'Little one, it's time to get up.'

'Mnn... noo...' Harry moaned, pressing his face into the pillows.

'Harry, it's past seven.'

'Noo, five m-more min-ah-zz,' Harry mumbled.

Lucius pulled the blankets back and Harry yelped, scrambling across the mattress to try and tug them back. 'No, no, you have to shower and dress,' Lucius said.

'No-o-o,' Harry moaned, tugging on the duvet.

'Harry,' Lucius sighed, grabbing the blanket and pulling it from the teenager's grasp.

'Why do you hate me?' Harry demanded, scrubbing a hand across his face.

'I don't hate you,' Lucius said. 'If you don't shower now you'll miss breakfast and you know how cranky you get without coffee.'

Harry groaned and flopped back onto the bed, rolling over to give Lucius a nice view of his naked
arse.

Lucius bit his lip and said, 'Harry, please.' Harry wiggled his hips in response and the blonde groaned. 'Harry, you're making this difficult.'

'Nah-ah,' Harry giggled.

Lucius growled and jumped forward, grabbing Harry around the waist. Harry squealed as he was thrown over Lucius' shoulder, the Slytherin carrying him into the bathroom.

'LUCIUS, PUT ME DOWN!' Harry shouted.

'Nope,' Lucius said. He stepped into the shower fully dressed and turned the water on, using his elemental powers to heat the water up before standing beneath it. Lucius stayed completely dry but Harry was soaked in seconds, hair hanging over his forehead, fists bashing into Lucius' back.

'You prat, I hate you,' Harry growled.

Lucius chuckled and slapped Harry's arse, the teenager yelping. 'Now, are you going to shower like an adult, or continue to act like a four-year-old?'

Harry was silent for a few seconds before grumbling, 'Adult.'

Lucius put him down and Harry scowled at him. The blonde smiled and kissed him quickly before stepping out of the shower.

Twenty minutes later Harry stumbled into the bedroom scrubbing himself dry with a large black towel. He glared at Lucius, who was sitting on the sofa drinking tea. The blonde smiled brightly and Harry scowled as he stepped into the wardrobe.

Lucius heard mumbled curses as Harry pulled on his uniform, taking three attempts to button his white shirt up. When there was a loud swear Lucius put his tea aside and leaned back.

'Harry?'

'Stupid fucking tie,' Harry growled.

Lucius stood and walked into the wardrobe. Harry's hair was sticking up wildly, his robe pulled on sloppily. His shoe-laces were undone and he was muttering under his breath as he tried to do his tie up.

'Do you want some help?' Lucius asked.

Harry glared at him, eyes darkening and entire body going rigid.

'Harry?'

'Fuck you and fuck this stupid tie!' Harry shouted and threw the material at Lucius, who stood with his mouth gaping. 'Think you're so fucking perfect,' Harry continued to rant, leaning against the drawers to his right to tie his laces. 'You can just do everything, can't you?'

'Harry-

Harry's scowl made Lucius cut himself off and the Slytherin was silent as his mate stood tall, yanked his robe on straight, and ran a hand through his hair. With one last glare, Harry stormed from the wardrobe, slamming the bedroom door shut as he left.
Harry's foul mood lasted until lunch. He'd been too late for breakfast in the Great Hall and moaned and cursed through Potions, Charms, and Transfiguration. When McGonagall dismissed the eighth years, Harry was out the door and down the corridor in under a minute.

He practically ran to the Gryffindor table and grabbed a plate, loading it with crisps and two sandwiches. He devoured one by the time Hermione and Ron joined him, the red-head raising his eyebrows.

'Alright there, Harry?' Ron asked as he put food on his own plate.

'Ungwee,' Harry mumbled through his mouthful. 'Miffed bweakeff.'

Hermione tutted at his behaviour and Harry threw her an apologetic look as he started on his next sandwich.

It was ham, cheese, and tomato and Harry got through half of it before his stomach jolted. He frowned and stared at his plate, his two best friends looking at him.

'Harry?' Hermione questioned.

Harry leapt to his feet and stumbled out of the Hall, bashing into three groups of people as he went. Hermione went after him, leaving Ron to watch their stuff, and caught up with the green-eyed wizard outside.

Harry managed to stumble to the right and lean against a tree before he threw up. His stomach heaved and twisted, Harry groaning as his lunch splattered against the grass. Hermione siddled up behind him and rubbed Harry's back soothingly, keeping her eyes trained above her friend's head.

'Are you okay?' Hermione asked when Harry spat.

'N-No,' he said weakly. 'My stomach... gods, my stomach hurts...'

'You looked okay in class,' Hermione said as Harry stood. He was very pale and flushed, sweat beading on his forehead.

Harry groaned and turned to throw up again, not stopping until his stomach was empty. His throat burned and his legs felt weak, the teenager leaning heavily against Hermione.

'Come on, we'll get you something to wash your mouth out.'

She half-carried Harry back inside and they ran into Draco just inside the Great Hall.

'Are you okay?' Draco asked, looking over Harry with concern.

'Do you have any water?' Hermione asked.

Blaise did and he handed Harry the plastic bottle. Harry gulped it down and groaned as he screwed the lid back on. 'Thanks,' he said weakly.

'Do you want to go see Madam Pomfrey?' Hermione asked.
Harry shook his head. 'I just ate too fast or had something foul, I'll be fine.'

'Are you sure?' she asked. Harry nodded and Hermione said, 'Well, do you want to go wait in DA? I'll bring your stuff up after lunch.'

'Thanks, 'Mione,' Harry said.

'I'll take him,' Draco told the group and they said goodbye. Draco kept a close eye on Harry as they walked up to the third floor. 'You look awful.'

'Feel awful,' Harry mumbled, wiping his sweaty forehead.

'Are you sure you-

'I'll be fine,' Harry cut him off. 'Don't worry, Kit.'

Draco bit his lip but nodded.

{oOo}

Lucius was planning on having words with his mate about Harry's foul temper. Lucius had replayed the morning over and over again and couldn't think of what he did to illicit that kind of reaction from the Gryffindor. Yes, he'd literally pulled Harry out of bed, but it was a common occurence and Harry had never really been angry before.

All thoughts of shouting and demanding an apology were wiped from Lucius' mind when he walked into class after lunch. Harry was in the front row and he looked awful. His face was covered in sweat, he was deathly pale, and he looked like he was about to pass out.

Lucius flicked his wand and his neat handwriting appeared on the blackboard. 'Mr Potter, join me outside,' he said.

Harry sighed and stood, Draco, Hermione and Ron all watching him with concern. Harry stumbled twice on his way out and Lucius followed.

'What's wrong?' he asked as soon as he'd shut the door.

'Nothing, I just feel a little off,' Harry mumbled.

'Harry, don't lie to me.'

'I'm not.'

Lucius scowled. 'So if I call Miss Granger and Mr Weasley out here, they'll agree with you?' Harry bit his lip and Lucius said, 'What happened?'

'I threw up after eating lunch,' Harry admitted. 'But honestly, I'm fine, it's probably just food poisoning or something.'

'You should go to the hospital wing,' Lucius said.

'No, I hate that place,' Harry groaned. 'Please, I'm fine.'
'Harry, you can barely stand.' Harry sighed as he put a hand against the wall to keep himself upright. 'I'm taking you back to our quarters.'

'No,' Harry said. 'You have a class to teach.'

Lucius wet his lips before saying, 'If I have Miss Granger take you back, will you get into bed and rest?'

Harry looked Lucius over and realised his mate wasn't going to give up. 'Fine,' he sighed. 'I'll go.'

Lucius nodded in satisfaction and opened the door to call Hermione. She came out and Lucius said, 'Can you escort Harry to our quarters?'

'Of course,' Hermione said and wrapped an arm around Harry's shoulders. The teenager scowled when Lucius pressed a kiss to his cheek.

'Rest,' he said sternly.

Harry poked his tongue out but let Hermione lead him away.

{oOo}

Harry was still a little pale that night but he managed to eat without throwing up. He insisted he was fine and Lucius couldn't detect a fever so he let it go. They snuggled under the covers that night, Harry falling asleep instantly, Lucius sighing and stroking his hair.

{oOo}

'What am I going to do about Harry?' Lucius said. He and Severus were sitting in the dungeons with a glass of scotch each.

It was mid February and Harry's condition hadn't changed. Lucius had been kicked out of their quarters by a pissed off Gryffindor who apparently hadn't got any work done because Lucius only ever thought about sex (Lucius pointing out that Harry had jumped him in the study only enraged Harry all the more).

Severus had smirked when Lucius had come moping to him, tail tucked between his legs.

'That boy's always been strange,' Severus commented as he sipped his drink.

Lucius glared at him over his glass.

Severus shrugged. 'He has.'

'Be that as it may,' Lucius said slowly, 'he's been very pale lately, tired, moody... gods, I have no idea what to do. And then there's the lunch thing.'

'Lunch thing?' Severus asked, confused.
'He never eats lunch,' Lucius told him. 'He has a bite or two before turning it away. I heard him throwing up last Saturday and Sunday but he insists he's fine.'

'If there's something wrong with the boy he'll tell you, you two are practically joined at the hip,' Severus said, though he too was a bit worried about Harry.

'He doesn't tell me everything;' Lucius said. 'Sometimes he confides in Draco, or Hermione.'

'And they'd tell you if they were really worried,' Severus said. 'Honestly, man, get a hold of yourself.'

Lucius glared at his best friend but leaned back in his armchair. Severus could tell he was still worrying about Harry.

He sighed and looked the other Slytherin over. Lucius was pulling his hair out trying to figure out what was wrong with his mate and Severus couldn't believe that the most obvious answer hadn't popped into his head. After all, Lucius and Harry were always going at it, if Draco and the twins were to be believed.

Severus supposed that Lucius was just blind when it came to Harry. He failed to think when the teenager was around.

Finally Severus decided to voice the thoughts he'd been having since after New Year. 'Pale,' the potions master said suddenly. 'Sick, moody, not eating... maybe he's pregnant.'

What little colour Lucius had drained from his face in seconds.

'Lucius?' Severus asked, watching his friend's reaction carefully. 'Could he be pregnant?'

'Well...'

'For Morgan's sake!' Severus said. 'Please tell me you use the contraceptive charm when you ravish the poor boy!'

He'd been hoping that Lucius was taking precautions, was protecting Harry from falling pregnant. It was the only reason he hadn't spoken up earlier.

Lucius looked guilty and Severus groaned.

'How many times have you forgotten?'

'Well...' Lucius repeated.

Severus rubbed his eyes. 'Don't tell me you've never used it.'

There was a pause before Lucius mumbled, 'Well...'

'You fool,' Severus growled. 'That boy has enough on his plate without a pregnancy added on. He has his N.E.W.T.S, he has to deal with family, friends and strangers wanting to kill you because you deflowered and bonded with The-Boy-Who-Lived, not to mention the general population trying to be his best friend and find out every detail about his life. Are you trying to kill him?'

'It's not my fault,' Lucius huffed.

'Oh, than who's is it?' Severus queried. 'I doubt Potter knows the contraceptive charm and you're the one who's supposed to make sure, Lucius, it's your responsibility!'
'I know,' Lucius groaned, throwing himself forward. He pushed his drink onto the coffee table and buried his face in his hands. 'You have no idea what it's like, Severus. I tell myself to cast it before we do anything but... I get carried away when he's lying there nake-'

'I don't want to know,' Severus cut him off. 'I already know far too much about your sex life.'

Lucius had the decency to blush. He cleared his throat and tried to pull himself together. 'No, Harry can't be pregnant.'

'He most certainly could be,' Severus said, thinking about Harry's symptoms. 'You're both powerful wizards and veela; you're perfectly capable of impregnating the poor boy.'

'No, Harry would tell me,' Lucius said.

'Would he?' Severus asked.

Lucius nodded. 'We discussed it; we both want children.'

'Ah, but I'm one hundred percent sure you told him you wouldn't try until after you were married. There hasn't been a bastard child in the Malfoy family for decades.' He smirked. 'At least not one the public knows about.'

Lucius scowled. 'While it's true I would prefer to have a child with Harry after we're married, I wouldn't dislike having a child now or some time before the wedding. Things happen.'

'Things like forgetting to cast a simple charm,' Severus snickered.

'Yes, Severus, I understand,' Lucius said sarcastically. 'I'm an idiot, I let my cock do the thinking!'

'Finally admitting it?' Severus said.

Lucius sighed. 'If Harry is pregnant, he'd tell me.'

'He might not know.'

'He'd find out, Hermione would figure it out.'

'Mm, she is a smart little witch,' Severus nodded. When Lucius raised an eyebrow, the other Slytherin smiled. 'Not that I'll ever tell her that, or anyone else for that fact. And I'll deny I said it to you until the day I die, perhaps longer.'

Lucius chuckled before sobering up. 'Harry would tell me.'

'Unless he thinks you'd be mad that he got pregnant before you even proposed,' Severus said.

'He would tell me,' Lucius insisted.

Severus just shrugged, knowing he couldn't argue with the blonde when it came to Harry.

'I'll make sure to use the contraceptive charm every time now.'

'Sure you will,' Severus smirked.

Lucius glared at him.
At the same time Lucius and Severus were discussing him, Harry was throwing up in the girl's bathroom on the second floor. He'd run there as soon as he'd left his quarters after lunch, stomach churning and breakfast coming up his throat.

He groaned and spat into the sink before turning the tap on to wash the bile away and rinse his mouth.

'Harry?'

The teenager jumped and looked up. Moaning Myrtle was hovering over the sinks, looking down at him curiously.

'Oh, hello Myrtle.'

'Expecting someone else?' Myrtle pouted.

Harry smiled weakly. 'No, I was just surprised.'

'Are you okay?' the ghost asked, floating closer and looking concerned. 'You don't look well.'

'I've been feeling off a while now, a couple of weeks,' Harry admitted.

'Maybe you should go to the hospital wing?'

Harry shook his head. 'I hate that place, I always end up there,' he sighed. 'I'll be fine.'

'It could be something serious,' Myrtle insisted. 'What are your symptoms?'

The Gryffindor found that he didn't mind discussing this with Myrtle. Not many people visited her, so she wouldn't tell anyone, and she was far older than Harry was. She liked him, maybe she could help.

'Well, I'm always tired,' Harry said, 'no matter how much I sleep. I feel fine in the morning and at night, but around midday I start to feel really, really sick, and I can't eat anything. I throw up my breakfast most of the time and feel awful for hours. And then I'm starving by dinner.'

He bit his lip before continuing.

'And... I always... um... want... s-sex...'

Myrtle grinned and Harry blushed. 'Ooh, I heard you had a partner. Who is it?'

'Lucius Malfoy,' Harry said.

'Malfoy?' Myrtle queried. 'Like Draco's last name?'

Harry had forgotten that Draco and Myrtle knew each other well, the Slytherin having spoken to her a lot during sixth year when he had no one to confide in.

'Yeah, he's Draco's father,' Harry said.

Myrtle grinned, transparent face lighting up. 'My, my, Harry Potter has an older lover.'
'He's my soulmate,' Harry said. 'Lucius is a veela, we're bonded.'

'Oh, that's so romantic,' Myrtle swooned. 'Congratulations, Harry, you deserve someone special.'

'Thanks, Myrtle,' Harry said.

'Hmm...' the ghost mused, floating on her back and down to Harry's eye level. She looked the boy over carefully, grey eyes narrowed. 'If I didn't know any better...'

Harry raised an eyebrow when she trailed off.

'Harry, do you and your soulmate have a lot of sex?'

Harry blushed but managed a nod.

'Do you always use the contraceptive charm?'

'The what?' Harry asked.

Myrtle sniggered. 'The contraceptive charm, it's birth control,' the ghost said. 'It stops witches and wizards falling pregnant when they have penatrative sex.'

Harry went pale amazingly quickly. 'Um... I don't know, I've never used it. I wouldn't know how.'

'Does Lucius?'

'I don't know,' Harry repeated. 'Why?'

Myrtle grinned and Harry felt dread form in the pit of his stomach.

'It sounds to me...' the ghost said slowly, '... like you're pregnant.'

{oOo}

Harry went straight to the hospital wing and hovered about until he was sure it was empty. Madam Pomfrey noticed how pale and fidgety he was and made him sit on a bed in the corner.

'Can you put up a screen? I don't want anyone to know I'm here.'

Poppy raised her eyebrows but did as asked, flicking her wand through the air. A green curtain flung itself from the wall and quickly hid the bed from view.

'Very well, Mr Potter, what can I do for you?'

Harry quickly told Poppy his symptoms and the healer frowned.

'How long have you been feeling like this?'

'A few weeks,' Harry said. 'I'm really tired in the morning, sick during the day, and perfectly fine at night.'

'I see...' Poppy said, running a finger over her lips. 'And it's just lunch you can't eat?'
Harry nodded. 'I just feel incredibly sick and usually throw up my breakfast. Not all the time but at least three or four times a week.'

'Harry...' The teenager could tell her question was going to be personal and gulped, '... has your sex drive increased or decreased at all?'

Harry's cheeks flushed and he gulped again. 'Um... um...'

'You and Mr Malfoy are having sex, yes?' Harry nodded. 'Penatrative sex?' The Gryffindor turned the same colour as his robes and nodded again, staring at the floor. 'How often?'

'Um... three, four times a week,' Harry mumbled.

'Is that usual?'

'Um... y-yes,' Harry managed to choke out.

There's no way this situation could get any more awkward, Harry thought.

'Mr Potter, are you the top or bottom in the relationship?'

Oh wait, there we go.

'What?' he gasped out loud.

'I know it's embarrassing,' Madam Pomfrey said kindly, 'but it's important.'

Harry had the feeling this conversation wasn't going to go his way. He swallowed past the emotions that had built up in his throat and said, 'I'm... always the... the b-bottom.'

'Always?' Poppy asked.

Harry nodded. 'I'm the submissive,' he said, cheeks staying a bright shade of red, 'so Lucius won't let me... he would never let me... he's always in control...'

'So he always penetrates you, every single time?' Poppy asked, just to confirm the facts.

'Yes, always,' Harry said quietly.

'How long have you two been having sex?' Poppy asked. 'Penetrative sex, I mean.'

'Um... since mid December,' Harry said, 'so about two months.' He bit his lip before asking, 'Why is my sex life important? Do you think I have some virus or something?'

He had a feeling Poppy was thinking of a completely different thing that grew in people after they had sex. But he really, really didn't want to go down that road; he didn't want to think about that.

Poppy sighed. 'Mr Potter, do you use the contraceptive charm?'

There's that bloody spell again, he thought angrily.

'I don't know what that is,' Harry said, 'I mean I didn't until today, someone told me that it's the magic form of birth control.'

Poppy nodded. 'Yes, it's one hundred percent effective if it's cast before any penetration takes place. Have you and Mr Malfoy been using it?'
'I... I didn't know it existed until today,' Harry said quietly and chewed on his lip, close to breaking the soft flesh. 'I don't know if Lucius does, he's never said anything.'

'You've never heard him say it?' Poppy asked. 'He's never stopped to cast a spell?'

Harry's cheeks were, once again, the most amazing shade of red. 'Um... he only ever stops t-to say the... the um... l-lubricant... ch-charm...'

Poppy sighed again and rubbed her eyes. 'Eighteen,' she said with a shake of her head, 'you're only eighteen. Lucius Malfoy should know better than this the stupid, stupid man.'

Harry was too scared to yell at her for calling Lucius stupid. His eyes were wide as he stared at her, silently begging for her to solve everything and say 'Oh, you have food poisoning, I just asked about your sex life to embarrass you'.

Poppy interrupted his panicking and said, 'I'm going to run a quick test as a formality and because I have to inform the Headmaster,' she explained, withdrawing her wand, 'but I have a pretty good idea of what's causing your symptoms.'

She waved her wand, muttering under her breath, and pointed the piece of wood at his head, chest, and finally his abdomen. Harry's heart was trying to escape via his mouth and he swallowed convulsively, trying to force it back down.

Poppy's wand vibrated and gold sparks shot out the end. She frowned and put it away.

'What?' Harry asked.

'Well... I'm not sure if it's good news or bad news,' she said.

Harry groaned. 'What is it?'

'You're eight weeks pregnant.'

{oOo}

Moaning Myrtle popped her head out of one of the toilets to see Harry Potter sitting with his back to the sinks, muttering under his breath. She flew out of the toilet and across to him.

'Well?' she asked.

'You were right,' the teenager said. 'I'm pregnant.'

'And that's... bad news?' the ghost asked.

Harry sighed. 'I don't know,' he said. 'Lucius and I both want kids, we talked about it.' He bit his lip. 'But Lucius said he wanted to wait until we were married.'

'You're getting married?'

'After I graduate Hogwarts, he hasn't proposed or anything,' Harry said.

'I'm sure he'll be happy.'
'But he's a pure-blood,' Harry groaned. 'Bastard children are frowned upon in pure-blood circles.'

Myrtle nodded, she knew that. 'Harry, Lucius loves you, yes?'

'Yeah.'

'So he should be happy. Having a child is a gift, especially a magical one. He'll be fine.'

'But what if he's mad?'

Harry reminded Myrtle so much of Draco; both were strong, handsome, intelligent. But they often looked down on themselves, didn't trust their instincts, and Myrtle hated it. The ghost might scream and chuck tantrums, but she did care about people... well, she cared about Harry and Draco.

'Harry, you should tell him, I'm sure he'll be fine.'

'Tell who what?'

Both looked up to see Draco, the Slytherin pushing his book bag behind his back.

'Draco,' Myrtle grinned.

'Hey Myrtle,' the blonde smiled. 'I have a free period so I thought I'd swing by and say hello, sorry I haven't been in to see you.' Myrtle smiled, having already forgiven him. The boy looked back at Harry. 'Tell who what?' he repeated.

Harry groaned and looked down. 'Not now, Kit.'

'Kit?' Myrtle asked.

'Harry and my father are bonded,' Draco told the ghost. 'I'm Harry's child too.'

'Oh, that's sweet,' Myrtle grinned. 'Is Harry a good father?'

'The best, always lets me eat ice-cream,' Draco grinned.

The thought of food made Harry feel queasy and he grabbed his stomach. Suddenly the full weight of the situation settled on him.

He was pregnant.

Right now, another human being was growing inside him, one that was half him, half Lucius. Madam Pomfrey had given him a list of books to order so he could familiarise himself with wizard pregnancies. He had another appointment with her in a month and was due in June (Harry had nearly fainted when Poppy told him wizard pregnancies only last six months).

'Oh Gods,' Harry groaned and leapt to his feet. He swivelled on the spot and bent over the closest sink, heaving his guts. There was nothing in his stomach and he just threw up stomach acid.

Harry groaned again as Myrtle laid a comforting hand on his shoulder. Surprisingly, the ice cold touch felt great on him and Harry smiled at her. Myrtle smiled back and pressed her hand to his forehead, soothing the fever that was working up.

'Harry, are you okay?' Draco asked, coming up to stand on the other side of the Gryffindor.

'Not really,' Harry admitted.
'What's wrong?'

Harry bit his lip.

'You have to tell someone,' Myrtle said, 'not just a ghost.'

Harry sighed. 'Fine, fine.' He turned to look at Draco. 'I'm... pregnant...'

Draco stared at him for a few seconds and Harry waited, wondering if Draco was going to shout, or cry, or maybe hit him.

And then the Slytherin grinned broadly and said, 'That's fantastic!'

Harry's eyes went wide. 'What?'

'It's not very surprising,' Draco said. 'I mean, the way you and Dad go at it...' he grimaced and Harry blushed, '... well, this was bound to happen.'

Harry groaned and leaned heavily against the sink.

'What's wrong?' Draco asked. 'Aren't you happy? I mean... you're going to have a baby.'

'Lucius wanted to wait,' Harry said. 'He doesn't want kids until after we're married.'

'He'll still be happy.'

Harry shook his head. 'No he won't. He'll be mad I got myself knocked up.'

'Harry, it's my father's fault, not yours,' Draco said. 'It's his job to make sure the contraceptive charm has been cast, not yours.'

'He'll be mad,' Harry insisted.

'He won't, you'll see,' Draco said.

'Please don't tell him yet,' Harry begged. 'Just... let me wrap my head around it first. I'd rather him hear it from me.'

He looked at Myrtle, who nodded. 'I doubt Lucius Malfoy will be wandering into my toilet any time soon,' the ghost said.

Draco chuckled. 'Your secret's safe with me, Harry. But trust me, Dad'll be happy.' He grinned. 'I'm going to be a big brother.'

Harry grimaced. He wanted to believe Draco, he really did.

But at the moment he couldn't.
Harry was pulled out of Transfiguration by a first year Hufflepuff who smiled warmly at him. Harry smiled back, glad there were at least a few young kids who didn't hero-worship him. He thanked the blonde boy as the gargoyle jumped aside, letting Harry onto the spiral staircase.

He was fidgeting as he pushed the large doors open and entered the sun-lit room. Dumbledore was sitting behind his desk and smiled warmly. 'Harry, my boy, how were your holidays?'

'Fine,' Harry said.

'And classes?'

'Fine,' Harry repeated.

Dumbledore looked him over, blue eyes twinkling, before he gestured at the seat before his desk. Harry sat and looked down. 'I suppose you know why you're here?' the Headmaster said.

'Erm... Madam Pomfrey told you?' Harry asked, glancing up to see the older wizard nodding.

'How far along are you?' he asked.

'Eight weeks,' Harry said.

Dumbledore nodded along. 'Are you healthy, happy?'

'Healthy, yeah,' Harry said and rubbed his still flat stomach. 'A little nervous, scared, but I'm looking forward to being a dad.' It was true. Though Harry was terrified that Lucius would be angry at him for getting pregnant before they married, he still wanted to be a dad; he would love the baby growing inside him no matter what.

'Well, that's good,' Dumbledore smiled. 'Now, we have to talk about your future.'

'My future?' Harry asked.

'Yes,' Dumbledore said and waved a hand. A tray of tea and biscuits appeared and he added sugar to his own, watching Harry carefully. 'Now, from what I gather, you will be due mid June- just after your N.E.W.T.S.'

'Right,' Harry mumbled.

'You can stay at Hogwarts and continue to go to classes for as long as possible,' Dumbledore said. 'When it becomes too difficult I'm sure Draco, Hermione and Ronald wouldn't mind bringing you your work.'

'Really?' Harry said. 'I... I don't have to leave or anything?'

'Not if you don't want to,' the Headmaster said, sipping his tea. 'You might be able to get through your N.E.W.T.S before the baby arrives, a lot of first children are a bit late, your baby might come early July. Now, Madam Pomfrey has agreed to allow a Healer in to see to you every month to ensure the baby's continued health, all you have to do is make appointments with her in the hospital wing.'

Harry nodded.
'Have you told Lucius?'

'No,' Harry admitted. 'Only you, Draco, and Madam Pomfrey know... oh, and Moaning Myrtle.'

Dumbledore didn't even raise an eyebrow at the last person, just nodded along. 'You do plan on telling the father, yes?'

'Of course,' Harry said. 'I just want to... you know, get used to it first. And I don't want to spring it on him, I want it to be special.'

'I'm sure he will be thrilled,' Dumbledore beamed and Harry smiled weakly. 'Your secret's safe with me, Harry, Madam Pomfrey too. If you have any troubles let me know, yes?'

'Okay,' Harry said and stood. 'Thank you, Professor.'

Dumbledore smiled and watched the Gryffindor leave.

{oOo}

Harry didn't bother going back to classes, he had too much to think about. He could still study at Hogwarts, could take his N.E.W.T.S while pregnant; Dumbledore had made it obvious that Harry would be able to stay.

Now the teenager just had to wrap his head around the fact that yes, he was pregnant. Yes, he was going to be a dad in a few months. Yes, Lucius had knocked him up.

Harry hadn't given protection a lot of thought. He knew that in the Muggle world men used condoms, even in same-sex relationships. He'd been so caught up in the moment his first time (and every other time) that he hadn't even thought to ask if wizards used magic or anything else to protect against pregnancy and disease. Spells made sense, Harry should have known that witches and wizards used magic so they wouldn't have to remember condoms.

It was the 'remembering spells' part that he and Lucius had failed. Lucius because he'd clearly forgotten the spell at some point (if he'd ever used it, Harry was almost certain he hadn't) and Harry because he hadn't even asked. He'd just spread his legs and welcomed Lucius in.

It wasn't that Harry hated the fact that he was pregnant; the way he and Lucius went at it, it was bound to happen. He wanted children, wanted to be a dad, and was happy to be pregnant. But Lucius' reaction was worrying him.

What would the man say? Would he scream that no Malfoy would be a bastard? Would he hate the baby for being born out of wedlock? Harry was sure his mate wouldn't ask him to get rid of it; Lucius cared too much about Harry and Harry knew the blonde wouldn't even think of doing that... but would he love the baby, even though it was an accident?

Harry sighed and leaned back. He was sitting on the armchair in his and Lucius' room, the furniture turned so he could stare out the window. It was cold and he had a blanket draped over him, a fire burning in the hearth. Snow was cascading past the window and Harry watched it fall, head swimming.

'Harry?'
The teenager jumped and turned to see Lucius. His mate rounded the chair and crouched before him.

'Are you okay?' he asked. 'You didn't come to class.'

Harry had forgotten he had DADA last that day and cursed silently. He wet his lips and said, 'Um... I went to see Madam Pomfrey.'

Lucius frowned. 'About the throwing up?' When Harry nodded, he asked, 'Are you okay?'

'I have... I'm...' Harry mumbled. He could feel Lucius' concern rolling through his chest and took a deep breath-

Only to freeze when Lucius frowned. The blonde breathed in deeply and tilted his head as he stared at Harry. 'You smell... different,' Lucius said.

'I... I d-do?' Harry asked.

Lucius nodded and leaned forward, breathing in again. 'Your scent, it's... slightly off, there's something else there...'

Harry's eyes widened as he realised that Lucius could somehow smell the pregnancy on him.

'I have a bug,' he lied quickly, forcing a brief smile. 'Madam Pomfrey said I'll be fine, but I should take it easy and watch what I eat. That... erm, that must be making me smell o-off,' Harry said.

'Is that all?' Lucius asked with a small frown. 'What about the mood swings?'

'Stress,' Harry said, lying right to his mate's face. 'She said I've been stressing out too much about studying for my N.E.W.T.S and not spending enough time with you; I was making myself sick. I've just gotta calm down and spend a bit more time with my mate.'

Lucius breathed a sigh of relief and leaned up to kiss him. 'I was worried, Harry.'

'I'm sorry.'

'It's not your fault,' Lucius said quickly.

'Wait,' Harry said, catching the time on the clock to his right, 'class isn't over yet.'

Lucius smiled slightly. 'No, I left Hermione in charge and came straight here to make sure you were okay.'

Harry chuckled. 'Go back to class, Professor Malfoy.'

'Never,' Lucius said and made Harry sit up. He slid onto the armchair and pulled Harry down, drawing the blanket around his mate.

Harry snuggled into Lucius' chest and felt the blonde's arms wrap around his waist, right hand resting against his stomach. He managed not to tense or worry, focusing instead on how nice it was to be in Lucius' arms. If he panicked Lucius would feel it through their connection.

He knew he had to tell Lucius, he couldn't keep something like this a secret. But just for a little while Harry wanted to pretend everything was normal.

Just for a little while.
'H-Harry, we're meeting- *ah* Sev-Sev...'

'Merlin, don't mention his name while we're naked,' Harry groaned.

Lucius flipped Harry over, pressing the teenager into the mattress. 'We're not naked,' he whispered, licking down Harry's neck.

Harry smiled. 'Half naked, naked, who cares. Just get your cock in me.'

'Your wish is my command.'

'Fast,' Harry said as Lucius pulled his boxers down. 'We gotta meet-

'Shh,' Lucius whispered, pressing a finger to Harry's lips. He muttered the lubricant charm and soon had his fingers buried in Harry's heat, twisting and thrusting to work his mate open. Harry moaned and writhed, shirt bunching up around his stomach. Lucius kissed him quickly before pulling his fingers out, spreading the lube over his cock.

He lined himself up before pausing. He pressed his right hand to Harry's stomach and the teenager gasped, sitting up. 'L-Lucius?' he asked.

Harry's stomach glowed red and Lucius smiled. 'Contraceptive charm,' he said.

Harry felt all the blood drain from his face and his heart skipped a beat. 'W-What?'

'I've been careless, Harry, I'm sorry,' Lucius said and kissed Harry's neck. 'We don't want you pregnant, now do we?'

Harry managed a weak head shake as Lucius lined himself back up. All his fears came crashing back and it was enough to outweigh the glorious feeling of his muscles being stretched, his body filled. He fell back heavily, resisting the urge to touch his stomach.

'Gods, Harry, you're so hot,' Lucius groaned, his lust blocking out Harry's worry. He leaned down and kissed Harry again before thrusting.

A few seconds was all it took for Harry to lose himself in the act and his head flopped back, lips parted in a silent scream of pleasure.

Harry only came once but it was enough, Lucius spilling into him and groaning hoarsely. They shuddered against each other, breathing heavy, bodies sated. Finally Lucius drew out with a groan, cock flacid and spreading come and lube. He leaned downed to peck Harry quickly on the lips.

'Mm,' Harry hummed, feeling rather nice. Madam Pomfrey had hinted at his high sex drive being a symptom of his pregnancy and Harry was glad Lucius was always raring to go.
That thought brought back his earlier fears and he sat up quickly.

'We should get dressed,' Lucius said, kissing Harry again. They both stood and cleaned themselves up, Harry grabbing his jeans and boxers. Lucius re-did his belt and zip, grabbing a robe and pulling it on. He flicked his hair over his shoulder and smiled. 'By the gods I love you, Harry,' he said and kissed his mate softly.

'Love you too,' Harry smiled, pushing his fears down.

'Got your coat?' Lucius asked.

Harry nodded and pulled it on, adding a scarf as he followed Lucius from their quarters.

{oOo}

It was a Hogsmeade weekend and they met Severus, Draco and the twins in the Main Hall, Fred and George teasing Draco about the hourglasses. Gryffindor was leading, with Hufflepuff only a few gems behind. Ravenclaw and Slytherin were down the bottom at least two hundred points behind the other two houses.

'Bastards,' Draco said and pushed his mates aside. 'Harry,' he smiled and hugged the other teenager.

'Hey,' Harry said and forced a smile. Draco noticed and linked his arm with Harry's. 'I'm walking with my step-mummy because you twins are tossers.'

'Us?' Fred gaped.

'We're absolute perfection,' George insisted.

Severus snorted and Lucius gave them a warm smile. He led the way outside, his best friend and future son-in-laws either side.

Draco walked slowly, making sure there was a good distance between him and the others before talking to Harry. 'What's wrong?'

Harry sighed. 'He used the contraceptive charm.'

'What?'

'He said we wouldn't want me to get pregnant,' Harry mumbled, rubbing his stomach. 'Too late for that.'

Draco sighed. 'He wouldn't say that if he knew.'

'You can't know that.'

'I can,' Draco insisted. 'My father wants more children, Harry, he wants kids with you. Just tell him.'

'I will,' Harry said, 'I can't keep this to myself forever but... I just want to build up to it, maybe hint around.'

Draco rolled his eyes. 'I think you're an idiot,' he said as they headed for the main gates.
'Thanks for that,' Harry grumbled.

Draco smiled and kissed his cheek. 'Seriously, Harry, everything will work out; you'll see.'

'I hope so,' Harry mumbled.

{oOo}

They parted ways once they reached Hogsmeade. Draco was off to meet up with Blaise and Greg, Lucius and the twins were going to Zonko's to talk to the owner about buying the store, and Harry and Severus were having lunch with Remus and Sirius.

'Meet back in two hours?' Lucius said, kissing his mate.

Harry nodded and Draco kissed the twins before dashing off.

'I'd be jealous if we weren't so handsome,' George said.

Fred grinned as Severus rolled his eyes and headed for The Hog's Head.

'Love you,' Harry said and kissed Lucius again before following the potions professor.

Sirius and Remus already had a table in the corner. Since the end of the war Aberforth had cleaned it up. The place was still dark, but then that's what most patrons wanted. But now everything was clean, there were more candles to light the tavern, and Aberforth wasn't as grouchy since being praised a hero while fighting alongside Dean, Neville, and Seamus.

The younger Dumbledore ruffled Harry's hair and shook Severus' hand. He promised to bring them the best food money could buy and hurried off.

'He's certainly come out of his shell,' Severus commented.

'The same could be said for you,' Harry grinned.

Severus smacked him over the back of the head, feeling safe in doing so since Lucius wasn't around. They made their way through the room towards Harry's godfathers.

'Harry, you're looking well,' Sirius smiled, standing to hug the Gryffindor.

'You too, Siri, I've missed you,' Harry smiled, hugging him back. He turned to Remus as Severus shook Severus' hand. 'You look...'

'Awful?' the older wizard supplied. He was pale, his hair seemed greyer then before, and he was thin. 'Full moon on Wednesday,' he sighed and hugged Harry. He stiffened and inhaled deeply.

'Rem?' Harry asked.

'We need to talk,' Remus said and dragged Harry away, Severus and Sirius staring at them in confusion. Remus backed Harry into the corner by the toilets and said, 'And when were you going to tell us?'

Harry paled. 'T-Tell you what?'
'Don't give me that,' Remus growled. 'The only way I can tell is because you know; your magic has bonded with the baby's.'

Harry's eyes widened. 'You know I'm pregnant?' Remus nodded stiffly and Harry groaned.

'What's wrong?' Remus asked.

'I haven't told Lucius,' Harry admitted.

'Why?'

Harry sighed before telling Remus his fears; that Lucius would be angry because Harry was pregnant before they were married, that Lucius wouldn't love the baby, that Lucius would be all stupid about it.

'Oh, Harry,' Remus sighed and drew him in for a hug. 'You're being ridiculous.'

'I am not,' Harry huffed.

'A baby is a gift and Lucius wants children, you know that.'

'But we're not married.'

'So?' Remus said.

'It doesn't matter to me but Lucius is old fashioned, he's a pure-blood,' Harry said. 'I know pure-bloods hate bastard children.'

'Don't talk about your baby like that,' Remus said sternly. 'He or she is a gift.'

Harry looked down.

'It'll be fine, Harry, honestly,' Remus said and smiled broadly. He hugged Harry again. 'Merlin, I'm going to be a grandfather.'

Harry chuckled and gripped him tightly. 'Yeah, you are.'

'I'm so excited,' Remus admitted. 'A little baby, Teddy will have a playmate.'

'Mm.'

'Are you going to tell Sirius?' Remus asked.

Harry said, 'Not before I tell Lucius. Draco knows, I kind of blurted it to him, and Dumbledore and Madam Pomfrey know.'

'She had to inform the headmaster,' Remus nodded. 'Well, just let us know when you tell him and how it goes.' Harry grimaced and the werewolf gripped his shoulder tightly. 'It'll be fine, Cub.'

'If you say so.'

Remus was still smiling as he and Harry made their way back to the other two men.

'Dropping me for a younger lover?' Sirius queried.

'Yuck, he's like my son,' Remus grimaced.
'Exactly,' Sirius scowled.

'Calm down, I'm happy with Lucius,' Harry said and sat beside Sirius. Remus slid into the booth beside Severus.

'So why did Remus drag you away?' Severus asked.

Harry smiled and said, 'It's a secret.'

'I've had enough secrets for a life time,' Severus drawled.

'Blah, blah,' Harry said before turning to Sirius. 'So, how are you?'

'Good,' Sirius smiled. 'I've been talking to the twins about possibly working for them if they manage to buy Zonko's with Lucius.'

'Really?' Severus asked and the Animagus nodded.

'They're interested in making maps like the Marauders one,' Remus told the group. When Severus frowned, he and his boyfriend had to quickly explain the map.

Severus rounded on Harry. 'Is that how you always managed to sneak around the castle?'

Harry grinned and said, 'Well, Fred and George gave it to me third year so I could get to Hogsmeade; I wasn't allowed to go because my aunt and uncle didn't sign my slip and there was that dangerous lunatic roaming around.'

'Oi!' Sirius interjected.

'You are a dangerous lunatic,' Severus pointed out and Remus snickered.

'I know,' the Black patriarch frowned, 'doesn't mean you have to say it so meanly.'

Harry giggled before saying, 'So, more maps, huh?'

'On a smaller scale,' Sirius said. 'Maps that people can have created for their homes or to keep track of little children.'

'I've always had the idea to place tracking spells on little kids,' Remus said, 'so parents don't have to worry about them. If they get lost, the map will show where they are.'

'That's a brilliant idea,' Harry said.

Remus and Sirius both smiled proudly as Aberforth came over with food. It was a large tray of steak and chicken burgers, hot chips, and various sauces. They all thanked him and ordered drinks before Aberforth bustled off.

'So would you work for the twins or be a partner?' Severus asked as he ate a chip.

'I'm looking at working there on a trial basis if the shop opens,' Sirius explained, grabbing a chicSken burger and sliding it onto his plate. 'If, after three months, I prove capable they're looking at bringing me on as a partner like Lee. I'll also invest in the shop, maybe help them open up a few more, and own part of whatever products I help create.'

'Sounds brilliant,' Harry grinned, taking a large bite of his chicken burger. He couldn't stand meat at the moment and was thankful that Sirius, who was sitting next to him, was eating chicken. 'So
why aren't you with the twins and Lucius at Zonko's now?' he asked.

‘If they do buy it, the shop will belong to Lucius and the twins,’ Sirius explained. ‘I'll just help with products and management. If they want to open another shop, say in another part of London, or maybe Scotland or in Europe, I'll go to a meeting then.’

‘They’re going to be rich,’ Remus hummed, sliding a chip into a small bowl of chilli sauce. ‘I always told them they were smart, if they'd just stop arsing around.’

‘Arsing around is what made them money in the first place,’ Severus pointed out and the werewolf nodded in agreement.

‘Hmm, I suppose,’ he said.

Aberforth delivered their drinks and left to serve more customers.

‘I'm glad this place has come around,’ Harry said. ‘It's a lot better now.’

‘Still dark,’ Sirius said.

‘I like dark,’ Severus said, nibbling on his food.

Sirius poked his tongue out and Harry said, ‘Real mature, Padfoot.’ Sirius just grinned.

{oOo}

Fred and Geroge were buzzing, twin looks of pure delight on their faces.

‘Merlin, we're going to own Zonko’s!’ George practically shouted, making a few people turn.

‘It'll be ours, all ours,’ Fred grinned.

‘Easy, boys,’ Lucius chuckled.

‘Sorry, yours too,’ Fred blushed.

Lucius smiled. ‘You have every right to be excited but there's a time and place.’

‘True,’ George said and looked around. ‘We should celebrate.’

‘With our little dragon,’ Fred said, his twin nodding.

Lucius chuckled and said, ‘Go find him, then. I'll meet Harry and the others.’

The twins shook his hands vigorously, thanking him for helping them acquire the shop, and bounced off to look for their mate.

Rather then go to The Hog's Head, where he knew Harry was, Lucius headed in the opposite direction. He glanced around before ducking into the shop, eyes roaming over the cases.

‘Mr Malfoy!’ the man behind the counter grinned. He was taller then Lucius and very lean, with long fingers that helped when crafting precious metals. He rounded the counter and walked over to shake his hand.
'Good afternoon, Mr Daniels, how are you today?'

'Fine, absolutely fine,' Daniels grinned, blue eyes full of delight. 'May I ask what you're looking for?'

Lucius glanced around, making sure they were alone, before saying, 'Mens engagement rings."

Daniels bounced on the balls of his feet, hands clapping together. 'You're going to propose, oh Gods, this is brilliant!'

'Shh,' Lucius hissed. 'I don't need everyone to know before my mate.'

'My apologies,' Daniels said, voice now low. 'Your secret is safe with me, of course. Now, what are you after in particular?'

'Something fetching, pricey, that will go well with Harry,' Lucius said.

Daniels nodded and led him over to the mens section. He pointed out a number of rings, all of which had Lucius shaking his head.

As Daniels brought more rings out, Lucius enquired about weddings rings. 'I want ones that will go well with rings like this,' he said and showed the jewller his Harry ring. Daniels whistled.

'That's beautiful.'

'Harry made it,' Lucius said proudly. 'I want to be able to wear this next to my wedding ring. Harry has one too though the stone is grey.'

'Of course, I can make something special, if you'd like?' Daniels asked.

'That sounds good,' Lucius nodded before an engagement ring caught his eye. 'That one, can I see it?'

Daniels smiled and drew the white box out, setting it on the glass counter. Lucius pulled the ring out.

'Eighteen caret white gold with an emerald centre stone and two diamonds either side,' Daniels said as Lucius turned the band in his fingers. 'The silver colour will go well with Mr Potter's other ring if it's like yours,' Daniels said.

Lucius slid the ring onto his own finger and checked the colouring. 'Yes, this will be perfect,' he smiled. The stone in the middle was bright green, the same colour as Harry's eyes, will the smaller diamonds either side were clear and sparkly. Lucius thought it would look spectacular on Harry's hand.

'Very good, Mr Malfoy,' Daniels beamed. 'Made by my own hand with metals from the goblins, the stones from my supplier in Australia.'

'Beautiful,' Lucius said as the man placed the ring back in the box. 'Charge it to my expense vault at Gringotts.'

'As you wish, Mr Malfoy,' Daniels said and quickly pulled out some parchment. Lucius wrote down the necessary details as Daniels asked, 'So the wedding rings, any stones or will they be plain bands?'

Lucius paused to think. 'Hmm... plain bands.'
'And you'll be wearing them with your personal rings?' he questioned.

Lucius nodded. 'Harry can do what he wishes with the engagement ring when we marry.'

'Of course, Mr Malfoy,' Daniels nodded. 'I'm thinking a honey gold for the wedding bands and perhaps something else...' he trailed off in his own thoughts and Lucius thanked him again before leaving.

He could feel the box in his pocket and one hand slipped in to touch it as he walked down the street. A smile tugged at his lips and he gripped his cane tightly.

He wanted his proposal to be special, the night would be memorable for his little mate. March 2nd was in three days and would be their seven month anniversary, a Tuesday if Lucius remembered correctly.

Yes, he would plan everything well. A big night with Harry as the centre of attention. Lucius smiled to himself as he walked.

{oOo}

Lucius kissed Harry as he slid into the booth beside him. Harry smiled as he swallowed another mouthful of hot chips, Sirius moving closer to the wall to give them more room. 'How'd it go?' the teenager asked.

'Excellent, Mr Zonko has agreed to sell us the shop for a good price,' Lucius announced.

'That's brilliant, congratulations,' Harry grinned and kissed him on the lips.

'Well done,' Remus said as Severus smiled over his butterbeer.

'Can I still work there?' Sirius asked and yelped when Remus kicked him under the table. 'What?'

'Stop thinking about yourself,' Remus hissed.

'It's okay,' Lucius chuckled as Aberforth brought him a butterbeer. 'It's up to Fred and George, they're in charge of hiring, not me. I'm just an investor.'

'And part owner of the Hogsmeade branch of Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes,' Harry said.

'Dreadful name,' Serverus drawled.

Lucius rolled his eyes. 'Anyway, I've sent word to my lawyers, who will draw up contracts and what not. Mr Zonko will contact them and we'll sign everything in a week or two.'

'Well, here's to Lucius and... where are the twins?' Harry asked.

'Off ravishing Draco, no doubt.'

'Ewe, don't say that,' Harry grimaced.

'And now you know what it's like,' Sirius grunted.
'Yuck,' Harry said and sipped his butterbeer.

{oOo}

Lucius and Harry decided to walk around Hogsmeade for a bit, leaving Severus alone with Remus and Sirius. They'd switched to scotch and Sirius was talking animatedly about working with the Weasley twins. Remus smiled and nodded along, offering a few product ideas. Severus was drawn in every now and then, talking about possible potions that could be marketed to Hogwarts students.

'Love potions, honestly,' Severus sighed. 'I get more students coming to me for antidotes then anything else.'

Sirius grinned slyly and said, 'Never take advantage?'

Severus snorted. 'No, Black, I do have standards.'

'And those would be?' Sirius asked.

'Siri,' Remus groaned.

'What?' Sirius said, looking across the table at his boyfriend. 'I'm just curious.'

Remus glanced at Severus, who sipped his scotch. 'No, it's fine,' he said. 'I don't really have a specific type, just someone I connect with on an emotional and intellectual level.'

'Boys or girls?' Sirius grinned.

'You are incouragable,' Remus tutted.

'Either, I don't mind,' Severus admitted.

'Really?' Sirius said, eyebrow raised. 'Severus Snape likes men as well as women?'

'Gender doesn't mean anything,' Severus said dismissively.

'Women are... why would you want to do that with them?' Sirius asked, wrinkling his nose.

Severus smirked as Remus said, 'I agree with you, Sev. Women, men, no difference.' Sirius pouted and Remus smiled. 'Of course I love you, Siri, I don't want any woman.'

'Good,' Sirius huffed and leaned across the table. He pulled Remus in for a snog and Severus tried to ignore them. It was a bit difficult with Remus pressed up against him, groaning as Sirius' tongue licked at his lips and finally got in.

Severus wet his own lips and looked down, staring pointedly at the table. Remus' hand brushed his crotch and he jumped.

'Gods, I'm sorry,' Remus said, pushing Sirius away. He was blushing, lips swollen and hair dishevelled.

'I'm not,' Sirius smirked.
Severus cleared his throat and stood quickly. 'Not to worry.'

'Where are you going?' Remus asked as Severus tried to push past him. The other man finally stood and let the Slytherin out.

'Erm... p-potion,' Severus mumbled and left quickly.

He stalked down the street, cloak pulled close, wind cold on his heated face. He could not believe that he was blushing. Him, Severus Snape, was *blushing* because another man had touched him.

*A handsome man*, his mind supplied and Severus growled, freaking out two third years who quickly scrambled away from him. *Admit it, he's pretty gorgeous.*

'Never,' Severus muttered under his breath.

*Sure, sure*, his mind teased. *Like you've never looked.*

'I haven't,' he argued with himself.

*All those times in potions? All those times Remus was studying while Potter and Black were being idiots? You never once noticed the warm amber of his eyes, the paleness of his skin, how good he looked in those robes-*

'Shit up!' he shouted before looking around. Thankfully he was alone, the road leading to Hogwarts deserted. Severus scowled and kept walking, fingers curled into fists.

*Admit it, you're attracted to him.*

The Slytherin growled again.

*You like him.*

Severus froze, eyes wide as his mind connected the dots. 'Oh dear Salazar,' he groaned. All those years and he'd never realised, had never admitted to himself that he'd maybe, quite possibly, been looking at Remus Lupin in class, during Quidditch games, when he was studying in the sun, completely focused on his book...

... and later, reconnecting because of Harry and Lucius. Those hours in the potions lab, in the sitting room, conversing and arguing, playing chess and just spending time together.

'Fuck,' Severus cursed when he realised that he maybe, quite possibly... yes, he fancied Remus Lupin.
Surprises

A lot can change in a couple of days. Harry Potter had started eating lunch in the library with Hermione and Draco. His excuse to Lucius was that he wanted to study. Ron thought he'd gone barmy, the twins were busy with plans to redesign Zonko's in the Weasleys' colours, and Lucius was just happy that his mate was taking his N.E.W.T studies seriously. In truth Harry was still having problems with morning sickness (or afternoon sickness, whatever) so hid in the library with his friends to avoid eating.

Draco was blissfully happy, not even their upcoming exams bringing him down. He and the twins had had a few fights, mostly small ones about them teasing him, and about Draco being an arrogant sod. But mostly they managed to stay happy and talk their problems out.

Lucius was busy with schoolwork, helping the twins with their new business, and wondering why his best friend had turned into a moody git.

Severus Snape was the biggest change. He'd come back from the holidays in a good mood and had even gone slightly easy on his students. After the Hogsmeade weekend he was grouchy, took points from everyone (except Slytherin) and ignored letters sent by Remus Lupin or Sirius Black.

He wasn't about to admit that he had a crush on Remus; and that's all it was, a crush, damn it! Severus Snape didn't fall for people, he didn't dream about people, and he didn't bloody dream about Remus Lupin!

{oOo}

Harry sighed and rubbed his stomach. He was feeling a bit sick and Ron's constant talk about food wasn't helping. Hermione noticed and sent Ron on ahead before turning to him.

'Are you okay?'

'Fine,' Harry said, though he looked a little pale. 'Erm, Hermione, can I get you to do something for me?'

'What?' the witch asked.

Harry dug into his pocket and pulled out a piece of parchment. It was a list of pregnancy books Madam Pomfrey had suggested he read. Harry couldn't have them delivered to his quarters, Lucius would no doubt find them, and he couldn't think of an excuse to go to Flourish and Blotts without his mate.

So he took a deep breath and said, 'Can you order these books for me?'

'Can't you?' Hermione said, though took the list anyway. He watched as she looked down to read the titles. 'Erm... Harry,' she said slowly, 'is there something you want to tell me?' When he remained silent, she looked up. Her intelligent eyes scanned over his face, pale in colour, and the way he held his stomach. They went wide and she looked down at the list again. 'Merlin, Harry,' she breathed. 'Are you pregnant?'
Harry nodded. 'Nine weeks.'

'Oh my gods,' she squealed and hugged him tightly. 'That's so amazing!'

Harry couldn't help but smile. 'Yeah, it is.'

'What did Lucius say?'

'I haven't told him yet.' Hermione frowned and Harry quickly said that he was waiting for the right moment; he wanted it to be special. It was partly true and Hermione accepted it.

'So, you want me to order these so he doesn't find out?' Harry nodded and she beamed. 'Not a problem. I can even magic different covers onto them so you can carry them around. Or I could hang onto them and we can read in the library.'

'Thanks, Hermione, you're a life saver,' he grinned.

Hermione beamed and hugged him again. 'Gods, I'm gonna be an aunt!' 'Of course you are,' Harry chuckled as he followed her to the library, Hermione prattling on about nappies and baby names.

{oOo}

Harry was pulled out of class by his mate, who smiled sweetly at a glaring Severus Snape.

'So sorry, Professor, but I really need Mr Potter,' Lucius said.

*Horny bastard,* Severus thought. 'Fine,' he said and waved his hand. 'It's not like I'll miss him.'

Harry raised an eyebrow as Lucius dragged him from the classroom. 'What's up with Sev?'

'No idea,' Lucius said as he threaded his fingers through Harry's and tugged him further into the dungeons. 'He's been a crabby bastard since that Hogsmeade weekend.'

'Do you think something happened?' Harry asked.

Lucius shrugged. 'No idea, Sev isn't the talkative type.'

'Mm,' Harry said, thinking about the potions master. 'Anyway, where are we going?'

'Our quarters.'

'Why?'

Lucius just smiled. 'You'll see.'

{oOo}
Harry gasped when they got to their quarters. The way to their bedroom was lined with sunflowers, Harry's favourite since he'd learned his dad liked them. Lucius smiled as he pulled Harry along and to the bedroom. Vases of sunflowers lined every flat surface, petals littered over the floor and bed.

'What is this?' Harry asked.

Lucius turned the teenager around so they were facing each other and planted a soft, tender kiss to his mate's lips. 'Happy anniversary, love.'

Harry blushed. 'R-Really?'

'Seven months,' Lucius nodded. 'I have a big night planned.'

Harry grinned stupidly as Lucius made him drop his bag and pull off his robes.

'Now, we're going to lay in bed just spending some quality time together until we leave at five.'

'Really?' Harry asked as Lucius made him sit on the mattress. 'No sex?'

'That comes later,' Lucius said and crawled beside him. He laid down, pillows propping him up, and pulled Harry into his arms. 'As I've said before, sex with you is wonderful, but sometimes it's nice to just spend time together.'

'Mm,' Harry said and snuggled into his side. 'I love you so much.'

'I love you too, little one.'

{oOo}

Harry was dozing peacefully, not asleep but just relaxed. Lucius was a warm presence beside him, his long fingers stroking through Harry's hair. They'd spent the afternoon just kissing and talking, making up for time spent apart because of school work.

Lucius checked his pocketwatch before saying, 'Come on, love, time to get up.'

'I'm not opposed to spending the night here,' Harry said and stretched out.

'No, no, no, I've got plans, you're not going to ruin them,' Lucius said and moved, slipping out of bed. Harry pouted but followed, standing and yawning.

'So, what plans?'

'It's a secret.'

'It stops being a secret if you tell me,' Harry said.

Lucius smiled. 'Get dressed.'

Harry grumbled under his breath but walked into the wardrobe. 'Robes or Muggle?' he asked.

'Muggle,' Lucius said. 'It's still fairly cool out so wear a coat and take a scarf.'

'Yes, Mother.'
'Harry,' Lucius tutted and the teenager poked his tongue out. 'Aren't you the mummy?' he questioned as he pulled his shirt off. 'Or are the twins and Draco lying?'

'Shut up,' Harry growled as he slipped from his school trousers. He grabbed a pair of denim jeans and pulled them on before sliding his tie off.

Lucius smiled and turned to dress himself.

Harry went for a red polo shirt, a blue button-up over it, and a black coat. He wound a green striped scarf around his neck before sitting to pull trainers on.

Lucius also dressed in jeans (Harry lost a few minutes leering), a white singlet with a black button-up over the top, a well-fitted grey coat that fell to his thighs, and a long red scarf.

'Done?' he asked, turning to look at Harry as he tied his hair back with a black ribbon.

Harry blinked and tore his eyes away from Lucius' groin. 'Erm...'

Lucius chuckled and leaned down to kiss him. 'There's plenty of time for that latter, my little minx,' he whispered against the teenager's lips.

Harry blushed and allowed Lucius to pull him up. The blonde inspected his clothes before nodding and kissing his cheek.

'Now go tell Draco and the twins that we're going,'

Harry smiled and left, Lucius waiting until he as gone before turning. He pulled open his underwear drawer and rummaged around in the back before finding it; the small white box that Lucius had kept hidden for weeks. He checked that the ring was there before stuffing it into his inner-coat pocket, making sure it was secure before following his mate.

Draco and the twins were on the sofa watching TV. It had been a big hit at the Manor and Hermione and Dumbledore had both helped Harry set one up in the sitting room. Draco and the twins were all pure-bloods so were fascinated with television. Then again Harry had grown up Muggle and he loved it too; but he'd never been allowed to watch TV at the Dursley's.

They were watching a video. Videos were apparently becoming obsolete, DVDs were the future if Hermione was right, but there was more available on video so they mostly watched them. They were currently watching Die Hard, a favourite to them all, and John McClane had just shouted his catchphrase when Lucius walked in.

'Take that, Hans!' Draco yelled.

'He kind of looks like Severus,' Lucius commented.

'He does too!' the twins shouted in glee. 'Professor Gruber!'

Lucius chuckled and said, 'Ready, Harry?'

The teenager nodded as Fred asked, 'Where are you going?'

'He won't tell me,' Harry pouted.

'What a meanie,' George said and Harry nodded in agreement.

Draco was too absorbed with the movie to even listen to them and Lucius smiled. 'Come, Harry,
you'll find out soon enough.'

'I'd better,' Harry said, threading his arm through Lucius'. 'Bye guys, don't wait up.'

Fred and George grinned as Draco clapped at a fire-fight on screen. Fred snuggled into Draco's side while George wrapped an arm around the blonde's shoulders.

'Guns are so cool,' Draco commented.

Fred rolled his eyes and George chuckled.

{oOo}

They walked through the corridors and out across the grounds in silence, Harry trying to think of where they could be going. Seven months seemed such a short time to Harry; he felt like he'd been dating Lucius forever. They finally reached the front gates and Lucius wrapped his other arm around his mate. 'Ready?'

Harry nodded and closed his eyes as Lucius apparated.

The teenager groaned and stumbled, stomach feeling quesy.

'Okay there?' Lucius asked.

Harry was glad he usually felt nauseous after apparating; Lucius would notice if he suddenly started throwing up for no reason. 'Yeah,' he said, rubbing his stomach, 'I just hate apparating.'

'You get use to it.'

'Not likely,' Harry said before looking around. They were standing in a dark alley, streetlights to their right and bustling crowds. Harry frowned and said, 'London?'

'Muggle London,' Lucius smiled.

'Why was you bringing me here a secret?' Harry asked.

Lucius' smile broadened and he took Harry's arm again. 'You'll see.'

'I'm beginning to hate you,' Harry grumbled and Lucius chuckled as he led him towards the lights.

They walked through the streets together, just enjoying each other's company. They discussed a few Muggle things as well as the twins' joke shop and Severus' sour mood. Suddenly they stopped and Harry turned.

'Luce?'

He smiled and led Harry towards a small restaurant.

'Sushi,' Harry smiled when he realised they were at the same little bar they'd visited on their first date.

'Yes,' Lucius nodded. 'I'm re-creating our first date.'
Harry grinned. 'Gods, you're a romantic old sod, you know that?'

Lucius chuckled and tugged Harry into the restaurant.

One of the books Hermione had ordered for Harry was filled with lists of what he could and couldn't do while pregnant. He had to stay away from alcohol and other drugs, he couldn't apparate or use too much magic, and absolutely no sports. Thankfully Lucius had been too worried about Harry's "bug" to let him play his last game so Harry had sat it out, a fourth year taking his place.

He couldn't eat raw fish or anything sugary in large quantities. Luckily rice and chicken were okay (Harry still had an aversion to meat) so he let Lucius buy him two schnitzel rolls and they wandered over to the low brick wall they'd sat on all those months ago and ate.

Harry devoured his two rolls quickly, drowning them in soy sauce, and Lucius watched him with amusement. Harry moaned and rubbed his stomach when he was done. Lucius leaned forward and kissed him, licking stray sauce from his lips.

'Delicious,' he said before pecking Harry again and eating his food.

As always Harry's appetite was never-ending and he was still hungry when they threw their rubbish into a bin. Like the first time they stopped at a small cafe and got drinks; Harry a bottle of water, Lucius coffee. They sipped their drinks, arms linked together, as they walked around London, just enjoying the sights, the people, and each other.

'When do you think Draco and the twins will complete their bond?' Harry asked suddenly.

Lucius licked foam from his lips and said, 'Soon.'

'Really?'

The blonde nodded. 'They don't have any of the troubles we faced when we first got together; their family supports them completely, the world doesn't hate the twins for taking Draco, and Molly... well, she's a nutcase, so...' He trailed off and sipped his coffee again. 'They're closer in age, they're at the same level of experience... I think they'll bond soon.'

'Mm, me too,' Harry said, he and Lucius stopping as the light turned green. 'They're so close already and they get along well; who would have thought?'

'They do have a fair bit in common,' Lucius agreed. 'All three enjoy reading, Quidditch, think highly of themselves- Harry snorted, '- and hold family above all else.'

'And the twins are fun, they've really helped Draco unwind,' Harry said. The light went red and there was a pause before they were allowed to cross, a thick crowd either side of them.

'True,' Lucius nodded. 'Draco's a bit too serious, though all Malfoys are. I'm glad the twins can get past that and show him a good time.'

'So, you're re-creating our first date, huh?' Harry asked.

Lucius smiled. 'Yes, why?'

'Chips!' Harry shouted and dragged him to a small store. Lucius chuckled as his mate bought a foam container with hot chips, chilli sauce and garlic sauce drizzled over the top. 'Ah, hot!' he shouted, fanning his face.
'This happened last time,' Lucius said and handed Harry his bottle of water. Harry downed half of it and groaned.

Lucius pulled him towards the railing that ran along the Thames and, looking around to make sure they were alone, pulled out his wand. He pointed it at Harry's mouth and muttered a quick healing charm.

Harry groaned in relief and blew on his next forkfull before taking a bite. 'Mm, yummy,' he mumbled.

Lucius smiled and wrapped an arm around him while they leaned on the railing, staring out across the river.

'Can you believe we've been together seven months?'

Harry slurped sauce from his fork and said, 'Mm, seems longer.'

'True,' Lucius nodded.

'It's been the best few months of my life,' Harry grinned. 'To think that just over seven months ago you were in Azkaban and I was stuck at Hogwarts feeling sick.'

Lucius sighed. 'I hate that place.'

Harry looked at him carefully. They'd spoken about Lucius' stints in prison but not really in depth. Harry knew that the first time Lucius had had something to fight for; namely keeping Draco away from the Dark Lord. The second time, however, he had nothing; his wife had divorced him, his son was safe, and he had no idea who his mate was.

'I hate to think of you in there,' Harry said.

'Well I'm not now,' Lucius smiled and kissed his forehead. 'Because of you.'

'I'm a nosey little sod, aren't I?' Harry grinned.

Lucius chuckled. 'Yes, you are; you just have to run into danger head on.'

'I wasn't in danger, you were,' Harry pointed out. 'I had to save you.'

'Are you glad you did?' Lucius asked.

Harry smiled. 'Definitely.' He shoved a chip into Lucius' mouth and watched the man turn red as chilli sauce covered his tongue. He burst out laughing when Lucius grabbed his water, chugging down a mouthful. 'That-that won't- Merlin, I'm dying- aha... that won't help, only m-milk works,' Harry giggled breathlessly.

Lucius scowled and said, 'So perhaps we should skip rice and go straight to ice-cream?'

Harry licked his lips. 'Oh, I dunno, I'm alright.'

Lucius cursed and tugged him away from the railing.

{oOo}
'He sent it back again,' Remus said.

Sirius glanced up from his magazine to see Remus' owl, Xuan, sitting on the window sill with a letter clutched in his beak. 'You mean Severus?'

Remus nodded and took the letter, noting that it was unopened. 'I don't understand why he's ignoring them.'

Sirius shrugged and Remus looked at him.

'Did you do something?'

'What?' Sirius gaped. 'Why do you assume that I did something?'

'Because it's usually you.'

Sirius smiled. 'Fair point,' he conceded, 'but no, I haven't spoken to Severus since he left The Hog's Head.'

'He seemed... weird, don't you think?'

Sirius nodded. 'He did... maybe we did something unintentionally?'

Remus frowned as he tried to think. When he came up empty handed he sighed and stood.

'Where are you going?'

'Hogwarts, I need to know if we've done something,' Remus said, grabbing his cloak. 'You coming?'

'Fine,' Sirius said and threw his magazine down. 'But if it's you at fault I'm totally taking the mickey.'

Remus rolled his eyes and grabbed the floo powder.

{oOo}

The burning in Lucius' mouth had subsided (though he was still grumbling) and they walked through the park together, lights twinkling overhead. Harry had an arm wrapped around Lucius' waist and was leaning against him, smiling stupidly to himself.

'We should buy some DVDs,' Lucius commented.

'What, now?' Harry asked as they followed the winding footpath.

Lucius nodded. 'On our first date you took me to a Muggle store, remember?'

'Ah, so gotta follow that night, right?'

Lucius nodded again. 'Besides skipping the rice, yes, we have to follow it exactly.' Except at the end of the night, Lucius thought, brushing his hand against the box in his coat pocket.
'M'kay, do you remember where the shop is?'

'No.'

'Then how are we supposed to buy DVDs?' Harry questioned.

'We'll just roam around and look.'

'What's this?' Harry said and stepped back, hand going to his heart. 'Lucius Malfoy doesn't have a plan?' Lucius rolled his eyes and Harry continued. 'Sweet Salazar Slytherin, who are you and what have you done with my mate?'

'Harry, please-'

'No, no, no,' Harry cut him off, shaking his head, arms spread before him. 'I won't hear any vile lies, Blondie.'

'Blondie?' Lucius questioned.

'Tell me where my mate is!' Harry shouted, drawing some questioning looks.

'Harry, people are looking!' Lucius hissed.

Harry smirked evilly and folded his arms. 'Well tell me the truth or I'll shout even louder.' Lucius scowled. 'WHERE IS MY- OI!'

Lucius had darted forward and hauled Harry over his shoulder. He started walking and Harry giggled, thumping his fists against Lucius' back.

'Unhand me, vile creature.'

'Never,' Lucius said.

'You git.'

'I do try,' Lucius smirked. 'Now, how about a piggyback ride?'

Harry's face lit up and he stared at the ground. 'Really?'

'Recreating our first date, remember?'

'So... are we gonna steal mugs?'

Lucius chuckled. 'You stole mugs, not me.'

'Fine, am I going to steal mugs?' Harry corrected.

'If you want,' Lucius shrugged.

'Piggyback me!' Harry shouted, more people staring then before.

'You're the vile little creature,' Lucius said, planting Harry back on the ground.

'Nothing little about me,' Harry grinned saucily and kissed him quickly.

Lucius groaned as Harry rounded him and jumped. He latched onto Lucius, arms around the blonde's neck, and Lucius' arms circled around Harry's calves to keep him in place. Harry wiggled,
pushing his crotch against Lucius' back, and heard the man moan.

'Filthy beast,' Harry giggled.

'Dirty minx,' Lucius countered.

Harry leaned forward to kiss his cheek before saying, 'Onwards, horsie.'

'I loathe you.'

'Nah ah.'

Lucius chuckled and started walking.

{oOo}

Severus Snape was sitting in his classroom trying to magic filth from the bottom of three school cauldrons. The first years seemed intent on sending him insane; six of them hadn't bothered packing their cauldrons and their excuses were, 'Holidays, sir'. Holidays, like he cared.

There was a knock on the classroom door and Severus growled. He felt sorry for whatever idiot had decided to annoy him. He marched over to the door and ripped it open, ready to shout at the stupid kid- - only to clamp up when he came face to face with Remus Lupin and Sirius Black.

'Hello, Sev,' Sirius said cheerfully.

'Severus,' Remus smiled.

'Erm... hello,' Severus said and turned as they both walked in. 'What are you doing here?'

'Why have you been ignoring Remus' owls?' Sirius asked.

'Gods, no tact,' Remus sighed and rubbed his eyes. 'Sev, have we... upset you?'

'No,' the Slytherin answered shortly, hand still on the door handle.

'So why are you ignoring us?' Remus asked. 'I'm just worried that we've-'

'You've done nothing,' Severus cut in. 'Now please, I have a lot of work to do.'

He was staring at the floor, the wall, at anything but Remus Lupin. The man seemed to be everywhere; his cologne was heavenly (how had Severus not noticed that before?) and he looked delicious, his clothes better then they had ever been. Severus supposed Sirius was making sure his boyfriend had nice clothes.

He scowled when said boyfriend mumbled, 'I'm positive I didn't do anything, Remy.'

'Neither of you did anything,' Severus said. 'Would you just leave?'

'Why?' Remus asked. 'You're acting odd.'
"What, don't like us anymore?" Sirius pouted.

Severus froze and his eyes darted to Remus before he looked away. Remus frowned in confusion and Sirius' mouth fell open.

*Oh no, Severus thought. Please, no.*

'Oh good Godric,' Sirius gaped. 'You... you...'

'Black,' Severus growled, hoping to Merlin, Circe, and any other bloody god that Sirius would shut the fuck up.

'You like Remus?' Sirius blurted.

{oOo}

They eventually found a shopping centre, though neither were sure if it was the one they'd visited on their first date. Harry refused to get down and Lucius had to carry him through the place before they reached the store. Harry pointing at shelves above his head. Lucius didn't mind really; Harry was so very warm and his scent assaulted the man, pushing everything else away. He quite liked carrying Harry around and showing the Muggles who the teenager belonged to.

Harry picked out DVDs he liked, sitting them between his stomach and Lucius' back. Lucius nodded at ones he liked, grimaced at ones he disliked, and they argued over what to buy for Draco and the twins.

When they reached the counter Harry had to slide off so Lucius could pay so instead he wrapped his arms around the blonde's waist. He snuggled into his side and the teenage girl behind the counter grinned broadly at them.

'Harry, do you have change?' Lucius asked.

Harry dug into his jeans and found a few coins in his back pocket. He handed them over to the girl, who quickly bagged their purchases.

Lucius' eyes were drawn to the computer stand and Harry smiled. 'Go look, I'll get these.' He smiled and kissed Harry quickly before darting off.

'You two are so cute together,' the girl gushed as soon as Lucius was gone.

'Thank you,' Harry grinned.

'You're a lucky man,' she smiled, handing over his bags.

Harry looked at Lucius, who was tapping at the keys of the computer in rapt fascination. 'Yeah,' he agreed, 'I am.'

{oOo}
After managing to pull Lucius away from the computers, they hit a bookstore like they had on their first date. Harry got some paperback novels, more interested in Muggle stories since he'd started watching television. Lucius too picked out a few novels, as well as books on British Muggle history. They shrunk their bags once out of sight of any Muggles and continued on their way.

Lucius got his ice-cream when they passed a familiar gelato stand. Harry got a scoop of banana ice-cream in a waffle cone and managed to talk Lucius into trying a cookies-and-cream scoop in a cone and watched in amusement as he ate it; Lucius Malfoy doing anything normal fascinated Harry.

After another hour of walking around and just staring at everything Muggle, they reached The Gaslight; the cafe they'd visited on their first date and on Lucius' birthday.

Harry gaped at the sight before him. A medium sized table had been seperated from the rest and was covered with an emerald green cloth trimmed in silver. The seats looked comfier then your average wooden chair and had soft silver pillows on the wood.

There was a chiller beside the table, a bottle of wine and what looked like butterbeer resting on the ice.

The best part though were the lights hanging from around the two large umbrellas that had been erected over the table; they looked like Christmas lights and were warm reds, blues, greens, yellows, and purples. It was romantic, absolutely beautiful, and Harry grinned as Lucius led him over.

A waiter came out and lit two green candles, setting them in the middle of the table. Lucius pulled Harry's chair out and tucked him in before sitting himself. The waiter placed two pieces of banana cake on the table with spoons before adding two wine glasses.

'Thank you,' Harry said before looking at Lucius. 'How did you do this?'

'Money goes a long way, Harry,' Lucius smiled as he spread his napkin over his lap. 'Do you like it?'

'Like it... Lucius, this is amazing,' Harry said.

Lucius smiled and pulled the bottle of butterbeer from the chiller. He poured the amber liquid into Harry's glass before putting the bottle back and pulling out the wine. He filled his glass and set the wine aside.

Suddenly Lucius reached into his coat sleeve and withdrew a single sunflower. Harry grinned and accepted it, looking down at the bright yellow flower. When he looked back up Lucius had produced a thin glass vase and Harry put the flower in.

'That flower will last forever, Harry,' Lucius told him.

'How?' Harry asked.

'Magic,' Lucius winked. Harry snorted. 'Well,' Lucius said and picked up his wine. 'A toast.' Harry grinned and grabbed his glass. 'To you, Harry Potter, for completing me, loving me, and just being with me. I love you more then words can possibly say.'

Harry smiled. 'And to Lucius Malfoy, for seeing me for me; for seeing the Gryffindor, the Quidditch lover, the man behind the scar. I love you so much.'
They clinked their glasses together and Lucius said, 'To us.'

'To us,' Harry agreed and sipped his butterbeer.

{oOo}

Severus gave the other wizard his very best death glare and the Animagus wilted. He had the decency to look ashamed; the Gryffindor never did have any tact.

'You... just get out!' Severus snarled, pointing at the door.

'I'm sorry,' Sirius tried. 'Really, I didn't think-'

'You never think,' Severus said and turned his back. 'Just leave, now, I don't want to see either of you.'

There was silence, Sirius wringing his hands and feeling horrible, Severus glaring at the wall, and Remus frowning.

'You like me?' the werewolf asked.

Severus tensed, keeping quiet.

'Do you?' Remus asked.

Wetting his lips, the potions master said a very quiet, 'Yes.'

'How long?'

'I... I don't know,' Severus admitted. He turned to see Remus looking confused and sighed. 'Since... I don't know, Lupin, I realised at The Hog's Head two weeks ago and'-

'Is that why you've been ignoring us?' Sirius asked. "Cause you wanna shag Remy?"

'I never said that!' Severus growled.

Sirius rolled his eyes. 'Like you don't.'

'Siri, shut up,' Remus said and his boyfriend pressed his lips together. 'Severus, liking someone... that's not a crime, you know.'

Severus glared at him. 'I am perfectly aware of that, Lupin-' Remus winced at the use of his last name, '-' however I don't enjoy lusting after men in relationships. So, please leave.'

'Can't we talk about this?' Remus asked.

'There's nothing to talk about,' Severus said. 'I'm severing our connection before these... these feelings,' he spat the word like venom, 'get out of hand. So, again, I ask that you to leave.'

Remus looked at Sirius for help and his boyfriend sighed, sitting on one of the work benches. 'We're not leaving until we discuss this.'

'This is my classroom,' Severus snarled.
'So?' Sirius shrugged. 'Since when do I do anything anyone tells me?' He raised an eyebrow and Severus snorted. 'Let's all sit.'

Remus took a seat near him and finally Severus gave in. There was no arguing with Sirius Black. He sat heavily a good few feet from them and crossed his arms and legs.

'Now,' Remus said when Severus sat, 'you like me?'

'I believe I said that,' Severus growled.

'Right,' the other man nodded. 'Okay, so... what, you want to date me?'

Severus rolled his eyes. 'You're in a-

'Relationship, I know,' Remus cut in. 'If I wasn't, would you date me?'

Severus paused before nodding.

'Even though I'm a werewolf?'

Another nod.

'And a Gryffindor?'

Severus sighed. 'Lupin, I know all this about you, and yet I still like you. So yes, even though you're a werewolf and a Gryffindor, I would still date you. You're...' 

'Yes?' Remus asked.

Severus looked down and spoke softly. 'Smart, handsome, kind...'

Sirius smiled. 'He is, ain't he?'

The Slytherin glared at him.

Remus sighed and rubbed his eyes. 'Look, there's no easy way out of this situation,' he said. 'How about we just forget it?'

'Forget it?' Severus echoed.

The werewolf nodded. 'We'll just forget that you said that and go back to being friends. I'm sure it's just a crush, it'll go away.'

Sirius didn't look so convinced. After all, he'd been crushing on Remus since Hogwarts too.

Severus looked between them both before saying, 'Fine, we can forget it.'

Remus smiled and it melted Severus' heart. He ignored the feeling as he stood. 'I have homework to mark.'

'Can we have dinner on the weekend?' Remus asked. 'Please, just to-

'Yes,' Severus cut him off. 'Fine, just owl me.'

'Will you open it?' Remus asked.

Severus rolled his eyes. 'Yes, Remus, I will.'
Remus grinned and said, 'Okay, good. Well, I'm glad that's sorted.'

He stood and made for the door, Severus watching him.

'Well, seems everyone wants Remus,' Sirius commented.

Severus sighed.

'I don't hate you for wanting him,' Sirius added, Severus looking at him in surprise. Sirius shrugged and said, 'I love him and he loves me, you liking him won't change that.' He paused to look Severus up and down, the Slytherin feeling like he was being leered at. Sirius smiled and said, 'Seeya later.'

Severus just nodded and watched them go. When he was alone he fell to sit heavily and rubbed his face, letting out a long breath of air.

_Idiot_, he thought. _You were a spy for two decades for Merlin's sake, and Black saw through you? Idiot, idiot, idiot!

He looked up at the door, picturing Remus Lupin's smile. He groaned.

This was way more then a crush.

And he didn't know how to make it go away.

{oOo}

They chatted softly as they ate their cake, Harry licking his spoon clean and making Lucius' jeans feel uncomfortable. Finally they were done and Harry leaned back, sipping his drink.

'Merlin, Luce, this is so perfect,' he said and smiled at the blonde. 'Best anniversary ever.'

Lucius chuckled. 'Just wait until we reach the one year mark.'

'Gonna put up colourful lights all over London?' Harry asked.

'Now there's an idea,' Lucius mused.

'I was joking, you prat,' Harry said. 'Don't light up London.'

Lucius fake pouted and Harry giggled as he drained his glass. Lucius refilled both their glasses before setting his down. He leaned over and took Harry's left hand in both of his. 'Harry...' he began.

'Yeah?' Harry said when Lucius failed to continue.

The entire night had been building up to this moment. Lucius knew without a doubt that he wanted to propose to Harry here and now. They could wait until after he graduated to marry, hell they could wait fifty years and Lucius wouldn't care. As long as Harry said yes.

But now that the moment was upon them, Lucius was feeling nervous. Was this the right way to do it? Was Harry ready for a proposal? Were the lights too much?
'Lucius, this is all wonderful,' Harry said, breaking the Slytherin from his thoughts. He looked up to see Harry smiling warmly. 'Whatever you want to say, just say.'

'You're right,' Lucius said and took a deep breath. 'Harry, my life was incomplete before you, I was incomplete before you, and not just because my veela hadn't found it's mate. I was incomplete because I'm only half a person without you, a shell. You bring out my better qualities, you make me a better person.'

Harry blinked as Lucius continued.

'You make me so happy, Harry, that it shouldn't be legal; how anyone can be as perfect as you I'll never know.'

'I'm not perfect,' Harry cut in.

Lucius smiled. 'To me, you are. You're perfect for me in every way; Gryffindor blood, temper, and hero complex included.'

Harry chuckled and said, 'Trust you to compliment and tease me in the same sentence.'

'Let me finish,' Lucius scowled, though his eyes were warm. Harry smiled and nodded.

'As I was saying... bugger, I forgot,' Lucius admitted. Harry giggled but didn't say anything. 'Anyway, my point is, that I never want to let you go,' Lucius continued. 'I love you, I want you with me forever, and I want to show the world that you're mine.'

Harry frowned, puzzled. 'Luce, what are you saying?'

'Well... perhaps a question of my own will answer that rather than my rambling,' Lucius said and stood. Harry followed his movements, still frowning when Lucius stood before him.

And then he slowly got down, sliding onto one knee gracefully. Harry's mouth fell open as Lucius' right hand dove into his coat pocket.

'L-Lucius, what are you doing?' Harry asked, brain short-circuiting as Lucius pulled out a white box.

'What's it look like?' Lucius said, but he was too nervous to sound very teasing. He wet his lips before flicking the box open.

The ring was beautiful; white gold or silver, Harry couldn't tell, with a square-cut emerald in the middle and a clear diamond either side. It looked expensive and Harry gaped as Lucius looked up at him.

'Harry James Potter,' Lucius said, making Harry tear his eyes away from the ring. He could see that Lucius was nervous and stared. 'Will you make me the happiest man in the world? Will you promise to be mine forever?' He paused before finally taking the plunge. 'Harry, will you marry me?'

There was silence, Harry and Lucius staring at each other, one in a chair, one kneeling with a box. Harry was vaguely aware of the waiter and owner watching them inside but couldn't really give a fuck.

Lucius.
Lucius Malfoy.

His mate.

Had just asked Harry to marry him.

Him.

Harry Potter.

LUCIUS MALFOY!

Lucius frowned at Harry's continued silence and said, 'Little one, you're starting to worry me.'

Harry looked up at him, emerald eyes large.

'Harry?'

'I'm pregnant,' Harry blurted.
Lucius' Thoughts

Lucius stared up at Harry, completely frozen.

'Er...’ Harry mumbled. 'Lucius?’

Finally Lucius blinked and said, 'What did you just say?’ Harry paled. 'Harry,’ Lucius was growling now, 'what did you just say?’

'I'm... I'm p-pregnant,’ Harry said.

Lucius stared.

'Luc-'

'You're pregnant?’ Lucius asked and Harry nodded. 'I... see...’

Harry felt fresh fear stampeding through him.

'How far along?’

'T-Ten weeks,’ Harry said.

Lucius stiffened and Harry swallowed thickly. 'So... around Yule...’ he mumbled.

'Lucius-’

'When did you find out?’

'About... about two weeks ago.’

Lucius’ eyes darkened and Harry paled even further. 'Two weeks?’ he said. Harry nodded. 'You've known you were pregnant for two weeks and you didn't bother to tell me?’

'Luc-'

Lucius stood, shoving the ring into his pocket and stalking into the cafe. Harry turned to watch as Lucius shoved money at the owner and waiter before coming back. He hauled Harry from his seat and grabbed the sunflower before tugging the teenager along.

'Lucius, please talk to me,’ Harry said.

Lucius growled and Harry looked down. He didn't try to speak again, not even when Lucius tugged them into a dark corner and apparated.

{oOo}

Draco and the twins were asleep on the sofa when they got back. Harry didn't have the energy to wake them and summoned a blanket from the hallway closet. He draped it over the three and switched the television off before following Lucius, who'd disappeared down the hallway.
Harry entered their bedroom to find Lucius staring out the window, arms crossed, back to Harry. The teenager stood still, wondering what was going to happen.

'You're pregnant?' Lucius asked, breaking the silence suddenly.

Harry nodded before he realised Lucius couldn't see him. 'Yes,' he said quietly.

'Ten weeks?'

'Y-Yes,' Harry repeated.

Lucius stiffened. Harry could feel anger and annoyance from his Lucius Band. But there were other emotions there, ones he couldn't feel over his own terror.

'And you've known...' He trailed off and Harry looked down.

'Um... two weeks.

Lucius growled and turned to glare at his mate. Harry cowered. 'You've known for two weeks and you didn't bother to tell me?' he demanded. Harry was silent. 'You've known for two weeks, two whole weeks, that you were carrying our child, and you didn't think I should know?'

'I'm sorry,' Harry whimpered.

'Why would you keep that to yourself?'

'I didn't want you to be mad,' Harry blurted.

Lucius stared at him. 'What?'

'I didn't... I knew you'd be mad and upset,' Harry mumbled, staring at his shoes. 'You said we were going to wait until after we were married and... I went and got knocked up.'

Suddenly a warm hand was gripping his chin and Harry looked up. Lucius was standing before him, eyes a mixture of hurt and sadness.

'Harry...' he said softly. 'I'm not mad.'

'What?'

'Well, I'm mad that you didn't tell me,' Lucius admitted. 'A baby is a gift, a great honour, why would I be upset?'

'You wanted to wait.'

Lucius sighed. 'I know I said that but... I'm happy.'

Harry frowned and asked, 'You are?'

Lucius grinned and Harry could finally tell what those emotions were; joy, love, excitement. Harry had never felt the likes of it. Lucius was practically bursting with pride and happiness.

'Harry, we're going to have a baby,' the blonde said. 'A little you and me. Maybe a blonde-haired, green-eyed witch, or a scruffy-haired wizard with pale grey eyes... can you imagine that?'

He dropped to his knees and pushed Harry's shirt up, exposing his belly to the cold night air. He
grinned and leaned forward, pressing a soft kiss to Harry's skin.

'Harry, my love, my world,' Lucius said. 'You're carrying our child, a child that represents our love and life together. You've made me the happiest man in the world.'

Tears spilled from Harry's eyes and he cupped Lucius' face in both hands. 'Really?'

'Really,' Lucius nodded.

'You want this child?'

'More then anything in the world.'

Tears rolled down Harry's cheeks and he said, 'Yes.'

Lucius frowned. 'What?'

'Yes,' Harry repeated.

'I don't... what?' Lucius said again.

Harry slid to his knees and knelt before Lucius, facing him, hands still cupping his cheeks. He looked deep into Lucius' eyes before kissing him softly. When he drew back he said, 'Yes, Lucius, a thousand times yes.'

It took Lucius a minute, but when he figured out what Harry was saying he grinned. His smile was beautiful, gorgeous, as powerful as the sun. Warmth and love spread through Harry's chest and fresh tears blurred his vision.

'Are you saying that you'll marry me?' Lucius asked.

Harry nodded. 'Yes, Lucius, I'll marry you,' he said, voice thick with emotion.

Lucius grinned and pulled him in for a hug, breathing in deeply as he buried his face in Harry's neck. 'Now you've made me the happiest man in the world,' he mumbled.

Harry chuckled. 'I dunno, Luce. I think I might take that crown.'

Lucius smiled and hugged Harry tightly.

{oOo}

They sat in the armchair together, Harry on Lucius' lap, Lucius' right hand resting on his stomach. His left was stroking through Harry's hair slowly, making the teenager sigh.

'Harry?'

'I thought for sure that you'd explode,' Harry murmured. 'Well, you did a little.'

'I was upset that you didn't trust me,' Lucius said. 'I love you, Harry, I would never hate you for getting pregnant. I'm the one who's supposed to use the charm, remember?'

'I freaked out when you used it,' Harry said. 'And when you said you didn't want me to get
pregnant.'

Lucius sighed. 'I just think it'd be easier if we were doing this after you've graduated and decided what you wanted to do. Now you have to deal with a pregnancy on top of your N.E.W.T.S... I'm sorry, I've added to your stress.'

'You've given me a baby to love and raise with you,' Harry said, turning to kiss him. 'Never apologise for that.'

'Too forgiving,' Lucius mumbled when Harry pulled back.

'You should be happy I am,' Harry said. 'I can forgive you for ruining a perfect evening.'

'Me?' Lucius said. 'How did I ruin it?'

'By not telling me you were happy in the first place.'

Lucius rolled his eyes and Harry nudged him. 'Fine, I'm sorry I ruined the night.'

'Damn right you are.'

'Brat.'

Harry turned quickly to kiss him, lips hard and passionate against Lucius' own. The blonde groaned and wrapped both arms around him, pulling the teenager closer. They pushed against each other, starting new kisses whenever one ended, fast running out of breath.

When they pulled back Harry grinned and said, 'What did you call me?'

'A delicious, sexy Gryffindor who I want to make love to,' Lucius said.

'That's what I thought,' Harry said and stood. He kicked his shoes off and bent to pull off his socks. Lucius slid behind him and grabbed Harry by the hips. He thrust forward, grinding his crotch against Harry's arse. The teenager groaned and grabbed at the armchair to steady himself, Lucius continuing to push them together. 'L-Luce...'

'Mm?' the Slytherin hummed.

'P-Please, I can't stand any teasing, not now,' Harry gasped.

Lucius smiled and drew Harry up. He leaned over the Gryffindor's shoulder to kiss him softly, fingers firm on his chin. 'Your wish is my command,' he said when they broke apart.

Lucius pulled back and held his hand out. Harry linked their fingers and was led to their bed, Lucius waving his hand. A silencing charm went around the room and Lucius turned to pull Harry closer. He kissed the teenager softly, Harry humming under his breath. Lucius turned him and slowly lowered Harry to the bed.

Lucius climbed onto the mattress. They shuffled a bit until Harry was lying in the middle of the bed, Lucius between his legs. Lucius started kissing his face; forehead, each eye, cheeks and jaw, his chin, before moving back to his lips.

He captured them and kissed tenderly, sweetly, love radiating from the simple gesture to fill Harry with warmth and love. Lucius' emotions were running rampant in his chest; love, lust, excitement, smugness, so many things that were fighting with Harry's own feelings.
He focused on the lust and wrapped his legs around Lucius' waist, pushing up to rut their crotches together. Lucius groaned against his lips and kissed harder, tongue licking broad strokes, teeth digging into his bottom lip and sucking.

Harry moaned and thrust harder, needing stimulation against his hardening shaft. When Lucius tried to move away from his lips, Harry's hands shot out; one grabbed onto Lucius' shoulder, fingers digging into his shirt, while the other rested against Lucius' neck. He pushed Lucius' hair aside and dragged him down, crashing their lips back together.

Groaning, Lucius took all his weight on his knees so he could use his hands. He stroked Harry's hair, his face, his neck with his left fingers, while his right pushed under Harry's shoulders. He lifted the teenager so they could press together, Harry groaning against Lucius' lips.

'Harry,' Lucius breathed, the Gryffindor's name somehow sounding so filthy yet loving on the blonde's lips.

'I love you,' Harry said, breaking their kiss to look up at him. Lucius' eyes were dark with arousal yet so very warm; it sent a thrill of love and lust straight down Harry's spin and to his crotch, making him even harder then he already was.

'I love you too, my beautiful, sweet Harry,' Lucius said, kissing him quickly in rapid succession. 'I love you so much it hurts.'

'What does that even mean?' Harry asked.

'No idea,' Lucius said and the green-eyed wizard chuckled. Lucius smiled and drew back to kiss Harry's neck, his right arm shifting from beneath the teenager, Harry lowering himself back to the bed.

Lucius brushed his fingers down Harry's shirt and the buttons popped open magically. He growled low and kissed Harry again.

'What?' Harry asked.

'Was it your idea to wear a polo shirt?' Lucius demanded.

Harry grinned and pushed him back. Lucius allowed his mate to sit up and watched as Harry shrugged out of his blue button-up, tossing it to the side. His arms went up and Lucius grabbed the hem of his polo shirt. He pulled it up and over the teenager's head, Harry's glasses falling off as Lucius threw the shirt aside.

Harry put his glasses back on and Lucius immediately assaulted his mouth; lips, teeth, and tongue all being used to make Harry groan. Lucius' fingers drifted down Harry's muscled chest, flicking a nipple just to hear the breathy gasp the Gryffindor always gave, before moving down his flat stomach, sliding through dark hair, tracing the lines that hinted at a four pack.

Lucius paused, smooth hands cupping Harry's abdomen, and the teenager pulled away. 'Luce?'

'You're pregnant,' Lucius said and grinned.

'I know,' Harry said.

'You're going to get big,' Lucius said and pushed Harry down. He kissed his way down Harry's chest to his stomach, lips following the same path his fingers had. Harry giggled as Lucius' tongue dipped into his belly button. 'You'll grow bigger as our baby grows, as you help nurture his or her
'Is that your way of saying I'll get fat?' Harry asked.

Lucius tisked and kissed his stomach. 'Harry, my love, you won't get fat; you're pregnant.'

'I'll get fat,' Harry huffed, playing with Lucius' hair. 'Will you still love me?'

'I'll love you no matter what.'

'Even when I'm so big I can't see my toes?'

'Of course.'

'And when I'm running around like a lunatic because of hormones?'

'You seem to forget the past few weeks,' Lucius smiled, looking up at him. 'You've been a right maniac.'

'Have not,' Harry pouted.

Lucius smiled and kissed his stomach again. 'Harry, you're beautiful, and you'll be even more gorgeous when you get bigger. I can't wait to see your stomach swollen because of me.'

'Smug sod,' Harry muttered, scratching at Lucius' scalp. The Slytherin hummed, cheek resting against Harry's abdomen. When he pressed slightly he could feel that Harry's stomach was thicker already, his magic having worked to form a womb for the baby.

'I wasn't around Narcissa much when she was pregnant,' Lucius admitted. 'She didn't want me to see her.'

'Why?'

'She said she wasn't her while she was pregnant; she believed she was fat, ugly, and couldn't be seen in public.'

'That's stupid,' Harry said. 'She was pregnant, that's a gift.'

'We know that, unfortunately she didn't seem to,' Lucius said, drawing himself back up. 'I want to be with you every step of the way, Harry. Please don't leave me out, not again.'

'I won't, I promise,' Harry said. He cupped Lucius' chiselled jaw, thumb stroking his cheek. 'I promise,' he said again.

Lucius smiled and moved to kiss his plam, his wrist, before moving up Harry's arm and body to kiss him on the lips. Harry sighed contently against his mouth as Lucius got back to work.

His fingers trailed down Harry's chest and stomach, once again rubbing at his abdomen, before going further. He flicked open the button of Harry's jeans and drew the zip. Lucius' hand slid inside and he stroked at the cotton of Harry's boxers, the teenager gasping loudly. He traced the outline of Harry's erection, up and down, Harry moaning.

'Lucius, what did I say ab-about- ah- t-teasing?'

'To do it as often as I can?' Lucius suggested, using his plam to apply pressure to his mate's cock.
'N-No, you fuck- *ah*, that's nice!' 

Lucius smiled as Harry trailed off into soft groans. The Gryffindor was leaning on his elbows, head tipped back, and lips parted as he moaned. Lucius took pity on his sobbing mate and withdrew his hand, Harry groaning at the loss. He hooked his fingers under the waistband of Harry's jeans and tugged them down, sliding back across the silk sheets. Harry lifted his hips and helped Lucius draw his jeans down, the blonde purposely touching as much exposed skin as possible. 

'You prat,' Harry groaned as Lucius threw the younger wizard's jeans over his shoulders. 

Lucius chuckled and slithered back up the bed, kissing Harry's calves, his knees, the insides of his thighs. Harry's breathing became shorter and shorter, fingers gripping the sheets tightly, as Lucius moved up to his cock. He mouthed the length through Harry's boxers, his mate moaning and falling back, head hitting the pillows. 

His hips arched up, Harry rubbing his crotch against Lucius' face. Lucius hummed and breathed in deeply, that delicious scent that was uniquely Harry filling his entire body. 

'You're delicious,' he couldn't help but say. 

'Well maybe you should taste me then,' Harry said, pushing up again. 

Lucius chuckled. 'Cheeky little Gryffindor.' 

'Please,' Harry moaned. 

Lucius licked a strip across the cotton, which was wet with pre-come and saliva. He kissed and licked his way back to Harry's stomach, tongue teasing the sliver of skin just above the waistband of his boxers. 

'Lucius, please,' Harry begged again. 

'I want to appreciate you,' Lucius said. 

'Appreciate me when I'm not horny.' 

'Usually it's me who's so demanding,' Lucius commented, sucking back to form a red love-mark below Harry's belly button. 

'Argh, I hate you,' Harry groaned. 

'Do not.' 

'Do,' the teenager pouted. 

Lucius chuckled and licked his stomach again before lifting up the waistband of Harry's boxers. His tongue flicked out to draw lazy circles, each movement getting closer and closer to the part Harry wanted touched. 

He moaned and tried to push up, tried to get Lucius to move further down. But Lucius seemed determined to tease him, no matter what Harry said, and the Gryffindor growled in frustration when Lucius' tongue came back up to his belly button. 

It turned into a giggle and Lucius' nimble fingers swept up and down his naked sides, making Harry groan and laugh at the same time. His body shivered in pleasure even as Harry tried to swat his hands away.
'Luce- ah- s-stop it, you prat, that t-t-tickles!'

'Why do you think I'm doing it?' Lucius teased, thumb brushing over a hard nipple.

'I h-hate you, you stupid-stupid S-Slytherin... gah, bastard!' Harry yelled, squirming to get away.

Lucius smiled and drew him back, pressing soft kisses to Harry's stomach. 'My apologies, that was mean.'

'Damn right it was mean,' Harry huffed, face red.

'I love you.'

'Mm.'

'Do you love me?'

'Suppose I do.'

Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'Only suppose?'

Harry smiled. 'Well after that little display... not sure I do.'

Lucius scowled, though his eyes were alight with pleasure. 'Is that so?'

'Mm-hmm,' Harry nodded. 'Not even sure you love me.'

'Now, now, no need to be mean.'

'Just being honest,' Harry said. 'You've been a right bastard tonight.'

'I have not.'

'Have too,' Harry teased.

Lucius kissed Harry's stomach again. 'I'll show you how much I love you then, shall I?'

Harry feigned disinterest and Lucius chuckled.

'And you too,' he said, talking to Harry's stomach. 'I love you too.'

Harry smiled as Lucius' hands rubbed up and down his sides before coming to a rest on his hips. Suddenly he pulled Harry's boxers down, shuffling across the mattress so he could draw them down Harry's legs and off. He tossed them to the side and moved back up, slotting himself between Harry's legs.

'Well, this is certainly interesting,' the blonde mused as he looked down at Harry's erect cock. It twitched against Harry's stomach, pre-come beading on the slit, the head swollen.

'Oh, that,' Harry said, smiling slightly. 'Just something that seems to enjoy your teasing.'

'Should I thank him?'

Harry giggled. 'He might like that, yes.'

'And would you like that?' Lucius asked.
'No,' Harry said, eyes dark with lust.

Lucius smiled and leaned down. Arms either side of Harry's thighs, he parted his lips and placed his tongue on Harry's balls. He licked across them slowly, Harry letting out a guttural moan. He grabbed two pillows and stuffed them behind his shoulders so he could watch as Lucius licked him.

The blonde sucked one of Harry's testicles into his mouth and the teenager gasped, eyes going wide as Lucius sucked, tongue swirling around the soft skin. He let it fall from his mouth to lick and suck the other one, right fingers drawing circles on Harry's skin and moving closer and closer.

His index finger touched the head of Harry's cock, which twitched violently, before stroking down the entire length and to the base. He stroked back up as he continued to suck on Harry's balls, the teenager breathing heavily.

'Merlin, Lucius,' he groaned.

'Oh, so you do like that?' Lucius teased, kissing and rubbing his lips along Harry's testicles.

'N-No,' Harry said.

Lucius smiled. 'He seems to think so,' he said and gestured to Harry's thick shaft.

'He thinks with his cock,' Harry said and Lucius chuckled.

'You have a filthy mouth,' Lucius commented before licking Harry's sack again, finger rubbing up and down.

Harry's retort was a low groan and Lucius smirked before moving. He pressed his tongue against Harry's shaft and flattened it before licking up as slowly as he could. He felt Harry's skin graze along his tastebuds, his nostrils filled with Harry's scent and the musky smell of sex. The air was thick with lust and magic as Lucius continued to tease his mate.

'Oh fuck,' Harry moaned when the tip of Lucius' tongue brushed his slit, licking away the pre-come that had been oozing for a good few minutes. Lucius smiled and licked Harry's cock again, curling his tongue at the base to stop being repetative. Harry hissed as Lucius once again licked the head of his cock, tongue swirling before going back down. 'L-Lu-Lucius,' Harry moaned.

'Mm? What was that, my love?'

Harry's breathing had deepened, chest rising and falling with each inhale and exhale. His eyes had darkened considerably, pupils blown with lust, and Lucius smiled.

'N-N-Nothing,' Harry got out as Lucius tipped his head. He opened his mouth and sucked Harry's shaft from the side, tongue licking as he moved up and down. Harry's mouth fell open and he shivered, hips thrusting up when Lucius reached the tip.

Strong hands pushed him down and held him to the bed. Harry groaned, his head falling back, eyes closed.

'Why are you doing this?' he demanded.

'Well, I was a little mean, wasn't I?' the blonde said, breathing over Harry's wet shaft and making the teenager bite his lip. 'I want to make it up to you.'
'By teasing me to within an inch of my life?' Harry demanded.

Lucius chuckled. 'Oh, Harry,' he said and lifted himself up slightly. 'The teasing hasn't even begun.' Harry's head came back up and he looked at Lucius, mouth open to retort-

- he gasped in shock as Lucius took the tip of his cock in his mouth, lips expanding and adding pressure as his tongue licked and swirled.

'Oh gods,' Harry gaped.

'Mm...' Lucius hummed, voice sending vibrations straight through Harry's shaft. The Gryffindor moaned as Lucius moved further down, slowly sucking half of Harry's cock into his mouth. His lips expanded even further, saliva slicking Harry's shaft, tongue licking up and down, swirling, flicking, really doing everything in it's power to drive Harry insane.

Lucius still had Harry pinned to the mattress but that didn't stop the teenager trying to thrust up. His body shook as Lucius suddenly sucked, cheeks hollowing as he pulled back, lips dragging along Harry's heated skin, tongue continuing to lick.

'Fuck, Lucius!' the Gryffindor moaned, head flopping back as Lucius sucked on the head of his cock. He swallowed before moving back down, taking Harry in inch by inch, the blonde seeming to have no trouble swallowing Harry right down to the root.

The tip of Harry's cock pushed into his throat and Lucius paused, lips wrapped around the base of his cock. Harry looked down just as Lucius swallowed again, throat stimulating his head and making Harry swear hoarsely. Once again he tried to thrust up but Lucius was too strong and kept him down. He drew back slowly, paused, and went back down.

It continued for minutes... or hours, Harry's brain really wasn't paying attention. His entire body felt overheated and his cock was aching, his arse clenching. Fuck, he just wanted to come, he needed to come so badly. Lucius was being too slow, damn it!

As if he could read Harry's mind, the blonde started bobbing up and down, lips hardening and throat working to bring Harry off. He sucked back hard and finally let Harry's thighs go.

Harry thrust up immediately, burying his cock down Lucius' throat, and came hard. He cried out and arched off the bed, Lucius' hands rubbing down his thighs, his stomach, around to cup and squeeze his arse. Harry shuddered through his orgasm, body feeling alight with pleasure. When he finally sank back down Lucius went with him, sucking and licking Harry clean.

Lucius pulled back with a wet pop and ran his tongue over his pink lips slowly. 'It seems you did like that,' he smirked.

Harry groaned, breathing heavily, staring at Lucius with sated eyes. 'Uhh... uh-huh,' he breathed.

Lucius chuckled and kissed his way back up Harry's body. He hovered over the teenager before kissing him on the lips, Harry groaning when he tasted himself and Lucius. The Slytherin's tongue licked at his lips slowly and continued to so, even when Harry opened his mouth.

Soon Lucius' tongue dipped in, exploring Harry's tongue and teeth, spreading the salty taste of the Gryffindor's seed. Harry moaned and pushed up to deepen the kiss, sucking Lucius' tongue into his mouth. Lucius slowly lowered his body onto Harry's, careful not to put any pressure on his stomach.

Lucius pressed their crotches together and rutted back and forth, his mate grunting into his mouth.
Harry's hands brushed through Lucius' hair before mapping out the broad expanse of his back.

'Too- many- clothes,' Harry growled, each word punctuated by a kiss.

Lucius chuckled. He kissed Harry again before leaning back on his feet. He made sure to un-button his shirt as slowly as possible, Harry's eyes drinking him in as he did. Lucius shrugged the shirt off and let it fall onto the bed before raising his arms. He tore his singlet off and Harry groaned, sitting up quickly.

He ran his fingers and palms over Lucius' toned chest, enjoying the smooth skin and hard muscles he could feel underneath. Lucius was gloriously fit, he didn't look his forty-four years (More like twenty, Harry mused). He licked his lips as he rubbed Lucius' nipples, the man inhaling sharply. Harry smiled and shuffled to his knees.

Wetting his lips, Harry leaned forward and kissed Lucius' chest, the older wizard's soft chest hair tickling his lips. He moved down to his right nipple and flattened his tongue as he licked over it.

Lucius groaned and Harry did it again, repeating the movements of his tongue before sucking with his lips. One of the blonde's hands came up, fingers threading through Harry's hair tightly. Harry's tongue swirled around the hard nub before his teeth dug into the flesh around it. Lucius gasped and pulled Harry closer, trying to keep him in place.

Harry sucked and lapped at the nipple for a few seconds while his fingers circled the other, flicking over it and pinching.

'Oh, Harry,' Lucius moaned. Harry glanced up and could vaguely see that Lucius had his head tipped back, lips parted as he moaned softly.

When the teenager began to move lower, tongue sliding through blonde hair and over taut muscles, Lucius pulled back. He quickly flipped Harry onto his stomach and mounted him, crotch pressed into Harry's arse.

'Ah, ah,' Lucius chastised, one finger tracing Harry's spine.

'Lucius,' Harry moaned, turning his head to breathe and talk. 'Please.'

'Please what?'

'Just... fuck, touch me again,' Harry said and rutted his hardening cock against the sheets.

Lucius smiled. 'Well I would if you said those three words.'

'Huh?' Harry blinked stupidly.

Lucius tisked and leaned forward, body heavy on Harry's own. His breath tickled the Gryffindor's ear as he whispered, 'Just three words, Harry. Three little words and I'll fill that tight little hole of yours.' Harry groaned. 'What was that?'

'I love you,' Harry said.

' Hmm? Didn't quite catch that.'

'I love you!' Harry shouted.

'Who, me?' Lucius smirked.
'Yes,' Harry cried. 'For fuck's sake, Luce, I LOVE YOU!'

'How lovely.'

'Now fuck me you wanker!'

Lucius chuckled and moved. Harry blinked and twisted to see Lucius standing, the man getting his belt and trousers undone. Harry watched as the blonde slid both his jeans and underwear down his long, pale legs, muscles rippling as he did. He toed his shoes off, his socks and other clothing soon following and being kicked off the bed.

He stood in all his naked glory, Harry drinking him in. Lucius was so very perfect and Harry still couldn't believe that he was his; all of Lucius, his brain and body and just... everything, it was Harry's.

Lucius remained standing and trailed his fingers down his chest, his stomach, tracing his well-defined four pack before going further, so much further. Harry licked his lips as Lucius' slender fingers touched his cock. The blonde groaned very softly, eyes half-lidded and focused entirely on Harry's face.

Harry moaned when Lucius wrapped his fingers around his cock and pulled. He stroked himself slowly but firmly from root to tip, wrist twisting when he got to his head, thumb swiping through the pre-ejaculate oozing from his slit. Lucius licked his lips slowly and Harry whimpered as he turned to watch Lucius properly. Lucius' free hand started pulling and fondling his balls, the man groaning deeply, head tipped back.

Harry couldn't stand just watching anymore and reached out to touch - only to find himself flipped onto his stomach, Lucius straddling his thighs yet again. The older wizard made sure Harry wasn't hurt before slowly moving up and down, his large, thick cock sliding between the teenager's cheeks.

'What was that?' Lucius asked when Harry whimpered loudly.

'L-Love you,' Harry groaned. 'P-Please, Lucius, I need you to f-fuck me.'

'Do you now?'

'YES!' Harry shouted.

Lucius chuckled and pushed slightly harder, the head of his cock sliding over Harry's puckered entrance. Harry gasped, going still, as Lucius continued to tease him. Suddenly the Slytherin's cock slid further and further down, over one cheek, a thigh, down to the back of his knee and his calf...

'What are you doing?' Harry demanded, trying to turn.

'No, no, this night is all about you,' Lucius reminded the teenager, a firm hand on Harry's back keeping him pinned to the mattress.

'Lucius, for fuck's sake, just- ooohhh... ' Harry's rant was cut off by a long moan when Lucius' tongue licked down the centre of his arse.

'Mm?' Lucius hummed.

Harry wiggled his hips and Lucius smiled.
'And you call me a tease.' He licked again and Harry groaned louder, eyes sliding shut and hips thrusting off the bed.

Lucius grabbed Harry's cheeks with both hands and squeezed tightly, fingers digging into the soft flesh; Harry had the most gorgeous arse Lucius had ever seen and he was planning on sinking into it soon. For now, though, he'd just enjoy pleasing his mate.

A quick cleansing charm tickled Harry slightly before Lucius' tongue circled his entrance.

Harry gnawed on his bottom lip as he thrust back, whimpering and moaning every time the blonde's tongue flicked or pushed. Lucius suddenly buried his face in Harry's arse and his tongue was forced all the way in.

Harry gasped at the sudden penetration and the wonderful feelings that followed. He groaned loudly as Lucius tongue-fucked him, thrusting all the way in before pulling out to lick around his hole.

The Gryffindor lost himself in a haze of pleasure and lust, moaning and biting the pillow beneath his head as he screamed in pleasure. Lucius' hand slid between him and the sheets, roughly cupping Harry's cock and stroking.

Harry cried out as he came a second time, leaking all over the sheets and Lucius' hand. Lucius continued to lick and suck as he rode out his orgasm, body shaking as liquid shot from his cock.

He fell to the bed with a groan, breathing heavily, face feeling like it was on fire. Lucius smirked and drew back, muttering the lubricant charm. Before Harry had fully recovered a finger was being inserted, a low moan escaping his swollen lips as his mate stretched him.

Lucius was meticulous; he thrust his finger in and out, circling every so often, and stabbing at his prostate every few pushes. Harry found that he was allowed to push back and rolled his hips, moaning again when Lucius added a second, and finally a third finger. He scissored them, stretching Harry's muscles until he was satisfied.

Lucius leaned back and spread the gel across his aching cock. He was painfully hard and needed to bury himself inside his mate, now.

So he did just that, thrusting in in one swift movement, Harry crying out as his hole was stretched even further, a faint burn and ache lancing up his back from his arse. Lucius paused to let him adjust, leaning on his fists.

Taking deep breaths, Harry rolled his hips to show that he was ready. Lucius placed soft kisses across his neck, his shoulder blades, before drawing out until only the tip of his cock remained inside.

He thrust back in and Harry moaned as he was suddenly filled again, body pushed into the mattress. Lucius repeated the process; he pulled almost all the way out before quickly thrusting in hard, Harry groaning loudly each time.

'Ah, Lucius,' Harry moaned, rubbing his face into the mattress. 'Lucius, Lucius, Lucius.'

'Do you love me?' Lucius asked.

'Uh-huh.'

'Say it,' the blonde murmured, thrusting hard and hitting Harry's prostate.
'I love you!' he cried out. 'Fuck, I love you so-so much...'

Lucius growled his approval and started thrusting hard, pounding into the teenager beneath him. Harry breathed heavily, moans of ecstasy being ripped from his lips so easily. He bounced on the mattress, cock hardening as it slid against the silk sheets. Lucius leaned down, breathing heavy as he muttered filthy things in Harry's ear.

Soon he was painfully erect, each of Lucius' thrusts filling him so beautifully, hitting all the right spots and making Harry feel complete. He couldn't believe how good sex was; it shouldn't be legal. He briefly wondered if sex was this good for everyone before Lucius was slamming into him hard, effectively cutting off all train of thought.

'Oh gods, Lucius, you fuck me so good,' Harry moaned.

Lucius groaned behind him, thrusting in harder.

'Fuck, so... ah, Merlin!'

'Harry, you're so incredibly tight,' Lucius moaned. 'So hot and tight...'

Harry clenched his muscles and Lucius' hips faltered, his cock suddenly in a vice-like grip.

'Fuck, Harry.' He leaned back on his legs, Harry's left one between his knees, and spread the teenager's cheeks. He watched as he plunged back in slowly, Harry's muscles stretching over and over again to accommodate his girth. 'You're so beautiful,' he moaned.

'Uuuhhh...' Harry whimpered

Lucius thrust in as hard as he could, penetrating Harry deeply. He quickly established a fast rhythm, Harry writhing on the bed before him, thrusting his hips back to draw Lucius in deeper.

Lucius didn't know how long he could last, not with Harry's sweet heat gripping him so wonderfully, or with all the beautiful noises his young mate was making. So he pulled out and flipped the Gryffindor, Harry's eyes dark, face bright red.

Grabbing Harry's legs, Lucius drew them over his arms before thrusting back in. He angled himself to hit Harry's prostate and the teenager cried out, head thrust back into the pillows as he was fucked hard.

'Lucius, ah, fuck, that's so... y-yes, just there, love!'

Harry continued to groan and utter filthy words that had Lucius' head dropping, eyes squeezed shut and teeth clenched as he fucked his mate. 'H-Harry,' he moaned, 'I can't hold out m-much... longer...'

'Come, please come- ah- Luce,' Harry begged, voice breathless. 'Please, I want you to f-fill me.'

Lucius moaned and fucked him harder, pounding Harry into the mattress. He covered the teenager's body with his own, hips snapping to continue burying himself in the Gryffindor's heat, balls slapping painfully against Harry's arse.

'Fuck, yes, right there!' Harry shouted. 'So close, Luce, fuck me!'

'Oh gods, Harry,' Lucius moaned.

'Yes, yes, yes,' Harry whimpered. His right hand came up to circle his raging shaft, quickly stroking
in time with Lucius' punishing thrusts. Lucius licked and kissed his way to Harry's Mark.

'Come with me,' he hissed.

'Yes,' Harry agreed.

Lucius sank his teeth into Harry's Mark, tongue coming out to lick the black design before he sucked back. Harry arched up and cried out as he came, white liquid spitting across his sweaty stomach and chest. His muscles clenched around Lucius' cock painfully and the Slytherin roared his release, spilling into his mate and slicking his insides.

'Fuck, a-ahhh,' Lucius moaned.

'Shit,' Harry groaned with him.

Lucius fell to smother Harry with his weight, panting heavily against the teenager's neck.

'S-So... goood,' Harry moaned, cock twitching against his sticky stomach.

'Mm...,' Lucius hummed.

'Don't... f-fall asleep,' Harry yawned.

'I wouldn't dream of it,' Lucius said. He rolled off of his mate, softening cock slipping from his hole. Harry groaned at the loss and rolled over to follow Lucius, snuggling into his side immediately.

'You're a prat, teasing me like that,' Harry grumbled.

'You loved it,' Lucius smiled.

'Bastard,' Harry muttered.

Lucius chuckled and climbed out of bed, Harry growlin in annoyance. The Slytherin smiled and quickly cleaned them up before reaching for his trousers.

'Harry, love, I know you're tired,' Lucius said as he slid back onto the bed, 'but we need to do something before you fall asleep.'

'No, no more sex,' Harry groaned. 'Too tired, Luce.'

Lucius smiled. 'Not sex, little one.'

'Then what?' Harry grumbled, still not opening his eyes. Lucius made him sit up and Harry sighed. When he opened his eyes, a ring box was before him, Lucius holding it carefully. He flipped it open to show Harry the white gold engagement ring. 'Oh.'

'Will you wear it until we marry?' Lucius asked.

'Of course I will,' Harry grinned.

Lucius smiled again and pulled the ring from the box. Harry held out his left hand and Lucius slid it onto his ring finger, the band resizing to fit him. The engagement band went well with Harry's Lucius ring and the teenager stared it at.

'Wow.'
'Cost me a fortune so you'd better like it,' Lucius teased.

Harry smiled and nudged him. 'Pompous git.'

'You love it.'

'Mm,' Harry said and leaned up to kiss him. 'Thank you.'

'Not a problem.'

'Can I go to sleep now?'

Lucius chuckled and held his arms out. They snuggled together under the blankets, Harry quickly falling asleep. Lucius watched him for a while, watched Harry's lips move with silent words, his chest rise and fall with each breath. He placed his right hand on Harry's stomach and the teenager muttered under his breath and pushed into the touch.

The smile never left Lucius' face, even when he fell asleep.

His hand didn't move from Harry's stomach either.
The Engagement

When Harry woke he was feeling very warm, maybe a little too warm. Usually his and Lucius' body temperatures combined was enough to keep him comfortable. Harry opened his eyes, the entire world blurry because of his shoddy eyesight. He yawned and tried to rub his face, only to find his arms pinned. One was at his side, the other being used as a pillow by Lord Lucius Malfoy.

Turning, Harry realised that he had rolled onto his back at some point during the night and Lucius had went with him. His mate was half lying on him, one arm wrapped around Harry, the other above his head. His cheek was pressed to Harry's arm, face turned in his direction.

Harry tried to squirm out from under the older wizard but Lucius was strong, even in sleep. He mumbled something against Harry's skin and kept sleeping. Harry groaned; Lucius was pressing against his stomach and Harry was busting for the loo. He managed to move his right arm, the one Lucius currently wasn't nuzzling, and brushed it along Lucius' stomach, trying to move-

He froze when he touched a very hard part of his mate that was twitching awake in the early hours of the morning. Lucius' morning erection was thick and long against Harry's hand and Harry touched it carefully.

Lucius groaned beside him and his hips thrust involuntarily as Harry started stroking him.

_Hmm, might get him up_, Harry thought and then giggled at his innuendo. He wrapped his fingers firmly around Lucius' shaft and stroked from root to tip, Lucius moaning again. When he shuffled in his sleep, no doubt trying to give Harry a better angle, the teenager pushed. Lucius rolled onto his back, still asleep, and his lips parted in a soft gasp.

Harry sat up and looked at the bathroom door. His eyes slid back to Lucius; beautiful, sweet Lucius, lying on his back, muscles taut, cock thick...

Harry grinned and shuffled to his knees. He crawled down the bed and between Lucius' legs, spreading them a bit as he licked his lips. He leaned down and licked Lucius from his balls to the head of his cock, the muscle strengthening and twitching. Lucius groaned in his sleep as Harry continued to lick, his right hand curling around the base.

Lucius gasped loudly as Harry's mouth sank around the head of his cock and sucked...

{oOo}

Lucius was having the most wonderful dream. It was his and Harry's wedding night and his little mate's belly was swollen with Lucius' baby, his face glowing with good health. He looked absolutely gorgeous as he crawled up the bed, pushing Lucius' legs apart.

Usually Lucius liked being on top, he liked pleasuring his mate, but he wasn't going to say no to a blowjob from Harry. He leaned back on his elbows, blonde hair cascading over his shoulders, and watched with lust-blown eyes as Harry went down on him.

It was absolutely exquisite; Harry's lips were puffy from kissing, his mouth warm and moist, his tongue hot and delicate as it licked at Lucius' heated skin. Lucius groaned and his head tipped
back, lips parted as Harry's talented tongue flattened and licked up and down his cock. When he pulled back it swirled around the head, licking away pre-come and sending shots of pleasure right down Lucius' shaft.

Lucius moaned again as Harry's right hand circled the base of his cock, his left rubbing Lucius' thigh before moving down to touch his balls. Lucius' head came back up so he could watch. He watched as his rather impressive cock (if he did say so himself) disappeared into his mate's mouth. How Harry could fit that much was beyond him but Lucius wasn't about to question it.

He was once again encased in a beautiful all-consuming heat, Harry's lips expanding to fit around Lucius' cock. He sucked as he moved down, cheeks hollowing, and buried his nose in Lucius' blonde pubic hair. Lucius swore as the head of his cock slid down Harry's throat, the Gryffindor swallowing.

'FUCK, Harry,' the blonde groaned, shaking slightly as Harry repeated the movements.

Harry smirked at him, Lucius swore he did, and went back down.

'Oh Gods, I'm gonna come,' Lucius moaned and tried to sit up. He wanted to push Harry off so he could take him; fill his mate to the brim and slick his insides.

But Harry had other ideas and latched onto his thighs, head bobbing up and down, lips adding pressure, tongue working overtime...

'Harry, p-please, I want... I want...' Lucius moaned.

"What do you want?" Harry asked silently. "Tell me, Lucius."

He sucked back hard and Lucius' mouth fell open. "I want to fuck you," he groaned.

"You still can."

"No, Harry-"

"Let go, Lucius," Harry told him, movements quickening and sending Lucius crashing towards the edge. "Let me see you come; let me taste you."

"Oh Merlin, Harry..."

"Come, Lucius..."

Lucius gasped, heat and pleasure spiking throughout his body.

"Come..." Harry whispered and swallowed-

Lucius swore hoarsely as he arched up, burying his cock down Harry's throat. He shot his release into his mate's mouth, Harry sucking and licking him clean, humming as his tongue was coated in Lucius' delicious liquid.

Lucius groaned and shuddered through his orgasm before dropping back onto the bed, breathing heavily and trying to blink...

{oOo}
Harry licked his lips clean, always loving the taste of Lucius. He didn't get to partake in oral sex as much as he would like. Lucius had no problem fucking his face halfway through sex, or going down on Harry until he screamed, but it usually took Lucius at least twenty minutes to get hard again and he'd much rather come inside Harry then down his throat.

So the teenager was feeling pretty proud of himself as he leaned back on his feet. Lucius had woken up when he came and was blinking blearily, eyes hazy with both sleep and his pleasure.

'Alright there?' Harry asked.

Lucius frowned and his eyes darted to Harry's stomach.

'Erm... you remember last night, right?' Harry asked nervously.

'I proposed to you, you told me you were pregnant, we talked and had great make-up sex/celebration sex,' Lucius said.

Harry smiled. 'Well... yeah.'

'Hmm...' 

'Um... so...' Harry began.

'Did you just wake me up with a blowjob?' Lucius asked.

Harry giggled and blushed slightly. 'Er, yeah... yeah, I did.'

'May I ask why?'

'I needed to- bathroom!' Harry shouted the last word and stumbled from bed, tearing into the bathroom. Lucius chuckled and placed his arms under his head, leaning back and humming under his breath. A few seconds after the toilet flushed, Harry came back in rubbing his hands dry on a towel that hovered back into the bathroom when he was done.

'What were you saying?' Lucius asked.

'Oh, well I needed to use the loo and you were laying on me,' Harry explained as he climbed back into bed. 'I felt your morning erection and thought rubbing you might be a good way to get you to move off me.'

'And it worked?' Lucius asked.

'Well, I got a bit carried away,' Harry admitted and brushed hair from his face.

'Mm, it was wonderful,' Lucius said and rolled over. He covered Harry with his body and leaned down to kiss his mate, revelling in Harry's taste mixed with his own. Harry groaned beneath him and Lucius licked his tongue, his lips. 'You know, I should probably thank you,' Lucius said.

'Maybe after breakfast?' Harry asked.

'Really?'

The Gryffindor said, 'Well, I am pregnant so... I should eat properly.'
'Of course,' Lucius said and rolled clear immediately. 'No more skipping meals, Mr Potter. No more Quidditch or using magic or... or anything, do you hear me?'

Harry grinned as Lucius continued to rant, pulling on clothes and brushing his hair. Harry grabbed his glasses and put them on as Lucius pulled a shirt on.

'You have to take better care of yourself, little one,' Lucius said as he turned, tucking his shirt in and doing up his belt.

'I will,' Harry grumbled.

Lucius smiled and rounded the bed to sit beside him. He pulled Harry up and kissed him again. 'Thank you for this morning, it was wonderful.'

'You should let me do it more often,' Harry pouted. 'I never get to suck you off.'

Lucius chuckled and kissed him before brushing Harry's hair from his forehead. 'Hmm, you need a hair cut.'

'Do I?' Harry asked. He reached up to touch his hair and realised it was as long as it had been in his fourth year. Harry liked that his fringe covered his forehead but he did like it shorter, Lucius too if Harry remembered. 'I remember once my aunt shaved my head, all except my fringe.'

Lucius grimaced. 'That... that would...'

'Look horrible? Yeah, it did.'

'I didn't say that,' Lucius said quickly.

Harry smiled. 'No, it was horrible. But the next day it had grown back completely.'

Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'Really?'

'Mm,' Harry nodded. 'Aunt Petunia didn't like that and I was locked in my cupboard for a week.' Lucius whined and pulled Harry onto his lap, quickly showering his face in kisses. 'Shh, it's okay,' Harry whispered.

'I hate your Muggle relatives,' Lucius growled.

'I do too,' Harry said. 'Though Dudley turned out alright in the end.'

Lucius huffed but didn't comment. Instead he held out his hand, his walking stick shooting from the other side of the bed and into his fingers. 'How about a hair cut?'

Harry leaned back as Lucius slid his wand from the wood. 'Er... you know how to, right?'

Lucius chuckled. 'Yes, Harry. I cut my own hair, you know. Draco's too.'

'Really?' Harry said, glancing up at Lucius' blonde mane. 'But your hair's long.'

'And it's long because I know when to cut split ends,' Lucius said. 'Now turn around and shut up.'

Harry smiled and slid off Lucius' lap. He sat on the bed and felt a tingling sensation spread through his head. Lucius waved his wand as he concentrated, making Harry turn when he needed. Dark pieces of hair fell past Harry's eyes and he had to resist the urge to reach up and touch his head.
A few minutes later Lucius made Harry stand and turn around.

'Perfect,' the blonde smiled.

'Really?' Harry asked.

Lucius nodded and waved his wand to collect all the hair. 'Go and take a look.'

Harry walked to the bathroom as Lucius made his hair disappear. Harry leaned over the counter and stared at his reflection. His hair was as short as it had been his third year and styled; rather then looking exactly like a bird's nest, it was more... good messy. He had enough of a fringe that it covered his scar, but stuck up in every other place. Large bits swept over the top of his head while the back was short.

Harry grinned as he went back into the bedroom. 'You've got a real talent, you know.'

Lucius smiled, watching Harry walk to the wardrobe to get dressed. 'So I should throw all my business ventures aside and go into hairdressing?'

'Oh, most definitely,' Harry nodded. 'You could do something with Sev's hair.'

Lucius chuckled as Harry pulled on underwear and his school trousers. 'Severus has had the same hairstyle since he was eight; I doubt I can change that.'

'You never know,' Harry shrugged, shouldering into his white shirt. He did the buttons up and left it untucked as he grabbed his tie. 'Er... Luce, can you help?'

'I can't believe you still can't do up a tie,' Lucius commented as he stood and approached his mate. There was a large mirror in the wardrobe and Lucius stood behind Harry, watching their reflections as he draped the red and gold striped tie over his head. He pulled Harry's collar up before looping the tie around itself and eventually tying it in a windsor knot. He pulled it up so it sat below Harry's top two buttons, which he'd left open.

'Perfect,' Lucius said and kissed Harry's cheek.

'Do you still have your uniform?' Harry asked.

'I think so, somewhere in the Manor,' Lucius said. 'Why?'

'Well...' Harry mumbled and blushed.

'What?' Lucius asked.

'Um... the whole professor/student thing is pretty hot,' Harry admitted. 'But... erm...'

A sly grin crept up Lucius' face and he leaned against the doorframe, arms folded. 'What's this? Does Mr Potter want to take advantage of a seventh-year Slytherin?'

Harry blushed and smiled at him shyly. 'Professor Potter wants to take advantage.'

Lucius chuckled. 'As wonderful as that sounds, my uniform wouldn't fit now.'

'No?' Harry said, sitting on the small sofa to pull his socks and shoes on.

Lucius shook his head. 'I grew considerably after I left Hogwarts; I was skinny and lithe like Draco
but my shoulders broadened and I grew about three inches. I was a late bloomer.'

He glanced Harry over.

'I don't understand why you're so short; Lily and James were both fairly tall.'

'Probably malnourishment,' Harry said. Lucius scowled. 'It's in the past, love.'

'That doesn't mean I have to like it,' Lucius grumbled.

Harry threw his Gryffindor robe at Lucius and his mate huffed. Harry grinned and pecked him quickly on the lips before they left.

They walked out of the room and down the hallway together, Harry briefly darting into the study to grab his school bag and books. Draco and the twins were already up, all three looking sore and grumpy.

'What's wrong with you?' Harry asked as Lucius sat, pulling him onto his lap.

'Fell asleep on the sofa,' Fred grumbled.

'Why didn't you wake us?' Draco whined as he sipped his coffee.

George tilted his head and said, 'Haircut?'

Harry nodded. 'It was getting a bit long and Lucius cut it for me.'

'Ahh, the boyfriend likes your hair short,' George smirked, 'so you cut it.'

'I like it short too,' Harry huffed.

George snickered as Dobby popped into view. He and Griffy had accompanied Harry and the others back to Hogwarts. Lucius liked their cooking more than the Hogwarts elves so they usually made breakfast and dinner for him and his mate. He'd had to hire three more elves to take care of the Manor, especially with Fred and George moving in. Dobby and Griffy popped back over to check on Vlad, Whinnie, and Tiger all the time to make sure they were taking care of the house.

'Master Harry, Master Lucius,' Dobby bowed. He only ever called Lucius Lord when they were at the Manor. He was dressed in a black pillowcase with the Malfoy crest embroidered on the front in silver. He and Griffy wore them proudly and Harry was glad that his friend had moved past his hate of Lucius.

'Dobby, could we please have some breakfast?' Lucius asked before turning to Harry. 'How hungry are you?'

'Erm... pretty hungry,' Harry said. 'But nothing too rich or oily because I end up feeling quesy around lunch time.'

Lucius nodded and looked back at the elf. 'Four pieces of toast with honey, a bowl of strawberries and yogurt, and a cup of coffee.'

'Orange juice for me,' Harry said, 'it calms my stomach.'

Lucius smiled at that little piece of information as Dobby's eyes widened. 'Harry Potter, do you... do you know?'
'Know...?' Harry questioned. Dobby's eyes darted to his stomach and Harry said, 'Wait, you know?'

'I have knowns since it happened, Master Harry,' Dobby gushed, jumping up and down, his large ears flapping about. 'I tried to tells you; no coffee, coffee bad, and no transformring, that's bad for the little ones!' Dobby said. 'But Master Harry wouldn't listen and Griffy tells me not to say anything, it's none of our business!'

Harry smiled and reached out to tug Dobby into a hug. 'It's okay, Dobby. Thank you for taking care of me.'

Dobby beamed when he was let go and bowed deeply. 'Dobby be here for Master Harry, Dobby helps you take care of future Potters.' He grinned and disappeared with a crack.

'Well that explains his and Griffy's odd behaviour over the holidays,' Lucius said.

'Luna's too,' Harry said, remembering the Ravenclaw congratulating him twice.

'Okay, what the hell was that?' George asked. Like Lucius he was a morning person and looked more together than his brother and mate, both of whom were just staring blankly.

'Oh,' Harry blushed and ran a hand through his short hair. 'Well, I guess...'

'Should we tell them?' Lucius asked.

'Draco knows,' Harry admitted.

'Excuse me?' Lucius growled and looked at his son.

Draco yawned and took another large mouthful of his coffee. 'What do I know?'

'That Harry's pregnant,' Lucius said.

Fred fell off his chair and George spat cereal into his bowl.

'He's what? the twins demanded, Fred trying to climb back onto his chair.

'That's old news,' Draco said dismissively. 'Oh wait, so you finally told Father?' he asked his fellow student.

Harry nodded.

'And...?' Draco asked.

'I was upset he didn't tell me when he found out but I'm happy,' Lucius said, grinning broadly.

'Told you so,' Draco said.

Harry rolled his eyes. 'Yes, Draco; I'm an idiot.'

'Not an idiot, just silly,' Lucius said and kissed his mate softly.

'Wait, Harry's pregnant?' George demanded.

'Since when?' Fred asked.

'Yes, I'm pregnant,' Harry told them. 'Erm... since around Christmas, I suppose. I'm ten weeks along.'
'So we're going to have a brother or sister-in-law?' Fred asked.

'And Draco will be a big brother,' George grinned.

'Right on both accounts,' Lucius smiled.

'Merlin, Harry,' Fred breathed.

'Congratulations,' his younger brother smiled. 'I know how much you've always wanted a family.'

'Thanks, George,' Harry smiled.

'Oi, what am I?' Draco demanded.

'A sexy Slytherin?' Fred suggested.

'With a head of golden hair,' George said.

'And an arse-'

'Yeah, yeah, we get it,' Harry grumbled, cutting Fred off. Dobby popped back into view with a tray of food and Harry thanked him as he took it.

Lucius picked up a square of toast and chewed slowly while Harry nibbled on a strawberry. Lucius got lost watching his mate's succulent lips wrap around the strawberry and suck, a very clear reminder of what they'd done earlier that morning.

'No wonder you're pregnant,' George commented and Fred snorted.

'What am I?' Harry mumbled around his strawberry.

George nodded at Lucius and Harry turned to see his mate staring at him. Lucius blinked back to himself and smiled sinfully. Harry blushed and swallowed his mouthful quickly.

'Lucius, stop that.'

'Well don't suck on a strawberry like you do my-'

'No!' Draco shouted, covering his ears.

'Like your what?' the twins demanded.

Draco growled.

'Sorry,' Harry blushed and moved onto his toast.

Lucius scowled and snapped, 'Thank you very much!' at his son.

Draco poked his tongue out and the twins smiled at him.

'I suppose it's not surprising that you're pregnant,' Fred said, getting the conversation back on track. 'You're always having sex.'

'Not always,' Harry said. Fred, George and Draco all stared at him. 'Okay, so we have sex a lot, but-'

'Harry, love, it was inevitable,' Lucius said.
'Yeah, especially since you didn't start using the contraceptive charm until three days ago,' Harry pointed out.

Lucius blushed and Draco looked at him. 'You haven't used it until recently?'

'Well...' Lucius mumbled and sipped his coffee to save himself answering.

'When are you telling Sirius and Remus?' Fred asked.

'Oh, Remy knows,' Harry said.

'How many people did you tell before me?' Lucius demanded.

'Moaning Myrtle figured it out,' Harry said before explaining the story. 'I had to tell someone, and Draco happened to wander into the bathroom after I found out. Madam Pomfrey told me and she had to inform Dumbledore. That Hogsmeade weekend, when you went to Zonko's, it was almost a full moon so Remus' senses were heightened. He could smell it so... yeah.'

Lucius tilted his head. 'That explains your scent...'

'Scent?' Draco frowned.

'Harry's been smelling... off, lately,' Lucius said. 'I thought he was just stressed and he said he was sick.'

Harry blushed. 'Oh, well... I realised you could smell the pregnancy and... I lied...'

Lucius tutted and drew Harry in for a soft kiss. 'Please never lie to me.'

'I won't, promise,' Harry smiled. 'How do I smell different?'

'It's... you,' Lucius said, breathing in deeply, 'but there's something else there. It smells like pine needles and smoke, like burning wood.'

'Hmm, must be the baby,' Harry smiled.

'So the only people in the immediate family who don't know are Sirius and Severus?' George interrupted.

'Severus already suspects,' Lucius said. 'I admitted that I was careless with the charm.'

'Not careless, completely bloody ignored it more like,' Harry said.

'It worked out, didn't it?' Lucius said, trying to stay on his mate's good side.

Harry ignored him and went back to eating his toast.

Draco grinned. 'Merlin, Father, you'd better treat Harry right; he's got a temper as it is, even without the pregnancy hormones he's gonna get.'

'Oh, the famous Potter temper,' Fred grinned.

'Screams his lungs out, this one,' George said, jerking a thumb at Harry.

'Do not,' Harry huffed, though he knew it was true. He had the tendency to scream and hurl abuse to get his anger out.
Lucius smiled and wrapped an arm around Harry's waist. 'And I love you anyway.'

'You have a temper too,' Harry teased.

'But I know how to control myself,' Lucius retorted.

'No you don't,' Harry said and gestured at his stomach.

'That's different and you know it,' Lucius said, scowling when Draco, Fred and George all snickered. 'Anyway...' he cleared his throat, '... how about dinner this weekend to tell Sirius?'

'Sounds good,' Harry said. 'All of us?'

Lucius nodded. 'Owl your godfather, I'll make reservations at-

'The White Tiger!' Harry interrupted.

'That restaurant we went to during the holidays?' Lucius asked, thinking about the last date he and Harry had gone on after the yacht.

Harry nodded. 'I've been craving spicy food like mad. I want some chilli chicken.'

'Your wish is my command,' Lucius said.

Harry snorted. 'Last night it wasn't.'

'You got off, didn't you?'

'I can't wait until I have a sex life to talk about,' Draco grumbled. 'Gonna go on and on about how big George is and how tight Fred is.'

'Draco!' the twins spluttered and Harry and Lucius grimaced.

'Sucks, doesn't it?' Draco grinned.

Harry poked his tongue out.

Coca and Cola came swooping through the open window followed by a large barn owl with brown feathers. Coca dropped a letter from Remus in front of Harry, Cola a rolled up copy of The Daily Prophet in front of Lucius. The twins' owl also delivered a newspaper and a letter from Bill and Fleur.

Harry read his letter from Remus as Lucius fed their owls toast and orange juice. They hooted and flew off to sit in the corner and groom each other.

'What does Remus say?' Lucius asked, finishing off his coffee. It refilled and Lucius smiled, thinking about Dobby down in the kitchens watching over his masters. He was glad Harry had more people looking out for him.

'Just asking how I am, how the pregnancy is,' Harry said. 'I'll write back and invite him and Siri to dinner after breakfast.'

Suddenly Draco spluttered, spraying coffee over the table. Fred leaned back and George asked, 'What?'

Draco had unrolled his paper first and was staring at the front page. He jumped up suddenly and
rounded the table, yanking Harry's left arm away from him.

'Oi, what are you doing?' Harry demanded.

Draco's eyes zeroed in on Harry's wedding finger, where a white gold engagement band sat alongside his Lucius ring.

'WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?' Draco demanded and hugged Harry tightly.

'Tell you what?' Harry asked as he was half dragged from Lucius' lap.

'Be careful, Draco, he's pregnant,' Lucius tutted, easing Harry back onto his lap.

'You're engaged and you didn't bother telling me?' Draco shouted.

This time George fell off his chair and Fred nearly choked on his bacon. Draco quickly ran around the table to smack him on the back.

'W-W-What?' Fred demanded when he could breathe.

'You're engaged?' George asked.

Harry blushed but held up his hand, showing off his engagement ring.

'Merlin,' George breathed.

'Surprise after surprise,' Fred commented.

'How did you know?' Lucius asked his son.

Draco pointed at the paper and Lucius quickly unrolled his own, revealing the headline;

**Our Saviour To Be A Malfoy?**

*By Jillian Cross*

Harry groaned as he looked down at the paper. 'Who the hell is Jillian Cross and how did she find out? We were in Muggle London!' 

'She's probably stalking us,' Lucius mused. 'I'll have someone look into it, we don't want another Rita Skeeter.'

'I'll kill her,' Harry grumbled as he looked back down to read the article;

*Late last night, Harry Potter and Lucius Malfoy were seen in Muggle London enjoying a romantic evening at a small cafe. Both seemed happy and carefree until Mr Malfoy got down on one knee.*

*That's right, folks. Lucius Malfoy, convicted Death Eater and once You-Know-Who's right-hand man, pulled out a ring box and proposed to the Saviour of the wizarding world, our Golden Boy, Harry Potter.*
To say Mr Potter was surprised is an understatement. Harsh words between him and his bonded mate were exchanged. The entire night ended, at least for the public, when Mr Malfoy grabbed our hero, dragged him away, and disapparated.

For those of you who have been living under a rock, Harry Potter is the bonded mate of veela Lucius Malfoy. They have been together since early August, when Mr Potter rescued the Malfoy patriarch from the Dementor's Kiss. Mr Malfoy has since been residing at Hogwarts and changing his ways, so much so that Headmaster of Hogwarts Albus Dumbledore hired him as the new Defence Against the Dark Arts professor.

Mr Potter's relationship with the pure-blood aristocrat was broken to the wizarding world by Rita Skeeter after they were spotted acting very cosy in Hogsmeade (see page 4 for the original article). Their veela bond wasn't made public knowledge until early October after Mr Potter was attacked by three male students.

The couple have been together seven months, but has it been a happy seven months? They were spotted early August in Diagon Alley looking very chummy, and their later outings have always been of the romantic nature.

But has Lucius Malfoy ruined it all by moving too fast? They may be soulmates, but that doesn't mean The Boy Who Lived wants marriage.

This reporter is eager to learn if our Harry Potter is indeed about to become Harry Malfoy, and exactly why the boy wizard was so distressed on what was supposed to be a romantic night.

'Gods but I hate her,' Harry groaned. 'She's as bad as Rita Skeeter.'

'Why were you arguing?' Draco asked.

'I proposed and Harry told me he was pregnant,' Lucius explained. 'I was shocked, of course, and then angry because he seemed to think it was a bad thing.' He tutted at his mate.

'Sorry, but I was scared,' Harry said. 'I'm okay now, everything's fine; we're engaged and we're going to have a baby.' He grinned when he realised he could now share that with Lucius.

Lucius' right hand snaked under Harry's shirt to press against his stomach. 'Yes, we are,' he smiled and leaned down to kiss him.

'Alright, alright,' Draco said, breaking the couple up. 'What are we going to do about this Jillian Cross?'

'What can we do?' Harry asked. 'The news is already out there.'

'But everyone'll be asking you,' Draco said, 'and the stress won't be good for the baby.'

'That's true, Harry,' Lucius said. 'Perhaps we should give an interview to The Daily Prophet?'

'I suppose so,' Harry sighed. Suddenly another owl swooped in, a beautiful creature Harry knew belonged to Remus. 'Oh no,' he said when he recognised his godfather's untidy scrawl.

The others watched as Xuan dropped the letter and sat on the table, clearly waiting for a response. Harry sighed again and tore the letter open;
Dear Cub,

_Harry James Potter, do you think I want to find out my godson is possibly engaged through the paper? The answer is no; no, I do not want to bloody well find out that way!_

_Now, I know that Lucius' proposal was probably sudden and surprised you, so I'm forgiving you for not letting me know because... well, Remus said I have to. I'm still ticked off though!_

_Harry, it's Remus. I'm assuming you got my other letter first because I responded with your owl. Well I couldn't stop Sirius sending this so I let him rant before taking the parchment._

_We're not angry with you, please don't think that. It only just happened last night and The Daily Porphet works quickly. I doubt you could have got a letter to us before the paper came out._

_So, I'm assuming you and Lucius were arguing because of your situation. I hope he accepted it like I said he would and didn't upset you too much. Remember that Lucius sometimes lets his anger take over and doesn't express what he's really feeling at first. Give him a chance and he'll show that he's happy._

_Harry, what the hell is Remy talking about? What situation? Has Malfoy done something else? You don't need to get engaged if you don't want, even though Remus insists that you really wanna marry that blonde prat~~ Harry, Remus hit me!_

_Anyway, my boyfriend's glaring at me (have you ever got the werewolf-glare from the man? Not pretty) so I'll just say that I hope you're okay. If you're engaged or not, I don't mind, as long as Lucius waits until after you graduate to marry you. I remember my N.E.W.T.S; it was hard enough without a wedding added on._

_Harry, Remus again. Sirius is going on and on about filthy old men taking advantage, I'm ignoring him. So yes, just let us know what happened, we'll believe you over The Prophet any day. Send back a reply with Xuan and I hope you're okay. We love you, Cub._

_Moony is a bitch._

_Love,_

_Sirius_

_Padfoot is MY bitch._

_Love,_

_Remus_

Harry snorted as he read over the two different scripts; Sirius' large and loud, Remus' small and neat.
'Well?' Lucius asked.

Harry smiled and handed him the letter while standing to search his bag for parchment and ink. He sat back down beside Lucius so he could write properly, Xuan nipping at his fingers.

'Calm down,' Harry said, handing the bird a small piece of toast.

Xuan hooted and nibbled on the piece as Lucius read.

'I am not a filthy old man,' Lucius grumbled.

'Old compared to me,' Harry reminded him.

Lucius huffed and folded the letter up, looking over to watch Harry write his own;

Dear Moony and Moony's bitch,

Padfoot, please calm down. I'm sorry you found out through The Daily Prophet but I didn't have time to let you know. Lucius and I came back to Hogwarts after we fought and we talked everything out. That was followed by... well, we went to sleep. I've only been up maybe an hour.

Okay, so The Prophet... yes, Lucius proposed to me last night on our seven month anniversary. I was a bit nervous and blurted to him about my... condition. Sirius, I'm not sure I want to tell you in a letter but I suppose it can't be helped. I'd rather you hear it from me then Remy. And hopefully you'll have time to calm down before you see Lucius and try to strangle him (please don't).

Okay, Padfoot, here goes... I'm pregnant. I found out about two weeks ago, I'm ten weeks along now. I didn't tell Lucius because he wanted to wait until after we'd married to have children. Unfortunately, being the blonde prat he is, Lucius didn't use the contraceptive charm... not once. So yeah, it's his fault I'm pregnant.

I'm happy, and I've been excited and nervous since I found out. I want to be a dad and have a family, you both know that, so please know that I'm very excited.

Okay, so the fight... well, Lucius proposed and I blurted that I was pregnant. Lucius was upset that I kept it from him and I admitted I was worried that he'd be angry I got pregnant before we married. We talked it over and made up (make up sex is GREAT!) and now we're happily engaged.

I haven't spoken about it with Lucius but I'm assuming we'll still hold off on getting married until after I graduated. It'll be hard enough being pregnant during my N.E.W.T.S, the wedding can wait.

So I'm ten weeks along, due mid-June, and I'm happy and healthy. Moony, thank you for being understanding, and maybe kick Sirius in the arse for me if he continues to call my mate horrible names? Lucius is NOT a filthy old man; if anything I'm a filthy little boy.

Yeah, I put that in to upset Siri. That's what you get for being rude.

I'm sorry you guys found out this way. We'd planned to tell you at dinner this weekend. I still want to celebrate and we'll be going to The White Tiger just off Diagon Alley; I'm craving spicy food.

I love you both, sorry again, and I'll get back to you with a dinner time.

Love,
Lucius smiled and kissed Harry's cheek when the Gryffindor had finished his letter. 'Your godfather will choke when he reads the sex parts.'

'Well he's being rude,' Harry huffed.

Lucius chuckled as Harry folded up the letter multiple times, smoothing down the sides carefully. It would make it easier for Xuan to carry. The owl hooted and accepted the letter, Harry brushing his feathers before he took off.

Fred, George, and Draco had all read Remus' and Sirius' letter, Fred and George chuckling. 'Gods, we love your godfather,' Fred said.

'As a friend,' George added hastily to Draco's darkening look.

'Mm-hmm,' the blonde muttered.

'So, Harry, when did you want to get married?' Lucius asked.

'Af ter graduation,' Harry said.

'I was hoping you'd say that,' Lucius smiled.

'And... you don't mind that the baby will be born before then?' Harry asked. 'N.E.W.T.S are in May. I should be able to make it through them before the baby comes...'

'We graduate May 30th,' Draco reminded him. 'You might not be able to come to the ceremony if the baby's early.'

Harry looked put-out and Lucius pulled him back onto his lap. 'Hopefully the baby will come after then and you can graduate with everyone,' Lucius said.

Harry smiled and kissed his cheek.

'I'd like to marry you in winter,' Lucius said.

'Why?'

'I like the snow,' Lucius said and Harry nodded, remembering Lucius claiming that winter was the best season. 'I can picture the wedding outside, just off the veranda, a large silver tent with white chairs and green trimming. We bond and then-'

'Party!' the twins exclaimed and high-fived each other.

Draco rolled his eyes and Harry chuckled.

'And then we dance as husbands,' Lucius continued.

'Sounds beautiful,' Harry said. 'How about early December if we're ready?'

Lucius nodded. 'If not we can marry in early 2000, or even wait until later that year.'

'I suppose it all depends on how much work the baby is and how tired we are,' Harry said.
Lucius groaned and leaned back.

'Luce?'

'Draco was a nightmare,' Lucius admitted, his son grinning at him. 'He demanded attention all the time; he'd sleep for maybe an hour or two before bawling his eyes out and demanding me or Narcissa.'

'Sounds like our mate,' George grinned.

'He refused to go to sleep if the house elves put him down,' Lucius continued. 'Only me or Narcissa could get him to sleep, and that was only for a few hours. That's not to mention how picky he was with food and toys, and he'd cry if I read him anything that had vampires in it.'

'I don't like vampires,' Draco shivered.

Fred brushed his hair back and George kissed his cheek.

'Well, Draco was the product of two prats,' Harry said and Lucius made a noise of indignation. 'Our baby,' Harry smiled, 'is a Potter. I was a very quite baby.'

'Were you?' Lucius asked.

Harry nodded. 'Sirius and Remus have told me that I never really cried, I was always just looking for attention. Later my relatives said I was better as a baby; they didn't have to pay as much attention to me.'

Lucius sighed and drew Harry in close. 'I love you,' he said, stroking his mate's hair.

'Love you too,' Harry smiled.

'Father, what will Harry's title be when you marry?' Draco asked.

The couple glanced at him.

'He can't be Master Malfoy because that's my title until I become Lord of the family,' Draco continued. 'He's already Lord Potter and Master Malfoy would be a step down.'

'True,' Lucius mused.

'Wait, will I not be Lord Potter when we get married?' Harry asked. He knew that only the pure-blood families had titles. Arthur was technically Lord Weasley but as his family didn't have a lot there wasn't much reason to use his title unless he was voting in the Wizengamot.

'No, you'll be Lord Potter until you step down and hand the title to our little one,' Lucius said, placing a hand on Harry's stomach.

'So our baby will be the Potter heir?' Harry asked.

His mate nodded. 'Draco is still the Malfoy heir and as I said, he'll be Lord Malfoy when I most likely step down. I was planning on doing so when he learns to control the Malfoy empire. I'll help, of course, but Draco will be responsible for running the family. I'll be an advisor.'

'Not looking forward to that,' Draco wrinkled his nose. 'Too much work.'

'Lazy kit,' Harry said and Draco shrugged. 'I suppose I can't be Lord Malfoy 'cause you are, right?'
'Yes, that would be confusing,' Lucius mused.

'I'm not being Lady Malfoy,' Harry grunted and Lucius chuckled.

'Of course not, love,' he said and kissed Harry's cheek. 'I guess it depends... are you going to change your name to Harry Malfoy?'

'Yeah, can't wait,' Harry grinned. 'Harry Malfoy has a nice ring to it.'

Lucius chuckled and kissed his cheek. 'Hmm... well, you could remain Lord Potter,' he said, 'but your legal name would be Harry James Potter Malfoy. Your full title could be Lord Harry Potter of the Malfoy-Potter family.'

'Would that be okay?' Harry asked.

Lucius nodded and said, 'But then I'd become Lord Malfoy of the Malfoy-Potter family. At the moment I'm just Lord Malfoy of the Malfoy family.'

'That sounds okay,' Harry said.

'The title would prove that you're Lord of both families while you keep your married name,' Lucius said.

'Will our baby be Master Potter?' Harry asked.

'Our first born, yes,' Lucius nodded. 'Master Potter for a boy, Mistress Potter for a girl. And then when they take over it will be Lord or Lady Potter,' Lucius explained. 'When they marry it'll change depending if they marry men or women.'

'But wouldn't Draco become Lord Malfoy of the Malfoy-Potter family?' Harry questioned.

'No,' Lucius shook his head. 'We're joining the two families with our titles but when we both step down, Draco will be Lord of the Malfoy family, while our little one will be Lord or Lady of the Potter family. They'll still belong to both families but the titles will be split again.'

'Oh,' Harry said and tilted his head. 'M'kay.'

Lucius chuckled and kissed his cheek.

'What will we be?' Fred asked.

'Well, neither of you are Lords for the Weasleys,' Lucius said. 'If you three marry is anyone changing their name?'

'Oh, we'll definitely be Fred and George Malfoy,' George said.

'Sounds excellent,' Fred grinned.

'I suppose you'd both be Master Weasley if you marry Draco before he becomes Lord,' Lucius said, 'and you could take the title Lord Weasley after Draco takes over from me. Really it's up to Draco; he'll become the person with the power to name you Lords.'

'I will,' Draco said. 'No spouse of mine will be anything other then a Lord.'

'So basically the same deal as Harry?' Fred asked, Lucius nodding. 'Cool.'
'So cool,' George agreed.

Harry chuckled.
Questions, Role Play, and the Future

After breakfast Lucius walked Harry and Draco to potions. The twins had disappeared to their shop, Lee having gone back to Ireland. Whispers followed them all the way to the dungeons and only Lucius growling could keep them back. Severus was already in class and Lucius called him out.

Severus threw a glance at Harry and Draco before stepping into the corridor.

'So?' Severus asked. Lucius explained the entire story quickly, looking around to make sure no one could hear him. When he was done Severus tisked. 'Lucius, you wanker.'

'What did I do?'

'Knocked the poor boy up.'

'He's happy and so am I.'

'You're still a wanker.'

'Well thank you very much,' Lucius huffed. 'Now I'll ask Black to be my best man instead of you.'

Severus chuckled. 'Sure you will.' He swept back into the classroom and Lucius cursed.

{oOo}

Harry was surrounded by Blaise Zabini, Padme Patel, Theo Nott and Terry Boot as soon as he walked into the room.

'Are you really engaged?' Padme demanded.

Draco growled at her but Harry held up his left hand. 'Yes, I'm engaged.'

Padme squealed and hugged Theo, knowing it wouldn't do to hug Harry with his mate just outside. 'Merlin, congratulations,' she gushed.

'That's great,' Blaise agreed, grinning at a blushing Theo. 'Congratulations.'

'Thank you,' Harry said as Theo finally managed to untangle himself from the Ravenclaw. Terry and Theo both congratulated him before taking their spots. Before Harry could, Severus pulled him aside.

'Congratulations on the upcoming wedding,' he said, 'and the baby.'

Harry smiled. 'Thanks, Professor Snape.'

'I told Lucius you might be pregnant,' he said softly, 'but the fool wouldn't listen.'

Harry chuckled and shrugged. 'Yeah, well, we're both happy so it worked out.'

Severus nodded. 'You can't be around any potions so I'll make today theoretical. Soon enough
though people will realise you're steering clear of using spells and such; your pregnancy will come out.'

'I know,' Harry said. 'I just want to keep it to immediate family for now.'

Severus nodded and let him go to his seat, where Draco was waiting.

'Alright there, Mummy?'

'Shit it,' Harry growled, his kit giggling.

{oOo}

It was the same all day; everyone came up demanding to know if Harry was engaged. In Herbology, Padme told her twin, who squealed and upset a container of Whacking Buds that went around slamming into people's legs. Draco pushed Harry onto the table to avoid being injured while he and the others rounded them up.

Neville expressed his delight that Harry and Lucius were marrying; he said his grandmother had told him Lucius would propose soon enough and demanded an invite, much to the tall boy's embarrassment. Harry just laughed.

Hannah Abbott and Justin Finch-Fletchley were both subdued but clearly happy for him while Hermione had a hard time calming Ron down.

'Is it true, mate?' he demanded as soon as they sat at their wooden workbench.

'Yeah,' Harry said and showed the ring.

'Merlin,' Ron said, 'married, really?'

'Well, engaged to be married,' Harry corrected.

'You don't think it's a bit soon?' the red-head asked.

Harry shook his head. 'We're not getting married until after I graduate and...' He realised he hadn't told Ron about being pregnant and glanced at Hermione.

'Maybe at lunch,' she suggested.

Harry nodded and Ron looked confused. 'You're... happy for me, right?' the green-eyed teen asked.

Ron blinked before smiling. 'Yeah, Harry, I am. It's just a surprise. I know Mr Malfoy will take care of you and... it was bound to happen, you two are joined at the hip.'

'I really wish people would stop saying that,' Harry grumbled.

'Well it's true,' Ron grinned.

{oOo}
Lunch rolled around sooner than Harry had expected and he stood outside the Great Hall rubbing his stomach. He was feeling queasy and all the smells coming from the Hall weren't helping. Neither was Ron's moaning about needing food.

'I think I'll go see Lucius,' Harry said, glancing through the double doors. His mate wasn't at the staff table and Harry knew he'd had a double class of first years earlier.

'Aren't you hungry?' Ron asked, stopping beside the doors with Harry and Hermione.

Harry glanced at Hermione who said, 'He'll find out sooner or later.'

Harry sighed but nodded. 'Okay. Ron, there's something I gotta tell you.'

'What?' Ron asked, not really paying attention as he looked at the tables filled with food.

'At least look at me when I tell you,' Harry grumbled. Ron finally did, arms crossed.

'What is it?'

Harry wet his lips before saying, 'Well... you read that Lucius and I were fighting when he proposed, right?'

Ron nodded.

His best friend looked around to make sure they were alone before saying, 'I'm pregnant.'

Ron fainted. Hermione managed to catch him and struggled under his weight. Harry would have cast a spell to revive him but he didn't want to risk harming his baby. So he helped Hermione lower the red-head to the floor, Hermione withdrawing her wand and waving it.

Ron sat up quickly, blinking hazily and staring at Harry. 'What did you just say?'

Harry quickly explained the story; finding out, being worried, Lucius proposing suddenly, them fighting, and finally accepting it and Harry saying yes.

Ron fainted again.

Hermione sighed and left him on the floor, shaking her head.

'What's up with Weasley?' Draco asked, walking across the Main Hall with Balise and Greg.

'I told him,' Harry said, looking pointedly at his kit.

'Oh,' Draco nodded and withdrew his wand. He waved it and Ron groaned.

'Gods, oh gods, I'm too young,' Ron moaned.

Draco and Harry both snorted. 'Help me out?' Draco asked and bent to pick Ron up. With Greg he managed to drag the taller boy up and Ron continued to babble as he was led into the Hall.

'I'll make sure he doesn't accidentally tell anyone,' Hermione said and hugged Harry. 'I'm so happy for you.'

'Thanks, 'Mione,' Harry smiled.
'Go see your mate,' she said and nudged him away.

{oOo}

Lucius was in his office marking assignments, sighing the entire time. 'Stupid little idiots,' he mumbled, placing another piece of parchment with a large T marked across the entire thing in red.

'Not a nice thing to say about your students.'

Lucius looked up to see Harry in the doorway and grinned. He stood and rounded the table to kiss his mate hello, taking Harry's bag and leading him into the office.

'Are you okay?'

'Feel sick,' Harry admitted and sat on Lucius' lap.

'You should eat,' the blonde said.

'Do I have to? Harry whined. 'My tummy hurts,' he pouted.

Lucius smiled and rubbed his belly. 'You have to, love, the baby needs food. Some crackers and tea might be okay.'

'Fine, but if I throw up I'm aiming at you,' Harry grumbled.

Lucius smiled and called a house elf, who grinned and congratulated them. It seemed all the elves could tell Harry was pregnant but they were quite happy to keep it to themselves.

Harry nibbled on his dry crackers, a warm mug of peppermint tea on the table. He tried to get Lucius to eat but the Slytherin knew anything richer than salty crackers would have Harry hurling just from the smell. He promised to eat later as he wound his arms around Harry to continue marking.

'Stupid, stupid, stupid,' Lucius grumbled.

Harry sipped his tea and looked down. 'What?'

'Were you and Draco this stupid when you were eleven?' Lucius demanded. 'Honestly, some of these students have just turned thirteen and they're so completely idiotic-'

'Calm down,' Harry chuckled.

Lucius scowled. 'I hate them all.'

'You hate everyone.'

'Do not,' Lucius said and kissed Harry quickly.

The teenager smiled and looked down at the parchment Lucius was marking. 'What are they supposed to be doing?'

'Explaining the use of defensive spells,' Lucius said. 'One girl from Slytherin seems to think
Expelliarmus is used to expel the enemy through a window.'

Harry snorted. 'I didn't even know that spell until my second year,' he said. Lucius looked confused and Harry explained the whole Lockhart/Snape duel.

Lucius sighed. 'Your education was severely lacking before I came along.'

'Hey, I got through the war, didn't I?' Harry said.

'Only because you had to learn, and you're naturally talented in the Dark Arts,' Lucius said. 'Honestly, why did Dumbledore hire Lockhart?'

'He was desperate,' Harry said. 'Remus was a good teacher, and Sev wasn't bad.'

'Mm, so two out of six,' Lucius grumbled.

Harry smiled. 'Give them a break, they're new to Hogwarts.'

'That's no excuse,' Lucius huffed. 'I think you were right; children need some type of education before coming to Hogwarts. Half of them don't know how to hold their wand properly. They need a proper environment and knowledgable teachers to introduce them to the basics of magic.'

'I told Hermione you liked our idea,' Harry said. 'She wants to talk to you about it.'

'Does she?'

'Mm,' Harry nodded. 'I mean, she's really smart, but you know how to run a business so you're a good person to have on board.'

'Do you think it'll help that I'm sleeping with one of the creators?' Lucius asked.

Harry grinned. 'Maybe.' He leaned over and kissed his mate, who smiled against his lips.

'Invite Miss Granger to dinner, we'll eat in our quarters,' Lucius said when they broke apart.

'What, tonight?'

Lucius nodded and scowled as he put a P on the essay. 'I'm losing faith in our future.'

Harry chuckled.

{oOo}

Transfiguration was with all the eighth years and those who didn't know yet demanded Harry tell them as soon as he walked in. McGonagall tried to calm them down but Harry brushed her aside and stood at the head of the class.

'Yes, I'm engaged,' he said and held up his left hand. Lavender squealed. 'Professor Malfoy proposed and we're having a long engagement. Don't ask me what we were fighting about, our private life is none of your business.'

'Hear, hear,' Draco chimed in and McGonagall sighed.
'I'll never have a normal year with you, Mr Potter.'

Harry smiled at her as the rest of the class took their seats. 'Um, Professor, I need to talk to you.'

McGonagall nodded and led him away from the other students.

'I can't preform any spells or anything,' Harry said. 'I...I'm pregnant.'

McGonagall stared at him before sighing again. 'That bloody snake,' she said before patting Harry on the shoulder. 'Are you happy?'

'Very,' Harry grinned.

'Well, congratulations, then,' she smiled. 'I'll pair you with Draco, he can preform the spells while you write everything down.'

'Thanks, Ma'am,' Harry said and took his seat.

'Harry, were you serious?' Ron asked from the table behind him.

Harry turned and said, 'Serious about what?'

'About...' Ron gestured at Harry's stomach.

'Yeah,' he nodded.

'Merlin,' Ron said. 'I'm gonna be an uncle.'

Harry chuckled.

{oOo}

Defence Against the Dark Arts was the last class of the day. Harry was glad; he was feeling exhausted from all the questioning and knew Lucius would let him slack off, just a little. Normally he didn't but Harry was pregnant with his baby; the teenager deserved a break.

He placed his head on his arms and yawned as the rest of the class filed in, followed by Lucius. He breezed past them and dropped a stack of books on his desk.

'Sit down,' Lucius ordered, though it was wasted because the students had already sat.

Like Severus and McGonagall, Lucius could have an entire classroom dead quiet and perfectly behaved just by being in the same room. Harry supposed the whole ex-convict and ex-Death Eater thing helped a bit.

'Mr Potter?'

Harry glanced up. He always called Lucius Professor Malfoy in class, and Lucius called him Mr Potter. Of course Lucius played favourites, but only with Harry, and it wasn't obvious. Mostly he ignored Harry when the teenager fell asleep in class or was talking softly with Hermione, Draco or Ron. If Harry was being too loud Lucius would scowl at him and Harry would blush his way through an apology.
'Sir?' Harry asked, batting his eyelashes. He saw Lucius' jaw twitch and had to fight not to grin.

'Is there a reason you're half asleep on your desk?' Lucius queried.

'Well, I've been bombarded with questions all day about my fiancé,' Harry said and yawned. 'So I'm a bit tired. Sorry, sir.'

A very small smile made Lucius' lips twitch but it was gone before it could fully form. 'The class only goes for an hour, Mr Potter. Surely you can stay awake that long?'

'I'll try my hardest, Professor Malfoy,' Harry said and made a show of sitting up straight and blinking. Draco snickered and Lucius scowled at him.

'Sorry, Professor,' Draco said, forcing his features to school back into respect, but his eyes were alight with pleasure.

Lucius' scowl darkened and he folded his arms. 'Well, since Misters Potter and Malfoy have decided to give us a little show, I believe that two feet of parchment on the features of a Dark creature of my choice are in order for homework.'

The entire class (apart from Hermione who grinned) groaned and glared at Harry and Draco, who slouched down in their seats.

'I suggest you start reading chapter 21 of you textbooks,' Lucius said. 'The first creature will be your homework.'

Harry pulled his book open, Draco doing the same from beside him. When he got to chapter 21 he snorted.

'Something the matter, Mr Potter?' Lucius asked, sitting behind his desk.

'No, sir, I just had an itchy nose,' Harry said and rubbed it. He glanced back down at the creature. 'I think veela are the perfect creatures to write about.'

Lucius smirked and said, 'Everyone get reading; the chapter is forty pages long.'

The entire class, minus Harry, Draco, and Hermione, all cursed and shuffled about to start reading. Harry had already devoured the entire chapter, Draco had grown up reading about veela, and Hermione had read everything under the sun to better understand the position Harry was in.

So all three were confident they could write two feet of parchment easy. Lucius caught Harry's eyes and winked, Harry grinning down at his book.

{oOo}

The entire class was still in a foul mood when they packed up and headed to dinner. They all avoided Harry, which was just fine by the Gryffindor; he'd practically fallen asleep at his desk and yawned when Draco nudged him.

'Coming to dinner?' he asked. 'Or is the desk really that comfortable?'

'I'm comin',' Harry grumbled and reached for his stuff.
'I'd like you to remain behind, Mr Potter,' Lucius said, an unreadable expression on his face. Draco glanced at his father, who nodded, before shrugging. He shut the door behind him and Lucius waved his hand, erecting a locking and silencing charm.

Harry gulped, wondering if he was actually in trouble. He'd already read the chapter and would have no trouble finishing his homework. Was Lucius really mad?

'Mr Potter, you fell asleep in my class,' Lucius said.

'Erm... sorry, Professor Malfoy,' Harry apologised.

'Is there a reason you're so tired?'

Harry smiled slightly. 'Well, my fiancé and I... we had a bit of a late night.'

Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'Is that so?' Harry nodded. Lucius stood from behind his desk and approached Harry's, the teenager's stuff still all across it.

'Your uniform is atrocious, Mr Potter,' Lucius said, standing tall beside the teenager. 'Stand up.'

Harry did and Lucius looked him up and down before tutting. He waved his hand and Harry watched as his top three buttons did up, tie tightening until it was perfect. His shirt was tucked in, his robes coming together, clasps done up over his chest.

'Much better,' Lucius mused. 'Now, do you know why I asked you to remain behind?'

Harry could feel lust steadily creeping through him from his Lucius Band. He smiled slightly and said, 'Well, sir, I fell asleep in class... I think I deserve some type of punishment, don't you?'

Lucius grinned, delighted that his mate had caught on so quickly. 'Yes, Mr Potter, I do.' He grabbed Harry by the back of the head and crashed their lips together, Harry groaning as his mouth was plundered. The room was filled with wet sucking sounds as Lucius explored thoroughly, not pulling back until Harry was gasping, lips puffy.

'I... I don't think I've-I've learned my lesson yet, s-sir,' Harry breathed heavily.

Lucius smiled. 'No, I don't think you have.' He swept his hand across Harry's desk, sending parchment, quills, and his textbook flying. Harry was hauled to sit on the desk and Lucius pushed his knees apart. He slotted himself between them and kissed Harry again, one hand latched onto the back of his head, the other slowly moving up Harry's thigh.

'Wait, Professor, this is so wrong,' Harry said.

Lucius chuckled. 'I don't care, Potter.'

Harry groaned as his mate licked across his jaw, nibbling on an ear before moving down to kiss his neck. 'But... but I have a f-fiancé.'

Lucius growled and bit his neck, sucking back to form a hickey. 'Do I look like I care?' he demanded, moving back up to look into Harry's darkening eyes. 'You're mine, Potter.'

' Fuck, yes,' Harry groaned and kissed him again.

The knowledge that they were in a classroom, that they were in their roles as teacher/student, made the entire thing a lot hotter. Harry groaned against Lucius' lips, sucking in air when the broke apart. Lucius' thighs were now pressed against the table, Harry's legs either side of him.
Lucius pulled back suddenly and regarded Harry with lust-filled eyes. 'Now, Mr Potter, what do you know about sucking cock?'

Harry smiled and slipped off the table. 'Quite a bit, sir. But don't take my word for it.'

'Oh, I won't,' Lucius said and pulled his black teaching robe off. He draped it over the table behind him and started on his belt, Harry watching. When he got it undone Harry slid to his knees, reaching up to undo Lucius' trousers. 'Be a good little lion and suck my cock, will you?' Lucius said.

'With pleasure, Professor Malfoy.'

The title sent shivers down Lucius' spine and he watched as Harry pulled his trousers down to his thighs. He popped the button of Lucius' boxers and a small, warm hand dove in to pull out his cock.

'Wow, sir, you're so big,' Harry said, making his eyes go wide as he took in Lucius' entire length.

'Mm,' Lucius murmured as Harry stroked him slowly. Harry licked his lips and gave Lucius' shaft a tentative lick. 'Oh yes, just like that,' Lucius praised as Harry licked him again. Lucius took his cock in one hand and pushed forward, rubbing the head around Harry's mouth, his full lips, not giving the teenager a chance to suck on him. Harry whined but Lucius kept doing it, teasing his little mix for a few seconds.

Suddenly the tip of his cock pushed in and Harry groaned. He sucked back quickly, lips hard around Lucius' girth. His tongue darted out to lick around the crown and slit, lapping away a small bead of pre-come that had formed.

Lucius moaned before drawing back, again teasing Harry and spreading saliva around the Gryffindor's lips. He went back in, Harry sucking more into his mouth, hollowing his cheeks as he did.

'Very good, Mr Potter,' Lucius said. 'I see your fiancé has been teaching you well.'

Harry hummed at the praise and sucked, Lucius forcing more of his cock in.

'Can you take all of me?' Lucius asked. Harry nodded vigorously and Lucius chuckled. One hand threaded through Harry's hair at the back, fingers tightening. 'We'll see, shan't we?'

He forced his entire length into Harry's mouth, the green-eyed teen moaning as he was filled. He sucked back hard and Lucius let out a breathy sigh as Harry started bobbing back and forth, making crude little sucking sounds. One hand was braced against Lucius' thigh as the blonde fucked his mouth, the other pulling and rolling his balls. Lucius groaned and let his head tip back as Harry's tongue flattened and licked up and down the underside of his shaft.

'Very good, Mr Potter, just like that,' Lucius breathed.

'Mm,' Harry moaned, the sound sending vibrations through Lucius' cock.

Lucius swore. He wouldn't be able to keep going for long. Harry on his knees in a classroom, wearing his school robes and calling him Professor Malfoy... no, he wasn't going to last long at all.

He let Harry suck him down one more time before pulling out, a string of saliva hanging between them. He dragged Harry up and gave him a dirty, open-mouthed kiss, Harry groaning against him. Lucius pushed back until Harry was once more sitting on the edge of his desk, legs spread.
'I'll show you how a real man gives head,' Lucius said.

Harry licked his lips as Lucius undid his trousers, only pulling them open enough to lick and suck on his cotton underwear.

'Oooh,' Harry moaned, watching Lucius wide dark eyes.

'You like that, Potter?' Lucius asked.

'Yes, Professor Malfoy,' Harry groaned.

Lucius smiled and licked a few more time before pulling Harry's cock through the slit in his underwear. He was hard and leaking pre-come, which Lucius wasted no time in licking away. Harry gasped as Lucius sank down, taking Harry's shaft deep into his mouth. He swallowed before drawing back, tongue tracing the veins on his cock.

'Oh, sir, that's so good,' Harry gasped.

Lucius smirked and sucked back harder, quickly establishing a fast rhythm. He knew Harry was close and grabbed his hips, pulling him across the table. Harry groaned and leaned back on his elbows, legs shaking as Lucius sucked him off.

'Sir, I'm so close,' Harry moaned. 'Just a little more, please, I want to come!'

Lucius sucked harder, tongue swirling around the slit.

'Oh yes,' Harry panted. 'Yes, yes- ahh!'

He exploded in Lucius' mouth, coating his tongue in warm come. Lucius moaned and sucked it all down as Harry panted above him, head tipped back and lips parted in a silent scream.

When he was clean Lucius drew back and dragged Harry from the table. The teenager stumbled before he was turned and forced to bend over, leaning on his arms so he wouldn't put any pressure on his stomach.

Lucius pushed his robe up and with brute force tore Harry's trousers apart, material ripping so Lucius could bend and lick at his cotton-covered arse. Harry moaned and thrust back, rutting his arse against his mate's face.

'Professor, please, I need you to fuck me, please fuck me,' Harry begged.

'Such a wanton little whore,' Lucius said and Harry nodded in agreement. 'Has your fiancé fucked you, Potter?'

'No, he wanted to wait,' Harry lied and turned to look at Lucius. 'I'm so tight, sir, and I need a cock to ruin me.'

Lucius groaned and pulled Harry's underwear down to his thighs, his torn trousers following. A quick lubricant charm later and Lucius had two fingers buried in Harry's heat.

Harry moaned and his head dropped, forehead pressed to the cold wooden table.

'Fuck, you're so tight,' Lucius groaned. And he was. No matter how many times Lucius fucked him, Harry always seemed so tight. He quickly thrust his fingers in and out, stretching Harry as quickly as he could without hurting him.
'Professor, please,' Harry begged again. 'Fuck me, ruin me, Merlin, please.'

Lucius grunted as he slid his fingers out, rubbing gel across his cock. He lined himself up and wasted no time burying himself in Harry's heat.

'Ooooh,' Harry moaned, eyes squeezed shut and teeth digging into his bottom lip. The familiar ache and burn worked up from his backside but it was so delicious, Harry loved it.

Lucius drew all the way out slowly, Harry's muscles pulling at his cock. He rubbed the head up and down Harry's arse before dipping back in, the crown popping into Harry's entrance before being withdrawn.

'Ah, please,' Harry moaned, wiggling his hips.

'I want to hear you beg,' Lucius said. 'Beg me to fuck you, Mr Potter, to fuck you like the Gryffindor whore you are.'

Harry groaned and arched his back as Lucius slid back in, rolling his hips so Harry could feel how empty he was. When he drew back out, cock spreading gel between his cheeks, Harry begged; 'Fuck me, Professor Malfoy,' he breathed heavily. 'Please, I'm such a whore, I need to be taken and fucked. Fuck me on this desk, right here!'

'Is that what you want?' Lucius asked. 'To be fucked by me, your teacher?'

'Yes,' Harry nodded vigorously.

'Do you want me to fill your pretty little hole?'

'Yes, gods, yes,' Harry moaned.

Lucius smirked. He slammed back in, Harry sliding across the table and shouting in pleasure. His muscles burned but Lucius didn't wait for him to be ready; he drew back out slowly, cock rubbing Harry's insides so well.

'Oh, aaah,' Harry moaned when Lucius pushed back in violently, quickly filling Harry and rubbing along his prostate.

Lucius continued the same movements; slamming in, drawing out slowly, before roughly forcing himself past Harry's tight ring of muscles. Harry's legs shook and he leaned heavily on his arms, head tilted and body rolling with each of Lucius' thrust.

'Ah, P-Professor,' Harry groaned, deep gasps passing his lips with each thrust. 'Oh, fuck, that's so good, you're so big...'

Lucius moaned behind him and grabbed Harry's arse. He hiked Harry's maroon robes up, keeping them above his arse so he could spread the teenager's cheeks and watch. Harry's muscles expanded around him, letting him in over and over again. Lucius licked his lips as Harry squeezed around him, the teenager fast approaching his second orgasm.

'I want you to come,' Lucius ordered and angled his hips to slam into Harry's prostate. Harry whimpered below him at the sudden change. 'Come, Potter,' Lucius said. 'I want you to come without your gorgeous cock being touched.'

Harry bit his lip and moaned.
Lucius slammed in hard, nails digging into Harry's pale cheeks, keeping them spread. He rocked back and forth on his feet, snapping his hips to fuck Harry hard and fast.

'Oh fuck, fuck me, oh gods...' Harry was panting heavily, entire body tense as he approached his orgasm. 'Yes, yes, right-right th-there... ah... yes!'  

Harry groaned as he shuddered through his second release, come spurting from his cock and dripping down his skin, his robes. Harry's tongue darted out to lick his swollen lips, body slowly relaxing as he came down.

Lucius pulled out and dragged Harry up, spinning him to kiss him quickly. 'On your back,' he said when they broke apart. Harry hopped back onto the desk and laid back, wiggling to get comfortable. Lucius grabbed his legs and forced them around his waist.

He gripped his cock and wasted no time in thrusting back in, Harry whimpering below him.

'You're so tight, Potter,' Lucius groaned.

'Just for you,' Harry said.

Lucius thrust in and out, Harry's muscles as tight as when they'd started. 'You're so fucking sexy,' Lucius said. 'When you play Quidditch or eat with your friends, licking your spoon like it's my cock.'

Harry moaned.

'I've been watching you,' Lucius said. 'You wish every spoon was my cock, don't you?'

Harry nodded as he let his head tip back, fingers digging into his thighs.

'Look at you,' Lucius said, voice cracked as he slowly lost himself, 'your arse swallowing my cock like a little slut.'

'Fuck,' Harry whimpered, green eyes still dark with arousal. He started rolling his hips to help Lucius, to drag him deeper in, as his cock twitched and grew against his stomach.

'Fucking hell, gonna come again, are you?' Lucius asked.

Harry nodded and bit his lip.

'You like this, don't you?' Lucius asked. 'Like getting fucked on a table by your professors?'

'Only you,' Harry gasped as his mate hit his prostate. 'Only you, Professor Malfoy. Your cock's so big, gods, what it does to me.'

'Fills your pretty little hole,' Lucius told him.

'Yes, yes, fill me,' Harry agreed. 'Aaah, Professor.'

Lucius couldn't speak anymore and he tried to fight off his orgasm, wanting Harry to come with him. When Harry was completely erect he managed to choke out a sentence.

'Jerk yourself off, I want to watch you fuck your fist as I fuck you.'

Harry moaned and did as he was told; his right hand fisted around his cock and he started pulling, hand moving quicker and quicker as Lucius' hips slammed into him. His balls slapped into Harry's
arse, adding a delicious sting every time Lucius filled Harry.

Both moaned together, Harry opening his eyes to watch. Lucius' hair had come out of it's tie and fell around his shoulders, moving back and forth as Lucius fucked him.

Harry lifted his hips off the table as Lucius impaled him again, his third orgasm racing towards him. 'Fuck, sir, so close. Yes, just like that, fuck me!'

Lucius groaned, nails digging into Harry's arse as he continued his relentless pace.

'So... so c-close,' Harry moaned. 'Fuck... ah... LUCIUS!'

Harry erupted over his robes, thick jets of come leaking across his fist and clothes. He moaned and tightened immediately, squeezing Lucius and making the Slytherin come with a hoarse shout. He emptied himself into Harry, cock twitching as his seed slicked the Gryffindor's insides. Harry slowly lowered his hips back to the table and panted heavily, eyes squeezed shut and hand moving slowly over his cock.

Harry groaned when Lucius pulled out, come leaking out of his loose hole. Lucius was breathing heavily as he waved his hand to clean them up. He helped Harry dress first, the teenager leaning against him heavily as his trousers were repaired. He loosened his tie, watching Lucius pull his boxers and trousers on, tucking his softening cock away.

'Well, I believe you'll pass this course with flying colours, Mr Potter,' Lucius said.

Harry giggled and kissed him. 'Mm, that was nice, Professor Malfoy. Perhaps we should have a repeat?'

'Do you plan on falling asleep at your desk again?' Lucius asked.

Harry smiled coyly. 'If that's the punishment I might sleep right through class, sir.'

Lucius chuckled and wrapped his arms around his mate, kissing him thoroughly. 'I remembered you asking if I had my uniform and I thought we could at least role play a little.'

'Is it role play when you're really my teacher?' Harry questioned.

'It doesn't matter,' Lucius shrugged and kissed him again. 'It was still very fun.'

'Hmm, I still think you should find your uniform,' Harry said, trailing his fingers up and down Lucius' chest.

'I swear, everyone thinks I'm the horny one in this partnership,' Lucius said. Harry grinned as his mate picked up his black robe, quickly pulling it on. When Lucius turned back around he asked, 'I didn't hurt you, did I?'

'No, it was very nice,' Harry said honestly. 'But now I'm starving and I told Hermione she and Ron could have dinner with us tonight.'

'Ahh, Mr Weasley's probably starved to death.'

Harry giggled as Lucius helped him pick up his stuff.

{oOo}
Draco, Hermione and Ron were all waiting in their quarters, Hermione reading and the boys talking Quidditch.

'I'm telling you, Gryffindor stands no chance without Harry,' Draco said.

'Pfft, we're still a good team,' Ron insisted.

'Not a chance, Harry was your star player and he won't be able to play for the rest of the year,'
Hermione said. 'Face it, Ron, you're done.'

'The snakes will go down,' Ron promised.

Hermione rolled her eyes and perked up when she saw Harry and Lucius.

'What took you so long? I'm starvimg,' Ron complained. 'Draco wouldn't let us eat until you got here.'

Harry blushed and Lucius kissed his cheek before taking Harry's bag and depositing it in the study.
'My apologies,' the blonde said, re-joining them in the dining room. 'Mr Potter had to be taught a lesson about falling asleep in class.'

Harry was as bright as a tomato but thankfully Ron didn't seem to understand. Hermione was smirking at him and Draco rolled his eyes in exasperation, knowing that no amount of yelling would stop his fathers from humping each other wherever they bloody could.

They had chicken and rice for dinner with a bowl of chips and salad to share. Harry heaped food onto plates for Lucius and Draco before tucking into his own. He was sitting beside Lucius, the man's chair right next to his so they could press against each other.

Hermione and Lucius got right into it; discussing how long it would take to get a school running, what type of teachers they'd need, what age groups they'd go for. Ron ignored them all and shoved food into his mouth, Harry added his own thoughts, and Draco listened curiously.

'I think ages eight to ten or eleven,' Lucius said. 'They can graduate the year they start Hogwarts.'

Hermione nodded, her dinner barely touched. 'And what about subjects? Basics or something in-depth?'

'Starting with basics would be best,' Lucius said. 'Explaining how magic works and why it should be respected.'

'Also classes that introduce pure-bloods and half-bloods to the Muggle world,' Harry cut in, the other two looking at him. 'I think witches and wizards would understand Muggles better if they were introduced to them at a younger age.'

'I agree,' Lucius nodded. 'Most hatred for Muggles stems from fear and the inability to understand them.'

'What about Muggle-borns?' Hermione asked. 'They'll be at a disadvantage if they don't start their schooling until they're eleven.'

'We'd have to talk to Kingsley Shaklebolt,' Lucius said. 'Muggle-borns are always visited by a wizard from the school, usually McGonagall, before they start.'
'She visited me,' Hermione nodded. 'Do you think Kingsley would agree with us?'

'He should,' Harry said, swallowing down some rice with orange juice. 'Muggle-borns are so lost when they first come here, I know I was.' Hermione nodded in agreement. 'People like Ron and Draco looked at me like I was an idiot for being surprised at owls, Quidditch, and moving photos... if kids are introduced to that before they start Hogwarts, in a friendly environment with other Muggle-borns or half-bloods who grew up in the Muggle-world, I think they'll settle into Hogwarts a lot better.'

'And if pure-blood children are shown that Muggle-borns are no different, they'll accept them at Hogwarts,' Lucius said. 'Of course not being able to hex each other might help.'

Draco snorted and sipped his wine.

'What are you on about?' Ron asked through a mouthful of chips.

Hermione grimaced and turned back to Lucius. 'So, Mr Malfoy, you like our idea?'

'I do,' Lucius nodded. 'I fear for the future of our world; children today are completely idiotic.'

'Would you stop badmouthing your students?' Harry said.

'You have to agree that this school has been lax with its teaching,' Lucius said. 'You've had seven different DA teachers.'

'Nine if you count the Carrows,' Hermione said and shivered.

'Quirrell was Voldemort in disguise,' Harry said, 'Lockhart a complete tosser.'

'Remus was alright,' Ron said, swallowing down his food. Harry nodded. 'Moody was a Death Eater in disguise, Umbridge a complete lunatic.'

'Severus was okay,' Lucius said.

'Yeah, to the Slytherins,' Harry snorted. 'Where was I?'

'The Carrows,' Hermione provided.

'Right, well I heard they were utterly mad, like Umbridge,' Harry said. 'And finally we have the very best teacher ever.' He grinned at Lucius and Draco rolled his eyes.

'Honestly,' the Malfoy heir sighed.

'The fact that you can even hold your wand is a testament to how smart you are,' Lucius said. 'I heard from Severus that you created a DA club when Umbridge was your teacher.'

Harry grinned. 'Yeah, taught a bunch of people in the Room of Requirement. It all came to an end when someone busted us.' He looked at Draco.

'Well I wasn't invited to join your little club,' Draco sniffed.

Harry chuckled and turned back to Lucius. 'Yeah, most of our year passed because I taught them, a few younger kids joined too.'

'We need teachers like you for the school you and Hermione are suggesting,' Lucius said. 'Teachers
who will be patient, kind, and know enough about the subject.'

'What subjects would we teach?' Hermione asked.

'An Introduction to the Muggle World for pure-bloods and some half-bloods,' Lucius said. 'As well as An Introduction to the Wizarding World.'

'Basic magic that has wand holding, spell casting, stuff like that,' Harry said. 'We can have some trainer wands that aren't too powerful to avoid accidents.'

'I think etiquett training will also be useful,' Lucius said.

'Etiquett training?' Harry queried.

His mate nodded, sipping his wind. 'Harry, I act like a gentleman because my mother and father had me take classes when I was a child, Draco too. Though my son has acted like a prat-' Draco looked down as his father glanced at him, '- in the proper formal setting, Draco knows how to act. You were confused when our guests addressed you as Lord Potter. All magical children should be taught these things to better understand both pure-blood and wizarding traditions.'

'I suppose that makes sense,' Harry nodded. 'But only if all of them are taught about Muggle traditions like Christmas, Easter, things like that. I hate when kids tease each other for having different beliefs, it's stupid. Magic people should know that some Muggle-borns believe in a certain god and live their lives based on their faith.'

'I think that's agreeable,' Lucius nodded. 'So we have introductions to both worlds, etiquett training, basic magic.'

'We also have to work in a little fun,' Hermione said. 'The kids will hate going to school if it isn't at least fun.'

'Perhaps small games of Quidditch on training brooms?' Lucius suggested. 'It would introduce them to the game before they get to Hogwarts.'

'Oh, and everyone has to learn about the four houses, if only briefly,' Harry said. 'I'm sick of everyone thinking Slytherin is Dark; Merlin was a Slytherin and he turned out pretty well.'

Lucius smiled and kissed his fiancé. 'Sounds perfect, love.'

'I bet the kids will get a kick out of having Harry Potter as a teacher,' Draco snickered.

Harry rolled his eyes and went back to his dinner.

'Depending on how many people sign up,' Lucius said, 'you're looking at between five and twelve teachers.'

'We can have house elves keep the place tidy and cook,' Harry said. 'For wages, of course;' he added when Hermione glared at him.

'Excellent,' the witch beamed and cut up her forgotten chicken.

'What type of teachers do we need?' Harry asked, sipping his orange juice.

'There are a few teachers with degrees in early education,' Lucius said. 'I know for a fact that Flitwick and the new Arithmacy professor both have degrees. If you ask them I'm sure they could point you in the right direction.'
'And Hermione and I would need that, right?'

'To legally teach the students, yes,' Lucius nodded. 'A business degree would help if either of you want to handle the business side of things.'

'I would,' Hermione said. 'I've been looking into it; there's a one-year degree that covers early education, longer ones if you want to go for a specific subject. And then if you want to teach at Hogwarts level you have to get a Masters in something.'

'I was thinking of DADA,' Harry admitted.

'Really?' Lucius asked, his mate nodding.

'I want options in case I ever want to teach at Hogwarts,' Harry said.

'You could be my apprentice,' Lucius mused.

'How does that work, exactly?' Harry asked.

'Well, you take a course at one of the magical universities in the UK, other countries have different teaching policies. While you take your classes you study under me three, four days a week, depending on how long you want to spend as my apprentice.'

'How long is it usually?' Harry asked.

'Two or three years,' Lucius said. 'I did mine in France after I finished Hogwarts but you can take anywhere up to six years to complete your Masters if your teacher is willing to have you around that long.'

'So in theory I could do my early education degree and my DADA Masters at the same time?' Harry asked, popping a lettuce leaf into his mouth.

'I'd suggest doing the early education degree first,' Lucius said. 'That way you can open the school earlier if you don't find enough teachers, and you can help out if someone's sick. When you're done with that you can become my apprentice.'

'I agree with Mr Malfoy,' Hermione said and Harry looked at her. 'You can take the degree by owl so you can stay home with the baby,' she said. 'He or she will be old enough by the time you're ready to start your Masters.'

'Hmm,' Harry said and continued eating. 'I suppose I can still think about it.'

'Of course,' Lucius said and kissed Harry's cheek.

'Draco, you're opening up your own business, yes?' Hermione asked.

The Malfoy heir nodded as he sipped his wine. 'I want to run my own apothecary,' he said. 'I like working with potions and ingredients, I can do both with my own business. Plus it'll help train me to run the Malfoy empire one day.'

'Smart,' Hermione nodded.

'We've got ages until we have to decide,' Ron said, reaching for a fourth piece of chicken.

Harry shook his head as Lucius asked, 'And what do you plan on doing, Mr Weasley?'
'Dunno yet,' Ron shrugged, cutting his chicken. 'I was thinking of being an Auror but I don't fancy chasing Dark wizards my whole life. My entire education doing that was enough.'

Harry chuckled and Hermione smiled at him.

'I was thinking of working with Quidditch,' Ron said. 'A coach or something, maybe teaching it to kids at Hogwarts.'

'Hey, you could teach the kids at our school,' Harry said.

'Would I need a degree?' Ron asked, wrinkling his nose.

'Er... yeah,' Harry said.

'I'll skip that, thanks,' Ron said.

'I've heard Madam Hooch is thinking of retiring,' Lucius commented. 'You could always study under her; a year or two and you could take over and teach first years how to fly.'

Ron nodded along. 'That sounds alright.'

'Can we please stop talking about our futures?' Draco asked. 'It's boring.'

'Wel what would you rather talk about?' Lucius asked.

'Quidditch!' Ron exclaimed and he and Draco launched into their earlier argument.

Hermione sighed at the red-head as Harry and Lucius smiled at Draco.
Harry and Lucius both decided not to give an interview to *The Daily Prophet*; the newspaper had pissed them off too much. Instead they went with *The Quibbler*, knowing that the magazine would respect their wishes and only print what they allowed.

Harry asked Luna and the witch agreed to speak to her dad. Two days later Harry was called to the Headmaster's office and walked in to find Lucius and a man he'd never met before waiting.

'Harry, congratulations,' Albus beamed and hugged him quickly.

'Thanks, sir,' Harry said, smiling as he was tugged to Lucius' side, the blonde glaring at the Headmaster.

'This is Edwin McNab from *The Quibbler,*' Dumbledore said. 'He's here to interview you and Professor Malfoy. Now, because you're still a student here, Harry, I have a duty of care; I have to be present during the interview.'

'That's fine,' Harry shrugged.

Dumbledore led the three to the small sitting room, offering cakes and tea. It was almost the end of classes and Harry was famished, having again only eaten a little to avoid throwing up. He pounced on the cakes and stuffed a few banana and chocolate ones into his mouth, Lucius dusting crumbs from his robes.

'Mr Potter, Mr Malfoy, thank you for choosing *The Quibbler,*' McNab said.

'Noo wowies,' Harry mumbled through his food. Lucius tisked as his mate washed it down with a gulp of warm tea. 'Sorry about that,' Harry blushed.

'Not a problem,' McNab smiled. 'Are you ready for the interview or do you need a few moments?'

Before Harry could answer, Lucius said, 'Eat, we can talk afterwards.'

Harry didn't bother complaining; Lucius was fiercely protective now that he knew Harry was pregnant. So the teenager leaned back with a plate of cakes and ate as many as he wanted, Lucius watching with a smile and Dumbledore talking to McNab.

When Harry had polished off his sixth square of cake and second cup of tea, he cleared his throat and said, 'I'm ready.'

"*Should we tell the world about our baby?*" Lucius asked silently as McNab pulled out a quill, a bottle of ink, and a notebook.

Harry shook his head. "*I don't want them to know, Lucius, it's none of their business until I start to show. Let's enjoy it for a while, just us and friends.*"

"*Are you sure?*"

"*Yes,*" Harry nodded again. "*Besides, everyone will think you only proposed because I'm pregnant.*"

"*They'll think that any way when they find out,*" Lucius pointed out.
"True," Harry said. "But let's just enjoy it without people congratulating us and demanding to know every detail."

Lucius nodded and turned back to McNab.

McNab was staring at them in shock, having heard that veela mates could communicate silently but not quite believing it.

He cleared his throat and said, 'Okay, so I'll ask a few questions and you can choose to answer them or not, I won't push if you don't want to.'

'That will be acceptable,' Lucius said and gestured with his hand for the other wizard to start.

'First thing's first,' the man said and looked at the couple. 'Are you two engaged?'

'Yes,' Lucius nodded and Harry showed his engagement ring. McNab wrote that down and asked about the other two rings Harry wore.

'One's a Malfoy family ring,' Harry said, 'that shows I'm the chosen partner of the Malfoy patriarch. The other was made by my mate.' He allowed McNab to inspect the ring.

'I made it for Harry after he gave me this,' Lucius said and showed his Harry ring.

'Very beautiful,' McNab said and wrote some more. 'Okay, so I should ask why you two were arguing when Mr Malfoy proposed,' McNab continued. 'You don't have to tell me the details, but the readers will be curious.'

'Harry was... worried about something else that had happened earlier that night,' Lucius said slowly. 'He hasn't been well lately and his emotions took over.'

'I overreacted,' Harry said. 'But once Lucius calmed me down I said yes.'

Dumbledore smiled as McNab nodded and dipped his quill into the ink bottle to continue writing. 'So you two are happy?'

'Absolutely,' Harry grinned and kissed Lucius quickly.

'Will the wedding take place before or after Mr Potter graduates Hogwarts?'

'After,' Lucius said. 'Harry has enough to worry about without the stress of a wedding.'

'Have you discussed details?' the reporter asked. 'Such as where the wedding will take place, when...?'

Lucius and Harry glanced at each other. 'We have,' the blonde said.

'Lucius wants to get married in winter and I agreed it would be beautiful,' Harry said. 'We'll either get married later this year in December, or the earlier months of next year.'

'Perhaps close to Christmas, December 20th or so,' Lucius said. 'We'll worry about details after Harry graduates.'

"And after the baby is born," Lucius added silently, glancing at his mate, who nodded.

'The world wants to know if there will be any Potter-Malfoy heirs in the future,' McNab said.
Harry nearly swallowed his own tongue. Lucius of course was his usual calm and in control self. 'We do want children,' he told the reporter, 'and whether that happens before or after we marry is of little importance.'

McNab raised an eyebrow. 'Really?'

'Yes,' Lucius nodded. 'I am aware that children born out of wedlock are frowned upon in pure-blood circles. But my fiancé was not raised a pure-blood, nor do I associate with the people I used to. Whenever we have a child, or children, we be fine by both of us.'

McNab looked at Harry.

'I'll love our children,' the teenager said, 'whether born in a year or five.'

'Very good,' McNab said, nodding to himself. He thought it stupid some people thought of children born out of marriage as bastards. 'Will these children be Malfoy or Potter heirs?'

'The Malfoy family already has an heir in our kit, Draco, but the Potter family doesn't,' Lucius said. 'Therefore, Harry's and my first born will be the Potter heir, whether it's a boy or a girl.'

'So your first child will be a Potter?' McNab asked.

'A Potter financially, a Malfoy by name,' Lucius said.

'You've thought this through, Mr Malfoy.'

'Of course I have,' Lucius said, Malfoy smirk creeping up his face.

McNab smiled and wrote down Lucius' answers.

'Any other children we have,' Lucius continued, 'will receive smaller inheritances then Draco and our first born.'

McNab nodded.

'But we'll love them equally,' Harry said.

'Don't be silly, little one,' Lucius said. 'They'll be our kit, regardless of age or inheritance. Of course we'll love them equally.'

Harry grinned and snuggled closer to his mate, Dumbledore and McNab both smiling at them.

{oOo}

Edwin McNab asked a few more questions and was soon leaving, thanking them both and congratulating them. Harry groaned and rubbed his stomach.

'What's wrong?' Lucius asked.

'Feel sick,' Harry said. 'It usually only hits around midday.'

'I'm sure Severus could get you some potions,' Dumbledore suggested.
'I might ask him,' Harry nodded.

He and Lucius thanked Dumbledore and headed out. It was late afternoon and dinner would be ready. The couple decided to eat in their quarters since Harry was feeling sick and made their way there.

'Hmm,' Lucius mused. 'I wonder if our child will be in Gryffindor or Slytherin.'

'Or Ravenclaw,' Harry said, 'even Hufflepuff.'

'Please no,' Lucius groaned.

'We'll love our children no matter what house they're sorted into,' Harry said sternly, 'even if it's not one of the ones we were in, okay?'

Lucius was silent and Harry elbowed him in the ribs. 'Ouch, okay,' he grumbled. 'Even if our child's in Hufflepuff I will love him or her.'

'You'd better,' Harry said, 'or I'll kick your arse.'

'Ooh,' Lucius said and Harry smiled.

'Luce, do you want a boy or a girl?'

'Hmm... I'm fine with either,' Lucius said, 'though I'd love a little girl.'

'I don't care either,' Harry said. 'As long as the baby's happy and healthy.'

'And spoilt.'

' Well of course, all Malfoys are spoilt,' Harry teased.

'And all Potters are cheeky,' Lucius said.

Harry smiled. 'Do you think it'll have your hair or mine?'

'Dear Gods, please let the baby have your hair,' Lucius said. 'It's adorable.'

'No it's not, it's horrible.'

'Adorable,' Lucius said, reaching out to touch his mate.

Harry swatted Lucius' hand away and said, 'Scruffy blonde?'

'With bright green eyes.'

'If we have a girl she'll be beating men off with a stick.'

'No, I will,' Lucius corrected. 'She won't date until adulthood, or until she finds her mate.'

Harry snorted. 'Yeah, good luck with that.'

'Don't doubt me, Mr Potter.'

'Soon to be Mr Malfoy.'

Lucius grinned. 'Doesn't that sound excellent?'
Harry couldn't help but nod in agreement.

'Hey, will our kids have mates?' Harry asked.

'Of course,' Lucius said. 'Our child will be born to veela mates, therefore a veela him or herself. They'll have a mate and be able to find out who when they turn seventeen.'

'So a bit of a wait, then,' Harry said, as they reached their quarters. 'I hope the baby finds their mate.'

'They will,' Lucius said, giving the password and leading Harry in.

They didn't eat straight away, instead sitting on the sofa together. Harry had a mug of orange juice, the only thing that seemed to calm his stomach. He sat on Lucius' lap, fingers playing with the blonde's shirt. Lucius, as usual, was stroking Harry's hair. But now his right hand rested on Harry's stomach, like he could feel the baby growing. It made Harry grin.

'Lucius, won't a wedding in winter be cold?' Harry asked suddenly.

'Harry, you forget we're wizards,' Lucius said.

'Oh... we can use magic to keep the cold out?'

'And stop the snow falling past our heads.'

'Oh... m'kay.'

Lucius chuckled and Harry elbowed him again. The blonde tickled the Gryffindor until he fell off the sofa and pouted. Lucius laughed.

{oOo}

Harry hadn't heard from Sirius since the first letter and Remus said he was pouting. Harry invited them to dinner and at five o'clock Saturday he found himself in his and Lucius' wardrobe getting dressed.

It had warmed up now that it was spring but it was still slightly chilly at nights. Harry went for jeans, only to find that the button wouldn't do up. He frowned and tried again, tugging and stretching, but nothing worked. He walked over to the mirror and turned sideways to look.

Harry gasped. His stomach was... bigger. He placed his hands on his chest and stroked down, gasping again when he realised his belly was swollen. He looked like he'd eaten a whole heap of food and Harry poked his stomach. His skin was soft but there was an underlying thickness.

'What's wrong?' Lucius asked, walking into the wardrobe to see Harry standing in front of the mirror staring at himself half-naked.

'My jeans don't fit,' Harry said.

'What?' Lucius asked. 'They're tailor made.'

'Well I'm a bit bigger then I was a few weeks ago,' Harry said.
Lucius blinked before his eyes slowly trailed down to Harry's stomach. Harry grinned, watching his mate cross to him. Slowly Lucius reached out, placing his palms on Harry's stomach.

'Merlin, you're showing already,' Lucius said.

'I thought I wasn't supposed to show until three months,' Harry said.

'Well... you're very small,' Lucius hummed as he stroked Harry's stomach. 'Or the baby could be big.'

'Oh Gods, the baby's gonna be massive, it's it?' Harry groaned. 'I'll have to give birth to a Quaffle.'

'A baby's a bit bigger than a Quaffle, Harry.'

Harry frowned. 'S'cuse me?'

'Well... a baby's longer than a Quaffle, just not as wide.'

Harry stared at his mate before groaning. 'Why me?' he demanded.

Lucius chuckled and bent down to kiss Harry's stomach. He drew back and said, 'Let me get my wand, I'll transfigure your jeans bigger.'

{oOo}

Lucius made his jeans bigger and Harry added a loose fitting shirt to hide his very small baby bump. It wasn't noticeable unless you looked for it (and tried to fit into very small jeans) but Harry didn't want to take any chances. He added a coat and took a scarf in case it was cold. Lucius wore trousers, a white button-up, and a long-sleeved robe.

Fred and George were meeting them at the restaurant so Harry, Lucius, Draco and Severus (who Harry and Lucius both considered part of the family) trudged down the grounds together, chatting about this and that, homework and Quidditch. Lucius apparated them both and Harry groaned as his stomach rolled.

'Alright, love?' Lucius asked.

'F-Fine,' Harry said. 'But I think I'll skip the appetisers.'

'Maybe eat something small,' Lucius suggested.

Harry nodded and allowed Lucius to lead him inside.

Sirius and Remus were waiting and the Animagus jumped to his feet. 'Harry!' He pulled him in for a hug and Lucius growled audibly.

'Erm, he's a bit protective since...' Harry trailed off and gestured at his stomach.

'I'm just glad you told him,' Remus cut in, patting Harry on the shoulder.

'I was scared,' Harry groaned. 'Would everyone stop going on about it?'
Remus chuckled and sat back down with Sirius. Severus sat beside him, with Draco to his left, two empty seats for the twins, Lucius, and finally Harry.

'So, you're really...?' Sirius looked pointedly at Harry's stomach.

'Yeah, I am,' Harry said as he got comfortable, pushing his plate slightly away so he could lean on the table.

'How far along are you?' Sirius asked.

'Almost eleven weeks,' Lucius told him.

'It explains why Harry was so tired during the holidays,' Severus said, the others looking at him. 'They conceived around Yule.'

'I knew there was something wrong,' Sirius said, looking between Severus and Remus. 'I told you he was acting weird but nooo; he's just stressed, Sirius. He's just tired, Sirius. He'll miss shagging Lucius, Sirius.'

Severus snorted and Remus chuckled. 'Yes, Siri, we get it,' the werewolf said with a warm smile. 'You were right.'

Severus glanced at Remus before looking away quickly, eyes on his menu.

'I guess it explains why I was so tired and moody,' Harry nodded along. 'Also the throwing up and everything.'

'Morning sickness?' Remus asked.

Harry shook his head. 'Afternoon sickness more like. I'm fine in the morning, it's around lunchtime that I want to hurl... and sometimes do.'

'I have to track him down and force-feed him crackers,' Lucius said. 'Otherwise he wouldn't eat.'

'Well you try to eat when your stomach is trying to kill you,' Harry huffed.

'Oh, no, I don't envy you,' Lucius shook his head. 'I'll leave childbirth up to you.'

'I'll be surprised if you live through it, Lucius,' Severus smirked. 'I'm sure Harry will have a few choice words to say to you when he's pushing your baby out.'

Harry grinned at the pale look Lucius was sporting. 'How's Teddy?' he asked, looking at Remus.

'Good, he's talking a bit more,' Remus said as everyone looked over their drinks menus.

'He calls me Paddy,' Sirius said, looking proud.

'He can't say Padfoot yet,' Remus smiled, 'but I like Paddy; might let it stick.'

'Does he still play with you in your dog form?' Harry asked.

Sirius nodded. 'He still doesn't quite understand that I'm the dog, he always grabs me and demands that Paddy comes back.'

Harry smiled and rested a hand on his stomach. 'I can't wait till I get to do that.'
'Enjoy the pregnancy,' Remus said. 'As soon as the baby's born you'll have no sleep, no sex, no life, really. It'll be all about the baby.'

'That's the one downside to having a child,' Lucius agreed. 'The lack of sleep sends you crazy.'

'We'll be fine,' Harry insisted.

'Oh, look at the first-time mummy,' Sirius grinned. 'Has no idea what it's like to be a parent.'

'You're not a parent,' Harry pointed out.

'I'm helping raise Teddy,' Sirius said. 'And I helped raise you too; your parents went into hiding when you were a few weeks old. I changed diapers, fed you, bathed you, stopped you crying your lungs out every second of the day.'

'You were a quiet baby,' Remus added, 'but most never shut up.'

'It'll be fine,' Harry brushed their words aside.

Lucius chuckled and shook his head. Harry had no idea what he was getting himself into.

Fred and George arrived together, both looking tired. 'Those bloody Australian wizards are insane,' Fred said as George bent to kiss Draco hello.

'What did the Australians do now?' Lucius asked.

'Sent us a box of fireworks that explode and shower you in glitter,' George said as he sat, Fred kissing Draco.

'How is that a bad thing?' Harry asked.

'It's not but I wish they'd bloody warned us,' Fred said.

'Took us ages to clean up the glitter, we had to do it by hand,' George explained.

'It's made to resist magic,' Fred groaned.

Harry laughed. 'A bit of manual labour never hurt anyone.'

'Not all of us grew up Muggles,' George pouted. 'We weren't prepared.'

'We were woefully inadequate for the task,' Fred agreed.

Draco smiled and shook his head.

A waitress appeared and they ordered drinks and appetisers. Harry's stomach was still feeling off so he got an orange juice and skipped the appetisers.

'Are you okay?' Remus asked as soon as the waitress had disappeared.

'Apparating made me feel sick,' Harry admitted, rubbing his stomach. 'It should calm down by the main course, and orange juice seems to help for some reason.'

Lucius reached over and ran a hand through Harry's hair, scratching his scalp and making the Gryffindor hum. 'Feel better?' Lucius asked.

'Mm, if you keep doing it I might,' Harry mumbled.
They fell into talk as they ate their appetisers, Harry sipping his orange juice. He noted that Severus was unusually quiet and kept glancing at Remus. The werewolf too was acting... odd.

But it was pushed from Harry's mind when his stomach growled. By the time the main courses arrived he was starving and dove right in, Lucius having to remind him to chew and eat slowly. Harry didn't notice the way Severus and Remus kept glancing at each other. And he didn't notice his godfather rolling his eyes.

{oOo}

Sirius sighed. Remus and Severus were acting like schoolboys. All through dinner they'd barely spoken to each other, had looked and blushed, had moved about uncomfortably.

Lucius was so wrapped up in Harry that he didn't notice, the Gryffindor grinning under all the attention. Draco and the twins were deep in discussion about the joke shop and Draco's future apothecary. None of them noticed how Remus and Severus were acting around each other.

Since deciding to ignore the fact that Severus was falling for Remus, the three had had lunch three times. And each time it had been clear that Severus still harboured feelings for the werewolf.

What was surprising was how Remus began to act. Like Severus, he blushed and fidgeted, stared a bit too much at the Slytherin than was normal, and Sirius was certain his boyfriend was beginning to have feelings for the potions master.

Surprisingly Sirius didn't feel any jealousy. He actually felt a bit good that another man was pining after his boyfriend. And Severus was a good guy, he'd never try and steal Remus away.

_Honestly_, Sirius thought as Remus almost knocked his goblet over trying to avoid touching the potions master.

An image suddenly danced through Sirius' head and he paused, goblet half raised to his lips. He turned to look Severus up and down as the man disappeared to the bathrooms, Remus watching him.

It was a thought that had drifted into Sirius' head more and more often over the past week. And he could no longer ignore it.

Sirius moved his chair closer to Remus. The other two couples were too engrossed in each other to notice.

'What happened?' he asked.

Remus sighed. 'He's just... I don't think we can forget the whole him-liking-me thing.'

'No, no I think he's falling in love with you,' Sirius nodded and his boyfriend sighed again. 'And what about you?'

Remus jumped. 'What?' Sirius raised an eyebrow. 'What about me?'

'How do you feel about him?'

'He's a friend.'
'And...?'
'Sirius...'
The Animagus' other eyebrow joined the first.
'What do you want me to say?' Remus demanded, voice a soft hiss.
'I want you to say that you fancy him too,' Sirius said.
Remus turned red and looked down.
'I knew it,' Sirius grinned.
'Siri, I love you,' Remus said. 'But he's just... I mean...'
'He's intelligent, funny, good to be around, and handsome,' Sirius supplied.
Remus groaned. 'I'm so sorry, I don't even... I mean, I fancied him a bit in school but he was always pining for Lily.'
'I know,' Sirius said. 'It was the reasons I didn't ask him for a shag.'
'Say what?' Remus blanched.
Sirius smirked. 'Oh don't act so scandalised; you know I shagged anything that moved back then. Hell, I would have given Lucius a go if he hadn't been such a prat.'
'Don't let Harry hear you say that,' Remus muttered.
'My point is that Severus Snape is a damn fine piece of man,' Sirius said. 'I can't be angry at you for finding him attractive.'
'It's not just that,' Remus said. 'I... I like him, not just for his looks.'
'I do too.'
Remus blinked. 'You what?'
'I like him too.'
'You... wait, you fancy Severus?'
'Yes,' Sirius nodded.
'Since when?' Remus demanded.
'Didn't I just say I woulda shagged him in school?' Remus frowned. 'Look, I'm not saying that I don't love you,' the Black patriarch continued, 'and I'm not saying that you don't love me. But... well, triads aren't unheard of.' He glanced at the Weasley twins, who each had an arm around a grinning blonde.
'Wait, are you suggesting that we... that both of us-'
'Date him?' Sirius asked. 'Yes, I am.'
Remus' mouth dropped open. 'You can't be serious.'
'Why not?' Sirius asked. 'He's obviously falling for you, and you for him. I don't want to lose you as a partner, or Severus as a friend. I'm open-minded, I wouldn't be opposed to letting him into our relationship.'

'You can't be serious.'

'Remy-'

'You're seriously suggesting that we both date and shag Severus?'

Sirius nodded. 'Why not? The three of us get along emotionally, why not try adding some physical stuff to it? I've thought this through, Remy, and the idea of you and him together...’ He licked his lips and Remus snorted.

'You horny mutt.'

'Guilty as charged.'

Remus folded his arms to think about Sirius' proposal. 'You'd seriously let him date us?' Sirius nodded. 'And sex?' Another nod. 'What if we fall in love with him?'

'Then we fall in love with him,' Sirius shrugged.

'What if Sev doesn't want you?'

Sirius sighed. 'Well than that's that. I won't let you have him without me as well, Remy, I just can't. I'm sorry.'

Remus could see the logic in that; he'd hate to give Sirius up, even for Severus. But could he have both of them? Could that even work?

'I suppose...' Remus said slowly, '... I could talk to Severus about it.'

'Really?' Sirius' eyes lit up.

'Yeah,' Remus nodded.

'Well go on then,' Sirius said and shoved him.

'What, now?' Remus asked.

His boyfriend nodded. 'Go on, tell him our idea, invite him back to ours, whatever. Just tell him I'm open to a three-way relationship.'

Remus rolled his eyes but stood and headed for the bathrooms.

'Where's Remy going?' Harry asked.

Sirius turned to see Lucius still kissing Harry's neck, the twins completely absorbed in Draco. 'Bathroom,' he said.

'Oh,' Harry said and smiled as Lucius caught his lips in another kiss.

Sirius snorted. Veela, he thought with a head shake.
'What are you doing?' Severus demanded. Remus had him cornered in the bathrooms and he swallowed nervously, senses assaulted with Remus' cologne and general scent.

'I wanted to talk to you.'

'About?'

'This attraction.'

Severus frowned. 'I thought we were ignoring that.'

'Obviously we can't,' Remus said and reached up. Severus flinched as a warm, calloused hand came into contact with his cheek.

'Wh-What...' Severus mumbled.

Remus smiled and said, 'Sirius has proposed something.'

'Has he?' Severus managed to get out.

'A triad.'

Severus raised an eyebrow. 'Excuse me?'

'He's proposed that he and I date you, that we date each other.'

Severus' mouth fell open. 'Are you serious?' Remus nodded and quickly relayed what Sirius had said to him. 'He's willing to share you?'

'Only if he's allowed the same freedoms I am,' Remus said, 'which means we're all equal in the relationship. We date.'

'So, what, we'd all be partners?' Severus asked and Remus nodded. 'How would that work?'

'Draco seems to manage.'

'He's a veela with two soulmates, we're just normal men,' Severus pointed out.

'Who get along really well and are sexually attracted to each other,' Remus said. 'Sev, I'm not promising that this will work, but I like you, Sirius does too. Obviously this isn't going to go away on it's own. I love Sirius, nothing will change that, but I can love you too.'

Severus looked him over carefully. 'You're serious?'

'I did just say that, didn't I?'

'Me, you, and Black?'

'Well, you can call him Sirius,' Remus chuckled.

Severus rolled his eyes. 'I just... us three, together?'

'Yes.'
Severus and Remus turned to see Sirius, the Black patriarch smiling. Severus tried to worm away but Remus had him caged against the wall.

'Now, what do we have here?' Sirius said and wet his lips. 'A delicious werewolf and a sexy professor.'

Severus' face flushed and Remus smiled. 'I was just telling him about your offer.'

'And?' Sirius said, walking closer to stand beside them both.

'You're attracted to me?' Severus asked.

Sirius nodded. 'You look damn sexy in black and I know that calm exterior is masking a sex demon.'

'All you ever think about is sex,' Remus tisked.

'How can I not when my boyfriend has a delicious man trapped against a wall?' Sirius said, smirking at the blush on Severus' cheeks. 'So, are you willing to give this a go?'

'So many things could go wrong,' Severus said.

'So?' Sirius shrugged. 'Of course things could go wrong, this isn't a sure thing like Draco and the twins. But I love Remus and he likes you, hell, I like you. I think we can make this work.'

'How?' Severus asked.

'Dates between all three of us,' Sirius said, 'and sex too, at least in the beginning, so no one feels left out. If this continues I'm not opposed to just two of us shagging when we feel like it.'

'So... if we dated,' Severus said slowly, 'and suddenly Remus and I had sex in my quarters at Hogwarts, that wouldn't upset you?'

'No, as long as I'm allowed to shag you or Remus on my own if I feel like it,' Sirius said. 'I'm proposing an equal relationship that will morph and grow on its own. I know we can make this work.'

He leaned forward to cup Severus' other cheek, the potions master staring at him.

'Well?'

Severus wet his lips. 'We... we don't know if we're compatible.'

'We are intellectually,' Remus said.

'Now we just have to find out if we are sexually,' Sirius said and glanced at Remus.

Years of friendship, and later a relationship, meant that Sirius and Remus could understand each other very well. Remus nodded and Sirius leaned forward. He pressed his lips against the werewolf's, soon prying them open. Remus groaned as Sirius' tongue darted in to taste and flick against his own. They lost themselves in each other, both making delicious sounds as they kissed.

Severus watched, mouth falling open and trousers feeling tight. He'd always noticed how gorgeous Sirius Black was, anyone with eyes could see that he was hot, but he'd never allowed himself to feel attracted to him. Years of abuse, of anger and hate, had made Severus build up a wall.
It all came crashing down as he watched Sirius and Remus lock lips, tongues flashing and soft moans escaping from their chests. It was so delicious and hot that Severus could do nothing but stare. His mouth was open when Remus and Sirius finally broke apart and looked at him.

'So?' Sirius asked.

'Um... ' Severus mumbled unintelligently.

Sirius smirked and nodded at Remus. 'Remy, if you would?'

'Are you sure?' Remus asked. Sirius nodded again and Remus grinned. His hand threaded through Severus' hair, which was surprisingly soft, and he said, 'I've wanted to do this for bloody ages.'

And then he leaned forward and pressed his lips to Severus'.

Severus gasped, Remus' lips so very warm against his own. He moaned when Remus began to move, starting new kisses and coaxing Severus to do the same. He groaned loudly and leaned forward, pressing his body to Remus'.

It was glorious, so much better then Severus had anticipated. Remus was a gentle kisser but there was passion behind it, a burning desire that Severus knew he could get lost in. He wrapped his arms around Remus' shoulders to keep him in place, wanting to grin stupidly when Remus groaned.

Sirius let out a soft sound of pleasure as he watched them kiss. They looked amazing together and he was surprised when he didn't feel any jealousy. He knew Remus loved him, knew the werewolf wouldn't leave him, so why not enjoy it? Severus was a good, honourable man, and damn sexy...

Sirius pushed his hands between them and they broke apart, both panting, Remus' lips swollen. 'W-What?' Remus asked, looking worried.

'My turn,' Sirius grinned. He tugged Severus closer before the Slytherin could complain.

Severus gasped as another set of lips pressed against his, these one's fuller then Remus'. Sirius was an excellent kisser and Severus groaned as a tongue licked against his lips. He opened them wide and Sirius dove in, tasting and exploring everything he could reach.

'No fair, I didn't get to do that,' Remus growled.

Sirius pulled back smirking and Severus blinked. 'Wow,' he grunted.

'I'm fabulous,' Sirius winked.

'Shit up,' Severus growled and wiped his lips.

'So, are you in?' Sirius asked.

Severus hesitated. So many things could go wrong. This entire thing could blow up in his face and he'd lose two close friends. But he'd lose them anyway if he did nothing; he wasn't about to stop being attracted to Remus and Sirius had his own qualities that were enjoyable.

'Okay,' Severus finally said. 'But we keep this between us.'

'Excellent,' Sirius grinned, clapping his hands together.

'Dates before sex,' Severus told him, 'I don't put out just for anyone.'
Sirius pouted and Remus smiled. 'Deal,' he said and pecked Severus on the lips. 'Merlin, I'm happy.'

'I'm not,' Sirius growled. 'No sex, seriously?'

'You have to earn it,' Severus said, trademark smirk falling back into place.

Sirius groaned and threw his hands up. 'Both of you hate me,' he said and turned to storm out of the bathrooms.

Remus said, 'Ignore him, he's always horny.'

'Mm,' Severus said and leaned down to kiss him quickly. 'Thank you.'

'For what?' the werewolf asked.

'For giving me the chance to love you, both of you,' he said.

Remus smiled. 'I like you, Severus, and Sirius does too. This'll work, you see.'

'I hope so,' Severus said and followed him from the bathroom.
Lucius was acting very smug over the following days and Harry had an idea why. As a dominant veela, he was absolutely pleased with himself that he'd knocked up his submissive mate. Harry knew it was physical proof to Lucius that he was a dominant, virile man who could please his lover.

While Harry too liked the idea of physically showing just how much Lucius loved him, he really wished the man would stop smirking at him and walking around like a pleased little boy.

So one day he exploded from pent up annoyance and hormones.

'For fuck's sake, we get it!' he shouted at Lucius, who'd looked at his stomach and smirked. 'You're fertile, you fucked me, we know, Lucius! Stop grinning!'

Lucius stared at him and Draco's mouth fell open. Harry huffed and sat down heavily, stabbing at his fruit with a fork. Draco left the room quickly as Lucius stood. He came to Harry's side and knelt, taking the teenager's hands in his own.

'Harry, my love,' he said slowly, 'I apologise if I've annoyed or offended you. It's difficult to keep my veela at bay when you're glowing with good health and pregnant with my child. Please forgive me, I'll try to tone it down.'

He pressed a kiss to Harry's knuckles and the Gryffindor sighed.

'Fine, I forgive you,' he said, 'and I won't say 'don't do it again', because you will.' Lucius smiled slightly. 'Just try to stop looking so damn pleased with yourself.'

'I'll try,' Lucius promised and stood to kiss Harry properly.

Harry leaned back and stared at his food as Lucius sat.

'Harry?'

'Mm?'

'You seem a little... tense.'

Harry sighed. 'I just... I dunno.'

'Do you want to go for a walk or something?'

Harry perked up. 'We should go visit Hagrid, I haven't told him I'm pregnant.'

'Okay, but let's take some food, you're not eating enough.'

Harry groaned. 'Luce, stop force-feeding me food. I'm eating better since Sev gave me those potions.'

'I'm just glad you're not throwing up every day,' Lucius said, standing and stretching.

He tied his hair back before calling Dobby, who brought back some plastic containers from the kitchens. Lucius placed pieces of fruit, biscuits, breadrolls, and chicken into a few containers before shrinking them and slipping them into his pocket. He collected his cloak and a jacket for
Harry, helping the teenager into it before kissing him.

'Now, let's go for a walk, visit Hagrid, and maybe you'll eat something.'

'I will,' Harry insisted as he threaded his arm through Lucius'.

'Mm-hmm,' his mate replied.

{oOo}

They walked down to Hagrid's arm and arm, enjoying the fresh spring air. Harry hadn't got much bigger, he was only eleven weeks pregnant after all, but he still had a small baby bump. He rubbed his stomach through his shirt as they approached Hagrid's, Lucius keeping a firm grip on him.

Hagrid was standing in his garden, crouched down and looking at something. Harry craned his neck but couldn't see what it was over the pumpkins and other things the half-giant had growing.

'Hagrid!' Harry called as he and Lucius reached the fence.

Hagrid stood and turned, a grin spreading across his face.

"Ello, 'Arry. Professor Malfoy, sir.'

'It's Saturday, Hagrid, call me Lucius,' the blonde smiled.

'What 'er you doin' down 'ere?' Hagrid asked as he brushed dirt from his knees.

'Harry was feeling a little tense and we decided a visit to you was in order,' Lucius smiled. 'He also has something to tell you.'

Harry leaned over the fence to look past Hagrid. There was something moving, a ripping sound, and a feather landed on Hagrid's giant boot.

'Hagrid, what's that?' the teenager asked.

'Oh, yer in time ter meet a little orphan I foun',' Hagrid said, stepping aside.

Sitting on the ground was a baby hippogriff. It was jet black, both it's fur and feathers looking almost purple in the afternoon sun. It had ice blue eyes that flicked from Harry to Lucius and back to Harry again. It was about the size of a medium dog. It's back legs were sitting either side of it and it was clawing at the ground with large talons, ripping up grass, a pumpkin, and a coat that looked like it belonged to Hagrid.

'Oh, he's gorgeous,' Harry grinned.

"Is mum died durin' birth and the dads don't care abou' the young,' Hagrid explained. 'I gotta bottle-feed 'im.'

'He's so cute,' Harry said. 'Can I pat him?'

'Harry, that might not be safe,' Lucius said, glancing at the baby hippogriff.
'But look at him, he's an angel,' Harry grinned.

'Yer treat 'em jus' like the adults,' Hagrid said, walking towards them to unlatch the gate. 'Bow an' if he bows back yer can pet 'im.'

Harry bounced into the garden before Lucius could grab him and the Slytherin gripped his walking stick tightly, prepared to blast the hippogriff aside if it tried to hurt his mate.

Harry stopped just before the baby hippogriff, which looked up at him, head cocked. Harry bowed from the waist down, keeping his eyes on the hippogriff.

The baby stared at him for a few seconds before inclining his head and struggling to his feet. He trotted over to Harry and nudged the Gryffindor's legs, making clicking noises and pawing at his legs.

'Oh, you're so gorgeous,' Harry cooed and dropped to crouch, patting the hippogriff slowly. He mewed and nudged into Harry's hand, purring as his feathers were stroked.

'Okay, maybe that's enough,' Lucius murmured, edging closer.

'I'm fine,' Harry said, smiling down at the hippogriff.

"Arry's got a way with animals,' Hagrid said. 'Only one besides Sirius who was allowed ter ride Buckbeak.'

'Buckbeak?' Lucius questioned.

'The hippogriff that attacked Draco,' Harry said as he scratched the foal's neck.

'Oh,' Lucius said, glancing at Hagrid. 'The one I tried to have executed.'

'Without Buckbeak Sirius would have got the Dementor's Kiss,' Harry said, smiling at the foal. 'How old is this one?'

'Three weeks,' Hagrid said. 'E likes you, 'Arry.'

'I like him,' Harry grinned. 'Does he have a name?'

'Not yet,' Hagrid said. 'Yer can name 'im if yer want.'

'Can I?' Harry asked. He smiled broadly when Hagrid nodded and turned back to the baby hippogriff. 'Um... how about Cole?'

'Cole?' Lucius questioned.

'Cole 'cause he's black like coal,' Harry smiled.

'Seems... fitting,' Lucius said before taking a few more steps towards his mate. Cole looked at him sharply and glared.

'Yer gotta bow,' Hagrid said.

Lucius huffed but bowed, keeping his eyes on the foal. Cole blinked at him, glanced at Harry (who nodded), and then looked back at Lucius and inclined his head.

'See, he likes you too,' Harry smiled. 'Come and pat him.'
'I don't know, his talons look sharp,' Lucius said, looking at Cole's front legs.

'Don't be silly, he's harmless,' Harry insisted, holding a hand out for Lucius. The blonde sighed and approached, crouching slowly and keeping his eyes on Cole. Cole stared at him as Harry guided his mate's hand towards his feathers.

Cole purred and nudged Lucius' hand, begging for more, and Harry smiled.

'See? It's fine.'

'Oh yes, perfectly fine,' Lucius said. 'A dangerous animal likes us.'

'I got ter feed 'im soon,' Hagrid said from behind them. 'Inside is better, 'e usually sleeps after.'

'Good, I don't like Harry sitting here in dirt,' Lucius said, standing. Harry stood too and Cole grabbed at his jeans, beak gripping them tightly.

'Come on, Cole,' Harry said and walked towards Hagrid's hut, the little foal following obediently.

Lucius shook his head and he and Hagrid trailed after them.

{oOo}

Hagrid handed Harry the large bottle filled with milk and Cole grabbed at the end, forcing Harry to feed him. Harry giggled as the baby sucked and licked milk from the bottle, head bobbing, eyes closing as he enjoyed his meal.

Hagrid made tea and Lucius put containers of food in front of Harry, forcing the teenager to eat. Harry did as asked, knowing there was no point in arguing with his mate.

Once they were done eating, Hagrid and Lucius both sipping firewhiskey, Harry sat on the large armchair in front of the fire with Cole across his lap, the hippogriff falling asleep under Harry's warm hands. Harry smiled as he stroked him, Cole's feathers like silk beneath his fingers.

Lucius kept an eye on him from where he was sitting, prepared to jump to the Gryffindor's aid if the hippogriff turned violent.

'Oh, Hagrid, I forgot why we came down here,' Harry said suddenly.

'An' why's that?' Hagrid questioned.

'An' why's that?' Hagrid questioned.

Harry grinned and said, 'I'm pregnant.'

Hagrid sprayed the table with firewhiskey, Lucius too, though the liquid practically jumped away from Lucius' skin and clothing. Hagrid coughed and spluttered as Lucius grimaced, waving his hand and making the alcohol vanish.

'Y-Yer... w-what?' Hagrid demanded.

'I'm pregnant,' Harry repeated.

'Maybe wait until he can breathe properly to tell him,' Lucius said.
'Sorry,' Harry apologised, looking at Hagrid.

'Yer pregnant?' Hagrid asked, Harry and Lucius nodding. 'Since when?'

'I'm eleven weeks now, almost three months,' Harry said.

'I thought yer just got engaged,' Hagrid said, coughing again.

'We did,' Harry said and quickly explained what had happened. When he was done Hagrid shook his head and poured more firewhiskey into his large mug.

'Blimey, 'Arry, pregnant?'

'I'm excited,' Harry said with a smile, continuing to stroke Cole's feathers. 'I've always wanted to be a dad and now I will be.'

'But yer only eighteen,' Hagrid said.

Harry shrugged. 'Nothing we can do about it.' He glanced at Lucius. 'Someone has a bad memory.'

Lucius rolled his eyes. 'I already apologised for forgetting the charm.'

Harry snorted and Hagrid looked at the table. 'Blimey,' the half-giant repeated. 'Yer sure?'

'Er... yeah, pretty sure,' Harry smiled.

'He's already showing,' Lucius added.

'Blimey,' Hagrid repeated for the third time. 'Yer 'appy, right?'

'Yeah, I can't wait,' Harry grinned. 'I'm gonna be a dad.'

Lucius smiled warmly at him and Hagrid shook his head. 'Well, 'ere's to you, 'Arry, Lucius too,' the man said and raised his mug. 'As long as yer 'appy, I am too.'

'Thanks, Hagrid,' Harry said. 'I appreciate it, really.'

Hagrid smiled at him and they drank a toast to the baby.

{oOo}

**A Winter Wedding:**

**The-Boy-Who-Lived To Become**

**Harry Malfoy**

*By Edwin McNab*

Molly Weasley scowled down at the headline, fingers crinkling the paper as her hands shook. She couldn't believe what she was reading. Harry, *Ginny's* Harry, was going to marry Lucius Malfoy?
No, Molly wouldn't have that, she couldn't have that. Ginny would get better and marry Harry. The Potter fortune would be theirs and Molly could finally stop living in poverty. She didn't care what her husband said, what her sons said... Harry's money was theirs.

Molly pointed her wand at The Quibbler and the magazine burst into flames, smoke curling above her head.

Her thoughts drifted to Fred and George, the twins having been mentioned in the article. She snorted when she remembered Malfoy's words; "The twins are good for Draco and they're very happy and well on their way to being in love."

It made Molly clench her fists and anger. She looked around the Burrow, now empty, and the all consuming silence that plagued her during the day. Ron was still at Hogwarts but he'd packed all his stuff and it was sitting above Fred and George's shop. Bill and Fleur had gone back to Shell Cottage and Molly wasn't welcome until she apologised to Harry and the twins. Arthur didn't talk much anymore and spent most of his nights at work or with Bill.

It was all Lucius Malfoy's fault; his vile lies had torn her family apart.

Molly pushed away from the sink and dried her hands before grabbing her cloak. She was going to put a stop to this once and for all.

{oOo}

'Molly, I'm afraid you can't just go into their quarters and demand they see you,' Dumbledore said, leaning forward and placing his clasped hands on his desk.

'They're my sons,' Molly fumed. 'I have a right to see them.'

'Fred and George are twenty-years-old, it's up to them whether or not they see you,' Albus said.

'Just tell me where their quarters are,' Molly demanded.

Albus sighed and took off his half moon spectacles, rubbing his eyes. 'Molly, if they're in their quarters, then they're with Draco and most likely Harry and Lucius too,' he said. 'The restraining order still stands; if you go near the Malfoys or Harry you'll face Azkaban.'

Molly glared at him, eyes darkening, plump body rigid. 'Lucius Malfoy has torn my family apart, Dumbledore,' the woman seethed.

'Lucius has done nothing but fall in love,' Albus said. 'You can't fault him for-'

'It's not love,' Molly screeched. 'He's lying, he's got Harry under a spell, and he's fooled you all!'

'Molly-'

'Just tell me where they are!'

'No,' Albus said sternly, placing his glasses back on his crooked nose. 'I'm sorry, Molly, but you can only meet your sons away from Harry and the Malfoys.'

Molly's glare darkened and Albus sighed.
'Why don't you go for a walk, clear your head,' he suggested. 'Walk down to the main gates and leave from there.'

Molly started mumbling under her breath about vile Slytherins and how evil the Malfoys were.

'Our meeting is over,' Albus told her. 'So please, unless you have another request...' He trailed off and looked at the door.

'I'll prove that he's lying,' Molly said. 'And then you'll all be begging for my forgiveness.'

Albus shook his head as the Weasley matriarch stormed from his office, slamming the door shut. Fawkes squawked and Albus smiled at the phoenix.

'She just needs time,' Albus told the bird. Fawkes stared at him like he was insane and Albus smiled tiredly. 'Maybe I am,' he muttered and reached for a lemon drop.

{oOo}

'Are you sure?' Lucius asked for the millionth time.

'Yes,' Harry said, pulling on his Gryffindor cloak. 'You can come with me if you want.'

'No, I have essays to mark,' Lucius said, glancing up from the stack of parchment on his desk.

Harry leaned over it to press a kiss to his mate's lips. 'I'll have tea with Hagrid, play with Cole, and then come straight back, okay?'

Lucius frowned but managed to nod, Harry smiling.

'You can help me with my potions essay, I swear Sev's trying to kill me,' Harry said, standing tall. 'Though he's been a lot happier lately,' he commented.

'I think he's seeing someone,' Lucius said, picking up his quill.

'Really?' Harry asked.

Lucius nodded. 'He's been absent a few nights this week and always comes back looking pleased with himself, I've seen him walking around on patrol smiling.'

'Smiling? No way.'

'Yes,' the Slytherin said. 'I think he's finally found himself a lady friend.'

'Or male friend,' Harry grinned. 'Well good, I'm glad for him. It's about time he found someone.'

'Mm,' Lucius nodded in agreement. 'You'll be careful, right?'

'No, I was planning on going hunting, maybe riding my broom, wrestling a centaur,' Harry said.

'Not funny,' Lucius huffed.

Harry chuckled and kissed him again. 'I'll be back no later then six, okay?
Lucius nodded and said, 'I love you.'

'Love you too,' Harry smiled. He left Lucius in the study marking essays and muttering about the idiocy of Hogwarts students.

{oOo}

Molly was muttering and cursing as she made her way downstairs, using the main staircases because she'd forgot most of the short cuts. She got to the Main Hall and glared at any Slytherin student she saw.

She didn't understand how everyone could fall for Lucius Malfoy's tricks. The man was rotten to the core, had never done anything nice or good, and his son was as bad.

Harry she could understand; the boy wasn't in his right mind, had probably been seriously impaired when Voldemort killed his parents. But Ron and Hermione, the twins, Arthur and Bill? How could they all fall for the slimey Slytherin's words?

She'd show them, she'd prove she was right and that Ginny had been sent to St Mungo's for no reason.

Molly told herself that over and over again as she walked across the darkening grounds, spotting a lone figure walking ahead of her.

_I wish it was Malfoy, _the woman thought acidly. _I'd show him what we Weasley women are capable of._

As she got closer she realised that the student was wearing a Gryffindor cloak, a mop of messy black hair visible in the last rays of sunlight. Molly's eyes narrowed when she noticed the glasses...

{oOo}

Lucius was asleep when his Harry Band flexed angrily, sending pain through the veela's heart. But it was gone as soon as it had come and Lucius groaned in his sleep, scratching at his chest. He settled back down in his chair, Harry Band pulsing.

{oOo}

'Master Lucius.'

Lucius tossed in his sleep.

'Master Lucius!'
Small hands gripped his arm.

'Master Lucius'!

Lucius snorted as he woke, opening his eyes and jolting in his seat. He was sitting in the study, the fire burning brightly, and a heap of parchment strewn across the desk. He'd fallen asleep marking essays and yawned as he sat up, rolling his head and working out the cricks in his neck.

He realised he wasn't alone and glanced down to see Dobby.

'Master Lucius, it is late, sir,' Dobby said, wringing his hands.

'Is it?' Lucius said, pulling out his pocketwatch to check the time. It was eight and Lucius yawned again.

'Harry Potter isn't back yet,' Dobby said.

'What?' Lucius said, glancing sharply at the elf.

'Master Harry goes to Hagrid's, Master Harry not come back yet,' Dobby said, sounding worried. 'Master Harry not here.'

'He's not back yet?' Lucius demanded.

Dobby shook his head and Lucius stood, knocking over a stack of books but ignoring them. He quickly walked from the study to check the bedroom, wondering if maybe Harry had fallen asleep and Dobby had missed him.

The bedroom was empty. As was the wardrobe, en-suite bathroom, main bathroom, guest room, and the room Draco shared with the twins. Lucius was beginning to panic as he walked into the sitting room to find Draco, Fred and George.

'What's wrong?' Draco asked, sensing his father's panic.

'Have you seen Harry?' Lucius demanded.

'Not since he left,' Draco said. 'Why?'

'Dobby said he hasn't come back from Hagrid's yet,' Lucius said.

Draco frowned. 'Didn't he go down around... four or five?'

Lucius nodded and quickly grabbed his cloak. 'I'm going to see if he's still there.'

'I'll check the Great Hall,' Draco said, standing up. 'I'm sure he's around, Dad.'

'We can check Gryffindor Tower,' Fred offered, Draco smiling at him.

'He'll turn up,' George said to Lucius.

Lucius thanked them quickly before running from their quarters.

{oOo}
'Is Harry here?' Lucius demanded when Hagrid opened the door.

The half-giant blinked and said, 'No, 'e never showed up.'

'What?'

'E told me at lunch 'e was gonna come down an' see Cole,' Hagrid said, 'I was expectin' 'im 'round four but 'e never showed. Thought 'e was just tired, bein' pregnant an' all.'

Lucius was close to having a full blown panic attack. His heart was threatening to beat right out of his chest and his nails were digging into his palms, close to drawing blood.

Before Hagrid could speak again Lucius turned and stormed away.

*Draco will find him,* Lucius told himself. *The twins will find him, they'll find him, Harry's okay...*

But Lucius couldn't ignore the feeling in his heart, his Harry Band making his entire body hurt. Something was wrong.

Something was very wrong.

Lucius ran into the twins in the Great Hall. Harry wasn't in Gryffindor Tower and Hermione and Ron were with them; they hadn't seen him either.

Draco came out of the Great Hall with Dumbledore, the Headmaster confirming that Harry wasn't there.

'Father, calm down,' Draco said as Lucius started breathing heavily, chest rising and falling rapidly.

'Where is he?' the blonde choked. 'He's not here, he should be here.'

'Who should be here?'

The group turned to see Severus, the man looking bright and cheerful.

'Harry's gone,' Lucius croaked.

Severus frowned. 'What do you mean?'

'He was supposed to go to Hagrid's but he never showed up,' Lucius said. 'He's not in our quarters, he's not in the Great Hall, Gryffindor Tower, the library, bathroom.'

'Lucius, calm down,' Severus said, grabbing Lucius' other arm. 'We'll find him, okay? Maybe he went for a walk to clear his head.'

Lucius shook his head. 'No, he said he was going to Hagrid's, he told me he'd be careful. He wouldn't just wander away.'

'Lucius, how about you transform into your wolf form?' Severus suggested. 'Your sense of smell will be better, you can track him down.'

'Yes, good idea,' Lucius nodded, twitching nervously. They all trooped outside and Lucius immediately transformed, his wolf form large and intimidating, glowing white in the dark grounds.

He breathed in deeply and soon managed to pinpoint Harry's scent; he'd always be able to remember what his mate smelled like. Lucius stuck his snout to the ground and started walking,
the others following quickly.

He tracked Harry back to the front doors before turning and heading in the direction of Hagrid's hut. He sniffed and snorted, veered sideways when he lost the scent and turned on the spot to get back on track.

Halfway to Hagrid's hut Lucius yelped and froze. Severus hurried forward and asked, 'What is it?'

A low, painful whine erupted from Lucius' throat and the wolf turned on the spot, growling and jerking his head. Severus stepped closer and saw what Lucius had smelt; a rock to the side of the path was covered in crimson liquid.

'Ooh Merlin,' Severus breathed, crouching to press his index finger to the rock. It came away coated in the red liquid and Severus brought it to Lucius' snout. 'Is it blood?'

Lucius licked his finger clean and whined, head twitching in what Severus took to mean a nod. The potions master stood and looked at the others.

'Fuck,' Draco breathed, staring at the blood-covered rock.

'Do you think he fell or something?' Ron asked, holding onto Hermione, his girlfriend close to tears.

Lucius was low to the ground again, sniffing like mad, and he yelped before taking off. The others had to run to keep up with him and all were panting by the time Lucius leapt through the front gates, the metal disappearing around his body. Severus and Albus both followed, the others trapped in the grounds.

Lucius ran to the right, sniffing quickly, before doubling back. He did it twice more before howling.

'Lucius, what is it?' Severus asked.

Wolf-Lucius howled and yelped, spinning in circles crazily. Severus growled and grabbed him by the neck, forcing him to stop.

'Lucius!'

Suddenly the blonde was back in human form, Severus gripping his shoulder. Lucius' eyes were wild and he was breathing heavily.

'He's gone.'

'What?' Albus asked.

'He's gone, just here, his scent just... disappears,' Lucius said. 'He was dragged here, I can smell it. He hit his head on that rock and someone dragged him here.'

'Someone must have disapparated with him,' Severus said. Lucius' breathing increased rapidly and Severus shook him. 'Lucius, calm down, panicking won't help Harry.'

'He's gone, he's gone! I shouldn't have let him go out alone,' Lucius cried, tears forming in his eyes. 'Something's happened and I wasn't there...'

'Lucius,' Albus tried.
'I should have protected him!' Lucius shouted. 'He's out there somewhere, pregnant and... and hurt and I... I should have-'

There was a bright red flash and Lucius crumpled, Severus catching him before he hit the ground. The Slytherin looked at Albus, who was stowing his wand away.

'He needed to calm down,' the Headmaster said. 'Let's get him back inside. I'll call the Aurors, we'll find Harry.'

Severus nodded and waved his wand, Lucius hovering before him.
When Harry woke up he was feeling drousy, dizzy. His head thumped painfully and his mouth tasted like the bottom of Coca's cage and... blood. He kept his eyes closed and his body relaxed, too used to being kidnapped to jump up suddenly and alert the attacker that he was awake.

So he evened his breathing and pushed the headache aside. Another thing he was used to and could work around. Harry realised it was dark, so either the same night he'd been taken or the day after, he couldn't tell. Cool air was spilling through a window in front of him and it was windy...

Okay, Harry could work this out.

He was sitting up, arms wrenched behind his back. He twitched first his right leg, then the left, and found both were tied to something hard... a chair? His wrists were bound and aching; bruised, chaffed... okay, so most likely tied with magical binds.

So tied to a chair in a room with a window... his wand-strap was gone so no help there. Harry had no choice but to open his eyes. And when he did he couldn't help but gasp.

He was sitting in Ginny's bedroom at the Burrow. The wall paper was an awful shade of purple or pink, Harry had never been able to tell. The bed was small, single, and spotlessly clean. The entire room looked exactly the same as when Harry had last seen it.

'Awake, then.'

Harry turned to his right to see the small bedroom door open. Molly Weasley was standing there with a tray of food. Harry followed her with his eyes as she walked across to the small desk and placed the tray down.

'You need to eat,' she said.

'So free my hands and I will.'

Molly chuckled. 'No, Harry, I don't think I will.'

'Why am I here?' Harry demanded. 'You realise this is kidnapping, right? And you're in violation of the restraining order.' He kept his voice level and soft. He didn't want to upset Molly. Usually he'd shout and hurl abuse until his captor lost their temper and gave him a chance to escape. But Harry couldn't risk Molly hurting his baby. He'd do absolutely everything in his power to protect his and Lucius' child.

'I thought that would be obvious,' Molly said, spooning something red onto a piece of bread.

'It's not to me,' Harry said.

Molly turned with the bread and Harry kept his mouth shut. She could have put anything in the
food and it could hurt the baby.

She sighed and set the food down. 'You will eat.'

'And you'll-

Molly backhanded him across the face hard. Harry's cheek stung like hell but he'd received worse from Uncle Vernon. He clenched his teeth as he turned to face her, heat racing up his face.

'You're here because you belong here,' Molly said. 'You'll stay here and marry Ginny when she gets out of St Mungo's.'

Harry stared. 'You can't be serious.'

'Why can't I be?'

'B-Because I'm gay,' Harry said, 'and have a bonded soulmate and... and I'm engaged.' And pregnant, he thought.

'I don't give a shit about any of that,' Molly said.

Harry realised he couldn't hear any warm, motherly affection coming from Molly. She was cold, distant, she didn't care about him at all. 'I don't give a shit about you,' Molly continued, leaning back against the desk.

'You broke my family apart. Poor Ginny is in St Mungo's being told that what she did was wrong. Fred and George refuse to talk to me and Ron's moved out. Bill hasn't been over for dinner in weeks and won't even tell me when the baby's due.'

She glared at Harry, brown eyes dark.

'It's all your fault.'

'I didn't do anything,' Harry said.

'You went and fell for Lucius Malfoy's tricks,' Molly spat. 'He's a fucking Death Eater, Harry, we fought against his kind! Percy and Charlie died against his kind!'

'Lucius didn't fight, how many times do I have to tell you?' Harry growled. He was trying to keep calm but Molly insulting his mate wasn't helping. 'He didn't even have a wand!' 'He was You-Know-Who's right hand man, Harry,' Molly said. 'You don't just change over night.' 'He didn't, Lucius realised long before the Battle of Hogwarts that he'd picked the wrong side,' Harry said. 'He went to jail, he paid for his crimes.'

'He's a fucking little rat who deserves to be punished,' Molly snarled.

'HE'S MY MATE!' Harry shouted, trying to break free. He wanted to wrap his fingers around Molly's neck and strangle her; he wanted to watch the life drain from her eyes. How dare she speak like that about Lucius! 'HE LOVES ME AND I LOVE HIM SO SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH!'

Another backhanded slap had Harry jolting back in his chair. Molly waved her hand and he fell back onto all four legs gasping. He could feel his left cheek bruising and now his right was joining it.
'Harry, you'll marry Ginny,' Molly said very matter-of-factly. Her voice was even and it scared Harry more then the yelling or the hitting. 'You'll stay here, marry her, and we'll have all your money.'

'You want my money?' Harry gaped. 'Fine, I'll give it to you. Please, just let me go.'

He'd give away everything he owned just to save his baby.

'It doesn't work like that,' Molly shook her head. 'As Lord of the Potter family, you can't hand all your money over. It's a clause that was put in years ago for this exact reason; you can only sign all your money over to family members. In your case, you don't have any besides Sirius and he's fallen for Malfoy's vile words that you two are "mates".'

She added air quotes to the last word and Harry could see that the woman still didn't believe that he was Lucius' mate.

'When you marry Ginny she'll become family and you can sign over all your money. After that I really don't care what you do,' Molly said.

Harry glared at her. 'Lucius will find me.'

Molly snorted. 'I doubt he'll even look. No, Harry, you were a good fuck toy, I'm sure, but men like Lucius Malfoy don't fall for children.'

'He loves me,' Harry said. 'And when he finds me you're dead.'

Molly chuckled. 'Good luck with that. I've changed the wards. If you try to leave either physically or with magic, you'll be Crucio'd.' Harry's eyes widened and Molly grinned. 'That's right. My wards will have you begging for death so you won't get very far.' She glanced at the food she'd brought and said, 'Oh well, looks like you go without.' She picked up the tray and left, shutting and locking the door behind her.

Harry felt back heavily. Even if he used his elemental powers, he couldn't escape. One Crucius would be enough to cause irreversible damage to his baby; he'd read enough books to know how delicate male pregnancies were.

He shuddered as he slumped back, entire body filling with pain and dread. What would happen? Would Lucius be able to find him? If he did, how would Harry leave without risking the baby?

And what if Lucius didn't find him? What if Molly kept him here for months, just waiting to marry Ginny? And what if she grew bored and tried to get Harry's money some other way?

Usually Harry could stay in control; he'd been in worse situations, after all. But his hormones were running wild and he was terrified Molly would find out he was pregnant and kill his baby. How long until he was hit with a symptom that Molly, as a woman who'd had seven kids, would notice?

'Fuck, fuck, fuck,' Harry mumbled, his eyes burning with unshed tears. 'Fuck, Lucius, please help me.'

{oOo}
The Aurors are searching the grounds and the teachers the castle,' Severus said, sitting on the free armchair. 'Calm down, Lucius.'

'I can't calm down!' Lucius shouted. 'Harry isn't here, how many times do I have to tell you?'

'They're just being thorough,' Draco said, wincing as fresh anger surged through his heart from his Lucius Band.

'He's not here!' Lucius shouted, throwing his hands up. 'He's out there somewhere hurt and pregnant and... and...' Fresh tears spiked in his eyes and Lucius scrubbed them away furiously.

'Lucius-'

Severus cut himself off when Lucius gasped, clutching his heart tightly.

'Dad?' Draco said, shrugging the twins off and reaching for his father.

'H-Harry,' Lucius moaned, gripping his shirt tightly. His Harry Band was thumping painfully, filling Lucius with absolute terror. Finally the tears fell and Lucius choked back a sob.

Hermione was in the corner crying and clinging to Ron, the red-head pale and holding her tightly.

'We'll find him, Lucius,' Fred said.

'No matter what it takes,' George agreed.

Lucius fell to sit on the floor, back to the sofa and legs drawn up to his chest. He hugged himself tightly as the portrait burst open, Remus and Sirius running in.

'What happened?' Sirius demanded.

Severus quickly explained as Dobby popped into view, handing Lucius a packet of cigarettes and a lighter. The blonde always smoked in stressful situations and he couldn't remember a time he'd ever been this freaked out.

His hands were shaking but he managed to light a cigarette and puffed on it as Severus spoke with Harry's godfathers. He felt a hand on his shoulder and jerked away from the touch, entire body about to snap.

'Lucius, we'll find him,' Remus said, sitting on the arm of the sofa.

Lucius didn't bother answering, just hugged himself tightly and smoked. Sirius fell to sit beside him, eyes distant and arms folded tightly.

{oOo}

Molly returned later that night, Harry would have guessed it around midnight. She snuck in and Harry jerked in his seat, his entire body aching from being tied to the chair.

'Arthur's asleep,' Molly informed him.

'So?'
'Did you know he's threatened to divorce me if I don't change and accept you and that Slytherin scum?' Molly said.

Harry was too tired and hungry to yell.

'It'll change when you marry and Ginny and show the world that you're not a queer fuck,' Molly said. 'The twins will see that Malfoy was lying and come back.'

'The twins are Draco's mates.'

'NO. THEY'RE. NOT!' Molly roared.

Harry didn't have any hope that Arthur had heard that; no doubt the woman had warded the room with all kinds of charms.

'THEY ARE NOT THAT SICK LITTLE FAGGOT'S MATES!' Molly screamed. 'DRACO MALFOY IS A TWISTED SON OF A BITCH JUST LIKE HIS FATHER! HE'S WARPED THE TWINS INTO THINKING THEY'RE HIS MATES! DON'T YOU DARE SAY THEY ARE, THEY AREN'T!'

Harry just listened to her rant, too tired to argue. He watched as she breathed in and out heavily, trying to compose herself.

'Are you hungry, dear?'

He had no idea what she was trying to accomplish; her mood swings were as mental as his. One minute she was the sweet woman Harry had thought cared about him, the next she was a raging lunatic. Harry wondered if she was as messed up as Ginny.

A sharp slap to the face had Harry gasping. It hurt worse then before; he was sure his cheeks had swollen and bruised. His right cheek stung and itched like mad, telling Harry one of Molly's rings must have cut him, and his hair was sticking to his scalp.

'I said, are you hungry?' Molly demanded.

'N-No,' Harry choked out. He still wasn't ready to risk the baby for food. He knew not eating was unhealthy, especially for his little one, but it was better then swallowing poison.

Molly snorted. 'Fine, lie all you want. You'll have to eat sooner or later.' There was a weird glint in her eyes that had Harry swallowing thickly. 'I'll be back after Arthur leaves for work in the morning.'

Once again Harry was alone and he slumped, staring out the window. A light breeze wafted in, caressing his burning cheek. He hummed softly as the wind calmed him.

'I can't just sit here and wait, Harry thought. I have to try. Lucius and I are bonded soulmates for fuck's sake, we've got a connection!

Harry breathed in deeply to calm himself. "Lucius?" he said silently. There was no reply. "Lucius?" More silence. "LUCIUS!"

Absolutely nothing. Harry broke down and cried. Molly had said she wasn't coming back until later; that gave him plenty of time to cry.

He sobbed, chest heaving and arms straining, tears streaking down his cheeks. His Lucius Band
was flexing, filling Harry with fury and terror. There was nothing Harry could do, absolutely nothing.

"L-L-Lucius," Harry choked out silently, eyes squeezed shut against the tears. "I'm so sorry, Lucius, M-Molly caught me. She wants me to m-marry Ginny but I'll never do it, I'm YOURS! She-she doesn't know about the b-baby but I can't hold out m-much longer."

Harry sniffed, nose clogged and eyes burning.

"Lucius, I m-miss you, so much. I love you, please, you have t-to help. If not for me then s-save our l-little one." Harry wanted to reach out and touch his stomach but couldn't. It made him cry harder. "LUCIUS, HELP US!"

Veela magic sparked around Harry but the teenager didn't see it, he was too busy crying. He also didn't see the two threads of grey veela magic worm around his stomach and mix with his own. It was absorbed by his body and travelled straight to his heart, sinking into his Lucius Band and burning white-hot.

Harry yelped and opened his eyes but there was nothing in sight. He was panting heavily and looked down at his chest. 'What the hell?' he murmured in a broken voice. A second ago his heart had felt like it was on fire. Now... nothing.

Harry sighed heavily and trembled against his bonds. He let his head drop, another wind breezing around the room and drying his face. It ruffled his hair like a warm hand and Harry smiled a little.

'At least I've got you,' he said to the empty room, wind spinning around him.

{oOo}

Lucius was a mess. His blonde hair had been ripped back in a brutal ponytail and his lips were broken and cut from chewing on them. His eyes were red rimmed and sore, his fingers turning yellow from the massive amount of cigarettes he'd smoked.

Harry had been officially missing for 41 hours and Lucius had no idea where he was. The Aurors had visited Rita Skeeter, Molly Weasley, and a number of other people who had made threats against his mate; but Harry hadn't been found.

Lucius was stalking through their quarters, unable to keep still. Draco was being comforted by the twins, his eyes red from crying. Ron had his arms around Hermione and was staring at the wall as Hermione sniffed. Severus looked the most put together, trying to keep Remus from turning into a werewolf and Sirius from blasting his way door-to-door. Dumbledore had gone to contact the Veela Nation and was hoping they'd help the search; a group of veela with excellent smell and hearing should be able to help.

'I have to do something,' Lucius mumbled for the thousandth time since Harry had disappeared, smoke pouring from his mouth.

'We've done everything,' Severus said, 'and we're still trying.'

'We're not trying hard enough!' Sirius shouted before Lucius could. 'He's pregnant, he's out there somewhere, he could be... could be...'
Lucius growled and drew his wand. He blasted apart the dining room table and the group flinched.

'Lucius-' Severus tried.

'HE'S MY MATE!' Lucius roared, blasting another piece of furniture into little pieces. 'I SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND HIM! HE'S OUT THERE ALL ALONE WITH OUR BABY AND I CAN'T-
aah!'

Lucius dropped to his knees as a burning pain surrounded his heart. He dropped even further and gasped for air, clutching at his shirt, dropped cigarette burning a hole in the rug. Draco shouted and ran to him, feeling a little bit of his dad's pain.

'Dad? Dad, are you dying? Merlin, is Harry dead?'

They all knew that as soon as Harry died, Lucius would be struck down too. He'd have maybe a couple of minutes following his mate's death. His heart, his soul, his entire body would just burn and he'd die. But Lucius didn't care. If Harry died that was it; his own life was over. It meant nothing without Harry.

Please don't be dead, Lucius thought, tears springing to his eyes. Please, Harry, you can't die.

His Harry Band flexed, filling Lucius' body with terror and pain. Lucius dropped completely and curled up on the floor, the others hovering over him, screaming at him, but Lucius couldn't hear it. His Harry Band squeezed again and suddenly a voice was drifting through his head.

"... she wants me to marry Ginny..."

"... she doesn't know about the baby..."

"... save our little one..."

"LUCIUS, HELP US!"

Lucius' eyes shot open and he scrambled to his knees. The pain was gone, replaced by Harry's voice echoing around in his head. It took Lucius only seconds to realise who had his mate.

White veela magic crackled along Lucius' body and the others watched in stunned silence as two streaks of grey joined, wrapping around Lucius' wrists.

Lucius and Severus both realised what was happening at the same moment. 'LUCIUS!' Severus shouted and jumped forward but it was too late. Lucius had already let the magic in and disapparated with a crack.

{oOo}

'NO!' Severus shouted.

'What? What happened, where is he?' Draco demanded.

'Harry's veela magic called through their bond,' Severus explained. 'Harry just told Lucius where he was.'
'He's alive?' Hermione said, looking hopeful.

'At the moment,' Severus nodded. 'Harry's veela magic, along with the baby's, apparated Lucius to where they are.'

'So Lucius has gone to save him?' Sirius demanded.

Severus nodded.

'There's nothing we can do, is there?' Remus asked, looking at the potions master. 'We have no idea where they are.'

'I'm afraid it's up to Lucius,' Severus sighed, rubbing his eyes. 'When he finds whoever has Harry he'll kill them.'

'I just want Harry back,' Draco sniffed.

'He'll be fine,' Fred said, pulling him into a hug.

'Him and the baby will be absolutely fine, you'll see,' George insisted.

They were back where they'd started, minus Lucius. They all sat back down, a tense silence hanging in the air. All they could do was wait.

{oOo}

Apparating with veela magic was a hell of a lot different to using ordinary magic. For one it was smoother, though Lucius still felt like he'd crashed into a few things on his way. There was no accompanying pop when he landed and he didn't stumble or fall. Lucius supposed the rough journey was only because Harry hadn't realised what he was doing.

Lucius found himself in a very small and dark room. The walls were some type of brown or pink, he couldn't tell, and he was standing before a crooked bookcase and beside a single bed. Suddenly Lucius' nostrils filled with the most delicious scent and he spun around.

Harry was sitting tied to a chair, head hanging down, his whole body shaking. All it took was three strides for Lucius to be before Harry. He dropped to his knees and cupped Harry's face, pulling him up.

Both of Harry's cheeks were bruised deeply, his left eye slightly swollen, his right cheek cut deeply. Dried blood was stuck to his skin and hair, covering half his face. His eyes were filled with fear and pain but they widened when he saw Lucius.

'Harry, my love, are you okay?' Lucius asked.

'Is... is it really you?' Harry croaked.

'Love, breathe in, you can't fake a scent,' Lucius said. Harry did as asked and his eyes widened.

'LUCIUS!'

Lucius leaned up and kissed him, pressing their mouths together quickly. He revelled in having his
mate back, if not completely out of danger, and felt tears spill down his cheeks.

'Harry, my Harry, I missed you so much,' Lucius cried. 'I was so scared, please don't ever leave again, I can't lose you.'

'L-Lucius, she t-took me,' Harry cried. 'I thought she'd f-find out about the b-baby and... and...'

'Shh, little one, I'm here now,' Lucius said. 'I won't let Molly Weasley hurt you.'

Harry sniffed. 'How... how...'

'How do I know?' Lucius asked, drawing back. Harry's eyes were wet with fresh tears and Lucius brushed them aside with his thumbs. 'You told me, Harry.'

'I did?'

Lucius nodded. 'You told me through our bond; you used veela magic to bring me here.'

'How?'

'Your veela magic mixed with the baby's and was sent straight to me. I was forced to apparate here so I could save you.' He kissed Harry again before standing.

Lucius drew his wand from his pocket, where he'd been keeping it since Harry's disappearance, and waved it. Harry's bonds broke apart and fell to the floor as Harry slumped forward. Lucius caught him and sat him on the bed, Harry leaning against him heavily.

'Are you okay, love?'

'I haven't... haven't eaten or drunk anything s-since she t-took me,' Harry mumbled.

Lucius knew he had to get Harry to a healer. Though he badly wanted to stay and rip Molly's head off, Harry and the baby were his first priority.

'Hold on, love, I'll apparate us to safety.'

'N-No, she changed the w-wards so I'd be c-crucio'd,' Harry said softly. 'H-Hurt the b-baby...'

Lucius cursed. He'd either have to force Molly to change the wards or...

'Harry, I'll use veela magic to take us back, okay?'

Harry nodded and wrapped his arms around Lucius' neck.

Before Lucius could do anything, the door swung open.

'You're up to something, Harry...' Molly trailed off when she saw Lucius sitting on the bed.

Everything seemed to slow down and a dark red mist descended on Lucius' brain. Molly went for her wand but it didn't matter. In seconds Lucius had plopped Harry safely on the bed and leapt across the room. He snarled and slammed Molly into the door across from Ginny's room. The wood cracked and threatened to fall off it's hinges as Lucius held the witch up.

'YOU FUCKING WHORE!' Lucius shouted. 'HOW DARE YOU TAKE MY MATE!'

'He's not your mate,' Molly sneered.
Lucius couldn't stop himself, even if he'd wanted to. His hands moved of their own accord and wrapped around Molly's neck. Her eyes went wide and she tried to fight back but it was too late. Lucius crushed her windpipe with his bare hands, Molly choking, face turning red, then purple, entire body seeming to swell.

Lucius snarled as he watched the light slowly leave her eyes. 'You hurt my mate,' he hissed, 'and now you'll face your real punishment.'

Molly twitched one more time before she was dead. Lucius looked at her with disgust before stepping back, her body dropping to the floor with a loud thud.

'Molly, what's- Lucius?'

Lucius turned to see Arthur Weasley standing on the landing. He snarled and leapt down the hallway, crashing into Arthur and sending the man over the railing. Before he could fall, Lucius grabbed him and held tight.

'Did you help kidnap my mate?' Lucius demanded. His veela had been satisfied with Molly's death so it let Lucius have some control; just enough to ask if Arthur was guilty before murdering him.

'What?' Arthur shouted, arms flailing as he tried to pull himself up. 'Harry's not here, I swear, I don't know where he is!'

'I'll kill you-'

'Lucius, Arthur didn't do anything!'

Lucius turned to see Harry leaning heavily against the wall, looking at Molly's body.

'What?' he asked.

'Arthur didn't know, Molly did it,' Harry said and drooped more. 'Um...I don't feel too good.'

Lucius hauled Arthur back to his feet before darting to Harry. Strong arms encircled the teenager just as he fell unconscious, head lolling.

Lucius' veela roared forward and took over completely, pushing Lucius the wizard into the background. Veela magic crackled around them and Arthur watched as they disapparated with a loud crack.

{oOo}

A banging on the portrait had Severus up and across the room. He opened it to see Dumbledore, who looked as exhausted as they all felt. 'Lucius rescued Harry and they're in the hospital wing,' Dumbledore said. He stepped aside as they all rushed out, tearing towards the hospital wing.

When they got there they found Harry in bed with Poppy hovering over him, Lucius laying in the bed with his mate and holding him tightly. Even though he knew Poppy was helping he couldn't help but growl at her every time she got too close.

'Is he okay?' Sirius demanded, skidding to a halt at the end of the bed. Lucius' arms tightened around the teenager and he glared at them.
'He's okay physically,' Poppy said and they all relaxed. 'He's dehydrated and his blood pressure is through the roof. His face is swollen from three different hits— Lucius snarled, '— but they're only small wounds.'

'The baby?' Sirius asked.

'Perfectly healthy,' Poppy smiled.

Hermione broke down and sank to her knees, Ron going with her. Draco cried with the twins either side of him and Sirius and Remus held each other. Severus approached Lucius slowly and watched the man tense, arms holding Harry possessively. Clearly something else had happened to awaken the dominant veela in his friend.

'Lucius, who did this?' Severus asked.

Lucius blinked, the wizard trying to fight the veela for control.

'Lucius, please, we want to know who took Harry.'

'Harry...' Lucius murmured, sliding further under the blankets, entire body pressed against Harry's. 'Molly Weasley,' he said and stroked a hand through Harry's hair. He wasn't entirely there; Lucius was all primal instincts now and the number one instinct was to protect his mate.

'What?' Ron gasped as the twins stared at Lucius.

'Veasley woman,' Lucius wrinkled his nose. 'Disgusting; she hurt him, touched him.' He pressed his face into Harry's neck and breathed in deeply.

'Molly Weasley took him?' Severus asked calmly.

Lucius nodded. 'Tied to a chair, she had him,' he mumbled. 'My precious Harry, my little one.' He kissed Harry's cheek and whined at the small cut that had yet to heal.

'Lucius, Harry's okay,' Severus said, the others all watching.

Lucius nodded. 'I saved him, he's okay.'

'The baby too,' Severus said.

'Mm, the baby,' Lucius nodded in agreement, left hand reaching out to touch Harry's stomach.

'What's wrong with him?' Sirius asked, he and Remus looking at the Malfoy patriarch with concern.

'Lucius the wizard is gone,' Severus told them. 'His veela has taken over and it's priority is to protect Harry. So he's barely giving me the time of day.'

'Is that why he's only answering in short sentences?' Draco whispered.

Severus nodded at his godson. 'It's also why he's hugging Harry, touching him, breathing in his scent. He'll stay up until Harry wakes up. Until then, Lucius' veela is in control. None of us matter, just Harry.'

He glanced back at Lucius, who was nuzzling Harry's hair and breathing in deeply.

'Lucius?' The blonde didn't even look at him. 'Lucius!'
Lucius growled as he glared at him.

'What did you do?' the potions master asked.

Lucius went back to petting Harry. 'Protect,' he murmured.

'You protected your mate?' Severus asked. No one else dared get too close for fear of Lucius killing them all.

Lucius nodded. 'Saved, protected, Harry's okay, sleeping.'

'Yes, Harry's fine,' Severus nodded. 'You said Molly Weasley did this?'

The snarl Lucius gave was pure fury, a sound so feral and animalistic it made the hairs on the back of Sevreus' neck stand on end. Everyone else shivered and took a step back, Severus standing completely still.

'Lucius,' he said softly and the blonde growled at him. 'You took care of her, didn't you?'

A smile spread across Lucius' face. 'I saved Harry.'

'Yes, but how?'

'Saved him,' Lucius mumbled and went back to hugging his mate.

Severus rubbed his eyes. 'Lucius, we need to know what you did to her, to Molly Weasley.'

Lucius bared his teeth before snarling, 'I strangled her!'
Harry was unconscious for four days. He stayed in the hospital wing because Lucius snarled at anyone who tried to come near him. Albus called for a veela healer to make sure Harry was a hundred percent okay and the man was on his way.

Lucius stayed by Harry's side the entire time, not sleeping or eating or doing anything but staring at Harry, touching him, breathing in his scent. When Draco, the twins, Severus, Remus and Sirius all came to visit, they found Lucius nuzzling his mate's neck, petting his hair, or mumbling under his breath that Harry was safe.

When Harry finally woke it was midday, Lucius humming under his breath and talking to Harry softly. The teenager moaned and winced as he tried to sit up, only to have strong hands push him down.

Harry turned to see Lucius, the man like a bright ray of sunshine through all the pain and fear Harry had been feeling.

Harry whimpered and Lucius grunted in response, pressing quick kisses to the Gryffindor's cheek and neck. When their lips connected Harry felt relief and love wash through him, settling his mind and body.

His Lucius Band squeezed his heart tightly, filling his entire body with love, protection, joy, everything Lucius was feeling. The anger and worry about the baby was pushed aside and Harry sighed in relief as he sank back down.

'Harry, my Harry,' Lucius murmured, stroking Harry's hair, kissing his cheek. 'I saved you.'

'Lucius,' Harry mumbled.

'Rest, my love,' Lucius whispered.

'The b-baby?' Harry asked as his veela swam through him, forcing the teenager to sink further towards unconsciousness.
'Safe, you're both safe,' the Slytherin said.

Harry smiled and finally let his eyes flicker shut.

{oOo}

When Harry woke again Lucius the wizard was back, though his veela was lurking just beneath the surface. He still wouldn't let anyone physically touch Harry but Sirius and Remus could sit by his bed, Draco sitting cross-legged on the end.

Harry blinked awake and his glasses were pressed into his hands, the Gryffindor quickly putting them on. 'Lucius?'

Warm arms wrapped around him and Harry sank into a familiar chest, sniffing and trying to fight back the tears.

'Harry,' Lucius breathed.

'Is the baby okay?' Harry asked. He remembered everything, remembered waking up after Lucius saving him. He also remembered Lucius saying the baby was fine but Harry had to hear it again.

'The baby's fine,' Lucius said. 'Healthy, growing strong, resting comfortably.'

'Are you sure?'

'Madam Pomfrey assures me he or she is okay,' Lucius said, drawing back. Harry looked up into his face, the blonde cupping his cheek, brushing his hair back. 'The real question is are you okay?'

Harry rubbed his eyes and mumbled, 'F-Fine.'

'Harry-

'I'm fine,' Harry said. 'Just...' He felt tears spike in his eyes and looked down.

'Harry,' Lucius repeated.

'She just t-took me,' Harry said, sniffing as tears spilled down his cheeks. 'I d-didn't even s-see her, I just w-woke up in G-Ginny's room...'  

'What happened?' Sirius asked, Harry turning to look at him. 'Lucius and the Aurors figured most of it out but we need you to tell us.'

Harry took a deep breath and Lucius hugged him tightly as he spoke. He'd been walking down to Hagrid's, enjoying the warm, fresh air, and suddenly a stinging pain had slammed into his back. He remembered falling, there was a blinding pain in his head, and then-

'I woke up in Ginny's room,' Harry said. 'M-Molly said she wanted my m-money. She was going to k-keep me there until G-Ginny got out of St Mungo's...'

Lucius growled and Harry clung to his shirt tightly. 'Let it go, Harry,' his mate said. 'If you want to cry, cry.'
'But-'

'You don't have to keep this to yourself,' Lucius said softly. 'We're here for you.'

Draco squeezed his leg through the blankets and Remus and Sirius smiled at him.

'I just c-can't believe she'd d-do this,' Harry whimpered, fresh tears soaking Lucius' shirt. 'I th-though she c-care...'

'Shh, Harry, just let it out,' Lucius said, hugging his mate tightly. Harry cried into his chest, eyes squeezed shut against the pain assaulting him. He'd known Molly didn't approve, didn't trust Lucius, but to kidnap him, to only want him for his money... it hurt.

When Harry was all cried out he burrowed into Lucius' warmth and sniffed, trying to get his voice back. 'M'sorry,' he mumbled.

'You have nothing to be sorry for,' Lucius said, kissing his forehead. 'Do you feel better?'

'Little bit,' Harry said, sniffing again. 'Thank you for saving me.'

'It was all you, Harry,' Lucius said. 'You and the baby.'

Harry blinked. 'So... so I really used veela magic to call you?'

He leaned back to see Lucius nodding. 'You and the baby called to me through our bond and apparated me into the Burrow.'

'I didn't know I could do that,' Harry said.

'Neither did I,' Lucius admitted. 'Which is why the eldest Weasley, Bill, and his wife are coming to talk to us as well as a veela healer,' he said. 'They're going to tell us what to expect. Apparently veela births are different to normal wizard ones.'

Harry jolted, eyes widening as he sat up. 'What? What's wrong with the baby? It won't come out weird, will it? Or... or hurt more than it already will, right? What, what's going to happen?!!'

'Harry, Harry, Harry,' Lucius broke through the teenager's panic. 'Everything will be fine. Fleur and Bill are going to tell us what to expect, the healer too. The baby will be fine.'

Harry wet his lips and tried to push his fear down. 'Promise?'

'I promise,' Lucius said, brushing a hand through his hair. 'Calm down, okay?'

Harry nodded and shuffled around on the bed so he could talk to Remus, Sirius and Draco properly. Lucius settled behind him and wrapped his arms around the Gryffindor, who sighed happily before looking at his godfathers.

'The baby will be fine,' Remus said. 'All first time mothers panic.'

'I really am the mother, aren't I?' Harry said with a small smile. ' Doesn't seem as annoying now as it was.'

'Really?' Sirius asked. 'I'd hate being called Mum.'

'I don't care what the baby calls me, as long as it's happy and healthy,' Harry said, touching his stomach. Lucius' fingers threaded through his own and the couple smiled. 'You'll make an excellent mummy,' Lucius smiled, nuzzling Harry's neck.
'As long as I have an excellent daddy to help,' the teenager grinned.

Sirius chuckled, leaning back in his seat. 'You're both being all disgusting so everything's fine.'

Draco bounced on the bed, handsome face breaking into a wide grin. 'Merlin, I'm so happy, Harry,' he said. 'Dad was all weird while you were asleep.'

' Weird?' Harry questioned.

'My veela took over,' Lucius said. 'I haven't moved from this spot since I brought you in.'

Harry asked, 'How long have I been here?'

'Four days,' Remus told him. 'Lucius wouldn't let any of us near you, not even Madam Pomfrey. She's had to stand at least a foot away from you while running tests to make sure you and the baby were okay.'

'Severus brought potions because you weren't getting any food, being asleep,' Sirius said. 'He tossed them to Lucius, who made sure you took them. None of us were allowed near you.'

'I'm sorry, I didn't mean to cause you trouble,' Harry said.

'Harry, stop apologising for things you have no control over,' Lucius sighed.

'Sor... erm, m'kay,' Harry said.

Lucius shuffled down the mattress to press his face into Harry's neck, breathing in deeply before yawning.

'Are you okay?' Harry asked, squeezing Lucius' hand.

'A little tired,' Lucius admitted. 'I haven't slept in a while.'

'Five days,' Draco supplied.

'Five days?' Harry gaped. He twisted around to glare at his mate. 'You go to sleep right now!'

'No,' Lucius pouted.

'Lucius Abraxas Malfoy, you need sleep,' Harry said sternly. 'You close your eyes right now or else.'

A smile tugged at Lucius' lips and he said, 'Or else what?'

Harry's eyes narrowed. 'You don't want to know,' he threatened.

Lucius chuckled and snuggled further under the blankets. 'Mm, I like when you order me around,' he mumbled, yawning again.

'I don't care if you like it or not, just go to sleep,' Harry said.

'But I have... have to... protect you,' Lucius murmured, eyes sliding shut.

Harry looked Lucius over as he yawned again. He had stubble covering his jaw, grey mixed in with the dark blonde hairs. Large purples bags hung under his eyes and the usually soft laugh and frown lines were prominent and deep set.
Harry leaned over and kissed Lucius softly, the man's lips chapped and cut. 'Sleep, love, I'm safe,' he said softly.

'Safe...' Lucius hummed.

'Safe 'cause you saved me,' Harry smiled.

'Mm,' Lucius nodded before he fell asleep.

Harry sighed and leaned back, Lucius' arms staying around him.

'Are you sure you're okay?' Sirius asked.

'I'm... alright,' Harry said, 'I'll get better with Lucius, and you guys.'

'I can't believe Molly,' Remus said, rubbing his eyes. 'She just...'

'Went completely bloody insane,' Draco growled.

Harry rubbed a hand up and down Lucius' arm, the man's fingers staying linked with his over the teenager's stomach. 'How are Ron and the twins?' he asked.

Draco leaned back, arms folded, and said, 'They're... upset. Worried about you.'

'They don't hate Lucius, do they?' he asked.

Draco shook his head. 'They're upset over their mum, over the kidnapping and her death, but they understand that Dad didn't have a choice. He was protecting you when he killed Mrs Weasley so... they can't fault him for that.'

'And... Lucius isn't in trouble with the Ministry for killing her, right?' Harry asked.

'No,' Remus said, 'Kingsley came in while you were asleep; he saw that Lucius' veela took over. Unless he wants a war with the Veela Nation, he won't press chargers.'

Harry nodded. 'I understand if the Weasleys hate Lucius,' he murmured, looking at Lucius' peaceful face.

'They're a bit shaken and obviously in mourning,' Sirius said, 'but they don't blame you or Lucius, Harry.'

'She did the wrong thing, she was well aware that she faced a death sentence if she hurt you,' Remus said. 'Neither of you are responsible.'

Harry just nodded and continued to watch Lucius sleep.

{oOo}

Harry hadn't realised he'd fallen asleep until Lucius woke him. The Slytherin was clean-shaven and the bags under his eyes were less prominent then before. He smiled warmly at Harry and kissed him softly.
'Awake?'

'I fell asleep?' Harry asked.

Lucius nodded. 'Madam Pomfrey said you drifted off soon after I did. Sirius and Remus had to leave to pick up Teddy and Draco wanted to see the twins. They all said they'd come back later.'

'When can I get out of here?' Harry asked.

'As soon as you eat something and the healer sees you,' Lucius said.

Harry's stomach growled, the teenager only just realising how hungry he was. Dobby popped into view to give him a tray of food, and after hugging the tiny crying elf and assuring him that he was okay, Harry tucked into his large plate of sandwiches, salad, cookies and orange juice.

He was almost finished when the curtain surrounding his bed was pulled aside, revealing Bill, Fleur, Madam Pomfrey, and a man Harry had never met before. He was a bit taller than Lucius, handsome in a roughish way, very thin, with wavy grey hair and dark brown eyes. He smiled warmly at the couple as Lucius wrapped a protective arm around his mate.

'How are you feeling, Mr Potter?' Poppy asked.

Harry swallowed his mouthful before saying, 'Better.'

'That's good,' Poppy nodded. 'This is Acton Marks, he's a healer from the Veela Nation.'

'I'm here to check you and your little one over,' Marks said, voice warm and deep, 'and to also explain veela births to you.'

'Alright there, Harry?' Bill asked.

He looked tired and Harry felt a stab of guilt. 'Bill, I'm sorry-'

'No, don't apologise,' Bill shook his head roughly, dragon-tooth earring dangling around. 'Mum knew you were mates, she knew what would happen if she hurt you.'

Harry bit his lip. 'But still...'

"Arry, no one blames you,' Fleur said softly. 'Ve all vish things could be different, but unfortunately, eet 'as 'appened this way.'

Harry smiled nervously as Bill, Fleur, and Healer Marks sat.

'So,' Marks said, smiling at Harry and Lucius, 'what do you know about wizard births?'

'Erm... just that they're delicate and only last six months,' Harry said. 'I haven't had a chance to read a lot of the books I ordered.'

Marks nodded. 'Very well. I'll just run a few tests before we discuss it, okay?'

'We thought we'd tell you a bit about what you can expect to happen while you're pregnant,' Bill said, Fleur resting her hands on her slightly protruding stomach.

"Ormones,' Fleur smiled, 'zay are difficult, to zay zee least.'

Harry smiled. 'I'll get really... bitchy, right?"
Bill chuckled as Fleur smiled warmly at him. Marks produced his wand and Lucius kept his eyes trained on the veela as he waved it around, muttering under his breath and looking Harry over.

'Vell, Lucius vill be very protective of you vilst you are pregnant,' Fleur said.

'Oh, he already is,' Harry said, smiling at Lucius. 'Even more so than before.' He looked back at the Weasleys. 'Is Bill protective of you?'

'Well, the dominance and submission isn't as pronounced in male/female partnerships,' Bill said. 'There's still the distinction, especially with children and in the, ah, bedroom.'

Lucius snorted.

'But it's a lot more obvious in male/male partnerships, because of the whole top/bottom thing,' Bill continued. 'But obviously that's different with men and women 'cause... ah, well, you know.'

Harry smiled at how awkward Bill looked. 'Who's the dominant between you and Fleur?'

'I am,' Bill said. 'I Marked Fleur long before we married.'

Fleur pulled the collar of her blue shirt aside to show a small, inky-black Mark like what Harry had.

'Vee 'ave been together a while now,' Fleur said, 'so eet is not as obvious 'oo zee dominant iz.' She put her collar back and smiled. 'Now, onto zee symptoms you can expect. Mood swings, obviously, as well as strange cravings and morning sickness.'

'Already have that,' Harry said, rubbing his stomach. 'Severus gave me some potions.'

'Eet iz 'orrible,' Fleur nodded. 'At any minute you can go from perfectly fine to sick.'

'I don't envy either of you,' Bill smiled.

'Thanks for coming to talk to me,' Harry said, smiling at them both. 'I feel better, knowing someone else is going through the same thing.'

'Well you're due before ours,' Bill said. 'But if you want to talk, about anything, we're available.'

'Thank you,' Harry said again.

They talked for another twenty minutes, Harry and Fleur about their pregnancy symptoms, Lucius and Bill about life with a hormonal veela. More than once the pregnant spouse slapped the other one in the stomach for comments.

When subjects had been exhausted, Marks sat back down and Lucius looked at him.

'Well?' the blonde asked.

'We better go,' Bill said, standing and helping his wife up. 'Dad's a bit of a mess- don't apologise.'

Harry had opened his mouth to say sorry again and he smiled ruefully.

'Just rest, keep your little one safe,' Bill said. 'We'll see you later.'

Harry thanked them again and watched as the couple left.

Marks smiled at the veela couple as he rolled his wand between long fingers. 'Okay, so first thing
you should know; you're completely healthy, though a little underweight.'

'I told you you had to eat more,' Lucius scowled.

Harry rolled his eyes. 'Yes, love.'

'How's the baby?' Lucius asked Marks.

The healer smiled and said, 'You should say babies.'

Lucius jolted in his seat and Harry's mouth fell open. 'What?' the teenager gaped.

'Babies,' Marks repeated, 'as in two babies, twins. I was wondering why you were showing already; you're quite big for twelve weeks. Usually you wouldn't start showing until three and a half months but I assumed it was because of your small stature. Well, now I know that it's because you're carrying two children.'

Harry stared at the healer as the veela fiddled with his wand, waving it back and forth. Lucius was absolutely shocked and he jumped when a picture materialised in thin air. Harry leaned forward to stare at the sonogram, but all he could see were wavy black, grey and white lines.

'Now, see here?' Marks said, pointing his wand at a small circle. 'That's your first baby. And this...' He moved his wand to show another small circle and a bunch of squiggles. 'This is your second baby.'

'Merlin,' Harry breathed, reaching out to touch the picture. It went fuzzy as he touched it and Harry drew his hand back. 'T-Twins?'

Marks nodded. 'Now, because of how small they are, we can't tell the sex yet; twins develop slower than one baby in wizard pregnancies. You'll most likely be due at the end of June, perhaps later, because they need more time.'

'So... I'll be pregnant about seven months?' Harry asked.

Marks nodded. 'Most first born babies are late as it so I'd estimate between June 25th 1st and July 10th. But don't take my word as fact; they could be born anywhere between your original due date and mid July.'

'That's not very helpful,' Harry said. 'That's almost a month.'

'I'm sorry,' Marks said, 'but so far your twins are looking healthy and quite happy in mummy's belly.'

Harry grinned and touched his stomach. 'Merlin, twins.' He looked up when he realised Lucius hadn't said anything. The man was staring at the picture, completely frozen, handsome face a mask of surprise. 'Lucius?' Harry questioned.

'Twins,' Lucius breathed. 'Twins? There haven't been twins in the Malfoy family for generations...'

'Erm... is-is that a bad thing?' Harry asked nervously.

Lucius jumped, grey eyes swivelling to rest on his mate. 'Bad?'

'Well, we'd only planned for one,' Harry said, 'and that was a surprise and... it's okay, right?'

Lucius blinked slowly before jumping forward to pull Harry into a tight hug. 'Twins, Harry!' he
said. 'We're having two, two babies, two little Harry Potters!'

Harry could feel the joy wrapping around his heart from his Lucius Band and grinned. 'Yeah, Luce, two kids... wow.'

'Wow indeed,' Lucius said, kissing his fiancé before drawing back. 'Gods, we have to buy more stuff; two cribs, two lots of clothing, toys, books, nappies-

'Yes, Luce, I get it,' Harry grinned. 'Two of everything.'

'We have to be prepared,' Lucius said sternly and Harry giggled.

'Whatever you say, love.'

Lucius turned back to Marks. 'You said a few more days until you can tell the sexes?'

Marks nodded. 'I can come back in a week or two if you want to know.'

Harry and Lucius looked at each other.

"Do you want to?" Lucius asked silently.

"Did you find out with Draco?" Harry asked.

Lucius nodded. "I wanted to know if I'd get my male heir."

"Wouldn't a girl have been okay?"

"For me, yes," Lucius said with a slight sigh. "But my father demanded a male. If Narcissa had had a girl we would have been forced to try again until we got a boy. Even as a first born, my daughter wouldn't have been heir to the family."

Harry frowned. "That's so unfair."

"Yes, it is," Lucius agreed. "And if our first born is a girl, she will grow up to be the Potter heir."

"Really?" Harry asked and Lucius nodded. He wet his lips and turned to Marks. 'I think I'd like to wait until they're born,' he said out loud.

'Are you sure?' Lucius asked.

'If it's okay with you,' Harry said. 'I know picking out colours and names would be easier if we knew but... I kind of want to be surprised.'

Lucius smiled and kissed his cheek. 'Then we'll wait.'

'Very well,' Marks smiled and started waving his wand. A few minutes later Harry had a stack of sonogram pictures to give out and he smiled down at them.

'Um, Healer Marks?' Harry asked as the man placed bottles of potions for Harry to take on the bedside table.

'Yes?' the healer said.

'It's... erm... it's fine to keep... to keep having... s-sex, right?' he asked, blushing.

Marks chuckled and turned to face them. 'It's perfectly fine, Mr Potter, as long as it's not too rough.
Try to remain on your back and don't put any pressure on your stomach. Sex can actually help put you into labour so feel free to keep having sex right up to your due date."

Harry blushed and Lucius grinned broadly. "Thank you, Healer Marks; my mate was trying to tell me we couldn't have too much sex, even while he was on his back-"

'LUCIUS!' Harry shouted and punched him in the arm. 'That's private!' he hissed.

'Owe,' Lucius complained, rubbing his arm.

Harry huffed. 'Serves you right, horny bastard.'

Marks chuckled as Lucius pouted. 'Your sex drive will increase around June so as long as you take precautions, it's perfectly fine for the babies.'

'Good,' Harry smiled. He couldn't imagine going months without having sex.

'Okay, we should talk about the actual childbirth, Mr Potter,' Marks said.

'Please, call me Harry,' the teenager smiled. 'And you can call him Lucius.'

'Very well, Harry, Lucius,' Marks nodded. 'I understand that you'll have graduated Hogwarts by the time you're due, yes?'

Harry nodded and Lucius said, 'His graduation is May 30th and his due date is between mid June and July.'

'Where do you plan on giving birth?' Marks asked.

'Um... St Mungo's?' Harry said.

Marks shook his head and Lucius asked, 'What?'

'It's too dangerous for you to give birth in a hospital with other people around,' Marks explained. 'You need to be in a controlled environment where you won't pose a threat to anyone.'

'What do you mean, a threat?' Lucius asked.

'Lucius, you won't be able to be in the room while Harry's in labour,' Marks said.

'What?' Harry gaped.

'Why?' Lucius demanded.

'As Harry's dominant partner, your veela will be awakened by the pain Harry feels during childbirth,' Marks explained. 'Harry's veela will block most of it, not wanting you to worry, but you'll be able to sense it. When that happens, you'll attack anyone who comes into contact with Harry.'

'Why?' Lucius asked again.

'Your first priority is to protect your mate and kit,' Marks said. 'You get annoyed when people touch Harry, right?' Lucius nodded. 'How do you think you'll react when Harry's giving birth to your children?'

Lucius pursed his lips to think about it. 'I suppose I would act... protective.'
'You'll act like a lunatic,' Marks said and smiled when Lucius huffed. 'Don't worry, every dominant veela does it.'

'So... Lucius can't be with me?' Harry asked.

Marks shook his head. 'He'll want to be and your friends and family will have to hold him back, we'll ward the room. When your first baby is just about to come out we'll let him in and he'll go straight to you, giving us a chance to get out. Lucius will have to take the baby and put him or her aside and help you through the birth of the second.'

'Is that safe?' Lucius asked. 'I'm not a trained healer.'

'There's nothing we can do,' Marks said. 'Twin veela births are complicated because of this but you can't hurt Harry; your instincts will takeover and let you deliver the second baby.'

'Are you sure?' Lucius asked.

The healer nodded. 'We'll go over everything before Harry gives birth and make sure you're informed.

'Now, after the births, Harry will want to hold them both and touch them, make sure they're okay. You have to let him do that or Harry could attack you.'

'Why would I attack Lucius?' Harry asked.

'Your kit are the most important thing, especially just after you've given birth to them,' Marks said. 'If anyone gets in the way, even Lucius, you won't hesitate to attack.'

'Don't get in Harry's way, got it,' Lucius said.

'I don't want to hurt you,' Harry said and Lucius smiled at him.

'I'll be fine, love.'

'How will I know what to do?' Harry asked Marks. 'I don't want to hurt the babies either.'

'You won't, your instincts will take over, like Lucius,' Marks said. 'You'll clean the babies and wrap them up, lay down, and take care of them. I'll come back about seven or eight hours after to check on you and them.'

'We won't attack you?' Harry asked.

Marks shook his head. 'You'll both be very protective but you'll come back to yourselves enough to let me check them over.'

'And after that?' Harry asked.

'Well, where are you giving birth?' Marks asked again. 'It will be at least a week before you're able to let anyone see your kit so somewhere comfortable, stocked with everything for the babies, somewhere you have access to food, or access to a house elf to bring you food.'

'We won't hurt any house elves, will we?' Harry asked.

Marks shook his head. 'As long as the elves don't touch the babies, you and Lucius won't see them as a threat.'
Lucius wrapped an arm around Harry and said, 'What about our bedroom at the Manor? It's big enough to house everything we need for the babies and Dobby or Griffy can pop in and out to bring us food. Sirius and Remus can stay again with Teddy and visit when we let them in.'

Harry nodded along. 'Good plan.'

'Well, if you're happy with my service, I can be at your Manor within minutes of you going into labour,' Marks said. 'If not I can arrange another veela to take over for me.'

'I'm sure you'll be perfect,' Harry smiled at the man.

Marks smiled back. 'Now, I have a number of books with me that you should read over and if you have any questions, don't hesitate to owl me. I'll be staying in Hogsmeade to give you monthly check-ups, with Madam Pomfrey because she doesn't trust anyone with her students.'

Lucius chuckled and Harry said, 'I'm kind of a favourite of hers. I've spent more time in here than any other student.'

'So far you're going well,' Marks said, 'though I'd like you to read up on wizard and veela pregnancies and be better informed next time we meet.'

'Sorry,' Harry blushed.

'Not a problem, you're young, it's your first baby,' Marks said. 'Sorry, babies,' he corrected himself. 'I also understand that you're taking your N.E.W.T.S this year?'

Harry nodded. 'I've been studying a lot and it's hard, but I want the babies to be healthy, they're more important than my exams.'

'As long as you don't stress out too much you should be fine,' Marks said. 'Eat healthily and regularly, stay in contact with your mate, and sleep at least nine hours a night.'

Harry smiled and rubbed his stomach. 'I just want them to be healthy.'

Marks smiled warmly. 'You'll be fine, Harry, trust me. I've delivered over a hundred veela babies, as well as four sets of twins. You and Lucius will handle this well.'

'I hope so,' Harry said.
Picking Up The Slack

Chapter Notes

Author's Note: This is a message going out to my readers who have come over from FFN. Yes, it sucks that this was deleted over there but there's nothing I can do.

So, to those of you who have an account here; Remember that you can subscribe to me or this story by pressing the 'subscribe' button at the top of the page. AO3 emails you when I've updated.

To those of you who DON'T have an account here; PM me on FFN and leave your email address and I'll personally email you when I update the story on AO3. Remember to add spaces because FFN deletes any emails or links in private messages. Also, if you want an invitation to AO3 let me know. At the moment I don't have any because of the amount of people moving from FFN to here because of the sweep. If I do get some, or find someone who has some, I'll send you one.

Also, I reply to every comment, even if the person leaving one doesn't have an account here. So if you leave a comment and want a response, go back and check them out, I always reply :)

Cheers,

{Dreamer}

Marks and Lucius spoke some more about the veela being let into Malfoy Manor, as well as how easy Harry had to take it closer to his due date. He left various potions for Harry to take, as well as books about what to expect, what to eat, etc.

Harry was finally allowed to leave the hospital wing, though Madam Pomfrey fussed over him like a mother. Lucius scowled at the woman but Harry grinned; he liked Poppy.

They headed back to their quarters, all students steering clear. They'd heard various accounts of what had happened, had all known that Harry had been kidnapped, but they didn't know the exact details.

Harry hadn't seen Ron or the twins and was nervous as Lucius led him through the portrait, a heap of books tucked under his arm. Fred, George, and Draco were sitting on the sofa and all three looked up as Harry and Lucius entered.

Draco immediately jumped to his feet and tore towards Harry, hugging him tightly. Harry smiled and nuzzled into Draco's neck, wrapping his arms around his kit.

'You're okay, right?' Draco asked. 'You and my little brother or sister?'

'We're fine,' Harry said, voice muffled by Draco's collar. 'But... well, we've got some news...' He trailed off and pulled back to look at Fred and George, the twins now standing and twitching nervously.
Draco let Harry go and Lucius’ free arm immediately wrapped around his mate as he looked at the Weasleys.

‘Harry,’ Fred said and glanced at George before speaking again. ‘We don't blame you or Lucius.’

‘You... you don’t?’ Harry asked.

Fred shook his head and George said, ‘Our mum... she took you, Harry, she hurt you. If someone had done that to Draco—’

‘- we would have k-killed them too,’ Fred finished.

Harry bit his lip and looked down.

‘I'm sorry,’ Lucius said, all eyes turning to him. ‘Not about protecting my mate, but about you losing your mother. I'm sorry things turned out this way, I never wanted this.’

‘We know,’ George said.

‘We don't blame you,’ Fred added.

‘Mum knew the risk, she knew you'd... you'd k-kill her if she hurt Harry,’ George said.

Fred nodded. ‘Your veela took over, Lucius, we get that.’

‘No one in the family blames you or hates you in any way,’ George said. ‘We're sorry she did that.’

‘And your father didn't know?’ Lucius asked, arm tightening around Harry. Harry remembered Lucius almost killing Arthur before the teenager had intervened.

‘No, he said Mum was acting weird, but that was no different to usual,’ Fred said. ‘And then he woke up and you and Harry were there and...’

He trailed off and looked down, silence hanging thick in the air.

‘Let's talk about something better, hmm?’ Draco suggested, everyone throwing him thankful looks. ‘You said you had news?’ he asked Harry.

The teenager nodded and Lucius led him to one of the armchairs, setting the books down on the coffee table before sitting. Harry sat on his lap and Lucius' arms wound around his waist, hands resting protectively over his stomach.

‘Well, the healer said I'm healthy,’ Harry said.

‘But he has to eat more,’ Lucius scowled at Harry lightly.

Harry smiled. ‘He... well, it was a surprise, but we’re happy.’

‘Is it a boy?’ Draco demanded. ‘A girl? What?’

‘We're waiting until they're born to find out,’ Lucius said, rubbing Harry's stomach.

‘Why?’ Draco asked.

‘So it's a surprise,’ Harry said. ‘Besides, we can't know until another two or so weeks, even if we wanted to.’
Draco raised an eyebrow, clearly confused.

'I thought you could tell the sex in male pregnancies after two and a bit months,' George said.

'Usually you can,' Lucius said and glanced at Harry.

Harry grinned and announced, 'We're having twins.'

Draco's mouth fell open and Fred and George jolted on the sofa.

'What?' Draco gaped.

'Twins?' the Weasleys demanded.

Harry grinned from ear-to-ear as Lucius said, 'Yes, twins. That's why Harry's showing already and why we can't know the sexes yet, not that we want to. Twins in male pregnancies develop slower so Harry will most likely be pregnant for an additional month.'

'Not something I'm looking forward to,' Harry said.

Lucius smiled and rubbed his back soothingly. 'I'll be here for all types of pains, cravings, anything you need, little one.'

'Hmm... so chocolate ice-cream at four am, when we're completely out and the Hogwarts elves don't have any, you'll pop off and find some?' Harry asked.

'Of course I will,' Lucius said. 'I'll even search through Muggle stores to get you your ice-cream.'

'Well can you get some now?' Harry asked. Lucius raised an eyebrow and the teenager said, 'Please? I really want ice-cream... peppermint choc-chip... with nuts on top... oh, and a Kit Kat!' Lucius chuckled and said, 'Are you sure?' Harry nodded. 'Right now?' Another nod and Lucius sighed.

'What?' Harry asked.

Lucius bit his bottom lip before pulling Harry closer. 'I don't want to leave you.'

'I'll be fine.'

'Harry,' Lucius said slowly and Harry looked at him properly. 'Please,' he sounded like he was begging, 'don't make me leave you.'

'Lucius-'

'Please,' Lucius begged again, burying his face in Harry's neck. 'Don't make me.'

He gripped the teenager tightly and Harry wrapped his arms around his mate's neck. 'Okay, Luce, I won't make you go,' he said. 'Shh, it's okay.'

Fred, George and Draco all looked at each other before Draco stood. 'We'll go get your food, Harry.'

Harry nodded and Fred handed him parchment and a self-inking quill. Harry quickly wrote down what he wanted and thanked them softly before the twins and Draco grabbed their coats, heading out. Lucius didn't move or say anything until the portrait had closed with a thud.
'I missed you,' Lucius whispered.

'I missed you too,' Harry said.

'You were... were gone, two whole days,' Lucius continued, voice muffled by Harry's shirt. 'And then you were just lying there in that bed not moving and I couldn't feel anything from my Harry Band and... I was so worried I'd lose you and the baby, Harry.'

'Hey, shh,' Harry said, pulling Lucius closer. 'I'm here, I'm okay.'

Lucius choked back a sob and shook his head. 'But you were taken and I w-wasn't there,' he cried. 'I just let you g-go and get t-taken.'

'Lucius, you can't watch me every second of the day,' Harry said.

'Can,' his mate mumbled.

'It wasn't your fault,' Harry said, brushing a hand through Lucius' long hair. 'I'm fine now.'

'I can't lose you, Harry,' Lucius whispered. 'If I did I'd die.'

Harry knew that as soon as one of them died the other would follow close behind. Suddenly Lucius was sitting up, Harry's face in his hands.

'Lucius?'

'I'm not talking about the bond,' the man said, eyes shining with fresh tears, pale cheeks streaked. 'I wouldn't want to live without you,' Lucius continued. 'Without you I'm nothing, Harry, absolutely nothing. If you left me I'd want to die, I couldn't live a second without you here.'

Harry whined and kissed his mate quickly, lips tasting salty. 'Don't say that.'

'It's true,' Lucius said firmly. 'I don't want to live without you.'

Harry whined again and buried his face in Lucius' neck, kissing and nuzzling the skin he found. 'No, no, no,' he hissed, 'don't say that, don't talk like that!'

'Harry-'

'NO!' Harry shouted and felt tears prickle behind his eyes. He whimpered and clung to Lucius tightly, refusing to ever let go. 'No, I c-can't, don't t-talk like th-that,' Harry cried. 'You're not going anywhere, ever, got that?'

'Okay,' Lucius said softly and wrapped his arms around Harry, pulling him closer. 'I won't go anywhere.'

'I can't lose you,' Harry whispered.

'You won't,' Lucius promised.

After a few minutes of shaking and crying together, Harry sniffed and rubbed his eyes.

'I'm sorry,' Lucius said.

'Why?' Harry asked.
'I'm supposed to be strong,' Lucius said, pressing soft kisses to Harry's cheek. 'I'm supposed to take care of you and be the strong one.'

'Lucius, we're partners,' Harry told him, drawing back to look the blonde in the eyes. 'You don't have to be the dangerous, cold, enigmatic Lord Malfoy around me. You can be yourself, whatever you want to be,' Harry continued. 'You can let go with me, you can be... weak, with me.' He brushed Lucius' hair back and kissed him softly. 'When you fall, I'll be here to pick up the slack, Lucius.'

Lucius wet his lips. 'But I'm the dominant-

'Yeah, you are,' Harry cut him off. 'But you're also my Lucius, my mate, the love of my life. You don't have to be dominant in every aspect of our lives together.'

Lucius smiled weakly and Harry kissed him again.

'I don't mind that you're really just a big old softie,' Harry teased.

Lucius chuckled. 'I'm not soft,' he said.

Harry poked Lucius' stomach, which was firm and muscled under his shirt. 'Oh, I dunno, you're over forty.'

'I'm far from losing my figure, Mr Potter.'

'That's what you say now,' Harry said. 'But a few too many desserts, some scotch, and bam, you'll be big and round.'

'Will you still love me?' Lucius asked.

Harry smiled slyly. 'Nah, I'm only with you for your body.'

'I knew it!' Lucius exclaimed dramatically and Harry giggled. 'I thought it was true love, Harry.'

'It is,' Harry said, 'I have a true love for your body.'

Lucius' large hands trailed up and down Harry's side.

'Lucius?' Harry questioned. He looked up when Lucius' fingers still just beneath his armpits, fingertips digging in. 'Lucius...' Harry warned, knowing the look the Slytherin was sporting.

Before Harry could move, Lucius dug his fingers in. Harry shrieked and tried to break free, only for one of Lucius' arms to wrap around him tight while the other hand continued to tickle him.

'LUCIUS!' Harry shouted, legs and arms flapping as he squirmed. 'LUCIUS- HAHA- STOP IT- HEHEH- FUCK YOU!'

Harry broke down in a fit of giggles and Lucius smirked as he tickled him. He didn't stop until Harry was gasping for air, face bright red.

'Y-You... utter... w-wanker...' Harry choked out.

'You're the one who only loves me for my body,' Lucius said.

Harry grinned and burrowed into Lucius' chest, arms wrapping around his neck. 'Silly Lucius, I was kidding.'
'Mm-hmm.'

'Was,' Harry said and kissed his neck. 'You believe me, yeah?'

Lucius smiled. 'Yes, my love,' he said. 'I believe you.'

'You are so gullible,' Harry giggled.

Lucius chuckled. 'And yet you love me.'

'Mm,' Harry nodded. 'I do.'

{oOo}

Harry and Lucius were still wrapped around each other when the twins and Draco got back, carrying plastic bags from a Muggle supermarket. Harry pounced and grabbed a pint of peppermint ice-cream, taking a spoon and digging straight in. He sat in the dining room sucking down ice-cream as the others put everything away.

'Nuts?' Lucius asked.

Harry swiped them from his mate's fingers and ripped the packet open, pouring out a large amount of crushed almonds. He dug back in and Lucius smiled indulgently, brushing Harry's hair back.

When they'd finished putting all the food away, Draco sat down and practically bounced on his seat. 'Merlin, Harry, twins?'

Harry smiled and around his spoon and rubbed his stomach with his free hand. 'Yeah, I can't believe it. I mean... one baby with Lucius made me so excited but two?'

'Twins are awesome,' Fred said.

'Absolutely,' George nodded.

'Though a lot of work,' Fred said.

'A lot of work,' George grinned.

'Always playing up.'

'Always conspiring against you.'

'And-'

'No,' Harry cut Fred off. 'My twins will not be pranking everybody, or making fireworks, or Snack Boxes, or anything like that.'

Lucius chuckled as Fred grinned. His twin said, 'Now, Harry, let's be realistic.'

'Those babies are our little brother or sister-in-laws,' Fred said.

'Of course we're going to take an interest in their well-being,' George said.
'And their education,' Fred agreed.

Harry huffed and shoved another spoonful of ice-cream into his mouth as Lucius snorted.

'No, absolutely not; Fred, George, you will not teach my little ones anything.'

'Why not?' Fred whined.

'We'll be safe,' George pouted.

'And Sirius can help,' Fred said.

'He'll watch us,' George nodded.

'What makes you think,' Lucius said, brushing Harry's hair back again, 'that I'll leave my little ones alone with you three?'

'Well, you'll want some alone time with Harry,' Fred said. 'Family are built-in babysitters.'

'Who else is gonna watch them?' George asked.

'Do you really trust Draco not to let us teach them tricks?' Fred said with a smile.

Lucius glanced at his son, who smiled slightly. 'You can trust me.'

'I very much doubt that,' Lucius said.

'I need pickles,' Harry announced.

'Pickles?' Lucius questioned.

Harry nodded. 'I kind of... dunno, just like 'em a whole heap now.'

'Hmm, the babies take after me,' Lucius smiled and kissed him.

'Merlin, twins,' Draco breathed again. 'There haven't been twins in the Malfoy family for at least nine generations.'

Harry smiled. 'I don't know if twins run in my family, I might have to do a family tree from my dad's side.'

'And your mum's?' Draco asked.

'I dunno, I'd have to talk to my aunt,' Harry frowned. 'I don't want to.' Lucius pushed their chairs closer together and wound an arm around Harry's waist.

'What about your cousin?' Draco said. 'You told me you were on okay terms with him.'

Harry nodded. 'We exchanged some letters during the holidays, not so much now 'cause I'm busy with N.E.W.T.S and Lucius. Dudley's going to a Muggle university and he's busy too...'

'Well, it's not that important,' Draco said. 'But if you want any help researching your family, just let me know.'

Harry smiled and said, 'Thanks, Kit.'

'No problem... can I have a Kit Kat?'
'No.'

Draco cursed and Harry grinned.

{oOo}

'Dear gods,' Harry groaned.

'What?' Lucius asked.

He and Harry were sitting in bed with books spread across the duvet. Harry had one sitting on his crossed legs and Lucius was flicking through a booklet on how he could make Harry's pregnancy easier.

'Look at what's going to happen to me!' Harry frowned, gesturing at the book he was reading.

'And what's going to happen to you, little one?' Lucius said, leaning over and placing his booklet aside.

'My body will absorb my genitals.'

Lucius blinked. 'Excuse me?'

'Look,' Harry said and showed Lucius the paragraph;

When the baby is ready to be born, your magic will begin to create a passage for natural childbirth to occur. When this happens, your penis and testicles will be absorbed into the body.

After birth, the passage will close up and heal. A few hours later your genitals will return as normal.

'That's... horrifying,' Lucius said.

'At least you don't have to go through it,' Harry growled.

Lucius glanced down to read another paragraph.

Your body will be tender and sore following childbirth as magic was used to create, carry, and finally birth the baby. Sex should not be attempted for at least five weeks after giving birth, longer if there were health complications or if the bearer doesn't feel ready.

'WHAT?' Lucius exploded and Harry winced.

'What's wrong?'
'We can't have sex until a month after you give birth?'

Harry snorted. 'It's only a few weeks.'

'Harry-'

'No, Lucius, you'll be fine,' Harry cut him off. 'Besides, I don't fancy getting anywhere near your cock after pushing two kids out. You'll be lucky to survive with your balls in tact.'

Lucius winced and crossed his legs, as though protecting his manhood from his mate.

'They'd better take my wand when I go into labour,' Harry said. 'I might do something I regret.'

'I hate you,' Lucius pouted.

Harry giggled.
Hey guys, sorry this took so long, I ran out of internet credit. But I'm back now and yeah :)

I'm sorry to hear about the long waiting list for an account on this website, I'd help if I could, but I currently don't have any invitations to send out. I've made notes of everyone who wants one and if I do eventually get them I'll send 'em out.

Also, I just wanted to thank Sunshine Through The Storm, who always takes the time to leave me really detailed reviews/comments about each chapter of my many different stories. Seriously, they're awesome, and I always laugh hysterically after reading one.

So thank you Sunshine Through The Storm, and also every single person who takes the time to leave me a review/comment or even a kudos. I really appreciate it :)

Lucius refused to let Harry go to the class. Everyone understood, of course. Harry had been missing for almost two days but he'd been unconscious for four. It took all of Lucius' strength not to kill everyone who came within three feet of his mate.

A lot of people came to visit to make sure Harry was okay. Remus, Sirius and Severus were first, the two Gryffindors having stayed in Severus' quarters while Harry was in the infirmary. Harry didn't think anything of it as he greeted his godfathers (with a smile only, Lucius had tugged him back when Harry tried to hug them) but his mate raised a blonde eyebrow, causing Remus to blush and Sirius to grin broadly.

Severus ignored him and they had lunch together, all of them making sure not to bring up Molly Weasley at all. If they did Harry was close to tears and Lucius would growl.

Draco was in class, the twins renovating Zonko's, so they were alone in the dining room when Harry announced, 'Siri, Rem, I'm having twins!'

Sirius choked on his sandwich and Severus patted his back as Remus smiled at Harry.

'Congratulations, Harry,' Remus beamed. 'That's... wow, twins.'

'T-T-Twins?' Sirius choked.

'We were told yesterday,' Lucius said, sipping his water.

Severus sighed and leaned back. 'Great, I'll have to deal with two Potter brats when they get to Hogwarts.'

Harry grinned as Lucius scowled at him. 'I'll make sure they know to really annoy you, Sev,' the teenager said.

'Severus, you'll get to know them well before they attend Hogwarts,' Lucius said. The other Slytherin raised an eyebrow.
'We want our twins to know you,' Harry said, his tone one usually used when speaking to a three-year-old. 'How else will they learn to brew potions and be all snarky?'

Remus chuckled. 'Besides,' Lucius said, looking up from his plate, 'we'll need a babysitter.'

'Oh goodie,' Severus drawled.

'TWINS?!' Sirius shouted.

'Yes, twins,' Harry nodded. 'Weren't you listening?'

'You're... twins... two... what?' Sirius choked out.

'Harry is having twins,' Lucius said slowly.

'We're having twins,' Harry corrected and Lucius grinned broadly at him. 'I'll admit I'm a bit scared,' Harry continued, looking back at his godfather. 'I mean, there's getting everything, getting really big, food cravings, mood swings... and then the actual birth.'

'I don't envy you,' Severus commented.

'I'm nervous about raising two kids at once,' Harry said, 'but... I'm excited. I mean, I'm gonna have two kids, two little babies to love.' Harry smiled shyly. 'I wanna be a good mum.'

'You will be,' Lucius said, kissing his cheek.

'Twins,' Sirius groaned. 'Two little Potter-Malfoys.'

'Hogwarts doesn't stand a chance,' Remus said and the others chuckled.

{oOo}

After promising his godfathers that he was okay, healthy, and eating right, Sirius and Remus headed back to Grimmauld Place, Andromeda having babysat Teddy with Narcissa. Harry was surprised to learn that the sisters were reconnecting but was happy for them.

As soon as they were outside the portrait, Severus rounded on Sirius. 'Did you have to tell Lucius you were staying in my quarters?'

Remus glanced at the Animagus, who smiled boyishly. 'Well it's true.'

'He knows!' Severus snapped.

'Who knows?' Sirius asked.

'Lucius!'

'How?' Remus asked. 'So we stayed, so what? You never told him you liked us, did you?'

Severus snorted and started walking, the two Gryffindors trailing after him.

'Sev, he doesn't know,' Sirius said, walking on Severus' right. 'He hasn't seen us going out, he hasn't walked into your quarters and seen us, and he hasn't caught us having se-'
'Shh!' Severus hissed as four Hufflepuff third years walked past, the teenagers yelping as Severus glared at them.

'What?' Sirius grinned. 'Embarrassed to be with us?'

Severus huffed and kept walking, taking the main stairs.

'You aren't, are you?' Remus asked.

'No, I'm not,' Severus said. 'I just don't need Lucius' input, thank you.'

'Why?' Sirius queried.

'The teasing will be endless,' Severus groaned. 'He'll make fun of the fact I'm with two Gryffindors, one of whom used to hex me in school.'

'It's in the past, though,' Remus said. 'Surely Lucius would understand that we're all grown-ups, we've moved on...'

He trailed off when both Severus and Sirius stared at him, eyebrows raised.

'Okay, so Lucius will tease you,' Remus murmured, 'but we can't keep it a secret forever.'

'I don't want to keep it a secret,' Sirius said. 'I like you, Sev, Remy does too, and Harry deserves to know.'

'Why?' Severus demanded.

'He's like our son,' Remus said as they reached the Main Hall. 'We can't keep something this important from him.'

'Harry hates when people keep secrets,' Sirius added.

Severus sighed and rubbed a hand over his face. 'We've only been together a few weeks...'

'But we're sleeping together,' Sirius reminded him, 'and you said you wouldn't do that until you trusted us.'

Severus groaned. 'Fine, fine!' he hissed, rounding on them. 'You can tell Potter, just... not yet, okay? I want to tell Lucius first.'

Remus smiled and Sirius said, 'Excellent. I'm sick of sneaking around.'

'Sure you are,' Remus chuckled. 'Sev, we're not gonna rush you, take all the time you need. As long as you want to tell Harry and Lucius, that's fine.'

'Tell Lucius I'm excellent in bed,' Sirius added.

Remus cuffed him over the back of the head and Sirius scowled at him. Severus couldn't help the smile that pulled at his lips. He couldn't help how he felt about Remus, or Sirius. And really he didn't want to. He liked them. He liked them a lot.

'What am I going to do with you two?' Severus mused.

'Shag us silly?' Sirius suggested.
He didn't expect anything other then an eye-roll, so when Severus smirked the Black patriarch felt his heart rate increase.

'Well, it's an hour until my next class,' Severus said and turned, walking towards the dungeons.

Sirius and Remus glanced at each other before hurrying after the potions master.

{oOo}

Harry and Lucius had been alone no more than five minutes before there was a knock on the portrait. Harry stood to answer and Lucius went with him, hands strong on Harry's hips. He wouldn't let Harry out of his sight except for the bathroom, and even then Lucius would be standing outside just waiting to hug him again.

Harry opened the portrait to find Hermione and Ron. He froze completely and Lucius stiffened behind him, arms becoming possessive instead of comforting. Hermione glanced between Ron and Harry, the red-head staring at the floor.

'Erm...can we come in?' Hermione asked.

Harry nodded and Lucius tugged him back so the other two teenagers wouldn't touch him. Hermione and Ron followed the couple back into the sitting room, Lucius remaining standing. He'd moved to stand slightly in front of Harry and the Gryffindor could feel protecting rolling off the blonde in waves.

Hermione and Ron sat, the latter looking up nervously. 'Alright there, Harry?' he asked.

Harry nodded. 'Yeah, I'm fine.'

'And... and your baby?' Ron asked.

'The babies are fine,' Harry said.

Ron jolted and Hermione's eyes went wide. 'Babies?' she questioned.

'We're having twins,' Harry said, a smile tugging at his lips. Lucius kept his eyes trained on Ron.

'Merlin,' Ron breathed. 'Twins?'

'Why does everyone keep saying that?' Harry commented. 'First Draco, Sirius, now you...'

He trailed off and they fell into a heavy silence. Harry was looking from Ron to Hermione, Hermione between the two boys, Ron staring at the floor, and Lucius glaring at Ron.

'So...' Hermione finally broke, '... Ron just wanted to say something.'

Ron threw her a glare, which slipped away when his girlfriend elbowed him. 'Harry, I... I don't even know what to say,' Ron sighed. 'I mean, my mum- ' Lucius growled and Ron broke off, shifting uncomfortably.

'Luce,' Harry said, placing his hands on Lucius' arm. 'Calm down, okay?'
Lucius nodded stiffly but didn’t stop glaring at Ron.

'I wanted to...' Ron mumbled, '... I mean... blimey, why is this so hard?'

'Just tell him what you told me,' Hermione suggested.

Ron nodded and took a deep breath. 'Harry, I’m sorry for what my mum did,' he said. 'I can't even imagine what you went through, what she did to you. I can't think about the woman who raised me as the same person who took you, who filled Ginny's head with lies.'

He bit his lip and looked down again.

'I'm sorry, Harry,' he continued. 'I'm so sorry for everything my family's done. No one in the family blames you, not even Dad. What... what my mum did was unforgivable, and... and I get that Mr Malfoy... well, I get it.'

He looked back up, Harry watching him carefully.

'If you can't forgive me, I understand,' Ron said, 'and dad does too. But just... remember that we had no idea Mum was capable of that. We'd never wish you harm, or your baby... erm, twins. I can't stand the thought of them being harmed because of my mum.'

'Ron, I don't hate you,' Harry said.

'Really?' his friend asked.

Harry shook his head. 'You didn't do anything and I don't blame you for your mother's actions. I just hope that you don't blame Lucius for what he had to do.'

'I don't,' Ron said quickly. 'Bill and Fleur explained everything, we know that Mr Malfoy's veela took over, that he had no control.'

Harry smiled and said, 'I'd hug you to prove that I'm not angry but Lucius is a little possessive.'

Lucius snorted and they all looked at him.

'Mr Malfoy, can you forgive my family?' Ron asked.

'There's nothing to forgive, your... she acted alone,' Lucius said, anger crossing his face at just the thought of Mrs Weasley. 'I don't blame you, Ronald.'

'Oh gods, don't call me Ronald,' Ron groaned. 'I get enough of that from 'Mione.'

Harry grinned. 'Well, Ronald-' Ron groaned again, '- please tell you're dad that we don't hate him. He's always welcome at our home.'

Ron nodded. 'Thanks, Harry.'

Harry smiled before saying, 'Now, I want ice-cream.'

'Harry, you just ate lunch,' Lucius said.

'You're the one who keeps telling me to eat,' Harry said.

'Healthy food,' Lucius said, turning to face his mate. 'The babies need more than ice-cream.'
Harry's bottom lip poked out, green eyes widening, and Lucius lasted all of four seconds.

'Damn you,' he cursed as Harry dragged him into the dining room. Hermione and Ron smiled.

{oOo}

'Harry?'

Harry looked up from his potions homework. Though Lucius refused to let him go to classes, he was still studying hard so he could sit his N.E.W.T.S with everyone else.

Harry wasn't sure when he'd be allowed to leave their quarters again but he didn't mind really. He liked spending his days with Lucius, especially after being held by Molly. Harry wanted to stay with his mate as much as Lucius wanted him.

Lucius was standing in the doorway of the study with a letter in his hands. Harry swallowed the pickle he was eating and said, 'Yeah?'

'I have a letter here from Gringotts,' Lucius said.

Harry nodded and looked back down at his parchment. 'M'kay.'

'It's addressed to you,' Lucius said and Harry looked up sharply. 'I saw the insignia and opened it, thinking it was for me,' the blonde continued, entering the room. 'Draco doesn't come into his trust fund until he turns twenty-one- his decision, not mine- and I didn't think you would be receiving anything from Gringotts...'

'Um...' Harry mumbled.

'I realised it wasn't my letter,' Lucius said and stopped before Harry. 'It's addressed to you,' he repeated.

'Um... th-thank you,' Harry said and reached out, taking the letter. Lucius folded his arms and Harry glanced down at it;

Dear Lord Potter,

This is the forty-fourth time I have tried to contact you since you came of age. I understand that the war happened around your seventeenth birthday, and as such you couldn't get into contact with me.

However, you have had ample time since your eighteenth birthday to come speak with me. It is imperative that you contact me regarding the following;

Vaults:

Vault 687 - The Trust Fund of Master Harry James Potter

Vault 688 - Personal Vault of Lord Harry James Potter
Harry glanced up from the letter to see Lucius staring at him, one blonde eyebrow up. 'Um...,' the teenager murmured.

'Forty-four times, Harry,' Lucius said. 'Gringotts has contacted you forty-four times.'

'I know,' Harry huffed.

'Is there any particular reason why you haven't spoken to the goblins?' his mate asked.

Harry groaned and threw the letter aside. 'I don't care about any of this stuff,' he said. 'I don't care about it, okay? I hate talking to people in charge, and I kind of... well, broke into Gringotts.'

He bit his lip and Lucius' mouth fell open.

'You mean that was you?' he asked.

'Me what?'

'You who set a dragon loose and trashed half of Gringotts?' Lucius asked.

'Um... yeah,' Harry admitted.

'You failed to mention that when we spoke of the war,' Lucius said.

Harry smiled sheepishly. 'I don't wanna go down there and then they tell me I gotta pay them back...'
for the damages.’

Lucius picked up the letter Harry had thrown aside and glanced over the vaults. ‘You know you're rich enough to fix Gringotts up, right? You're also rich enough to buy me out, Gringotts too.’

‘Really?’ Harry asked.

Lucius chuckled. ‘Harry, I own five vaults. Only the very wealthiest clients keep their money in vaults in the seven hundreds. It appears that you're much richer than me.’

‘I'm so gonna dump you now,’ Harry grinned.

‘And why is that?’

‘I was only with you for your money, of course,’ Harry smiled cheekily.

‘Oh, of course,’ Lucius smiled and sat on the sofa. He pushed Harry's textbooks aside and wrapped an arm around his shoulders. ‘Harry, love, you have to go to Gringotts.’

‘Don't wanna,’ Harry pouted.

‘Be that as it may, you have to speak with them and sort out your fortune,’ Lucius said, ‘as well as your estates.’

‘I didn't even know I had estates,’ Harry murmured as he looked the letter over. ‘Potter Manor?’

‘A beautiful spot, I'm sure,’ Lucius said.

‘Have you been?’

‘No, but Sirius has mentioned it,’ Lucius said. ‘Now, tomorrow is Saturday. We're going to get up early, have breakfast, and then visit Gringotts.’ Harry groaned. ‘After which we'll have a lovely lunch and go shopping for the babies.’

Harry's eyes lit up. ‘Really?’ Lucius nodded. ‘Can we buy baby clothes?’ Harry asked. ‘And toys, Luce, we need toys!’

Lucius chuckled and kissed his cheek. ‘Yes, love, we'll get toys.’

‘And we won't go to Gringotts, right?’

‘No, we'll definitely go to Gringotts.’

Harry groaned and buried his face in Lucius' chest. ‘You hate me,’ he pouted.

Lucius chuckled.
A Trip To Gringotts

Harry refused to get out of bed for a good hour. Lucius got up, showered, dressed, and Harry remained in bed, curled in the middle of the mattress with the duvet and a mountain of pillows covering him.

Lucius smiled and sat on the bed, leaning over to pull a pillow aside. 'Now where could my fiancé have hidden?' he mused.

The lump wriggled and Lucius pulled off a few more pillows before reaching the duvet. He poked and Harry giggled. Lucius drew the covers back and found one of Harry's un-socked feet. He grabbed his ankle before Harry could move and the teenager yelped as his foot was tickled.

'LUCIUS!' he shouted, voice muffled by the blankets and pillows.

'Yes, my love?' Lucius asked as he struggled to keep hold of Harry's foot.

'LEMME- AH- FUCKER- HAHA- LUCIUS!' Harry was properly shrieking now and there were pillows flying everywhere while he twisted himself up in the sheets.

Lucius didn't want Harry to hurt himself or the babies so he let go, the Gryffindor immediately scurrying away.

'You utter... stupid bastard... absolute prick...’ Harry grumbled under his breath, panting as he finally managed to untangle himself from the sheets. He huffed and poked his head out of the duvet, scowling.

'I'm sorry, my love,' Lucius smiled, 'but we have an appointment at Gringotts and if you don't move along we'll be late.'

'So?'

'Harry.'

Harry huffed again and managed to sit up. 'I don't wanna go,' he whined.

'Why are you being so childish about this?' Lucius questioned.

'I don't like goblins,' Harry said, 'and they don't like me, especially since I broke into Gringotts.'

'Harry, you have money. Goblins like money, therefore they like you. Now stop being a baby, they're not going to hurt you with me around.'

Harry bit his lip. 'Promise?'

'I promise,' Lucius smiled before yanking the duvet clear.

Harry scowled and stumbled from the bed to have a shower. 'Bastard,' he mumbled, Lucius chuckling.

{oOo}
It was eight am, Draco and the twins were still asleep. Most of the castle was still asleep and Harry glared at Lucius over his toast.

'Harry, I know you're tired,' Lucius said, stirring his coffee, 'but you have to get this out of the way.'

'But my money's fine where it is, why do I have to look at it?' Harry grumbled.

'Don't you want to grow your wealth?' Lucius asked. Harry stared at him. 'Harry, every male in the Malfoy family has added to the family fortune and grown it. My father spent a fair bit funding the Dark Lord when he first rose to power and I got all that money back by making investments, buying and funding companies, playing different stock markets.

'You should do the same,' Lucius said. 'If not for yourself, then for our future children, for the future Lord and Lady Potters.'

Harry nibbled on his toast, thinking it over. Finally he said, 'You're saying I should invest wisely for future generations.'

'Exactly,' Lucius nodded.

'But I don't know how to do that.'

'I can help, if you wish,' Lucius said.

'Really?' Harry asked.

His mate nodded again and sipped his coffee. 'Any final decisions are yours of course, and I'd run everything by you. I can just make suggestions.'

Harry smiled. 'First smart thing you've said all day.'

'I said I loved you, didn't I?' Lucius said.

'Mm, not smart to love me, I'm a prat,' Harry said, sipping his orange juice.

Lucius chuckled. 'Oh, I agree with you there.'

Harry poked his tongue out and Lucius smiled.

{oOo}

They apparated to Diagon Alley and Harry groaned as he tried to steady himself. Lucius' arms wrapped around him firmly as Harry closed his eyes, trying to push the nausea away.

'I'm okay,' he mumbled a few minutes later.

'Are you sure?' Lucius asked.

Harry nodded and blinked before standing taller. 'I just hate apparating is all.'

'Are you sure?' Lucius repeated.
Harry smiled. 'Yes, Lucius, I'm sure. Besides, carrying two babies isn't gonna help matters, is it?'
'I suppose not,' Lucius murmured but kept a firm arm around the teenager anyway.

They got a few looks, a few followers, as they made their way to the large marble building. Harry glared at them all but Lucius paid them no attention, instead just leading Harry into the building.

Harry and Lucius walked up to the main counter and Harry was happy to note that the floors and ceiling had all been fixed. They stopped before the tall table and the goblin sitting there placed his quill aside.

'May I help you?' he asked, voice gruff.

Lucius looked at Harry, who had been hoping to stay out of it completely. He sighed and said, 'I wish to speak to my manager.'

'And who are you?' the goblin asked.

'Harry Potter,' Harry said.

'Lord Harry Potter,' Lucius corrected and the teenager rolled his eyes. He handed over the latest letter Harry had been sent and the goblin looked it over before ringing the bell on his desk. A few seconds passed before a small goblin ran up to them, keys jingling from his belt.

'Call Granbrook, he's need at the front desk,' the goblin said. The other one nodded and disappeared. 'And can I help you?' he continued, turning back to Lucius.

'No, I'm here as Lord Potter's spouse,' Lucius smiled. The goblin raised an eyebrow but didn't say anything.

A few minutes later a larger goblin came back, his long nose and pointy ears no different to what the rest of his race had. His head was covered with a thick mop of black hair that had been slicked back and he wore a dark blue suit and white shirt.

'Lord Potter?' he questioned in a deep voice, looking between Harry and Lucius.

Harry said, 'That's me,' and the goblin's eyes narrowed. 'Erm... I'm sorry about not coming down to talk to you but... I am now, so...'

He trailed off and glanced at Lucius for help.

'A private conference room to discuss Lord Potter's vaults and assets would be best,' the blonde said.

Granbrook nodded and gestured for the two to follow him. They were led down a long, wide marble hallway with golden picture frames either side depicting various swords, crowns, jewelry, and goblins at work. They turned right and Granbrook waved his hand, opening a large door made of dark wood.

Inside was a circular room with a large mahogany table in the centre and matching chairs surrounding it. The right and left walls were covered in what Harry assumed were drawers and the wall directly before them had more pictures. Stacked on the desk were a heap of parchments and folders that Harry glanced at as Granbrook shut the door behind them.
Lucius drew a chair out for Harry before sitting beside his mate. Granbrook walked towards them and stopped, holding his hand out.

Lucius looked at Harry and said, 'He needs to know you are who you say you are.'

'Oh,' Harry said and put his own hand out.

Granbrook grasped his wrist and closed his eyes. Harry felt something jolt along his skin and Lucius' jaw twitched, eyes narrowed. When Granbrook let Harry go, Lucius' left arm wrapped around the teenager tightly.

'Welcome, Lord Potter,' Granbrook said and bowed. 'I am Granbrook and I've been managing the Potter fortune for over sixty years.'

'Erm... thank you,' Harry said.

'We must discuss your various vaults as well as your estates, and your upcoming marriage,' Granbrook continued, glancing at Lucius.

'Right,' Harry said. 'So... erm...' 

'We'll start with Master Potter's trust fund,' Lucius said and Granbrook nodded.

The goblin sat down and pulled one of the folders towards him before flipping it open. 'The Trust Fund of Master Harry James Potter, vault six-hundred and eighty-seven, was opened in 1980 by Lord and Lady Potter, to be available to Master Harry Potter on his seventeenth birthday, or available at a time when Lord and Lady Potter could not provide for him.'

Granbrook looked up. 'Do you wish this vault to be kept open or closed now that you are of age?'

'Um...' Harry mumbled and looked at Lucius.

'Perhaps it would be a good idea to sign the vault over to our twins,' Lucius said. 'Really?' Harry asked.

'All pure-blood families open vaults for their children when they're born,' Lucius said. 'Rather then buy another vault, you can give this one to our kit.'

'Sounds good,' Harry nodded.

Lucius looked at Granbrook, who was waiting for an answer. 'Have vault six-hundred and eighty-seven remain as a trust fund, but the name will change.'

Granbrook nodded and pulled a fresh piece of parchment towards himself. He started jotting things down and Harry and Lucius waited in silence.

'The name of the vault?' the goblin finally asked.

'The Trust Fund for the Potter Heir,' Lucius said. 'I'm afraid we can't give you a name yet, the little one is yet to be born.'

'The eldest twin will be the Potter heir, right?' Harry asked.

Lucius nodded. 'I'm afraid there can only be one patriarch or matriarch of the family, love.'
'S'okay,' Harry said. 'But I think we should give our youngest twin their own vault so they're not left out.'

Lucius smiled and looked at Granbrook. 'Vaults six-hundred and eighty-eight and eighty-nine also belong to my fiancé, yes?' Granbrook nodded. 'Can we have those two moved back and vault six-hundred and eighty-eight also become a trust fund? I'm sure Lord Potter wouldn't mind paying you for any inconveniences.'

Granbrook smirked and made a note. 'Not at all, Lord Malfoy.'

'You know him?' Harry asked the goblin.

'Even us goblins know of your bond to Lord Malfoy,' Granbrook nodded. 'My congratulations to you both; a veela bond is very special.'

'I know,' Harry grinned and threaded his fingers through Lucius'.

'Vault six-hundred and eighty-eight will be called...?' Granbrook asked.

'The Trust Fund for Master or Mistress Potter,' Lucius said.

Harry looked at him. 'I thought only the heir was called Master or Mistress.'

'I see no harm in calling both our children Master or Mistress Potter,' Lucius said with a slight shrug.

'How much money would you like to be placed into the two vaults?' Granbrook queried.

'Lucius?' Harry said.

'How much is in vault six-hundred and eighty-seven?' Lucius asked.

Granbrook pulled his other parchment closer and glanced down at the figures. 'Currently the vault contains 1.4 million galleons, 17,672 sickles, and 3,012 knuts.'

Harry's mouth dropped open and Lucius smiled at his mate. 'Have enough money taken from Malfoy family vault seven-hundred and fourteen,' he said, 'to have the balance of both trust vaults up to two million galleons.'

'What? Lucius, no, this is my thing, don't waste your money,' Harry said.

Lucius tisked. 'Harry, love, I'm their father. I think I'm allowed to support them just a little, don't you?'

Harry bit his lip and said, 'Are you sure?' When the blonde nodded, Harry sighed and said, 'Fine, do what he said.'

Granbrook noted it all down before pushing the official document to Harry. Lucius read over it quickly before nodding and he and the teenager signed it.

'Next, the Personal Vault of Lord Harry James Potter, vault six-hundred and eighty-nine, formally vault six-hundred and eighty-eight,' Granhook said.

'What's a personal vault?' Harry asked.

'It's a vault where you have a certain amount of funds deposited each month, either from a job, or
'from one of your family vaults,' Lucius explained. 'It's a way for you to have money for what you want, but to not go overboard and spend all your family's money.'

'Right, so the family money is like a saving account,' Harry murmured.

'I suppose so, yes,' Lucius nodded. 'You can only access a family vault by coming to Gringotts in person. If you go shopping you can charge your purchases to your personal vault.' He turned to Granbrook. 'How much does Lord Potter have in his personal vault?'

'Just under fifteen thousand galleons,' Granbrook said, indicating the bottom of his parchment for the exact figure.

Lucius looked it over before saying, 'Keep that as it is but have a thousand galleons per month taken from one of his family vaults and deposited into this one,' Lucius said.

'Vaults 764, 5, 6 and 7 are all filled with money,' Granbrook explained, 'while vaults 768 and 9 hold family jewels, and vault 770 various pieces of furniture and other belongings.'

'Take the monthly allowance from vault seven-hundred and sixty-four,' Lucius said and watched as the goblin made a note. 'Is that okay with you, love?'

'Yeah, fine,' Harry nodded. He and Lucius read over Granbrook's changes before signing off on them. 'What's an emergency vault?'

'A vault that houses money used for emergencies like hospital bills and such,' Lucius said. Granbrook told them how much money it housed and Lucius nodded and Harry signed the parchment.

The last few vaults were the same, with Granbrook reading out how much money Harry had, as well as the furniture and other odds and ends the Potters had collected over the years. Two hours later he was rubbing his eyes as Granbrook showed them the final list;

Vault 687 - The Trust Fund of the Potter Heir (balance 2 million)
Vault 688 - The Trust Fund of Master or Mistress Potter (balance 2 million)
Vault 689 - Personal Vault of Lord Harry James Potter
Vault 690 - Emergency Vault of Lord Harry James Potter
Vaults 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769 & 770 - Master Vaults of the Potter Family

'Now, Lord Potter, we must discuss your upcoming marriage,' Granbrook said. 'Will you be remaining Lord Potter?'

'I will,' Harry said. 'I'll be changing my legal name to Harry James Malfoy but I'll be Lord Potter of the Malfoy-Potter Families.'

'You are combining the families?' Granbrook queried, glancing at Lucius.

'We are, but only for as long as we are the two Lords of the families,' Lucius said. 'When I step down, my son Draco will become Lord Malfoy of the Malfoy Family. When Harry steps down, our
first born son or daughter will be Lord or Lady Potter of the Potter Family.'

Granbrook nodded and wrote it down before asking, 'Would you like me to speak to your personal manager about that?'

'I would,' Lucius nodded. 'If he has any questions he can owl me.'

'Will you be combining any vaults in both family names?' Granbrook asked.

Lucius looked at Harry and said, 'That might be a good idea, love.' When Harry looked confused, Lucius said, 'A combined vault would be accessible to both of us, a vault we can use when we want to purchase something together.'

'Like paying for our wedding?' Harry asked. 'Cause I'm paying half.'

Lucius groaned. 'Harry, please.'

'Nope, I'm paying half;' Harry said and folded his arms.

'Fine,' Lucius sighed and turned to Granbrook, who looked amused. 'Take ten percent out of my vault, 743, and ten percent of Lord Potter's vault, 764, and create a new vault in both our names.'

Granbrook nodded and checked over some notes before saying, 'Vault 799 is available.'

'Very good,' Lucius nodded.

'Vault 799 will be accessible to both Lord Potter and Lord Malfoy,' Granbrook said. 'Would you like an allowance taken from a family vault each to be added in?'

Lucius nodded and he and Granbrook discussed it for a few minutes while Harry drifted in and out. He trusted Lucius to know what he was doing. Really Harry just found it all incredibly boring.

'Lord Potter, we must discuss your estates,' the goblin said as he put the documents away. Harry groaned but nodded.

Another hour followed and Harry and Lucius discussed what to do with the estates. Lucius suggested hiring house elves (Harry refused to just own the little creatures) to fix up the places. Harry agreed and Granbrook wrote it all down.

After more paperwork and discussions, Harry thanked Granbrook for his time and said the goblin could stay on as his manager. Granbrook then handed Harry the keys to his vaults and took them to look at vault 740, which apparently had some stuff Harry had to look at.

They travelled down by cart and Harry was grinning when he stepped off, Lucius looking a little flushed. 'Don't like the carts?' Harry asked.

Lucius just shook his head as they followed Granbrook.

The vault opened to a large room lit by candles that burst into life when Granbrook waved his hand. Boxes of stuff lined the walls as well as various pieces of furniture and bookcases.

'Would you like to go through it all one day?' Lucius asked.

Harry nodded as he looked around, realising that his ancestors had used that furniture. 'Yeah, when we have time,' he murmured.
Granbrook caught his attention and Harry and Lucius followed the goblin to a table in the centre of the room. Sitting on it was a large box made of wood, varnished to an almost black shine. A golden coat of arms adorned the top of the box and the clasps were also gold.

'Your parents' wills directed that when you came and saw me, you were to be shown this box,' Granbrook said.

Harry brushed his fingers over it before pushing it open. The inside was lined with dark red velvet and there were two lines of rings that broke in the middle for two main pieces of jewelry.

'The Potter family rings,' Lucius said, standing close to Harry. He pointed at the largest one that looked exactly like Lucius' Malfoy family ring. It had a thick band with a square ruby in the middle, on which was carved the Potter family coat of arms in gold.

Beside it was a slightly smaller ring that Harry realised must be for the partner of whoever was in charge of the family. There was another line of rings, all smaller, that resembled the family ring Draco wore.

'For children,' Lucius said.

Harry felt emotions jump up his throat and fought to keep them down. His father and mother had worn these rings, had probably been wearing them when they were killed.

'What's that?' Harry asked, voice sounding weak as he pointed at a slip of parchment that was stuck to the inner-lid of the box.

'A letter for you, Lord Potter,' Granbrook said.

Harry reached out and took the letter, unfolding it with Lucius and Granbrook watching;


Dear Harry,

If you're reading this than your father and I have passed on. It saddens me to think of you growing up without your mother and father, but hopefully Sirius or Remus are there to take care of you.

This letter will reach you on your seventeenth birthday (or after if you take after your father, he was always running late and ignoring appointments) and I can only imagine what a beautiful young man you've grown up to be.

Please know, Harry dear, that your father and I will always love you, no matter what. Whatever you've chosen to do with your life, and whoever you've chosen to be with, is your decision, no one else's. Follow your heart, it will never lead you wrong.

I love you so much, Harry, and I hope your life has been as filled with happiness as mine was. You've made your father and I so happy.

Be safe, my Harry.

Love, your mum,

Lily
Dear Harry,

Well... I'm dead, right? That sucks. I hope I went out in a blaze of glory. Sirius always said I was too up myself to die, guess I proved him wrong.

Okay, so onto the important stuff. You're now Lord Potter but don't worry, son, there's not much for you to do other than act like a Lord at functions and parties. I was a pretty poor one myself, always lighting stuff on fire and sneaking out with Padfoot. If you're anything like your mother you'll do a heaps better job than me.

Harry, I love you so much, you're the very best thing I ever did. I hope whatever you've decided to do with your life, and whoever your partner is (whether a guy or girl), makes you happy. As long as you're happy, that's all that matters.

I've always been proud of you, Harry, and I'm sure you've grown into an amazing young man. Be safe, Harry, and live every day to the fullest.

Love, your dad,

James

Harry didn't realise he was crying until Lucius took the note from his hands and hugged him. Harry couldn't hold back the sobs and was soon crying into Lucius' robes, his parents' words swimming through his head.

He didn't know how long he stood there crying, only that Lucius held him tightly and Granbrook waited outside. When he could think clearly, Harry sniffed back the tears and said, 'I'm sorry.'

'No, Harry, don't be sorry,' Lucius said softly. 'Not for this.'

Harry wiped his eyes and folded the letter up, placing it back in the box. He took the ring that symbolised him as leader of the Potter family and slipped it onto his finger along with his Malfoy family ring. He gasped when the two rings fused together, the stones now either side of each other.

'Magic,' Lucius said, 'it always knows.'

Harry reached back into the box and took the ring that was worn by the partner of Lord or Lady Potter. 'Will you wear it?' he asked.

Lucius smiled. 'I'd be honoured to, my love.'

Harry slipped the ring on and, like with his own, it fused with the Malfoy ring Lucius wore. Harry noticed that the Malfoy stone was bigger on Lucius' ring, while the Potter stone was bigger on Harry's.

The teenager closed the box with a click and picked it up. Lucius waved his hand and it shrank down so Harry could tuck it into his jeans.

'Do you want to look around some more?' Lucius asked.

Harry shook his head and took a shuddering breath. 'I think I'm all cried out,' he said weakly.
Lucius wrapped an arm around him. 'You're pregnant, love,' he reminded his mate as they walked outside. 'And I'd cry to if I received a letter like that.'

Harry just smiled and kissed the blonde before joining Granbrook in the cart.
Let's Talk About Bonding

Harry was still a bit teary-eyed as they left Gringotts. He'd downed a bottle of sickness cure that Severus had dropped off and thankfully managed to avoid his afternoon sickness.

He and Lucius sat down at a small cafe to eat, the teenager getting a big salad with lettuce, tomato, pickles, carrot, olives, crutons, and thousand island dressing. He took a small sip of soda before digging in, one hand wrapped firmly around the large bowl, the other wielding his fork quickly.

Lucius watched with a proud smile, nibbling at his calamari and his own salad. He loved watching Harry eat, watching his mate feed and nurture their little ones. Nothing gave Lucius greater pleasure then to see Harry happy and healthy, pregnant with their kit.

After lunch Lucius apparated himself and Harry to Muggle London.

'You want to keep the pregnancy a secret for a little while, yes?' Lucius asked. When Harry nodded he continued. 'I thought we could look at baby clothes, some furniture, and maybe toys before buying anything at a magic baby store. Besides, we have to figure out what exactly we want and what will fit into the nursery at the Manor.'

'Right,' Harry nodded as they started walking. 'Can we look at toys?'

Lucius chuckled and led Harry through the crowd.

{oOo}

They went to a large shopping centre, finding a baby store easily. They got some strange looks as they headed for the toy section, Harry cooing at everything.

'Can I help you, sirs?' a woman asked, wearing the baby blue shirt and black trousers of the staff.

Lucius looked at Harry, both knowing they couldn't admit that Harry was pregnant. A few obliviates would be needed after that conversation.

'Erm... my sister is having twins,' Harry lied, 'and we were looking for some toys.'

'Ah,' the woman nodded, smiling brightly. 'Do you know the sexes?'

'No, she and her boyfriend want it to be a surprise,' Harry said.

'Do you have anything in a unisex colour?' Lucius asked.

'We have all kinds of toys, clothes, blankets and such in all colours,' the woman said as she led them further down the aisle. 'Not all parents want to dress their little girls in pink, or their little boys in blue. Some like greens, yellows, purples, all kinds of colours. Our most popular are green and a creamy-yellow mix. It can be used for both boys and girls.'

"We can always change the colours when the babies are born," Lucius said silently as he surveyed the little toys they had on sale.
Harry nodded and reached for a dog plushie, smiling at his soft it was. It was a large toy, about the size of a medium dog, mostly green with blue button eyes and a white tail.

'Do you have anything smaller?' Lucius asked as Harry placed the dog back on the shelf. 'Maybe more exotic creatures? Dragons, wolves, anything like that?'

'We have a range of toys like that, including plushie dolls,' the woman said and gestured for them to follow. 'What were you looking for in particular?'

'Just some toys that we can give at the baby shower,' Harry said with a smile.

'Can we return anything if we pick a doll and she has boys?' Lucius asked.

'You can return anything that still has the tag up to three months after the purchase, as long as you have the receipt,' the woman said, stopping in another aisle. 'When is your sister due?' she asked Harry.

'Late June,' Harry said.

'Well if you make a purchase today you can return anything up to June 18th,' the woman said. 'After that you'll have to keep it, I'm afraid.'

'Not a problem,' Lucius said and reached out to touch one of the dolls. It was about thirty centimetres long, with black hair made from yarn and bright green eyes. The doll was wearing a green dress and black boots that had all been stitched on well.

'I like that, it's pretty,' Harry murmured, brushing the doll's hair back. Suddenly he looked to the right and Lucius put the doll back down.

'Harry?'

The teenager had spotted the teddy bears and reached out for a large black one. It's fur was soft, it's stomach, ears, and snout all white, and it had button eyes and a cross for it's mouth. Harry smiled and pulled at one of its arms, making it wave.

'Harry?' Lucius questioned again.

'Every child should have their own teddy bear,' Harry murmured, staring down at it.

Lucius felt his Harry Band tug painfully and realised Harry had probably never had a bear, at least not one that his cousin hadn't owned before and broken. Lucius knew Lily and James would have bought him toys but they'd most likely been destroyed along with half the cottage when Voldemort killed them.

'Do you want to buy the twins teddy bears?' Lucius asked. Harry nodded and wiped his eyes before putting the bear back down. 'We'll be fine from here, thank you,' Lucius told the Muggle woman, who nodded and disappeared to serve other customers. 'Colours?' Lucius asked as they looked the bears over.

'Green,' Harry smiled and grabbed an emerald green bear. 'And... red.' The bears were identical, only their colours different, and Harry hugged them tightly. Lucius smiled and wrapped an arm around his waist.

'How about we look at some other stuff?' he suggested.
Harry nodded and allowed Lucius to lead him through the store.

{oOo}

'Luce, when our babies get older, can we buy them a doll house?' Harry asked.

They were standing in the toddler section, Harry bending to look at a large toy house that was made of plastic. There were little people inside as well as furniture and the entire front came away so the child could play inside.

'Of course we can, but a magic one,' Lucius said, glancing around to make sure no one could hear them. 'They can be filled with more... magical toys.'

'M'kay,' Harry said and stood up. Lucius had a basket that he'd sneakily magiced bigger to fit all the stuff Harry wanted. Mostly they were sticking to toys, Lucius wanting to be able to fit them in magical clothes.

Lucius shifted the basket to his other hand as Harry wandered ahead, eyes looking around and taking everything in.

Harry had spotted the baby clothes and ran over, Lucius following quickly. He stopped before a little rack and looked over the clothes. There were little shirts and trousers, onesies, and dresses and skirts.

'Oh my gods, Lucius, look at it!' Harry practically squealed. He grabbed a shirt with matching trousers that had little giraffes stitched onto the front. 'Isn't it adorable?'

Lucius chuckled. 'That it is, love.'

'Can we get it?'

'If you want it we can,' Lucius nodded.

Harry grabbed two pairs and put them in the basket before he spotted something else. 'Giraffe!' he shouted and bounced over to the rack. It was filled with plush toys of giraffes, elephants, crocodiles, zebras, and lions. Harry grabbed two boxes and handed them to Lucius.

'Sorry, is this too much stuff?' Harry said when he looked at the basket.

'Not at all, love,' Lucius smiled. 'If this is what you want, you'll have it.'

'Don't you want anything?'

'When we look at the magical stores I'll pick a few things,' Lucius said. 'Now, is there anything else?'

'Erm... baby books,' Harry said. 'I want to document each and every thing about our twins.'

'Good idea,' Lucius said and wrapped his free arm around Harry's shoulders.
They found a small section with baby books, most to do with naming your child, taking care of them, stuff like that. While Harry had no idea how to raise a baby, he had Lucius and Remus to help him. Plus his babies would be magical; Muggle books wouldn't help.

There were a few thick books that were called 'Baby's First Year' and 'My Baby's Life' that had lovely paper and covers. But they were all so... normal, so impersonal, that Harry put them all back after a quick glance and shook his head.

'We'll find one, love, I promise.'

'Three,' Harry said and Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'I want one for our first born, one for our second, and one of them together. They're twins, yeah, but they'll be their own little people.'

'I love the way you think,' Lucius said and kissed his mate quickly.

Harry smiled. 'I'm a genius,' he said very matter-of-factly and Lucius chuckled softly.

They got back to Hogwarts, Lucius' pocket filled with bags. As soon as they were in their quarters Harry dumped the contents all over the sitting room and cooed over their purchases.

Lucius watched with a proud smile as Harry placed everything into lots of two; two giraffes, two teddy bears, two outfits, two dolls, two dog plushies, two everything.

Harry grinned when he was done and looked up at Lucius.

'Perfect,' his mate said.

Harry smiled.

'Harry?'

Harry looked up to see Fred standing in the bedroom doorway. 'Yeah?' he said, closing the baby book he was reading and making sure his jar of pickles didn't tip over.

'Erm...'

'What is it, Fred?' Harry asked.

'Can I... talk to you?' Fred said.

'Well you already are, but sure.' Harry patted the bed beside him and Fred closed the door before
joining him. 'So... what did you want to talk about?' Harry asked when Fred remained silent.

Fred's long fingers pulled at his shirt, his jeans, the duvet, and Harry just watched him fidget.

'Well,' the older wizard said and brushed back his red hair. 'I just... um... I wanted...'

'Fred, you can talk to me about anything, we're like brothers,' Harry said.

Fred snorted. 'You're bonded to my mate's father, Harry. You're my father-in-law.'

'Not yet, Lucius and I aren't married, and you haven't bonded with Draco yet.'

Fred hesitated before saying, 'That's kinda what I wanted to talk to you about.'

Harry frowned. 'Me marrying Lucius?'

'No, me and George bonding with Draco.'

'Oh... okay,' Harry said before pausing. 'Sorry, I'm lost. Why do you need to talk to me about that?'

Fred groaned and rubbed a hand over his face. 'This is hard.'

'What is?'

The red-head sighed and sat on the bed properly, long legs folded beneath him. 'Okay, I'm just gonna say it,' he said. 'Promise you won't laugh?'

'I promise,' Harry said.

Fred took a deep breath before saying, 'You and Lucius have had sex.'

'Erm... well yeah, obviously,' Harry said and gestured at his stomach.

'You... you were a virgin before that, right?' Fred asked.

Harry nodded and said, 'Lucius was my first.'

'But you weren't his?'

Harry frowned; he still didn't like to think about Lucius with anyone else. 'Yeah,' he growled, 'he was with... others.'

Fred nodded. 'Right... um...'

'Fred, what's all this about?' Harry asked. 'Why the sudden interest in my sex life?'

Fred smiled hesitently and looked down at his hands. He took a few deep breaths and said, 'George, Draco and I have decided we're ready to bond.'
Lucius looked up from the hot chocolate he was making. Dobby had shown him the recipe and Lucius was adamant he'd make it better than the elf, though Harry insisted Dobby's was the best.

'Yes, Draco?' Lucius said, looking back at the mug he was stirring.

'Can I talk to you?' Draco asked, stepping into the dining room.

'Of course,' Lucius nodded. He placed the spoon beside the mug and picked it up.

'Can I talk to you now?' Draco said. 'In... in private?'

Lucius nodded again and put the mug back down. 'Of course, son.' He and Draco sat at the dining room table, Lucius watching his son, Draco staring at the table. 'Draco, what is it?'

'I wanted... um...' Draco murmured, face turning pink. 'I... I wanted to talk to you about... about s-sex...'

{oOo}

Harry blinked. 'Okay...' Fred was silent. 'Are you all ready for that?'

'We've discussed it and... yeah, we are,' Fred nodded.

'Well... good, I'm glad,' Harry smiled. 'Bonding's a big thing.'

'I know,' Fred said.

'So...'

'I was just... wondering,' Fred said and bit his lip, 'what... what it's like.'

'What what's like?'

Fred groaned. 'Are you acting stupid or are you really just stupid?'

Harry scowled. 'The babies woke me up fourteen times during the night to go to the bathroom, Lucius tired me out after breakfast, I was throwing up all through lunch 'cause Sev ran out of potions, and now I'm starving and my back hurts. Wanna call me stupid again?'

Fred held up his hands in surrender and Harry grabbed the jar of pickles. He stuffed one into his mouth and glared at the red-head.

'Okay, fine,' Fred said. 'I was just wondering... what sex is like.'

Harry raised an eyebrow. 'What?' he asked after swallowing his mouthful.

'Sex, as a... a bottom,' Fred mumbled. 'What's that like?'

Harry stared at him before asking, 'You mean you've...?'

'Never had sex?' Fred said and Harry nodded. 'No, I'm a virgin.'

'Oh... oh,' Harry said. 'Right, okay.'
'George and Draco are too,' Fred explained, 'so none of us have any experience and we... well, we don't want to hurt each other. We were hoping you could... you know, give us some tips.'

Harry blinked. 'You want me to give you tips on how to have sex with my kit?'

'Well technically Draco will be having sex with me.'

Harry growled.

'Come on, Harry,' Fred begged. 'There's no one else I can talk to besides maybe Sirius and Remus and I'm not that desperate.'

Harry sighed.

'Please?' Fred said. 'Lucius was experienced, he knew what he was doing. None of us do, we just want to be careful.'

'Fine,' Harry said. 'What do you want to know?'

Fred bit his lip before asking, 'Does it hurt? Being a... a bottom, does it hurt?'

'A bit, the first time. It's... weird, a bit scary,' Harry admitted. 'But it feels fantastic afterwards, though you'll be sore for a while.'

Fred smiled. 'I thought so... how much does it hurt?'

'Getting hit by a bludger hurts more,' Harry said, 'it's just fear of it hurting that freaks you out. It's mostly just a bit of a burn and your muscles stretching, also it's odd having something... you know, in you.'

'Okay,' Fred nodded. 'And it'll be... when we bond, there will be a lot of sex, yeah?'

'Lucius said seven days but we were in there for nine, I suppose it depends on how long your veela need,' Harry said. 'Just make sure you tell us before you do so we don't accidentally walk in; you'll all be very protective of each other.'

'Oh, don't worry, we plan on using silencing and locking charms.'

Harry chuckled. 'Silencing charm, something Lucius and I forgot.'

'Yeah, Draco hates you for that,' Fred smiled.

'Just... go with your instincts,' Harry said. 'Sex is fantastic if you prepare each other and if you're ready. Tell Draco what feels good, what doesn't, don't be afraid to be honest with him.'

Fred nodded.

'Oh, and don't get scared when he loses control,' Harry said. 'He can make the first time gentle but after you climax his veela will take over and... it'll get rough.'

'Right...'

'You can climax multiple times, did you know that?' Harry said.

'What?' Fred gaped.
'As the bottom, you can climax up to three or four times during one round of sex... maybe more.'

'More?'

'Well, Lucius is like a normal man in that aspect, he can only climax once, he needs about twenty minutes until he's... you know, ready to go again,' Harry said and blushed slightly. 'But I can... I can get, erm, h-hard, after a few minutes, or seconds.

'Draco's a switch so... I'm assuming he'll be able to climax multiple times too,' Harry continued. 'Who knows, maybe you two can have sex for hours.'

Fred's face now matched his hair and he scratched at an eyebrow. 'But George... he won't be able to, right?'

'No, I'm assuming he'll be like Lucius,' Harry said. 'Though he's a lot younger than Lucius so...' he trailed off and shrugged.

They sat in silence until Fred asked, 'Can I get a bit more details on what it actually feels like? You know, being... erm...'

'Penetrated?' Harry asked. Fred nodded. 'M'kay, but I'm not going into graphic detail about how big Lucius is or what we do together.'

Fred groaned. 'Please? Pretty please?'

'No.'

Fred pouted and Harry chuckled.

{oOo}

Lucius raised an eyebrow as his heir turned progressively redder. 'You want to talk to me... about sex?' Draco nodded. 'Surely you know how two men have sex,' Lucius said.

'I do, mostly,' Draco murmured, 'but I don't know about the bond or about... you know, what it's like.'

'Ah,' Lucius said, glancing at the table. 'Well... wouldn't you feel more comfortable talking to Harry about this?'

Draco snorted. 'Harry's like my over-protective mother, he won't want me having sex,' he said. 'I know he just wants to protect me but-

'He'd rather not think about it,' Lucius cut in. 'Okay, I can see that... what about Severus?'

'I need to talk to a veela,' Draco said, 'one who's mated with a man... you're the only person I know.'

'I see,' Lucius murmured. 'Okay, Draco, what do you want to know?'

'Well... um... we'll be in there a while, right?'

'About seven or so days,' Lucius said. 'You have to make sure that all three of you climax together.'
Draco blushed furiously and Lucius chuckled. 'I know it's embarrassing, Draco, but it's important. The first time you have sex with Fred and George, all three of you will have to be together to start the bond equally. The same with the last time. To strengthen your bond together you have to finish it together.'

'Right...' Draco nodded. 'Um, any advice on how we can do that? I mean, there are three of us.'

'I've never personally been with two people at once,' Lucius mused, 'but I think having Fred on his back and George behind you would be the best way.'

'Oh gods, this is...' Draco groaned, burying his face in his arms.

Lucius smiled. 'As I said, the first and last time you'll have to be together. Every other time you can do what you wish.'

Draco nodded weakly and mumbled, 'What's... what's it like?'

'Sex?' Draco nodded again. 'It's fantastic,' Lucius smiled, 'a lot better with Harry. I didn't... I didn't like it, with the others.'

'You've been with people besides Mother?' Draco asked.

Lucius sighed and said, 'I have. I thought I'd never find my mate, as you know, and I had... urges. But with Harry...' He trailed off and smiled stupidly. 'With Harry it's love.'

Draco wet his lips before asking, 'And... I have to p-prepare Fred, right?'

Lucius nodded. 'And George will prepare you.'

'I'll... I'll be, erm... both, right?' Draco asked. 'The top and bottom?'

'Yes,' Lucius said. 'Though if you want to know what being a bottom feels like you'll have to ask Harry, or maybe Severus. I've never bottomed before.'

'Right,' Draco said. 'Well... just a few things you can tell me about it would be helpful.'

'Anything I can do to help, Draco. Are you sure you and the twins are ready to bond?'

'Yeah, we've talked about it,' Draco said. 'We're ready.'

'Good,' Lucius smiled.

{oOo}

Harry and Fred wandered into the dining room and found Lucius and Draco sitting at the table. Draco burned red and quickly escaped with Fred, leaving the other couple alone.

'What's wrong with Draco?' Harry asked.

'He wanted a... private conversation,' Lucius said.

Harry raised an eyebrow as he sat, Lucius collecting his mug of hot chocolate. He waved his hand
over it to re-heat the liquid and set it down before Harry.

'Fred wanted to have a private conversation too,' the teenager said as he blew across the top of his mug.

'Oh?'

'Mm, about... bonding,' Harry murmured.

'Draco had questions,' Lucius admitted, Harry looking up at him. 'About sex,' Lucius elaborated.

Harry chuckled. 'Gods, it was embarrassing. I mean, Fred is basically my son-in-law, and talking to him about sex...’ He poked his tongue out.

Lucius smiled. 'Well talking to Draco about it was even harder. I really don't want to think about our kit having sex.'

'No, me either,' Harry agreed. He sipped his hot chocolate and hummed.

'Good?' Lucius asked.

'Mm-hmm,' Harry nodded.

'Better than Dobby's?'

'Nope.' Lucius cursed and Harry chuckled. 'Lucius, you're brilliant at magic, cooking, and making me see stars. But Dobby definitely beats you at making a delicious hot chocolate.'

'I will beat him,' Lucius vowed.

'Sure you will,' Harry smiled. Lucius scowled before pausing. 'What?' Harry asked.

'Perhaps I can... sway your decision?' Lucius said.

Harry smiled. 'Gonna bribe me, are you?'

'Maybe.'

Harry chuckled and set his mug down. 'Fine, fine; let's see what you've got.'

Lucius stood and left Harry waiting and wondering in the dining room. When he came back he had a blue box in his hands and Harry raised his eyebrows.

'Luce?'

'Just a small gift,' Lucius said, handing it across.

Harry put the box on the table and Lucius sat beside him. Harry pulled the lid off and looked down.

He gasped, eyes going wide.

'Do you like it?' Lucius asked, keeping his eyes on Harry.

Harry was speechless; utterly speechless. A medium sized teddy bear sat in the box and Harry picked it up. It was brown, with black eyes, a black nose, and a stitched on mouth in the shape of an X. It had a black bow tied around it's neck and Harry touched it softly.
'Harry?' Lucius questioned when the teenager remained silent.

'Lucius...'

'Do you like it?'

'You... you bought this for me?' Harry asked, looking at his mate.

Lucius nodded. 'You said every child should have their own bear and... I figured you probably didn't have one, growing up with those... Muggles.'

'I didn't,' Harry whispered. 'When Dudley got sick of his toys he'd break them so I couldn't use them.' He stroked the bear's face before hugging it tightly, tears threatening to spill from his eyes.

'Little one?'

Harry turned and burried his face in Lucius' chest, the tears finally breaking free and rolling down his cheeks. Lucius wrapped his arms around Harry and held him closely.

'Th-Thank you,' Harry choked out.

'Not a problem, love,' Lucius said, running his fingers through Harry's hair, his other hand rubbing the Gryffindor's back.

'You... you're absolutely perfect, do you know that?' Harry whispered.

Lucius smirked slightly. 'Of course I know that; I'm Lucius Malfoy.'

Harry giggled and burried himself further into his mate's chest.

'You okay?' Lucius asked after a few silent minutes.

Harry nodded. 'I'm absolutely fine,' he said, 'as long as I have you.'

Lucius smiled and said, 'You'll always have me.'

Harry moved so he was sitting on Lucius' lap, the blonde's arms around him. Harry hugged the bear tightly and rested against Lucius' chest.

'And you'll always have me,' he said.

Lucius smiled, kissing Harry's forehead and hugging him closely.

A few minutes later Lucius said, 'So did my bribe work? Is my hot chocolate better than Dobby's?'

'Nope,' Harry said, sipping from his mug.

Lucius cursed and Harry giggled.
'Have you finished all your homework?' Lucius asked.

Harry still wasn't allowed to go back to classes, unless Lucius was allowed to go with him. Harry got enough stares without people oggling him because his mate was stalking him wherever he went.

Instead his teachers delivered his homework every Monday and Harry would have it done by Friday. If he had any questions, or didn't understand something, the professors would come to his quarters and explain everything.

Harry was sitting in the study, legs folded beneath him, a tray of snacks to his right, a stack of books on his left. He held up a hand and finished his sentence before re-corking his ink bottle and putting his quill down.

'Done and done,' he smiled, blowing air across his Charms essay to make it dry quicker. 'Why?'

'I'm taking you home for a little while.'

'Why?' Harry repeated.

'Draco came to me,' Lucius said as he entered the study, 'and said he and the twins are ready to bond, tomorrow to be specific.' Harry wrinkled his nose and Lucius chuckled. 'My thoughts exactly. I thought I'd give them the quarters for the week, a bit of privacy. Draco wanted to go home but I need the Manor for the weekend.'

'Why?' Harry asked a third time.

'A secret date,' Lucius said.

Harry groaned. 'I hate secret dates,' he pouted as he rolled up his essay. 'Can't you tell me what we're doing?'

'No.'

'I hate you.'

'You loved all the secret dates I've taken you on, don't deny it,' Lucius said.

'I did love them,' Harry agreed, 'it was the secret beforehand that I hated.' He stuffed a cracker with
cheese and pickles into his mouth and glared at his mate.

'You only have to wait until tomorrow morning, love,' Lucius said, leaning on the table. He kissed Harry quickly. 'I promise.'

'Only tomorrow morning?' Harry said and Lucius nodded. 'Fine, fine.' He stood and stretched before having another cracker and finishing his orange juice. 'Gonna escort me to the staff room?'

'Of course I am,' Lucius said.

Harry chuckled and put all his homework into his book bag. Lucius shouldered it and Harry smiled. 'You're so over protective.'

'And?' Lucius questioned.

Harry threaded his arm through Lucius'. 'And nothing,' he said, pecking Lucius on the cheek.

{oOo}

Hermione and Ron came to their quarters to say goodbye Saturday morning. Harry and Lucius would be coming back when Draco and the twins finished bonding (whenever that would be).

Hermione hugged Harry briefly, Lucius still violently protective, and Ron smiled at him. As soon as they had disappeared through the fire, Hermione turned to Ron, Draco, Fred and George.

'So, we all know what to do, right?'

Draco nodded. 'You, Ron, Uncle Sev, Remus and Sirius will plan the baby shower.'

'It'll be held here on Saturday if we finish bonding,' Fred said.

'If we don't finish bonding,' George added, 'it'll be held on a later date.'

Hermione nodded. 'I know Harry would hate to have a baby shower without you three there, so try and bond quickly.'

'Yes ma'am,' the twins saulted and Ron chuckled.

'Harry and Lucius won't be coming back until you bond, right?' Hermione asked.

George nodded and Draco said, 'I have to owl Father when we're done, he wants us to have privacy.'

'Okay, so Ron and I are heading off to buy decorations.'

'Oh goodie,' Ron sighed.

'And we'll keep them in Professor Snape's quarters,' Hermione continued. 'We'll see you on Saturday, happy bonding.'

Ron snorted and waved as he followed his girlfriend out. George waved his hand to lock the portrait and turned to his brother and mate.
'So...' the youngest twin murmured.

'Lunch,' Draco said, smiling hesitantly at them both. 'Lunch and... and time together, then romantic dinner and...'

He blushed and the twins smiled at him.

'Bonding if it it feels right,' Fred said.

George nodded. 'If any of us feels uncomfortable or changes his mind, we stop, agreed?'

'Agreed,' Fred and Draco said together.

'Now,' George said and wrapped an arm around Draco.

'Can we interest our mate in a sandwich?' Fred said, wrapping his own arm around Draco's shoulder.

'We have a wide selection,' George said.

'Ham, salad, chicken, roast beef.'

'Roast chicken?' Draco asked.

'With pickles and mayonnaise,' George smiled.

'You two spoil me,' Draco said, fake swooning.

'Only the best-' Fred said.

'- for our mate,' George finished.

'Now let's have sandwhiches.'

'-butterbeer-'

'- and crisps,' Fred finished.

Draco grinned and allowed them to tow him into the dining room.

{oOo}

Harry threw up as soon as he stepped out of the fireplace. His stomach was churning violently and his head was swimming. His legs shook and he would have collapsed if Lucius hadn't caught him. Lucius carried him bridel-style over to the bed, the two having flooed straight into the main bedroom.

Dobby and Griffy were waiting and handed Lucius a glass of orange juice as soon as the blonde had placed Harry on the bed. Harry turned away and Griffy magiced a bucket into his arms just in time.

Harry threw up, Lucius wincing as the teenager's breakfast splattered against the plastic. Lucius put the orange juice aside and sat beside his mate, making Harry sit up properly. He rubbed the
Gryffindor's back soothingly as Harry continued to heave, body shaking and a cold sweat breaking out over his face.

It was twenty minutes before Harry stopped throwing up, thirty before he stopped shaking. He groaned and leaned back heavily as Griffy took the bucket.

'Th-Thank you,' Harry mumbled.

'Nots a problem, Master Harry's,' Griffy smiled.

'Clean the bucket but leave it, just in case,' Lucius said.

Griffy nodded and waved one of his little hands, clearing the bile away and making the smell disappear. He placed the bucket back on the bed and said, 'Is there anything else Griffy be doings, Lord Malfoy?'

'Just pack our things away and start a bath, please,' Lucius said. 'Dobby, can you make sure we have plenty of orange juice?'

Dobby nodded. 'Yes, Lord Malfoy. Were you still wanting dinner, Masters?'

Lucius looked at Harry, who was rubbing his stomach and looking very sick.

'Set something aside for later in case Harry's hungry, nothing with meat.'

'Dobby be remembering, Lord Malfoy,' Dobby smiled. 'Harry Potter not liking meat, chicken and greens good for the little ones.'

Lucius smiled and thanked both elves before sending them on their way. He turned to Harry and asked, 'How are you feeling?'

'Awful,' Harry groaned. 'I took the potion Sev gave me but I guess it doesn't stop me feeling sick after flooing.'

'I'm sorry, love,' Lucius said, rubbing his back again. 'If I could stop it I would.'

'I know,' Harry said, smiling weakly. 'Just... need a bath and a nap.'

'Do you want anything to eat?' Harry looked like he wanted to throw up at the very thought and Lucius said, 'Okay, but have some orange juice, please?'

Harry nodded and Lucius handed him the glass. The Gryffindor sipped slowly and groaned, rubbing his swollen stomach. 'I'm getting bigger.'

'Of course you are, you're almost fourteen weeks pregnant,' Lucius said. 'You're due in three or four months.'

Harry groaned. 'Don't remind me,' he muttered. 'Don't wanna think about pushing two kids out, thank you.'

Lucius chuckled and kissed his pale cheek. 'It's worth it, love, when you hold your child afterwards.'

'You do it then,' Harry pouted.

'I can't, Harry.'
'You're a bastard,' Harry mumbled.

Lucius smiled. 'Well, would you allow this bastard to lead you to the bathroom?'

Harry nodded and put his glass aside. With Lucius' help he stumbled out of bed and let his mate practically carry him into the bathroom.

Steam was rising from the full bathtub and there was the scent of apples in the air that made Harry's stomach calm down. Fluffy green towels hung from the rack and there were bottles of bath products along the marble shelf.

'I'm sorry,' Harry said as Lucius stripped him off his jacket.

'What for?' Lucius asked.

'You're being all nice and caring and I'm calling you a bastard,' Harry sighed as he pulled his shirt off.

'Harry, you're pregnant,' Lucius reminded the teen, reaching out to touch his belly. 'It's perfectly fine.'

'I'm still sorry.'

Lucius smiled and kissed his cheek softly. 'It's really not a problem, Harry. Just focus on feeling better, okay? Maybe the bath will help you fall asleep.'

'Maybe,' Harry mumbled and finished undressing.

Lucius climbed in first and Harry sat between his legs, back to Lucius' chest, Lucius' own pressed to the bathtub wall.

Lucius made Harry sit forward and poured strawberry-scented soap onto his hands. He rubbed it into Harry's skin, quickly lathering him up and massaging his shoulders.

Harry moaned and leaned back when Lucius moved to wash his front. The Slytherin smiled as he rubbed his soft hands all over Harry's front, taking particular care to wash his stomach. Harry's head lolled back and he stretched out, arms up so Lucius could wash him properly.

He giggled when Lucius washed his inner-thighs and feet, the teenager wiggling through the water.

'Feel better?' Lucius asked as he rinsed his hands and Harry's body.

'Mm,' Harry murmured.

'Sit against me again, I'll wash your hair,' Lucius said.

Harry did as he was told and relaxed completely, body turning to jelly as Lucius' strong fingers scratched at his scalp.

'You're beautiful, Harry,' the blonde murmured, pressing soft kisses to Harry's wet neck.

'Hmm,' Harry hummed, eyes closed, a peaceful look set on his face.

Lucius took his time washing Harry's hair and by the time he'd rinsed Harry was snoring. Lucius chuckled and stood, pulling Harry into his arms. He used his elemental powers to dry them both and stepped from the tub and out into the bedroom.
He magiced the duvet back and laid Harry down gently, pulling the covers back up. Harry rolled onto his side and snuggled into the mountain of black silk pillows, face soon disappearing.

Lucius smiled and kissed him again before going back into the bathroom to take his own bath.

{oOo}

When Harry woke it was dark, the drapes of the bed pulled back and a fire burning brightly in the hearth. Lucius was curled up around him asleep, blonde hair all over the place.

Harry loved seeing messy Lucius and smiled as he kissed his mate quickly. Lucius didn't wake and Harry sat up yawning, scrubbing a hand across his face. His stomach growled and Dobby popped into view before Harry could call him.

'Harry Potter,' the elf smiled, 'are you feeling better, Master?'

'Yeah, a lot,' Harry said. 'Erm, can I have some dinner?'

'Of course, Lord Harry, what is you be needing?'

'Um... I'll come down to the kitchen with you,' Harry said and pushed the blankets aside. Careful not to wake Lucius, he stood and pulled on the clothes Lucius had left out for him. He pushed the covers back around Lucius and padded out of the bedroom.

The kitchen was on the first floor, on the opposite side of the Manor to the sitting room and dining room. There was a large cooler box that looked a bit like a fridge, only it had wooden doors and no plug.

Harry stood before it with his head tilted, looking at the array of food. There was uncooked chicken in various states; whole chickens, breasts, crumbed strips, marinaded chunks, and little bits on sticks. There was also fish, calamari, prawns, all types of greens, snacks, and bottles of butterbeer, champagne, Muggle sodas, and juices.

'Um... can you make me some chilli chicken?' Harry asked Dobby and Griffy, who were standing to his right. 'Two breasts cut up into pieces.'

'Anythings else, Lord Potter?' Griffy asked.

'Some plain rice and salad,' Harry said. 'While you're doing that I think I'll have some fruit.'

He'd been craving fruit since his bath and took a tray ladled with pieces of apple, mango, strawberries, banana and pear. He made his way into the sitting room and Dobby started the fire and magiced Harry a blanket and pillows before popping back into the kitchen.

Harry sat on the large sofa and flicked the TV and DVD on, watching the movie that was already in the player. He got himself comfortable and ate pieces of fruit while sipping orange juice.

He was halfway through the movie when Lucius joined him, the blonde yawning and pulling the blankets back. He made Harry move so the teeneger was snuggled against him, the tray across Lucius' lap.

'What are you doing up?' Lucius asked before yawning.
'The real question is, what are you doing asleep?' Harry queried.

Lucius smiled and looked down as Harry took a strawberry. 'Feeling better?'

'Mm, hungry,' Harry nodded before chewing on his strawberry.

'May I?' Lucius asked. Harry nodded again and Lucius picked up a piece of apple, taking a bite and chewing. 'Why the sudden need for fruit?' he asked.

'The bathroom smelled like apples, and the body wash you used was strawberries,' Harry said and shrugged. 'Dunno, just felt like fruit.'

'Maybe the babies felt like fruit,' Lucius said and took another piece of apple.

'I guess so,' Harry said. 'Mango?'

'Disgusting,' Lucius wrinkled his nose.

'How can you hate mango?' Harry said.

Lucius shrugged. 'Mango, pear; disgusting, all of it.'

'You're weird.'

'You're weird,' Lucius said and shoved a piece of mango into Harry's mouth.

The teenager smiled around his mouthful.

Dobby popped into view and said, 'Dinner be ready, Masters.'

'Thank you, Dobby,' Lucius said. 'We'll eat in here.'

Dobby nodded and popped out of view.

'What are we having?' Lucius asked, putting the tray of fruit on the table beside the sofa.

'Chilli chicken and rice,' Harry said. 'Is that okay?'

'Sounds delicious,' Lucius smiled. 'Can you eat dinner after all that fruit?'

'I can eat anything, silly veela,' Harry chastised.

Lucius chuckled and kissed him quickly. 'Of course you can.'

A pot of chilli chicken appeared on the coffee table with another bowl of white rice, a bowl of salad, a plastic bottle of Coke, and two goblets. Two bowls and spoons appeared next and Lucius and Harry sat up to eat.

Harry dished rice into both bowls before ladling chicken and sauce in, Lucius pouring them drinks. They sat back with their bowls, the salad between them, and sampled the chicken, Harry moaning in delight and Lucius smiling.

'Nice?' the blonde asked.

'Oh yeah,' Harry nodded vigorously, blowing across another spoonful before sucking it into his mouth.
'What you do to me, little one,' Lucius commented.

'What?' Harry said, confused.

Lucius shifted on the sofa and said, 'I'm glad my pyjamas are large.'

Realisation dawned across Harry's face and the teenager giggled. 'Sex maniac,' he muttered.

'I'll never deny it,' Lucius smiled.

{oOo}

After dinner they'd watched another two movies before heading back to bed, Harry tired despite his long nap. When he woke up Lucius was sitting beside him fully dressed and Harry yawned, rubbing his eyes.

'Morning.'

'Good morning, little one,' Lucius smiled and kissed him softly. 'Remember that today's a special day.'

'Is it?' Harry asked, sitting against the headboard.

Lucius nodded and placed the tray he'd been holding across Harry's lap. Harry looked down to see four boiled eggs sitting in silver holders, the tops cut off and placed on the plate beside them. On another plate was a stack of toast, all cut into four long lines and slathered in butter.

'Lucius?' the Gryffindor questioned.

'It's called eggs and wizards,' Lucius said. 'It was Draco's favourite breakfast when he was little.'

'Um... okay,' Harry murmured, still looking confused.

'Today we're going to have a childhood day,' Lucius explained. 'I'm going to take you to all the places you should have been taken as a child.'

'Oh... why?'

Lucius sighed and said, 'You never had a childhood, Harry, and soon you're going to be a father-'

'Mother,' Harry corrected.

'Mother,' Lucius nodded. 'You'll be giving our kit a childhood... I want you to have one too.'

Harry looked back at the breakfast. 'So... so you're going to do everything that you did with Draco?'

'Most things,' Lucius said. 'There are a few things that we can't do because you're pregnant; Quidditch, practising magic, horse riding. Everything else we'll be doing.'

Harry felt tears well up in his eyes and sniffed.

'Harry?'
'I'm sorry,' Harry cried, rubbing his eyes. 'This is just... so romantic and thoughful, Lucius.' He looked back at his mate and smiled. 'Thank you.'

'Not a problem,' Lucius said and leaned over to kiss him long and passionately. Harry blinked when they broke apart and Lucius said, 'You'll have to brush your teeth at least three times after eating that,' he said, indicating the eggs. 'I'm sorry, little one, but I can't stand eggs, they make me feel sick.'

'But you still made them for Draco,' Harry said.

Lucius nodded. 'Draco loved eggs and wizards so... I made them myself, he refused to eat them if the house elves did.'

Harry smiled and picked up one of the pieces of toast. 'Wizards, right?'

Lucius nodded. 'Wizards to be dunked into your eggs.'

Harry chuckled and kissed him again before starting his breakfast, Lucius leaning back and drinking coffee.

{oOo}

After Harry had finished his breakfast, Dobby took the tray and Lucius handed him a black bag.

'What's this?' Harry asked.

'Draco told me you have to wear this today,' Lucius said and shrugged.

'M'kay,' Harry said and stood. 'Brushing my teeth three times, right?'

'I'm sorry, love,' Lucius smiled weakly.

Harry chuckled and brushed a hand through Lucius' hair instead of kissing him. 'It doesn't matter, Lucius.' He smiled and went into the bathroom to change and brush his teeth.

After scrubbing three times and rinsing thoroughly with mouthwash, Harry felt like he'd taken off a layer of tastebuds. His mouth felt minty-fresh and Harry's teeth were clean and white.

Harry set the bag on the sink and unzipped it. Inside was a pair of jeans, a t-shirt, button-up shirt, a tie (already tied, Draco knew Harry well), and new trainers. Harry chuckled and got dressed, checking himself over in the mirror before heading back into the bedroom. Lucius was brushing his hair and didn't turn until Harry cleared his throat.

His mouth fell open.

Harry was wearing skin-tight jeans in a dark emerald green colour that matched the tie he wore. His shirt was long-sleeved and black, the top button undone and showing only the slightest hint of chest. His black Chucks were brand new and Lucius' eyes swept from them to the top of Harry's spiky head.

'Well?' Harry asked.
Lucius looked him over again before wetting his lips. 'Just one thing,' he said and stepped closer.

He reached out and undid the bottom few buttons of Harry's shirt, pulling the cotton aside to reveal Harry's rounded stomach. The button-up had hidden it from view but the tight black under shirt showed Harry's pregnant belly and Lucius grinned.

'Perfect,' he said and bent down, pressing a kiss to Harry's stomach.

Harry grinned and pulled Lucius up so they could kiss properly. 'Stop ogling my stomach.'

'I'm afraid I can't help it,' Lucius said, looking down again. 'It makes you look so...'

'Fat?'

'Sexy,' Lucius corrected.

'I miss the days when you stared at my arse,' Harry said as he did his shirt back up.

'Oh, those days are still around,' Lucius smiled, kissing Harry again. 'I can't help admiring your stomach, swollen because of me.'

'You're so far up yourself,' Harry commented and kissed him back.

'Why yes I am,' Lucius grinned.

Harry chuckled.

{oOo}

Draco had also bought Harry a new black jacket. It had silver clasps on the cuffs and up and down the front, shining silver when they caught light. It was slightly baggy, meaning it hid Harry's stomach well and would keep him warm if it got cold.

Lucius had changed into dark denim jeans that hugged his arse and legs, a white button-up shirt, and a grey sweater that highlighted his eyes. He took his own black coat and Harry's jacket and shrunk them, stuffing them into his jeans pocket.

'Merlin, you in jeans,' Harry breathed, staring Lucius up and down.

Lucius chuckled and drew Harry in. 'Do you have your potions?'

Harry nodded.

'Good. Now hold on tight and if you want to throw up, throw up, though I'm hoping you can keep down your breakfast.'

Harry smiled weakly and wrapped his arms around Lucius as the blonde man apparated.

They appeared in the shadows of a group of large oak trees, the leaves blowing back in forth with a light breeze. Harry stumbled as they landed, stomach heaving but thankfully keeping down his breakfast.
'Are you okay?' Lucius asked.

'F-Fine,' Harry said, rubbing his stomach. 'I'm fine, Luce.'

'If you're sure,' Lucius said and threaded Harry's arm through his own. They walked across a patch of bright green grass, their feet sinking into it as Harry looked around. They were in a Muggle park that had a swing set, plastic slide, and various play equipment.

'You brought me to a playground,' Harry smiled.

'I used to bring Draco here when he was little,' Lucius said as they walked across the spongey ground. 'It used to be bark and sand but I suppose that was a health risk or something.'

'It's a beautiful spot,' Harry said, craning his neck to look around some more. There were wooden benches and tables dotted throughout the large park as well as concrete paths, trees, and a small lake. The entire area was surrounded by a green fence and there were shops all around. 'I can't believe you brought Draco to a Muggle playground.'

Lucius chuckled as they reached the slide. 'Draco hated the magic parks, they're filled with dragon slides and things like that. Draco was scared of all magical creatures as a little boy.'

'I'm sure he was adorable,' Harry said, sliding his hand up and down the warm plastic. 'Can I go on the slide?'

'Of course you can,' Lucius said.

They broke apart and Harry quickly climbed the small ladder, ducking down so he could shuffle across the small plastic area and to the slide. After a bit of manouvering he managed to sit at the top of the slide, legs stretched before him.

Harry smiled and pushed off, quickly sliding down the curved slide. Lucius was waiting at the bottom and Harry slammed into him, both going flying. Harry landed atop Lucius and giggled as the blonde groaned.

'I was a lot younger the last time I did this,' Lucius commented.

'You're still young,' Harry said and kissed him quickly. 'And remember we're having twins, you'll have to catch two... no, three, 'cause I'll be on the slide with them.'

'Circe help me,' Lucius said as he sat up, helping Harry to his feet.

'I'm doing that again,' Harry said and took off to climb back up.

Harry went down the slide over and over again for the next half hour, Lucius catching him each time. The park was mostly empty, the odd couple or person walking their dog passing them. They got a few looks because of their ages but neither man could care; they were having too much fun.

Finally Harry tired himself out and Lucius led him to the swings. Harry sat in one and Lucius pushed him forward and back slowly, Harry's trainers dragging through the dirt.

'Did you ever go to a park when you were little?' Lucius asked.

'Sometimes, by myself,' Harry admitted. 'I'd leave if Dudley and his gang caught me, they liked to push me into the dirt.' Lucius growled and Harry said, 'In the past, love.'

'I don't like it.'
'I know you don't,' Harry said before leaning back, pushing his legs into the air. 'I spent a lot of time at various parks during the summer holidays. Dudley and his gang would go out drinking and annoying people, I got good at hiding. Parks in summer were empty 'cause of how hot it was.'

Lucius nodded, listening in silence.

'I like parks, they're... safe, relaxing,' Harry said, looking up at the clear blue sky. 'They make me feel better.'

'That's nice,' Lucius said and drew Harry back, the teenager's back pressing into his front. Harry tilted his head back and Lucius' lips met his own, the two kissing softly and warmly. 'Are you having fun?' Lucius asked.

Harry nodded. 'Can we go for a walk?'

'Of course,' Lucius said and helped Harry stand. Their fingers threaded together and they smiled at each other as they set off.

{oOo}

They walked around the entire park, sometimes following the paths, sometimes stepping off and walking through the trees. It had warmed up but it wasn't too hot and a nice wind blew across their faces.

Lucius had brought bread and he and Harry stood beside the lake, tossing pieces in to feed the ducks. Harry had a smile on his face the entire time and Lucius grinned broadly, glad his mate was having fun.

'Draco fell into the lake once,' Lucius commented as Harry tossed another piece of bread to a family of ducks.

'Really?' Harry said.

The blonde nodded and handed Harry another piece. 'He was seven and never listened to me, he wanted to do everything himself. He overbalanced standing just... there... He pointed to a large rock just before Harry. 'He fell straight in and the ducks attacked him for the bread.'

Harry scowled at the ducks. 'That's rude, attacking my kit like that,'

Lucius chuckled and pulled Harry closer. 'He hates ducks now.'

'I would too,' Harry smiled, throwing the last piece of bread into the water.

By the time they made it back to the playground, it was close to midday. Lucius pulled Harry from the park and into a local fish and chip shop, Harry's mouth watering at the smell.

They headed back to the park with their purchases and Lucius spread a blanket under a large tree. He and Harry sat down and Lucius opened their food, pulling the newspaper apart to reveal a mountain of chips, fish cocktails, and pieces of lemon.

The food smelled salty and was covered in vinegar, Harry licking his lips. Lucius had brought sauces and Harry squeezed a large amount of chilli sauce onto the paper before digging in.
Lucius unscrewed the lids of their cokes and they sipped them and ate together, Harry devouring four fish cocktails by the time Lucius had finished one.

'Did you buy this for Draco?' Harry asked through a mouthful.

Lucius nodded and nibbled on a chip. 'Draco loves fish and chips and every weekend we came here and bought the exact same thing. He loved tomato sauce and would pour it all over.'

'But you hate tomato sauce,' Harry said.

Lucius smiled at him. 'You give up a lot for your children, Harry. Your own wants and needs... they just don't matter, as long as your kit is happy and safe.'

Harry nodded along and grabbed a slice of lemon. 'You're a wonderful father, Lucius,' he said as he squeezed lemon over his fish. 'I hope I'm half as good as you.'

'You'll be an excellent mother, little one,' Lucius said.

'How can you be sure?'

'Because I know you,' Lucius said, looking Harry in the eyes. 'You're a sweet, kind, beautiful man, who always puts everyone else before himself. You treat Draco like your own, you take care of him... I know you'll do the same for our little ones.'

Harry smiled and wet his lips. 'Bastard, gonna make me cry.'

Lucius chuckled and picked up a fish cocktail. 'Shut up and eat.'

'Yes, sir,' Harry grinned.

{oOo}

After they finished eating, Lucius threw their trash away and led Harry through the gates and out onto the street. They stood on the pavement together and Harry looked up at his mate.

'Luce?'

'Should be here in a minute;' Lucius murmured and checked his pocketwatch.

'What will be here in a minute?'

Lucius smiled and nodded at the street, Harry turning. An expensive black car pulled up and a man in a suit stepped from the driver's side.

He bowed to Harry and Lucius and said, 'Mr Malfoy.'

'Wonderful to see you again,' Lucius said, inclining his head.

The man smiled and looked at Harry. 'Mr Potter, it's a pleasure to meet you.'

'Um... you too,' Harry said.

'Douglas works for a company that specialises in taking wizards and witches around Muggle
London,' Lucius explained to the teenager. 'His family has owned the company for...'

'Three generations, close on fifty years,' Douglas smiled. 'My grandfather wasn't a very powerful wizard and he loved Muggles, and later my father was born a squib.' Douglas shrugged. 'We enjoy showing magical folk the wonders of Muggle London.'

'That sounds fun,' Harry said. 'Getting to show wizards how Muggles aren't that different from us.'

Douglas inclined his head. 'It's a joy, Mr Potter.'

'Please, call me Harry.'

Douglas smiled. 'Mr Harry.'

Lucius chuckled and said, 'There's no use, Harry. Douglas is a professional. I've known him since he was fifteen and he's never called me Lucius.'

'Mr Malfoy, shall we head out now?' Douglas asked, smiling as Lucius laughed again. He opened the back door and Lucius made Harry get in first.

The Gryffindor slid across the back seat and Lucius climbed in after him, Douglas shutting the door.

'Why are we taking a car?' Harry asked.

'I don't want to risk apparating just after you've eaten,' Lucius said. 'Besides, our next stop isn't that far away.'

'Were is our next stop?' Harry asked as Douglas climbed into the driver's side.

'It's a secret,' Lucius winked and made Harry put his seat-belt on.

Harry cursed and Lucius smirked at him.

{oOo}

The car ride was about half-an-hour long. Like the Ministry cars Harry had ridden in just before his third year, Douglas' car jumped to the head of queues and seemed to fit through very tight spaces. Soon the car had stopped and Douglas turned to face them.

'Come back in about four hours,' Lucius told the young man, handing over a few notes of Muggle money.

'You always tip generously, Mr Malfoy,' Douglas said and saluted him. 'Four hours.'

Lucius stepped from the car and Harry said, 'Thank you, Mr Douglas.'

Douglas snorted. 'Have fun, Mr Harry.'

Harry smiled and Lucius helped him out of the car. There were people everywhere and Lucius kept a firm arm around Harry as they headed towards the thickest part of the crowd.
'Where are we?'

They arrived at a ticket booth and the woman looked up at them. 'You'll have to move to the back of the line, sir,' she said in a bored voice.

'I called ahead,' Lucius said and Harry giggled, imagining Lucius on a phone. 'Lucius Malfoy, two tickets.'

The girl glanced down at her notes and jumped. 'Of course, Mr Malfoy, sir.' She handed two tickets across and ushered them through the turnstile.

'Lucius, where are we?' Harry asked.

'Look around,' the blonde said.

Harry did and frowned, noting the signs, the pictures, the-

'We're at a zoo,' Harry grinned. 'Lucius, you brought me to a zoo!'

'Hermione told me about it,' Lucius said, pulling Harry towards a woman handing out maps. 'Her parents brought her here as a child and I thought you might like it.'

'I've only ever been to the zoo once,' Harry said, taking the map Lucius had bought and pulling it open.

'You set a snake loose, yes?' Lucius smiled.

Harry blushed. 'Maybe.'

His mate chuckled. 'Where would you like to go first?'

'Um... the elephants!' Harry shouted and tugged Lucius along.

{oOo}

They looked at the elephants, giraffes, tigers, lions, monkeys, and birds. When they found the wolves the animals pricked up their ears and walked as close to the fence as they could get, sniffing and staring at Harry and Lucius.

'I think they can tell,' Lucius whispered.

'What, that we're wolves too?' Harry asked softly.

Lucius nodded and Harry smiled at the wolves. 'Hello!'

The alpha wolf started howling and the others joined in, the crowds gasping and pulling out their cameras.

'We need a camera,' Harry said as the wolves continued to howl.

'And where would I get a camera?' Lucius asked.

Harry tilted his head as the wolves stopped howling and stared at the couple. 'We have to go!' he
told the animals and pulled Lucius away, the wolves whimpering and trying to follow.

'Harry?' Lucius questioned as they stood behind an ice-cream stand.

'Can you apparate to a Muggle store and buy a camera?' Harry asked. 'Please, I really want to remember today.'

Lucius bit his lip. 'But you might throw up.'

'I can stay here, I'll be fine.' Lucius whined and Harry kissed him quickly. 'Please, Lucius?' He pouted and Lucius groaned.

'Fine,' he said and looked around. 'Come on.'

He dragged Harry to the bathrooms and said, 'You stay in here, okay? I'll be five minutes.'

Harry nodded and Lucius disappeared into a cubicle, a soft pop announcing that he'd disapparated. Harry busied himself washing his hands and using the paper towels, people scowling as they tried to move around him.

There was another soft pop and Lucius came out of the cubicle. He washed his hands and he and Harry left.

'Well?' Harry asked.

Lucius pulled out a disposable camera and said, 'Twenty-two pictures. I bought three just in case.' Harry grinned.
The Gryffindor dragged Lucius back to all the animals they'd already seen and the two took pictures of them as well as each other. Soon they'd moved into the reptile area and Harry bounced over to a large glass case that held a boa.

The snake blinked at him lazily and Harry cocked his head.

*Hello,* he hissed in Parseltongue

The snake's head rose slowly and Lucius looked between it and Harry.

*Hello,* the snake said back.

Harry grinned. *How are you today?*

*Fine,* the snake said. *I've never spoken to a human before.*

*Other humans can't speak to snakes,* Harry told the creature. *I'm... special, I suppose.*

*I can see that,* the snake nodded. *Are you here to look at the animals?*

*My mate brought me,* Harry hissed and pointed at Lucius. *I didn't get out a lot when I was little, I was kept in a cage like you.*

*That's sad,* the snake said and uncoiled herself, slithering closer to the glass. *Why were you kept in a cage?*

*The people I lived with, they didn't like me,* Harry said. *They treated me like I was beneath them.*

*Like most humans,* the snake said and looked Harry over, tongue flicking out. *But not you.*

*We're no different,* Harry hissed softly. *We all live and breathe and feel... why should I think any less of you just because we're different species?*

The snake smiled and said, *I like you, little human. You are... different.*

*Thank you,* Harry said.

'What are you saying?' Lucius whispered.

Harry chuckled. 'Just talking about humans and growing up in cages.'

Lucius growled, scaring a young couple looking into the next cage. Lucius smirked and wrapped his arms around Harry.

'Prat,' Harry muttered.

*Your mate protects you,* the snake commented.

*He does, we protect each other,* Harry said, Lucius humming as the snake language washed over him. *We love each other.*
You are lucky, little human, the snake said.

I know, Harry smiled. I'm Harry, by the way.

You may call me Miss Snake, the snake said and Harry chuckled.

He and Lucius stood together as Harry continued to talk to the snake, describing the places he'd visited, the snake telling him about the different people she'd seen.

Not once did Lucius ask to hurry along or for them to move; he was quite happy to stand there while Harry conversed with the reptile.

'I never had a pet,' Harry mused.

'Never?' Lucius asked and Harry shook his head. 'Have you wanted a pet?'

'I wanted a dog when I was little, but now I've got Padfoot,' Harry said and Lucius chuckled. 'I wouldn't mind a snake.'

'A snake?'

'I can talk to snakes, they do what I say, so keeping one wouldn't be a problem,' Harry said. 'And they're... snakes are just cool, you know? They're solitary creatures full of power and so mysterious and alien looking. I like them... you know, when they're not two storeys tall and trying to kill you.'

Lucius wet his lips and glanced at the snake, who was staring at Harry through the glass.

'Do you want a snake, Harry?'

Harry blinked and looked at him. 'You mean you'd let me have one?'

'If you want one you can have one,' Lucius said.

A grin tugged at Harry's lips and he threw his arms around Lucius. 'Thank you so much,' he said. 'No one's ever let me do what I want, and you... gods, you're amazing.'

'I've said it before and I'll say it again,' Lucius said as Harry drew back, 'I'm very brilliant.'

Harry snorted and turned back to the snake, hissing under his breath. I get to have a pet snake.

A pet? the snake hissed back. Would you take care of this pet?

Harry nodded. He or she would be a friend more then a pet, I'm sorry I used that term.

The snake smiled at him. Good. Snakes are not pets, little human. They are living creatures too.

I know, I'm sorry.

The snake nodded and glanced at Lucius. Will your snake be safe with him?

Lucius is my mate, he would never hurt anyone I care about, Harry said. He's a good man.

If you say so, the snake said and yawned. Now excuse me while I sleep.

No worries, have a good nap, Harry smiled.
'It's odd when you do that,' Lucius commented.

Harry chuckled. 'I'm an odd man.'

'Mm,' Lucius said and kissed Harry's cheek. 'Shall we move on?'

'M'kay,' Harry said and looked at the snake, who had curled up under the lights. *I'll come back and visit, I promise.*

*Good,* the snake hissed. *It gets lonely here...*

*I'd release you if I could,* Harry said.

*They take care of us,* the snake said, shaking her head. *I don't have to worry about humans.*

*No, I suppose you don't,* Harry nodded. *I'll come back with my babies, they can meet you too.*

*Sounds fun,* the snake smiled.

*Bye, Miss Snake.*

*Goodbye, Harry.*

Harry wound an arm around Lucius' waist and allowed his mate to pull him away, the snake smiling at them.

{oOo}

They visited a few more animals until they got ice-cream and left, Harry licking his peppermint cone and Lucius dipping a small spoon into his container. Douglas was waiting and when they slid into the backseat, Lucius said, 'Do you know where we can find a pet store?'

'A pet store?' Douglas asked and Lucius nodded. He scratched at his auburn hair and said, 'I think I know a place.'

Half-an-hour later Harry and Lucius were standing in a pet store. They sold all kinds of cages and tanks as well as books, everything Harry would need for a snake... only no snakes.

The owner was a kind man and phoned his son, who was a dog breeder and knew of other animal breeders in the area. Twenty minutes later Harry left with a tank, frozen mice, and other things he needed for a snake, as well as the address of a snake breeder who was expecting them.

Douglas drove them to the breeder's house and waited in the car as Harry and Lucius walked up the long drive. A middle-aged man with brown hair and eyes met them at the gate.

'I'm Will Rivers,' the man smiled. 'Are you Mr Malfoy and Potter?'

Lucius nodded and said, 'We're interested in getting a pet snake.'

'Follow me,' Will said.

He led them to a large room that was very warm and Harry pulled at his tie as they were shown
glass tanks. Twelve at the back had a snake each, most of them black and red, and Harry looked them all over.

The room was very loud to Harry, who could hear what the snakes were saying. It was mostly, *I'm hungry*, and, *Who's the weird looking human?*

Hary chuckled as he stopped at the last tank and looked inside. A snake about the length of Harry's forearm was curled up atop a piece of bark, its eyes shut and tongue flicking out every so often. It was mostly a dark red colour with strips of black and white along its thin body. Harry crouched down with Lucius behind him and looked into the tank.

*Hello,* Harry hissed.

The snake cocked its head and stared at him with clear eyes. *I can understand you.*

*I can talk to snakes,* Harry said.

The breeder was staring at Harry and Lucius said, 'He always does this, he has a way with snakes.'

'Okay...' Mr Rivers said, looking bemused.

*I've never met a human who could, though I am young,* the snake said. *Can many humans talk to snakes?*

Harry shook his head. *As far as I know I'm the only living person who can, it's a very rare gift.*

*Interesting, I would like to hear more,* the snake mused.

*If you want to come with me you can, we can be friends,* Harry said.

The snake stared at him. *Will you take care of me?*

*I will,* Harry promised. *You're a living creature, no different to me. I'd get you a nice tank that you could sleep in, plenty of food, and you can come outside with me if you promise to behave.*

The snake nodded. *I'd like that. What's your name?*

*Harry,* the teenager answered. *Do you have a name?*

*No,* the snake said. *Can I have one?*

*Of course,* Harry said, looking the beautiful snake over. *You're a boy.*

*Very clever.*

Harry chuckled. *Do you want me to name you?* The snake nodded and looked around at Lucius, tongue flicking out to taste the air.

*He is your life-mate,* the snake said. *The big human with long hair.*

*Yeah, he is, how'd you know?* Harry asked.

*I can taste it,* the snake said. *He cares for you and loves you, I can taste it.*
His name is Lucius and he won't hurt you, Harry said. You can trust him.

The snake hummed and nodded, eyes on Lucius, who was looking at Harry.

Can I name you Damian? Harry asked.

Damian, the snake tested the name. Yes, Damian, I'm Damian.

Excellent. Now I just gotta pay for you, and you've gotta promise to behave when I take you out of the tank, okay?

Damian nodded. I'll be good, he hissed.

Harry turned to Will and said, 'I'll take him.'

'Are you sure?' the man asked. Harry nodded and he said, 'Okay.'

'His name is Damian,' Harry told Lucius, who chuckled.

'Hello, Damian,' he said to the milk snake.

Damian looked at Harry, who said, Lucius says hello.

Damian looked at Lucius and flicked his tongue out. Hello, Lucius.

"He said hello," Harry told his mate silently as Lucius paid for Damian.

Lucius snorted and shook his head. Of course he did.

Harry smiled.

{oOo}

Damian wrapped himself firmly around Harry's arm and Lucius kept a close eye on him, though Harry assured his mate that Damian was a good snake. They got back into the car and Harry said, 'Douglas, this is Damian.'

'Hello, Damian,' Douglas smiled.

That's Douglas, he's driving us around today, Harry said.

Douglas smells like little humans, Damian hissed.

Does he?

Damian nodded. Little humans, smaller than you, with sticky hands.

Harry chuckled. 'Douglas, why do you smell like children?'

Douglas glanced in the rear-view mirror before saying, 'I have twin toddlers, two girls.'

'Oh, congratulations,' Harry smiled. He has two little humans, he told Damian.
I don't like little humans, Damian hissed.

Why not? Harry asked.

Sticky and cold, Damian said, resting his head on Harry's hand. You're warm.

Why thank you, Harry smiled. I'm going to have little ones soon.

Oh? Damian said.

Harry nodded. They're growing right now in my stomach.

Damian lifted his head and his tongue flicked out, eyes on Harry's stomach. Ah, I smell them, two little ones.

They're my kit and Lucius', Harry said proudly.

A family is nice, Damian nodded.

You can be family too, Harry said. In fact, you are, 'cause we're friends now.

Damian smiled and closed his eyes. Can I sleep now?

Would you like to be put in your new home? Harry asked. I bought you a big tank with rocks and bark, you can sleep.

Sounds lovely, Damian said.

You have to be good, Harry said. If you leave the tank without me you could get hurt so stay in, okay?

Damian nodded. I'll be good, he promised.

Harry smiled.

{oOo}

They apparated back to the Manor and Harry set up the tank in his and Lucius' bedroom. He put the tank on a long table by the window so Damian could enjoy the sun while it was up. There were heaters beneath the tank that would keep it warm, even at night.

Damian slithered through the tank exploring and smiled at Harry before settling on a piece of bark.

Mnnnn, the snake hummed. Warrmmmm.

Harry chuckled and stroked his scales before fitting the lid on. Remember, no leaving without me.

Yes, Master, Damian said, eyes closing.

I'm not your master, stop calling me that.
You can talk to me, you take care of me, Damian said. Master.

You won't stop, will you?

No.

Harry cursed and Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'He's being stubborn.'

'Of course you pick a stubborn snake,' Lucius chuckled.

Harry smiled and said, Bye, Damian. We'll be back later, okay?

Damian nodded and was soon snoring as Lucius wrapped his arms around Harry.

{oOo}

Their second last stop turned out to be a theme park and Harry chuckled. 'Hermione?'

'Hermione,' Lucius said as he paid for the admission.

Harry couldn't go on any of the rides because he was pregnant, but he and Lucius spent most of the late afternoon and early evening walking around and playing the smaller games.

Lucius was good at all the games and soon Harry had his arms full of cheap stuffed toys. He was grinning from ear-to-ear, laughing a lot, and making sure Lucius took a lot of pictures.

When the cameras ran out and Harry yawned, Lucius apparated them back to the Manor.

They put the stuffed toys in their wardrobe and Lucius tugged Harry outside and into the gardens. It didn't take long for Harry to see what Lucius had planned as the end of their date.

'Oh my gods,' he breathed.

Directly before them, in the centre of the grassy lawn, was a giant purple jumping castle. Dobby and Griffy were standing before it grinning and Lucius pulled Harry closer.

There was a table covered in a purple cloth, a bucket of ice with bottles of orange juice chilling behind it. Two silver plates, goblets, and utensils were set out and the chairs looked comfy.

'Merlin, Lucius,' Harry said, shaking his head. 'I can't believe you remembered.'

'I remember everything you say,' Lucius said, kissing Harry's cheek. 'Do you want to go on the jumping castle?'

'Yeah,' Harry said and Lucius led him towards it. They toed their shoes off and Lucius pulled Harry up and onto the bouncy material.

Harry giggled at the sight of Lucius trying to find his footing. Lucius scowled.

'This isn't funny.'

'It is,' Harry grinned. 'Can we bounce?'
'Harry, you're three months pregnant with twins, I don't think they'd appreciate you bouncing.'

Harry pouted. 'But-'

'Harry, no.'

Harry continued to pout but didn't jump, instead just walking around the castle and smiling.

'When you have our twins you can bounce all you want,' Lucius said.

'Sure, sure,' Harry said.

They stood in the castle for a few more minutes before Lucius took Harry back the table.

'I'm sorry you can't enjoy the castle properly, little one,' Lucius said.

'It's the thought that counts,' Harry said. 'And you're right, I can't jump around carrying two babies.'

Lucius pulled Harry's chair out and the teenager sat, smiling when he was tucked into the table. Lucius sat too and poured them both orange juice.

'Now, what does my little one want for dinner?' he asked.

Harry tilted his head to think before saying, 'What was Draco's favourite food?'

Lucius smiled. 'Spaghetti, it looked like worms.'

Harry snorted and said, 'Spaghetti sounds nice.'

'I thought you hated meat at the moment.'

'Oh, right,' Harry said. 'And you don't like tomatoes... how about some type of chicken pasta?'

'Dobby knows a chicken pasta bake recipe, Masters,' Dobby said, the two wizards looking at him. 'Dobby used to make it for Master Draco when he was little.'

'I don't remember it,' Lucius said.

'It has pumpkin and pasta and chicken, Lord Lucius,' Dobby said. 'Spinach and cheese and garlic with oil, it be fine for the little ones.'

Lucius looked at Harry, who was drooling already.

'Takes twenty minutes to make, sirs,' Dobby said. 'Yummy with salad.'

'What would I do without you, Dobby?' Lucius smiled. The little elf looked down shyly and Lucius said, 'That sounds perfect, bring it out when it's ready.'

Dobby and Griffy both bowed and disappeared with twin pops.

'Can you wait for dinner, love?' Lucius asked.

Harry licked his lips and said, 'Yeah, I'll be fine.'

'Good, because I got you a present,' Lucius said.

'No, Lucius, you've already done so much for me today,' Harry said.
Lucius smiled and dug into his jacket pocket, pulling out a black package. It re-sized and he placed it on the table. 'Open it.'

Harry shook his head and grabbed the present, quickly ripping apart the black paper and golden thread. Harry pushed the paper aside and looked down.

It was a thick book made of dark brown leather with two thick clasps holding it together. Harry picked it up and turned it over, smiling when he saw the writing;

**Our Babies' First Years**

It was written in looping silver writing that Harry recognised as Lucius'. Around the edges were snakes and lions, all in gold, and all joined together by twirling lines.

'Lucius, this is amazing,' Harry said.

'It's the baby book for both our twins,' Lucius said. 'There are two more in our bedroom; one for each twin, as you requested.'

Harry felt tears prickle behind his eyes as he put the book down.

'I had them designed myself,' Lucius continued. 'The parchment is all hand-picked, the design of the writing, the pictures, everything. We can add pictures and our own writing when the babies are born.'

Harry stood and rounded the table quickly. He sat on Lucius' lap, wrapped his arms around his mate, and cried.

'Harry?' Lucius questioned, hugging his sobbing mate. 'Are you okay? Did I do something wrong?'

'N-No,' Harry shook his head, still sobbing. 'You did everything r-right, you always d-do everything r-right. You're a-m-mazing.'

Lucius smiled and hugged Harry closer, stroking his hair with one hand. 'So you like the gift?'

'L-Love it,' Harry mumbled.

'I'm glad,' Lucius said and Harry drew back.

They kissed softly and when they broke apart, Harry said, 'I love you so much, Lucius. Thank you for being... you.'

'I think that's the first time anyone's ever thanked me for just being me,' Lucius said.

Harry smiled and rubbed at his tear-stained cheeks. 'Well it won't be the last, love.' He kissed Lucius again and they held each other closely.

{oOo}

Soon they were eating chicken pasta bake and salad. Harry practically inhaled his food and made a lot of inappropriate noises while he was doing it, making it hard for Lucius to concentrate on his own dinner.
After Harry had had seconds and drained his goblet, Lucius made him stand and led him back to
the jumping castle. Harry chuckled as he saw the blankets and pillows, realising Lucius must have
asked Dobby and Griffy to set it all up.

They snuggled together on the jumping castle and looked up. The castle didn't have a roof so they
could look at the stars and clouds, the occasional aeroplane flying overhead.

It was a beautiful end to the night and Harry hummed as he cuddled closer to Lucius.

'Little one?'

'Perfect day,' Harry said. 'Absolutely... Luce, you're just...'

'Perfect?' Lucius suggested.

Harry chuckled and nudged him under the blankets. 'Pretty perfect, yeah,' he nodded. 'How long did
it take you to plan today?'

'Not long,' Lucius said. 'I just asked Draco what he liked doing when he was little and Hermione
added the zoo and theme park. We'll go back when you can go on the rides.'

'Doesn't matter, just being with you is great,' Harry said. 'This is beautiful, Lucius.'

'You're beautiful,' Lucius corrected.

Harry smiled and kissed his mate's cheek. He made to pull away but Lucius' right arm wrapped
around him tightly and hauled him back in until Harry was sprawled across the blonde.

'Lucius!' Lucius smirked. 'No, no, you're not getting away that easily.'

Harry tried to wiggle free but stopped when he felt Lucius' erection press against his thigh. 'Oh,' he
breathed and smiled. 'I see.'

'Do you?' Lucius questioned.

'Well, I feel a certain... something,' Harry murmured and started wiggling again. A deep groan
pushed past Lucius' lips and Harry smiled. 'It seems to be getting bigger.'

'And harder,' Lucius grunted, hands moving to grip Harry's arse.

'What's the matter, Lucius?' Harry purred. 'Feeling a bit... horny?'

Lucius groaned. 'Don't tease me, Harry.'

'You tease me all the time,' Harry growled before nipping at Lucius' neck, his jaw. 'I think it's my
turn.'

Harry hauled himself up, pushing the blankets around until he was straddling Lucius' thighs. He
rutted forward, pushing his hardening cock against Lucius' already erect one.

Lucius groaned and kept his hands on Harry's arse, pulling him forward and helping the teenager
move. Harry rutted against him a few more times before stopping.

'Harry,' Lucius growled.
'Yes, my love?'

Lucius grabbed Harry's tie and yanked him forward. Harry gasped and Lucius said, 'Don't tease me.'

He crushed their lips together and both men groaned, mouths hard and hot against each other. Harry groaned and threaded one hand through Lucius' hair, twisting the strands around his fingers and tugging.

Lucius half rose off the jumping castle to kiss Harry harder, tongue licking at his lips and being granted access after a few strokes. Harry groaned again and opened his mouth wider, own tongue licking and dancing with Lucius' own.

Harry's free hand moved up and down Lucius' clothed chest before diving lower. He pulled Lucius' sweater up and found that his button-up shirt was tucked in. He growled and Lucius chuckled against his mouth.

The chuckle turned into a gasp when Harry pulled his shirt free and pushed a hand up to touch warm skin. Harry smirked proudly and rubbed his fingers through the soft hair that dotted Lucius' chest before going back down.

'Cheeky,' Lucius growled. 'You could have ripped my shirt.'

'So?' Harry smiled.

'Clothes aren't free, love.'

'You're rich, buy another one,' Harry said and kissed him again.

Lucius smiled against his lips and ran his hands over Harry's back before pushing them down his jeans. It was a tight fit and a muttered spell from Lucius had the button and zip open, the denim sliding open so Lucius could touch warm skin.

Harry groaned and wriggled his arse so his jeans fell further down, giving Lucius more access. Lucius squeezed tightly and pulled Harry forward, making them grind against each other. Pleasure shot through both men and the kissing intensified.

A warm finger suddenly slid between Harry's cheeks and the teenager broke their kiss to gasp. Lucius took the opportunity to mutter the lubricant spell and push his index finger into Harry's entrance while jumping forward to bite his neck.

Harry shook and his eyes widened in surprise as Lucius' finger pushed in to the knuckle. Lucius paused as Harry swallowed thickly.

'Okay there?' the Slytherin asked, pulling back from Harry's neck to kiss and lick the bright red skin.

'Just surprised,' Harry said and wiggled on Lucius' finger. 'Mmm.'

Lucius chuckled and nipped at Harry's neck. 'What happened to taking control, hmm?'

'Bit hard w-when someone's got their f-finger- ah- in your arse,' Harry gasped out.

Lucius smiled broadly and pulled his finger out before going back in, feeling Harry's muscles stretch around him. He knew Harry could take more and quickly pushed his middle finger in too,
scissoring slightly to work the teenager open.

Harry groaned against him, head dropping so the Gryffindor could bury his face in Lucius' neck. His swollen stomach pressed against Lucius' own muscled one, and his cock was hard against Lucius' thigh. He started rubbing himself against his mate, cursing under his breath.

'Do you want to come, Harry?' Lucius whispered.

'Uh-huh.'

'Can you come with just my fingers in your arse?'

'M-Maybe,' Harry groaned, pushing back to force Lucius' fingers deeper in.

'How about three long, thick fingers, stroking your prostate and filling you?' Lucius asked. 'Do you want that?'

Harry growled and bit Lucius hard, the Slytherin gasping and going still at the sudden action. When Harry drew back he kissed Lucius hard and bit his bottom lip.

'Make me come,' he growled.

Lucius smiled. 'Is that an order?'

'Yes!' Harry scowled.

Lucius pushed a third finger in and Harry moaned above him, kissing and nibbling his way to Lucius' ear. He was moving back and forth again, rubbing himself against Lucius' thigh while the blonde fucked him with his fingers.

'Oh, fuck, that's... y-yes,' Harry moaned.

Lucius started moving quicker, fingers filling Harry over and over again, stretching him, making the Gryffindor's body burn and tingle in pleasure. His palm slapped against Harry's arse, making the teenager gasp at the sharp sting when Lucius moved faster.

Suddenly he crooked his fingers and easily found Harry's prostate, stroking the bundle of nerves every time he pushed in and out.

Harry shook and panted, face turning red and eyes squeezed shut. His forehead pressed against Lucius' chest and his back arched as the blonde fucked him with his fingers.

Lucius' free hand moved between their bodies and dived down Harry's jeans. He gripped the teenager's cock through his cotton boxer-briefs and squeezed.

Harry gasped and his entire body tensed before he came, leaking into his underwear and shuddering above Lucius. His arse tightened around Lucius' fingers and the Slytherin groaned as his mate shook against him, breathing heavily and whimpering.

Lucius withdrew his fingers slowly and Harry groaned at the loss. The older wizard rubbed his back soothingly and asked, 'Alright?'

'Mm, just lovely,' Harry slurred, Lucius chuckling.

'Are you done for the evening?'
'Hell no,' Harry said and kissed his mate quickly. He blinked and shook his head, trying to fight the haze that had descended on him. He smiled coyly and kissed Lucius' lips before moving down to his chin, his jaw, his neck and down to his chest.

His lips trailed down Lucius' sweater, the teenager humming as he shimmied down Lucius' body.

Lucius raised an eyebrow as Harry reached his stomach. Harry pushed the wool up, as well as his cotton shirt, and pressed kisses to Lucius' pale skin.

Lucius reached out and threaded his right fingers through Harry's hair, Harry humming at the contact. He kissed his way down to Lucius' jeans before his nimble fingers pulled his belt buckle open. The button was popped next, followed by the zip, and Lucius watched with heavy eyes as Harry tugged at the waistband of his jeans.

The blonde lifted his hips and Harry pulled his tight jeans down, leaving them clinging to his thighs. Harry's hands rubbed up and down Lucius' covered legs, nails dragging over the denim until they paused either side of Lucius' exposed crotch.

His cock was outlined by the cotton underwear he wore and Harry licked his lips. His right hand came up, index finger poised, before moving down. Harry stroked Lucius through his underwear, the Slytherin hissing as Harry's tender touch sent spikes of pleasure shooting through his body.

Nobody had ever touched Lucius like Harry did. It was like the teenager's skin was a burning candle, the flame licking at him and sending him insane. His cock was still trapped by his underwear but Harry knew just how to stroke, how hard to touch, and Lucius groaned as Harry's palm brushed along the bulge.

Harry pushed down harder and grinned evilly as Lucius thrust up, needing more friction. Harry's palm rubbed up and down, the touch just sending Lucius crazy.

'HARRY,' he groaned.

'MM?' the Gryffindor hummed pleasently.

'H-HARRY,' Lucius groaned as the younger wizard's thumb brushed over the wet spot that was forming in his underwear.

'WHAT WAS THAT, LUCE?' Harry asked, rubbing again. 'DID YOU NEED SOMETHING?'

Lucius groaned again.

'DID YOU WANT ME TO... TOUCH YOU?' he asked.

'YOU LITTLE- ah- t-tease,' Lucius moaned.

Harry snorted. 'BIT RICH COMING FROM YOU.'

'HARRY, I WANT...'

Lucius trailed off biting his lip, white teeth digging hard into the soft flesh.

'WHAT DO YOU WANT, LUCIUS?' Harry asked softly. He shifted on his knees and leaned down to lick up Lucius' cotton-trapped erection.

Lucius gasped and his eyes flew to Harry.
'What do you need?' Harry hissed. He licked again and again, Lucius squirming beneath him, fingers tightening in Harry's hair. When Harry pulled back he blew across Lucius' underwear, cock twitching against the cotton. Harry suddenly had an idea and hissed in Parseltongue, *What do you want, Lucius?*

Lucius' groan was purely feral and he dug his nails into Harry's scalp. The teenager gasped as he was wrenched up, bright green eyes meeting Lucius' stormy grey ones.

'Harry, suck me off,' he growled.

Harry smirked. 'Suck you off?' The Slytherin nodded. 'Is that what you want?'

'Yes,' Lucius snarled.

'Beg me,' Harry said. 'Beg me, Lucius, and I'll suck you off. Might even speak Parseltongue, you should see what my tongue can do.'

Lucius groaned.

'Beg,' Harry whispered before hissing, *Beg, Lucius.*

Lucius groaned even louder.

'I've never sucked you off while speaking the snake language,' Harry mused, Lucius' fingers tightening yet again in his hair. 'Why didn't I think of it before?'

He looked back up at Lucius, who was breathing heavily.

**Do you want me to suck you off?** Harry hissed.

'Fuck, yes!' Lucius shouted, though he had no idea what Harry was saying. 'Harry, please, I need your mouth around my cock.'

'Are you begging me?' Harry asked.

Lucius nodded vigorously. 'Please,' he begged, sounding desperate, 'I need you.'

Harry grinned and his fingers hooked under the waistband of Lucius' underwear. He only pulled far enough to free Lucius' raging erection, which was dripping pre-come, the head swollen and glistening.

Harry admired the view until Lucius tugged on his hair. 'Alright, easy,' he growled.

Lucius whimpered as Harry continued to stare until a hiss was ripped from his lips. Harry finally descended on him, sucking the head of Lucius' cock into his mouth and licking.

'Ooh,' Lucius groaned, head tipping back. He pushed up slightly and more of his shaft slid into Harry's hot, wet mouth, the teenager humming as he slurped and sucked. 'H-Harry,' he groaned. 'P-Please.'

Harry smirked around him before sinking further down and hissing, *You're so big, Lucius.*

Lucius arched up and forced his entire length down Harry's throat, the teenager choking until he relaxed his jaw. Lucius drew out and Harry hissed again, tongue twirling around Lucius' cock.
Fuck my mouth, Lucius.

'Oh fuck,' Lucius groaned and thrust back up, again forcing his cock into Harry's throat.

Each time he drew out, Harry hissed again in Parseltongue, and Lucius' eyes rolled into the back of his head. Harry had always been good at blow jobs, Lucius could always get off easily at having his mate's lips wrapped around his shaft.

But this...

... oh gods was this something new.

Harry hissed, sucked, licked, and hummed as Lucius thrust up into his mouth, arse lifting off the jumping castle, free hand curling through the blanket, right fingers digging into Harry's scalp and pulling at his short black hair.

Lucius couldn't understand the snake language but he felt like Harry was talking dirty, egging him on, telling Lucius to fuck his mouth hard. The Gryffindor's bright green eyes were locked onto him, burning right into his soul, and Lucius' head tipped back.

Harry sucked back hard, fingers digging into Lucius' covered arse, cheeks hollowing and throat moving-

- Lucius roared out his release, climaxing down Harry's throat and biting his lip hard enough to draw blood. He gasped and shuddered as Harry sucked and licked him clean, his devillish tongue almost too much for Lucius' sensitive flesh.

When Harry pulled back with a wet pop, Lucius dropped heavily, body bouncing because of the air-filled material beneath him. He groaned loudly and Harry snickered as he licked his lips clean.

'Have fun?' Harry asked, voice hoarse.

Lucius groaned again.

'I can't believe I didn't think of that earlier,' Harry hummed.

'D-Don't think I c-could... handle... th-that all the... all the time,' Lucius stammered out.

Harry giggled and crawled up Lucius' body, not stopping until he was sitting on the man's thighs.

'Did you enjoy yourself, love?'

'Oh... yes,' Lucius murmured.

'Big, dominant Lucius, taken apart 'cause of iddy biddy Potter,' Harry giggled.

Lucius tried to scowl but he was too doped out. He just laid there staring at his mate, who looked pretty damn pleased with himself. A few minutes passed before Lucius could even move.

With a burst of energy, he wrapped his arms tightly around Harry and pulled him close. Harry gasped as he was flipped, suddenly resting on the blankets on his back with Lucius between his legs.

'Cheeky Gryffindor,' Lucius hummed as he kissed Harry's cheek. 'Think you can dominate me, do you?'

'Of course I do,' Harry grinned. 'I just did, didn't I?'
Lucius chuckled. 'Yes, I suppose you did.'

He moved down Harry's neck, kissing and licking softly.

'Did you just admit that I have power over you?' Harry asked.

'Yes, I did,' Lucius nodded as he moved back. He looked Harry in the eyes and said, 'But I'll never admit it to anyone else.'

Harry chuckled and Lucius' warm hands moved up and down his sides, stroking softly.

'You're so beautiful, Harry,' Lucius breathed. 'I can't believe how lucky I am.'

'I'm pretty lucky too,' Harry said, looking up at Lucius' flushed face, messy hair, and crumpled clothing. 'Only I get to see you like this.'

'Only you,' Lucius agreed. He slowly un-buttoned Harry's shirt and pulled it aside to get at the tight undershirt. He rolled that up until it sat above Harry's swollen stomach. Lucius sighed in delight and rubbed a smooth hand over Harry's skin, the teenager smiling.

'You still think I'm beautiful, don't you?' he said. 'Even while I'm getting fatter.'

Lucius clicked his tongue. 'How many times do I have to tell you that you're not fat?'

'You're a liar, it's a proven fact,' Harry said.

Lucius shook his head and shuffled down to kiss Harry's stomach. 'You.' Kiss. 'Are.' Another kiss. 'Absolutely...' he trailed off to lick around Harry's bellybutton, the Gryffindor giggling, '... exquisite,' Lucius finished, teeth nipping at Harry's stretched skin.

He pulled back to admire Harry from above; black hair messier than usual, cheeks pink, lips swollen from sucking him off, legs spread around Lucius and stomach growing, growing every day, holding and nurturing the two little babies they had created together.

'You, Mr Potter,' Lucius said, hands resting on his belly, 'are so deliciously beautiful I can't think straight.'

'Well you're not straight,' Harry pointed out. 'And I am pretty cute, aren't I?'

Lucius chuckled as Harry wiggled his hips. 'That you are, my love.'

He moved back down to kiss Harry slowly, softly, taking his time because they were in no hurry. Lucius needed at least twenty minutes to get hard again and he didn't think Harry would stay awake if he came too many times.

So he moved softly and slowly, lips barely pressing against Harry's before moving away, grey eyes locking onto bright green ones and sharing love, content, happiness, joy, and a tinge of lust. And then Lucius would move back down, again pressing his lips to Harry's swollen red ones, the Gryffindor pushing up gently, making the kiss last longer.

Lucius took his weight on his knees, which were between Harry's legs, so he could use his hands. His right fingers threaded through Harry's messy hair, pulling at the strands, nails scratching his scalp, Harry groaning and pushing into the contact. Lucius' left hand cupped Harry's warm, soft cheek, lightly trailing down the Gryffindor's neck and to his Mark.

Harry hissed before groaning, head tipping to the left so Lucius could touch his Mark more
thoroughly. The ink-black swirls were dark against Harry's pale skin and Lucius traced the intricate design with his index finger, Harry groaning and thrashing against him.

Lucius moved on and Harry whined, the Slytherin swallowing the sound by pressing his mouth harder against his mate's. Harry's legs wrapped around Lucius' waist and hauled him in, Lucius having to steady himself to make sure he didn't press against Harry's stomach.

When they found a comfortable position (Lucius pressed lightly against Harry, Harry's arms and legs wrapped around him), they went back to kissing; gentle lips, the odd flash of tongue, hot breath being exchanged as they deprived their bodies of oxygen.

Their kissing got heavier, Harry pulling Lucius' lips open, tongue darting into his wet cavern to taste, feel, and generally send Lucius insane. Usually Lucius took control of their kissing but Harry leading, Harry exploring, it was a very good feeling.

Harry's moist tongue stroked against his teeth, the insides of his mouth, before licking against Lucius' own and coaxing it into movement. Lucius' fingers tightened in Harry's hair as his tongue wrapped around the Gryffindor's, the two battling for dominance, bodies pressed tightly together.

Lucius grabbed Harry's hip tightly and pulled him closer to rub their crotches together, the height difference meaning Lucius had to shuffle forward to line them up.

Lucius' cock was still hanging from his underwear, those and his trousers wrapped around his thighs. Harry's jeans had fallen a bit but the tight denim clung to his skin, his boxer-briefs hiding his strengthening cock.

Harry gasped as Lucius' slowly hardening shaft slid against his underwear and up against his stomach, burning a trail through Harry's shirt and to his skin. He groaned and arched further up, adding more friction, arms tightening around Lucius' shoulders.

'Too many clothes,' Lucius growled, pulling back. He ripped Harry's black button-up open, buttons flying everywhere and making Harry giggle. Lucius tore the shirt free and threw it aside, looking down at the tight undershirt he was wearing. 'Mm,' he murmured and bent down to press kisses to Harry's cotton-covered stomach.

'Stomach pervert,' Harry giggled.

Lucius chuckled and rolled the cotton up, Harry sitting so it could be pulled free. He reached for his green silk tie, the garment still hanging around his neck, but Lucius grabbed it.

'No, no, the tie stays on,' Lucius whispered.

'Why?' Harry asked.

'Maybe it'll show you that being able to tie one is a... useful skill,' Lucius said. He yanked Harry forward by his tie, the teenager's gasp cut off when Lucius' lips crushed against his own.

Harry was made to sit up and they broke apart so Lucius could pull his cotton shirt free. He reached for his green silk tie, the garment still hanging around his neck, but Lucius grabbed it.

'No, no, the tie stays on,' Lucius whispered.

'Why?' Harry asked.

'Maybe it'll show you that being able to tie one is a... useful skill,' Lucius said. He yanked Harry forward by his tie, the teenager's gasp cut off when Lucius' lips crushed against his own.

Harry was made to sit up and they broke apart so Lucius could pull his cotton shirt free. He tossed it aside and grabbed at Harry's underwear and jeans, the teenager shuffling back so they could be dragged off.

Harry was now completely naked (aside from his socks and tie) and shivered slightly as Lucius wriggled from his own clothing. When he was naked he pressed against his mate, forcing Harry down, the Gryffindor's arms wrapping around his neck.
'Ooh,' Harry groaned, arching up, pressing his cock into Lucius'. 'Please, Luce,' he begged.

Lucius drew back and muttered another lubricant charm, hand closing around his cock so he could rub and spread the gel.

'Now,' Harry growled.

It was an order Lucius was always ready to follow and he shifted between Harry's legs, one hand on his cock, the other gripping his mate's hip. He lined himself up before pushing in slowly, teasing Harry with the length of his shaft, the teenager moaning and tipping his head back.

'Lucius,' he moaned.

Lucius smiled and drew back out before going halfway in, and repeating the process. He kept going until Harry began to whimper before finally thrusting all the way in, seating himself in his mate's tight heat.

He moaned and leaned heavily on his fists, encasing Harry with his arms. 'Gods, Harry, you're...'

Harry rolled his hips and Lucius chuckled.

'So impatient, little one,' he murmured, leaning down to kiss him softly.

'Please, Luce,' Harry groaned. 'Make love to me.'

'Oh, is that what you want?'

Harry growled. 'Fuck you.'

'No, I think I'll fuck you,' Lucius said. He drew out before thrusting back in slowly, both men groaning at the feeling.

Lucius kept up a slow, gentle pace, wanting to take his time, wanting to build up to the pleasure before they both exploded. Lucius watched Harry the entire time, a sweat breaking out on the Gryffindor's face, cheeks turning red, eyes darkening until they were a smouldering green.

'Harry,' Lucius moaned and began to push harder, slamming into the teenager, Harry's muscles contracting around him, squeezing his cock so delightfully.

'Faster,' Harry begged, pushing up, hard cock bouncing against his stomach. 'Please, Lucius!'

Lucius growled and smothered Harry with his body, one arm wrapping around his shoulders, the other hand gripping the younger wizard's cock and pulling. Harry gasped and groaned, writhing about on Lucius' cock, moving to impale himself and help drag Lucius deeper in.

They moaned and moved together, bodies sweaty, breathing becoming ragged. Lucius pushed his face into Harry's neck and wet his lips.

'Yes, yes,' Harry growled. 'Bite me, Lucius, Mark me!'

Harry felt Lucius' plump lips brush against his Mark, sending a fresh bout of arousal slicing through him. His mouth opened and his teeth grazed against the intricate Mark, Harry gasping-

He bit down hard, sucking back and flattening his tongue against the Mark. He pushed in at the same time, slamming into Harry's prostate, while his hand gripped Harry's cock and pulled.
Harry arched up and shouted as he came, coating his stomach and Lucius' hand in come. He shuddered and his muscles clamped down, pulling Lucius over the edge and making the blonde moan and empty himself into his fiancé.

They shook together, arms tight, eyes squeezed shut and hearts pounding in their chests. When Lucius could think semi-clearly, he pulled out slowly and slumped to the blanket, moaning and nuzzling into Harry's side.

'Uuh,' Harry moaned.

Lucius chuckled. 'I love you too.' Harry smiled and ran a hand through Lucius' long blonde hair. 'Did you enjoy our date?'

'Mm,' Harry nodded weakly. 'Loved it. Love you.'

Lucius smiled and kissed his cheek.
Memories

Harry woke around midday to Lucius pressing kisses to his neck, his cheek, his ear. The teenager giggled and swatted at his mate, who just hugged him tighter, hands resting against his baby bump.

'Good morning,' Lucius said.

'Morning,' Harry yawned, rolling over to face the blonde. He smiled and pressed a soft kiss to Lucius' lips, enjoying the gentle pushing, the flash of tongue, the way Lucius' breath tickled his skin.

When they broke apart Lucius said, 'You haven't noticed, have you?'

'Noticed what?' Harry asked, confused.

Lucius smiled and drew back, hands rubbing Harry's stomach. 'Look.'

Harry leaned on his left arm and looked down-

- and couldn't help the gasp that fell from his lips.

Lucius had carried Harry to their bedroom after the two had almost fallen asleep on the jumping castle together. Harry had moaned and swatted and cursed Lucius for moving him, trying to tell the Slytherin that jumping castles were perfectly safe and comfortable to sleep on.

Of course Lucius hadn't listened and they'd changed into pyjamas before snuggling into bed together.

The shirt Harry wore was one of his own; a cotton t-shirt that had always fit nicely. His baby bump had shown through, pulling the fabric slightly around Harry's abdomen, but he hadn't minded.

Now his shirt was definitely straining, stomach swollen and making the shirt bunch up near his bellybutton.

Harry sat quickly and pulled his shirt up, staring down at his stomach.

'What... what... huh?' he spluttered.

Lucius chuckled and sat too, one arm winding around Harry's waist, the other hand pressing against his stomach. 'You're growing love.'

'But... in one night?' Harry said, looking at his mate.

Lucius said, 'May I remind you that you're four months pregnant with twins. Of course you're going to get bigger.'

'But one night,' Harry repeated.

'Yes, one night,' Lucius nodded. 'It doesn't matter, does it?'

'I guess not,' Harry said and rubbed his stomach. 'It's just weird... do you think I'll get really big?'

'I don't know,' Lucius said. 'You're not very large as it is and you're carrying twins... it depends on how big the babies grow, I suppose.'
Harry groaned and flopped back onto the bed. 'I'm gonna be an elephant, aren't I?'

'An adorable elephant,' Lucius smiled, kissing Harry's cheek.

'If I didn't love you I'd kill you,' Harry grumbled and slapped Lucius on the arm.

'No, I'm too powerful to kill,' Lucius said, smiling at the eye-roll Harry gave him. 'Don't doubt my powers, Mr Potter.'

'Your ego needs to be hit, Mr Malfoy.'

Lucius chuckled and kissed him again.

{oOo}

After a breakfast of fruit and yogurt, Lucius led Harry downstairs and outside. They walked hand-in-hand across the lawn and towards the trees, Lucius steering Harry onto the pebbled path.

Harry loved the Manor grounds. There were dense trees that surrounded most of the lawn, the leaves bright green in the Spring sun. An invisible breeze ruffled the leaves and Harry's hair, blowing his fringe back and making him breathe in deeply.

They headed deeper into the grounds, rocks crunching beneath their feet. They passed a small area that had marble benches and grass for picnics, Harry remembering it from Christmas.

He smiled and Lucius said, 'What?'

'Remember Christmas?' he said.

'You mean Yule.' Harry rolled his eyes and Lucius smiled. 'Yes, I remember, why?' Harry pointed at the marble bench to their right, Lucius turning. He chuckled and said, 'Oh, yes, I remember that bench.' He turned back to Harry. 'I don't suppose you're open to making love on the bench again?'

'That wasn't love, that was fucking,' Harry said before grinning. 'But yeah, maybe later.'

Lucius led him further on, passing the archway of ivy that was the opening to a tunnel through the trees. Harry knew that a twenty minute walk through the trees would take you to the Quidditch stadium, an area with stands and hoops and an equipment shed.

The path curved to the left and they soon found themselves at the largest lake (Harry remembered that there were three). The water was a smooth blue/green colour, weeds growing around the edges, ducks and swans swimming and ducking beneath the water.

There were more benches, two gazebos either side, as well as a wooden walkway that jutted out across the lake for a few feet. They stopped and just stood, staring at the water, the trees, the animals and the sun.

Harry breathed in deeply and sighed.

'Something wrong, love?' Lucius asked.

'No,' Harry said, shaking his head. 'Just happy and... it's nice here; peaceful.'

'It is,' Lucius agreed. 'I came here a lot when...'

He trailed off and Harry looked at him. 'When...?'
Lucius wet his lips before softly saying, 'When the Dark Lord took over the Manor... I used to come here to escape.'

Harry blinked. 'Oh.'

'It was horrible,' Lucius said. 'All my house elves were murdered, my owls, followed by a professor from Hogwarts.' He closed his eyes as though remembering the memory and Harry squeezed his hand. 'The Dark Lord murdered her right in front of me, in front of Draco,' Lucius said, shaking his head. 'And then his snake-

He broke off and Harry wrapped his arms around the blonde, pulling him in for a hug. 'Shh, Luce, it's in the past.'

'I wish I could forget,' Lucius admitted.

'Forget what?'

'The fact that I chose to follow a madman.'

Harry rubbed his back soothingly, face turned and cheek pressed to Lucius' chest. 'He... he wasn't mad, not at first,' Harry said. 'I've seen his childhood, his early years, Voldemort wasn't mad.'

Lucius pulled back to look down at him and Harry continued.

'Making so many horcruxes, that's what made him insane; he lost his humanity, all the potential.' Harry paused, looking out across the lake. 'I don't know if Voldemort was capable of love; Albus doesn't think so, but I like to think that maybe, if someone had just loved him, I wouldn't have lost my parents, so many people wouldn't have died.'

He wet his lips and said, 'People underestimate love, Voldemort did too. Love is what kept me alive when I was one, and what kept so many people alive after I sacrificed myself the second time, which I was only able to do because Narcissa lied to Voldemort because of her love for Draco.'

Lucius' arms tightened around him and Harry turned back to his mate.

'You made a mistake, Lucius,' he said. 'You followed a charismatic man who promised you a better future for you and your children. Voldemort was a good talker, he was a leader. He tricked so many brilliant people, don't hate yourself because you were one of them.'

They fell into silence, Harry resting his head against Lucius' chest, the blonde staring at him. Finally Lucius chuckled and Harry said, 'What?'

'Trust you to turn one of my bad memories into a lesson on love and strength.'

Harry frowned and looked up. 'Pardon?'

Lucius smiled as he said, 'Following the Dark Lord was a weakness on my part.'

'But you left him, that took a lot of strength,' Harry said.

'And it was only my love for Draco that made me do it,' Lucius pointed out. 'See? A lesson in love and strength from Mr Potter.'

'Professor Potter,' Harry corrected.

Lucius chuckled. 'You still want to see me in my Slytherin robes, don't you?'
Harry smiled shyly. 'Maybe.'

Lucius brought their linked fingers up and kissed Harry's knuckles. 'I'll see what I can do, love.
Now, shall we go see the horses?'

'You still have to teach me how to ride,' Harry said. He patted his stomach. 'Maybe after the twins are born.'

'Good idea, my love,' Lucius smiled.

{oOo}

The stables were on the other side of the grounds so Harry and Lucius had to walk along the winding pebbled path that snaked throughout the trees. They passed the other two lakes, more open areas for picknicking and riding, before finally reaching the stables.

There were two large buildings painted dark red; one that housed the horses, the other equipment and stalls for washing and housing sick or pregnant horses.

Lucius owned eight; three mares used for riding and foaling, two geldings used for riding (one of which was Lucius' personal horse), a breeding stallion that was kept apart from the others, and one foal who had been born two weeks earlier.

Like with his elves and owls, Voldemort had killed all of Lucius' horses during the Second Wizarding War. The more insane Death Eaters had taken great pleasure in hexing the poor animals, reducing Lucius to putting them out of their misery with Narcissa's wand.

Lucius had once had an impressive collection of horses but he was slowly building it up again. His horses were all beautiful and well mannered, even the jet balck stallion who took to huffing at anyone who wasn't Lucius.

Three house elves took care of them, as well as two stable hands who could only apparate and disapparate directly into the stables, the rest of the grounds and house being off limits.

Harry had been so busy studying for his N.E.W.T.s, and being pregnant, that he hadn't have a chance to see the horses or meet the men Lucius had employed.

Neither were there when Harry and Lucius entered the stables, but two little elves who were giving the horses fresh food stopped and turned.

'Lord Malfoy,' the shortest one squeaked, Harry guessed it was a girl. 'I's didn't be knowing that you's were visiting the stables, my Lord.'

'It was a spur of the moment thing,' Lucius said.

'Hello,' Harry smiled at the elves. 'I'm Harry.'

'This is Lord Potter, my mate,' Lucius explained. 'You will follow his orders like you follow mine.'

'It's being a pleasure,' the other elf said, he and the female bowing deeply. 'I's being Diddum, Lord Potters.'

'Hi, Diddum,' Harry said.

'And I's Beanie, Master,' the female elf said.
'It's nice to meet you Beanie,' Harry said. 'I thought there were three elves?'

'There is, Master,' Beanie nodded, 'but Bow be dealings with the stallion, Grand Spirit. Our Lord's stallion be needing separate and careful handlings, Lord Potter sir.'

'Oh, okay,' Harry said.

Lucius smiled and said, 'Go back to your work, we won't be riding today.' The two elves bowed and hopped about feeding the horses and cleaning out the stalls. Lucius led Harry to the one at the end.

The stables had three large paddocks that ran off the two buildings; one for the stallion, who couldn't be trusted in a herd that held other males, one for the main herd, and one for any mares that fell pregnant.

The stalls were all empty and Lucius led Harry through the building and out the double doors, making him turn right towards the birthing paddock. 'Look,' he said and pointed over the fence.

Harry could see a large mare with a thick black mane and tail, its body a light white-yellow colour. She was chewing on the grass at her hooves, tail flicking back and forth. Harry's eyes locked onto the foal trotting at its mother's side.

It was a small, skinny thing, a darker honeycomb gold, its mane and tail chocolate brown. Its ears flicked back and forth and it pranced about on strong legs.

'Oh, he's so cute!' Harry practically squealed.

Lucius chuckled. 'I thought you'd like her after seeing you with the hippogriff foal.'

'Can I name him, can I?'

'You can name her,' Lucius corrected.

Harry leaned over the fence and Lucius whistled. The mare's ears flicked up and she lifted her head, eyes fixing on Lucius. The blonde whistled again and the horse walked over slowly, her foal following along.

She stopped close to the fence and butted her nose at Lucius, who said, 'Calm down, girl.' He stroked her long face and the horse snorted and pushed into the touch.

Harry leaned against the fence and peered down at the foal, who was torn between sniffing at Harry, Lucius, and her mother.

'Hello there,' Harry said. 'Aren't you a pretty girl?'

The foal whinnied and pranced about on the spot, Harry grinning.

'You can touch her, but be careful,' Lucius said.

Harry nodded and slowly reached over the fence, holding his hand out. The foal sniffed before butting her nose against Harry's hand, begging to be patted. Harry smiled and stroked her slowly, scratching her behind the ears as she looked at him.

'How old is she?' Harry asked.

'Three weeks,' Lucius answered. 'Thought of a name yet?'
'Erm...' Harry broke off to giggle as the foal licked his hand looking for food. 'What's her mum's name?'

'Honey Gold,' Lucius said, gesturing to the mare he was still petting. 'The father is Grand Spirit, the stallion the elves were talking about.'

'Hmm,' Harry mused, running a hand through the foal's shirt mane. 'How about Gold Spirit?'

'Gold Spirit?'

Harry nodded. 'For both her parents.'

'That might be confusing,' Lucius said and Harry tilted his head.

'Yeah, probably.'

'Just think of something that suits her,' Lucius suggested. 'Like you did with Cole.'

'She's a beautiful colour,' Harry commented, stroking the foal's neck. 'Like honeycomb.'

'Did you know there are many different names for the various shades of yellow?' Lucius said.

'Really?'

Lucius nodded. 'There's metallic gold, golden poppy, sunglow, golden yellow, pale gold, old gold, beige—'

'Sunglow!' Harry interrupted.

'Sunglow?' his mate echoed.

Harry nodded enthusiastically and pointed at the foal. 'Her name is Sunglow.'

Lucius chuckled. 'Is it now?'

'Yup.'

'I hope naming our twins is this easy.'

Harry tilted his head as he patted the recently-named foal. 'Oh... we haven't really spoken about names, have we?'

'I think we should discuss them but not decide on any two names,' Lucius said. 'We have to come up with two boys names and two girls names. But the names we decide on might not suit the babies when we see them.'

'So... we can just suggest names to each other, see what we like,' Harry said.

'Sounds good, my love,' Lucius said.

Harry opened his mouth but paused when his stomach grumbled. He blushed and Lucius chuckled.

'Lunch, I think,' he said and wrapped an arm around his mate's waist. 'Say goodbye to the horses.'

'Bye Sunglow,' Harry said and waved. The foal snorted and stamped the ground as Lucius led Harry in the direction of the house.
'What's wrong with the name Gregory?' Harry demanded.

'It's too normal,' Lucius said. 'Gregory Malfoy doesn't work.'

'I think it does.'

'No.'

'Well Serpentine Malfoy is horrible.'

'It is not,' Lucius said.

Harry folded his arms as they walked across the lawn. 'No way in hell is my son being named Serpentine.'

'Well my son isn't being named Gregory.'

Harry scowled but it slipped away when he saw that the jumping castle was still set up, no doubt held together by magic. The table from the night before had been replaced by a blanket that was spread across the grass beneath a large umbrella. An array of snacks, sandwiches, salads and drinks had been spread out.

'You bastard,' Harry said.

Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'Will that be your reaction to future romantic gestures?'

Harry chuckled and tugged Lucius in for a kiss. 'Sorry, sorry, but you have excellent timing.'

'Do I?'

'How can I argue with you when you've organised a picnic?'

Lucius smiled. 'So Serpentine-'

'Absolutely not.'

Lucius tutted. 'If you're saying no to that then Gregory is off the table.'

Harry scowled but finally nodded as his mate led him to the blanket.

They sat down together and stuffed themselves full with chicken breadrolls, salad, and chocolate. When they were done the couple walked around the jumping castle, Harry bouncing slightly on the balls of his feet. He tried to talk Lucius into bouncing properly but the blonde already had trouble standing on the castle; bouncing seeming to be too much for his body to handle.

Harry laughed.

And Lucius pouted.

{oOo}

The next day Lucius didn't wake until ten. He yawned and sat up, reaching around to find Harry and pull him closer. But the teenager was gone and Lucius frowned as he pulled himself from bed.

He waved his hand and was instantly dressed in a pair of silk pyjama bottoms and a cotton shirt.
He shouldered into his dressing gown as he went hunting for his mate.

Lucius didn't have to go far. He found Harry in the empty bedroom beside their own, the front sitting room empty, the double doors open. It was a room that Lucius had never had any use for.

When he'd been a child, his father had had the main room, his mother this one, and it always brought back memories of his mother's scent, her long blonde hair, the way she'd smile and read to him.

Harry was sitting in the corner in an armchair that Lucius recognised from the sitting room. He had his legs up on a settee and a plate of pancakes and fruit across his lap.

He smiled when Lucius stepped in, rubbing jam from his lips. 'Morning.'

'Good morning,' Lucius said, crossing the room and bending to kiss his mate. 'What are you doing in here?'

'Well I was hungry and I didn't want to wake you,' Harry said, 'and the babies decided that hitting Mummy's bladder was fun.'

Lucius chuckled.

'So I had Dobby bring this chair up and some food and...'

'And?' Lucius queried when his mate trailed off.

Harry shrugged. 'I thought this would be a nice room to make the nursery. Is that okay?'

Lucius looked around, remembering perfumes and make-up, hairbrushes and books read to him by his mother.

'We can choose another room,' Harry said as Lucius remained silent. 'I wasn't sure what this room was.'

'My mother's bedroom,' Lucius said, looking back at Harry. 'My father wasn't her mate but she settled down to raise me.'

'Oh.'

Lucius smiled and made Harry move so the Gryffindor was sitting on his lap, the tray across Harry's own. 'I used to sit in her with her when I was little and she'd read to me about veela and literature, poetry and plays by Shakespeare.'

'Shakespeare?' Harry questioned.

'He was a squib,' Lucius said. 'But a very creative man.'

'Mm,' Harry nodded. He didn't know anything about Shakespeare, only what Hermione had told him. 'So we can use another room.'

Lucius cut him off with a soft kiss and when they broke apart the blonde was smiling. 'No, I think this room would be perfect.'

'Are you sure?' Harry asked, looking around. It was almost as large as the master bedroom, with caramel coloured walls, a white ceiling, and large windows that showed the grounds.
'It's perfect,' Lucius repeated. 'This room reminds me of my mother, of happier times with my family. I want to use it.'

'Okay,' Harry smiled and kissed him again. 'I think it's big enough for our twins.'

'A cot in each corner, bookcases, shelves with toys,' Lucius hummed, bouncing Harry on his knees, the Gryffindor giggling. 'I have an idea,' he said and snapped his fingers.

'Yes, Masters?' Griffy asked, smiling at them.

'Can you bring me the boxes from the cellar?' Lucius asked. 'The ones marked 'Phoenix'?'

Griffy nodded and popped out of view.

'Phoenix?' Harry questioned.

'My mother's name,' Lucius told him. 'Phoenix Luciana Malfoy. I was named after her and my father.'

'Oh,' Harry said, because he really couldn't think of anything else to say. He and Lucius sat in silence nibbling on pancakes and fruit until Dobby and Griffy appeared.

Between them they had four boxes and Lucius thanked them before they disappeared. Harry slid to his feet and placed the tray on the floor, watching Lucius open the closest box.

'She loved Muggle books,' Lucius said, smiling as he pulled out various novels. 'And knitting...' He placed a heap of knitted hats, socks, and other things on the floor before grabbing another box.

Harry helped Lucius go through them all, discovering silver hairbrushes with jewels, hair ties, bottles of half-used perfumes.

'I kept what I could, Father burned most of it,' Lucius said, shaking his head as he put down a silver hairpin lined with snakes.

'Was your mother in Slytherin?' Harry asked.

'No, she went to Beauxbatons,' Lucius said. 'There's a lot of French blood in my family.'

'Malfoy is French, right?' Harry asked.

Lucius nodded and opened the last box. 'Ah, here we go. Harry, do you have those photos of us and the sonogram?' Harry nodded and Lucius said, 'Could you go get them? And your photo album?'

'Of course,' Harry said and stood to leave.

'Oh, and the bottom drawer in the main bedroom,' Lucius said, Harry stopping to look at him. 'There's a very old book in there made of cream-coloured leather, could you bring that here?'

Harry nodded again and disappeared, returning with two books and a stack of sonogram photos showing their babies. Lucius had a heap of photo frames spread across the white carpet and took the photos from Harry.

'Pick out the photos you want to put up in here,' Lucius said.

Harry smiled and he and Lucius went through the photo album, Harry picking a picture of him and his parents, as well as one of the Marauders minus Peter. That was followed by a photo of him,
Hermione and Ron, him and Lucius, the two of them with Draco, and Draco with the twins.

Lucius made copies of all the photos and placed them in a pile before turning to the cream-coloured book.

'What is it?' Harry asked.

Lucius flipped it open and showed Harry baby photos of Draco as well as himself. He picked out three photos, one of him and Narcissa with Draco, before turning to another picture.

It was of a woman, breathtakingly beautiful, with a baby in her arms. Harry looked down at the moving photo. Though it was in black and white, Harry could tell that the woman and baby both had fair hair, and the woman kind of looked like Lucius.

'Your mother?' Harry asked.

Lucius nodded and slid the photo from the bindings. 'She was twenty-three when she disappeared,' he said, 'only seventeen when I was born.'

'What happened to her?' Harry asked.

Lucius frowned slightly and Harry could see that he was trying not to cry. 'I don't know,' he admitted softly, running his fingers over the glossy photo. 'She just... vanished. My father told me she ran away but she never would, she promised not to leave me with him...' He sniffed and put the photo down.

Harry pushed the box aside to wrap his arms around his mate, Lucius burying his face in Harry's neck.

'Shh,' Harry whispered. 'It's okay, love.'

'I miss her,' Lucius admitted.

'I know,' Harry said. 'I miss my mum too.'

They sat wrapped in each other's arms, the occasional sniff coming from Lucius, Harry soothing him each time. When Lucius finally pulled himself together he duplicated the photo of him and his mother and placed it in a black frame.

He and Harry spent the next half-an-hour matching photos to frames until Lucius helped Harry to his feet. They walked around the room deciding where to place or hang the frames. A few were left on the armchair so they could be placed on tables and shelves they hadn't bought yet.

Above the fireplace went a picture of Harry and Lucius, the teenager obviously pregnant, followed by the sonogram, a picture of the couple with Draco, Draco and the twins, baby Draco with his parents, and the four Marauders with Lily and baby Harry.

Harry smiled when they were done and Lucius wrapped his arms around him.

'Our own family,' Lucius said.

'Yeah,' Harry nodded. 'Finally.'

Lucius chuckled. 'Would you have rathered I got you pregnant the first time?'

'I'm amazed you didn't,' Harry said, turning to face him. 'All we did was have sex for nine days.'
'True,' Lucius nodded, 'though I'm guessing we conceived around the 26th of December.'

'That's when Luna said congratulations to me, remember?' Harry said. 'When she arrived and again when she left.'

'Maybe she's a seer,' Lucius mused.

Harry smiled and kissed his cheek.
Celebration

Harry and Lucius enjoyed an entire week of lazing about in bed with each other, occasionally going for walks, watching movies, and delighting in late-night (and sometimes early morning, mid afternoon, whenever they felt like it really) activities where they worked up a sweat.

Harry still had homework to do, Severus popping in twice to take and deliver work, as well as discussing DADA with Lucius. The dark-haired Slytherin had taken over the Defence post with Remus Lupin since Lucius refused to leave Harry's side.

By the time Draco and the twins had completed their bond it was April 1st. Harry was definitely showing now; he'd tried a school shirt on and found he needed Lucius to enlarge it, his stomach poking through. All his jeans, trousers, and shirts had to be made bigger and Harry was grumbling the entire time he and Lucius packed to head back to Hogwarts.

Really Harry just couldn't believe what a week could do. He felt like he'd doubled in size, though Lucius was adament he wasn't *that* big.

'Little one, you're *not* fat,' Lucius said for the billionth time. Harry scowled. 'You're not, you're pregnant.'

'Fat and pregnant,' Harry growled.

'You're fourteen weeks pregnant with *twins*,' Lucius reminded him.

'Fourteen weeks pregnant and-'

Lucius grabbed him around the waist and kissed his mate before Harry could finish his sentence. 'How about some pickles, hmm?' he suggested. The way to shift Harry's mood was to offer him food; pickles, ice-cream, chocolate, fruit, whatever the babies craved.

Harry perked up. 'Pickles?'

Lucius nodded.

'With... with crackers and cream cheese and chilli sauce?' Harry asked.

'Of course,' Lucius said and snapped his fingers. Dobby popped into view and Lucius gave him Harry's order.

The elf disappeared but was back a few minutes later with a large plate filled with food. Harry grinned and sat down, stuffing crackers into his mouth and humming in delight.

Lucius smiled and left Harry to eat while he finished packing.

{oOo}

Fred and George stayed by Draco's side the entire time they decorated. Hermione was in full preperation mode and dictated where the decorations went. It was a mix between a birthday party and a baby shower. The twins had been so wrapped up in bonding with Draco that they hadn't realised it would be their twenty-first birthday around the time they'd planned Harry's baby shower.

So Hermione had made birthday cake as well as cup cakes, party food and food Harry could eat, presents for the twins, all types of baby stuff, and games for both the twins and Harry to partake in.
The guests had already arrived; Bill and Fleur, the blonde woman with a small baby bump, Ron and Arthur, the latter a bit nervous about how Lucius and Harry would greet him, Neville, Dean and Seamus, Blaise, Greg and Theo (who all thought it was just a birthday party for the twins), Remus, Sirius and Severus, as well as Albus and Hagrid, who had to squeeze into a corner and try not to destroy anything.

Harry and Lucius were due at two and the guests all waited patiently, nibbling on snacks and drinks. When the fire burned green and Lucius and Harry came out together, the teenager stumbling and groaning, the guests all grinned broadly.

The collected group knew better then to shout surprise, what with the Saviour and ex-Death Eater; they’d be cursed before they’d finished shouting.

Harry blinked past his nausea to see all his friends and family gathered. 'Um... what?'

'It's a baby shower,' Hermione whispered to Harry. A few of the guests still didn't know Harry was pregnant, though he was definitely showing now so they'd know soon enough.

Harry blushed and Lucius said, 'Baby shower?'

'Everyone gets a baby shower, Harry included,' Hermione said. 'And we thought it'd be nice.'

Harry was crying now and Hermione's face dropped.

'Did I do something wrong?' the witch asked.

Harry shook his head and buried his face in Lucius' chest to cry. 'He's just a little hormonal,' he told the group and hugged Harry, rubbing his back. 'Shh, love, it's okay.'

'I'm s-sorry,' Harry cried. 'This is n-nice and I-I c-can't... s-sorry...'

Lucius smiled and leaned down to kiss the teenager. 'Harry, it's fine.'

'R-Really?' he asked. The group of guests all nodded and Harry smiled, rubbing his eyes. 'Th-Thank you.'

'Well, this day isn't all about you, Harry,' Fred said.

'It's also our birthday,' George added.

'Oh,' Harry gasped and turned red. 'I'm sorry, Fred, George. Happy birthday.'

'No problem, Mummy-in-law,' George said, Fred grinning.

Harry smiled back and rubbed his eyes. 'Um... thank you all for coming. Sorry I kind of... um...'

Lucius chuckled and kissed him again before pulling him through the crowd.

The party started and Harry thanked everyone for coming. It didn't take long for people to notice his stomach, Neville, Dean and Seamus all staring.

'Erm... I'm pregnant,' Harry said and blushed, Lucius' arm tightening around his waist.

'Merlin,' Dean breathed.

'Bloody hell,' Seamus gasped.
'Of course you are,' Neville chuckled. 'Congratulations Harry, Professor Malfoy.'

'Please, call me Lucius,' the blonde smiled.

'Pregnant?' Dean gaped.

Harry smiled. 'Four months,' he said, 'with twins.'

Dean fainted and Seamus caught him, laughing as he laid Dean in an armchair. 'Ignore him, he does that a lot,' the Irish boy said. 'Congrats, Harry.'

'Thank you,' Harry smiled.

Theo Nott, Blaise Zabini, and Greg Goyle were the next to find out.

'Hear you got yourself knocked up,' Blaise said, smiling over his plate of food.

'Er, yeah,' Harry nodded.

'Bout time Draco had a little brother or sister,' Theo said. 'He's always been jealous of everyone who has a sibling.'

'Have not!' Draco squawked from the other side of the sitting room.

'He's going to have two little siblings,' Lucius said. 'Harry's carrying twins.'

The look on his face couldn't be anything but pride; the man was practically bursting with happiness and Harry grinned too.

The party was a mix between people congratulating Harry on being pregnant and giving him and Lucius gifts (Harry burst into tears on more than one occasion and had to sit down) and people shouting happy birthday at Fred and George.

They sat down for proper food and drinks (nothing with meat, Harry felt queasy at the mere thought of it) and chatted about what had been happening at Hogwarts since Harry's kidnapping, as well as Harry's pregnancy, and Draco's bond with the twins.

Fred and George were constantly on either side of Draco, never leaving him for more than a few minutes. Fred had a Mark on the right side of his neck, a swirling pattern like Harry's, and liked showing it off. Draco was a little more hesitant but blushed whenever anyone smiled at the Mark, George grinning with pride.

After Harry's third plate of food, two cakes were brought out; a large one in the shape of a firework that had Fred and George written across the sides in icing, and another one in the shape of a lion with a snake for a tail, the snake's head resting on the lion's shoulder.

'For the Gryffindor/Slytherin twins,' Hermione said after placing the cake before Harry.

Harry felt tears well up in his eyes and couldn't stop them as he hugged Hermione and thanked her, voice muffled by her hair.

Hermione chuckled and hugged Harry back before putting him back on Lucius' lap, the blonde wrapping his arms tightly around his mate.

'Fred, George,' Draco said and lit the twenty-one candles on the twins' cake with his wand.
The group started singing happy birthday and Fred and George fake swooned, clutching their chests and sobbing loudly. Harry giggled into Lucius' chest and Draco swatted them over their heads, but even he was grinning. After a chorus of hip-hip-horray, the twins cut the cake and everyone clapped.

'Thank you everyone for coming,' George said.

'But we knew you would, 'cause you love us,' Fred grinned.

'Can't live without us,' George nodded.

'Love us so much it hurts,' Fred said.

'Yes, yes, we get it,' Draco said and kissed them both on the lips, receiving a lot of wolf-whistles for his trouble. He blushed and said, 'Harry, your turn.'

A single candle was placed on the cake and Hermione said, 'Congratulations on your twins, Harry, Lucius.'

'Thank you,' Lucius smiled and kissed Harry's cheek.

'Do I get to make a wish?' Harry asked.

'You get to do whatever you want,' Lucius grinned sinfully. Harry blushed and everyone laughed as he blew out the candle.

'Um... thank you, everyone,' Harry said, blushing darker. 'Really, you're all my family and I... just thanks for being here for me and Lucius.'

There were claps and whistles before Hermione waved her wand. The cakes sliced themselves up and landed in bowls before shooting to each person. Harry got two large pieces and tucked in, Lucius ignoring his own in favour of watching his mate eat.

The cake was followed by games that all centred around twins and babies. It didn't take long for Harry to tire himself out and he fell asleep on Lucius' lap before five.

Lucius thanked the guests before pulling Harry into his arms and carrying him into their room, a lot of people awwing as they disappeared.

A wandless spell had the duvet pulled back and Lucius placed Harry on the bed. He waved his hand, Harry's jeans changing to baggy pyjama bottoms, his shirt one of Lucius' own cotton ones. He pulled Harry's shoes and socks off and drew the blanket back up, Harry mumbling in his sleep and burrowing further into the pillows.

Lucius smiled and pressed a kiss to Harry's forehead before leaving him to rest.

{oOo}

Lucius had just left the bedroom when he ran into Arthur Weasley, the red-head having been looking for the bathroom.

'Down the hall,' Lucius said, nodding behind him.

'Oh, right,' Arthur said, looking away and fidgeting. He turned to leave and Lucius put a hand on his shoulder.
'Arthur, I don't blame you for what... she did,' Lucius said, trying to remain calm. He always felt such hatred when he thought or spoke about Molly Weasley. 'You didn't know.'

'I should have, though,' Arthur sighed, turning back to look at him sadly. 'She was my wife, the woman I married over twenty years ago. She had Harry in my house, Lucius, my house.' He sighed again and rubbed his eyes.

'It's not your fault, she was...' Lucius trailed off and frowned. 'Arthur, our families have been brought together because of Draco and the twins. We can't let this get between us.'

'You're right,' Arthur nodded. 'I just wanted you to know that... that I don't blame you for... for k-killing her.'

'I don't blame myself either,' Lucius said. 'She knew what would happen if she took my mate.'

'I know,' Arthur said, running a hand through his thinning red-hair. 'So we're... okay?'

Lucius chuckled. 'Arthur, do you remember how we used to act around each other?' Arthur smiled. 'I think this is a step up, don't you?'

'Probably,' Arthur agreed. 'I haven't congratulated you yet on Harry's pregnancy.'

A brilliant smile broke across Lucius' face and Arthur couldn't help but think that it made the man look younger and... kinder.

'I suppose it was a surprise?' Arthur said.

Lucius chuckled and said, 'Well... I definitely wasn't expecting Harry to tell me he was pregnant when I proposed. I thought a simple 'yes' would do.'

Arthur laughed.

'But... well, it wasn't that surprising when I thought about it,' Lucius admitted, blushing slightly. Arthur snorted at the pink colour moving along Lucius' cheeks. 'I never thought I'd see Lucius Malfoy blush.'

'And you never will because this never happened,' Lucius growled, but his eyes were alight with merth.

'Right, right,' Arthur nodded and turned, leading the way back to the sitting room. As soon as he and Lucius entered he said, 'Guess who I saw blushing?'

Lucius scowled at him and Arthur grinned.
Kicking, Burning, and Apples

Chapter Notes

Author's Note: Sorry this has taken so long, I've been caught up in writing my Sirius/Lucius story. I thought I'd answer a few questions I've been getting here:

- I am currently writing chapter 60 of this story and there will be more to follow. I estimate that 'Made For Each Other' will be between 65-80 chapters, with a sequel to follow.

- I will be writing the Draco/twins side-story, and the Remus/Sirius/Severus side-story, once I complete the sequel to this.

- The sequel is called 'Harry Potter: Invincible'. If you get the reference I'll give you a cookie :)  

- I ordered invitations for AO3 over a month ago but don't have them yet and I don't know when I will be getting them. I promise to send them out to those of you who have asked as soon as I do.

So... yeah, enjoy :) I'll update again tomorrow because it's my birthday (8th July) and I have nothing better to do than write Harry/Lucius smut.

Cheers,

{Dreamer}

When Harry woke it was late morning, he guessed around 10:30 or so. He sat up yawning and stretched, shirt riding up and eyes feeling sticky. Lucius was buried under the duvet, the blankets wrapped around his tall body, and he was snoring softly against the pillow Harry had been sleeping against.

He guessed that was what had woken him up; how could anyone sleep with six feet of Slytherin breathing heavily into your ear?

Harry smiled and brushed Lucius' hair back before his bladder caught his attention. Harry shuffled out of bed and to the bathroom, closing the door so he didn't wake Lucius.

He washed his hands and face, making sure he looked semi-decent before heading back into the bedroom. Lucius was still asleep so Harry decided to get dressed and go in search of breakfast. He changed into a pair of loose-fitting jeans and a shirt, the fabric clinging tightly to his stomach.

Harry couldn't believe how much he'd grown. A week ago his baby bump had been easy to hide. Now it looked like he had half a Quaffle stuffed under his shirt. Harry wondered if maybe the babies had decided to grow all at once as he left the room.

Draco was in the sitting room with Severus, Remus and Sirius, the latter two smiling brightly when Harry entered. Lucius wasn't around so the two men felt safe hugging Harry quickly and staring at his stomach.
'Merlin, Harry, make another baby did you?' Sirius asked.

'Shut up,' Harry scowled and pushed him away before flopping onto the armchair Remus had vacated. 'I feel fat enough without you pointing it out.'

Remus and Sirius glanced at each other before the werewolf said, 'You're not fat, Harry.'

Harry raised an eyebrow and gestured at his stomach. 'Um, look at me.'

'You're pregnant,' Sirius said.

'Postively glowing too,' Draco added.

Harry scowled at them all. 'I'm fat and tired and- scones!' The others jumped when Harry clapped his hands together and called Dobby. The little house elf disappeared, only to return no more than five minutes later with a tray of freshly baked scones, jam, cream, and tea.

'Mm,' Harry licked his lips and pulled a scone apart, grabbing a knife to slather it with jam and cream. 'How did you know I'd want scones?' he asked Dobby.

'Dobby had a feeling, Harry Potter,' the elf grinned as Harry took a large bite.

'Fank oo,' Harry mumbled. He swallowed his mouthful and said, 'Sorry; thank you, Dobby.'

'It's not being a problem, Master Harry,' Dobby said. 'Dobby is here to help you and your little ones.'

Harry smiled and thanked the house elf again before starting on his second scone. When he was done, he sat back with a cup of tea and looked at Sirius and Remus, who were on the sofa chatting with Severus.

'Why are you two here?' he asked.

'I'm helping out with DADA, remember?' Remus said.

'Oh,' Harry nodded. 'What about Teddy?'

'I only teach a few classes Wednesday to Friday,' Remus said. 'Sirius watches Teddy while I floo here in the morning. He's with Andromeda at the moment; she loves babysitting.'

'Thank the gods she does,' Sirius said, stretching and yawning. 'Dunno how we'd ever have time alone without Andy.' Harry grimaced and Sirius said, 'Get your mind of of the gutter.'

'It likes living there, thank you very much,' Harry smiled. 'Draco, we didn't get a chance to talk yesterday,' he said, turning to his kit.

Draco chuckled. 'Yeah, you were a bit busy crying and falling asleep.'

Harry blushed and mumbled, 'Hormones...' He cleared his throat and said, 'Shouldn't you be in class?'

'Free period,' Draco said, gesturing at the Ancient Runes books across the coffee table. 'Decided to get some studying done.'
'Yes, not all of us can sleep all day,' Severus drawled.

Harry scowled and pointed at his stomach. 'Pregnant.'

'Excuses, excuses,' Sirius chuckled.

'Anyway,' Harry said, ignoring the three men and turning to Draco, 'how have you been?'

Draco blushed and looked down at his notebook. 'Just... fine, really.'

'Fine?' Harry asked and Draco nodded. 'Have you got your elemental powers yet?'

'No, not yet,' Draco said, leaning back in his seat. 'No Animagus form either.'

'I'm sure it'll happen soon,' Harry said.

Draco smiled. 'Being bonded is so weird.' Harry raised an eyebrow and the Slytherin continued. 'The smell and hearing and all that, it's just... wow.'

'It is a bit weird at first,' Harry agreed before smiling. 'But hey, now you might actually win a game of Quidditch against Gryffindor.'

Remus and Sirius snickered while Severus and Draco scowled.

'Slytherin won just before you went on your little holiday, if you remember,' Severus said.

'But they lost yesterday because Draco was busy with Fred and George,' Sirius said.

Draco blushed and Harry chuckled.

'At this point it could go either way,' Remus said. 'Hufflepuff have a good shot of winning the Quidditch Cup, if not the House Cup.'

They discussed who was in the lead for both cups, how the four Quidditch teams had been playing, and Harry was deep in discussion with Sirius about the new Gryffindor seeker (a fourth year named Ashley Schofield) when the teenager gasped and dropped his mug.

'Harry?' Sirius said.

Harry's hands flew to his stomach, eyes widening, and he froze.

'Harry?' Sirius tried again.

Harry jolted in his seat and shouted, 'LUCIUS!'

'What is it, what's wrong?' Sirius asked as Severus, Remus and Draco all joined him around Harry.

'Get Lucius!' Harry shouted.

Draco ran from the sitting room and returned a minute later with a half asleep, half scared Lucius Malfoy. The elder blonde pushed Sirius and Remus out of the way to get to his mate. 'Harry, what's wrong?' he asked.

A grin tugged at Harry's lips and he grabbed Lucius' hands.

'Harry-'
'Shut up,' Harry said. He pressed Lucius' hands to his stomach and said, 'Just wait.'

There was silence, everyone staring at Harry in confusion and fear, Harry watching Lucius carefully. Suddenly Harry's stomach moved beneath Lucius' hands and the Slytherin gasped.

'Harry...'

'The babies are kicking,' Harry said, grinning stupidly.

'Is that all?' Sirius said, falling onto the sofa. 'Merlin, give a guy a heart attack.'

Remus breathed a sigh of relief and Severus glared at Harry. Draco was bouncing on the balls of his feet, eyes wide.

'The babies?' he said.

Harry nodded and held out a hand. 'Come feel your little siblings.'

Lucius had dropped to his knees and was smiling as stupidly as Harry, one hand pressed to the Gryffindor's stomach. He threaded his free fingers through Harry's as Draco placed his own hand on Harry's stomach, palm flat against his shirt.

One, or both, of the babies kicked and Draco jumped.

'Merlin,' he breathed.

'It's amazing,' Lucius said.

'Yeah,' Harry nodded in agreement.

'Can the grandfather have a feel?' Sirius asked

Harry chuckled. 'Grandfather, are you?'

'Why not?' Sirius said before smirking. 'Sexiest grandfather around.'

Remus rolled his eyes but he too looked interested. 'I remember when Teddy started kicking,' he said. 'Freaked Dora out but she said it was amazing.'

'It is,' Harry said, jolting when there was another kick. 'A little weird, though. Who wants to feel?'

Lucius wouldn't let go of Harry's stomach so Draco moved aside, letting Sirius, then Remus, and finally Severus feel the babies kick. Draco had just leaned back over when the kicking stopped, Harry tilting his head.

'Must be tired,' he said.

'Merlin, Harry, they're kicking,' Lucius said, smiling up at his mate.

Harry grinned back. 'Yeah, they are,' he said and leaned down to kiss the blonde. Lucius rubbed his stomach softly before standing and yawning, stretching his lean body.

Harry realised he was wearing only pyjama bottoms, his torso completely naked. Sirius was openly staring, Remus trying not to, and Severus was reading a book.

Draco rolled his eyes as Harry shouted, 'Stop looking at my mate!'
Sirius jumped and grinned cheekily, Harry glaring at him. Lucius chuckled and kissed his mate before disappearing to get dressed.

'Calm down, Cub,' Sirius said, sitting back beside Severus. He threw an arm around the back of the sofa and Severus unconsciously leaned back.

'I am calm,' Harry said, not noticing the gesture.

Draco snorted and the others chuckled at him.

{oOo}

'Zonko's is coming along,' Fred said over dinner that night. He and George were sitting either side of Draco, with Harry and Lucius across the table.

'What exactly are you changing?' Harry asked, dipping his spoon into his rice.

'The way the shelves and racks are set up,' George told him. 'Also the colours. The interior of Zonko's is too bright an orange, we're dulling that down.'

'We're cleaning out the basement,' Fred said. 'And we're doing a little underground work.'

Harry smirked. 'Are you making a tunnel that joins onto the one under Honeydukes?'

'Why, Mr Potter,' Fred said.

'We are outraged,' George joined in.

'Of course we're making our own tunnel,' Fred grinned.

'How else would we-'

'- sneak into Hogwarts-

'- whenever we fancy?' George demanded.

'Are you putting in a trapdoor?' Harry asked.

'What are you talking about?' Draco asked.

The twins glanced at him and Harry smiled.

'Harry?' Lucius said when no one answered.

'Erm... there's a tunnel that goes from Hogwarts to Hogsmeade, the exit is under Honeydukes,' Harry explained.

'You go through the tunnel-' George said

'- climb some stairs-' Fred added.

'- and come out a trapdoor in the basement of Honeydukes,' George finished.

'Fred and George are making their own tunnel to join up with that one so they can have easy access to Hogwarts,' Harry explained.

'All those students, needing extra pocket money,' George smiled.
'And we need product testers,' Fred said.

'Besides, a little sneaking out never hurt anyone,' George said.

'Unless you sneak out and get chased by Professor Werewolf,' Harry said, thinking about his third year. 'Or you sneak out and get attacked by giant spiders,' he continued, thinking of his second year. 'Or-

'Yes, Harry, you've led quite the adventurous life,' Fred said.

'Stop stealing our spotlight,' George added, while Harry snorted.

Lucius raised an eyebrow and Draco said, 'Wait, is that how you snuck out of the castle to get to Hogsmeade third year?'

Harry grinned and nodded, Lucius chuckling. 'The twins gave me the Marauder's Map, you know the one that my dad, Sirius and Remus made,' Harry said.

'Ah, the Marauders,' George smiled.

'They taught us so much,' Fred nodded.

Draco yawned and rubbed his eyes before pushing another spoonful of chicken curry into his mouth.

'Tired?' the twins asked.

Their mate nodded. 'Studying for N.E.W.T.s sucks.'

Harry nodded in agreement. 'I swear my brain is going to implode from all the information.'

'It's not that hard,' Fred said.

'And how would you know?' Harry asked. 'You never did your N.E.W.T.s.'

Fred smiled and George said, 'True, but we did start studying for them.'

'Kind of,' Fred said.

'A little bit,' George smiled.

'Not really,' they said together.

Lucius chuckled and Harry asked him, 'How did you go in your N.E.W.T.s?'

'I got O's in Defence, Charms, Transfiguration, Potions, Herbology and Arithmacy,' Lucius said. 'Exceeds Expectations in Ancient Runes and Care of Magical Creatures.'

'Merlin, you did eight classes?' Harry asked.

Lucius nodded. 'My father made me do Ancient Runes, Arithmacy, and Transfiguration, I chose the other subjects.'

'You really were a know-it-all,' Harry grinned.

Lucius smirked and kissed his cheek. 'A know-it-all who got eight N.E.W.T.s.'
Harry smiled as he kissed him back.

'Do you know what would be nice for dessert?' Draco said a few minutes later.

'Ice-cream?' Harry said.

'No, yogurt,' Draco said. 'With apples and—ah!'

Everyone at the table jumped when a small tree suddenly grew from beneath the table, twisting until it curled around the wood in front of Draco. Apples began to grow and drop, hitting the table with soft *thuds*.

'What the hell?' Draco said as dozens of apples fell into his lap.

'Draco, control yourself before you drown us in apples,' Lucius ordered.

'What?' his son gaped.

'Your elemental powers are coming in,' Lucius said as the tree grew bigger, flinging apples all over the place. Harry jumped and hid behind Lucius, the twins diving beneath the table. 'Concentrate, Draco,' Lucius said, erecting a shield around himself and Harry to stop them being killed by flying apples.

The apples were steering clear of Draco, who sat still and concentrated. After five minutes and only three almost-fatal apple incidents, the tree stopped shaking.

'Good,' Lucius said, Harry peeking over his shoulder. 'Now make it disappear; just concentrate, feel the earth.'

Draco nodded and closed his eyes, feet planted on the stone floor. The tree began to shake again but this time it started shrinking. It twisted off the table and through the air, getting smaller and smaller until it disappeared back into the floor.

'Merlin,' Fred breathed as he and George reappeared.

'That was *so* cool,' George grinned.

'Totally,' his twin agreed.

'Oh yes, death by apple,' Lucius said, sitting back down. Harry sat too and Lucius disengaged the shielding charm.

There were apples everywhere, at least three inches deep on the floor. Draco looked down at them and said, 'Erm... so what do we do with all the apples?'

'Eat them!' Fred exclaimed.

'Mm, a nice apple pie,' George hummed, picking a juicy red apple from the floor.

The apple burst into flames and George yelped, flinging it across the room. It hit the wall and fell to the floor, red flames licking along its skin.

'What the-' Fred began, only for the apples surrounding him to catch fire. 'ARGH!'

Fred and George jumped to their feet and backed away, but the fire followed them, the apples popping and sizzling in the sudden heat.
Draco was scrambling away and Harry peering over the table. Lucius remained calm and used his own elemental powers to put the fires out, smoke curling through the dining room.

'Fred, George, calm down,' Lucius ordered. 'If you don't you could set our quarters on fire.'

'What was that?' Fred demanded.

'Your element,' Harry said. 'Fire, obviously.'

'You'll have to learn to control it quickly, you could hurt someone,' Lucius said. 'Finish your dinner quickly and we'll go outside; Draco, stay with Harry.'

'Don't I need to be taught?' Draco asked.

'Your element isn't as dangerous, and there's only one of you,' Lucius said, sitting down again as the twins stood against the wall. 'Harry can help you in here but the twins could burn down the castle.'

'Merlin,' Fred breathed.

'You can say that again,' George said, wide-eyed.

'Merlin,' Fred muttered.

'It gets easier,' Harry said, spooning chicken into his mouth. 'Mm, yummy.'

Draco snorted. 'You can eat through anything.'

'Pwegmant,' Harry mumbled around his mouthful.

Lucius smiled and Draco chuckled.

{oOo}

Harry was half asleep by the time Lucius returned with Fred and George. The twins were yawning and rubbing their eyes, while Lucius had four scorch marks on his robes.

Draco smiled and said, 'How'd it go?'

'Not bad,' Lucius said, Harry yawning and waking at the sound of Lucius' voice. 'A few near misses but otherwise they're fine.'

'What happened?!' Harry shouted, jumping to his feet.

'Just a few accidents,' Lucius said as his mate looking him over, stroking his face, squeezing his arms, scowling at the burn marks. 'I'm fine, Harry.'

Harry growled and looked at Fred and George, who both jumped behind Draco.

'Harry, I'm fine,' Lucius insisted.

Harry pulled him in for a kiss and a hug, his veela mewling. Lucius chuckled in response and felt Harry relax against him.

'We don't act like that, do we?' Fred asked.

'I certainly don't,' George said. 'Don't know about you, big brother.'
'You're a prat,' Fred said.

'You're a prat,' George retorted.

'You're both prats,' Draco piped in.

Fred and George chuckled as Harry continued to look Lucius over.

'So, we're gonna end up all mushy,' Fred sighed.

'Seems like it,' George nodded.

'Yeah, but we can control elements,' Draco grinned. 'And be Animagi-

Fred and George both whipped around when their mate disappeared, hearts jumping into their throats.

'DRACO!' they shouted.

Harry and Lucius turned to see Fred and George standing either side of a-

'Fox?' Harry questioned, looking down.

In Draco's place was an animal, no bigger than a small dog. He was low to the ground, his body long, and looked a bit like a fox only white and fluffier. There were tufts of brown fur around his tail and neck, his ears jet black. His eyes were still silver and stared up at them.

Lucius snorted.

'What?' Harry asked. 'What is he?'

'An arctic fox, or *vulpes lagopus*,' Lucius said. 'They're from the same family as wolves and dogs.'

Harry smiled and said, 'Draco.'

Draco was back, sitting on the floor. He blinked and said, 'What just happened?'

'You found your Animagus form,' Lucius said, 'an arctic fox.'

Harry chuckled and said, 'Aren't foxes known as tricksters? I would have thought the twins would be foxes.'

'Maybe they are,' Lucius said and the twins grinned. 'After all, you and I share the same Animagus form.'

Draco leaned back on the floor and said, 'Fox.' Nothing happened and he said, 'Arctic fox.'

He was back as a fox and darted around the room to explore, Harry and Lucius watching.

'Do you know what else?' Lucius said.

'What?' Harry asked.

Lucius grinned and said, 'Their babies are called kits.'

Harry chuckled and watched as Draco explored the room in his new form, bushy tail sticking out from behind the sofa.
'That's so cool,' Fred said, turning to keep Draco in sight.

'Are we foxes too?' George asked.

Harry looked at them and Lucius said, 'Hmm... say arctic fox.'

'Arctic fox,' Fred and George said together.

When nothing happened, Lucius shook his head. 'You must be something else.'

Fred pouted and George said, 'That sucks.'

'Draco,' Harry said when the blonde came back into view. Suddenly Draco was sitting on the floor in human form and grinned.

'Brilliant,' he said.

'I wonder what we'll be,' Fred mused.

'Maybe two different creatures,' George said.

'Well, Draco said Animagi,' Lucius mused. 'Perhaps if you say that or Animagus you'll find your forms.'

Fred and George glanced at each other before the older twin shrugged. 'It's worth a try.'

'I suppose so,' George said.

They stood side by side and Draco, Harry and Lucius all watched.

'Animagus,' the twins said together.

The twins suddenly disappeared and Harry glanced down in time to see two crows before the they were back, blinking and shaking their heads.

'What-' Fred began.

' - was that?' George demanded.

Harry grinned and said, 'It's a bit weird the first time, isn't it?

'Say crow,' Lucius said.

The twins glanced at each other before saying, 'Crow.' They disappeared again and two crows sat on the sofa where they had been. They were identical with jet-black feathers and warm brown eyes. They flapped their wings and hopped about, staring around the room with twitching heads.

'They're crows?' Draco said.

Harry nodded.

'Why?' Draco asked.

'They're known as tricksters in Australian Aboriginal Mythology,' Lucius said, 'Also, wild crows have been known to follow wolf packs and eat the leftovers of hunts. Afterwards they've been seen playing tag with young and old wolves; they dive and the wolves try and catch them. It's a strange friendship but one that's there.'
'How do you know all that?' Harry asked as the twins flapped about, cawing at each other.

'I researched wolves after we found our Animagus forms,' Lucius said. 'I had the feeling that Draco and the twins would be something similar to us.'

The twin crows were ruffling their feathers proudly and stalking around. Suddenly they flew at Draco and the young veela yelped as one crow settled on his shoulder, the other on his head.

'Don't you dare crap on me, Fred,' Draco scowled.

The crow on his head turned into the eldest twin and he, Draco and crow-George went tumbling back. George flew about the room before settling on Lucius’ shoulder and cawing in indignation. Fred groaned and sat up, rubbing his head.

'Prat,' Draco groaned.

'Sorry,' his submissive mate winced.

'Don't even think about changing,' Lucius warned George, who cawed at him.

'Merlin, this is weird,' Fred said, shaking his head. 'Do you ever get used to changing into an animal?'

'It gets easier,' Harry said as Draco helped his mate up.

Lucius drew his arm out and George strutted across him, eyeing Lucius carefully with one beady brown eyes. Lucius smiled and stroked his feathers.

Draco growled and Lucius rolled his eyes before handing George over. Draco placed him in the floor and said, 'George.'

The youngest twin was back, sitting on the floor and staring up at them. He grinned broadly. 'That was so cool.'

'Imagine what we can get up to,' Fred said.

'We could totally prank anyone,' George added.

'Wicked,' they exclaimed together.

Lucius rolled his eyes and Draco chuckled. Harry just grinned at his family.
Slytherin Vs. Hufflepuff

Author's Note: Sorry this took so long but real life became a pain (i.e. my brother), my muse went on holiday, and Pottermore kidnapped me. Anywho, on with the chapter!

{Dreamer}

The halls were abuzz with gossip about the last Quidditch match of the school year; Slytherin vs. Hufflepuff. Harry had been disappointed when Gryffindor had been knocked out of the running by Hufflepuff, though he admitted the badgers played better. The new Gryffindor seeker was good but she wasn't as naturally talented at catching the snitch as Harry was.

So the lions were in mourning, the snakes were shouting for the Cup, Hufflepuff was in training, and Ravenclaw was hoping for a clean match (though with the snakes, no one could be too sure).

Draco, as the Slytherin Quidditch captain, had a lot of responsibility on his shoulders. Not only was this his last year, but Slytherin hadn't won the cup since Draco's first year, and he hadn't been on the team back then.

So the young veela was training his team hard, ignoring the boos thrown at him by Gryffindor, and focusing on getting his team to play better than they had before.

This was where Harry came in. Though the teenager couldn't play, he was an excellent player, and had proven on more than one occasion that he was naturally talented for any spot. Though he was the best Seeker in at least two decades, Oliver Wood had commented that he would have made a good Beater. Harry had also played Chaser and Keeper in various training matches as well as during the holidays at the Burrow.

Harry agreed to help Draco train the Slytherin team. He had nothing against Hufflepuff but he'd like to see his kit win. So he went to every afternoon and after-dinner practice Draco held in the week leading up the final match.

Of course Lucius was furious; rogue bludgers (that made Harry think of Dobby), stupid teenagers, and a million other things were reason enough for Lucius to try and forbid Harry from going anywhere near the Quidditch stadium.

Harry argued, hit, held out, and bullied Lucius into letting him go until the blonde pouted and followed him to the stadium.

Draco had selected a good team. Charlie Vaisey and Blaise Zabini had stayed on as Chasers from the previous two years, with Astoria Greengrass as the third Chaser. Gregory Goyle had moved from Beater to Keeper, both he and Draco believing the large teenager was more suited to the latter position. The Beaters were twin sixth years; Karen and Aaron Delaney, the two playing in-sync like Fred and George Weasley had.

The team played well together but Harry knew they could improve for their final game. So every day he, followed by Lucius, who trek down to the Quidditch pitch and instruct the team on how to
improve their playing.

The Slytherins were eager for his advice and managed to ignore their curiosity about his pregnant state in favour of his suggestions. Draco and Harry worked together between their N.E.W.T studying to get the team in tip-top shape.

The night before the match, Harry told the Slytherins they were ready. The beam on Draco's face couldn't have been any bigger.

{oOo}

The day of the match finally dawned. It was a beautiful morning; clear blue sky, light breeze, bright sun. Draco was close to shaking he was that nervous as he headed down to the Great Hall for breakfast. Harry and Lucius ate in their quarters with Fred and George; they’d be walking down to the pitch later.

The twins were wearing emerald green shirts and black trousers, snakes painted on their cheeks to support the Slytherins. Lucius was wearing black robes trimmed in green and Harry wore a green-and-silver striped scarf around his neck.

Fred and George talked animatedly about how brilliant Draco was on a broom (Harry and Lucius tuned out the more vulgar talk) and were nervous for their mate. Harry and Lucius understood perfectly; both wanted their kit to win, especially since Draco had been working so hard.

'This is so odd,' Harry said as he pulled his coat on, Lucius doing the buttons up and smoothing down the shoulders.

'Why?' his mate asked.

'I never thought I'd support Slytherin,' Harry said.

Lucius smiled. 'We Malfoys get under your skin; we dig and dig and dig until you fall in love with us.'

Harry snorted and fixed the clasps on Lucius' robes. 'You're bastards like that.' Lucius smiled again and leaned down to kiss him. 'I just want Draco to have fun, but winning would be cool.'

'He'll win,' Lucius said.

'I dunno,' Harry said. 'Draco's a brilliant player, and Slytherin's been working hard, but Hufflepuff have a really good team this year.'

'You're forgetting, my love,' Lucius purred and drew Harry in. He kissed him softly before whispering, 'Malfoy's always win.'

Harry grinned. 'Yeah?'

'Mm-hmm,' Lucius said and kissed him again.

'Oi, enough of that!' Fred shouted when Harry and Lucius began to lose themselves. 'We gotta go watch Draco.'

'How would our little dragon feel if his fathers didn't turn up-' George said.

'- becuse they were busy shagging again?' Fred demanded.
Harry blushed and Lucius smirked. He made sure the Gryffindor's scarf and jacket were perfect before grabbing Harry's arm and leading him outside.

{oOo}

They got a lot of stares for two reasons; Harry was wearing green, clearly showing who he supported, and the teenager's stomach had swollen to the size of a Quaffle. Harry was just over five months pregnant and knew he still had some growing to do; in the next two months he'd no doubt grow to the size of a blimp, though Lucius kept insisting he was still beautiful. Harry had taken to glaring at him.

Hermione, Ron, Neville and Luna met them in the Entrance Hall. Luna had fashioned a large badger head similar to her lion one that fit over her head and growled loudly whenever she waved her hand. Neville was wearing a yellow and black scarf, causing Harry to raise an eyebrow.

'Erm... supporting Hufflepuff,' Neville murmured.

'My, my, does our Neville have a love?' George grinned.

Neville blushed darkly and Fred said, 'How haven't we heard about this?'

'Who is it?' George demanded.

'A lovely boy?' Fred asked.

'Or a beautiful woman?' George said.

'Leave him alone,' Hermione scolded and the twins grinned at her. She was wearing a green scarf similar to Harry's.

'It's good to see your support,' the twins said. They looked at Ron, who was wearing a brown jumper and denim jeans. 'And what of you, Ronniekins?'

'It's great that Draco might win,' Ron said, 'but I'll never openly support Slytherin.'

'Of all the nerve!' Fred shouted.

'We are outraged!' George said equally loudly.

'Would you two shut up?' Severus Snape said as he appeared.

'We're hurt,' Fred pouted, George nodding.

'Shit up,' Severus repeated.

'Talking to me?' Sirius said, appearing with Remus behind Snape.

'What are you two doing here?' Harry said, hugging his godfathers quickly, though Lucius kept a grip on his hand.

'Supporting Slytherin,' Sirius said, wrinkling his nose.

'We're here to support Draco,' Remus corrected. 'That he happens to be a Slytherin is neither here nor there. I, as a teacher, can't take sides, of course.'

Sirius snorted but didn't say anything (Remus was glaring at him). He looked at Harry and raised
an eyebrow at his green scarf.

'Erm... supporting Draco,’ Harry said.

'Green suits you,' Severus commented.

Harry smiled and Lucius glared at the man before dragging Harry through the double doors.

{oOo}

They trekked down to the Quidditch stadium, people gawking at Harry's pregnant belly, Lucius glaring at them all.

'Relax, love,’ Harry said, squeezing Lucius' arm. 'Everyone had to find out sooner or later.’

'I don't like them staring,' Lucius said and pulled Harry closer.

Harry just chuckled.

They found seats near the teachers' stand, sitting between a bunch of students dressed in yellow and black and others dressed in green and silver. Harry sat between Lucius and Sirius, with Remus beside his boyfriend, Severus, Fred and George just behind them.

To Harry's right were Neville, Luna, Hannah Abbott, and a heap of eighth-year Hufflepuffs. Hermione, Ron, Seamus and Dean were sitting to Harry's left with the group that didn't support either team, mostly Gryffindors and Ravenclaws.

Harry got comfortable and Lucius wrapped an arm around him, the teenager snuggling into his side.

'I'm so nervous for Draco,’ Harry said.

'I am too,’ Lucius said.

'He'll do fine,’ Harry said. 'He'll be fine, he won't get hurt.'

'Of course not,’ Lucius nodded.

'Oh gods, what if he gets hurt?’ Harry said.

Lucius chuckled and kissed his cheek. 'Relax, little one.’

The stands were soon full, bursting with green and silver, yellow and black. Dumbledore sat not far from them with the other teachers, Madam Sprout looking like a giant bumblebee. She glared at Severus, who smirked and waved his Slytherin-coloured flag.

The commentator was a seventh-year Ravenclaw named Michael McFarland; McGonagall had figured having a Ravenclaw commentate would be best, opposed to a Slytherin or Hufflepuff.

The boy stood in the wooden box that had a microphone and the score counter and started the announcement. 'Welcome ladies, gentlemen, and veela-'

Harry snorted and Lucius rolled his eyes.

'-' to the final Quidditch game of the school year!' McFarland roared.
There was cheering and shouting, Hufflepuff and Slytherin exchanging swears and hisses.

'Today's match; Slytherin vs. Hufflepuff!'

More cheering and Harry clapped loudly as the two teams appeared from their change rooms. Harry could see Draco gripping his Firebolt Two tightly, face paler than usual.

'For Slytherin we have; Chasers Greengrass, Vaisey, and Zabini; Beaters Delaney and Delaney; Keeper Goyle; and Seeker Malfoy!'

The Slytherins roared in the stands, green and silver flashing, and Harry clapped hard from beside Lucius while Fred anad George cheered for Draco. Finally the Slytherins calmed down enough for McFarland to announce the Hufflepuff team.

'For Hufflepuff we have; Chasers Moon, Cheney, and Armstrong; Beaters Brown and Jackson; Keeper Wong; and Seeker O'Reilly!'

The badgers went wild and Harry heard Luna's badger head growl and hiss above the crowd.

'Slytherin is led by Captain Draco Malfoy, Hufflepuff by Captain Tamsin Wong!'

Madam Hooch stood between Draco and Tamsin, the two shaking hands and agreeing to a fair game. The teams mounted their brooms and lifted into the air, Madam Hooch standing on the ground between them.

Silence descended as Madam Hooch kicked the box open, the bludgers and snitch zooming into the air. Suddenly Hooch had thrown the Quaffle into the air-

'AND THE GAME BEGINS!' McFarland shouted.

The stands went insane as the teams ducked and weaved, shooting around each other. Greg and Tamsin flew to their respective hoops as the Chasers shot across the pitch.

'Cheney with the Quaffle,' McFarland said as the slim fourth-year zipped past Blaise and Vaisey. 'He ducks a bludger from the Delaneys- oh, almost creamed by Greengrass, damn can that girl fly- Cheney passes to Armstrong- back to Cheney- over Zabini's head to Moon- Moon dodges Malfoy, get out of the way, Blondie!'

Fred and George growled and Lucius chuckled.

'Moon- Armstrong- another bludger from the Delaney twins- oh, bloody hell was that close-' 

'Dear gods, you're worse than Lee Jordan!' Professor McGonagall's voice broke in.

McFarland grinned as Fred and George clapped loudly, shouting, 'LEE WAS THE BEST!'

'Professor, please,' McFarland said before continuing. 'Moon back in possess- ouch, that's gotta hurt!'

The Hufflepuffs shouted foul as Blaise snatched the Quaffle out of the air, Vance Moon having dropped it after a bludger from Karen Delaney sent him flying off his broom. Blaise ducked under Tessa Cheney as Mason Armstrong caught his team mate.

'Zabini with the Quaffle,' McFarland said, the Slytherins cheering and whooping. 'Ducks a sneaky bludger sent by Jackson- passes to Vaisey- Vaisey in possession- Vaisey rolls to dodge Cheney- Cheney almost gets the Quaffle!- Vaisey passes to Greengrass- Greengrass gets around Brown-
Greengrass dodges Wong- Greengrass scores, ten points to Slytherin!'

A ding echoed through the pitch, quickly drowned out by the roars from everyone in green and silver. Harry pumped his fist as Astoria and Blaise high-fived, McFarland tallying the goal.

'Hufflepuff in possession,' McFarland said as the cheering died down. 'Moon to Cheney- Cheney to Armstrong- that sounded like it hurt!'

Aaron Delaney had sent a bludger at Armstrong's face, the sixth-year rolling over on his broom to try and avoid it. The bludger smashed into his arm and there was a sickening crack as his forearm snapped, the Quaffle flying clear.

Cheney snatched it out of the air and proceeded towards the Slytherin hoops with Moon while Armstrong quickly headed for the ground.

'Cheney to Moon- Moon ducks boy Delaney- avoids girl Delaney-' McFarland announced.

'McFarland!' McGonagall shouted.

'What?' McFarland said. 'Moon zips, he ducks, he scores!' McFarland shouted.

Harry and his fellow supporters groaned as the Hufflepuffs cheered, Draco scowling at his Chasers as he zoomed along looking for the snitch.

'GET IT TOGETHER, SLYTHERIN!' Fred and George shouted.

'Foul around!' Severus tisked.

'I miss Quidditch,' Sirius mused.

Lucius leaned down and breathed in Harry's ear, 'I miss you in your Quidditch robes.'

Harry blushed and swatted at his mate, Lucius smirking.

'The score is ten all as Slytherin Chaser Greengrass takes the Quaffle!' McFarland announced.

Astoria, Blaise, and Vaisey worked in tandem to get closer and closer to the Hufflepuff hoops, Blaise out-flying Tamsen Wong and scoring another ten points for Slytherin.

Every five minutes the Quaffle changed hands; all six Chasers were exceptional and worked together flawlessly, causing McFarland to jump between names so quickly he often had to change halfway through a surname.

Twenty minutes in and the score was 80 all, Astoria scoring her sixth goal and levelling the score. Draco and the Hufflepuff Seeker, Dylan O'Reilly, hadn't done much other than avoid bludgers and other players, while Mason Armstrong had his arm mended and flew back onto the pitch.

The first foul happened between Blaise Zabini and Preston Brown. The Hufflepuff Beater had swung his bat and broken two of Blaise's ribs, sending Blaise to Madam Pomfrey, and the Slytherin supporters into a rage about dirty playing (which was ironic, seeing as how it was usually Slytherin that broke all the rules).

A second foul came minutes later, this time from Karen Delaney, who sent a bludger at Preston Brown in retaliation for injuring Blaise. A fight between seven first years broke out a few feet from Harry, Severus and Remus pulling them apart and issuing detentions.
'Hufflepuff has certainly changed since my time,' Sirius commented.

'DIRTY CHEATERS!' Fred and George shouted together.

'I'm definitely not inviting them to any Quidditch matches,' Lucius told Harry.

Harry chuckled before Draco caught his eye. 'LOOK!'

McFarland had seen it at the same time and was suddenly shouting, 'Malfoy's seen the snitch!' All eyes turned to Draco while McFarland tried to keep the commentary on both the Seekers and the rest of the game. Draco was heading straight for the ground, his Firebolt Two outmatching Dylan O'Reilly's Nimbus Two Thousand and One. Harry's eyes flashed to the ground and he saw it; the snitch was buzzing happily about six feet above the sand, wings beating too quickly to see.

Just as Draco reached out, O'Reilly grabbed the back of his broom and yanked him off course. Draco went flying and Harry shouted in terror as his kit slammed into the grass.

'OUCH, MALFOY DOWN!' McFarland shouted.

The snitch streaked away and O'Reilly only just pulled up in time, wobbling on his broom as he tried to right it.

Lucius grabbed Harry around the waist and pulled him back, saying, 'Little one, calm down!'

'DRACO!' Fred shouted.

'I'LL KILL THAT FUCKING HUFFLEPUFF!' George roared.

Draco groaned and rolled onto all fours, coughing and spluttering before shaking his head. He stumbled to his feet and picked up his Firebolt Two, quickly mounting it and shooting into the air.

'Oh thank Merlin,' Harry breathed, falling heavily to sit on Lucius' lap.

Lucius kissed his cheek as McFarland shouted, 'Malfoy lives!'

The Slytherins cheered and the Hufflepuffs booed as Draco re-joined the game. When McFarland next announced the scores it was 120-110 to Slytherin, Astoria scoring the last five goals, the witch proving to be quite the Chaser.

Draco and O'Reilly had lost sight of the snitch and the Hufflepuff Seeker found himself bombarded by bludgers from the Delaney twins.

Greg blocked four goal attempts by Cheney, Armstrong, and Moon as the game descended into violence and screaming. There was another fight between Slytherin and Hufflepuff, this time two fourth years and three sixth years throwing punches and curses. McGonagall broke them up as Tamsen Wong blocked Blaise, sending the Quaffle to Mason Armstrong.

Blaise helped bring Slytherin up to 140 to Hufflepuff's 120, the badgers booing and waving their yellow and black flags. A banner with 'BADGERS EAT SNAKES!' flashed gold in the sun and the Slytherin's closest to them hissed.

Harry was on the edge of his seat (well, on the edge of Lucius) with Fred and George bouncing behind him, Severus trying to keep the peace, and Sirius and Remus just having a good time. Harry could see Neville cheering for Hufflepuff with Luna, Hannah, and the other Hufflepuffs from their year.
He cheered when Vaisey scored, booed when Armstrong scored twice and Moon and Cheney once each, bringing the tally to 150-160, Hufflepuff now leading.

Harry jolted when the snitch appeared before him, the golden ball buzzing and darting about. Fred and George blinked in surprise and then cheered when Draco suddenly appeared with O'Reilly.

The two Seekers shot across Harry and the others, all of them twisting in their seats as the snitch darted over their heads. O'Reilly slammed into Draco and they tumbled over the back of the seats, scratching and reaching, bashing and pushing, until the snitch darted into O'Reilly's face, the Hufflepuff jerking, both of them reaching-

- blood burst from O'Reilly's nose as Draco smashed into him, fingers curling around the snitch and yanking it out of the air.

'DRACO MALFOY HAS CAUGHT THE SNITCH!' McFarland screamed. 'SLYTHERIN WINS, 300 TO 160!'

The Slytherin supporters roared, clapping, cheering, hands bashing against railings and feet pounding against the stands. The noise was defending as Draco grinned broadly, waving the caught snitch above his head.

Harry, Lucius, Severus, Sirius and Remus all clapped and cheered as Fred and George dragged Draco from his broom, showering their mate in kisses and making the blonde blush. O'Reilly scowled and flew back to his team, shoulders slumped in defeat and blood staining his canary-yellow robes as the entire Slytherin team flew at Draco.

'I told you,' Lucius said as Harry clapped Draco on the back, his kit surrounded by cheering fans.

'What?' Harry said.

Lucius leaned closer so Harry could hear him over the noise. 'Malfoys always win.'

Harry grinned and kissed Lucius, the blonde smiling with pride at his son.

The twins only let Draco go long enough for him to collect the Quidditch Cup. He hoisted it above his head, the green-and-silver army clapping and shouting. Draco was hugged by the entire team, who only stopped when Fred and George growled at them. They then pulled Draco onto their shoulders and led the way to the castle for the celebration.

{oOo}

The party went well into the night. The dungeons were filled with green-and-silver streamers, confetti, banners and people; drawings of snakes hung from the walls, plush snake toys bounced around the common-room, and shouts of how awesome the team was echoed throughout the corridors.

A chant Harry hadn't heard before vibrated throughout the common-room, supporters screaming and brandishing bottles of butterbeer.

'Slytherin, Slytherin, slitherin' through the air-

'Hufflepuff, Hufflepuff, hidin' in their lair-'
- hiss, hiss, hiss, the snakes won the Cup-

'- miss, miss, miss, the badgers are bloody fucked"

Severus turned a deaf-ear to all the swearing, Harry giggling as the chant was sung like a victory cheer. He was sitting on the best sofa in front of the largest fire, black tiles shining beneath him, the giant squid swimming past the windows. He had a tray of snacks across his lap and was pigging out while Lucius sipped from a bottle of butterbeer.

'Draco's happy,' Lucius said suddenly.

Harry looked up to see his kit re-telling the best moments of the game to ten different people, Fred and George either side of him. He was beaming brightly, eyes alight with happiness, and Harry couldn't help but grin.

He swallowed his mouthful of popcorn and said, 'Yeah, he does look happy.'

'It's nice,' Lucius said, stroking Harry's arm.

Harry couldn't help but smile and said, 'Definitely.'
Author's Note: I'm updating earlier than I did last chapter, see, I kept my promise! I'm currently working on chapter 64 and guess what? Still no babies!

I thought I'd remind people that this story will end on Harry and Lucius' one year anniversary (August 2nd) and then the sequel will pick up after that. I still have no idea how many chapters there will be, but it's looking to be over 70.

Gods, it's never ending! Anywho, I'll shut up now. Enjoy!

{Dreamer}

Harry Potter and Lucius Malfoy Expecting!
By Jillian Cross

Rumours are circulating the wizarding world that Harry Potter, The-Boy-Who-Lived, is pregnant with his mate's baby.

The couple, who became engaged in early March, haven't been seen in public since Mr Potter was kidnapped by Molly Weasley. The exact details of what happened still haven't been made available, all that is known is that the Weasley family are still on good terms with the boy Saviour and his Slytherin partner.

Mr Potter hasn't been allowed to class by his dominant mate, and Mr Malfoy too has been absent from all his Defence Against the Dark Arts classes, the subject being handled by Severus Snape and Remus Lupin.

Sources say that Mr Potter was seen at the Hogwarts Quidditch match between Slytherin and Hufflepuff supporting his kit, Slytherin captain Draco Malfoy. Reportedly Mr Potter was sporting a very pregnant stomach and in the company of friends and family, as well as his protective mate.

This reporter and others have tried contacting both Harry Potter and Lucius Malfoy for comment but all tries for an interview, or even an owl, have been denied by Headmaster of Hogwarts, Albus Dumbledore.

"Whether Harry is pregnant or not is irrelivent," Albus Dumbledore has said via owl. "He is studying for his N.E.W.T.s, which will begin mid May, and doesn't have time to answer every little question the public has about his life. Please respect him and his mate and leave them be during this stressful time."

It seems we won't have an answer until Harry Potter's graduation (May 30th). This reporter is waiting anxiously to see if there are indeed any Potter heirs on the way.

{oOo}

Harry really didn't have time to worry about Jillian Cross, The Daily Prophet, or anyone else wondering whether or not he was pregnant. He, Draco, Hermione, Ron, and all the other eighth
years were studying constantly. Their exams started in less than a week and not even Lucius or the twins were allowed to interrupt.

Harry and Ron had never been big studiers but they knew that their N.E.W.T results were important. Harry had to pass everything well, had to get an O in DADA if he wanted to apprentice with Lucius, so he was often found in the study or bedroom, books all over the place, either Draco, Hermione, Ron, or another Gryffindor or Slytherin studying with him.

They had study groups planned out courtesy of Hermione. Neville would help Harry, Hermione and Ron with Herbology, while Harry helped all of them with DADA. Hermione was excellent at Charms, Draco Transfiguration, and Ron was good at reminding everyone to take a break. Ron had never been excellent at any one subject but he was above average in everything when he actually paid attention, so he was the one who brought up food and breaks, as well as helping the others calm down when they were stressing too much.

Harry's hormones weren't helping. More often then not the group had to call Lucius in to calm his mate down, the Gryffindor bursting into tears while he screamed at Lucius for getting him pregnant.

Lucius took it all in stride, shushing Harry, kissing or hugging him, bringing him fruit and ice-cream to calm him down. Usually Harry's tantrums stopped within minutes and he'd sit happily with a bowl of chilled fruit, humming and looking over his notes.

Their exams would happen over the course of one week, followed by the weekend break, and then the last week of classes for the eighth years before they graduated and left Hogwarts as fully-fledged wizards and witches.

Harry was nervous. He was scared and grumpy and hungry and horny and about a million other things. But with Lucius by his side he could cope, he knew he could.

That was until Lucius said something wrong and Harry kicked him out of bed.

{oOo}

'Dad?'

Lucius groaned.

'Dad?'

A huff.

'FATHER!'

Lucius woke with a snort and sat up quickly. Bad move; his neck ached horribly and there was a dull thumping in his right temple. He groaned and leaned heavily on his right arm, left hand coming up to rub his eyes.

'Dad?' Draco said, folding his arms. George was in the dining room ordering breakfast and Fred stood just behind his dominant mate.

'Sweet Salazar, I'm too old to be sleeping on sofas,' Lucius groaned. He rolled his neck and winced as it sent fresh pain spiking through his head.

'Is there a reason you spent the night on the couch?' Draco asked. Before Lucius could answer, the
younger Slytherin was grinning. 'Harry kicked you out, huh?'

'Yes,' Lucius grumbled, sitting up properly. The blanket fell around his hips, large t-shirt and pyjama bottoms wrinkled. He rubbed his face again and sighed.

'What did you do?' Fred asked, yawning.

'I... made a comment that Harry didn't like,' Lucius said slowly. 'He took my words out of context and made me sleep on the sofa.'

'We have a guest room, you do know that, right?' Draco said.

Lucius glared at him. 'Yes, I know that, thank you very much,' he huffed.

'So...?'

'Harry said I had to sleep on the sofa and he'd find out if I didn't. So... here I am.'

Draco burst out laughing and Lucius scowled at him. Fred knew better then to tease the Malfoy patriarch, especially without Harry in the room. Draco and Fred left Lucius on the sofa to get himself together, the blonde glaring at the floor and rubbing his temples.

When Lucius finally joined them Harry was up. He walked into the room and froze when he saw Lucius' dishevelled form. 'Are you okay?' he asked, quickly rushing to his fiancé's side.

'Erm... yes,' Lucius said. 'Though my head is killing me and my neck hurts.'

'Poor thing,' Harry said and plopped down on Lucius' lap. He started massaging the man's shoulders and kissing him softly.

'Erm... th-thank you?' Lucius tried.

Harry beamed and turned to start eating, Lucius staring at him. When it looked like Harry was in a good mood Lucius wrapped his arms around his mate's waist and kissed his cheek. Harry hummed as he spread cream cheese over his toast.

'I love pregnant Harry,' Draco commented.

Harry grinned and Lucius scowled at his son.

{oOo}

Their first exam was DADA and it was a good way to ease Harry into his exams. He was bigger then he thought possible, his school robes stretched tight around his swollen stomach. Students stopped and stared as Lucius led Harry into the Great Hall and sat him down, Harry smiling up at his mate.

'If you feel sick at all, tell me,' Lucius said and kissed him softly.

'I'll be fine,' Harry insisted, 'though that potion tasted awful.'

'You need it to perform the practical, remember?'

'Being me sucks,' Harry said before kissing Lucius again. 'Now run along and make sure no one cheats.'
'What if I catch you cheating?' Lucius asked.

Harry snorted. 'I don't need to cheat.'

'But if you do...?'

'I trust my mate will look the other way,' Harry smiled sweetly, Lucius chuckling. Harry got himself comfortable, the table hiding his stomach from the teenagers who were walking in. 'Now go,' he said and placed a soft kiss on Lucius' lips.

'Alright, I'm going,' Lucius said. He smiled at Harry before walking down the aisle and to the front where a few others teachers were waiting.

On Harry's desk was a stack of blank parchment and a quill and ink bottle that had both been magiced so you couldn't cheat. At the front of the Great Hall, where the head table usually sat, was a large black board, a clock, and a table and chairs for teachers to sit down when they'd finished walking around.

Harry waited in silence as the rest of the students marched in. Hermione ended up next to Harry, with Draco behind him, Blaise ahead of him, and Ron a few seats ahead, red hair looking on fire in the morning sun.

Once everyone had sat a representative from the Ministry stood to tell them the time the exam would start, finish, as well as the rules on cheating and finishing early. A few teachers walked down the aisles handing out the exam and once they were done the group waited until nine to start.

{oOo}

Harry was yawning heavily by the time they were allowed to go. A few students headed outside to study in the sunlight. Hermione had her Arithmacy exam right after DADA and stayed in the Main Hall to go over her notes. Draco had Ancient Runes after lunch and disappeared to study in the library with Blaise, while Harry, Ron and Neville went to study for potions that afternoon.

Lucius was by Harry's side before he could reach the marble stairs and wrapped a protective arm around his mate.

'I'm fine,' Harry yawned.

'You look exhausted.'

'Yeah, well, a three hour exam'll do that to you,' Harry yawned again.

'Maybe you should-'

'I am not resting,' Harry growled, making Ron and Neville move away from him. 'I need to study.'

'Harry-'

'Study.'

Lucius scowled. 'Fine,' he muttered. 'When you break down from too much stress you'll come-'

'Lucius, if you ever want to have sex again, you'll shut up,' Harry muttered.

Lucius glared at him but kept his lips pressed together.
Harry couldn't do the practical exam with everyone else because he was pregnant. Instead Severus and the Board of Governors had come to an agreement; Harry would take the written test and create the Polyjuice Potion, Felix Felicis and Veritaserum with everyone else, but he'd be seperated from them and have Severus beside him to make sure that nothing went wrong. If Severus felt a potion was about to explode he'd stop Harry's exam; Harry's safety, and that of his unborn twins, was more important than his N.E.W.T.

So Harry stood in the corner of the dungeons with Severus beside him. Harry was surprised when he found that the work wasn't that hard. He could remember the answers to everything and the three potions weren't difficult to make at all. Harry wondered if it was because he'd actually studied and paid attention to his homework, or because Lucius had been helping him with all his work.

At the end of the three hours Harry handed in his work with everyone else and stayed in the dungeons to wait for Lucius, who'd been supervising the Care of Magical Creatures exam outside with Hagrid.

It was the most amount of time Harry had spent away from his mate since Molly had kidnapped him, and he could feel anxiety spreading through him, both from his own emotions and from his Lucius Band.

Dobby popped in with tea and cakes but Harry couldn't concentrate long enough to eat. He just stirred his tea aimlessly as Severus stood by him, keeping an eye on the Gryffindor.

Harry's tea had gone cold by the time Lucius arrived, the blonde sweeping through the potions lab and pulling Harry into a tight hug. Harry melted into the embrace and wound his arms around Lucius' neck, burying his face in the Slytherin's chest.

'Are you okay?' Lucius asked, breathing in deeply before pulling back, one hand cupping Harry's cheek.

'Fine,' Harry smiled, 'just missed you.'

Lucius smiled back and bent to kiss his mate softly, drawing back after a few seconds. 'You're sure you're okay?'

'Mm, just the babies telling me I want cake.'

Lucius glanced at the tray Dobby had brought. 'Do you want to eat here or in our quarters?'

'Here's fine,' Harry said, feeling ravenous now that Lucius was with him. He sat down beside the desk holding the tray and tucked in, licking banana icing from his lips.

Lucius waved his hand over the pot of tea, re-heating it. He added a cube of sugar to his own and stirred before asking, 'How did your exam go?'

'Easy,' Harry said, Severus smirking from the front of the class where he was helping two Governors put all the marked vials away for testing. 'Wasn't hard at all.'

'Studying pays off,' Lucius said and Harry smiled. 'Do you want to rest now?'

'Mm,' Harry nodded, putting his tea cup on the tray. 'I have Transfiguration tomorrow, then a day off, and then Charms on Thursday and finally Herbology last on Friday morning.'
'Good, you have to take it easy, little one,' Lucius said, pressing his palms to Harry's stomach.

'I will,' Harry grumbled as Lucius helped him stand. He yawned loudly and said, 'A nap and then study after dinner.'

{oOo}

Harry ended up sleeping through dinner, Lucius not having the heart to wake him. He knew Harry would be angry but Lucius would rather his mate and their twins be healthy over Harry studying for his N.E.W.T.s.

So Lucius gently shook him awake at eight, Harry groaning and grumbling as he sat up. Lucius set a tray of chicken and vegetables on the bedside table, Harry's Transfiguration books sitting on the bed.

'Harry, love, you wanted to study?' Lucius said.

Harry blinked back sleep and said, 'Mm... wassa time?'

'Eight.'

Harry stared at him before frowning. 'Eight?'

'I let you sleep a while longer, you were tired,' Lucius said quickly.

'I have to study!'

'And you have to rest too,' Lucius scowled. 'Harry, you're pregnant-

'Because of you!' Harry fumed.

Lucius sighed and rubbed his eyes. 'Little one, you need rest and food. You're stressing too much.'

'My N.E.W.T.s are important.'

'Not as important as your health,' Lucius growled.

Harry's eyes narrowed and darkened, fingers curling into fists. Lucius gulped nervously, wondering if he was about to be on the receiving end of his mate's famous temper.

Suddenly Harry launched himself across the mattress, moving quite quickly for a man over five months pregnant, and slammed into Lucius, who fell onto the bed on his back.

Harry was straddling his lap in seconds and grinding against him, Lucius gasping as he felt Harry's hard length straining against his boxers.

'Fuck you,' Harry snarled and crushed their lips together, swollen stomach pressing into Lucius' flat one.

Lucius groaned as his lips were pried apart, Harry's tongue thrusting in to plunder and taste. The teenager continued to rut forward, his movements quick and hard. Lucius felt heat climbing through his body and cupped Harry's arse, fingers digging into his silk boxers and squeezing, groping, pulling Harry closer so their hips crashed together.

Harry moaned above him and broke the kiss, face buried in Lucius' neck. He swore and bit his lip before Lucius felt him tense, all of Harry's muscles tightening as he came. The Gryffindor's body
let go and Harry gasped and shook as he emptied into his underwear, fingers curling into Lucius' hair and pulling painfully.

Lucius waited until Harry's breathing had calmed down before rolling them, climbing over the teenager and kneeling beside him. Harry's face was flushed but he raised his arse off the mattress as Lucius tore his boxers down, throwing them over his shoulder.

He moved again, climbing between Harry's legs, grey eyes dark with arousal as they swept over Harry's body. His fingers skimmed down Harry's sides, touching his very pregnant stomach, before moving down to trail through the come glistening against his skin.

A wandless lubricant charm had Lucius' fingers covered in gel and he slid two between Harry's cheeks, the teenager gasping and arching up. Lucius bent down and licked up and down Harry's cock, cleaning the evidence of his climax away. Lucius licked his stomach clean before swallowing Harry's shaft down to the root, the flaccid organ twitching lightly against his tongue.

Lucius pushed a finger into Harry's arse, the Gryffindor's muscles contracting and squeezing around him. Harry moaned and pushed down, hands fistng in the duvet, head tipped back. Soon Lucius had slid another finger in, scissoring his digits. Harry jolted as both pain and pleasure shot through him, Lucius swallowing around his cock at the same time. Harry groaned and thrust up, pushing his now hardening cock into his mate's mouth.

Lucius smirked and Harry glared at him, but it was soon wiped away when a third finger pushed into his hole, spreading lubricant and stretching his muscles.

'Oh gods, Lucius,' Harry moaned, breathing heavily, face flushed and hips twitching. 'A-ah...'

Lucius stroked Harry's prostate a few times and spread all three fingers, making sure Harry was nice and loose, before pulling back. His mate's erection slipped from his lips and Harry flopped onto the bed, whimpering at the loss.

Lucius kissed his way up Harry's thighs, stomach, and chest, swirling his tongue around a cotton-trapped nipple before nibbling. Harry grabbed Lucius by the hair and dragged him up, lips once more dominating and assaulting the Slytherin's mouth.

The blonde quickly unfastened his belt and ripped down the fly of his trousers, those and his underwear being pushed far enough down to free his erection.

Grasping his cock and spreading lube with one hand, Harry's hip with the other, Lucius thrust his tongue into Harry's mouth just as he pushed. His cock slid into the Gryffindor in one slick movement, Harry breaking their kiss with a gasp, eyes widening at how full he suddenly felt.

Harry wrapped his legs around Lucius' thighs and kissed him roughly, urging the older wizard on by rolling his hips. Lucius growled and nipped at Harry's lips, his jaw, pulling out slowly so Harry could feel each and every inch of him, muscles dragging along his shaft so deliciously.

'Lucius,' Harry growled, panting against the Slytherin's cheek. 'Just fuck me, you prat.'

Lucius chuckled and kissed Harry's neck before thrusting in hard, slamming into Harry's prostate, balls slapping against his arse. Harry arched up, stomach rubbing Lucius' own, arse clenching around his cock.

'Oh fuck,' Harry gasped as his fingers dug painfully into Lucius' scalp.
He kept the blonde in place as Lucius drew back again before slamming in, fucking Harry hard, the sound of skin slapping against skin filling the room, as well as their ragged breathing, Harry's cursing, and Lucius' moans.

Lucius could feel an orgasm coiling in his gut, making his muscles burn and his head go fuzzy. He kept one hand on Harry's hip, fingers digging in, while his right hand slid between their heated bodies to grasp Harry's cock.

'Lucius,' Harry groaned, panting into Lucius' ear. 'Fuck, fuck me, oh gods, feels so good!' Lucius moaned and thrust in harder, hips pistoning, cock forcing its way into Harry's arse over and over again. His fingers wrapped tightly around Harry's shaft and pulled from root to tip, thumb flicking over the head and spreading the copious amounts of pre-come streaming from the slit.

'Oh gods, oh gods, oh... oh... Lucius!' Harry cried out his mate's name as he climaxed, thick jets of come shooting across their connected stomachs and Lucius' fist.

His muscles immediately became impossibly tight, Lucius jamming himself in one last time before moaning out his release, coating Harry's insides with his seed. His hips jolted and stilled, body slowly turning to jelly as he panted above his mate.

Harry was little more than a lump, arms falling to his sides tiredly, legs unwinding from Lucius' waist and slumping to the mattress. Lucius groaned as he pulled out, leaving a sticky trail of lube and come across Harry's inner-thighs. He waved his hand, a quick charm scrubbing away the various body fluids.

Lucius crawled up to his mate's side and rubbed a hand across Harry's covered stomach, placing a soft kiss on his cheek.

'Mmm,' Harry hummed.

'Was there a reason you jumped me?' Lucius asked.

A blush worked across the teenager's cheeks and he pointedly looked at the ceiling. 'Well... you were telling me off and it pissed me off and... um, you look really hot when you're all caring and stern.'

Lucius chuckled. 'Just had to have me, hmm?'

'Oh yeah,' Harry nodded. 'Um, sorry 'bout that.'

'It's not a problem,' Lucius said and shifted to kiss Harry's puffy lips. 'Feel free to jump me whenever you want.'

Harry smiled and kissed Lucius back before trying to sit. It was impossible without help, what with his stomach as big as a beach ball, and he cussed under his breath as Lucius' strong hands helped him up.

'Now, I have to study,' Harry said and shuffled along the mattress, hips swaying, arse practically screaming out to Lucius.

Lucius groaned and reached out to touch his mate, who quickly sat against the headboard.

'No,' he said, grabbing his Transfiguration textbook. 'I need food and study.'
'But Harry-'

'Where are my notes?' Harry interrupted.

Lucius sighed and slid off the bed, grabbing Harry's notebooks from where they'd fallen off the bed. He handed them over and Harry looked at the tray of food Lucius had brought in.

'Could you please get me some tea, love?' he asked, poking his bottom lip out, emerald eyes going wide.

'You're far too manipulative,' Lucius said before tucking himself back in, fly and belt being done up.

Harry grinned and said, 'And...?'

'Cheeky little lion,' Lucius chuckled and kissed Harry quickly. 'Tea?'

'Yes please,' Harry said, kissing him back. 'Thank you, Luce.'

'For what?'

'Calming me down,' Harry said. 'I feel a lot better then I did when you woke me so... thank you.'

'Being thanked for sex, now that I could get used to,' Lucius grinned. He had to duck and run when Harry threw his notebooks, cursing Lucius as the blonde disappeared.

{oOo}

Harry couldn't sleep. Even after getting up early for an exam, having sex, and a big dinner, he still tossed and turned as he tried to get comfortable. His massive stomach didn't help; he'd grown so much in the past month, the twins getting bigger and kicking Harry the entire time.

They liked moving around, as though they were playing a bloody game of Quidditch in his stomach. And then they'd kick him just when he was about to fall asleep, or press on his bladder so he had to kick back the sheets and waddle into the bathroom.

Lucius was always dead to the world and Harry didn't have the heart to wake him. Lucius was working so hard to make sure Harry was prepared for his exams, as well as making sure the teenager ate regularly, was taking his potions, and didn't over-exert himself. Waking Lucius up at 3am because his back hurt made Harry feel bad.

So he rolled onto his side careful, the twins jolting around and pushing inside him. Harry groaned as once again his body temperature sky-rocketed. The castle was usually cool, even in summer, but Harry felt overheated. Lucius was like a furnace beside him and Harry kicked the sheets aside.

He still felt too hot and Harry groaned and leaned on his elbow, left hand pressing to his stomach.

'Calm down you two,' he whispered.

They kicked harder.

'Seriously, just... sit still for an hour, just an hour?' Harry begged. 'Mummy's tired, little ones.'

They kicked again and Harry groaned.

'Harry?'
The Gryffindor shifted to sit up properly and turned to see Lucius rubbing his eyes, blonde hair all over the place. 'Sorry, did I wake you?'

'What's wrong?' Lucius asked, ignoring Harry's own question.

'The babies won't stop moving, I can't sleep,' Harry said.

Lucius frowned and sat up. 'How long have you been awake?'

'I haven't slept,' Harry said. 'I keep nodding off and then one of them, or both, will bash me in the stomach or the bladder.'

'Why didn't you tell me?' Lucius asked. 'How long has this been going on?'

'Erm... couple nights these past few weeks,' Harry admitted. 'Usually they calm down at three-'

'Three am?' Lucius interrupted.

Harry nodded. 'And... sometimes my back hurts, or my feet.'

'Harry,' Lucius groaned, rubbing his tired eyes. 'Why didn't you tell me? I'm here to take care of those things.'

'You need to rest.'

'No, you need to rest,' Lucius said. 'You're five months pregnant, love; you need more rest then me. I don't want you hiding this kind of stuff, okay? I want you and our twins to be healthy and happy, even if that means I get no sleep. Understand?'

'Yes,' Harry mumbled before wincing.

'What?'

'Bathroom,' Harry groaned, moving to get off the bed. Lucius scrambled to his knees and helped Harry up, staying on the mattress and watching his mate shuffle into the en-suite. When Harry got back he was rubbing his forehead.

'What's wrong?'

'Too hot, back hurts, babies- ah!' Harry's hands flew to his stomach and he whined. 'Stop it!'

Lucius chuckled and held his arms out. He made sure Harry was back on the bed, and relatively comfortable, before sliding off the mattress and disappearing. When he came back he sat beside his mate and got to work.

First Lucius placed a cold washcloth over Harry's forehead, the Gryffindor sighing as the cold spread through him. Lucius then gave him a dreamless sleep potion so that when he did get to sleep, he wouldn't be woken up by a nightmare.

Lucius pulled Harry's legs across his lap and started massaging his feet, thumbs digging into the arches and making Harry groan.

'Oh gods, that's nice,' the black-haired wizard moaned.

Lucius smiled and pushed harder, Harry flinching but not asking him to stop. Lucius massaged his heels, his toes, the edges of his feet as well as the tops. He ended it by scratching his nails down
Harry's skin, the teenager shivering and moaning in pleasure.

Lucius stroked his hands up Harry's naked legs and thighs, palms strong and digging into his muscles. His soft skin brushed over Harry's stomach, the blonde feeling a kick before he moved up. He rubbed Harry's arms, kneeded his shoulders, and stroked through his hair, Harry humming the entire time.

When he was done, Lucius climbed across the bed and laid down so his face was level with Harry's stomach. He placed his left hand across Harry's swollen abdomen and rubbed.

'Now, you two,' he spoke softly, breath tickling Harry's stomach, 'I want you to calm down and sleep, okay? Mummy needs his rest.'

Harry smiled and ran a hand through Lucius' hair. 'I don't think that'll work.'

'It's a proven fact that babies can hear voices in the womb,' Lucius said.

'Mm-hmm.'

'It is,' Lucius pouted.

Harry chuckled. 'I don't doubt you, love, but I don't think they'll listen to you.'

'And what not?' Lucius asked.

'They're Malfoys,' Harry said and shrugged. 'Malfoys don't listen to anyone.'

'Well I'm head Malfoy, so they'll listen to me,' Lucius said and pressed his lips to Harry's stomach. 'My little ones, I'm telling you to stop. Mummy needs his rest, okay?'

There was a soft kick and Harry said, 'Nope.'

Lucius rolled his eyes. 'This is an order,' he said sternly, pointing a finger at Harry's stomach. The teenager giggled. 'Go to sleep right now, or else!'

There was a twitch before Harry felt the babies settle down, his stomach feeling oddly relaxed. 'Oh my gods.'

'What?' Lucius said.

'It worked,' Harry murmured, rubbing his swollen belly. Lucius grinned smugly. 'Just wait,' Harry said, seeing the look on Lucius' face. 'I bet they move again.'

Lucius crawled up the bed and pulled the sheets back over them, Harry pushing them down to his hips. 'Just wait and see,' Lucius said, kissing his mate softly.

Ten minutes later Harry was snoring, limbs splayed all over the place, lips parted. Lucius chuckled and kissed him again before settling down.

{oOo}

Harry had just finished snipping off the leaves of his Spear Cactus when Madam Pomfrey called the end of the exam. There was a collective groan and the woman chuckled.

'Yes, yes, most of you have now finished your exams. Congratulations.' Most of the class cheered, Hermione and Hannah both sighing; they had another exam in an hour. 'To those of you who still
have exams, I'm sorry,' Madam Pomfrey continued before dismissing them.

Lucius was waiting for Harry and the teenager beamed, throwing his arms around his mate and laughing.

'What's so amusing?' Lucius asked.

Harry kissed him quickly and said, 'Exams are over, Luce, over!' He giggled and hugged his mate tightly. 'Merlin, I'm glad.'

'Me too; you're exhausted,' Lucius said, stroking Harry's back.

'I want an early dinner and bed,' Harry yawned. 'Maybe a back massage,' he said and stood tall to stretch.

'Whatever my love wants,' Lucius smiled and led him towards the castle.

{oOo}

Harry's exams had tired him out more than everyone else. Subjects like Charms, Transfiguration, and DA had all had practicals; Harry had had to perform the spells asked of him. But using magic was a definite no-no when pregnant so Healer Marks and Severus had got together and fashioned a potion that would build Harry's magic up, meaning he could do the spells without depleting his magic and putting a strain on his magical womb.

So Harry was completely wiped; the potions had tasted awful and left him feeling nauseous at the end of the week; his magic was being used to protect the babies; and he had little energy to do... anything.

Dinner that night Lucius had to hold him up and feed him, Draco, Fred and George watching in amusement as Harry fell asleep between mouthfuls. Finally dinner ended and Lucius carried his exausted mate to their bedroom. Harry was already snoring so Lucius cast some cleansing charms, changed Harry into his pyjamas, and placed him in bed.

Lucius kissed his forehead and rubbed his stomach, softly telling the babies to let Mummy sleep. When he was sure they weren't kicking up a fuss, and that Harry was out, he went back to finish his own dinner, glad Harry's N.E.W.T.s were over.
Author's Note: I'm updating again 'cause I just finished writing chapter 66! Again, there will probably be over 70 chapters, and I'm currently working on the twins being born.

So happy reading :)

{Dreamer}

Exams were over for the eighth years, while the fifth and seventh years were still studying. Though the school year ended late June, Dumbledore had decided that the eighth years should graduate early. It would be less confusing to have them and the seventh years graduate separately, as well as giving both their own ceremonies.

So, as it was, Harry and the other eighth years suddenly found themselves facing their last week of classes.

Lucius didn't want Harry to go; a spell could hit him, teenagers could be cruel, Harry was pregnant, and Lucius wasn't allowed to go to every class with him.

Harry wanted to go; he'd missed the last two months of class, he'd never again get to sit in a classroom with Hermione, Ron, and Draco, and he wanted just one last week of normality, of Hogwarts, before he moved to the Manor permanently and gave birth to twins.

Lucius put down his foot and said he was the dominant; he was in charge of Harry's safety, their relationship, and whether or not his twenty-two-week pregnant mate was allowed to roam around the castle without him.

Harry glared at Lucius, bright emerald eyes going dark, fingers curled into fists, and lips pressed into a thin line. He said, in the softest voice possible, that Lucius would never, ever, see him naked again if the blonde ever said anything even close to what he just had just uttered.

Lucius let Harry go to class.

{oOo}

Harry woke early to get dressed, Lucius transfiguring his uniform so it fit. Harry left his robes open and looked down at his swollen belly as he stood in front of the full-length mirror.

Lucius came up behind him and pressed his hands to Harry's shirt, rubbing his stomach through the cotton.

'Are you sure about going to class?'

'Yes, Lucius,' Harry said for the fortieth time. 'If I get into trouble Hermione, Ron, or Draco will take care of me. Dobby's promised to keep an eye on me, as have the teachers. Everyone knows that if they hurt me they have to face you; I'll be fine.'
Lucius still didn't like it but nodded and kissed Harry's cheek.

'How do you feel about going back to teaching for a week?' Harry asked.

'I've missed it, to be honest,' Lucius said. 'I may dislike my students-'

Harry snorted.

'...okay, I hate most of my students,' Lucius corrected, 'but I like helping people learn new things and I'm good at it.'

'Will you be coming back next year?' Harry asked, suddenly realising that he and Lucius hadn't discussed it.

'Well, Albus came to talk to me about that, actually.' He sat down on the small seat beside Harry's racks of clothes and Harry looked at him. 'I'm not coming back next school year.'

'What? But you just said you liked teaching Defence.'

'I do,' Lucius nodded. 'But I don't want to be travelling between Hogwarts and the Manor while we have two babies to look after. I just can't bear the thought of leaving you, even for a few hours.'

Harry smiled.

'I told Albus that you wanted to apprentice and get a Masters in DADA, but that you won't be able to do that until the babies can spend long periods of time without you,' Lucius continued. 'So, we came to the decision that Remus and Sirius would take the DA post for next year, perhaps the year after too, and you can apprentice with Remus or me when I come back.'

'Oh... are Rem and Siri okay with that?'

Lucius nodded. 'Remus has his Masters and Sirius can teach as long as Remus marks everything and plans the lessons. It can be counted as Sirius' apprenticeship if he wants to get his Masters at some point.'

'Huh... well... that works out, then,' Harry said. 'Will Teddy be living here?'

Lucius nodded. 'Sirius will watch him when Remus is teaching and vice versa. If they both teach Severus offered to watch him, or Andromeda can come.'

'We can watch him,' Harry said. Lucius groaned. 'What?'

'We'll have two children to watch, do we need a third?'

Harry smiled. 'Don't be mean, Luce. If we babysit Teddy then Siri and Remy have to babysit our twins when we want some time alone.'

A smirk pulled at Lucius' lips and he leaned forward to kiss the teenager. 'You're a cunning little veela, did you know that?'

'I've been spending too much time with you,' Harry said. He cupped Lucius' cheek and kissed him properly before pulling away. 'Come on, time for breakfast.'

Lucius groaned and Harry chuckled.

Suddenly a shriek reached their ears and both hurried from the room. Lucius pulled his wand as
another shout echoed through the quarters. Lucius pushed Harry behind him as they stepped into the sitting room.

Draco was standing on the sofa, hands covering his face. Lucius looked around for the source of danger and Harry peeked around him.

'Damian,' the teenager groaned.

'Damian?' Lucius questioned.

Harry nodded at the pot of tea sitting on the coffee table. Lucius looked down and saw Harry's pet snake, the reptile curled around the luke-warm tea pot. Lucius sighed and put his wand away as Harry stepped forward.

**Damian, what are you doing out of your tank?** Harry hissed in Parseltongue.

The milk snake's tongue flicked out, beady eyes turning to Harry. *Exploring*, he said.

Harry tutted. **What have I told you about leaving your tank? You could get hurt!**

Damian rolled his eyes but slithered onto Harry's arm when the Gryffindor reached for him. Draco glared at Harry and the reptile, grey eyes dark.

'What the bloody hell is that thing doing slithering around the place?' Draco demanded.

Harry chuckled and said, 'You're in Slytherin.'

'Doesn't mean I like snakes,' Draco growled, getting off the sofa. 'Would you go pet a lion at the zoo?'

Lucius scowled at the mere thought and turned to his mate, who was stroking Damian with one finger. 'Harry, perhaps you should put Damian away?'

Harry nodded and walked to their room, hissing under his breath. Lucius had to close his eyes at the erotic images the snake-language brought to mind. Harry... Parseltongue... heated flesh... oh, yes.

When Harry came back he cocked his head, Lucius still standing completely still and breathing heavily as Draco vanished his tea.

'Lucius?' Harry questioned.

Lucius opened his eyes slowly and Harry quirked an eyebrow at the lust he saw. The older wizard stepped forward and enveloped Harry in a hug, bending to whisper in his ear.

'Are you sure you want to go to class?'

'Yes,' Harry said.

Lucius hummed, breath tickling Harry's ear. 'We could... stay in,' he purred.

Harry shivered and wet his lips, trying to keep his blood from flowing south. 'N-No, I have to go to class.'

'Are you sure?' Lucius murmured again, tongue darting out to lick Harry's ear.
Harry pushed him away, backing up quickly. He raised a finger and said, 'No, stop that!'

Lucius smiled innocently. 'Stop what?'

Harry glared at him. 'Stop it, Lucius.'

'What?'

Harry shook his head and went to get his book bag, Lucius chuckling.

{oOo}

Harry's first class back was Potions so he had Draco for company. Severus wasn't giving his students any time to slack off, despite their exams being over; he made them re-review what they'd sat for their N.E.W.T.s, asking if they'd remembered everything, what they think they could improve on, and generally being a pain in the arse.

Harry fidgeted the entire time. He was glad to be back, even if it would only be until graduation, but he missed Lucius. He didn't feel right not having Lucius by his side, or just a few steps away.

Draco kept close and made Harry breathe in and out deeply whenever he started to look flustered; Draco's scent, while entirely his own, still reminded Harry of Lucius; of family and love and comfort.

Harry would smile weakly at his kit, who just beamed and wrapped an arm around him.

They were let go early (Severus kept hissing at Harry to stop thinking about Lucius) and Draco walked Harry to Herbology, one of the classes they didn't share together.

He waited until Neville and Hannah Abbott had appeared before leaving to spend his free period with Fred while George stayed at Zonko's, Harry squeezing his hand tightly and thanking him.

'Are you okay, Harry?' Hannah asked.

Harry had never spoken to Hannah that much but knew she was a kind, sweet girl, who'd never bought into the lies The Prophet and others had said about him. She'd believed in Harry, had never shunned him, and even though they'd never really been friends, Harry liked her.

'Um... I'm fine, really,' Harry said.

Hannah smiled in understanding. 'You miss Mr Malfoy?'

Harry blushed. 'Am I that obvious?'

'Of course not,' Hannah chuckled. 'But I can't imagine it's easy to leave your mate after spending so much time together.'

'I know it's silly,' Harry said, 'he's in the castle, and I'll be seeing him at lunch, but...' he shrugged slightly, '... yeah, I miss him.'

'I'm sure Mr Malfoy misses you too,' Neville said from beside Hannah.

Harry noticed how close they were standing, the way Neville or Hannah would blush when the other accidently brushed against them. He raised an eyebrow and Hannah's rosey cheeks darkened further, while Neville looked down with a small smile.
He waited until they were all inside to say something, Madam Sprout setting them the task of staring lazily at Bellowing Roses (they actually sang a soft lullaby) while she sorted out some homework for her younger years.

Hannah was sitting with Dean and Justin, leaving Neville beside Harry with Ron and Hermione sitting across from them. The couple were busy giggling with each other so Harry turned to Neville.

"What's up with you and Hannah?"

Neville blushed and said, "Erm... w-what do you mean?"

'Come off it, you supported Hufflepuff at the last Quidditch match,' Harry said, 'and you just showed up to class together, and-'

'Yes, alright,' Neville cut in.

'Are you dating?'

'No.'

Harry frowned. 'No?'

Neville shook his head and said, 'We're just... well, I like her, but I can't tell if she likes me.'

"Course she does, why wouldn't she?"

'I'm me,' Neville said.

'And you are brilliant, good-looking, smart, kind, generous, and a war hero,' Harry said. 'Why wouldn't she like you?'

Neville blushed and looked down, Harry chuckling.

'Trust me, Nev; you're a catch.'

'Better not let Mr Malfoy hear you say that,' Neville mumbled, but he looked to be feeling better about the Hannah situation.

Harry snorted and said, 'Don't worry, I won't let him hurt you.'

'So... do you think I should ask her out?'

'Yeah,' Harry said. 'Why not?'

Neville smiled. 'She's just... so amazing and beautiful, you know?'

'Er... no, not really,' Harry admitted. 'I have no idea when it comes to women.'

'Oh,' Neville said. 'Well trust me, she's beautiful.'

Harry chuckled. 'If you say so.'

Neville smiled and said, 'She's really sweet too, she's always been nice to me, and she loves Herbology like I do; she wants to be a healer.'

'Yeah?"
Neville nodded. 'She's going to apprentice to Madam Pomfrey while she studies; she wants to work at Hogwarts and Madam Sprout mentioned that Madam Pomfrey was looking at retiring in a few years. Hannah's really good with people; she knows just what to say.'

Harry thought about earlier; when Hannah had comforted him and made him smile with just a few small words.

'Yeah, she does,' Harry nodded. 'I kinda feel bad now that I've never gotten to know her better; there are so many students I don't really talk to.'

He frowned and stood, Neville having to help him step over the seat.

'What are you doing?' Neville asked, Hermione and Ron looking up as Harry walked over to Hannah, Dean and Justin.

'Hi,' Harry said. 'Can I sit?' Hannah nodded and moved aside but Harry sat next to Dean, letting Neville take that spot. Harry turned to look at Ron and Hermione. 'Come join us.'

Hermione stood and Ron followed while Harry called over the Patel twins. Hermione transfigured the bench to fit them all and everyone sat while Madam Sprout stared at them.

'It's the last week of classes and I think we should all spend some more time together before heading off to become adults,' Harry announced.

Ron snorted and Hermione elbowed him lightly.

'Good idea, Harry,' Neville said, Hannah beaming at him.

'So, I'll start,' Harry said. 'My name's Harry Potter and I'm five months pregnant.'

Ron snorted again and broke into a fit of laughter, Padme and Parvati cooing over his pregnant stomach. Hannah started asking questions about his healer while Dean and Justin stared at his belly. Hermione smiled at Harry and Neville stared at Hannah in rapt fascination, while Madam Sprout beamed at her students.

{oOo}

Harry had a free period next but knew that Lucius was teaching some first years. He thought about going back to his quarters but Draco had Ancient Runes with Hermione while Ron was in Muggle Studies. Fred and George were at the joke shop, Remus and Sirius back at home, and Harry had no idea about Severus.

So he went to Dumbledore's office.

The gargoyle eyed him carefully as Harry said, 'Erm... Mars Bars?' The gargoyle stared. 'Kit Kats? Lemon Drops? Snickers? Erm.. ice-cream?'

The gargoyle snorted.

'You could help me out here,' Harry scowled.

'Alright there, 'Arry?'

Harry turned and grinned when he saw Hagrid, the half-giant carrying a pumpkin.

'Hi, Hagrid. I'm fine, I just don't know the password.'
'Oh, it's Candy Cane,' Hagrid said.

The gargoyle winked at Harry and jumped aside, Harry thanking Hagrid and stepping onto the spiral staircase. Hagrid joined him and they moved up, the gargoyle sliding back into place.

'What's with the pumpkin?' Harry asked.

'Professor Dumbledore said 'e needed it fer some reason,' Hagrid shrugged, showering Harry in dirt. The teenager brushed his shoulders off as Hagrid continued. 'Don't ask anymore, 'Arry, just say 'yessir'.

Harry smiled as the staircase stopped and the two stepped off. Hagrid's hands were full so Harry knocked, the two waiting in silence. One of the doors swung open and Albus beamed at them both.

'Harry, this is a lovely surprise,' he said. 'Come in, come in.'

'I'm not interrupting anything, am I?' Harry asked.

'Of course not,' the headmaster said. He ushered them into the small sitting room and Harry sat, a tray of dips and various salad sticks and bottles of drink appearing on the table.

Harry smiled and reached for a carrot stick, dipping it into one of the white dippings. 'How'd you know?' he asked.

Albus' eyes twinkled as Hagrid set the pumpkin down in the corner. 'I have my ways, Harry. Now, did you need to see me about something?'

'No, I just thought I'd visit,' Harry said. 'You can stay if you're not busy, Hagrid,' he added when it looked like the big man was going to leave. 'This is just a social visit.'

Dumbledore waved his hand and a large, sturdy armchair appeared beside the sofa Harry was on. Hagrid sat and the Headmaster transfigured a mug into a large one for the giant, pouring amber-coloured liquid into it.

'A social visit, hmm?' Albus said as Harry continued to munch on the snacks. 'I take it Lucius is busy?'

Harry blushed and swallowed his mouthful. 'No.' Dumbledore raised an eyebrow and Harry said, 'Okay, yes, Lucius is busy. Draco and everyone else are in class and-

'I'm crushed, my boy,' Albus said, clutching his robes. 'To be picked last-

'You weren't picked last,' Harry grumbled, cutting him off. 'I just happened to want to visit you when no one else was available.'

Dumbledore chuckled and reclined in the armchair opposite Harry, crossing his legs at the ankle and pulling a package of lemon drops from his pocket. 'Of course, of course, you must forgive me; any sense goes with age, you know.'

'It's amazing you have any sense left then,' Harry teased.

Albus managed to look offended all of three seconds before he was smiling broadly. 'How are you, Harry? Anything new to report?'

Harry smiled and they all got comfortable for a friendly chat.
Finally lunch time rolled around and Albus escorted Harry to the Great Hall. Nervous energy was practically rolling off Harry in waves, and the Gryffindor alternated between clutching his book bag, rubbing his stomach, and muttering under his breath.

Albus just chuckled and smiled merrily as he and Harry entered the Great Hall, Harry's eyes immediately darting to the Head Table. He sighed heavily when he didn't see Lucius and his entire body deflated.

'I'm sure he'll be along soon,' Dumbledore said.

'Mm,' Harry mumbled, Albus walking along with him. Hermione was sitting with Draco at the Slytherin table, along with Neville, Hannah, and Luna, so Harry decided to sit with them rather then alone at the Gryffindor table.

A few Slytherins eyed him as he walked by, staring at his giant belly, but Harry ignored them all in favour of Draco. His kit smiled and stood as soon as he saw him, opening his arms and letting Harry hug him.

Draco had to lean over Harry's stomach to kiss his cheek, and when they broke apart Harry smiled.

'He'll be here soon,' Draco said.

'He'd better be,' Harry huffed. Albus helped Harry sit and the teenager lumped chicken onto his plate, grabbing a breadroll and pouring gravy over his chicken at the same time. Draco made sure he had a glass of orange juice before Harry tucked in, thoughts of Lucius momentarily held at bay by food.

'Hi Harry,' Hannah smiled brightly.

'Hello,' Harry smiled back, pushing chicken and chips onto his roll. 'Why are you guys sitting with the snakes?'

Draco pretended to look offended and Hermione smiled as Hannah said, 'You were right; it's the last week of classes, we should all get to know each other a little better.'

Harry nodded and left his friends to get to know each other. He focused on his food, eating three breadrolls and ducking each one into a bowl of gravy before taking a bite. He was halfway through his plate, letting the others' conversations wash over him, when someone nudged him in the ribs.

He looked up to see Neville pointing towards the double doors and craned his neck to see over the Slytherins. A brilliant smile spread across Harry's face and he pushed his plate aside as he struggled to get up.

Draco and Neville helped Harry to his feet and the Gryffindor had just stood tall when he was engulfed in a tight hug that left him breathless and beaming at the same time. He burrowed into Lucius' chest as the teacher stroked his back, pressing his face into Harry's hair and breathing in deeply.

Harry nuzzled Lucius' chest before his mate drew back, hands moving to cup Harry's cheeks. Lucius' lips pressed hard against Harry's and the teenager couldn't help but mewl slightly, Lucius chuckling against him but not breaking the kiss.

It had to end eventually and when they broke apart Harry was blinking stupidly, Lucius smiling
down at him. They had half the Great Hall's attention, Draco making choking noises and Hermione slapping his shoulder.

'I missed you,' Lucius said, pulling Harry in for another hug.

'Missed you too,' Harry admitted. He closed his eyes and breathed in deeply, letting Lucius' scent fill his senses and calm him down. He hummed as Lucius stroked his back, the blonde rubbing his cheek against Harry's unruly mop of hair.

'Are you gonna have lunch or just stand there all day touching each other?' Draco demanded.

When the couple broke apart Lucius tugged Harry along the aisle, ignoring Draco's question in favour of seating himself and his mate at the Head Table. Severus rolled his eyes when Lucius sat and pulled Harry onto his lap, the teenager wriggling to get comfortable.

'Have you eaten?' Lucius asked when Harry had stopped moving.

'I had three breadrolls,' Harry said, eyeing Severus' plate. 'But now I feel like salad.'

'Then salad you shall have,' Lucius said and grabbed the wooden bowl to his left. He planted it in front of Harry and the Gryffindor tucked in, Lucius reaching around him to put food on his own plate. 'How has your day been?' Lucius asked as he moved Harry slightly to the side so they could both eat.

'Alright,' Harry shrugged, wiping vinegar from his chin. 'I got to know a couple of my year-mates a bit better. I realised I've known some of these people for eight years but I don't really know them, if you get what I mean.'

Lucius nodded and popped a carrot into his mouth, chewing quickly. 'Other than that, nothing eventful?'

'Nope.'

Lucius nodded again. 'So... no one threatened you? Tried to hurt you?' he asked. 'No stupid little student has given me the excuse to kill them?'

Harry snorted and turned to kiss Lucius quickly. 'No, Luce, everything's fine. People know not to mess with me.'

'I still don't-' Lucius began

'And I'm still ignoring your complaints,' Harry cut in.

'But Harry-'

'No.'

'Love-'

'We've had this conversation before,' Harry butted in.

'Little one-'

'No,' Harry repeated.

'But Harry,' Lucius whined, Severus snorting beside him. 'I don't like you being away from me for
so long.'

'I know, I miss you too,' Harry said, chewing on a lettuce leaf. 'But this is my last chance to go to class at Hogwarts as a student, I can't just stop going because you miss me.'

Lucius pouted and stared at his plate.

'Eat,' Harry said, wriggling on Lucius' lap.

Lucius stifled a moan and buried his face in Harry's neck, the Gryffindor giggling.

'Stop that,' Harry smiled.

'So stop wiggling.'

'Will you both stop?' Severus demanded.

'Never,' the mates said in unison.

Severus groaned as Harry shoved a piece of capsicum into Lucius' mouth, the blonde grinning at his best friend.

{oOo}

The last class of the day was Charms and though Harry had spent his second free period with Lucius, the blonde was waiting for him once Flitwick dismissed them. He pulled Harry close and glared at anyone who stopped to look, the students hurrying away as Lucius' arms surrounded Harry in yet another firm hug.

'Miss me?' Harry chuckled. Lucius growled and the teenager tutted. 'Lucius, honestly, it's been an hour.'

'Anything can happen in a hour,' Lucius muttered before kissing his mate softly. 'You're okay?'

'Fine,' Harry smiled. 'But hungry.'

Lucius chuckled and turned Harry around, one arm firm around the Gryffindor's waist. 'Let's see what we can do about that, hmm?'

{oOo}

The remaining week was much the same; Harry and Lucius would fidget in their classes, Harry not paying attention, students having to remind Lucius to let them go at the end of the hour. Draco was there for Harry in the classes they shared together, and when Harry had free periods he'd either visit Albus, Hagrid, or hang out with another eighth year.

Suddenly the last day was on them and Harry had every class (he suspected Dumbledore was behind that). Harry dressed in his maroon and gold robes one final time, ignoring Lucius' promise that Harry would wear the robes on future occasions in the bedroom. He wanted to go to class and Lucius wanted him to stay; if Harry gave in to his mate's teasing, he'd find himself stuck in bed all day.

So Harry let the clasps of his robe fall open, pregnant belly stretching his white cotton shirt, straightened his tie (he still didn't know how to knot it) and looked himself over. Robes? Check. Books? Harry grabbed his bag; check. Crazy Hair?
Check, Harry thought as he ran a hand over the top of his black hair. Lucius came into the wardrobe behind him and wrapped his arms around Harry's stomach, kissing his cheek and humming in his ear. *Sex-crazed mate?* Harry thought as he turned to kiss the blonde.

'Check,' Harry said.

'What?' Lucius asked, an eyebrow raised in confusion.

Harry just smiled and tugged Lucius from the wardrobe.

{oOo}

Breakfast in the Great Hall was a strange affair. The other years were chatting like normal, but the eighth years were all staring at their plates, their friends. Lavender burst into tears and had to be consoled by Parvati and Padme. Harry wandered around the Hall talking to everyone until all his year-mates were sitting at the end of the Slytherin table, chatting and discussing their futures.

The other Slytherins didn't look happy about so many Hufflepuffs, Ravenclaws, and Gryffindors sitting at their table, but no one was about to challenge Lucius Malfoy's mate and son, so Harry and Draco were allowed to do what they wished. Harry was beginning to realise that Lucius really did have power everywhere.

After breakfast all the eighth years headed to Charms, Lucius with his arm around Harry's waist.

'I have a free period,' Lucius said as they walked behind Draco, Hermione, Ron, Neville and Hannah.

'Mm,' Harry hummed, watching Neville and Hannah blush at each other.

'I could stay-'

'No,' Harry said.

Lucius growled. 'Why are you being so annoying?'

'Lucius, I don't want you stalking me to every class,' Harry said, looking up at the blonde. 'I love you, I miss you, but it's only three hours; I'll see you at lunch.'

'But-'

'Lucius, how would you feel if I followed you to every class?' Lucius smiled and Harry said, 'Okay, don't answer that. My point is; thank you for the offer, but I'll be fine.'

Lucius sighed. 'Fine, fine; I give up.'

'I very much doubt that,' Harry said.

Lucius smiled as they reached the Charms classroom, turning to face Harry and linking their fingers. 'I just miss you.'

'I know, I miss you too,' Harry said. 'But remember; three hours.'

Lucius sighed and bent to kiss the teenager chastely. They stood together until Professor Flitwick appeared, the tiny wizard smiling brightly at the veela couple before ushering the eighth years inside. Harry kissed Lucius again and walked in, taking his seat beside Draco. Ron and Hermione were beside him, with most of the other eighth years across the room on the other side.
Professor Flitwick spent most of the lesson having everyone show off what they'd learned, as well as proving why he was the Charms professor; the man was amazing with his wand, flicking and swishing all over the place, making things hover and shoot across the room.

Hermione and Draco ended up competing to see who could make their textbook shoot to the ceiling first, and Harry had to dive under the desk when Ron tried and ended up sending a dozen ink bottles flying across the classroom.

'Well, remember that time I knocked out a troll with its own bat?' Ron said.

Harry giggled and Hermione rolled her eyes, Draco and the others demanding the full story. For the first time in years, the Golden Trio re-told the event that had led to their friendship, Draco huffing about Gryffindor favouritism and Hannah clutching at Neville's robes tightly (not that Neville seemed to mind).

Professor Flitwick commended Ron on his quick-use of the spell and the red-head blushed darkly, even more so when Hermione kissed his cheek. Harry sat back remembering the lesson they'd learned *Wingardium Leviosa*, Hermione's pronunciation, and Seamus blowing up his feather.

Soon Flitwick was dismissing them, blue eyes shining with tears as he sobbed about how much they'd all grown and how proud he was. The girls all kissed his cheek, the guys shook his hand, and the class headed off to Transfiguration.

{oOo}

Professor McGonagall held out on crying until ten minutes before the end of class. She'd been watching the students transfigure their desks, book bags, textbooks, and robes, marvelling at how they'd all matured and how much they'd learned.

Suddenly she was crying and reminiscing about old times; Harry, Hermione, Neville and Draco getting caught out of bed, the Golden Trio fighting through all the teachers' best defences, the Chamber of Secrets, Sirius Black breaking in, the Triwizard Tournament...

She grabbed Harry and squeezed him tightly, crying against his hair and making Ron and Draco snicker. The others all looked on as Harry patted their teacher and murmured, 'There, there', the teenager really having no idea how to comfort women.

McGonagall apologised afterwards and let them go early, eyes red-rimmed and hands clutched to her chest.

{oOo}

Severus didn't even look close to crying as Harry and the others took their seats in Potions. He left them to their own devices and sat at his desk, staring across the classroom, eyes flicking from Harry, to Draco, over the rest, and back to Harry and Draco again.

Harry and Draco talked about their first Potions lesson; Severus' hate of him, Hermione sticking her hand in the air, the Head of Slytherin picking on everyone who wasn't a snake.

They giggled together and Severus would raise an eyebrow, obviously demanding an explanation, only for Harry and Draco to grin at him and whisper again.

Half-an-hour before class ended, there was a knock on the door and Lucius swept in, Harry's eyes immediately drawn to him. The blonde just smiled at him and went to Severus, sitting on the edge of his desk and striking up a soft conversation.
Harry frowned at his mate and Lucius kept his back to him, Draco and Severus both smirking at how they were acting. Five minutes after Lucius arrived, Harry couldn't stop himself and stood. He walked to the front of the class and watched Severus excuse himself, the professor quickly walking down the aisle to chat to Draco.

Harry stopped before the desk and crossed his arms, Lucius raising an eyebrow.

'Can I help you, little one?'

'What are you doing here?' Harry asked.

'Visiting my best friend and a fellow colleague,' Lucius said. 'Why?' Harry snorted. 'Oh, you think I'm here for you?' Lucius asked. When Harry nodded, he said, 'No, I can wait three hours to see you. I just... wanted to talk to Severus.'

'Uh-huh.'

'I did,' Lucius said.

'Yup,' Harry said, pulling Lucius up and pushing until the Slytherin was sitting on Severus' chair.

'Honestly,' Lucius insisted.

'Mm-hmm,' Harry nodded and sat on Lucius' lap. He wrapped his arms around the blonde's neck and kissed him softly. 'I missed you too.'

Lucius drew back. 'Really?'

'Of course, silly veela,' Harry chastised. 'I'd much rather spend all my days with you, but I didn't want to miss class.'

'I hate being so needy,' Lucius admitted, stroking Harry's back. 'I should be able to survive a few hours without you.'

'Of course you can,' Harry smiled. 'You came to visit Severus, right? I just happened to be here.'

Lucius snorted and pulled Harry in for another kiss, the couple oblivious to all the students grinning at them.

{oOo}

After lunch Harry had a free period and spent it in his quarters with Lucius, the two sitting on the sofa and exchanging languid kisses to make up for the hours they'd spent apart. Draco had snuck out to visit Fred and George, who were adding the finishing touches to their new store, the Hogsmeade branch opening in a few days.

When the time came for Harry to go to Herbology, Lucius tried to keep him in place with hot kisses, naughty words, and fingers that groped at the teenager's crotch. Harry managed to talk Lucius into letting him go to class, the blonde only stopping when Harry promised sex later.

Madam Sprout showed off her very best magical plants, calling upon Neville and Hannah to help her present them to the eighth years. Harry was close to crying when he finally left and Draco had to hug him tightly when they met at the DADA room to stop the Gryffindor from bursting into tears.

Suddenly the very last class was on the eighth years; Defence Against the Dark Arts with Professor
Malfoy. The students were hoping for a party, had all packed food and various streamers and fireworks (courtesy of Fred and George Weasley, who had been handing out free samples to get the Hogwarts crowd to shop when their new store opened) and everyone watched Lucius carefully to guage his reaction.

When he failed to do anything other than stare at Harry, Ron nudged the veela and Harry looked away from his mate. 'What?'

'Ask Lucius if we can have a party,' Ron said, a few students nodding eagerly.

Harry looked around before using his table, and Ron, to stand, the red-head wincing and rubbing his shoulder as Harry ambled up to Lucius' desk.

'Yes, Mr Potter?' the blonde drawled.

Harry rolled his eyes but was smiling as he said, 'Can we have a party?'

'A party for...?'

'The last class of our Hogwarts careers,' Harry said.

Lucius frowned and Harry quickly rounded the table, the Slytherin leaning back and turning. Harry sat on his lap and hooked his arms around Lucius' neck, the entire class watching; none of them had ever seen Harry and Lucius act so couple-y together in class (except for those who'd been present in Potions), but if it helped get them their party, they were all for it.

Bottom lip poked out, head bowed, and emerald green eyes wide, Harry said, 'Please, Professor Malfoy?' He dropped his right hand and trailed it along Lucius' chest, the blonde's eyes darkening slightly. 'We'd be ever so greatful if you could find it in your heart to let us have a party,' Harry continued, fingers walking up Lucius' chest, touching a nipple briefly.

Harry felt Lucius twitch beneath him and went in for the kill; he drew Lucius down for a warm, tender kiss, Lucius melting against the teenager and winding his arms around Harry's back. When they broke apart Lucius' eyes were close, lips parted as he breathed in and out.

'Please?' Harry asked again.

Lucius groaned and tuned to face the class, who were all staring. 'Fine,' he said.

A cheer went up and soon the room was full of colourful streamers in the house colours, as well as black for Hogwarts. Confetti fell from the ceiling and fireworks cracked around the room. The tables had been magiced to the sides of the room and bottles of drink and party food were put out, people walking around and chatting as they ate.

Harry stayed on Lucius' lap, the Slytherin marking homework from his other years. Harry just played with Lucius' hair, which had come free from it's tie, and nibbled on finger food.

Someone shot sparks from their wand and everyone paused, turning to see Draco standing on a chair. 'To Harry Potter, The-Boy-Who-Uses-His-Body-To-Get-What-He-Wants!'

Harry blushed brightly as a cheer of, 'To Harry!' echoed around the room, everyone toasting and drinking from their bottles of butterbeer.

'Bastard,' Harry growled at Draco.
The blonde snickered and went back to talking to Neville and Hannah, the latter discussing healing animatedly.

'It's true,' Lucius commented.

'Shut it,' Harry grumbled.

Lucius chuckled and kissed him quickly, knowing Harry would forgive him as soon as their lips touched. Sure enough, when they broke apart Harry was smiling happily and drinking orange juice. Lucius smiled and went back to marking homework.
Graduation

When the class ended and goodbyes were said, everyone helped set the classroom right again. Lucius was still seated, putting away his various essays, while Harry collected his bag. He looked up and raised an eyebrow when Harry dumped his bag on the desk.

'I do believe you're wearing the wrong clothing, Mr Malfoy.'

'What?' Lucius said, frowning in confusion. He'd thought he and Harry would head straight to dinner, the teenager always starving at the end of the day.

Harry reached into his bag and pulled out a bundle of clothes, dropping them onto Lucius' lap. Lucius picked up the top garment and realised it was a robe...

... an old Slytherin robe.

Lucius quickly went through the clothing and realised it was his old Hogwarts uniform; a dark grey robe with green under-colouring, a grey jacket, trousers, and jumper, as well as his white-cotton shirt and slightly faded prefect badge.

'Harry-

'Professor Potter,' Harry corrected.

Lucius smiled and said, 'You found my uniform.'

'It was in the back of the wardrobe in your childhood room,' Harry said. 'I got Dobby to wash it.'

'Harry, I don't think I'll fit into this,' Lucius said. 'I grew a lot after I left Hogwarts.'

'Just try it on,' Harry said.

Lucius sighed but stood to do as asked. He left the jacket and jumper aside, instead quickly pulling on the trousers, shirt and robe. His eyes widened in surprise when he found that all fit, even the belt that had been threaded through the trousers.

He pulled the clasps of his robes together and fastened it tight before sticking the prefect badge on.

'Why do these fit?' he asked.

'It's a secret,' Harry said. 'Now sit down, Mr Malfoy; we have to talk about your education.'

Lucius smirked and sat back down, watching as Harry pulled his Gryffindor robe and tie off. He handed the tie to Lucius, who quickly transfigured it into a green-and-silver striped one. Lucius wrapped it around his neck and pulled it into a knot, making sure it was tucked beneath his robes before looking up-

- to see Harry fixing Lucius' black teaching robe on. It was much too long and hung over his hands and bunched up on the floor, but a quick hand wave from Lucius had it fitting itself to Harry's frame and even widening around the waist to make room for Harry's pregnant belly.

'Now,' Harry said in a stern tone. 'Do you know why I've asked you to stay back, Mr Malfoy?'

'I'm not sure, Professor Potter,' Lucius answered. He grabbed his cane and twisted his wand free,
pointing it at the door. A locking charm went up before Lucius silenced the classroom and put his wand aside.

'You don't?' Harry said, Lucius shaking his head. 'Well, I've been a bit concerned with your behaviour,' the teenager continued. 'You're rude in class, you talk back to me, and you refuse to do as I ask; do you think that's acceptable behaviour?'

'Well, I am the Head Boy, sir,' Lucius said, smiling as Harry's lips twitched. 'I think I should be allowed certain freedoms.'

'Be that as it may, I can't treat you any differently just because of your status,' Harry said.

'What a pity,' Lucius said.

'Mm,' Harry mused. 'I don't suppose you'd be willing to change your ways? Perhaps I have to... teach you a lesson?'

'I don't think you can teach me anything, sir,' Lucius said, sarcasm thick on the last word.

Suddenly Harry had walked forward and sat on Lucius' lap. He crashed their lips together, Lucius moaning and wrapping his arms around Harry's back. He pulled him closer until Lucius was leaning over Harry's stomach to continue the kiss, Harry rocking back and forth against his crotch.

Lucius broke the kiss to lick and nip his way down Harry's neck until the Gryffindor pushed him away. 'What?'

'Ah-ah, none of that, Mr Malfoy,' Harry teased. 'I'm the professor here.'

Lucius growled but sat back.

'Hmm, so beautiful,' Harry said, tracing Lucius' strong jaw with his index finger. Lucius shivered as Harry's digit moved up to touch his slightly swollen lips. 'Suck on my finger,' Harry ordered.

Lucius raised an eyebrow but opened his mouth, Harry's finger pushing in slightly. Lucius bobbed forward and swallowed Harry to the knuckle, the teenager groaning as a wet tongue licked and rubbed all over his skin.

Harry pulled his finger out slowly and again traced Lucius' lips before leaning forward for a kiss. His tongue replaced his finger, the wet organ licking up and down Lucius' bottom lip before his teeth nipped and his lips sucked.

The Slytherin groaned and grabbed Harry's hips again, pushing his crotch up and pulling Harry down at the same time. Harry allowed Lucius to rut against him for about a minute before once more pulling back.

He kissed and licked his way across Lucius' jaw until he sucked and nipped Lucius' earlobe, the blonde letting a deep groan escape from his throat. He nuzzled into Harry's neck as the teenager rubbed both hands down his chest, fingers stilling over the clasps keeping his Slytherin robes together.

They suddenly came undone and Lucius felt Harry's hands dive in, stroking both nipples through his tight cotton shirt. Lucius moaned and arched into the contact, Harry punishing him by sliding his fingers away.

'Noo,' Lucius groaned.
'Be still, Mr Malfoy,' Harry whispered, breath blowing over Lucius' ear and making him shiver. 'Let Professor Potter take care of you.'

'P-Please,' Lucius begged.

'Shh,' Harry said.

Lucius swallowed thickly and pushed his rather large dominant streak down, going completely still beneath his mate. Harry paused before rocking forward gently, Lucius stifling a groan but otherwise looking unaffected. Harry bit his ear gently before rubbing Lucius' nipples again and he felt his mate twitch but quickly control himself.

'Very good,' Harry purred, Lucius smirking beneath him. 'What a good Head Boy you are, I think you deserve twenty points for Slytherin.'

'Why thank you, Professor,' Lucius said.

Harry smiled. 'Here are your points.' He twisted Lucius' nipples through his shirt and kissed him quickly, crushing their mouths together. Lucius' hiss was cut off by Harry's mouth, the Gryffindor swallowing the sound and tracing Lucius' gums, his teeth, before duelling with his tongue once more.

When Harry pulled back Lucius was panting, lips swollen and cheeks flushed. He moaned when Harry pinched his nipples again before rubbing the small nubs, tongue darting out to wet his red lips.

'So, Head Boy,' Harry said conversationally while his fiancé tried not to buck beneath him. 'How did you get that position?'

Lucius raised his head and an eyebrow, Harry smirking at him.

'Well,' the blonde said slowly, 'I'm very good at giving head, sir.'

Harry shivered at the title and cleared his throat. 'Is that so?'

'Yes, Professor.'

'Well... I'd be willing to give you another twenty points, maybe more, if you can... ah, show me, exactly why you became Head Boy.'

Lucius smirked and said, 'I'd be delighted to, Professor Potter. Perhaps you'd be more comfortable standing?'

Harry slid from Lucius' lap and stood against the table, Lucius wincing and grabbing at his crotch. Harry grinned. 'Have your trousers become uncomfortable, Mr Malfoy?'

'I've had a growth spurt in the last five minutes, sir,' Lucius answered as he stood. 'About twelve inches or so.'

'Really?' Harry raised an eyebrow. 'You don't look any bigger.'

'Oh, I'm much bigger than I look, Professor,' Lucius said coyly.

Harry chuckled as Lucius pushed the chair back and got to his knees, shuffling across the wooden floor. He raised both hands and placed them against Harry's thighs, looking up past the teenager's pregnant belly and into his eyes.
'Would you like me to remove your trousers myself, Professor Potter?' Lucius asked. 'Of course I could try giving you head with them on but I fear it won't be as delicious.'

Harry smiled. 'I'd like to see those pretty lips mouthing at me through my trousers first, Mr Malfoy.'

Lucius shivered and felt a shot of fresh arousal shoot down his spine. He'd never realised Harry could speak this dirty and it was a major turn on; they'd definitely be doing this again.

Lucius wet his lips and leaned forward, pressing his mouth against the buldge in Harry's crotch. He inhaled deeply, filling his nostrils with the scent of Harry and sex. Harry threaded his fingers through Lucius' hair as the blonde nuzzled and kissed at his trousers, a wet spot soon appearing as Lucius began to lick.

He mouthed and nipped, feeling Harry's cock twitch beneath the fabric. Harry moaned softly and scratched at Lucius' scalp, the blonde humming as he pushed harder.

'O-Okay, that's enough,' Harry said thickly.

Lucius smirked. 'Are you sure, Professor? I could continue this if-'

'No,' Harry said sternly and Lucius had to bite back a chuckle. 'I think it's time you showed me what you're capable of. And don't hold back, Mr Malfoy; I'll know.'

'Do you do this with all your students, Professor?' Lucius asked as he pulled at Harry's belt, quickly getting the buckle open until the leather hung against Harry's thighs.

'Just the ones who need a stern lesson,' Harry said.

Lucius smiled as he pulled Harry's trousers down to his thighs, palming the buldge in his underwear. Harry couldn't hold back the groan and his head tipped back as Lucius finally got his cock free, underwear bunched beneath his balls.

Lucius' right hand stroked up and down Harry's heated flesh while his other hand stroked and squeezed Harry's thigh. The teenager watched as Lucius leaned forward and, grey eyes looking up into Harry's green ones, placed the tip of his tongue against the slit and licked.

Harry groaned as Lucius teased him, the blonde's tongue darting around the head of his cock, spreading pre-come before licking it away. Harry let him have his fun before his fingers tightened in Lucius' hair, other hand coming up to circle the base of his cock.

'Professor?' Lucius said in confusion.

Harry yanked Lucius' head back and the Slytherin gasped, hands grabbing at Harry's thighs as he blinked in surprise.

'You seem to think that you're in charge here, Malfoy,' Harry said. He leaned forward and Lucius parted his lips, but Harry stopped. 'You forget that this is my classroom.'

Lucius didn't say anything and Harry frowned.

'That's the problem with you Slytherins; you think you're better than everyone else.'

'We are, sir,' Lucius answered.

Harry leaned further forward and touched the head of his cock to Lucius' full bottom lip. He rubbed
along the smooth skin, licking his lips as Lucius' mouth fell further open. Harry rubbed his cock along Lucius' mouth, his jaw, leaving a trail of pre-come before pulling back.

'Put your tongue out,' he ordered.

Lucius did as asked, pink tongue hanging thick and wet against his bottom lip. Harry moved closer and slapped his cock against Lucius' tongue, the blonde raising an eyebrow but not moving. Harry did it again before dipping in slightly, Lucius' lips closing around his cock.

Harry pulled out and Lucius groaned in frustration, lips widening again.

'Learn some manners, Malfoy,' Harry hissed before plunging in.

Lucius inhaled in shock and promptly choked, Harry's cock sitting thick and hard against his tongue. Harry groaned before pulling out, Lucius gasping for air. Before he could properly recover Harry was thrusting in again, cock hitting the back of his throat and making Lucius gag. Harry held his position for a few seconds before sliding out with a slick wet sound, leaving saliva hanging between the head of his shaft and Lucius' swollen lips.

'Now,' Harry said as Lucius inhaled sharply. 'What were you saying?

'Please fuck my mouth, Professor Potter,' Lucius answered immediately. 'Let me show you how sorry I am.'

'Is that what you want?'

'It's what you want, sir,' Lucius said, looking up at his mate. 'Use me for your pleasure; teach me a lesson.'

Harry smirked and his eyes darkened slightly, making Lucius lick his lips. Harry's fingers tightened in his hair and Lucius obediently opened his mouth wide. Harry placed the tip of his prick against Lucius' bottom lip and paused.

'You want to be used, Malfoy?' he asked.

'Yes, Professor,' Lucius said, breath blowing across Harry's throbbing shaft.

Harry immediately thrust in, too horny to care about dragging out their play. Lucius groaned as Harry sank all the way in, cock hitting the back of Lucius' throat and once more making him gag. Harry drew back out and set up a fast rhythm, holding Lucius in place and controlling the speed of his thrusts, how hard Lucius took him, everything.

Lucius could do little more than brace himself against his mate's thighs and let Harry have his way.

'That's it,' Harry groaned. 'Come on, Malfoy, suck me down like a good little snake.'

Lucius groaned and sucked back, hollowing his cheeks to add more stimulation to his mate's cock.

Harry hissed in pleasure, head tipping back and fingers tightening in Lucius' hair. His hips jolted back and forth as he fucked Lucius' mouth, the warm wetness making his stomach flip and his balls tighten.

'Look at you, taking my cock like a whore,' Harry growled.

Lucius grunted. He felt like he shouldn't be turned on by this; he was the dominant, Harry was the one who liked taking cock, Lucius was in charge!
But the faster Harry moved, the more he used and abused Lucius' mouth, the more turned on Lucius became. He couldn't wait to bury himself in Harry's tight heat, and that thought, as well as the filthy words Harry was moaning, made him suck back harder.

He swirled his tongue over the tip of Harry's cock before licking and sucking at the underside, cheeks hollowing and raw throat working to stimulate Harry's shaft.

'F-Fuck,' Harry groaned, free hand gripping the desk behind him tightly. It jolted across the floor as Harry slammed in hard, ink bottles rolling and parchment skidding across the wood. 'Fuck, L-Lucius...' Harry moaned.

Lucius took great satisfaction in hearing his mate utter his first name. Harry had been so in control thus far, but as he approached his climax he lost it.

'Lucius, oh gods,' Harry moaned, thrusts becoming erratic. Suddenly he slammed in hard, both hands flying to Lucius' head and pulling him forward. Lucius choked as Harry's cock slammed into the back of his throat and erupted, the teenager spurting into his mouth in thick threads.

Harry moaned and shook as he climaxed, Lucius' tongue working the underside of his cock as he road out the waves of his orgasm. Just when Lucius began to see spots Harry pulled out, a thick trail of saliva and come following.

Lucius breathed in heavily and felt liquid spill from his mouth, dripping down his chin and onto his robes. Harry was leaning against the desk looking thoroughly shagged and smiled weakly when Lucius wiped his face clean.

'So,' Lucius said, voice hoarse and throat raw from Harry's actions, 'did I satisfy you, Professor Potter?'

Harry chuckled breathlessly and nodded. 'Y-Yeah,' he said. 'Five hundred p-points to... Slytherin...'

Lucius smirked and stood, once again wincing when his throbbing erection strained at his trousers. Harry smiled and kicked his shoes and socks off, letting his trousers and underwear fall to the floor. He placed one hand against Lucius' chest and pushed him back, making the blonde stumble until he fell to sit.

Harry quickly straddled his lap and Lucius groaned as his mate wriggled against his crotch, rubbing his cock nicely. Lucius gripped his thighs tightly and Harry rocked back and forth, sated eyes locked onto Lucius' lust-filled ones.

'You have grown, Mr Malfoy,' he commented.

'W-Well, you've rubbed off... off on me... sir,' Lucius groaned.

Harry continued to rutted against him, making Lucius half-mad with need. He started kissing and licking Lucius' neck, hands rubbing up and down his Slytherin robes and touching his prefect badge.

'I don't believe in restricting students,' Harry said when Lucius pushed up, the buldge in his trousers rubbing against Harry's arse.

'You don't?' Lucius questioned.

'No, I think each student should be an individal, should be... let out of their constraints, so to speak,' Harry said. 'What do you think, Mr Malfoy?'
'I agree with you one-hundred percent,' Lucius said quickly.

Harry chuckled and pecked him on the lips before sliding off his fiancé's lap. He grabbed at Lucius' belt the the blonde moaned, lifting his hips and helping Harry drag his trousers and underwear down far enough to release his cock.

Lucius moaned again as his cock sprung free, skin glistening with pre-come, head swollen and purple. Harry leaned down and placed a quick kiss on the head before straddling Lucius again.

'Better prepare me,' Harry whispered in Lucius' ear, making the Slytherin shiver. 'I don't think I can take all of you at once, Mr Malfoy. You Slytherin's are quite large, aren't you?'

'You have no idea,' Lucius said. He quickly muttered the lubricant charm and Harry shifted up, giving his mate access. Two of the blonde's fingers slid in, swallowed by Harry's sweet heat and making them both moan.

'Fuck me with your fingers,' Harry ordered.

Lucius wasted no time in complying; he slipped his fingers out before thrusting in hard, Harry moaning and leaning heavily against his chest. Lucius wrapped one arm around the teenager's waist, keeping him in place as his fingers thrust in over and over again.

Harry cried out when Lucius slammed into his prostate, making fresh arousal shoot through the Gryffindor's body. He thrust himself forward, sliding his twitching cock against Lucius' hard one. Lucius moaned and kissed Harry's cheek, his neck, any place he could reach as he thrust another finger in.

'P-Please,' Lucius choked out.

'Fuck me,' Harry said.

Lucius pulled his fingers out and Harry sat up, holding onto Lucius' shoulders. He watched as the blonde quickly slicked his cock and grabbed Harry's hip with one hand, his shaft with the other.

Harry slowly lowered himself but Lucius wasn't waiting. He pulled Harry down, quickly impaling the younger wizard on his aching cock. He let out a wanton moan, Harry smirking as he settled fully on Lucius' lap.

'You young people; always so impatient,' Harry said.

'Shit up,' Lucius growled. 'Sir,' he added quickly when Harry scowled at him.

Harry planted his feet against the floor and tried pulling himself up, only to find that his stomach got in the way. Lucius held onto his hips and pushed but growled in annoyance when he found that he had no leverage.

After a few minutes of grunting and rocking against each other, Harry huffed in frustration. 'This isn't working, Lucius.'

Lucius groaned, knowing Harry was right. Harry couldn't bounce and Lucius couldn't push up; there was no penetration, they were basically just rocking against each other, Lucius' cock receiving nothing other than a warm squeeze and Harry's passage filled to the brim. They needed movement, they needed fucking, and they needed it right now damn it!

'Okay, okay, hang on,' Lucius said and looked around, trying to figure out what to do. He couldn't
bend Harry over the desk, though Harry could lay on it and Lucius remain standing. But this entire thing was about Harry; Harry was in control here, not Lucius. Harry had to be on top.

'Stand up,' Lucius said.

Harry slowly slid off his cock, groaning at the loss, and stood aside as Lucius got up. He waved his hand, transfiguring the chair into a lush rug. Another hand wave had Harry's trousers turned into pillows.

Lucius took Harry's hand and led him closer to the rug before helping Harry kneel. The teenager looked up as Lucius got down, shuffling across the rug until he was laying with his head against the pillows.

'Straddle me,' Lucius said.

Harry complied, climbing over his mate until he was sitting on Lucius' lap.

'Raise yourself,' Lucius said.

Again Harry did as asked and leaned on his hands as Lucius grabbed his hip. He used his other hand to guide his cock back into Harry, both moaning as Harry was slowly filled, his muscles clenching around Lucius' shaft.

'Okay?' Lucius asked once Harry had fully seated himself.

'Mm,' Harry nodded, bending to try and kiss his mate. Lucius had to sit up, leaning on his elbows, so their lips could meet. 'I still can't ride you.'

'No,' Lucius agreed, rubbing Harry's stomach through his shirt. 'But if you lean forward a little...'

Harry rested on his hands, swollen stomach pressed against Lucius' firm one, and felt the blonde sift beneath him. Suddenly Lucius was drawing out before thrusting back in, Harry groaning and jolting forward.

Lucius did it again and soon had a smooth rhythm going, his hips lifting off the rug, feet planted firmly in the wool, and Harry rocking back and forth against him.

'Tell me what to do,' Lucius breathed, fingers digging into Harry's hips. 'Come on, Professor.'

Harry growled at him and Lucius took that as an invitation to plunder his mate's mouth; hot lips met equally hot ones and they nipped and growled at each other, tongues fighting for dominance until Lucius retreated. Harry explored his mouth thoroughly, the occasional moan or grunt being swallowed by both as Lucius continued to fuck his mate.

'Fuck me hard, Malfoy,' Harry growled. 'I want to feel you fill me over and over again; I want your thick cock breaching my tight hole.'

Lucius groaned. 'Bloody hell.'

'Show me what you can do, Malfoy,' Harry continued. 'I want you to ruin me, fuck me, just fill me-yess!' He hissed when Lucius slammed into his prostate, Harry's fingers tightening in the rug and his head hanging. 'Yes, yes, fuck me!'  

Harry was getting hard again and Lucius felt like he'd been waiting hours. He wasn't going to last long, especially with Harry muttering about what a filthy boy he was. Lucius didn't know why he'd
waited this long to have Harry in charge; his mate topping from the bottom was delicious.

Harry began rolling his hips as best he could but Lucius had to do most of the work. He gripped Harry's hips tightly, feet pushing into the rug, and hips lifting over and over again as he fucked the teenager.

'Lucius,' Harry groaned. 'Oh gods, so close!'

Lucius' right hand slipped from Harry's hip and squeezed between their bodies to find the teenager's cock. He couldn't reach Harry's shaft and slammed in hard, Harry yelping in both pleasure and surprise as he bounced. Lucius' hand quickly snaked around his cock and when Harry fell he moaned.

His thrusts were pushing Harry's cock through his hand and Harry grunted and cursed, eyes squeezed shut as Lucius repeatedly hit his prostate.

'Harry,' Lucius moaned. 'Harry, you're so... t-tight... ah!'  

Harry's muscles clenched around him and Lucius arched up as he came, spilling into the Gryffindor and shouting his name. Harry continued moving even when Lucius fell back heavily, whimpering and mewling for Lucius to continue.

Lucius managed to thrust a few more times, Harry squeezing so tightly around his sensitive cock. Finally, after a few tugs and thrusts, Harry was coming. He moaned out Lucius' name as he leaked across Lucius' shirt, the blonde's hand still moving and milking the climax from him.

Finally they stopped moving and Lucius rolled them onto their sides, Harry groaning and swatting at him.

'Bad Mr Malfoy,' he mumbled. 'Let Professor Potter rest.'

Lucius chuckled and kissed his mate softly. 'Sorry, Professor.'

'Mm,' Harry hummed. He peeled one eyes open. 'Did you have fun?'

'Oh, yes,' Lucius admitted. 'You taking control is certainly delicious.' Harry grinned. 'We'll be doing that in the future, Professor Potter.'

'Of course we will be, Mr Malfoy,' Harry smirked. 'I can't expect you to learn everything in one lesson.'

Lucius chuckled and pulled his fiancé closer for another kiss. 'So why does my uniform fit, little one?' he asked when they broke apart.

Harry blushed. 'Well, Fred transfigured it all bigger. Which reminds me; you donated a further hundred galleons to their shop.'

'Excuse me?'

'Well I wasn't going to ask Draco,' Harry huffed. 'And my friends know enough about my sex life, thank you very much. I figured Fred or George were the best bet and Fred bloody wrangled a hundred galleons out of me.'

'If you made the deal, why do I have to pay?' Lucius queried.

Harry smiled slyly. 'Cause you love me.'
Lucius snorted but didn't say anything; it was true, after all. Harry grinned and kissed his cheek, making it impossible for Lucius to be even remotely angry at him.

{oOo}

Harry's emotions got the better of him at dinner. Dumbledore had stood to congratulate the eighth years on surviving their Hogwarts days and getting through their exams, the war, and various attacks the school had faced during Harry's time.

He burst into tears and Lucius quickly stood, leaving the Head Table and approaching the Gryffindor one. Hermione and Ron made room so he could sit, the blonde pulling Harry close and soothing him. The students closest smiled and Dumbledore chuckled merrily while Harry buried his face in Lucius' chest.

Harry was a bit quiet after that, picking at his food and letting conversations wash over him. Lucius kept an arm around him, fingers idly stroking through his hair and making him calm down. When Hermione and Ron bid them goodnight, Harry turned to Lucius.

'Sorry.'

'Whatever for?' Lucius asked.

'Crying,' Harry said and rubbed his nose. 'I'm-

'Pregnant and at the end of your schooling years,' Lucius cut in. He smiled and kissed Harry softly. 'You have nothing to apologise for.'

Harry smiled back and Lucius helped him up, the two leaving the Great Hall together.

{oOo}

When May 30th dawned, it was to find a bunch of eighteen to nineteen-year-olds freaking out. The graduation gowns had arrived earlier (emerald green for Slytherin, bright maroon for Gryffindor, canary yellow for Hufflepuff, and cobalt blue for Ravenclaw) and eighth years everywhere were rushing about their dorms making sure their gowns were clean, pressed, and still fit (like they'd somehow shrunk in the past two days).

Harry was one such person freaking out, trying to find the right outfit to wear under his graduation gown. Draco was shouting from the room down the hall, Fred and George trying to calm him, while Lucius dealt with his hormonal mate.

'Harry, just wear the green button-up shirt,' Lucius said for the twentieth time, watching Harry flitter about, complaining about graduation, Lucius, his swollen ankles, Lucius, breakfast, and, of course, Lucius.

'I'm too fat!' Harry shouted.

'You're-' A scowl from Harry had Lucius clamping his mouth shout. He resigned himself to watching Harry flitter about, complaining about graduation, Lucius, his swollen ankles, Lucius, breakfast, and, of course, Lucius.

Lucius was eventually kicked out (something about his staring being too annoying) and went to wait in the sitting room where he found Fred and George. The twins were dressed in white jeans, Fred in a blue shirt, George a red one, identical black ties hanging around their necks as well as white waistcoats.
They looked up at Lucius, the blonde wearing black trousers, a white shirt, and a well-fitted sleeveless robe in black. He smiled at the two and said, 'Were you kicked out?'

Fred nodded and George said, 'Apparently saying, 'Go naked, you look amazing in your birthday suit' wasn't helping.'

'So Draco kicked us out,' Fred smiled. 'Same with you?'

'Yes, but my staring was annoying,' Lucius said as he sat on the sofa.

'Your mate has an excuse,' George said.

'He's pregnant,' Fred nodded.

'Yet he insists he's fat,' Lucius sighed. 'Honestly, he's worse than Narcissa was.' He looked around quickly before adding, 'But don't tell him I said that.'

Fred and George snickered and promised not to say a word to Harry.

Lucius didn't believe them.

Finally, three hours before the graduation ceremony began (and two hours after Harry had started searching the wardrobe for an outfit), the Gryffindor exited the bedroom wearing Lucius' favourite emerald green shirt, a pair of well-fitted black trousers that didn't constrict his pregnant belly, black dragon-hide boots, and a black tie.

'You look ravishing,' Lucius beamed, standing quickly and pressing a kiss to Harry's cheek.

Harry smiled and said, 'Sorry I kicked you out.'

'Not a problem,' Lucius said.

He helped Harry into his graduation robe as Draco joined them, the blonde dressed in dark green trousers, a blue shirt, and a black tie. His blonde hair had been tamed and Harry sighed as Fred smoothed the Slytherin-green robe over Draco's shoulders, George doing up the clasps.

'Something wrong?' Lucius asked.

'Why can't my hair do that?' Harry demanded, gesturing at Draco.

'Because it's amazingly adorable,' Lucius said.

'Yeah well you're biased,' Harry grumbled before shaking his head. 'No, sorry; I'm sorry. I can't stop being bitchy.' He leaned up and kissed Lucius before repeating, 'Sorry.'

'Harry, it doesn't matter,' Lucius repeated. 'You're graduating, you're pregnant, I think you're allowed to act like a crazy person.'

Harry frowned. 'I'm not crazy!' 

'Of course not,' Lucius said hastily.

'And he most certainly did not say you're worse than Narcissa when she was pregnant,' Fred added.

'WHAT?!' Harry shouted.
Lucius wilted under his mate's glare and Draco and the twins snickered.

{oOo}

The house tables had all been moved aside and replaced with wooden chairs for the family and friends of the graduating eighth years. Harry and Draco had to go join their year-mates in the room to the left of the Great Hall while Lucius would sit with the teachers, Fred and George in the crowd.

Last minute kisses were exchanged before Harry and Draco left, Lucius joining Severus and the twins finding the other Weasleys. Arthur, Bill and Fleur were standing with Mr and Mrs Granger as well as Augusta Longbottom, a few other Gryffindor parents, and Luna and some other younger years who’s older siblings were graduating

Arthur was busy asking Mr Granger and Dean Thomas' mum questions about Muggles, while Mrs Granger was listening to Luna, who was insisting that dragons were actually called Slinking Lizards. Fleur and Bill caught everyone up on the veela's pregnancy and Fred and George bounced around talking about the store. Sirius and Remus stood chatting to Augusta Longbottom, Teddy swivelling in Remus' arms looking for Harry, hair flashing a multitude of colours.

Lucius took his seat at the Head Table beside Severus, the other professors talking softly. Lucius looked from the platform before the table to the door to his right, thinking about Harry and Draco and all the two had accomplished.

'Feeling old?' Severus said suddenly.

Lucius turned to him. 'What?'

'Feeling old?' Severus repeated. 'I know I am.'

'You're hardly old, Severus,' Lucius said. 'Come talk to me when you turn forty.'

Severus chuckled. 'Yes, but you have a younger lover and somehow manage to keep up with him.'

Lucius smirked. 'My sex drive will never decrease, old friend; especially with Harry around.'

Severus rolled his eyes and they gazed about the Great Hall, eventually settling on Remus and Sirius. Sirius caught his eye and smiled sinfully, winking when Severus smirked back.

'What's going on between you and Sirius?' Lucius said.

Severus jumped and turned to look at the blonde, who had one eyebrow raised. 'Excuse me?'

'You, Sirius and Remus; there's something going on there,' Lucius said. 'You let them stay with you after Harry was kidnapped, you babysit for them, and you keep staring at them; something's going on.'

'I have no idea what you're talking about,' Severus sniffed.

'Please,' Lucius snorted. 'I'm not an idiot.'

'You could have fooled me.'

Lucius smirked. 'Mark my words, Severus. Whatever is going on between you, the werewolf, and the dog, I'll figure it out.'
'Good luck,' Severus said dryly as Minerva started directing people to sit down.

{oOo}

The Head Boy and Girl and offered to help out and were busy getting the eighth years into a single line. They stood at the front and back of the group with a list of names in alphabetical order. Jack Benjamin was a Ravenclaw, Emilia Stone a Slytherin, and the two poked and bullied the eighth years until they were standing in their proper places.

Harry was between Parvati Patel and Dean Thomas towards the end of the line and he fidgeted Jack and Emilia chatted softly as they waited for the graduation ceremony to begin.

Harry and the other eighth years were all wearing wizarding hats; maroon for Gryffindor, green for Slytherin, yellow for Hufflepuff, and blue for Ravenclaw. The professors would all be wearing wizardings hats too, and the eighth years' would change colour along with their robes when they graduated.

Harry fidgeted nervously and looked around at the people he'd known for eight years. He couldn't believe this was it; after eight long years of magic, learning, close-death experiences (and actual death experiences), he was graduating.

So much had happened; from Hagrid telling him he was a wizard, to Harry killing the most powerful Dark Wizard of all time. Along the way he'd made life-long friends, a fair few enemies, and found love from the most unlikely source. He'd gone from thinking he was going to die at the hands of Voldemort to pregnant and engaged to Lucius Malfoy (Harry definitely hadn't seen that coming).

Harry realised he wouldn't change it for the world. He wouldn't change all the hardships he'd faced, all the people he'd had to fight, none of it. Yes, life would have been easier and far better if his parents hadn't died, but Harry might have been a completely different person. The Gryffindor would always wish that he had his parents by his side, especially when he married Lucius, but he had good friends and a family anyway. He had no regrets.

Suddenly Jack and Emilia were pushing the line forward and the doors opened. The eighth years walked out together and the family and friends gathered smiled at them as they all took their seats.

Minerva McGonagall stood at the podium and beamed brightly at the gathered crowd. 'Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for joining us today for the graduation of our eighth years, the class of 1999!'

The crowd applauded and the eighth years sat smiling stupidly before McGongall continued.

'The men and women sitting on this stage,' McGongall said, 'are here because they wanted to complete their education, an education that was interrupted by the Second Wizarding War. Many of them fought bravely at the Battle of Hogwarts and lost friends and family.

'We also lost a few students, students who should be sitting here today,' McGongall said. 'The teachers and students have all agreed to have five minutes of silence honouring the men and women who fought bravely and lost their lives against Lord Voldemort.'

McGonagall stepped back and Albus and the professors all stood, making the eighth years and guests follow suit. The candles dimmed and everyone stood with their hands clasped and heads bowed, remembering the good and innocent people who had been lost because of Voldemort.

When McGonagall approached the podium once more, everyone sitting, there were a few wet eyes amongst the gathered people. The Transfiguration professor cleared her throat before saying, 'Now,
we'll get this graduation underway.' She turned to the Head Table. 'Professor Flitwick, if you would?'

The Head of Ravenclaw jumped off his seat and hurried to the right, grabbing a stool and the Sorting Hat. The stool was placed in the middle of the stage while Albus and Lucius stood, the two rounding the table. Lucius carried a tray of diplomas; thick yellow parchment tied with black ribbons. Albus stood tall in robes of a shocking blue dotted with stars and planets, while Lucius wore black robes of the finest material.

Professor Flitwick placed the Sorting Hat atop the stool and retook his seat as Professor McGonagall stood back.

The Hat opened its mouth and sang the school song, everyone smiling and clapping politely at the end. The Hat cleared its throat and McGonagall said, 'When your name is called, please step forward and receive your diploma from Headmaster Dumbledore.'

'Abbott, Hannah,' the Hat said and the Hufflepuff stood. There were soft cheers from her parents as the Hat added, 'Hufflepuff, prefect from fifth year to eighth year.'

Hannah stood off to the side as the Hat called, 'Bones, Susan; Hufflepuff.'

Albus shook Susan's hand before taking her diploma from Lucius and handing it over.

'Boot, Terry,' the Hat said, 'Ravenclaw, prefect from fifth year to eighth year.'

Mandy Brocklehurst, Lavender Brown and Millicent Bulstrode were next, and Justin Finch-Fletchley, Seamus Finnegan and Gregory Goyle were all called before, 'Granger, Hermione,' came from the Sorting Hat.

The Weasleys all whooped and cheered, Hermione's parents crying and Lucius smiling at the Muggle-born. The Hat said, 'Gryffindor, prefect from fifth to eighth year, Top Female Student of the Year.'

Hermione beamed brightly and shook Albus' hand vigorously, Lucius chuckling as he handed the Headmaster her diploma.

'Longbottom, Neville; Gryffindor,' the Hat called and Neville stood, blushing as Fred and George, Luna, Augusta Longbottom, and half the Hall erupted into cheers and claps of congratulations. Nobody would ever forget what Neville had done during the Second Wizarding War, and Harry whistled and clapped loudly as the other wizard took his diploma.

'Malfoy, Draco,' the Hat said and Harry bounced in his seat, Dean snorting beside him. 'Slytherin, prefect from fifth to eighth year, Quidditch captain from 1998-1999.'

Harry couldn't help but shout loudly, though his screams were drowned out by the twins. Fred and George were standing on their seats much to the crowd's amusement, shouting, 'DRACO IS THE KING!' at the top of their lungs.

Draco tried to glare at them but when his dad stepped around the Headmaster to hug him, the blonde smiled brightly and blushed.

Roy Moon, Theodore Nott, Pansy Parkinson, and Padme and Parvati Patel all went next before suddenly, 'Potter, Harry!' was being called.

The cheering that went up made Harry stagger as he tried to stand, Dean and Lisa Turpin, a
Ravenclaw, having to steady the teenager before he fell. A chant of, 'Potter, Potter, Potter!' was started up by the Weasley twins and Harry turned the brightest shade of crimson a human being was capable of.

'Gryffindor,' the Hat continued in a loud voice, causing many people to chuckle, 'Quidditch captain from 1996-1999, Top Male Student of the Year.'

Harry's mouth fell open at the last part as he walked across the stage and to a beaming Albus Dumbledore, who shook his hand before pulling him in for a warm hug.

'Congratulations, Harry,' the Headmaster said. 'I'm so proud of you.'

Harry smiled as he drew back and accepted his diploma. 'Thank you, sir. But top of the year, really?'

Albus chuckled but was pushed aside by Lucius before he could answer. The blonde glared at Albus and drew Harry in for a bone-cracking hug.

Harry giggled against his mate's neck as an 'Awww,' swept through the Great Hall, Harry blushing again when Lucius drew back to kiss him.

'Stop that,' Harry said.

'Never,' Lucius beamed.

They kissed again briefly before Harry walked across the stage to join the others.

Dean Thomas and Lisa Turpin got their diplomas, followed by, 'Weasley, Ronald!' The Weasleys all cheered as Ron walked across the stage, ears a bright red, the Hat saying, 'Gryffindor, prefect from fifth to eighth year, Quidditch captain 1999.'

Ron shook Albus' hand and then it was Blaise Zabini, the very last eighth year. After Blaise got his diploma, McGonagall directed all the students to stand across the front of the stage, the teachers standing behind them.

'Ladies, gentlemen,' Albus said with a brilliant smile, 'may I introduce to you Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry's Graduating Class of 1999!'

Everyone stood and cheers boomed throughout the Great Hall as the eighth years all took of their wizard hats. They jumped and threw them into the air, their robes all changing to jet black. Confetti in the house colours fell from the enchanted ceiling and Fred and George let off a box of fireworks that zipped and spun throughout the Hall.

Harry hugged a few of his friends before Lucius appeared, scowling at them all. He only stopped when Harry kissed his cheek, the blonde smiling brightly.

'Congratulations, Harry,' he said, kissing the teenager properly.

'Thank you,' Harry said. He spotted Draco being smothered by the twins and grinned. 'I'm so proud of him.'

'Me too,' Lucius said, wrapping his arms around the Gryffindor from behind. Harry leaned back into his mate's chest as the chairs all vanished and tables appeared covered with food for the Graduation party.
'I can't believe it's over,' Harry said softly.

'This isn't the end, Harry,' Lucius told him, the green-eyed teen looking up at him. 'Think of it as the beginning of something new.'

Harry smiled and turned completely, wrapping his arms around Lucius' neck. 'You're right,' he said and leaned up to kiss him. 'This is the start of our lives; together.'

Draco, Fred and George were hugging across the room. Hermione cried with her parents while Ron blushed under his family's praise. Lucius and Harry looked at them all before kissing softly, the two ignoring the party around them in favour of each other.
Author's Note: Another update, yay! So I'm currently working on chapter 69 (heheheh) and so far, according to my plans, there will be 75 chapters. This could change at any moment (it's actually gone up two chapters since my last plan) so I'll let you know if that changes or not.

Anywho, enough rambling from me. Happy reading!

{Dreamer}

Harry, Lucius, Draco, the twins, Ron and Hermione all went for a walk around the grounds together. Draco and the twins led the way, Fred and George swinging one of Draco's hands each, while Ron and Hermione held hands and smiled at each other. Lucius had an arm wrapped around Harry's shoulders and the teenager was hugging him as they walked.

They strolled through the entrance courtyard, looking up at the Memorial that had been put in. It was a large white-marble statue in the shape of an obelisk that had the names of everyone who'd been lost during the Battle of Hogwarts. A neat garden surrounded the base and was encircled by a small golden fence.

Lucius and Hermione both created flowers to place at the bottom while Fred and George laid down little toys of lions, snakes, badgers and eagles; for the students who could never graduate, they said.

Afterwards they walked across the bridge, a warm breeze wafting across their faces, before stepping past the area with the large rocks and taking the path down to Hagrid's and the Black Lake.

'Remember Sirius dragging me under the Whomping Willow?' Ron said as they walked, the redhead staring at the large tree to their left.

'Yeah, that was crazy,' Harry shook his head in memory.

Hermione snorted. 'Well why you were busy sitting in the hospital wing, Harry and I were running from werewolf-Remus.'

'And fighting off a hundred Dementors,' Harry said.

'No, that was just you,' Hermione reminded the wizard.

Harry shrugged and Draco said, 'You've never had an easy year, have you?'

'Nope,' Harry smiled. 'First year was Fluffy.'

'Norbet the baby dragon,' Hermione said.

'Who bit me,' Ron grumbled.
'The Forbidden Forest,' Hermione said.

'Where I faced Voldemort for the second time,' Harry said. 'Though I didn't know it was him.'

'Devil's snare,' Ron remembered.

Hermione smiled. 'Giant chess board-

'keys that attacked-' Harry piped in.

'- foul smelling potions,' Hermione said.

'And finally the philosopher's stone,' Ron finished.

Fred and George shook their heads. 'And people say we got up to no good,' the elder twin chuckled.

'That was just first year?' Draco questioned.

'Oh yeah,' Harry said. 'Second year was Dobby trying to kill me by messing with my relatives, or bewitching bludgers.'

'That elf of mine,' Lucius sighed.

'Don't forget escaping your relatives,' Ron said.

'Oh yeah,' Harry nodded. 'Let's see, then there was... flying to Hogwarts, almost getting killed by a tree, everyone thinking I was the Heir of Slytherin-

'Brewing Polyjuice Potion,' Hermione cut in. 'I did that a whole six years before N.E.W.T.s'

'That's our 'Mione,' Ron grinned and kissed the Muggle-born's cheek, Hermione blushing but giving him a smile.

'What else was there?' Harry asked.

'People getting petrified,' Ron said. 'Then finding the Chamber, that git Lockhart trying to Obliviate us.'

'Oh, and fighting a massive bloody snake and facing off a teenage Tom Riddle,' Harry said before smirking at Lucius. 'And then accusing a very gorgeous blonde of being behind it all.'

'Not my proudest moment,' Lucius said.

Harry squeezed him tightly. 'I still love you.' Lucius smiled at him.

'Third year was Dementors,' Hermione started the story again. 'And thinking Sirius was trying to kill you.'

'While it was my pet fucking rat,' Ron seethed. 'Can't believe I ever... goddamn little... strangle him!!'

'He strangled himself in the end,' Harry sniffed. 'Good riddance too.'

'We all remember fourth year,' Fred said, beaming at the younger Gryffindor. 'Harry Potter; Bad Arse Dark Wizard who fights dragons-

'- and merpeople,' George joined in.
'Grindylows,' Fred said.

'And giant spiders,' George nodded.

'Which Ron and I also fought in second year,' Harry reminded them.

'Followed by a giant labyrinth and _imperius'_d wizards,' Fred said.

'Death Eaters and 'ol Volde!' George exclaimed.

Lucius scowled and gripped Harry tightly, the teenager smiling up at him.

'But he lived through it to fight more Death Eaters a year later!' Fred shouted.

'Shit up,' Draco said and pushed them both.

'The Department of Mysteries!' Fred shouted.

'Horcrux hunts!' George yelled.

'AND HE DESTROYED THE EVIL GIT!' the roared together.

'Bloody insane,' Draco muttered.

'How do you think I feel?' Ron asked as they reached the lake. 'I'm related to them.'

Harry snickered and Lucius smirked, while Hermione kissed Ron softly. Fred and George let off more fireworks and the couples all stood by the lake and watched as the sun began to set, the giant squid lazily swimming through the water before them.

Lucius was right, Harry thought as he stood beside the lake with his family. It might have been the end of his Hogwarts years, but it was just the beginning of his new life with Lucius.

{oOo}

After packing all their stuff, Fred, George and Draco took their own luggage as well as Harry's and Lucius' to Malfoy Manor.

Harry and Lucius stood in the bedroom they'd been sharing for months, Harry just staring around the room, Lucius watching his mate. When the tears began to roll down Harry's cheeks, Lucius pulled him in for a hug and suggested a last-minute walk around the castle.

They visited Gryffindor Tower, the Fat Lady letting them in so Harry could take one last look at his dormitory. A few Gryffindors who knew him said goodbye and Harry couldn't hold back the tears.

Next they visited the Room of Requirement, Harry telling Lucius about forming Dumbledore's Army, and hiding Severus' old potions textbook, as well as Neville using it as a hide out during the Second War.

That was followed by a quick visit to the library, Lucius learning that Hermione had spent many hours in there (not surprisingly) and Harry hiding out there when everyone thought he was the Heir of Slytherin, or when people hated him for stealing Cedric's honour during the Triwizard Tournament.

Each of the classrooms brought back memories; Hermione and Ron arguing over spells and homework, Harry and Ron falling asleep during History of Magic, fake-Moody teaching them
Unforgivables and Severus torturing anyone who wasn't a serpent in Potions.

The Hour Glasses stood tall in the Entrance Hall and Harry smiled as he saw Slytherin was in the lead, closely followed by Ravenclaw and Gryffindor, with Hufflepuff not too far behind thanks to their wins in Quidditch.

'It'd be nice if Gryffindor won again,' he commented.

Lucius chuckled softly. 'Six years in a row isn't good enough for you?'

'Nope,' Harry smiled and tugged his mate outside.

They enjoyed a leisurely stroll down to Hagrid's, past the Forbidden Forest, and around the Black Lake. They reached the Quidditch Stadium and walked around the pitch hand-in-hand, chatting about old games.

Lucius told Harry about a game he'd played against Ravenclaw fourth year, in which the eagles had tried to take him out with every bludger the Beaters could get their bats on.

'Ravenclaw needed to win by two hundred points to secure the Quidditch Cup, where as Slytherin only needed to win by thirty points,' Lucius explained. 'So their Beaters tried to take me out early on, our Seeker as well. I was dodging Chasers, bludgers, everything.'

'And let me guess,' Harry smiled, 'you magnificently ducked, rolled, and dived your way out of harm, while also keeping away all Quaffles.'

Lucius raised an eyebrow and said, 'No, actually; I was hit by a bludger five minutes into the game and dislocated my shoulder and broke my collar bone. I couldn't use my right arm for two weeks, the eagles also knocked out our Seeker, and Slytherin lost by three hundred points, putting us last for the House Cup later that year.'

Harry's mouth dropped open and he grabbed Lucius' shoulder, as though he could find the damage that had been done over twenty years ago.

'Harry, I assure you that I made a full recovery,' Lucius smiled. 'But it bloody hurt.'

'Stupid eagles, just 'cause they're smart they think they can hurt my mate,' Harry mumbled, massaging Lucius' shoulder.

'May I remind you that you weren't born yet?' Lucius said as Harry smoothed his robes out. 'I'm pretty sure your parents were only nine at the time.'

'So?' Harry said.

Lucius chuckled and drew him in for a soft kiss before tugging him across the pitch. 'Come, I'll show you the showers in the Slytherin change room.'

'I'm pretty sure they're not that different to the Gryffindor ones,' Harry said.

Lucius sighed and looked over his shoulder. 'Harry, my love, that was code for 'let's make out in the change rooms where I used to shower, naked, after being magnificiant on my broom during Quidditch.'

'It was?' Harry asked. Lucius nodded and the teenager said, 'That's a pretty long coded message.'

'Stop being annoying,' Lucius grunted.
'Can't help it,' Harry grinned as they reached the stands. 'So change rooms, huh?'

Lucius smiled and turned, grabbing Harry's hips. He started backing towards the wooden door and Harry grinned.

{oOo}

Harry and Lucius made it to Dumbledore's office with only a few hickies, red lips, and tousled hair. The Headmaster beamed at them and Lucius smirked while Harry blushed.

'The castle won't be the same without you, Harry,' Albus said.

'Yeah, just think,' Harry said. 'An entire year without Voldemort or a Voldemort related incident! You'll be completely bored, sir.'

Dumbledore chuckled and said, 'I'll welcome a boring year, Harry. I can't continue running after you young people forever.'

Harry gasped loudly, hand shooting to his chest. 'No,' he said with fake shock, Lucius smirking down at him. 'Albus Dumbledore can not be getting old!'

'I'm afraid so,' Albus smiled. 'I'm thinking of retiring soon, perhaps opening a small sweets shop, or just spending my later years reading and travelling. With the threat of Voldemort finally gone, and you all grown up and getting married, I think I need a break.'

Harry stood straighter. 'You can't be serious.'

'I am,' Albus said. 'How about we sit and have some afternoon tea before you go? I'm sure you'll be busy in the coming weeks.'

'You can visit,' Harry said as the elder wizard led him and Lucius into the adjoining sitting room.

'Not too often,' Lucius growled, still not liking the Headmaster a whole heap. He respected Dumbledore for all he'd done throughout his life, and the war, but he still disliked that the man had put Harry with the Dursleys, and the way Dumbledore had treated Harry throughout his life. Harry elbowed him in the ribs and Lucius winced before saying, 'Er, yes, visit all you want.'

He scowled at Harry, who just beamed brightly and shuffled across the room, holding his back as he sat. Lucius quickly rushed to his side, making Harry sit forward to he could rub the boy's lower back.

Harry groaned in thanks and tilted his head, eyes closed as Lucius' strong fingers worked out the knots in his back. Dumbledore sat in the free armchair and waved his hand, a tray of tea and biscuits appearing on the coffee table.

'Why didn't you tell me your back hurt?' Lucius asked as he made Harry turn, the teenager sitting sideways on the sofa so Lucius could work better.

'Sorry,' Harry said as Lucius kneaded his shoulders, a soft groan of enjoyment escaping his parted lips. 'Just... walking and... and Quidditch... and- oh yes, right there!'

Harry let out a very erotic moan as Lucius' thumbs pressed into his back, working out a knot Harry didn't know he had. It sent a bolt of delicious pain up his spine, which relaxed him and made the teenager droop slightly.
'Lucius, has Harry told you everything he got up to in school?' Dumbledore asked suddenly. The blonde turned to look at him and Harry's head whipped around. 'I'm sure there are a lot of things even I don't know about.'

'You know nothing, nobody knows anything!' Harry said quickly.

Albus chuckled and Lucius said, 'I'm sure I know all your embarrassing tales, my love.'

Harry melted a little when Lucius pressed a kiss to his neck. 'I hate that Albus has known me since I was one; means he knows everything about me.'

'Not everything,' Albus said. 'I want to know how you found out about the philosopher's stone, I never did know how you figured it out.'

Harry smiled shyly and said, 'Well... Hagrid kinda let slip about Nicolas Flamel. After that Hermione, Ron and I went to the library and tried to find out about him. It was weeks later that I remembered I'd read about him on the back of your Chocolate Frog card.'

'Ah, see, I knew putting me on a card was a bad idea,' Albus mused.

Lucius snorted and went back to massaging Harry's back while the teenager continued.

'Hermione found out more about him in *Hogwarts: A History* and there wasn't much we could do after that but watch Severus- of course, that was when we thought he was a bast- er, evil,' Harry said.

Albus chuckled and sipped his tea. 'I'm amazed that three eleven-year-olds could get through all those tests the professors put up.'

'Hermione figured out the *Devil's Snare*,' Harry said. 'Ron was freaking out a fair bit but we got through it. And I was the youngest Seeker in a century, so the key was no problem.'

'The best Seeker in a century,' Lucius corrected and kissed Harry again.

'Don't let Draco hear you say that,' Harry said. 'He'll get all jealous.'

'Fred and George can praise him, I'll save mine for you,' Lucius said.

'M'kay but don't say I didn't warn- oh, right there!' Lucius moved to the right and Harry shuffled over, groaning when Lucius hit the right spot.

'Merlin, that's good,' Harry breathed. 'Erm... what was I saying?'

'How you got through the trapdoor,' Albus reminded him.

'Oh, right,' Harry said, rolling his neck. 'Ron's amazing at playing chess and he sacrificed himself so Hermione and me could go on. Quirrell had taken out the troll and Hermione isn't called the brightest witch of her age for nothing; Severus' logical test wasn't hard at all. She went back to get Ron and find help while I faced Voldemort- owe!' Lucius' fingers had dug into his back sharply and Harry flinched away. The blonde blinked as his
mate turned to look at him.

'What'd you do that for?'

'I'm sorry,' Lucius apologised quickly, rubbing the spot he'd hurt on Harry's back. 'I didn't mean to, I just-

'Lucius, you know what I've been through,' Harry said, turning properly to face the blonde. 'Is it still upsetting you?'

'It'll always upset me,' Lucius grumbled.

Silence descended and Albus looked between the two, Harry's eyes filling with worry and Lucius sitting stiffly. Realising they needed a private moment, Dumbledore stood and said, 'I left my lemon drops on my desk.'

It was a flimsy excuse but Harry and Lucius were too focused on each other, letting Albus shut the door softly behind him.

'Lucius, what's wrong?' Harry asked as soon as they were alone.

Lucius sighed and leaned back, Harry watching him carefully. 'I hate that you went through all of that alone,' he said.

'Lucius, you didn't know me back then,' Harry said. 'You didn't know I was your mate when we first met.'

'That doesn't matter,' Lucius said, shaking his head. 'You were my mate when the Dark Lord killed your parents, you were my mate when Dumbledore left you with those... those Muggles,' he spat the last word. 'You were my mate, Harry, even when you were a twelve-year-old little brat.'

Harry smiled slightly.

'Me not knowing doesn't change it,' Lucius continued. 'You were still my soulmate, regardless of your age, and that you were stuck with those people who treated you so awfully... you went through so much shit, Harry, and I didn't do a damn thing to help; I made half of the danger you were put in!'

'Lucius, you can't blame yourself for any of that, it's not your fault,' Harry said, taking one of the blonde's hands in his own. 'I know we were soulmates, even when I was a child, hell, a baby, but there was no way you could have known. The books, and you, have said it; the reason you can't tell who your mate is until you're both of age is to avoid either mate being put in a place where things happen too quickly.

'There is no way you could have known I was your mate before I turned seventeen,' Harry continued, Lucius staring at him. 'It's not your fault that Voldemort targeted me or my parents; it's not your fault that I grew up with the Dursleys, and it's not your fault that I battled a basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets.

'You did things that you're not proud of, but you've admitted to your faults, your mistakes, and we've both moved on,' Harry said. He squeezed Lucius' hand while rubbing his thumbs along his smooth skin. 'Don't hate yourself for not being there, Lucius. You're here now and that's all that matters.'

Lucius smiled weakly and Harry brought his hand up, kissing it lightly. 'I know you hate what
happened to me, I do too, but we can't change the past and we shouldn't,' he said. 'All that matters is us, now, here in the moment. You take care of me now, you always put me above yourself, and that more than makes up for my lack of a childhood. The love and care you show me has filled that void and it's better than anything that my aunt or uncle could ever have given me.

'So, get your head out of your arse, and kiss me,' Harry finished.

Lucius chuckled and closed the gap between them, pressing his lips lightly against Harry's. The kiss was gentle, warm, and familiar, but didn't fail to make sparks of love and arousal shoot through their bodies; it never did.

When Lucius drew back, Harry cupped his face and pecked him quickly on the lips. 'I love you, Lucius, and you love me. We can't forget the past but we shouldn't mope about it. If we did that we'd never get out of bed.'

Lucius sighed and pulled Harry onto his lap, the act taking a few seconds because of Harry's pregnant state. When the teenager was sitting comfortably on Lucius' lap, the blonde kissed him again and hugged him tightly.

'I'm still sorry you had to go through all that,' he said softly. 'I know that I couldn't have done anything but my veela's still mad.'

Harry smiled and rested his forehead against Lucius', green eyes locked onto the Slytherin's grey ones. 'I know how to control your veela, Mr Malfoy. A few soft moans and some puppy-dog eyes and your big bad veela will be sated.'

Lucius snorted but didn't bother correcting Harry; he was right, after all. Only imminent danger and sex could stop his veela focusing on the bad points of his little mate's past.

Albus came back in with a package of lemon drops and looked between them. The twinkle was back in his eyes and he said, 'Marvellous, so you two have talked it out.'

Lucius scowled at the older wizard and Harry chuckled. 'You know far too much, old man.'

'You can never have enough knowledge, my dear boy,' Albus smiled merrily.

Lucius rolled his eyes as the Headmaster sat back down, crossing his legs and beaming as he popped a lemon drop into his mouth. Harry snorted and tilted his head, resting against Lucius' broad chest and playing with the clasps of his robes.

{oOo}

After another hour of talking, Albus led them back into the main office and grabbed the floo pot. Lucius threw a handful of glittering powder into the fireplace while Harry said goodbye to Albus.

There were hugs and promises of lunches and dinners, and when Harry started crying Lucius had to pry him away from the Headmaster. Albus' own eyes were wet but he knew this wasn't goodbye.

It was just hard watching Harry all grown-up, remembering the baby he'd dropped off at the Dursleys, the little boy who'd entered Hogwarts so innocent and strong, and now a full-grown man, so brave and loving, engaged to Lucius Malfoy and pregnant with aforementioned man's babies.

Lucius thanked the Headmaster for his time, Harry hugged Albus again, and the two stepped into the green flames, flooing away to Malfoy Manor.
Lucius would have exited the floo gracefully like he always did, but having a pregnant teen wrapped in your arms makes it slightly more difficult. They both stumbled and Lucius tripped, twisting his body to catch Harry and soften the teenager's landing.

Harry let out a breath of air and Lucius groaned in pain after they'd thumped into the floorboards of the sitting room. Lucius blinked through the pain as Harry tried to get up, only to stumble and fall against Lucius again.

'Oh gods, I'm so sorry,' Harry said as his mate groaned again. 'I'm so sorry, Lucius, are you okay?'

'Fine,' Lucius grunted. 'Just please remove your knee from my crotch.'

Harry burned red and quickly shuffled, kneeling between Lucius' legs. The blonde breathed out heavily and Harry said, 'I'm sorry.'

Lucius smiled weakly and cupped Harry's cheek, leaning up to kiss him quickly. 'Harry, it's okay.'

'I'm hopeless at flooing,' Harry said sheepishly. 'And apparating, disapparating; everything, really.'

'It doesn't help that you're over five months pregnant, love.'

'I know, I'm fa-'

Lucius cut him off with another kiss, Harry melting against the blonde. Lucius wrapped his arms around Harry's neck to keep him in place, while the teenager moaned and kissed him hard. Harry's pregnant belly was in the way of any serious snogging and Lucius growled, arms tightening around the teenager before he rolled them.

Harry gasped as he suddenly found himself on his back, Lucius straddling his thighs. He leaned over Harry's swollen stomach and kissed him hard, Harry moaning and threading his fingers through Lucius' hair, tugging him down to kiss harder.

Lucius thrust his crotch forward, grinding his hardening shaft against Harry's already straining one. 'F-Fuck, Lucius,' Harry moaned.

Lucius nipped and sucked at Harry's lips before moving across to his jaw and ear, taking the lobe between his teeth and dragging back. Harry whimpered and Lucius moved again, tongue drawing circles against the smooth skin of Harry's neck.

'L-Lucius,' Harry panted, trying to push up against his mate's crotch.

Lucius sucked on Harry's skin, forming a bright pink spot above his Mark. He licked over it before sucking again, making the skin darker, and Harry writhed and whined beneath him, squirming against the wooden floor as Lucius attacked his neck.

Harry only stopped moving when he felt a strong hand pull at the zip of his trousers, quickly getting it down before the button was popped. Harry gasped as Lucius' hand dove down his underwear, grasping his cock and stroking from root to top.

Lucius had shifted back slightly so he could jerk Harry off, the man's body hovering over Harry's as he continued to suck on the teenager's neck, hand tightening around his shaft.

'Lucius!' Harry gasped. 'Oh, Lucius, yes!' The Slytherin hummed in delight as he nibbled at his mate's neck, feeling pre-come dribble down
his fingers and Harry's cock. He sucked back harder and gave a particularly hard squeeze, Harry bucking beneath him, swollen stomach pressing hard against Lucius' flat one.

Harry was close, so very close, and he whimpered and mewed below Lucius as his orgasm rushed towards him, making his body tingle and heat up, his head go fuzzy and eyes roll into the back of his head.

He was just about to shout for Lucius to twist harder when the door opened and somebody shouted, 'ARGH!'

Lucius sat up quickly and Harry's head turned, eyes widening as he spotted Fred standing in the doorway.

'I'm sorry,' Fred said.

A threatening growl came from Lucius and Fred took a quick step back, ready to fling the door shut and run. Lucius wrapped his arms around Harry and they apparated with a crack, the teenager groaning as they fell heavily on their bed in the master suite.

Lucius rolled off quickly and Harry grabbed his stomach, face going as white as a sheet in two seconds flat. Lucius magiced a bucket and helped Harry up just as the teenager vomited, splattering the insides of the bucket with his lunch.

Lucius rubbed Harry's back as his mate threw up, wincing every time Harry groaned. When the teenager had finally stopped throwing up, Lucius magiced the bucket clean and got Dobby to fetch a glass of water.

Harry took small sips and Lucius said, 'I'm sorry.'

'S'not your fault.'

'It is, I apparated us here, even though it makes you feel sick when you're not pregnant,' Lucius said.

Harry smiled. 'You were protecting me from Fred; I get that.'

Lucius sighed, all arousal having leaked from the situation a few minutes earlier. 'Sometimes I wish my veela wasn't so...'

'Annoying?' Harry suggested.

'No,' his mate scowled.

'A bastard?'

'Harry-'

'An utter prat-' He was shut up with a soft kiss, but he pushed Lucius away quickly. 'Stop that, I just threw up.'

'And I still love you,' Lucius said, kissing the corner of Harry's mouth. 'Do you feel better?'

'Need to brush my teeth,' Harry said and put his water aside. Lucius helped him up and watched as Harry disappeared into the bathroom, the sound of the taps being turned on and Harry scrubbing his mouth clean reaching Lucius' ears.
When he came back he was yawning and Lucius waved his hand, Harry's trousers changing to pyjama bottoms. He helped the Gryffindor from his shoes, his button-up shirt, tie, and graduation robes. Harry sighed when the robe was draped across the sofa in the corner, Lucius smiling.

'What's the matter, love?' he asked, pulling the covers back.

'I can't believe school is over,' Harry said as Lucius got changed.

'It had to end sometime,' the blonde said.

He helped Harry into bed and drew the covers back up, Harry snuggling into his side. 'I just have so many memories there; both good and bad,' Harry said. 'But it was my first home, the first place I truly felt accepted, even with all The-Boy-Who-Lived stuff and Voldemort trying to kill me. The castle means a lot to me, it's not just a school.'

Lucius drew him closer and kissed his forehead while stroking Harry's hair, Harry humming and closing his eyes. 'I know the castle will always be a part of you, Harry, but remember that you have a home here, with Draco, Fred, George, and me. Soon our little ones will be born and we'll make this their home too.'

Harry smiled and his eyes peeled open, the boy looking tired but happier.

'This is your home now, Harry,' Lucius continued. 'The Manor will always be your home as long as you want to be here.'

'Well as long as you're here it's home,' Harry said. 'Wherever you are is home.'

Lucius leaned down kissed him softly, Harry smiling against his lips.

'You always know just what to say.'

'I'm amazing,' Lucius said.

Harry giggled and slapped him before getting comfy. 'You are,' he said and yawned. 'You're right, this is my home.'

'It's about time you started listening to me.'

Harry snorted and yawned again. 'Sorry I'm so tired.'

'Pregnant, love,' Lucius reminded him.

'Mm, 'cause of you.'

Lucius chuckled and kissed Harry softly. 'Go to sleep, little one.'

'M'kay.' Harry snuggled deeper into Lucius' side, head resting on his mate's chest and Lucius' arm wrapped around him. Lucius watched as Harry's breathing evened out, body slowly relaxing as sleep claimed him.

He kept watching even when Harry fell asleep, because nothing was as gorgeous as his little mate.
Problems and Solutions

Chapter Notes

Author's Note: I would have updated earlier but I ran out of internet credit so couldn't update or check my email- I was completely cut off from the world! *sobs*

Anywho... I'm back :) I'm currently working on chapter 73 and I can tell you that that's when the twins are born so... just ten more chapters :)

Enjoy,

{Dreamer}

When Harry woke, it was to two teddy bears sitting on his stomach. He blinked and struggled to sit up, managing to do so without waking Lucius, who'd sprawled himself across the bed halfway down the mattress. His face was pressed to Harry's swollen stomach, one arm wrapped around Harry's legs, the other tucked under his chest.

Harry rubbed his eyes and sat against the headboard, staring down at the two bears that he and Lucius had bought months ago. One was green, the other red, and Harry just stared at them, wondering how the hell they'd got onto his stomach.

He grabbed them both and looked them over before placing them on the bedside table - only for the bears to shoot back to his stomach, both glowing white. Harry hesitated before reaching for them again, and this time there was some force stopping him from taking them away.

It turned into a small tug-of-war, Harry grappling with the bears and something forcing them back to his swollen belly.

His struggle woke Lucius, who groaned and nuzzled into Harry's side.

'Erm... Lucius?'

'Hnn...'

'Lucius, wake up,' Harry said, nudging his mate while the bears once against stuck fast to his stomach.

'M'wake,' Lucius mumbled sleepily.

'Um... Lucius?'

'Nnn...'

'Lucius!' Harry snapped and nudged his mate again.

'I'm awake!' Lucius grumbled and sat up, groaning and rubbing his eyes. His hair was all over the place and he yawned widely. 'Whas' wrong?'
Harry smiled as he watched Lucius slide up the bed, head pressed to the pillow he'd been using as it slid up the mattress. He slumped back against the bed before dragging himself up, struggling to sit against the headboard and blink back sleep.

Harry loved seeing the usually calm, suave, and cool Lucius Malfoy acting like a child, like a giant sleepy child at that. Only he got to see Lucius like this, and it made Harry love the man that little bit more.

'What?' Lucius groaned, rubbing his eyes again.

'Um... we have a situation here,' Harry said.

'Are you in labour?' Lucius said, sleep suddenly vanishing as he stared at him. 'Did your waters break, are the babies coming? Harry-

'No, shh, relax,' Harry said, grabbing Lucius by the face and drawing him in for a quick kiss. 'No, the babies aren't coming.'

'Oh,' Lucius said, rubbing his eyes again. 'So what is it?'

Harry pointed at his stomach and Lucius turned, staring at the two teddy bears.

'Okay...' he said.

'Watch,' Harry said. He reached for the bears and pulled them away, only for the two toys to glow white again and be sucked back to his stomach.

'Oh.'

'Yeah, can you, um, explain just what the hell is going on?' Harry demanded.

'I... I think it's the babies,' Lucius said.

'The babies?'

Lucius nodded and stroked Harry's stomach. 'This happens with powerful witches and wizards; they tap into their mother's or carrier's magic and can see or feel what the parent does. The babies must have felt your emotions when you held the teddy bears and they want to make you happy, which will make them happy, so they got the bears.'

'Are you telling me that our babies know that the bears make me happy, so they summoned them using magic?'

Lucius smiled and nodded.

'What?!

Lucius chuckled and leaned over to kiss Harry's stomach. 'We have two very powerful little ones.'

'We do?'

'Of course we do; I'm the father, you're the mother, they're bound to be powerful.'

'Right,' Harry said, rubbing his stomach. 'Now we just have to figure out how to make them stop it.'

Lucius chuckled again and kissed his cheek before leaning down to Harry's stomach. 'Come on,
'Kids, you're scaring Mummy.'

'I'm not scared,' Harry huffed.

'Stop it now, you can play with the bears later,' Lucius continued.

The bears glowed white again before dropping onto the bed, Harry staring. 'Oh, so they listen to you.'

'Of course they do,' Lucius said smugly. 'I'm their father.'

Harry scowled and tried to storm out of the room, but the act was hampered by his swollen stomach and the fact that he was sitting in the middle of the bed. He struggled to get up, Lucius trying to help and getting a growl for his troubles.

Finally Harry managed to stumble up and glared at Lucius before storming (well, waddling) to the bathroom, slamming the door shut and leaving Lucius sitting on the bed.

'What did I do?' the blonde groaned, flopping back onto the mattress.

{oOo}

Harry still wasn't talking to Lucius when they sat down to breakfast. George and Draco were there, Fred having gone into Hogsmeade to work on the shop, which would be opening in a few days.

Harry sat down heavily and Lucius tried to sit next to him, only for Harry to throw him a glare and force the blonde to sit at the head of the table pouting. George and Draco looked between them, eyebrows raised as the other couple ordered breakfast from Dobby and Griffy.

There was a tense silence, Harry tapping at the table, Lucius staring at his mate.

'Erm... nice morning,' George said.

Harry scowled at him and Lucius said, 'Mm.'

'The shop's opening in a few days, Father,' Draco tried. 'Are you and Harry coming?'

'Well-

'I can answer for myself!' Harry snapped at the blonde.

Lucius tried to scowl at him, but the look on Harry's face quickly made him melt and look down.

'Something wrong?' Draco asked.

'Lucius is a bastard,' Harry grunted.

'Okay...' George said. 'Something else wrong?'

'Nothing,' Harry snapped and folded his arms.

'Harry, I'm sorry, but what did I do?' Lucius asked.

'You just... you... I hate you!' Harry shouted, everyone staring at him. 'Why do the babies listen to you? They're not even born yet and I'm already a terrible mother!'

Lucius blinked. 'What?'
'They always listen to you,' Harry said, voice now soft. 'You make them stop kicking, stop magicing toys around the room, everything. They never listen to me, I'm hopeless.'

Lucius sighed and dragged his chair around the table to sit beside his mate. He put an arm around Harry, glad when he didn't move away. 'Harry, love, you're not a bad mother.'

'Yes I am,' Harry pouted.

'You're an excellent mother,' Lucius said. 'You're always putting the babies first, you eat whatever they're craving, and you're protecting them, nurturing them, something I'm not a part of. You're keeping them warm and safe in your belly, they love you.'

Harry looked down when Lucius' free hand rubbed his stomach, making warmth and a slight tingling sensation spread through him. 'Really?' he asked.

Lucius smiled and leaned over to kiss his cheek. 'You're their mother, Harry, that's a bond that I can't compete with. You'll be the one they go to when I'm being too strict. You'll be the favourite.'

'I will?'

'Oh yeah,' Draco nodded, everyone looking at him. 'Mum used to give in to everything, Dad was always the tough one.'

'My dad always gave in,' George said. 'Then again he had seven kids so...' Draco slapped his arm and George winced. 'You're not helping!' the blonde hissed at his dominant mate.

George pouted and Lucius turned back to Harry. 'You'll be a brilliant mother because you already are, Harry. Our little ones love you.'

Harry's bad mood quickly melted when Lucius kissed him gently, a soft moan escaping Harry's lips. George snorted and Draco rolled his eyes, though both were glad Harry was no longer yelling.

'I'm sorry,' Harry mumbled when they broke apart. 'I'm such a nutcase.'

'Are not,' Lucius said and kissed him again. 'Now please finish your breakfast and we'll go for a nice walk, okay?'

'M'kay,' Harry said happily. When Dobby brought his plate of pancakes and fruit, Harry tucked in, Lucius smiling and brushing his hair back as he ate.

Draco and George looked at each other before shaking their heads and going back to their own breakfast.

{oOo}

Harry and Lucius were walking around the grounds when an owl found them. The screecher landed on the marble seat beside them and Lucius reached out for the official looking note tied to its leg.

Harry cocked his head as the letter re-sized in Lucius' hands, the blonde turning it over. 'It's for you.'

The screecher owl had flown away and Harry tore the letter open, pulling out two pieces of parchment.
'We'll read 'em together,' Harry said as he unfolded the first letter.

'Are you sure?' Lucius asked.

Harry smiled. 'We're partners, Lucius; my business is your business.'

'If you say so,' Lucius said, leaning over to read with his mate;

Dear Lord Potter,

I am contacting you in regards to two separate matters; the restoration of Potter Manor in Ireland, and the matter of your firstborn becoming the Potter Heir.

Firstly, Potter Manor has been restored by the house elves you and your mate hired to take care of both the house and grounds, and I am pleased to say that the Manor has been brought to its former glory. Your signature, as well as a visit to the Manor by me, are needed so Potter Manor can once more be added to the list of land owned by you and the Potter family. I suggest that you do this for all your land holdings, at any time you see fit.

The second matter retains to your firstborn being named the Potter heir. A document has been brought to my attention by one of the goblins working in the archives. For your firstborn to be the Potter heir, you and the father of the baby must be married by the time the heir is born, otherwise the child is considered illegitimate and cannot hold the title of Master or Mistress Potter.

This type of document, a copy of which I have included in this letter, is common amongst pure-blood families and was drawn up decades ago by the then Lord of the Potter family, Atticus Potter IV. I'm afraid the document takes months to be dissolved, and if my information is correct, you are due in two.

Please contact me as soon as possible to let me know what you plan on doing.

Regards,

Granbrook
Manager for the Potter Family
1934 - Present

Harry stared at the letter and Lucius frowned, taking the other piece of parchment from his mate's
fingers. He looked it over carefully while Harry continued to stare at the letter from Granbrook.

'Harry?' Lucius said. The teenager jolted and stared at him. 'Harry, this document is airtight, there's no way around it,' Lucius said. 'Like Granbrook wrote, this document will take months to unravel and we don't have months.'

'So... what, our firstborn can't be the Potter heir?'

'Not unless we're married,' Lucius said. 'And even if we get married after the babies are born, they'll still be considered illegitimate by your family's rules.'

'But... but...'

'My family had this too,' Lucius said, 'which was why Narcissa and I married before trying for an heir... well, that and the fact that I didn't actually want to sleep with her.'

Harry just stared at him.

'I had it dissolved after Draco was born, so that Draco wouldn't be faced with the same rules I had to live by,' Lucius continued. 'I would have thought James and Lily would have taken care of this, but I suppose hiding with you during the war was more important.'

Lucius shook his head free of memories and turned to face Harry. 'Because of this document, neither of our twins will legally be able to become the Potter heir. If we marry after they're born and have another baby, that will be the heir.'

'So our thirdborn?' Harry asked. When Lucius nodded, Harry groaned and rubbed his eyes. 'That's so unfair. Our firstborn should be the Potter heir unless he or she doesn't want it.'

'I know,' Lucius sighed, leaning his elbows on his knees and burying his face in his hands. 'There's nothing we can do,' he mumbled.

They sat in silence, Harry looking the letter over and over again while Lucius stared at the grass. Harry tried to think of a way out of it, but if Lucius said there was nothing they could do, then there was nothing they could do.

Suddenly Harry had an idea, and he thought it through carefully before turning to his mate. 'Lucius?'

'Mm?' Lucius grunted.

'What... what if we get married before the twins are born?'

Lucius looked up at him slowly. 'Excuse me?'

'What if we get married before the twins are born?' Harry asked. 'Does it matter that we weren't married when they were conceived?'

'No, as long as we're married when they're born, that's all that matters,' Lucius said.

'Right,' Harry nodded. 'So... all we have to do is get married.'

Lucius blinked at him.

'We're already engaged,' Harry said. 'We plan on getting married anyway.'
'But Harry, we can't plan a wedding in less than two months.'

'So we don't plan a big wedding,' Harry shrugged. 'Just a small ceremony, the two of us.'

'Are you serious?' Harry nodded. 'Harry...'

'It can be done, right?' Harry said. 'We don't need a massive wedding.'

Lucius bit his lip. 'We need three witnesses; one for each of us, and one for the entire ceremony, as well as someone who can preform the actual bonding.'

'Right, so four people; easy.'

'Harry-'

'It's the only way, Luce,' Harry said, linking their fingers together. 'Besides, I can't wait to be Mr Harry Malfoy... it'll just happen a few months earlier.'

'But... your family will be devestated if they're not invited,' Lucius said. 'Sirius, Remus, Draco too... what will we tell them?'

'Nothing,' Harry said. 'We get married without anyone but our witnessess knowing. Later, after the twins are born, we can have another ceremony; a big, lavish wedding, right here at the Manor. We don't have to tell everyone.'

Silence descended once more as Lucius thought Harry's words through.

'You're serious?' Lucius finally said.

'Yep,' Harry nodded.

'You want to get married... now?'

'Well not now,' Harry said and Lucius rolled his eyes. 'But a few days, yeah. How long will it take to get someone to marry us?'

'Well... Albus could do it,' Lucius said. 'So... maybe a week or two for us to get the paperwork through the Ministry, and for the Veela Nation to be notified.'

'Excellent.'

'You're serious?' Lucius repeated.

Harry chuckled and leaned over to kiss him. 'Yes, Lucius, I'm serious. I don't need a massive wedding; a small ceremony, three friends, and you... that's all I need.'

Lucius smiled and kissed his mate back. 'Okay... well, where can we do it?'

'Oh, right, it can't be here,' Harry said. 'Draco and Forge will probably wonder what's up.' Lucius chuckled. 'Um...' Harry looked back at the letter from Granbrook. 'How about at Potter Manor?'

'Potter Manor?'

Harry nodded. 'I have to go see it anyway. Granbrook can come and look around after the wedding and he can note that we're husbands, so our firstborn can be the Potter heir. See? It'll all work out.'
'Well... I suppose that could work,' Lucius said slowly. 'Yes, I think we can do this.' He grinned stupidly. 'Merlin, Harry; we could be husbands within a week.'

'I know,' Harry smiled and kissed his fiancé quickly. 'Okay, you go owl Albus and get the paperwork underway, I'll owl Granbrook and tell him the plan.'

Lucius helped Harry up and they walked back to the house as quickly as Harry's pregnant state would allow them.

'Wait, what about witnesses?' Lucius asked.

'Leave that to me,' Harry smiled, kissing Lucius' cheek before disappearing.

{oOo}

Granbrook had written back quickly to say the plan sounded good; he'd be arriving at Potter Manor in exactly three weeks to visit Potter Manor and ensure that Harry and Lucius were married. Lucius and Albus had quickly got the paperwork drawn up, looked over by Lucius' lawyers, and two copies had been sent to the Ministry of Magic and the Veela Nation.

Harry told Lucius the witnesses were taken care of, and Dobby and Griffy would be accompanying them to Potter Manor while their other three elves Missy, Dala, and Pin-Pin would take care of Draco, Fred and George.

Harry and Lucius had told everyone that they were simply visiting Harry's Manor on Granbrook's orders and all three bought it. Harry felt bad about lying to his kit and soon to be son-in-laws, but there wasn't a lot he could do. If Draco and his mates were invited, Sirius and Remus would have to come too, as well as Teddy, Andromeda, the Weasleys, half of Harry's old professors, Luna and Neville and... the list went on, really.

So the couple kept their mouths shut as Lucius packed everything they'd need for the three or so weeks at Potter Manor and set their luggage aside. Harry was sitting on the sofa in their chambers, the two awaiting Healer Marks. Lucius had insisted on a check-up from the veela before Harry went anywhere, and they also had to tell the Healer where they were in case the babies came early.

So it was with relief that Marks said, 'The babies won't come until at least late July.'

He got out Harry's weekly supply of potions as Lucius said, 'Are you sure? I don't want to visit Potter Manor and have them suddenly decide they wish to be born.'

'Well, I can't guarantee that they won't come early,' Marks said, 'but I'm fairly certain they won't come until between July 25th and July 31st.'

Harry smiled as Lucius thought things through. 'Imagine if the babies are born on my birthday.'

Lucius smiled at him.

'Not the way I want to spend my nineteenth,' Harry added.

'I'm sure they'll take your birthday into consideration,' Lucius said.

Harry snorted. 'Yeah, 'cause Malfoys always take other people's feelings into consideration.'

'We do,' Lucius pouted.

Harry leaned up to peck his mate on the lips. 'So we can visit my old family home?'
'You'll be fine,' Marks said. They'd had to tell the man why they were leaving; Marks had tried to talk them out of it, stating that Harry shouldn't be travelling too much now that he'd reached his sixth month. But he'd finally agreed that Harry would be fine, a few hours travelling wouldn't hurt the babies.

'Are you sure?' Lucius asked.

Marks nodded and Harry said, 'Maybe we can take a few things in case the babies come early?'

Lucius thought about it for a few seconds before turning to Marks. 'My mate and I will ensure that you can use the floo; we'll send Dobby or Griffy to get you if Harry goes into labour.'

Marks nodded. 'I don't have any other patients besides Mrs Weasley and she's not due for a few months so I'm all yours.'

Lucius thanked him and Marks was about to leave when Harry brought up the whole summoning-teddy-bears thing.

Marks chuckled and said, 'That's perfectly normal, especially for veela babies.'

'Really?' Harry asked.

'I told you so,' Lucius said, though clamped his mouth shut when Harry scowled at him.

'Yes, you're both powerful wizards and veela,' Marks said, 'I'm not surprised your twins can do it. They should stop if you ask them to, they can tell when you're upset.'

'They always listen to Lucius,' Harry grumbled.

Marks chuckled. 'Yes, well babies always think they can wrap their mums around their fingers. Just be stern, Harry; they'll listen.'

Harry and Lucius thanked the healer and he went on his way, leaving the couple sitting on the sofa.

'Are you sure?' Lucius asked again.

Harry nodded. 'We have no other choice, Lucius, you know that.'

'Yours and the babies' health is more important than inheriting a title,' Lucius said.

Harry smiled and kissed him as he was helped to his feet. 'I know, but you heard Healer Marks; I'm fine. If anything happens, Dobby or Griffy can inform him. Everything will be fine.'

'Okay,' Lucius said and kissed him again before the two left the room.
Harry and Lucius couldn't leave without going to the opening of Fred and George's new joke shop. They dressed in formal Muggle clothing and flooed straight into the store, Harry finding that flooing wasn't as bad as apparating.

They sat inside near the fire, Harry resting his feet, as the other guests started arriving; Neville, Luna, Dean, Seamus, Oliver Wood who was in town, all of the Weasleys and Lee Jordan with his new girlfriend, Erin; half the old Gryffindor Quidditch team had turned up, Hannah Abbott and Terry Boot as well as some Slytherins, and Remus, Sirius, and Albus were the last to arrive.

Hermione and Ron arrived together hand-in-hand and hugged Harry tightly, asking about his pregnancy and what it was like to live at Malfoy Manor.

Soon Fred and George hustled everyone outside and shut the doors, a big gold ribbon sweeping across the front. There was a large sign above the story, which now said 'Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes' in big yellow writing instead of 'Zonko's'.

Draco made everyone stand in a group before the store, Fred and George either side of the ribbon.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' Fred started.

'Veela and undecided,' George said, earning snickers from most of the Gryffindors. 'Welcome to the opening.'

'- of Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes, the Hogsmeade branch!' Fred announced.

Everyone clapped and cheered, and quite a few people from other shops came out onto the darkening street to watch.

'We're glad you could all gather here to see the official opening,' George continued.

'Which wouldn't be possible without the help of some very important people,' Fred said.

'First, we'd like to thank Harry Potter,' George said, Harry blushing and burying his face in Lucius' chest, the crowd laughing. 'Without Harry, we would never have been able to open our first store in Diagon Alley,' George said. 'He gave us a lot of gold to get started, and we're forever greatful.'
They both bowed and the crowd clapped, which just made Harry blush darker. Lucius smiled and leaned down to kiss him, Harry mumbling that he refused to look up until it was over.

'Second, we'd like to thank our family; the Weasleys,' Fred said, he and his twin beaming at their father and brothers. 'Without their support and understanding over the years, we'd be nowhere.'

'Or in prison,' George said.

Arthur sighed and said, 'I tried my best.'

The crowd chuckled and clapped again for the Weasleys before Fred and George continued.

'We'd also like to thank Lucius Malfoy for giving us the opportunity to open our second branch.'

More claps and Lucius smiled proudly at his future son-in-laws.

'To Lee Jordan and all our staff, thanks for the years of hardwork.'

'Woo!' Lee toasted, his girlfriend elbowing him and making the twins chuckle.

'Also, to all the students who were testers for us over the years,' Fred said.

'Sorry about some of our products,' George smiled. 'And last-

' - but not least,' Fred cut in.

'We want to thank our mate, the love of our lives and the very best man anyone could hope to be bonded to, Draco Malfoy,' George beamed.

'Without whom we'd be sad, lonely men,' Fred grinned.

Draco blushed but kissed them both, the crowd awwing at the three.

'Oh, also to the Marauders, who taught us so much!' Fred said.

'Yeah, yeah, save us for the end,' Remus grumbled.

'Kids these days,' Sirius shook his head.

Severus rolled his eyes and the other two men grinned at him.

'So, enough waffling,' George said.

'Let's get this ribbon cut!' Fred announced.

The twins drew their wands and turned, flourishing them dramatically and making everyone laugh. Fireworks boomed over the shop and the sky was lit with colourful sparks as Fred and George sliced the ribbon clean in half, the crowd clapping and cheering loudly.

'The Hogsmeade branch of Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes is now open for business!' Fred and George announced before bowing.

Everyone enjoyed the fireworks before breaking off into groups. Food and drink had been put out on tables outside and inside, people nibbling on finger food and sipping alcohol or soda as they looked the shop over. Music blared from all directions and fireworks continued to fizzle and sparkle outside.
Harry and Lucius took the sofa in the corner, people coming past to congratulate them on the pregnancy. An hour into the party, Lucius leaned over to Harry and said, 'I have to go.'

'What?' Harry said. 'I thought we were leaving later.'

'I have to get the rings from the jeweller down the street,' Lucius explained.

'Oh,' Harry nodded. 'Right, okay; don't take too long.'

Lucius chuckled. 'I'll be back as soon as I can.'

Harry kissed Lucius quickly and watched his mate disappear through the crowd. Draco took his father's spot and threw an arm around his soon-to-be step-father... or step-mother. 'Dad abandon you?'

'He did not,' Harry huffed.

Draco chuckled. 'Relax, Mummy, I was kidding.'

Harry grumbled under his breath and continued eating the fruit Fred and George had provided for him. Harry was trying to stay away from ice-cream and other sweets.

It wasn't that it was too bad for him, but he didn't want the babies to develop sweet-tooths before they'd been born. Harry was already a sucker for ice-cream and chocolate, Lucius for pickles and all things sour; they'd be lucky if the babies made it through their childhood without spending thousands of galleons on sweets.

Draco kept Harry company, though occasionally disappeared to stop people touching his mates too much. When he was gone Harry was kept company by Neville and Hannah (who were finally dating!) or Oliver Wood, Seamus and Dean, or other Gryffindors and some Slytherins.

'Merlin, Harry, look at you,' Oliver Wood said as he sat beside the younger Gryffindor, leaning back with a cup of beer. Remus, Sirius and Severus were all sitting opposite him and Sirius snickered as Harry's eyes narrowed.

'What's that supposed to mean?' Harry demanded.

Oliver stared at him before glancing at the other three men, Severus and Remus both pointedly looking elsewhere, Sirius practically bouncing in his seat. 'Erm...' the Keeper said, '...just... Merlin, pregnant, wow!'

'And?' Harry glared.

'N-Nothing,' Oliver said quickly. 'Just... congratulations!'

He shook Harry's hand and hastily escaped. Sirius roared with laughter as Harry scowled after Oliver's retreating form, Severus rolling his eyes and Remus chuckling softly.

'Bastard,' Harry muttered.

Remus quickly gave him another bowl of fruit topped with mint yogurt, Harry's face lighting up as he grabbed a fork and dug in.

It was almost ten pm when Lucius returned, patting his robe pocket and earning a grin and kiss from Harry. Lucius helped his mate up and the two said their goodbyes, everyone congratulating them again, Sirius and Remus asking for pictures of Potter Manor.
'I haven't been there since I was eighteen,' Sirius said as he hugged his godson. 'So... pictures.'

'Would be appreciated, if you have time,' Remus said, shaking his head at his boyfriend.

Sirius just grinned and Harry chuckled, hugging Remus too and then Severus.

'Okay, enough hugging,' Lucius said and tugged his mate away. 'Let's go, Harry.'

'Yes, sir,' Harry smiled and allowed Lucius to pull him through the crowd. They met with Fred, George and Draco in the back office, the small family hugging as Lucius threw floo powder into the hearth.

The floos at Potter Manor could only be set up by being at the actual house, so Harry and Lucius were flooing to the Leaky Cauldron and taking a taxi ('Death Cab,' Lucius growled) to King's Cross, and then taking a train to Ireland and picking up a portkey from someone Lucius knew.

Lucius wasn't looking forward to the long journey but it was better than apparating Harry straight to the Manor; Harry's comfort more than made up for Lucius' hate of Muggle transport.

Fred and George thanked them for coming, Draco hugged his two dads, and Harry and Lucius flooed to the Leaky Cauldron.

Tom the inkeeper was there to greet them, congratulating the two on their pregnancy, Lucius beaming with pride. They were surrounded by patrons ogling Harry's belly, only to step back when Lucius growled and Tom threatened to throw them all out.

Lucius cast strong glamours over his mate to hide his pregnancy before the two stepped into the Muggle side of London, a taxi waiting.

The trip to King's Cross was short but Harry still fell asleep, Lucius nudging him awake when they arrived. He helped his mate from the car and Lucius paid the cabbie before leading Harry towards the train station.

He already had their tickets and they made their way to the platform, waiting only ten minutes before the Muggle train appeared. Lucius wrinkled his nose as they got on, and glared at two teenagers who hastily moved so Lucius and Harry could sit.

Harry yawned loudly and Lucius put his arm around his little mate, ignoring the weird stares they got. Harry snuggled into Lucius' side and the blonde leaned down to whisper to him.

'Sleep if you want, I'll wake you when we get there.'

'What if I mumble something embarrassing?' Harry asked, though his eyes were already sliding shut.

Lucius chuckled softly. 'I'm a wizard, Harry.'

'Oh... right...' Harry mumbled. 'M'kay.'

'I love you,' Lucius said and kissed his cheek.

'Love you too,' Harry said before his breathing deepened and he fell asleep, slumped against his mate.

Lucius smiled and leaned back, pulling a book from his Muggle coat. He flipped the book open, finding his marked page, and settled against the seat to read, Harry snuggled into his side.
'Harry.'

Harry hummed and burrowed deeper into the warm presence beside him.

'Harry, time to get up.'

'Nn,' Harry mumbled, face pressed against something soft and so very warm... it smelled good too.

'Harry, come on.'

'N-No...' he moaned. Okay, so whatever was under his arse and lower back hurt, but his upper body was surrounded by a warm, nicely-smelling... thing.

'Harry!'

Harry was suddenly pushed up and he blinked, wincing as the bright artificial lights overhead made his eyes sting. He groaned and rubbed his eyes, trying to figure out where he was.

He was pulled to his feet and stumbled, groaning and swearing as someone wrapped an arm around his waist and pulled him into the cold night air.

'Whas' goin' on?' Harry slurred, still trying to blink back sleep.

'We're here, love,' Lucius said.

Harry rubbed his eyes viciously and looked around, realising they were standing on the platform of a small train station.

'This was as close as I could get us to Potter Manor,' Lucius explained. 'My associate is waiting for us, and I promise you can go back to sleep soon.'

Harry groaned but opened his eyes wide enough to see where they were walking. Lucius half-carried him along the platform until they walked through the turnstiles, Harry yawning heavily and battling to keep himself awake.

They walked for a few more minutes before Lucius stopped, Harry drooping against him. 'Samuel,' Lucius said.

'Lucius, how are you?' a warm voice greeted them. 'Hello, you must be Harry,' the man said.

The unfamiliar voice made Harry wake up immediately and he looked up to see a tall, handsome man standing before them. He had caramal coloured hair and olive green eyes, a brilliant smile working across his face as he shook Lucius' hand.

Harry scowled, veela immediately growling threateningly, and both men looked at him as Harry wound a posessive arm around Lucius' waist.

'Hello, you must be Harry,' the man said.

Harry's scowl didn't lift and Lucius cleared his throat. 'Samuel, this is my mate and fiancé, Harry Potter. Harry, this is Samuel Forman, an associate of mine.'

Samuel held his hand out and Harry glared at it, Lucius' lip curling in amusement.
'Erm... well,' Samuel said, awkwardly putting his hand down. 'I have the portkey here, it's set to go off when you say the password I wrote you.' He smiled at Harry, who's eyes were still dark, and said, 'Um... so, Lucius, I was wondering if you and your mate wanted to get a coffee or something and catch up before you go?'

Lucius glanced at Harry, who's arm tightened around his waist. He smiled back at Samuel and said, 'No, I'd best get Harry to bed.'

'I'm fine,' Harry growled.

'Of course you are,' Lucius said quickly, smirking slightly. 'Samuel, thank you for doing this.'

'Not a problem,' the other man said. 'Happy to do it.' He shook Lucius' hand again and Harry growled softly, the blonde chuckling as Samuel quickly let go of his hand. 'It was lovely meeting you, Harry.'

'Mm-hmm,' Harry mumbled.

Samuel nodded awkwardly before digging into his pocket for the portkey. He and Lucius exchanged some last minute pleasantries before Harry felt the familiar tug behind his naval, and he and Lucius were pulled away.

Lucius was graceful in all forms of travel and managed to keep Harry on his feet as they stumbled to a stop. Harry groaned and rubbed his stomach, Lucius smiling down at him and running a hand through his hair.

'You okay?'

'Mm, fine,' Harry mumbled. 'Just need some juice.'

The two looked up to see a tall black iron fence that disappeared either side of them down the wide dirt road. Directly in front of them was two large wrought-iron gates painted black with white tops. Either side were tall marble pillars with the Potter family crest carved into the stone. The Potter family coat of arms was worked into the iron in the middle of the gates and Harry stepped forward, staring at it.

Lucius watched his mate carefully, knowing Harry would be emotional even without the pregnancy.

Harry's eyes moved from the beautiful gates to the marble pillars, glancing briefly at the lamps sitting atop them, before staring through the gates to the grounds beyond.

'Harry?' Lucius said when the teenager failed to speak.

'Mm?'

'Are you okay?'

'Um... yeah,' Harry blinked. 'Sorry.'

'No need to apologise,' Lucius said before smirking. 'Well, maybe apologise for how you treated my associate back at the station.'

Harry continued to stare at the gates, but a blush started working over his pale cheeks until he was bright red. Lucius grinned as Harry slowly turned to face him, eyes cast down. 'Um...'
'Um...?' Lucius echoed.

'I... he was nice?' Harry tried.

'Noo,' Lucius grinned, 'try again.'

'He... well... he was a bit rude, Lucius,' Harry said and folded his arms, trying to look cross.

Lucius' grin widened. 'Try again, little one.'

Harry glared at him before pouting. 'Fine! I acted like a jealous bastard, are you happy?'

'Very,' Lucius said, drawing him in for a kiss.

'No, go away,' Harry pouted.

'Never.'

'Away with you!' Harry said and slapped his hands against Lucius' chest half-heartedly, the blonde chuckling as he hugged his mate tightly.

'Never,' he repeated.

Harry burrowed into Lucius' chest and mumbled, 'I'm sorry.'

'That's alright, love,' the Slytherin hummed. 'It's good to see you being a little jealous every now and then.'

'Yeah, usually it's you,' Harry muttered.

'True,' Lucius smiled and drew back, kissing Harry quickly. 'How about we go inside?'

Harry blinked and looked up at the gates. 'Um... how?'

'You're a Potter by blood, little one,' Lucius said. 'You can walk straight through.'

'What about you?'

'Just give me permission to enter the grounds and wave your hand,' Lucius said.

Harry nodded and turned to face the gates, his fingers linked with Lucius' as he said, 'Erm... I give permission for Lucius Malfoy to enter Potter Manor.'

He waved his free hand and felt a slight tingle down his arm.

'Harry?' Lucius questioned when the teenager stared at his arm.

'Um... tingles.'

'That means the wards changed to let me in,' Lucius said, squeezing Harry's fingers. 'Lead the way.'

Harry took a deep breath before walking to the gates, eyeing them carefully as he and Lucius got closer. Suddenly they were stepping through them, the iron turning to smoke and licking at their clothes. Harry felt the same tingle, this time throughout his entire body, and shivered as he and Lucius passed through the gates and into the grounds.

'Very good,' Lucius said and bent down to kiss him.
He and Harry looked around, taking in the grounds of Potter Manor for the first time. From what they could see, and what Sirius, Remus, and Granbrook had told them, Potter Manor was a few acres smaller than Malfoy Manor. It had a forest that surrounded the back and sides, with a few large palm trees dotting the front lawn, which had been magically trimmed by the elves they’d hired.

Directly before them was a long drive covered in grey-and-white pebbles that led to the garage beside the house (apparently Aaron Potter, James’ father, had loved Muggle cars) and to their right was a paved stone path that curled through the trees and gardens towards the house.

Lucius looked down at Harry and squeezed his hand, Harry smiling weakly at him before starting the walk towards the house.

They passed small fountains and gardens brimming with colourful flowers and green bushes, the occasional bird fluttering about overhead, hopping from palm tree to palm tree. Thick ropes of orange fruit hung from most of them and Harry wondered just what they were.

After a ten minute walk the trees cleared and they spotted the Manor.

It was a large building, about the same size as Malfoy Manor, but made of old sandstone with a red-tiled roof. The windows were all covered in maroon shutters and there were small flowerboxes under each and every one. There was a dark wooden veranda wrapped around the front of the house, stopping at the garage Harry had been told about, which was made of the same dark wood with large doors.

They climbed the front steps and crossed to the double wooden doors, both made of dark mahogany with brass knockers and handles. Before either could reach it, both doors were thrown open and Dobby and Griffy appeared, bowing deeply.

'Masters, yous being here,' Griffy beamed, bouncing up and down.

Dobby too looked overcome with joy and Harry grinned as Lucius rolled his eyes. 'Hi, guys,' Harry said. 'Is everything okay?'

'Yes, Masters, but there not being any nursery for the little ones,' Dobby said, looking annoyed. 'And no food in the cooler-

'But Dobby and I's being bringing stuff from Malfoy Manor,' Griffy cut in. 'Foods for Master Harrys and the little ones.'

'Thank you Dobby, Griffy,' Harry said.

Lucius pulled him inside and the two elves shut the doors.

'Wow,' Harry breathed when he saw the foyer. It was half the size of the Malfoy one, though Harry remembered that the Malfoys had always been show-offs (Lucius denied it every time), and the floorboards were covered in thick emerald green carpets. The walls were wallpapered in black and grey, and there was a black marble hearth either side of the room filled with wood. Two chandeliers hung above their heads, made of black iron, and had green candles stuck into the holders.

The staircase was to their right, leading both up and down (making Harry realise there was a basement or wine cellar beneath them), and made of grey stone polished smoothly with a green rug covering the steps.

There were dark mahogany doors lining the room either side, as well as two double ones that
matched the front doors directly across from them.

'Wow,' Harry repeated after he'd stood staring around for ten minutes.

Lucius smiled and kissed his cheek, Harry turning to look at him. 'Do you want to have a look around?' Lucius asked.

'Um... tomorrow,' Harry said. 'I'm still pretty tired.'

Lucius pulled out his wand and cast a quick *tempus* charm, large numbers appearing before them in smoke.

'It's late,' Lucius said, 'I agree with you; we can look around tomorrow.'

Harry smiled at his mate before turning to look at Dobby and Griffy. 'Can you show us where the master chambers are?'

Dobby and Griffy both nodded enthusiastically and bounced to the stone staircase, Harry and Lucius trailing behind them.

There were portraits of old family members all over the place, as well as suites of armour polished to perfection, various tapestries depicting knights fighting dragons and merpeople and all kinds of Dark creatures.

Harry's neck began to hurt as his head swivelled this way and that, drinking everything in with his mouth gaping open. Lucius kept a firm arm around him as they were lead to the master bedroom, smiling in amusement at his mate's face.

Finally they reached a set of double doors, mahogany like all the others, and Dobby and Griffy pushed them open. Like at Malfoy Manor, the master chambers had a large rectangular sitting room attached to the front, with another set of double doors leading to the actual bedroom.

The sitting room had soft white carpeting and the walls were done in a milk-chocolate coloured wood. There were framed photos of what Lucius assumed were Potters, as well as various acts of chivalry (the Potters *really* liked knights apparently) as well as framed photos of flowers and animals. There were bookcases either side of them, as well as light brown leather sofas and armchairs, two coffee tables topped with glass, and vases filled with fresh sunflowers that Lucius assumed Dobby and Griffy had put there.

Some of the shelves were lined with old leather-bound toms but most were empty. Harry immediately went to the right, Lucius following behind him as the two house elves opened the doors to the bedroom.

'Harry?'

Harry had reached out and grabbed a large photo frame, pulling it off the shelf and holding it in both hands. Lucius stood behind him and looked down.

It was a photo of Aaron and Penelope Potter (Lucius vaguely remembered them from his childhood) as well as a teenaged James Potter and Sirius Black. They were standing before the Manor, James and Sirius sitting on the railing of the veranda and ducking swipes from Penelope as Aaron watched on in fond amusement.

Harry touched the glass as the family beamed and waved at him, looking happy and... alive.
'Are... th-these people...' Harry stuttered.

'James' parents,' Lucius said, Harry swallowing thickly. 'Your grandparents.'

Harry nodded. 'Um... n-names...?'

'Aaron and Penelope,' Lucius answered. Harry nodded again, still staring at the photo. 'It's my understanding that they passed away just before the height of the First War,' Lucius continued, wrapping an arm around his mate's waist. 'Like my father, Aaron was struck down with dragon pox. Penelope passed away hours after him, they were both fairly old when they had James. James would have been... eighteen or so, I think it was just before he married your mother.'

'How... how...'

Harry still seemed lost for words and Lucius said, 'How do I know?' The Gryffindor nodded. 'My father was still alive when news came of James Potter becoming Lord of the Potter family. James was engaged to your mother and the pure-blood circles my father ran in didn't take too kindly to a fellow pure-blood marrying a Muggle-born.'

'Right,' Harry murmured. 'So... I was my dad's age when he and my mum got married?'

Lucius nodded. 'Aaron and Penelope too married when they were just eighteen... it seems you're more like your family than you think.'

Harry chuckled softly, touching the glass over his father's face. 'I was keeping with tradition and didn't even know it.' He paused, wetting his lips. 'Our kit can bloody well wait.'

Lucius smiled and leaned down to kiss Harry's cheek. 'Whatever you say, love.'

They stood in the sitting room a few minutes longer before Lucius tugged Harry into the master suite, Harry clutching the photoframe to his chest. Like with the sitting room, the bedroom was done in soft, creamy colours. The wallpaper was a chocolate-brown and white mix, the furniture (a four poster bed with hangings, two dressers, two bedside tables, and a small coffee table) were all made of a light brown wood. The drapes on the floor-to-ceiling windows to their right were a dark red, as well as the hangings on the bed, and the sofa before the windows was a milk-chocolate brown.

To the left was a single door that was half open, revealing an en-suite bathroom done in white tiles trimmed in gold, with a glass-walled shower, a white marble bathtub built into the floor, as well as a white marble counter with two sinks and mirrors that ran the length of one wall.

There was a door either side of the bed, no doubt leading to the walk-in-wardrobes, and Lucius crossed to the left one (Harry always slept on the right) and pushed the door open.

The carpet was white, the racks and drawers all made of light-brown wood, and Lucius saw that it was one big room in the shape of a lower-case n. Dobby and Griffy had filled the place with hangers as well as identical full-length mirrors like the ones at Malfoy Manor, and Lucius smiled as he pulled his and Harry's luggage from his pockets.

Harry was sitting on the bed, which had a brand-new mattress and black silk sheets that didn't really go with the decor. He placed the photo of his grandparents, James and Sirius on the closest table, looking at it fondly.

'I think we should redecorate,' Harry said when Lucius had joined him again, carrying a pair of pyjama bottoms for each of them. 'You don't think my mum and dad would mind, do you?'
'I don't think your father ever lived here,' Lucius said, helping Harry stand so they could change. 'Aaron and Penelope weren't really into the aristocratic side of being pure-bloods; I think they lived in a medium-sized cottage in Scotland.'

'Oh... so just my grandparents lived here, then?' Harry said.

'You can owl Sirius, I'm sure he knows,' Lucius said.

Once they'd finished changing, they brushed their teeth and climbed into bed, Lucius extinguishing the lamps Griffy had lit. They settled into bed, Harry in his usual position; snuggled into his mate's side with Lucius' arms wrapped around him.

Lucius pulled the covers up and stroked Harry's arm as he said, 'How do you feel, love?'

'Erm... tired,' Harry said before yawning, as though his body was proving his point. 'Little overwhelmed... just... I dunno, really. I like being here, I feel closer to my family... does that make sense?'

'Of course,' Lucius said. 'Generations of Potters have lived here and you can feel the history. You're a part of it now, Harry.'

'Mm... I like that, being a part of something... good.'

'I'm glad.'

Harry leaned up and kissed Lucius softly before snuggling back into him. 'Thank you for bringing me here.'

'It's what you wanted,' Lucius said, squeezing the teenager's arm gently. 'We can look around a bit more tomorrow before organising the wedding.'

'Wow, a wedding,' Harry mused.

'You're not having second-thoughts, are you?'

'No, of course not,' Harry said before smirking. 'I mean, you're the best I can do at the moment.'

'Cheeky,' Lucius growled, nuzzling the top of Harry's head.

'Well I'm only with you 'cause of your money, remember?'

'I thought it was my fabulous good-looks?'

Harry paused, as though he were thinking it through. 'Oh, that's right; it's the other guy I'm seeing who has the money- oit! Lucius had pinched him and Harry grumbled, 'Not funny.'

'Slightly funny.'

'Nah-ah.'

'Yah-hah.'

Harry grinned and kissed Lucius' chest, the blonde smiling at the feel of his mate's soft lips against his skin. 'I love you.'

'Sure you do.'
'I do,' Harry pouted. 'Love you this much!' He raised both hands and held them as far apart as he could, glancing up at Lucius.

'Now see, you'd love me just a little bit more if you were taller,' Lucius said. 'I love you... this much.' He did the same action as Harry, his arms longer than his mate's.

'No fair, s'not my fault I'm short,' Harry mumbled.

'You're not short; you're adorable, cute, and just the right height for cuddling.'

'Mm-hmm.'

'And just the right height for me to have my wicked way with you,' Lucius continued.

Harry giggled and slapped Lucius' stomach lightly before they lapsed into silence.

Suddenly Harry said, 'Mr Harry Malfoy.'

'I can't wait,' Lucius said softly.

Harry leaned up and their lips connected gently before Harry whispered, 'Neither can I.'

They both fell asleep with silly grins on their faces, arms wrapped around each other warmly.
When Lucius woke Harry was still asleep, the trip to Potter Manor having tired him out. Lucius took a few minutes to let his body and mind wake up a bit more before getting out of bed. Harry squirmed as soon as Lucius stood and the blonde wrapped his mate back up, watching Harry burrow into the pillows until only the top of his scruffy black head was visible. Lucius smiled and kissed the teenager before going to have a shower.

Lucius hadn't looked properly the night before but did so now as he turned the water on, looking around as he waited for it to heat up.

The bathroom was a little bigger than the en-suite in their chambers back at Malfoy Manor. It was all white tiles trimmed in gold, the walls painted white and the trimming around the ceiling done in a metallic gold. The counter took up the entire wall beside the door, all polished white marble with two sinks as well as a large mirror bolted onto the wall.

The in-ground bathtub was also white marble and had steps leading down to the actual tub, circular holes visible all around the middle in what Lucius assumed was for the water. The shower had a white-tiled floor, the tiles around the two walls that held the chrome taps done in dark gold, one glass wall, and a glass door that swung open.

There were gold towels hanging from the towel racks to Lucius' left, as well as more handtowels beside the bathtub and counter. Lucius checked the water and when it was hot enough he stepped over the small tiled wall that kept the water in and closed the door.

The water was heaven and Lucius groaned as he focused to let his hair and body soak. The two showerheads were strong and water pummelled Lucius' body, his eyes sliding shut and lips parting to allow the hot water in.

After a few minutes he grabbed his body wash and quickly lathered up a loofah before washing himself. When he was done he stood under the hot water once more, enjoying the heat and the way it relaxed his body.

Lucius heard the bathroom door open and turned, but he couldn't see anything through the condensation that now covered the glass. He breathed in deeply and smelled Harry over the hot water and fragrances that Dobby and Griffy had filled the bathroom with.

Harry pulled the door open and smiled up at his mate before stepping in and closing the door. He leaned up and kissed Lucius softly, the two enjoying each others lips and wet bodies. Lucius pulled back first and said, 'Good morning, love.'
'Morning,' Harry smiled. 'Why didn't you wake me?'

'You looked tired.' Harry shrugged and tried to reach down for his body wash, only to find his stomach in the way. He groaned and Lucius said, 'Let me.'

Before he could reach for the bottle, it popped into the air and levitated over to Harry, who blinked and grabbed it. There was a soft kick in Harry's stomach and the teenager groaned.

'Harry, you shouldn't use magic,' Lucius tutted.

'It wasn't me!' Harry said, gesturing at his stomach. 'It was one of the twins!' Lucius raised an eyebrow and Harry said, 'Seriously, it was!'

'Mm-hmm.'

Before Harry could insist it wasn't him, the body wash shot from his hand and slammed into Lucius' stomach, making the blonde stumble back into the wall. Lucius winced and Harry's eyes widened.

'Harry~'

'It was the babies!' Harry said.

Lucius glanced down at Harry's stomach as he rubbed his own, feeling a bruise forming above his belly-button.

'The babies mustn't like you not believing me,' Harry said.

Lucius stepped closer and placed his palm over Harry's stomach. He felt a big kick before his hand was forced away, a stinging sensation spreading through his skin and making him gasp in pain.

Harry and Lucius both looked down at the Slytherin's hand to see it bright red and swelling, looking very much like-

'My own children used a stinging hex on me!' Lucius shouted.

Harry couldn't help but giggle as he felt a soft kick against his stomach. He put both hands against his belly as Lucius cast a healing charm over himself.

'Bloody kit...' Lucius was mumbling, '... think they can hex me... I'm their father, damn it!

There was another violent kick and Harry said, 'Erm, Luce, they don't like you yelling, they think you're angry at me.'

Lucius scowled but stepped closer, bending hesitently to talk to Harry's stomach. 'Little ones, you're not supposed to hex your father or you will be so grounded when you're born.'

There was a soft kick and Harry grinned.

'I mean it,' Lucius said sternly. 'I'm sorry I blamed Mummy, but you two have to behave, do you hear me?'

Harry's stomach calmed and the teenager said, 'I think they're listening.' Lucius breathed a sigh of relief and stood, Harry reaching out for his hand. 'Are you okay?'

'Mm, fine,' Lucius said, Harry touching his healed skin. 'I didn't realise they could hex people
already.'

'I'm sure they didn't really mean it, they were just worried about me,' Harry said, grinning broadly.

Lucius rolled his eyes and grabbed Harry's body wash and a loofah. He popped the cap and squirted strawberry scented gel onto the loofah before making Harry stand under the water.

Once the teenager was wet Lucius started washing him, Harry moaning and melting against his mate. Lucius chuckled and washed thoroughly, rubbing the loofah over Harry's back, arms, chest and stomach before moving further down.

Harry giggled hen his inner-thighs were washed, again when Lucius got down to his ankles. Lucius crouched before his mate and glanced up, smirking slightly.

'What?' Harry asked, eyes half-lidded.

'Someone seems happy,' Lucius commented.

Harry's brow wrinkled in confusion and Lucius reached up. He ran his finger over Harry's hard cock, the teenager gasping as it twitched. 'Oh.'

'Mm,' Lucius hummed, dropping the loofah. He pulled Harry back under the water and ran his palms over the teenager's soft flesh, cleaning away the soap. When Harry was rinsed clean Lucius leaned up and licked his cock from root to tip, Harry moaning.

Lucius backed Harry up to the wall and the Gryffindor leaned against it heavily, groaning when Lucius licked him again before sucking on his balls.

'L-Lucius,' he gasped.

Lucius smiled and moved up to take the tip of Harry's shaft in his mouth, tongue swirling around the head and licking away pre-come. Harry gasped again, mouth dropping open and eyes slowly sliding shut.

Lucius sucked back hard before bobbing down, taking Harry's entire length in his mouth, slowly teasing his mate with his tongue and lips. Harry groaned deeply and pushed forward, arse lifting off the wall as he tried to force more of his cock into Lucius' mouth.

His mate got the idea and moved quickly, water beating across his head and back, mouth full and eyes shut against the water spraying off Harry's swollen stomach. Harry moaned and reached forward, threading his fingers through Lucius' hair and tugging him closer.

Lucius bobbed up and down quickly, cheeks hollowing as he sucked on his mate again and again. Harry shuddered against the wall and his head thumped against the tiles, entire body becoming rigid as an orgasm raced towards him.

Harry never lasted long this early in the morning, and Lucius' hands came up, one playing with Harry's balls, the other sliding between his cheeks to rub his entrance-

Harry arched into Lucius as he came, emptying himself into his mate's mouth and shouting in pleasure. He shuddered and Lucius sucked him down, tongue lapping away his come before swallowing it.

The Gryffindor's cock twitched a few more times before Lucius pulled back, licking his swollen lips and standing. Harry smiled weakly at him and Lucius leaned down to kiss him softly, Harry
tasting himself on his mate's lips.

'Mm... best way to start the day,' Harry commented. Lucius chuckled and rubbed his aching knees before stretching tall. 'Do you want me to...?' Harry asked.

'I don't think it's healthy for someone who's almost six months pregnant to kneel on a cold tile floor,' Lucius said.

Harry pouted. 'But I wanna suck your cock.'

'Such a filthy mouth,' Lucius said, leaning down to kiss his fiancé again.

'And?'

Lucius smiled. 'Well... there's something else you can do for me.'

'And that would be...?' Harry questioned.

Instead of answering, Lucius backed Harry back up the wall. Harry gasped as his back came into contact with the cold tiles and Lucius took his right hand, tugging it forward and wrapping Harry's fingers around his hard cock.

'Oh,' Harry smirked, slowly stroking Lucius from root to tip. Lucius bit his lip as Harry said, 'I see how it is; Mr Malfoy wants a handjob.'

'Yes please,' Lucius said.

Harry chuckled and used his free hand to tug Lucius down for a kiss, a kiss that soon turned passionate as Harry's hand sped up. Lucius gasped and groaned against his lips, both hands pressed to the cold tiles either side of Harry's head as he thrust into Harry's fist.

'Harry,' Lucius moaned. 'Oh, Harry, fuck... you're so... gods, so...'

He trailed off to moan some more and Harry grinned against his lips, licking his way into Lucius' slack mouth to explore and taste his mate. It didn't take long for Harry to have Lucius begging for release, his thumb swiping through the copious amounts of pre-come leaking from the blonde's cock. Lucius was thrusting forward quickly and Harry realised they'd been in the shower a bit too long. So he sucked his mate's tongue into his mouth, moaned, and pulled Lucius' cock.

The blonde shuddered and Harry felt hot ropes of come hit his thigh, the liquid sliding down his skin and making his own cock twitch in interest. He stroked Lucius through his orgasm until the Slytherin pulled away to lean heavily against the wall.

Harry pecked Lucius on the cheek and stood under the water to clean himself up, Lucius watching with sated eyes. By the time they both got their heads together and finished showering, it was closing in on eleven am.

Lucius kissed Harry and said, 'Thank you,' before drying them both and leading Harry into the bedroom to dress. 'We'd better have proper sex later,' Lucius added.

Harry snorted.

{oOo}

They dressed for the day before Lucius led Harry through the house, the teenager once again craning his neck to take in the Manor. They managed to get lost twice before Griffy appeared and
took them to the family dining room.

Potter Manor had three dining rooms; two formal ones and a family one. The family one was done in dark gold wallpaper, the two wooden doors and ceiling done in dark brown. There were paintings of flowering bushes, fruit-bearing trees, and faeries and other magical creatures creating food.

The dining table was round and had six dark wooden chairs around the circumference and a short vase of sunflowers had been placed in the middle atop a bamboo mat.

Lucius helped Harry into his seat before sitting beside the teenager, Griffy and Dobby both popping into view. Dobby had the mail and handed it to Lucius while Harry ordered breakfast. Once they were alone again, Lucius flipped through the mail and Harry watched. 'We have a letter from Ms Granger,' Lucius said, handing it across to Harry to read.

Harry ripped it open and Lucius tore open the other one, quickly reading it.

'The paperwork's gone through the Ministry,' Lucius said, pulling a stack of forms from the envelope and going over them. 'We can get married whenever we want.'

'Excellent,' Harry beamed, reading Hermione's letter. 'Hermione's reminding me to hook up our fireplaces to the floo network.'

'I was thinking the two in the foyer could be hooked up to the main network,' Lucius said, 'while the one in our bedroom and the family sitting room can be linked directly to Malfoy Manor.'

'Sounds good,' Harry said, setting Hermione's letter aside.

Dobby popped back into the room with their breakfast and Harry licked his lips as the smell of muesli and banana reached him. He grabbed his bowl and tucked in as Lucius spread blueberry jam over his toast, pouring himself a cup of coffee and Harry a glass of orange juice before eating.

'We have just under three weeks until your manager from Gringotts comes,' Lucius said as they ate. 'When did you want to get married?'

'Um... as soon as possible,' Harry said, wiping milk from his lips. 'I really can't wait to be married to you.'

Lucius smiled warmly and sipped his coffee. 'Well, Albus said he's free anytime, and the Ministry has approved our marriage contract. All we're waiting on is the Veela Nation, who'll send the documents we need to sign for our marriage to be recognised.'

'Any idea how long that'll be?' Harry asked.

'I'll write again and send an owl this afternoon,' Lucius said, taking another bite of toast. He chewed quickly before saying, 'I take it you've never seen a Pagan wedding?'

'Erm... well I've only ever been to one wedding; Bill's and Fleur's,' Harry said.

Lucius nodded, setting his coffee aside. 'There are traditional Pagan weddings as well as informal ones, and there are family traditions I would like to follow.' He made sure Harry was paying attention before continuing. 'A circle is cast around the area where we're getting married, and our magic as well as that of our guests' and the world around us is used to strengthen the bond we're committing ourselves to.
'Albus will talk through what marriage is and what we're promising, and we can say our own vows or stick with the traditional ones my family and other Pagans have used for decades.'

He paused and Harry tilted his head, slurping muesli from his thumb. 'So we can say our own words?'

'If you wish,' Lucius nodded.

'I'd like that,' Harry said. 'I don't want the wedding to be so... standard, you know? I want to say how I feel.'

Lucius smiled and leaned over to kiss his mate, Harry smiling happily. 'During the ceremony,' he continued, 'Albus will place a certain amount of ribbons over our joined hands, and magic will be used to tie us together mind, body, and soul. We also drink from the same cup, exchange rings, and jump over a broomstick,' Lucius said, smiling at the confused look Harry was throwing him.

'I'll explain it to you in more detail closer to the actual wedding,' Lucius said, picking up Harry's hand and pressing a soft kiss to his knuckles.

'I hope I don't screw up,' Harry said.

'You won't,' Lucius said. 'I promise I won't let you.'

'Mm, dunno, I screw up lots of stuff,' Harry smiled.

Lucius rolled his eyes and went back to his breakfast, Harry grinning at him over his bowl.

{oOo}

After breakfast they decided to go on a tour, Dobby following behind to make sure they didn't get lost. They found the other two dining rooms, as well as a formal sitting room, a drawing room, a sunroom (Harry had no idea what a sunroom was and Lucius' explanation just confused him more), guest bedrooms, the family sitting room, a few bathrooms, two ballrooms, and a pool.

Unlike the pool at Malfoy Manor, this one was in the rough shape of an oval with two smaller pools to the right and a hot tub to the left. The floor was tiled blue and white, the walls made of rough dark-grey concrete, and there were windows on the far wall showing the back gardens. There was a set of glass double doors to the right that led out to a small wooden veranda with a low-hanging roof that opened onto the gardens and the back of the house.

Lucius started making crude suggestions about the hot tub and Harry dragged him outside.

Besides the one coming off the pool, there was no veranda, unlike Malfoy Manor. Here the back of the house was paved with rough white stones, two patio sets either side of the back doors, as well as stone benches and paths that led through the gardens.

Harry absolutely loved the gardens. Everywhere he looked there were bushes bursting with colourful flowers, and birds of all species flew around and nibbled fruit hanging from the palm trees. There was the odd stone fountain shaped like a house elf, a dragon, or a knight, the water clear and flowing into the pools beneath.

The main pebbled path led to a large eating area that held another patio set, with large wooden gazebos either side that held even more tables and chairs.

Harry and Lucius continued forward, Harry swinging their joined hands and Lucius chuckling at
his mate's behaviour. They eventually reached a large grassy lawn the size of a Quidditch pitch, the actual Quidditch pitch to their right beyond a large blue lake that held ducks and other birds. To their left was a grouping of trees that led to the fence that surrounded the grounds.

'Beautiful,' Lucius commented.

'Mm, it is,' Harry agreed.

'Noo,' Lucius said slowly, making Harry turn to face him. The blonde pulled his mate into his arms and pressed a soft kiss to his lips. He drew back and brushed Harry's hair from his face, looking down into his green eyes which seemed brighter in the midday sun. 'You are beautiful,' Lucius said.

Harry blushed but a smile pulled at his lips, making Lucius kiss him again.

'Let's head back, hmm?' Lucius suggested.

Harry nodded and their fingers linked again as they walked back through the trees and towards the garden.

{oOo}

It was Lucius who found the library, which was on the first floor. The entire room was floorboarded, though a large maroon rug had been laid over the middle, leather sofas sitting to three sides with a square coffee table between each. Golden rugs led to the narrow wrought-iron spiral staircases either side which rose to the two balconies that hung over the right and left of the room.

The main floor was lined with bookcases, though the far wall had large floor-to-ceiling windows between each case, the red drapes pulled back to shower the room in sunlight. The balconies were darker and had small chandeliers hanging from the wooden-beamed ceiling as well as a black marble fireplace, leather armchairs, and a coffee table each.

Though it wasn't as large as the one at Malfoy Manor, Harry absolutely loved it. The entire place had a very homey feel to it and he wanted nothing more than to curl up on one of the sofas and read.

Lucius fell in love with it too and spent a good hour making notes of what books were missing, commenting the entire time that he'd either make the room bigger or add on another floor.

Harry smiled as he stood before a tall bookcase, finger skimming over the leather-bound tombs as Lucius darted back and forth.

'I guess not many Potters liked reading for fun,' Harry said. 'I mean, I don't really read a lot, and from what Sirius has said neither did my dad.'

'You read,' Lucius mumbled as he jotted down another title on the long parchment he was carrying.

'Mm, about creatures and the Dark Arts,' Harry said. 'I don't read like you and Hermione do.'

'I'm a bibliophile, Ms Granger too,' Lucius said, standing on his toes to see the next shelf. 'We have a sickness, Mr Potter, whereas you're normal.'

Harry chuckled, knowing Lucius was just making fun of his and Hermione's love for books. 'Well, I read more than Ron,' he said, tilting his head at one of the titles he was reading. 'If I was a bit more like my mum I'd probably love reading too.' He paused. 'I'd have done better on my
'N.E.W.T.s too,' he grumbled.

'Harry, you don't have your results yet,' Lucius said, shoving the parchment into his pocket. 'How do you know you failed?'

Harry glanced up at the large bookcases as he said, 'My mum was like Hermione; she studied, she was brilliant. I'm more like Dad in that aspect; you know, not brilliant.'

Lucius tisked and came up behind the Gryffindor, wrapping his arms around the shorter wizard and placing his hands against Harry's pregnant stomach.

'You're not stupid, Harry, and neither was your father. He was a very smart man, even at Hogwarts.' He paused to kiss Harry's cheek, the teenager smiling. 'I think it's the only reason your father and Sirius weren't expelled... well, that and they were Gryffindors,' he grumbled.

'What's this?' Harry said, turning to face Lucius. 'Is Lucius Malfoy jealous?'

'Excuse me?' Lucius raised an eyebrow.

Harry snickered. 'Were you jealous of my dad, Mr Malfoy?'

'Of course not,' Lucius huffed. 'Need I remind you that I got top marks in all my subjects, throughout all seven years of my education?'

'Ah, but you weren't Head Boy, were you?' Harry teased. 'Head Boy totally beats prefect.'

'Choose your words wisely, little one,' Lucius said, voice dropping to a soft growl. 'I'm bigger than you.'

'And what are you gonna do?' Harry demanded.

Lucius paused and Harry thought he'd got away with it; right up until Lucius picked him up, carrying Harry bridal-style from the library.

'LUCIUS!'

'Mm?'

'PUT ME DOWN!'

'I'm afraid I can't do that,' Lucius said.

'Why the bloody hell not?' Harry demanded.

Lucius smirked, 'Well, perhaps putting people down is something they only taught to Head Boys; as a lowly prefect, I couldn't possibly understand the complicated suggestion you're making.'

'You bloody prat, put me down!' Harry shouted.

'I believe I just-'

'I'm going to smother you in your sleep,' Harry growled, cutting Lucius off.

Lucius grinned. 'No you won't.'

'And why not?'
'Cause I'm pretty,' Lucius said and ducked to give Harry a stealthy kiss.

Harry tried to remain scowling but was lulled into a nap by Lucius' warm body, strong arms, and the man's natural scent. When they reached the sitting room Harry's eyes were barely open and Lucius chuckled as he sat, Harry wrapped up against him.

{oOo}

Harry napped through lunch and afternoon tea, waking in the late afternoon to find Lucius reading beside him on the sofa. They had an early dinner before Lucius helped Harry set up the fireplaces to connect to the floo network as well as Malfoy Manor.

After that they retired to the bedroom, Lucius showing Harry a few books he'd bought on Pagans and wedding ceremonies.

They spoke for a few hours on what they both wanted, agreeing on some things and shouting over others. It didn't take long for Harry to tire himself out and halfway through an argument he fell asleep, leaning heavily against Lucius, who chuckled.

Lucius put the books away and got comfortable, pulling his sleeping mate into his arms.
Preperations

Chapter Notes

Author's Note: I based Harry's and Lucius' wedding rings on the Aoibheann Oxidised Soul Mate Ring. I just made it a wedding ring as well as a soul mate ring and changed the design from Sterling silver to white-gold, as well as adding my own engravings and such.

You can find the original ring at the following link;


{Dreamer}

Two more days of arguments followed before Harry and Lucius came to an agreement. The papers from the Veela Nation had arrived and Lucius threw himself into planning the simplest wedding in Malfoy family history.

Of course, Harry knew that Lucius wasn't going to do anything half-arsed. Though the wedding would be small, he knew everything would be ridiculously expensive.

Harry didn't have the first clue about how to organise a wedding so he left it all up to Lucius. The blonde wrote down everything they would need and he and Harry would sit together to decide on tables, chairs, the music, food, and everything else.

While Lucius was busy with the wedding, Harry explored Potter Manor a bit more to familiarise himself with the building. He could see him and Lucius living there in the future, maybe when Lucius stepped down and Draco became Lord Malfoy.

Though Harry loved living with Draco and the twins, no doubt they'd get married soon and want some privacy while they raised their own family. They could live at Malfoy Manor while Lucius and Harry lived at Potter Manor. If their firstborn was going to be the Potter heir, and one day inherit the place from Harry, then he or she had to be familiar with the building.

Harry also had catalogues for baby furniture, clothes, and toys delivered via owl. Though he and Lucius had done a little bit of shopping, Harry realised that they didn't have everything they needed; they had two bassinets and some toys and clothes, that was it. What with Molly kidnapping Harry, N.E.W.T.s, and graduation, both had been so busy they hadn't had time to purchase everything they needed for the babies.

So Harry sat himself down and went through each and every catalogue, circling things he wanted and leaving them out so Lucius could look. Harry had decided to order four of everything; two sets of everything for Malfoy Manor, and two sets of everything for Potter Manor. That way they wouldn't have to pack so much when they travelled between the two homes.

Lucius agreed whole-heartedly... although he agreed to most things his pregnant mate wanted. Like green jelly at 2am. Or back-rubs in the middle of the night. Oh, and Harry's sex-drive; Lucius
always said yes to sex, no matter what the time was.

Just over a week after arriving at Potter Manor, Lucius threw himself onto the bed face-first, Harry holding his plate of pickles and crackers steady while Lucius groaned.

'Something wrong?' Harry asked. He was filling out the order for the baby furniture, he and Lucius having finally agreed on everything.

'The wedding's done,' Lucius said. 'Everything's planned, it's all done, and the guests are coming.'

Harry frowned. 'Guests? I thought it was going to be us, Albus, and three witnesses.'

Lucius propped himself up on his forearms, looking at Harry as he spoke. 'Well, I was thinking about that after we got the letter from Granbrook; I take it you asked Hermione, Ronald, and Severus to be there?'

'How'd you know?' Harry demanded.

Lucius chuckled. 'Ms Granger and Mr Weasley are your best friends, Harry, and you've been through so much together; you'd want them there. And Severus is my brother in all but blood, of course you were going to ask him to be my witness.'

Harry grumbled and shoved a cracker into his mouth, Lucius smiling.

'I realised,' the blonde continued, 'that though you said you were okay, you would hate yourself if Sirius and Remus couldn't come to your wedding, and you'd also feel horrible if Draco and the twins weren't there; am I right?'

Harry opened his mouth to deny it but Lucius raised an eyebrow, forcing the green-eyed wizard to sigh. 'You're right,' he said. 'I've been feeling... I dunno, just wrong,' Harry admitted. 'I want to marry you, Luce, but I really want Sirius and Remus to be there, Draco and the twins too. I mean, our kit and his mates have to be there, you know?'

'My thoughts exactly,' Lucius said. 'Which was why I invited them all.'

'What?' Harry gasped.

Lucius crawled up the bed, plucking the plate from the teenager's hands and putting it on the bedside table. He knelt between Harry's legs and leaned over his pregnant belly to kiss him.

'I invited Draco, Fred, George, Severus, Sirius, Remus, Hermione and Ronald to our wedding,' he said. 'I got them all to swear that they wouldn't tell anyone else because you don't want a big ceremony at the moment. I also told them that we'd be marrying again after the twins are born.

'So, in exactly three days, our guests will be arriving at midday to see the wedding of Harry Potter and Lucius Malfoy,' Lucius finished.

Harry blinked before grinning stupidly and throwing his arms around Lucius' neck. Lucius smiled as Harry pressed quick kisses to his cheek and neck.

'I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you!' Harry gushed.

'I know,' Lucius said, smiling smugly.

'I can't believe it,' Harry said, drawing back to grin at his mate. 'Three days, Lucius, three days!'
'You'll be Harry James Malfoy,' Lucius smiled, kissing the teenager again.

Harry dragged him down, quickly deepening the kiss and making Lucius groan.

'Three days,' he whispered when they broke apart.

Lucius smiled and re-connected their lips, both moaning into each other's mouths.

{oOo}

Lucius spent the next three days flooing between the two Manors. The baby stuff had all been delivered by express post and Lucius, along with Fred and George, set up the nursery over at Malfoy Manor, while Lucius and Harry set up the one at Potter Manor.

It took Harry and Lucius most of the day before their wedding painting the nursery while Dobby and Griffy set up the wedding outside along with the house elves from Malfoy Manor.

Harry couldn't believe how quickly everything was happening. A few weeks ago he'd still been a student at Hogwarts doing his N.E.W.T.s and worrying about passing or failing. In less than twenty-four hours he'd be Harry Malfoy, and soon enough he'd have two little babies to take care of. A year ago his life had been so different, so much simpler.

But that night, lying in Lucius' arms and watching the blonde sleep, Harry knew he wouldn't change anything for the world.

{oOo}

The day of Harry's and Lucius' wedding (June 23rd) dawned bright and warm, a beautiful summer breeze wafting across the grounds. It was still early Summer, so it wasn't as hot as it would be come July, though the days were getting longer and the nights shorter.

Harry had always loved summer and spent most of the morning out in the gardens staring across the beautiful trees and bushes, while Lucius applied sunblock regularly, his skin burning no matter the temperature. Lucius complained that summer was too hot and dry and about a million other things, but Harry thought the blonde just hated turning red and peeling if he got burnt.

A beautiful white archway carved from wood had been erected at the end of the garden facing the house, the stone path covered with a bright red rug (Harry had learned that red was an important colour in Pagan weddings). There were dark wooden chairs either side of the aisle with red ribbons tied around the backs, and to the far right a white tent trimmed in red had been erected similar to the one at Bill's and Fleur's wedding.

A wooden table topped with a blood-red cloth was sitting just behind the archway and there was a box of stones and candles atop it that Harry knew would be used just before the ceremony began.

After a breakfast of cold fruits and juice, Lucius leaned over the patio table and said, 'I haven't shown you the rings yet.'

Harry bounced in anticipation and Lucius chuckled as he dug the ring box out of his dressing gown pocket. Lucius opened the blue box and Harry leaned forward.

Sitting inside on navy blue velvet were two rings, one slightly smaller than the other. They were both made of white gold with black etched all the way around the middles. White-gold letters rose from the middle, each word separated by a symbol. It was three oval-shapes joined together with a circle in the middle and Harry vaguely recognised the symbol from that new TV show Charmed.
that Hermione was obsessed with.

'It's called a Triquetra, or Celtic Knot,' Lucius said to Harry's confused look. 'Pagans believe it's a symbol that represents the natural forces; earth, air, and water. It can also symbolise life, death and rebirth. Basically it symbolises three separate entities that are inter-connected.'

'Right,' Harry said, glancing at the trinity-symbol again.

'As a Pagan, a wizard, and a veela,' Lucius continued, 'the elements are important to me, as well as the old teachings of my family. I'm not a strict Pagan, but a bonding ceremony like our own is very important, Harry, and I want to do it right.'

'That's fine,' Harry smiled, turning to look at his mate. 'I like that you follow old traditions. My Muggle relatives were Anglican and they went to church every two weeks but they never took me. I guess they figured I'd burst into flames if I walked into a church.'

Lucius raised an eyebrow and Harry realised the blonde probably didn't know anything about Anglicanism, the Church of England, or any other religions that Muggles followed.

He'd come to realise that most magical people were Pagan, Wiccan, or another belief-system that believed in groups of gods, goddesses, and the importance of the earth. He knew that Hermione was looking into being a Wiccan as her parents didn't really believe in any one religion, and Ron's entire family were Pagan, but even less so than the Malfoys.

'Never mind, I'll explain it later,' Harry said, turning back to the rings. 'I guess this is mine?' he asked, gesturing to the smaller one.

Lucius nodded and Harry picked it up, the band smooth and cold in his fingers. He ran the tip of his index finger over the words before turning the ring to read.

'Mon petite,' Harry mumbled, eyes following the words around the band. 'What's that?'

'It's French,' Lucius explained. 'It means my little one. Petite ami or mon capain is usually used by teenagers to describe their boyfriends, adults use other terms of endearment. It would be odd for me to call you my boyfriend, Harry, because of my age, whereas for you it would seem perfectly normal.'

'Okay...' Harry said, looking confused.

Lucius smiled. 'My point is, mon petite is usually used as a simple term of endearment, but to me it means a lot; you're my Harry, my little one, and I thought it might be nice for people to know that when they look at your wedding ring.' He paused. 'Is that okay?'

Harry beamed and leaned across the table to kiss his mate. 'Of course it is, Lucius. I love you calling me little one.'

The smile on Lucius' face couldn't be described as anything other than radiant. 'I wanted our wedding rings to symbolise our love,' he continued. 'And as you know, there's a lot of French blood in my family. The Malfoys immigrated from France a number of generations ago and my mother was French. I thought the words symbolised our love quite well.'

Harry smiled and leaned up to kiss him. 'I agree completely.' He read over his own ring again before he noticed an engraving on the inside. He brought the ring closer to his eyes and looked down at the symbol;
'What's this?' Harry asked, pointing at the symbol.

'The eternity symbol,' Lucius said. 'It's a big part of Pagan wedding ceremonies and I thought it was an apt symbol for our bonding.'

Harry smiled. 'You're right,' he said and put the ring back in the box. 'Cause we'll be together for eternity.' Lucius leaned down to kiss him and when they broke apart, Harry said, 'What's your ring say?'

'Well, you don't have a specific petname for me, besides Luce,' Lucius said. 'So I had mine with *mon âme soeur*, which means my soulmate.'

Harry kissed him again. 'Perfect,' he said.

{oOo}

Their guests were arriving just before midday and Harry and Lucius dressed in casual clothes before going to wait for them in the foyer.

Sirius, Remus and Severus were the first to floo in, Remus having left Teddy with Andromeda. Sirius wrapped Harry in a hug and berated him for several minutes for trying to keep him out of the wedding.

'I didn't!' Harry said.

'Then why did *Lucius* who gave me the invitation and not you?' Sirius demanded.

'I didn't... I tried...' Harry stuttered before shouting, 'BASTARDS!' and burying himself in Lucius' chest.

Hermione and Ron arrived together to see Remus slapping Sirius over the back of the head, Severus chuckling and Lucius hugging Harry. Harry looked up when Hermione squealed and suddenly found himself with a faceful of busy-brown hair, Hermione's arms wrapped around his neck.

'Merlin, Harry, you're getting married!' Hermione gushed.

'Let him breathe, 'Mione,' Ron chuckled, shaking Harry's hand.

Hermione apologised and drew back, Lucius wrapping an arm around his mate and tugging the teenager back to his side. Harry kissed Lucius' cheek quickly before saying a proper hello to his best friends.

When Draco, Fred and George arrived, the twins hugged Harry and Fred said, 'Trying to keep us out of your wedding, eh?'

'Of all the nerve!' George exclaimed.

'All the nerve!' Fred shouted.

'Shut up,' Draco chuckled, hugging his dads. 'Congratulations.'

'Thank you,' Harry smiled before turning to Lucius. 'Is that everyone?'
'Albus will be arriving later,' Lucius said. He clicked his fingers and Dobby, Griffy, and the other house elves all popped into the room. 'Please show our guests to their rooms and then show them to the Gold Dining Room.'

The elves all bowed and showed everyone out while Harry and Lucius headed to the dining room. The Gold Dining Room, as Harry had named it, was one of the more formal ones. It had a long rectangular table the colour of milk-chocolate that could seat sixteen people. The wallpaper was a honey-gold and filled with paintings of knights and dragons.

Lucius was constantly demanding to know what was with the Potters and knights, but of course Harry had no idea so just let his mate rant. By the time their guests had come back from settling into their rooms, lunch was served.

Harry drooled over the roast chicken with potatos, vegetables, and salad, and Lucius watched in amusement as he crammed five breadrolls into his mouth and groaned throughout lunch.

'What time is the ceremony?' Hermione asked.

'Five,' Lucius answered, checking his pocketwatch. 'That's just under five hours from now, is that sufficient time for everyone to get ready?'

All the men nodded, but Hermione practically shrieked and darted from the room, leaving her half-finished meal behind. Ron chuckled and ate a bit more before going to join his girlfriend, while the others all chatted over lunch.

The house elves were busy preparing the food for the wedding, so Harry and Lucius led everyone back to their rooms. Hermione darted out of the one she was sharing with Ron and latched onto Harry.

'What?' Harry said.

'We have to get you ready!' the witch practically shouted.

'Ready?' Harry said. 'I've got four hours, 'Mione.'

Hermione scowled and Lucius chuckled as she said, 'Harry, honey, love, sunshine, four hours is barely enough time! Show me to the room you're getting dressed in!'

'Um... well, that'd be mine and Lucius' room,' Harry said.

'WHAT?!' Hermione shouted. 'Harry, you can't see your husband-to-be before the wedding! You shouldn't have even had lunch with him!' She rounded on Lucius, who backed up quickly. 'You, go get your stuff and get changed in Severus' or Remus' room. If you so much as set foot in the master bedroom I'll hex you into next week!'

Lucius was quick to comply and hurried away, Harry giggling as he was dragged into Hermione's room.

'You wait here, mister,' the witch said, wagging a stern finger.

Ron snorted in the corner but didn't dare question his girlfriend.

{oOo}

Hermione helped Harry into his dress robes, trying the entire time to get his hair to stay flat. After
an hour she gave up and left it the way it was as Harry smoothed his robes over his pregnant belly.

'Lucius likes my hair messy,' Harry said, 'so... you know, it's no big deal.'

'I suppose so,' Hermione said, tugging Harry to the mirror. 'Okay, so what do you think?'

Madam Malkin had popped over to the Manor to measure Harry for his new dress robes, his old measurements being of little use now that he was pregnant. She had managed to create dress robes for both Harry and Lucius at a moment's notice and had walked away with her pockets filled with galleons for her quick work.

Harry was wearing a black silk shirt with green stripes and black trousers, his belt also black with a silver buckle. His tie was also green and laid against his stomach, while his robes were black but had a hint of green when in direct sunlight. His cuffs, collar, the clasps, and under-colouring of the robe was all emerald green, Lucius' favourite colour, and Harry had to admit that it highlighted his eyes well.

Harry looked himself over carefully before doing a small twirl, and smiled when he realised that he actually looked nice. The clothes were all expensive and fit perfectly around his pregnant stomach, and his eyes shone with happiness behind his glasses, while his black hair shot up erratically like usual.

Running a hand through his hair (and realising he needed another haircut), Harry smiled and said, 'Merlin... I'm getting married.'

Hermione checked her gold wristwatch and said, 'In less than an hour! I have to get ready!'

She tore into the walk-in-wardrobe and Harry chuckled, standing before the mirror and looking himself over.

_I hope I don't fall over, _Harry thought as he looked down at the bottom of his robe, which cut off just above his black leather shoes. _What if I do something stupid? Or what if the babies come early?_

It was then that Harry began to panic.

_Oh gods, it's just my luck that the babies will decide to be born halfway through the ceremony... the ceremony! Oh gods, what happens again? Erm... walk down the aisle... joining hands... oh gods, oh gods, oh gods!_

Harry had been so busy preparing for the wedding that he hadn't actually given it much thought. And now, in typical Harry Potter fashion, he was freaking out.

Hermione exited the wardrobe dressed in a stunning golden dress that ended just above her knees. The material was soft and shiny, flowing down her tanned legs beautifully. It had a high neck and Hermione was wearing a golden necklace around her neck, golden bands around her right wrist and her gold watch on her left. She was putting her dangling earings in when she spotted Harry's white face reflected in the mirror.

'Harry?'

'Merlin, I'll ruin it all!' Harry choked, spinning to face his best friend. 'Hermione, I'm gonna ruin it!'

'Ruin what?' the witch asked.
'The ceremony!' Harry shouted. 'What if I trip, or stuff up, or what if Lucius changes his mind? Hermione-

'Harry,' Hermione cut him off, taking Harry's face between her hands. Harry clamped up and Hermione smiled warmly. 'You won't trip, Sirius is walking you down the aisle. Lucius has talked you through the ceremony, and he isn't going to change his mind because you're soulmates and he loves you, okay? Just calm down.'

Harry nodded quickly and breathed in and out deeply at Hermione's instructions, eventually getting himself under control. He blushed deeply and said, 'Sorry.'

Hermione chuckled. 'It's fine, Harry, you're allowed to freak out. This is a big day.'

'It'll be fine,' Harry said, talking to himself more than Hermione. 'Sirius will hold me up, I'll remember everything, and Lucius loves me.'

'Exactly,' Hermione said, kissing Harry's cheek before wiping the lipstick away. 'Now will you be okay while I go fix my hair?'

Harry nodded and looked himself over in the mirror again while Hermione finished getting ready. He zoned out a bit and it seemed like only seconds later that Hermione was leading him from the room and downstairs. Harry could see the others all assembled outside with Albus standing before Lucius. Sirius was in the backroom before the back doors and smiled as Hermione led Harry in.

'Look at you, Cub,' the Animagus said, giving Harry a quick hug. 'I can't believe you're getting married already.'

Harry smiled up at his godfather, who was wearing a dark purple suit with a black robe over the top. His hair fell in waves down to his shoulders, and his grey eyes were alight with pride and happiness.

'Yeah,' Harry said. 'I can't believe it.'

'I'll go tell Albus you're ready,' Hermione said, kissing Harry's cheek again before disappearing outside.

Sirius turned to Harry and said, 'Ready?'

'Yeah,' Harry beamed, though he still felt a little nervous. He took a deep breath and said, 'I'm ready.'
The guests were all seated on the dark wooden chairs while Lucius stood at the front, Severus by his side. Draco and Hermione were standing either side of the white table Dobby had set up, a silver box and chalice the only things atop it.

Harry stood at the beginning of the aisle, fidgeting nervously, and Sirius had to slap his hands away from his tie at least a dozen times.

When Albus saw that Harry was ready, he walked around the seating area casting the circle, placing stones and candles every few centimetres. When he was done he stood at the end of the aisle and raised his wand.

A soft wedding march began, the sounds of violins, violas, double basses and cellos all reaching Harry's ears. Fred, George, Ron, and Remus all stood, Fred and George on Lucius' side, Ron and Remus on Harry's. Sirius held out his arm and Harry threaded his own through it, smiling nervously at his godfather.

Sirius led Harry down the aisle, everyone grinning at the blushing Gryffindor. Harry's eyes raked over the guests before settling on Lucius, his heart suddenly jumping into his throat. Lucius looked absolutely spectacular in his black dress robes trimmed in silver. He was wearing black trousers and a black shirt beneath, his tie and waistcoat both a grey-silver. His hair was tied back with a black ribbon and his pale grey eyes lit up with equal mixtures of lust and love as Harry approached.

When they reached Lucius and Albus, Sirius took Harry's arm from his own and placed a kiss on his knuckles. He let Harry's hand go and bowed before going to stand behind the teenager.

Harry looked up at Lucius and all his nerves melted away; Lucius was calm and in control, standing there so tall, *proud* that he was about to marry Harry Potter.

Harry grinned stupidly and Lucius smiled in response as Albus raised both hands. The guests all sat and silence fell, the music suddenly cut off.

'Friends and family,' Albus started. 'We have come together this afternoon to celebrate the marriage, bonding, and the entwining of destinies of Lucius Abraxas Malfoy and Harry James Potter, who have fallen in love and chosen to get married.

'There are no accidents in the universe and nothing happens by chance. Whether we know it or not, the path of our lives is already laid out deep within us, and life is the process of being willing and able to discover the direction of that path.

'For Harry and Lucius, this description is apt,' Albus said. 'Lucius is a veela and as we all know, veela have life-mates, and Lucius' life-mate is Harry. Though their journeys have been different, and though they met on less than amicable terms, Lucius and Harry have always been destined to be together as bonded partners. And today, in front of family and friends, Lucius and Harry will be taking the final step to join their lives together for eternity.

'Marriage begins with the giving of words. We cannot join ourselves to one another without giving our word. This must be an unconditional giving, for in joining ourselves to one another we join ourselves to the unknown. Love is a miraculous gift, and a wedding is a celebration of that magic. We are gathered here today to celebrate the gift of love that two best friends and bonded mates, Lucius and Harry, have found in one another, and to share with them the magic of this occasion.'
'Marriage is a very special place, the sheltered environment in which we can endlessly explore ourselves in the presence of each other and in which we can offer the possibility of the true reflection of another. Let us extend our joy to Lucius and Harry on this happy occasion, for they are about to take a new step forward into life.

'This day was made possible not only because of their love for each other, but through the grace of their parents, whether here physically or spiritually, as well as their extended family and friends, as well as the whole of the wizarding world. It is our hope that their fulfillment and joy in each other increases with each passing year.'

Albus looked from Lucius to Harry, blue eyes filled with happiness and pride.

'Lucius and Harry, demonstrate your love for yourselves and each other through caring and sharing. Stretch your love large enough to embrace whatever life brings to you. Let it fill you, surround you, comfort and protect you.

'Let your hearts be truly safe and at home with each other. Be generous in expressing your love. Be open to receive love from each other. Be flexible and forgiving with each other. Let your relationship be a catalyst that transforms you into the expression of your highest selves.

'Remember that your bond is alive and every-changing, and that your love is a miracle, always inviting you to grow, to learn, to blossom, and to expand. How you regard each other and how you behave towards each other will determine the destiny of your union. It is your creation together, your sacred responsibility.

'Be kind to your bond. Nourish it with tender loving care, and, above all else, keep your love alive. Treat it as the precious blessing it is. Do not just be married or in love, but let your marriage be an active process of loving each other.

'The quality of your marriage is up to you. Both of you as individuals and together as a couple will choose what kind of marriage you will create, promote, and allow through your thoughts, feelings, and actions each day. May you always honor the sanctity of your union and be blessed beyond imagination.'

Albus turned back to face the front, his eyes having been moving between Harry and Lucius as he spoke.

'Marriage is a bond to be entered into only after considerable thought and reflection,' the Headmaster continued. 'As with any aspect of life, it has its cycles, its ups and its downs, its trials and its triumphs.

'With full understanding of this, Lucius and Harry have come here today to be joined as one in marriage.' His eyes turned to Harry and it was an effort for the teenager to look away from his mate, making Lucius chuckle softly. 'Harry, is it true that you come here of your own free will and accord to be wed to Lucius?'

'Yes, it is true,' Harry said.

Albus nodded and turned to Lucius. 'Lucius, is it true that you also come of your own free will and accord to be wed to Harry?'

'Yes, it is true,' Lucius said.

The Headmaster turned back to Harry. 'Harry, with whom do you come and whose blessings accompany you?'
Sirius stepped forward, smiling at Harry and Lucius. 'Harry comes with me, Sirius Orion Black, his
godfather and father in all but blood, and is accompanied by all his family and friends' blessings.'

Albus thanked Sirius with a bowed head before turning to Lucius. 'Lucius, with whom do you
come and whose blessings accompany you?'

It was Severus' turn and he too smiled at the couple. 'Lucius comes with me, Severus Tobias
Snape, his best friend and brother in all but blood, and is accompanied by all his family and friends' blessings.'

Albus bowed his head again and turned, opening the silver box behind him. He picked it up and
Hermione moved to his side, taking the open box in her hands and standing silently.

'Harry and Lucius had decided to say their own vows before proceeding with the traditional Pagan
ones the two have picked out,' Albus continued. 'If anyone objects to this wedding and bonding,
speak now.'

There was silence and Albus smiled.

'Excellent. Harry and Lucius, join hands to form the figure eight, a symbol that represents the
eternal love you two share for each other, and the promise and commitment you are undergoing
today.'

Harry and Lucius joined hands, Harry's right holding Lucius' right and vice versa, their arms now
crossing each other.

'Lucius,' Albus said and pulled a pink ribbon from the box. He wrapped it around their joined arms,
leaving the two ends folded over the top. 'You may begin.'

Lucius looked into Harry's eyes and the teenager felt a lump forming in his throat. 'Harry,' Lucius
said, voice soft and warm, 'you are my love, my world, my little one; the man I get to spend the
rest of my life with and beyond. Words cannot express just how I feel about you, or how you've
changed my life for the better.

'When we first met you were twelve, a skinny little thing covered in soot with messy black hair and
glasses.' He paused, eyes darting up. 'Some things never change.'

Severus snorted and Harry kicked his mate, the blonde smiling at him as he dodged the attack,
everyone else laughing.

'I didn't understand at the time that you were everything to me, but now I do,' Lucius continued.
'When I wake up in the morning, you're the first person I want to see. During the middle of the day,
when I'm tired or working or over-stressed, you're the person who can calm me down and make
me smile. At the end of the day, when the sun has set and our part of the world is preparing for
bed, you are the only person I want to get into bed with, so I can wrap my arms around you, kiss
you, and spend the night sleeping with you in my arms.

'Harry, you are the light of my world, the man with the ability to make me laugh and smile, cry and
pout, and feel so warm and loved my heart wants to burst. You saved me, not only from the
Dementor's Kiss, but from my own hollow existence, an existence that was lacking your beauty.'

Harry sniffed and Lucius smiled, watching tears form in his mate's eyes.

'I promise to spend the rest of my life, and whatever existence waits beyond this world, trying to
make you as happy as you've made me,' Lucius said softly. 'I promise to love and protect you, to
cherish you and help you grow, and to spend every single second of my life loving you. Harry, my love, my world, my little one-' Harry choked back a sob, ‘- will you do me the honour of becoming my husband, my equal in all things, on this afternoon?’

‘Y-Y-Yes,’ Harry stammered, sniffing and trying to blink back the tears.

Albus reached for the ribbon hanging around their arms, taking an end in each hand. ‘This pink ribbon stands for love, honour, friendship, compassion, emotions and relaxation. Harry and Lucius; do you promise to love each other; do you promise to honour each other and be there for each other; do you promise to show compassion for each other; and do you promise to help each other relax?’

‘Yes,’ Harry and Lucius said together.

‘So mote it be,’ Albus said and tied the ends together, the ribbon tightening around the couple's arms. It glowed white with the magic Albus and the guests had called forward before dimming softly.

Albus turned back to the box and took out an orange ribbon, wrapping it around Harry's and Lucius' extended arms, leaving the ends on top. ‘Harry,’ the older wizard nodded, ‘you may begin.’

Harry took a deep breath and Lucius' fingers squeezed his own tightly. ‘Lucius, my mate, my love, my everything,’ the teenager said. ‘I love you so much, I love you with every fibre, every atom, every magical spark I have in my body. I never thought I could love someone so much, but there are some things in this world I can't even begin to understand.

‘When we first met, I was so young, in not only mind and body, but in soul,’ Harry said. ‘Without you I was nothing, I was The-Boy-Who-Lived, the Saviour, The-Man-Who-Defeated-Voldemort. Those titles are just... titles, they're not me, not who I am.

‘With you, Lucius, I know that I'm complete. My heart has healed from past trials, my soul has met it's other half, my body is now full of life, and my mind is filled with such knowledge and love.

‘We had a... rocky start,’ Harry said and blushed when Severus and Ron both snorted. ‘I thought you were so powerful, so dangerous, and so very out of my league. I still think that-’ Lucius rolled his eyes, ‘- but now I know that you're so many other things; you're sweet and kind, sensative and loving, you're the most beautiful, most amazing, most gorgeous man I have ever met.

‘You take care of me when I'm sick and grumpy; you soothe me when I'm sore and tired; you make my demons go away, and you love me every second of every day. You see past the stupid titles, the bad past, and the images that are always thrust upon me,’ Harry said, looking deep into Lucius' grey eyes. ‘You see past all that sh- erm, bad stuff,’ he blushed when Hermione tutted at him, ‘and see... just me. Just Harry.’

Lucius’ brilliant smile was infectious and soon Harry was grinning stupidly.

‘I promise to spend the rest of my life, and whatever lies beyond, being there for you in the same capacity. I promise to heal you when you're sick; I promise to soothe away your aching muscles or tiring thoughts; I promise to take your demons away, or to suffer them with you; I promise to love you every second of every day; and I promise to see past stupid images, silly titles, and everything else to see just you.

‘Lucius,’ Harry said softly, squeezing his mate's hands, ‘you have me; heart, mind, and soul. I love you, and I promise to be with you always. Will you do me the honour of becoming my mate, my
life, *my* Lucius, and my husband?’

Lucius had to blink back his own tears and everyone smiled when he said a breathy, 'Yes, Harry, my love.'

Harry smiled shyly as Albus reached forward to take each end of the orange ribbon. 'This ribbon stands for energy, encouragement, stimulation, and confidence,' the Headmaster said. 'Harry, Lucius; do you promise to keep each other full of energy; do you promise to encourage each other in every facet of life; do you promise to stimulate each other's minds, bodies, and souls; and do you promise to be each other's confidant in both trying and happy times?'

'Yes,' Harry and Lucius said together.

'So mote it be,' Albus said before tying the orange ribbon, watching it tighten and glow white before continuing. 'We will now begin with the traditional vows that Harry and Lucius picked out,' Albus said. He picked out another ribbon, this one yellow, and draped it over the couple's arms. 'Lucius, repeat after me.'

Lucius looked deep into Harry's eyes, never once looking away as he repeated Albus' words. 'Harry, I take you to be my husband and bonded soulmate, in equal love, as a mirror for my true self, as a partner on my path, to honour and cherish, in sorrow and in joy, even after death.'

Albus took each end of the yellow ribbon and said, 'This ribbon stands for intellect, confidence, charm, divinity, communication, and optimism. Harry, Lucius; do you promise to stimulate each other's minds; do you promise to be confident in every aspect of your lives together; do you promise to use your charms on each other and each other only; do you promise to share in the love and joy of all things divine; do you promise to communicate when you face joy and hardship; and do you promise to be optimistic when times are hard?'

'Yes,' Harry and Lucius said.

'So mote it be,' Albus said, tying the ribbon. It tightened and glowed white, shining brightly with the other two. He took a fourth ribbon from the box, this one blue, and wrapped it around their arms. 'Harry, repeat after me,' Albus said.

Harry nodded and looked at Lucius as he spoke. 'Lucius, I take you to be my husband and bonded soulmate, in equal love, as a mirror for my true self, as a partner on my path, to honor and to cherish, in sorrow and in joy, even after death.'

When he was finished Albus took each end of the blue ribbon. 'This ribbon stands for healing, peace, patience, and happiness. Harry, Lucius; do you promise to heal each other in sickness and in health; do you promise to teach each other, share with each other, and enjoy with each other, all forms of peace; do you promise to be patient with each other and show the other patience in times of need; and do you promise to share, teach each other, and help each other find any and all forms of happiness?'

'Yes,' Harry and Lucius said.

'So mote it be,' Albus said, tying the ribbon. He stepped back and Draco hurried forward, holding out the small wooden box that contained both wedding rings. 'I will now bless the rings, with the magic of all present, as well as the magic of all the gods and goddess, and the magic mother-nature possesses,' Albus said, turning to Draco.

Draco opened the box, revealing the celtic wedding rings, and Albus held his hands over them.
'All things in nature are circular- night becomes day, day becomes night, and night becomes day again. The moon waxes and wanes and waxes again. There is Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, and then Spring returns. Magic begins in a baby, grows in a child, is developed and nurtured into adulthood, and is passed on after death, to be reborn into a baby once more.

'These things are part of the Great Mysteries. These circles of old, like the Mysteries of the Universe, are without beginning or end. As they are now placed on your hands, they represent a seal of your love and respect for each other.

'With the magic I have been blessed with, and the magic of the bonding couple, and the friends and family here, I bless these rings and hope that they are forever a symbol of love, devotion, and all things sacred during Harry's and Lucius' marriage.'

The rings glowed white and Harry felt a shiver run over his entire body, smiling when he remembered that his magic, and everyone else's, had been used to bless the rings.

Albus turned back to the couple. 'Please loosen your hands for the exchanging of the rings.'

The ribbons gripping Harry and Lucius glowed white and relaxed, allowing the couple to stop holding hands. Lucius took Harry's left hand when Albus directed, and Draco stepped forward, presenting the ring box. Lucius took the slightly smaller celtic wedding ring and placed it at the tip of Harry's finger before repeating after Albus.

'Harry, with this ring, I celebrate and proclaim my love for you.' He slid the ring onto Harry's finger, the white-gold glowing and sending a shot of warmth through Harry's entire body.

Lucius let Harry go and the teenager took the blonde's left hand after taking Lucius' wedding ring from the box Draco was holding.

'Harry, repeat after me,' Albus said.

'Lucius, with this ring, I celebrate and proclaim my love for you,' Harry said, sliding the ring onto Lucius' finger and watching it glow like his had.

Draco stepped back as Albus turned to Hermione, taking a purple ribbon from the box. 'Please join hands once more,' Albus said. Harry and Lucius took the same position as before, arms crossed over each other, and Albus wrapped the ribbon around Harry's and Lucius' arms.

'This ribbon stands for power, spirituality, meditation, ambition, and progress,' Albus said. 'Harry, Lucius; do you promise to be strong for each other, with your magic, your minds, your bodies and spirits; do you promise to help each other spiritually and respect each other's thoughts and beliefs; do you promise to help with each other's ambitions; and do you promise to help each other progress through love, life, work, family, and friends?'

'Yes,' Harry and Lucius said together.

'So mote it be,' Albus said, tying the ribbon and watching it glow. He turned to the table and picked up a silver chalice, filled to the brim with water. He turned back and said, 'This is your first drink together as husbands. May you never thirst.' He looked at Lucius. 'Lucius, take this chalice and drink from it to show that you are willing to do what you must alone, to show that you understand that in your life and marriage to Harry, you must learn to be by yourself and work at your lives together by yourself.'

Lucius and Harry dropped their hands, the ribbons allowing them to move, and the blonde took the chalice from Albus, sipping from the contents.
Albus took it back and looked at Harry. 'Harry, take this chalice and drink from it to show that you are willing to do what you must alone, to show that you understand that in your life and marriage to Lucius, you must learn to be by yourself and work at your lives together by yourself.'

Harry took the chalice and sipped, handing it back to Albus.

'When you are apart,' Albus said, 'remember that the other is always there, in heart and soul, in love and mind, whether you are physically together or not. Your marriage is strong and resilient, even when apart. Harry, Lucius, do you promise to be there for the other when you are apart and do you promise to be waiting for the other when you are reunited once more?'

'Yes,' Harry and Lucius said.

'So mote it be,' Albus said, the cup glowing softly. He turned back to Harry. 'Harry, take this chalice and hold it for Lucius to show that you will always be here for your husband, that you will be here to love him, hold him, and help him learn and live.'

Harry held the chalice and helped Lucius drink from it, the blonde smiling warmly at him as it was handed back to Albus.

'Lucius,' the Headmaster said. 'Take this chalice and hold it for Harry to show that you will always be here for your husband, that you will here to love him, hold him, and help him learn and live.'

Lucius held the chalice while Harry drank, the water refreshing and cold. Lucius handed it back to Albus and the cup glowed softly. He placed the cup back on the table and turned to face them.

'Harry, Lucius, take each other's hands once more,' Albus said, waiting until the two did as asked. 'Harry and Lucius, may you always express courtesy and consideration, even in anger and adversity, for these are the seeds of compassion. Love is the fruit of compassion. Trust, love and respect are the sustaining virtues of marriage.

'May both of you hold these virtues in your hearts for they will enable you to learn from each situation and help you to realise that everywhere you turn you will meet yourself. May light and love surround both of you, and all who have gathered here. May your hearts always be guided to take the high road, and may you be blessed with every step of your journey together. May love, joy, prosperity and peace be yours in abundance.'

Albus looked between them, Harry and Lucius only having eyes for each other. 'Be understanding and patient with each other. Be free in the giving of affection and warmth. Be sensuous with one another. Have no fear and let not the ways of the unenlightened give you unease, for the gods, goddesses, and all things magic are with you now and always.'

He paused to take the last ribbon from the box, Hermione turning and placing it on the table and stepping back. Albus wrapped the red ribbon around the couple's joined arms and looked between them.

'This ribbon stands for passion, courage, sexuality, strength, and vigour. Harry, Lucius; do you promise to be passionate with each other, no matter how many years you two have been together; do you promise to show courage in the face of adversity, both with strangers and with each other; do your promise to be sexual with each other and only each other in order to show your love in a physical manner; and do you promise to be strong for each other, with each other, and against any odds posed by the unenlightened?'

'Yes,' Harry and Lucius both said.
'So mote it be,' Albus said, tying the last ribbon. It glowed white and tightened, Harry feeling Lucius squeeze his fingers.

Albus stepped back and clasped his hands together, looking across the gathered group. 'Those of you gathered here, I speak to you now. Harry and Lucius have graciously allowed you all to be present for their bonding. I ask whether you will support the couple in this new stage of their relationship together, whether you will be a source of strength, love, and affection as Harry and Lucius take this step together.'

'I do,' the group answered as one, making Harry and Lucius both grin stupidly.

'So mote it be,' Albus said, waving a hand, everyone's magic adding to what was already being used. 'Now that Harry and Lucius have promised to give themselves to one another, and to love each other, through their sacred vows, and through the giving and receiving of their rings, by the power vested in me by the Ministry of Magic, by Harry Potter and Lucius Malfoy, by the gods and goddesses, and by all that is Magic, I now pronounce you husband and husband and bonded mates.' He smiled broadly. 'Lucius, Harry, you may now kiss your husband.'

Lucius tugged Harry forward by their joined hands and leaned over Harry's pregnant belly, the teenager pushing up by his toes. Their lips pressed together in a warm kiss that made Harry's entire body tingle. He didn't hear the cheers and claps that went up around him, or the soft sigh of content that came from Albus. All he cared about was Lucius, his Lucius, his husband.

When they broke apart Ron was standing in the aisle, a broomstick in his hands. He placed it on the ground and stepped to the side as Albus made the group quiet down.

'Harry and Lucius will now jump over the broomstick,' Albus said, 'to show that there will be hardships in their marriage, but that they will face each problem together.'

The glowing ribbons slackened, giving Lucius and Harry enough room to stand side-by-side facing the broom. Lucius squeezed Harry's hand and said, 'Ready?'

'Always,' Harry answered.

They took two steps forward before jumping over the broom, Harry holding his stomach with his free hand. They turned back to face Albus, who's hands were now by his sides.

'Harry and Lucius are now bonded together forever, as husbands, mates, and destined partners. May they live happy, healthy, and loving lives together, and may any problems they face be dealt with swiftly and without harm.'

He clapped his hands and the white circle around them burst into powder, the ribbons tying Harry and Lucius together too. Everyone watched as the dust sparkled in the air before dissolving.

'The circle is open but unbroken,' Albus said. 'Harry James Malfoy and Lucius Abraxas Malfoy now join the world as a married and bonded couple. Harry, Lucius, may your love live for eternity and the peace of the gods, goddesses, and all that is Magic forever go in your hearts. Blessed be.'

Harry and Lucius kissed again and when they broke apart they were surrounded by their guests. One of Lucius' arms snaked around Harry's waist and held him tightly as they greeted and thanked each and every person.

Hermione and Draco were both crying, Remus and the others all with unshed tears in their eyes. Severus was nowhere near teary-eyed, but he congratulated the couple with a hug that surprised Harry; the man was warm and he smelled good.
Lucius growled and tugged Harry away when the teenager said that, leading him to one of the tables while the house elves ushered everyone towards the tent.

_Some things never change_, Harry thought as he was dragged onto his mate's lap.
Author's Note: Just thought I’d let everyone know that this story is now finished. Last night I wrote chapter 77, reviewed it, and saved it. So, that's it, all done, now all I have to do is post it all. It was a bittersweet feeling, I already miss this story so much, but we've all got the sequel to look forward to, and I've still gotta post ten chapters here.

I'll stop rambling now :)

Enjoy!

{Dreamer}

Lucius now had three rings; his Malfoy/Potter family ring was on his right hand, the second smallest finger, and his wedding ring and Harry Ring on his left hand, wedding finger. Harry had four rings; his Malfoy/Potter family ring and Lucius Ring on his right hand, second smallest finger, and his wedding ring and engagement ring on his left hand, wedding finger. Harry had never thought he'd wear this much jewlery, but he liked it; each ring was a symbol of his relationship and love with Lucius.

Harry was grinning stupidly and staring at his wedding ring as the appetisers appeared, Dobby and the other house elves having worked themselves hard to prepare nice food for the guests. Music was floating through the tent from the record player in the corner, and Fred and George had already taken over it and were flipping through the stack of records Harry and Lucius had put together.

There were four tables; a long one in the middle of the room for Harry, Lucius and the guests; a table on the right topped with cutlery, plates and bowls; a table to the left lined with mugs and drinks; and a square table in the corner that held the record player, the box of records, as well as a wedding book with coloured pens that the guests could use.

The table cloth was white with gold lacing, and there were golden vases of sunflowers every few feet with gold ribbons. The plates, bowls, and goblets were all fine white china and had gold patterns. The utensils were expensive and silver, and the chairs had gold ribbons attached to the backs.

The record player was running off magic and Dobby had been instructed to change the record every time the music stopped. Only now Fred and George were hovering around it, wands out and sparks flying from the ends.

'Stop it!' Draco shouted and slapped them both over the backs of their heads, the red-heads wincing and shouting out apologies. Draco grabbed them both by the robes and dragged them over to the table, Fred and George grumbling under their breath but shutting up when Draco scowled at them.

The tent was floating magically, though tied down with ropes like the one at Bill's and Fleur's wedding had been. A floor made of wood polished to perfection had been put down with rugs beneath the tables, a square dance floor to the left of the main table.
'Lucius, I hope you didn't spend too much money,' Harry said, looking over everything.

'Money means nothing where you are concerned, my love,' Lucius answered.

Harry turned to face him, one eyebrow going up. 'How much did you spend?'

'None of your business,' Lucius said.

'Lucius-'

'It doesn't matter,' Lucius interrupted, waving a hand dismissively. 'All I want to know is; do you like it?'

Harry looked around again before smiling stupidly. 'Yeah, it's amazing.'

'Good,' Lucius smiled.

'You used money from our joint account, right? When Lucius didn't answer, Harry turned to face him again. 'Lucius?'

'Erm...'

Harry groaned. 'Lucius, we agreed to pay for our wedding together.'

'Noo,' Lucius said, 'you told me we'd pay for the wedding together and I said okay... I lied, obviously.'

'Lucius!'

'What?' the blonde said.

'We agreed...' Lucius smirked, '... I thought we agreed,' Harry huffed. 'Lucius, we're a couple, this relationship is a *partnership*. We're supposed to pay for stuff like this together.'

'Harry-'

'Together.'

'Well it's too late now,' Lucius smirked, cutting a piece of his salmon with a fork.

'You bastard,' Harry scowled. He turned away and folded his arms, completely ignoring his mate.

'Harry...' Lucius tried, only for Harry to growl. 'Harry, please don't be mad,' Lucius said. 'We just got married.' He saw Harry's eyes waver, a smile tugging at his lips. 'We're married,' Lucius pressed, nudging Harry softly. 'We're husbands, we're bound together now by law... Harry James *Malfyoy*.'

'Lucius, we're *married*!' Harry shouted suddenly, making Lucius jolt.

'Yes, we are,' the blonde said, hoping he'd broken Harry's bad mood.

Harry grinned broadly and twisted around on Lucius' lap to kiss him. Lucius quickly dropped his fork in favour of plundering his husband's mouth, Harry groaning softly and threading his fingers through Lucius' tied-back hair.

He growled suddenly and hissed, 'Why is your hair done up?
Lucius chuckled but reached back, pulling the ribbon from his hair and letting it fall around his shoulders. Harry grunted in satisfaction and spent the next five minutes snogging Lucius like mad and messing up his long hair.

They didn't break apart until someone cleared their throat, Harry groaning and burying his face in Lucius' neck. Lucius turned to see Remus Lupin, the werewolf smiling at his pseudo-godson.

'Lucius, Harry, congratulations to you both,' Remus said and bowed slightly. He reached across the small table and shook Lucius' hand, the Slytherin smiling at him.

'Thank you, Remus.'

'Nngh,' Harry grunted.

'Harry,' Lucius tutted, nudging his partner. Harry shook his head against Lucius' neck. 'What's wrong?' Lucius asked as Remus raised an eyebrow.

'Stupid wolf, interrupted our kissing,' Harry mumbled.

Lucius smiled and carded his fingers through Harry's hair, the teenager shivering slightly. 'Come now, don't be rude to our guests.'

Harry groaned again and nipped Lucius' neck, making the blonde yelp in surprise and then blush brightly when Remus snickered. Harry grinned and pecked Lucius on the cheek before turning to face Remus.

'Thank you for coming,' Harry said, giving the werewolf a one-armed hug. 'Now go away and let me snog my husband.'

Remus chuckled and shook his head, but congratulated them again before disappearing back to his table.

'Harry-' Lucius began, only to be cut off when the Gryffindor sealed their lips back together. Lucius didn't know what had gotten into his little mate, but he wasn't about to stop Harry from kissing him, so wrapped his arms around his love and kissed him back.

They kissed softly for a few minutes before Sirius appeared, slamming his fists on the table and saying, 'Stop making out!'

Harry growled and pulled himself away from Lucius, both their lips swollen and red. 'What?' the teenager demanded.

'Well then, maybe I'll just go,' Sirius said, feigning hurt.

'Sorry, sorry,' Harry said and wiped his lips. 'I dunno what's gotten into me.'

'Well you just got married,' Sirius smiled. 'You're allowed to focus on your husband.'

A brilliant grin tugged at Harry's lips and he turned to face Lucius again. 'We're married!' he shouted and wrapped his arms around Lucius' neck, snogging him soundly.

Sirius snorted and said, 'Yeah, well...' He trailed off when Harry groaned and Lucius' hands rubbed up and down his back. 'Right,' the Animagus said and turned around, walking back to his seat.

'Told you so,' Remus grinned.
'Shut up,' Sirius muttered, Severus smirking over his goblet of wine.

{oOo}

Lucius groaned as Harry's thick, wet tongue stroked lazily against his own, the teenager tilting his head and shifting forward on Lucius' lap to better kiss the man. Lucius was at the mercy of Harry and his pregnancy hormones... well, there was probably some teenage hormones in there too; Harry was only eighteen, after all. Lucius remembered himself at eighteen... really, Harry had amazing self-control compared to Lucius.

The blonde was brought out of his musings when Harry's stomach rumbled, quickly followed by a plate of salmon lifting off the table and hovering over the teenager's stomach.

Harry giggled and said, 'I guess the babies want me to eat.'

'Well you should eat,' Lucius said. 'But not salmon.' He plucked the plate from the air and set it down, clicking his fingers at the same time. Dobby appeared beside them and Harry grinned at the little elf while Lucius said, 'Could you please bring Harry a plate of salad sticks and dip?'

'Ooh, mint yogurt!' Harry said, licking his lips. 'And French onion dip... and sliced pickles... and sweet chilli dip... and-

'A bowl of the various dips we have,' Lucius cut in, smiling warmly at his mate.

Dobby nodded and popped away with a bow, Harry blushing. 'Sorry,' the teenager said.

'Whatever for?' Lucius queried.

'I'm being rude to everyone,' Harry said, wriggling on Lucius' lap and making the Slytherin stifle a moan. 'And I can't stop kissing you and I should be thanking everyone and-

'Harry, today is our day, everyone understands,' Lucius said, brushing Harry's fringe from his eyes. Harry smiled at him and Lucius said, 'You need another haircut.'

Harry chuckled and pecked Lucius quickly on the lips. 'I love you too.'

Dobby re-appeared and Harry thanked the elf, Dobby beaming brightly and congratulating them on getting married. Harry was allowed to sit on his own seat but Lucius kept a firm arm around his shoulders, eating his salmon slowly while Harry dunked carrots, capsicum, pickles, and various other cut-up pieces of vegetables into coloured pastes.

The others all noticed that Harry and Lucius had stopped making out and came up to congratulate them.

Remus was first and Harry blushed as he hugged the werewolf. 'I'm sorry, Remy.'

'It doesn't matter, Harry,' Remus said, brushing his apology aside with a smile. 'You just got married, you're allowed to act like a love-sick fool.'

'Speak for yourself,' Sirius said, throwing an arm around his boyfriend and hugging him tightly. 'Harry, stop frenching Malfoy and give me a hug!'

'Shit up,' Harry said, blushing and standing to hug his godfather.

Sirius grinned when Lucius tugged Harry back down, the veela glaring slightly at the Animagus.
'Anywho, congrats, Harry,' Sirius said, smiling warmly. 'Really, I'm glad that you're happy and that you and Lucius found each other.'

Harry blinked at the sudden emotions in Sirius' voice and smiled shyly. 'Thanks, Siri.'

'The wedding was beautiful, Harry, Lucius; congratulations again,' Remus said.

'Indeed,' Albus added, joining them.

'Thank you for officiating, Albus,' Lucius said, shaking the man's hand.

'I thoroughly enjoyed myself,' Albus beamed. 'Now if I can just remember where I put my lemon drops...'

A high-pitched shriek suddenly echoed throughout the tent and everyone turned to see Fred hastily pointing his wand at the record player while George shifted away.

'I didn't mean it!' Fred said.

'You bloody prat, leave it alone!' Draco shouted, storming across the tent.

'I just wanted to put some Green Day on, Harry loves Green Day!' Fred explained.

Draco paused. 'What the bloody hell is a Green Day?'

'A Muggle band!' Harry called, drawing Draco's and Fred's attention. 'Fred and George got me into them last year.'

'Oh,' Draco said, scratching a hand through his perfect blonde hair. 'Right, well...'

Fred beamed and said, 'See? Harry doesn't mind me messing with the record player.'

'Well Harry's insane,' Draco muttered, pushing Fred aside. 'Here, let me.'

With Draco's help the record player was soon working again and Green Day was washing across the tent. Sirius bounced around to it, dragging Remus onto the dance floor, while Severus plopped into the seat beside Lucius and Fred and George danced around Draco, who was finishing off his appetiser. Albus had wandered off to look for his lemon drops, humming under his breath as he did.

'Are you sure this is music?' Severus questioned, sipping his wine.

Harry was polishing off his salad sticks and scowled as he swallowed. 'Yes, it is music; very good music, in fact.'

Lucius cocked his head as he listened. It wasn't terribly bad, but it wasn't something he'd ever listen to himself. Still, if it made Harry happy, than Lucius would put up with it.

'Lucius?' Severus said.

Lucius blinked back and looked between his husband and best friend. 'Erm... I love it!

Severus rolled his eyes and Harry kissed the Slytherin quickly. 'I know you said that just to make me happy,' Harry said, 'and even though you're a bloody liar-' Severus snickered, '-' I love you just that much more 'cause you care enough to lie.' He kissed Lucius again and the blonde smiled brightly.
'Congratulations, Harry, Lucius,' Severus said, inclining his head at the happy couple and trying to get them to stop making out. 'I never thought I'd be sitting at a Potter-Malfoy wedding.'

'Well you could always dance at a Potter-Malfoy wedding,' Harry suggested.

Lucius snorted as Severus said, 'No, I'm quite happy to sit here and watch Sirius make a fool of himself.'

They all looked at the dance floor, where Sirius was jumping around much like an over-excited dog, making Remus blush furiously and Fred and George laugh. Soon all three were dancing and Draco fidgeted in his seat as his mates danced with another man, Remus sitting down and groaning as he rested his feet.

Hermione and Ron, who had disappeared right after the broom-jumping bit, suddenly appeared before the table. Hermione looked perfect but Ron's lips were red and swollen, hinting at what he and his girlfriend had been up to.

'Blimey, mate, married,' Ron said.

Harry chuckled and nodded, Hermione rolling her eyes at her partner. 'Congratulations Harry, Lucius,' she beamed. 'The ceremony was beautiful.'

'Thank you, my dear,' Lucius inclined his head. 'Feel free to drink and eat as much as you want.'

'Mm,' Ron hummed, immediately disappearing to find food.

Harry chuckled and kissed his mate while Hermione sighed. 'That boyfriend of mine,' she said, smiling at Harry and Lucius before following Ron.

The record was changed, this time to some soft instrumental music, and Lucius glanced at Harry. 'Would you like to dance?'


'It's traditional for the married couple to share a dance together,' Lucius said, standing and smoothing his robes down. He swept his hair back before holding out one hand.

'But... but I can't dance,' Harry stuttered.

'It's true,' Severus said. 'You should have seen him at the Yule Ball in his fourth year; almost broke poor Miss Patel's leg.'

Harry scowled at Severus but didn't say anything; the Slytherin was right, after all.

'I don't care how good a dancer you are or aren't, Harry,' Lucius said, grey eyes softening as they met Harry's green ones. 'I just wish to share a dance with my husband. Please?'

Harry could never say no to a begging Lucius Malfoy, especially one who begged so sweetly. He groaned and pushed his plate away, using the table and Lucius to get to his feet. Lucius tugged him onto the dance floor, Harry waddling onto the wooden floor and turning to face Lucius.

Lucius bowed and Harry smiled shyly as he was pulled forward, Lucius directing his left hand to the blonde's shoulder, his right clasped firmly in Lucius' larger hand. Lucius placed his own right hand against Harry's waist and said, 'Just follow my lead.'

A new song started and Lucius moved slowly, giving Harry time to figure out where he was
stepping and follow. A few awkward seconds followed, all filled with jerky steps, before Harry and Lucius got a rhythm going.

Harry would never be a terrific dancer, he'd probably barely pass as adequate even if he had a hundred lessons, but Lucius, of course, was a spectacular dancer and knew just how to help Harry move.

They swayed back and forth on the dance floor, Lucius' eyes never once leaving Harry's face as he twirled and led the teenager, Harry smiling. Soon Harry forgot his shyness and own clumsiness, melting into Lucius' embrace and happily letting his dominant mate lead.

It was... nice, Harry realised, much nicer than the last (and first) time he'd danced. Last time Harry had had to lead, and he'd been dancing with a girl, while wondering whether the Fates were truly against him.

Now he was in the arms of a gorgeous blonde man, a man who had the ability to make Harry laugh, cry, and feel incredible amounts of warmth and pleasure. He was being led by a man who would always put Harry above all else, who saw past the scar and titles to who Harry was; a man who knew exactly what he was doing, who took care of Harry and helped him when times were tough.

The song ended before a slower one began, and Lucius pulled back, raising an eyebrow in a silent question. Harry smiled and closed the distance between them, wrapping both arms around Lucius' neck.

Lucius chuckled and kissed the top of Harry's head before his own arms wound around the Gryffindor's waist, pulling Harry slightly closer. Harry leaned against Lucius' chest as the two swayed softly to the music, more just standing and moving randomly than dancing.

But it was nice; Harry felt warm and safe in Lucius' arms, and unbelievably happy. Lucius was stroking his back softly and Harry smiled as he nuzzled the Slytherin's chest, senses overpowered by Lucius' presence, cologne, and underlying scent.

'Thank you,' Harry said suddenly.

'Hmm?' Lucius hummed.

'Thank you,' Harry repeated, pulling back and quickly leaning up to kiss his mate on the lips.

'What for?' Lucius asked.

Harry smiled and hugged Lucius tightly. 'Thank you for being the best husband anyone could wish for.'

Lucius chuckled and hugged Harry back. 'You say that now,' he said softly, 'but just wait until I forget something; you'll start shouting and I'll be back on the sofa.'

Harry snickered, remembering the time he'd kicked Lucius out of bed. 'Well, if you don't like sleeping on sofas, then don't say stupid things.'

'Ah, but I'm a man, and blonde, therefore it's inevitable that I'll say something stupid,' Lucius mused.

'Mm, I suppose so,' Harry said. 'How about we agree to make up after one of us says something stupid?'
'Agreed,' Lucius said, kissing the top of Harry's head. 'Make-up sex is *fantastic*.'

Harry snorted and shook his head. 'Sex maniac.'

'You're one to talk,' Lucius teased.

'You made me a sex maniac,' Harry said.

'Ah, one of my better achievements,' Lucius grinned. 'I'd say my best.'

Harry giggled and buried his face in Lucius' chest, the Slytherin smiling down at him.

'Love you,' Harry mumbled.

'I love you too,' Lucius replied.

{oOo}

Lucius and Harry were swaying gently together when Lucius felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned to see Sirius, the Black patriarch smiling at him. 'Mind if I cut in?'

Lucius shook his head and stepped back, Harry blinking up at him before smiling at Sirius. 'Don't take too long,' Lucius said and kissed Harry's cheek before going to sit with Remus and Severus.

Sirius chuckled and pulled Harry into his arms, both of Harry's hands resting on his shoulders, Sirius' own on Harry's waist.

'I'm sorry I didn't invite you,' Harry said as they stepped in a rough box-step. 'I thought it was just gonna be us and three witnesses.'

'It's alright, Cub, I was just teasing before,' Sirius said, glancing at Lucius, who was watching them. 'He really does love you.'

'Yeah,' Harry said, blushing slightly.

'I'm glad you have someone like Lucius,' Sirius continued, looking back at his godson. 'I was worried you wouldn't be able to find anyone who could see past the scar.'

'I tried not to think about it in all honesty,' Harry said. 'I mean, I was with Ginny right after the war and it just felt so... wrong, you know?' Sirius nodded. 'It was like there was a part of me missing. I thought maybe it was just the horcrux but then Hermione and Draco figured it out and...' he let out a deep breath, shaking his head. 'That's in the past, though. I guess I'm saying that... I feel so lucky to have Lucius.'

'He loves you for you,' Sirius supplied, Harry nodding.

'Yeah, he does,' the younger wizard said.

'I just want you to be happy, Harry,' Sirius said honestly. 'I know I gave you a hard time when you first got together. Sometimes it's hard to put my inner brat away and see what everyone else can; Lucius makes you happy, he's your soulmate, he's... well he's your other half,' Sirius said, smiling. 'As long as you're happy I am too, Cub.'

'I am happy,' Harry smiled. 'A year ago I would have laughed if anyone had told me that I'd be married to Lucius Malfoy and pregnant with the man's twins. But now...' he trailed off and smiled stupidly. 'I've never been this happy, Sirius.'
'Good,' Sirius said and wrapped his arms around Harry's back, hugging him tightly. Harry hugged him back and the two stood together, thinking about how much everything had changed.

'Vere glad you have Remy,' Harry said.

Sirius smiled, thinking about Remus... and Severus. He realised he'd have to tell Harry soon. But now wasn't the time, not with Harry so happy. His news could wait.

'I'm glad too,' Sirius finally said as they drew apart. He stepped away and Harry turned to see Remus, the werewolf smiling.

Remus kissed his boyfriend and said, 'Can I have a turn?'

'Sure,' Sirius said, letting Harry go.

'Oh yeah, just pass me off,' Harry said, placing his hands on Remus' shoulders.

Remus chuckled and Sirius messed up the teenager's hair before going to sit down.

'Vere you, Harry?' Remus asked.

'Great,' Harry beamed. 'Happy, a little stunned that I'm actually married, but... it's a good stunned.'

'Like someone's hit you in the stomach and you can't breathe?' Remus said.

Harry nodded. 'But it's... good. I'm just so bloody happy.

'I'm glad, Harry,' Remus said, sounding very much like Sirius. 'If anyone deserves happiness, you do.'

'Thanks, Remy.'

'Ve know,' Remus said as he twirled Harry, the two stumbling and giggling together. 'I can still remember the little baby that Lily and James introduced to me and Sirius,' he continued when they'd righted themselves.

'Ve gods, not baby stories,' Harry groaned, thumping his forehead against Remus' strong chest.

Remus chuckled. 'You were so small and Sirius said you looked like a gnome.'

'Remind me to smack him,' Harry said.

'James was so proud, Lily too,' Remus smiled. 'I don't think I've ever seen James so happy, not even his wedding to Lily could top seeing you for the first time.'

Harry smiled up at the werewolf.

'You grew so quickly,' Remus continued. 'And then, of course, Voldemort got in the way.' He sighed, tilting his head to look into Harry's eyes. 'I felt like I'd been hit in the stomach when you opened your eyes after fainting on the Hogwarts Express. You looked so much like James, you still do, but there's more of Lily in you; your eyes, your face, your general personality.'

He smiled warmly.

'But you're so different to them too, you're your own person.' He paused, gripping Harry's waist tightly. 'I'm so proud of you, Harry, Sirius is too. And I know James and Lily would be proud, even
though James would have thrown a fit over you being bonded to Lucius. Lily would have swooned at the romance of it; the strong young hero swept up by the dangerous dark wizard.'

Harry chuckled and wiped a tear from his eye.

'Sorry, I'm prattling,' Remus apologised. 'It's just amazing to see you now. You were such a happy baby, and then I met a strong but scared young man. And now... well, look at you now,' Remus beamed, running his amber eyes over Harry. 'Pregnant and married.'

'You'll have to get married next,' Harry teased. 'Make an honest man out of Sirius.'

Remus laughed softly. 'No, one marriage was enough for me, and Sirius isn't the marrying type. I'm quite happy with the way things are.'

'Really?' Harry said. 'No wedding for you and Sirius?'

'Sorry, Cub,' Remus said.

'Nah, s'fine,' Harry shrugged. 'Who do you reckon'll be next; Fred, George, and Draco, or Hermione and Ron?'

'Hmm,' Remus hummed, tilting his head to think as they swayed on the dance floor. 'Well, Fred and George will most likely propose to Draco soon enough. Ronald does seem to drag his feet, doesn't he?'

'Yeah,' Harry laughed. 'I'm guessing Draco and the twins will be married by next year, Ron and Hermione a bit later.'

'Agreed,' Remus said. He paused when Albus approached, Harry's head tilting up to look at the headmaster.

'May I?' Albus asked.

Remus nodded and handed Harry over to the older wizard, Harry blushing as Albus took his hand.

'How are you, my boy?' Albus asked.

'Great,' Harry said. 'Thank you for marrying us, Albus, I really appreciate it.'

'Not a problem, Harry,' the professor said, blue eyes twinkling like mad. 'I was happy to do it; thank you for letting me officiate such an important step in your life.'

Harry chuckled. 'You should write books.'

'Who said I didn't?' Albus queried.

Harry snorted, shaking his head slightly. He looked back up at Albus and said, 'Well, still; thank you.'

Albus smiled. 'I can't believe how much you've grown, Harry. I remember you when you were a baby.'

'Everyone does,' Harry sighed. 'Draco, Fred, and George have known me since I was eleven. You, Hagrid, and Professor McGonagall have known me since I was one. Hell, even Severus has known me most of my life. And Lucius has known me since I was twelve!'
'Your point, my boy?' Albus asked.

Harry blinked. 'Erm... I forgot my point.' Albus chuckled. 'I kind of just ranted towards the end there, sorry.'

'No need to apologise, Harry. A good rant is needed every now and then.'

Harry smiled as he was twirled, though he stumbled on the way back and made Albus chuckle.

'Are you having a good time?' Albus asked.

'Yeah,' Harry nodded. 'Though I kind of miss Lucius,' he admitted, turning to see his mate in conversation with Sirius and Remus.

'Ahh, young love,' Albus mused. 'It's a fine thing to see.'

'You're a pervert,' Harry teased.

'You wound me,' Albus fake-swooned.

'I remember!' Harry shouted, making Albus blink. 'I hate that everyone's known me since I was a kid; they all got to see my awkward phases. The bad hair, the pimples, losing control of my magic, stuff like that. Even Lucius remembers me as a scrawny little boy.'

'I'm sure he doesn't think about that too often,' Albus said. 'It'd make certain acts unpleasent.'

It took Harry a second to get what Albus was saying and when he did his mouth dropped open and his face turned scarlet. 'ALBUS!'

'What?' Albus said, trying to look innocent.

'You... you sick, sick man!' Harry said. 'That's just... ewe, yuck!'

Albus chuckled. 'I'm not saying that Lucius was attracted to you when you were twelve, Harry. I was just-

'No, so don't wanna know!' Harry said.

'Harry-

'Everyone thinks you're this wise old man,' Harry cut in, 'when really you're just a dirty-minded pervert!'

Albus chuckled and Harry couldn't help but grin.

'MY TURN!' came a shout from behind Harry, making the teenager turn and Albus glance over his shoulder. Fred was standing there with his arms folded, foot tapping against the floor, George just behind him.

'Don't hog the Harry,' Fred said and stepped forward, bowing deeply. 'Mr Malfoy, may I have this dance?'

Harry chuckled and said, 'Yeah, of course.'

Albus hugged Harry before handing him over to Fred, the eldest Weasley twin sweeping Harry into his arms.
'Ah, Harry, look how far we've come,' Fred commented. Harry raised an eyebrow. 'Sweet, innocent young men, now in serious relationships; I mean, you're married, you don't get much more serious.'

Harry snorted and shook his head. 'Fred, were you dropped on the head as a child?'

'Course I was, George did it at least a dozen times,' Fred grinned. 'I jumped off the roof once, Charlie dared me to.'

'You did what?'

'Charlie was a manipulative bugger, but George and I thought he was the coolest thing since Quidditch,' Fred said. 'He could talk us into anything.' His eyes briefly filled with sadness before he blinked, shaking his head. 'Anyway, now it's Draco talking us into mental stuff.'

'Sure it is,' Harry said. 'Draco's most likely talking you out of mental stuff.'

'Ah, you don't know our little dragon,' Fred tisked.

'MY TURN!'

Suddenly Fred was shoved aside and George took his spot, wrapping his arms around Harry's waist and spinning him.

'Whoa, calm down,' Harry muttered.

'Sorry,' George said, though he didn't look it in the least. 'I'm hurt, Harry; I thought I was your favourite.'

'Lucius is my favourite,' Harry said.

'I mean your favourite twin.'

'Ah, no, I don't have favourites,' Harry shook his head. 'Sorry.'

'Oh, I see, keeping it between us,' George said, winking noticeably. Harry snorted as George said, 'I get it, Harry; it's a secret.'

'There's no secret, I don't have favourites,' Harry said. 'Besides, you and Fred are practically the same person.'

'We're two different people, thank you very much,' George huffed.

Harry snickered. 'Dressing alike, acting exactly the same, and doing everything together doesn't help that argument, Georgeson.'

'Oh dear gods, don't call me that!' George shouted.

'Georgeson,' Harry teased.

'You little-'

'Stop annoying my mummy,' Draco cut in, nudging George aside.

'He's a prat,' George sulked and bounced off to find Fred.

Harry smiled as Draco pulled him into another sway-type dance. Everyone seemed to know that
Harry couldn't dance and were taking it easy on him. 'Congratulations,' Draco said.

'Thank you,' Harry smiled. 'I'm glad you could be here, Draco.'

'Mm-hmm.'

'Seriously, I am,' Harry said. 'I thought we'd just be having a really, really small and quick wedding, but I'm glad Lucius invited you and everyone else. It wouldn't have been the same without you.'

'Really?' Draco said.

Harry tutted and pulled Draco in for a hug, the taller boy melting against him. 'Silly kit,' Harry tutted. 'You know I love you.'

'I'm glad I got to be here, Harry,' Draco said. 'You make Father so happy, and you're happier than I've ever seen you.' Harry smiled as Draco drew back. 'Really, I'm just so glad that Father found you.'

'I am too, Dray,' Harry said. 'I can't imagine my life without you and your dad.'

'Good,' Draco beamed. 'Because you aren't going anywhere, I need you around.'

'What for?'

'To use your body to get Dad to cave in,' Draco grinned.

Harry rolled his eyes. 'I don't always use my body, and Lucius doesn't always give in.' Draco raised an eyebrow. 'Okay,' Harry said, 'so maybe I used sex to keep him in line when I was studying for N.E.W.T.s... and maybe I threatened to hold out if he didn't let me go to class... and, well, I did kiss him so he'd give us a party in DADA...' Harry frowned as Draco snickered. 'Damn it, I don't always use my body!' Harry seethed.

'That thought is thoroughly disturbing,' Severus commented.

Harry and Draco turned to see the potions master dancing with Remus, Sirius at the table with Lucius, Fred and George. Lucius was keeping one eye on Harry while he spoke with the Animagus, and Fred and George were teasing him about being needy.

'Hello, Uncle Sev,' Draco smiled.

'Wow, you're dancing,' Harry gaped.

'Severus is a very good dancer,' Remus said. 'Go on, Sev, show Harry.'

'No, I will not dance with Harry Potter,' Severus said.

'That's Harry Malfoy,' Harry corrected.

'Dear gods,' Severus groaned. 'What am I supposed to call you when you annoy me?'

'Erm... Harry?' the Gryffindor suggested. Severus snorted and Harry said, 'Come on, Professor, dance with me; I don't bite.'

'Unless Dad asks him too,' Draco snickered.
Harry elbowed him in the ribs and Draco winced as his step-father turned to Severus. 'Pretty please?' he said. 'Everyone else has danced with me.' He gave Severus the Harry pout, by now perfected with the amount of times Harry had had to use it on Lucius.

Remus and Draco watched as Severus slowly cracked, the sour potions master scowling and snapping, 'Fine!'

Remus winked at Harry, who grinned as Severus stepped closer to him. Severus' hands ghosted Harry's sides, the man glancing at Lucius quickly.

'Come on, Lucius won't bite your head off for dancing with me,' Harry said. He grabbed Severus' hands and put them firmly on his hips, his own hands going to Severus' shoulders.

'He might,' Severus said.

Harry smiled. A few seconds of silence passed before Harry said, 'Wow, you're tall.'

'No, you're just extremely short.'

'I'm not *that* short,' Harry huffed.

'Mm-hmm.'

Harry groaned. 'Nothing can ever be easy for me.'

'Yes, you've had more trials than most people,' Severus agreed. 'But you have Lucius now, and Draco, as well as your godfathers, the Weasley twins, and a set of your own on the way.'

'Don't forget you, Severus,' Harry grinned. 'My sweet, kind, gentle potions professor.'

Severus rolled his eyes. 'You've spent far too much time in Lucius' company.'

'How do you know I wasn't always like this?' Harry questioned.

'Touche, Potter.'

'We've talked about the Potter thing,' Harry said. 'It's Harry James Malfoy now.'

'So you've really taken Lucius' name?' Severus questioned as they swayed. 'No Potter-Malfoy or Malfoy-Potter?'

Harry shook his head. 'Nope. Lucius is my dominant and... really, just the knowledge that we share the same last name makes me all tingly—'

'Don't finish that sentence,' Severus cut in.

Harry smiled in apology and wet his lips. 'Anyway, our kids will officially be Malfoys too, no hyphenated name for them. It's Lucius' right as my dominant partner and... well, I *want* our kids to be Malfoys, 'cause now I am too.'

'I see.'

'But of course our eldest twin will be the Potter heir,' Harry continued, 'and I was thinking of raising them here, so it's not like the Potter name or family will die out or anything.'

'Really, you want to raise them here?' Severus asked, glancing around.
Harry nodded. 'Draco, Fred and George will eventually start a family, they don't need Lucius and me crowding them. I know that Lucius is going to step down as soon as Draco's ready to become Lord Malfoy. We can live here so our twins can grow up surrounded by stuff to do with the Potter family. It'll give Lucius and me more privacy, Draco, Fred and George as well.'

'You've really thought this through,' Severus said.

Harry blushed. 'Yeah, well, I'm about to be a mum; I gotta think about the future, you know?' Severus nodded. 'I just want my kit to be happy,' Harry said honestly. 'I want them to grow up loved, with options, everything that I didn't have.'

A real smile pulled at Severus' lips and he nodded. 'That sounds good, Harry. I know you'll be an excellent mother... your twins are really lucky.'

'Thanks, Severus.'

'Okay, that's enough.' Harry and Severus turned to see Lucius, the blonde trying to keep a scowl off his face.

'I told you,' Severus said, stepping away from Harry quickly.

'He's not gonna hurt you,' Harry said, looking at Lucius. 'Erm... you aren't, are you?'

'Not if Severus moves away right now,' Lucius practically growled.

Harry thanked Severus for the dance before the Slytherin went back to the table. Lucius immediately took his place, pulling Harry in for a passionate kiss and tight hug.

Harry blinked when they broke apart and said, 'Jealous?'

'No,' Lucius huffed, arms tightening around Harry.

'You are too,' Harry teased.

Lucius rolled his eyes and pulled Harry in again, resting his chin atop Harry's scruffy-black head. 'Am not,' he pouted.

'Uh-huh,' Harry chuckled. He closed his eyes and let Lucius' warmth and scent assault him, a smile pulling at his lips.

'I missed you,' Lucius finally said.

' Hmm? '

'I missed you,' Lucius repeated. 'I know it's stupid, we've been apart all of twenty minutes.'

Harry smiled properly and pulled back, leaning up to peck Lucius on the lips. 'I missed you too.'

'Really?' Lucius asked, eyes searching Harry's own for any sign of a lie.

'Yup,' Harry nodded. 'I guess we're both needy little girls.'

'I am not a little girl,' Lucius huffed.

'Ah, but you are needy,' Harry grinned.
Lucius snorted but didn't say anything and Harry chuckled. Fred and George swept past them dancingly madly, tripping over each other and falling on their arses. Remus and Sirius were watching from the table where the main course had appeared, and Severus was twirling Draco expertly around the dance floor.

'Hungry?' Lucius said when he noticed that Harry was staring at Sirius' food.

'Um... maybe,' Harry said.

'Come,' Lucius said, tugging his mate towards the table.

'I bet you'll be saying that a lot later,' Harry said.

Lucius glanced at him, one eyebrow going up, before a sinful smirk spread across his face. Harry blushed and Lucius chuckled as the two sat. Harry's embarrassment immediately disappeared as he set eyes on his roast chicken, chips, roast potatoes, steamed vegetables, and side-salad.

Harry's plate was piled twice as high as everyone else's, not that Harry noticed. He grabbed his knife and fork and immediately tucked in, groaning in enjoyment and making it hard for Lucius to focus on his own meal.

{oOo}

After the main meal Harry wanted nothing more than to curl up and fall asleep. He leaned heavily against Lucius, who spent the early evening chatting to Severus, Remus, and Hermione. Albus had spent the last hour dancing with Fred and George Weasley while Draco fiddled with the record player and spoke to Sirius about the joke shops. Hermione and Ron alternated between dancing, snogging, and talking.

Harry was smiling stupidly to himself, relaxing against his mate and the feel of Lucius stroking his hair. He blinked back sleep when someone poked him, yawning and turning. Hermione smiled at him and said, 'I know you're tired, but how about a quick dance?'

Harry groaned. 'Why couldn't you have asked earlier?' he said before struggling to stand.

'You don't have to if you're tired,' Hermione said.

'Nah, m'good.' Harry mumbled as Lucius helped him up. He kissed his husband and said, 'I'll be back in a minute,' before leading Hermione to the dance floor.

Hermione curtsied and Harry chuckled before clasping hands, Harry's free one going to Hermione's waist, Hermione's settling on his shoulder. She gave it a soft squeeze before Harry slowly started moving, stumbling a bit and not dancing in time with the music.

'Just relax, Harry,' Hermione smiled.

'Sorry, I'm a rubbish dancer.'

'You looked pretty good with Lucius.'

'Yeah?'

Hermione nodded. 'Very natural.'

'Hmm... well that's 'cause Lucius is naturally fantastic,' Harry said. 'His skill more than makes up for my crappiness.'
'Harry,' Hermione tutted. 'You're not a crappy dancer, you're just not trying.'

'I don't wanna try,' Harry pouted.

'Now you're acting like a child,' Hermione said. Harry poked his tongue out and the witch chuckled.

They lapsed into silence, just swaying with the music and enjoying each other's company.

'Can you believe we've known each other eight years?' Hermione suddenly said.

'Yeah?'

She nodded. 'Well, eight years this september.'

'Merlin,' Harry said, tilting his head. 'So almost eight years ago, I met a bushy-haired know-it-all.'

'And I met the most famous wizard in the world, who absolutely refused to follow a homework schedule,' Hermione said.

Harry snickered. 'I hate homework.'

'Between you and Ron, I'm surprised I haven't lost my mind.'

'Maybe you have and just don't know it,' Harry said, making his eyes go wide, mouth dropping open. 'Maybe none of this is happening, 'Mione! Maybe it's all in your head!'

'Oh no, my imagination is \textit{not} good enough to make this up,' Hermione said, shaking her head. 'And if it was I'd know a lot more about your sex life.'

'Hermione!'

'What?' Hermione said. 'So I have a healthy curiosity about gay sex, so what?'

Harry blinked at her.

'What?' Hermione repeated.

'Women,' Harry said, 'I'll never understand you.'

'You're not supposed to, Harry,' Hermione beamed. 'You stick with boys, okay?'

'Oh I will,' Harry grinned. 'I'll stick with Lucius and all the gay sex we have.'

'... just a few details?'

'Nope.'

'\textit{Harry},' Hermione complained.

Harry just laughed.

{oOo}

Fred and George wanted to let off the fireworks they'd brought, but Lucius had managed to convince them to wait until after the wedding cake had been cut. Harry had completely forgotten about the wedding cake and perked up as Lucius pulled him to his feet.
Everyone stood to once side as Dobby and Griffy wheeled the cake out, Harry gasping.

It was a large construction made of six separate cakes all stacked atop each other, getting smaller and smaller as they got to the top. It was a vanilla sponge-type cake with milk-chocolate icing and banana icing around the sides, Harry's mouth watering just at the sight.

Along the edges of the cake were a number of things all made from sugar and icing; dragons and broomsticks, Quaffles and Snitches, merepeople and unicorns and a number of other things Harry could barely focus on. Each and every little thing was moving; the snitch buzzed around the third layer, the dragon breathed fire, the merepeople bathed in water made of icing, and the unicorn trotted about flicking its mane. The broomsticks started dancing with the Quaffles and merepeople, everyone smiling and commenting on Dobby's and Griffy's cooking skills.

Harry giggled when the Snitch bounced to the top of the cake, buzzing lazily around the little Lucius and Harry that sat atop the construction. They were made perfectly; the Lucius one was blonde and wearing black, while the Harry one had a mess of black hair, glasses, and even a little lightning bolt scar.

'Merlin, Dobby, this is amazing,' Harry said as Lucius picked up the large knife.

'Thank you, Harry Potter- erm, Harry Malfoy, sir,' Dobby beamed.

'You can just call me Harry,' the teenager suggested for what must have been the millionth time.

Dobby just smiled and Harry knew it was a lost cause.

'Come on, love,' Lucius said. 'Don't you want a piece of cake?'

Harry smiled and stepped closer to his mate, who wrapped a long arm around Harry's shoulders. They held the knife together and cut into the bottom layer of the cake- a flash went off somewhere followed by clapping, and Harry and Lucius both grinned stupidly as they cut two large pieces.

Before Lucius could do it, Harry had grabbed a handful and mashed it against his mouth, Lucius blinking in surprise before his eyes narrowed. Harry squealed when Lucius lunged at him, smearing cake all over his face and neck.

'Now look at the mess you've made,' Lucius said. 'Let me take care of that.'

He lunged forward again, only this time his tongue assaulted Harry. The teenager gasped, groaned, and giggled as Lucius' sinful tongue lapped at the cake, cleaning Harry's neck, chin, cheek, and lips.

Harry sucked Lucius' tongue into his mouth and Lucius groaned, deepening the kiss quickly and winding his arms around Harry's back. Harry forgot all about the cake in favour of kissing Lucius and his messy hands twisted through the blonde's long hair.

'Okay, okay, no need to show us exactly how Harry got pregnant,' Sirius' voice cut in.

Harry blushed and Lucius smiled as they broke apart, the Slytherin licking his lips. 'Mm, that's good cake.'

Harry brought his fingers to his lips mouth and quickly sucked cake and icing off his skin. Lucius' eyes darkened and Harry said, 'Mm, it is nice.' He stared up at Lucius. 'Erm... I got cake all through your hair.'

Lucius just smiled and waved his hand, hair immediately cleaning itself.
'Sorry,' Harry apologised.

'Not a problem, little one,' Lucius said, smiling and kissing Harry deeply.

{oOo}

After everyone had had cake, Fred and George let off the fireworks. The group stood just outside the tent and watched colourful lights curl and shot through the air. Fred and George were grinning either side of Draco, while Albus stood humming beneath his breath next to Hermione and Ron. Sirius, Remus and Severus were standing together, sipping from drinks and smiling at each other. Harry had his arms around Lucius' waist and was leaning against him heavily. His feet and back hurt, and he was dead tired, but he really wanted to see the fireworks and stay awake for sex.

So he stood and yawned, blinking past sleep to stare at the fireworks overhead. Suddenly two bigger fireworks went off, twisting through the air and leaving gold and red smoke trails in their wake.

They twisted and turned, small explosions going off left and right, sending sparks showering over the group.

'And here comes-' Fred began.

'- the big finale,' George finished.

They clapped their hands together and grinned broadly.

Suddenly the two fireworks whizzed towards each other and collided with a massive boom that made everyone real back. Lucius gripped Harry tightly as the sky brightened with thousands of bright lights. Harry blinked back the stars that had appeared in his eyes and gasped.

The red and gold lights had morphed into a picture of Harry, and the green and silver ones were an exact replica of Lucius. The firework-Harry and Lucius danced around each other before kissing gently, a giant firework love-heart appearing around them.

Harry felt tears burning in his eyes and Lucius smiled at the twins.

Then the fireworks exploded again into a shower of dust that blew away in an invisible wind. There was silence after the explosions, but soon everyone snapped out of it and cheered and clapped.

Fred and George bowed deeply and thanked everyone for coming, Draco whacking them both and the twins grinning. Harry thanked them both with hugs and a few tears, Fred and George patting his back and congratulating him on his wedding.

Lucius shook the twins' hands and said, 'Thank you Fred, George.'

'Not a problem, Lucius,' George smiled.

'Congratulations,' Fred added.

Lucius thanked them again before pulling his still crying mate into his arms for a kiss, everyone chuckling when Harry melted.

{oOo}

Soon enough Harry couldn't keep his eyes open and Lucius decided it was time to get his little
mate to bed. He thanked everyone for coming, Harry grumbling from beside him, and told them all to stay and enjoy themselves while he led Harry into the house.

They'd decided to have a honeymoon of sorts at Potter Manor. Everyone would be going home the next day and Lucius didn't plan on leaving his room. If he had it his way he and Harry would stay in bed for 24 hours straight.

Harry stumbled and held onto Lucius as they walked through the house. When they reached the stairs Harry groaned and Lucius chuckled before sweeping his husband into his arms. For once Harry didn't complain, instead just burying his face in Lucius' chest and closing his eyes.

By the time they got to the bedroom, Harry was almost asleep. Lucius laid him down on the bed and whispered, 'Little one?'

'Hnn...'

'We're in our bedroom,' Lucius told him.

'Ooh... um... m'wake,' Harry mumbled, trying to sit up. He scrubbed his eyes and said, 'Sexy-time?'

Lucius smiled and shook his head. 'No, Harry; bedtime.'

'But... but it's our... our w-w-wedding night,' Harry said, yawning between words.

'Yes, but you're already pregnant, so we don't need to conceive an heir,' Lucius said. Harry smiled sleepily at him. 'And you're exhausted, Harry.'

'Noo, sexy-times,' Harry groaned, wrapping his arms around Lucius' neck. He kissed his cheek sloppily before falling forward, this time nuzzling Lucius' neck.

Lucius smiled and pried Harry's arms from around him, gently lowering the teenager to the mattress.

'Noo,' Harry complained again, though his eyes remained closed.

'We can have sex any time,' Lucius said. 'You need to rest.'

'N-N-No,' Harry choked out through a yawn.

Lucius pulled the teenager's shoes off, magicking his robes, shirt and trousers all onto the dresser. He waved his hand and dressed Harry in a pair of silk boxers and a baggy cotton shirt that was one of Lucius' own.

Harry smiled and snuggled into the pillows, limbs stretching out as he relaxed. Lucius changed quickly into a pair of pyjama bottoms, his own robes draped over the dresser. He climbed into bed and magiced the covers back, Harry immediately migrating into his arms.

Lucius plucked Harry's glasses off and placed them on the bedside table, Harry yawning and resting against his chest.

'M'sorry,' the younger wizard mumbled.

'That's quite alright, love.'

'L-L-Lucius?' Harry yawned.
'Mm?'

'We're married,' Harry grinned stupidly.

Lucius smiled. 'Yes, we are.'

'Love you,' Harry said.

'I love you too.' Lucius leaned down and kissed Harry's forehead. When he pulled back his husband was asleep, lips parted as his breathing evened out. Lucius smiled and kissed him again before settling down, fingers stroking through Harry's unruly hair.

Really, it was the perfect end to the wedding in Lucius' eyes; him and Harry, alone, Harry safe and wrapped in Lucius' arms.

Life couldn't have been more perfect.
Harry woke with thick eyes and a giant yawn. His head felt fuzzy, his entire body kind of dopey, and he blinked back sleep as he shuffled about on the bed. He soon realised he was wrapped around Lucius, the blonde on his back with Harry draped over the top of him, which was uncomfortable for Harry, what his giant belly being in the way.

Groaning softly as he pushed himself up, Harry winced and reached back to rub his aching lower back. The babies were pressing on his bladder and Harry shuffled and wiggled across the bed until he reached the edge.

Harry yawned and waddled to the bathroom, scratching at his stomach and running a hand through his perpetually messy hair. Harry went about his business until he found himself stuck on the toilet with no means to get himself up. The en-suite in his and Lucius' room back at Malfoy Manor had a bench right next to the toilet that Harry could use to lift himself up.

Sadly, Potter Manor didn't have that.

It had happened the first time Harry had used the loo, and it was as embarrassing now as it was then.

Harry groaned and leaned back against the cold porcelain. He didn't want to wake Lucius just because he couldn't get off the toilet, but really he didn't have a choice. It wasn't safe for Dobby or another house elf to use magic on him, Harry couldn't use his own, and he really didn't want to be stuck on the toilet all day.

So he cleared his throat and said, 'Lucius?' He was met with silence and tried again. 'Lucius!' There was a snort from the bedroom and Harry shouted, 'Lucius!'

He heard Lucius snort again before there was a rustling, stumbling, Lucius cursing, and then the blonde appeared in the doorway rubbing his hip. 'Harry?'

Harry blushed and placed both hands on his stomach. 'Erm... I'm stuck.'

Lucius smiled and yawned as he crossed the room, bending before his mate. He put both arms under Harry's armpits and hoisted him up, the teenager groaning as his back cracked.

'Are you okay?' Lucius asked as he helped Harry pull his pyjama bottoms up.

'Fine, just a sore back,' Harry said, flushing the toilet and waddling to the sink. He washed his hands and turned to see Lucius peering down at his hip. 'Are you okay?'

'I forgot the bedside tables here are longer than the ones at Malfoy Manor,' Lucius said, rubbing his bruising skin.

'The table tried to kill you?' Harry questioned as he dried his hands.

Lucius smiled. 'Well, it hit me, I hit it, and now we need a new bedside table.'

Harry chuckled and wrapped his arms around Lucius' neck, the blonde tilting his head so their lips could press together. The kiss was soft and gentle, Harry humming happily when they broke apart.

'Morning,' the teenager smiled.
'Good morning, love,' Lucius replied. 'Did you sleep well?'

'Mm... no, not really,' Harry admitted.

Lucius frowned. 'Oh?'

'My back still hurts and I feel... dohey, like I played a twelve hour Quidditch match... or spent the day shagging,' he smiled coyly, Lucius chuckling. 'It's just usual pregnancy stuff, nothing to worry about.'

'I'm sorry you're uncomfortable,' Lucius said as Harry led them back into the bedroom.

'Well it is your fault,' Harry teased.

'Yes, yes,' Lucius smiled.

Harry smiled back before shuffling over to the walk-in-wardrobe, planning on getting into some comfy cotton trousers, a large shirt, and heading down to eat a big breakfast. He'd just touched the door when Lucius tugged him back, Harry raising his eyebrows as he was turned to face his mate.

'What?' Harry said.

Lucius said, 'I think you're forgetting something.'

'Am I?' Harry frowned.

Lucius nodded and leaned down, whispering in Harry's ear. 'We got married yesterday.'

Harry gasped as Lucius drew back and raised both hands, eyes zeroing in on his left hand. But he could barely see without his glasses and quickly snatched them off the still-standing bedside table, slipping them on.

There, on his left hand, was the celtic wedding ring Lucius had slipped on the day before. 'Oh dear gods, I completely forgot!' Harry said.

'I'm wounded, love,' Lucius pouted. 'To forget that you married me...'

'No, no- I'm sorry,' Harry said quickly, tugging Lucius close for a kiss. 'I was just feeling crappy when I woke up, and then I got stuck, and now I'm hungry-'

Lucius chuckled before breaking through Harry's rant with a soft kiss. 'It's quite alright, little one,' he said when they'd broken apart. 'I know you didn't really forget, your mind was just occupied.'

Harry blushed deeply. 'I'm so sorry, Lucius, I really- oh gods!'

'What?' Lucius said.

'We didn't have sex!' Harry practically shouted. 'Our wedding night, Lucius, and we didn't have sex!' He remembered practically falling asleep outside and Lucius carrying him to bed, followed by the blonde forcing him to lie down and then... sleep.

'Harry, calm down, it's fine,' Lucius said.

'But-'

'It's fine,' Lucius insisted. 'You're six months pregnant, you're allowed to focus on food and how
uncomfortable you feel.'

'But-' Harry tried again, only for Lucius to press a finger to his lips.

'Harry, last night was special because we slept in each other's arms for the first time as husbands,' Lucius said. 'Whether we showed our love through sex or just cuddling is neither here nor there. We were together, that's all that matters.'

'Really?'

Lucius nodded and kissed him again, Harry smiling against his lips. 'Besides,' Lucius said, drawing back and smirking, 'we can always have wild, passionate sex after breakfast.'

Harry giggled and his stomach growled, Dobby suddenly popping into the room with a crack. 'Sorry, Masters, but Dobby was called by the little ones,' the elf said.

Harry blinked and Lucius said, 'The babies called you?'

Dobby nodded. 'I feel their powers, Lord Malfoy, the little ones call to Dobby to get Lord Harry breakfast.'

'Interesting,' Lucius mused, head tilted in thought.

Harry was too hungry to care about what crazy powers his twins had, and turned to Dobby. 'Dobby, could you please get me a cheese, tomato, and mushroom omelette with garlic and chilli sauce? And a big glass of warm milk with honey.'

Lucius wrinkled his nose as Dobby bowed at Harry before turning to him.

'Oh, just some toast with blueberry jam, please, Dobby,' Lucius said. 'And coffee.'

Dobby nodded and disappeared with a faint crack, Lucius turning to Harry.

'I thought your pregnancy cravings had calmed down.'

'They have,' Harry said. 'I just want an omelette and milk- why?'

'The thought of all that food mixed together with milk...' Lucius trailed off, grimacing.

Harry smiled. 'I suppose it's a bit weird, yeah,' he agreed. 'But you don't like eggs or tomatoes so...' He poked his tongue out and Lucius chuckled before drawing the teenager in for a hug. Lucius bent down to kiss him softly, Harry groaning against his lips.

'I'll just have to get all the kisses I can now,' Lucius whispered before his tongue dove into Harry's mouth, the Gryffindor clinging to him tightly.

{oOo}

After a few more minutes of thorough snogging, Harry decided he wanted to have breakfast outside in the sunshine. Lucius groaned (he'd promised himself they wouldn't leave the bedroom!) but gave in quickly and followed his mate downstairs after the two had thrown on shirts and their dressing gowns. Lucius was pretty sure there'd been a mistake; Harry was definitely the dominant
in their relationship... or Lucius was just thoroughly whipped.

*I'd like to see any man go against his very pregnant husband,* Lucius mused as Harry pushed the back doors open, Lucius' eyes sliding down to his rather gorgeous arse. *Especially one as deliciously sexy as Harry.*

'Lucius?'

'Hmm?' Lucius said, looking up. Harry was standing just outside on the paving stones, while Lucius was still in the backroom blinking stupidly at his mate's lower half. 'What?'

'What are you doing?'

'Staring at your arse,' Lucius smiled and made a point of leering more openly.

Harry giggled and said, 'Well you can stare all you want as long as I get to sit down.' He rubbed his lower back as he made his way over to the patio furniture, Lucius following.

'How can I stare if you're sitting?' Lucius queried.

'Dunno, use your amazing brain to figure out a way,' Harry teased. He sat heavily and groaned, making Lucius tisk. 'What?'

'Sit sideways on your chair,' Lucius instructed, dragging another wooden chair across the paving stones and sitting behind his mate. 'Go on.'

Harry did as asked and felt Lucius' strong hands touch his back. 'Luce?'

'Shh,' Lucius said and started massaging Harry's back. The teenager groaned and used his right arm to lean heavily on the back of the chair, while his left flopped uselessly to his side. His eyes slid shut as Lucius' magic fingers kneaded and worked out the knots that had formed overnight.

Lucius' hands moved up to Harry's neck and massaged the warm skin he found, Harry's head lolling to the side. He felt incredibly warm and relaxed; the sun was bright and full above them and a nice breeze blew across the grounds. Lucius' fingers prodded and poked his flesh before smoothing down and digging into his shoulders, making Harry hiss as delicious pain shot through him.

'Okay there?' Lucius asked.

'Nnge,' Harry groaned.

Lucius chuckled and squeezed tightly, using just the right amount of pressure to make the whole experience both painful and pleasurable. Lucius shifted closer when Harry started drooping and made the Gryffindor lean against the white-washed table, Harry's head quickly dropping to press to his folded forearms.

Only Harry's occasional hisses, grunts, and 'Oh, just there,' broke through the late morning silence, Lucius focusing on making his mate relax and Harry enjoying his husband's actions. He grinned stupidly when he once again remembered that Lucius was his *husband,* and shuffled his arms so he could stare at his wedding ring. It looked so foreign yet familiar at the same time, and Harry felt a burst of excitement explode in his heart. He was Lucius Malfoy's *husband;* he was Harry Malfoy!

'Is there a reason you're grinning so foolishly?' Lucius said suddenly.

Harry didn't bother asking how Lucius could see his face while he was sitting behind him; no
doubt the blonde had felt Harry's emotions through his Harry Band.

'I just get ridiculously excited when I remember that we're husbands,' Harry admitted.

'Yes, well being married to me is rather excellent, isn't it?'

Harry giggled and said, 'Your ego's just gotten bigger since we got together.'

'Mm, it's definitely grown since I bedded you,' Lucius said. He leaned forward to press soft kisses to Harry's neck, his little mate humming beneath his breath. 'Feel better?'

'Mm, definitely,' Harry mumbled.

Dobby and Griffy appeared with their breakfast and Lucius gave Harry's shoulders one last squeeze before helping the teenager sit properly. He tucked Harry in before re-taking his own seat, thanking Griffy when the elf handed him the morning paper.

Harry licked his lips as he grabbed his plate, grinning when he saw how big the omelette was. It was thick and juicy, with large chunks of mushroom and tomato throughout the white egg. Harry could smell garlic and oil, and there was chilli sauce swirled over the top. He grabbed his fork, only to be stopped by Lucius.

'What?'

'One last kiss before you consume that monstrosity.'

Harry smiled and tilted his head up as Lucius planted a passionate, wet kiss against his lips. Lucius' tongue darted in to taste and explore Harry's mouth thoroughly, the younger wizard reduced to a panting, flushed mess. When they broke apart Lucius pecked Harry on the lips three times in quick succession before sitting back and reaching for his coffee.

'Enjoy,' he smiled.

Harry grinned and immediately tucked into his breakfast, Lucius watching with a faint smile.

{oOo}

After breakfast Lucius tossed The Daily Prophet aside and pulled Harry's chair around so the Gryffindor was facing him, the wood protesting loudly against the paving stones.

'What?' Harry said.

'Are you done with breakfast?' Lucius asked, glancing at Harry's plate. It had been thoroughly cleaned and Harry had looked like he wanted to lick the last bits of egg from the china.

Harry nodded and said, 'Yeah, why?'

'Well... do you want to have sex the first time as husbands in bed or...?'

He looked pointedly at the table and Harry blushed furiously. 'Lucius, you can't be serious!'

'Why not?'}
'What if someone sees us?'

'Like who?' Lucius asked. 'Our guests went home earlier and it's only you, me, Dobby and Griffy. The elves know enough about our relationship to stay inside and I brought my wand... the table can handle your weight.'

Harry blinked. 'You can't be serious.'

'I most certainly am,' Lucius said and leaned forward, pecking Harry on the cheek.

'But I have to brush my teeth,' Harry pointed out. 'And to do that we have to go back inside.'

Lucius paused before nodding and standing. 'Bed it is,' he said, holding out his hands and helping Harry up.

Harry chuckled as he was led back inside, Lucius humming under his breath. They took their time walking back to their bedroom, neither in a hurry. It was their honeymoon, after all, and both were more than happy to just be with each other.

They reached their bedroom and Lucius threw his dressing gown aside, tugging his t-shirt off as Harry ambled into the bathroom to brush his teeth. After gurgling mouthwash and rinsing, he walked back into the bedroom where Lucius immediately pounced.

He sealed their lips together and Harry groaned, arousal already flooding through his body and making his cock stir. Lucius' hands cupped Harry's face, thumbs gently stroking the soft skin as he stepped back towards the bed.

When they reached it Lucius turned, arms wrapping around Harry's body and gently lowering his pregnant frame to the mattress. With Lucius' help Harry scooted back across the bed, head pressed against the pillows and legs falling apart so Lucius could crawl between them.

Lucius resumed kissing his husband and Harry twisted his fingers through Lucius' hair, the long strands feeling like silk against his skin and making him moan.

Lucius took his time; he kissed Harry softly, hands running gently over his husband's face, mapping out every curve and inch of soft skin. He brushed his fingers through Harry's hair and down his neck, Harry arching into the touch and pulling gently on Lucius' hair. Lucius moved down to stroke Harry's shoulders and chest, feeling strong muscles beneath the cotton t-shirt he was wearing.

He touched trapped nipples, rubbing in gentle circular motions that made Harry push into him, the Gryffindor groaning against Lucius' lips, each whimper and soft gasp swallowed by Lucius' mouth. Soon the Slytherin's hands had pushed Harry's shirt up, fingers touching warm flesh and making Harry shiver as his mate's touch sent waves of pleasure through his body.

Lucius rubbed and pinched both nipples, the small nubs hardening under his ministrations, before he pulled back to tug Harry's shirt off. Harry's glasses ended up falling off and Lucius chuckled as he placed them back on, green eyes blinking up at him.

'I should just get my eyes fixed,' the teenager huffed.

'I like your glasses,' Lucius said. 'They're so very... Harry.'

'Weirdo,' Harry grinned.
'I never said I wasn't,' Lucius countered.

Harry chuckled and Lucius leaned down to suck gently on his skin, forming a pink love-bite above Harry's Mark. The green-eyed teen stiffened before his body melted, head tipped back against the pillows and lips parted as his breathing increased. Lucius could feel Harry's pulse as he licked and sucked at the hickey, making it darker and darker until it stood out, bright red, against Harry's skin.

His hands skinned down Harry's side before cupping his swollen stomach, the touch never failing to send arousal through both their bodies. Harry didn't understand just how beautiful he was while pregnant. Lucius had never thought Harry could get any sexier but he was; it was a simple fact that Harry failed to see, though Lucius was quite happy to show Harry just how aroused the Gryffindor made him.

He rubbed Harry's stretched skin even as he sucked and nibbled on the younger man's neck, Harry moaning, 'Lucius,' every few seconds under his breath. He was trying to push his hips off the bed and grind his erection against his husband, but his stomach was in the way and it left Harry feeling frustratingly horny.

Lucius took pity on his partner and let his hands wander down to Harry's crotch, the teenager blinking down at him with lust-darkened eyes. Lucius hooked his fingers under the waistband of Harry's pyjama bottoms and tugged them down, not stopping until he'd thrown the garment over his shoulders.

Harry spread his legs as Lucius kissed his way up his calves and inner-thighs, tongue drawing patterns on the younger wizard's smooth skin all the way up to his throbbing cock. Lucius licked Harry from root to tip, the green-eyed teen hissing as his pre-come was cleaned away by a very talented tongue.

Harry moaned when Lucius finally took him, the blonde swallowing Harry's cock right down to the base, nose nestled amongst Harry's dark pubic hair. He held his spot for a few seconds before drawing back, lips and tongue all dragging against Harry's heated skin and making him hiss.

'Yes, Lucius, yes,' Harry groaned, head tipping back and eyes sliding shut as Lucius brought him insane amounts of pleasure.

Lucius bobbed up and down slowly, wanting to draw the action out as long as he could. This day was all about them, and Lucius was all about Harry; he wanted to bring his mate as much pleasure as he could, wanted Harry to remember their honeymoon and leave it deeply satisfied.

So he sucked, licked, and swallowed to get his husband off, Harry moaning and twitching beneath him as Lucius kneeled on the bed. His palms skinned along Harry's stomach and legs, blonde hair brushing the teenager's skin and, if possible, sending even more arousal shooting through Harry's body.

His orgasm was slowly building in his stomach, heating up his insides and radiating out towards his crotch, his toes, making his fingertips tingle and body melt. He fisted both hands in Lucius' hair as the Slytherin began to move faster, the bed rocking slightly with their actions.

When Harry started arching up again Lucius sucked harder, grey eyes narrowed in concentration but flicking up every few seconds to look at Harry. The Gryffindor's face was a mask of pure pleasure, teeth digging into his full bottom lip, back arching more and more as his orgasm closed in. Harry's eyes snapped open at the same time as his fingers dug into Lucius' scalp, spurring the blonde on and making him work that much quicker.
'Oh, Lucius,' Harry said, voice a breathy moan as Lucius sucked him off. 'Fuck, that's so fucking good- gods, I'm so close... uuh... yes, yes- f-fuck... Lucius, yes!'

He continued to moan and mumble as Lucius sucked harder and harder, and soon enough Harry reached his peak. His balls tightened and the ball of pleasure swirling in his gut exploded, making Harry arch off the bed and force his cock down Lucius' throat.

He came with a strangled shout of, 'Lucius!' emptying himself into his husband, who gladly sucked and licked him clean. Harry trembled, nails digging into Lucius' scalp, before he collapsed onto the bed panting heavily, eyes shut as his cock twitched.

When the last spasms of Harry's climax had died down, Lucius drew back and pressed kisses up and down Harry's spit-slick shaft, the teenager moaning. He blinked and let go of Lucius before smiling stupidly at him, hair stuck to his sweaty forehead.

Lucius smiled and crawled up his mate's body, quickly kissing Harry deeply. Harry's tongue thrust into his mouth and swirled around, tasting himself and that underlying Lucius taste. Lucius kissed back just as hard before moving back down Harry's body, grabbing a pillow as he went.

Harry watched as Lucius pushed the pillow beneath his hips, raising Harry a few inches off the bed to give the blonde better access. Once again he knelt between Harry's legs and bent down, using both hands to spread Harry's cheeks and look at his puckered entrance.

'Oh,' Harry gasped as he felt a cleansing charm tickle him. It was closely followed by a warm, wet tongue licking across his hole. He squirmed a bit and said, 'Keep going,' when Lucius stopped.

The older man chuckled and gave Harry's entrance a few more licks before saying, 'You're such a little tease.'

'What?' Harry said. 'When did I tease you?'

'Well,' Lucius hummed as he licked and kissed Harry's hole, 'when you walk in front of me, that's teasing; I mean, your arse just looks so fuckable in white pyjamas.'

Harry half giggled, half gasped, as Lucius' tongue continued to tease him.

'And then you moan so wantonly, just begging me to fill you,' Lucius continued, the tip of his tongue pushing past Harry's muscles and making the teenager moan. 'Yes, just like that,' Lucius growled.

'F-Fuck, please,' Harry practically begged, wiggling his hips. 'More...' 

'See? Tease,' Lucius said but pushed his tongue in again, Harry groaning above him.

'F-Fuck... y-you,' Harry stuttered as Lucius' tongue penetrated him deeper, the blonde soon thrusting all the way in. He wriggled his tongue about before drawing back, licking and kissing around Harry's slightly dilated entrance before going back in.

Harry moaned, lost in a sea of pleasure, as Lucius did filthy things to his arse. Lucius was humming, enjoying himself immensely, and the blonde's cock hung thick and heavy between his legs, throbbing with the need to be buried in Harry's tight heat.

The teenager's own cock was slowly twitching back to life, very interested in Lucius' actions. Harry's muscles clenched and unclenched around Lucius' tongue, and both knew that the small organ just wasn't enough. Harry needed Lucius' cock in him, stretching his muscles and making
him ache and burn and scream in pleasure.

So Lucius drew back, a silent lubricant charm having three fingers covered in gel. He nudged Harry's legs further apart and the teenager bit his lip in anticipation, twitching as he felt Lucius' long fingers circle his entrance.

Slowly Lucius pushed his index finger in, the digit quickly swallowed by Harry's greedy hole. They both let out twin moans, Harry thrusting down onto Lucius' finger, silently begging for more. Lucius drew out before going back in, a few quick pumps enough preparation for his second, and then third finger.

Harry was writhing about by this point, all of Lucius' actions like one giant tease. His cock was hard again and pre-come oozed from the slit, Lucius glancing at it as he fisted his own aching prick.

'Please, Lucius,' Harry begged. 'I need you, just fuck me!'

Lucius smiled and his fingers disappeared, quickly sliding along his cock and spreading the remaining gel. He shuffled between Harry's legs and leaned over the green-eyed teen, sealing their lips together in a quick kiss before drawing back. He circled his cock with one hand, held Harry's hip with the other, and quickly brought the throbbing organ to Harry's entrance.

Lucius looked up and locked eyes with Harry as he slowly pushed in, the head of his shaft popping into Harry's arse before the rest followed. Harry moaned loudly, eyes fluttering shut as Lucius slowly but surely pushed all the way.

'Harry,' Lucius moaned, arms shaking slightly as his hips rested against Harry's arse. 'Fuck, you're so tight, always so tight.'

'Uhh...'

'And hot,' Lucius mumbled, rolling his hips so Harry could feel each and every inch of him.

'Uhh...' Harry tried again, nodding slightly, 'uh-huh...'

Lucius smiled and gave Harry another few seconds to adjust before slowly drawing out.

Their love-making was slow and gentle; Lucius pulled out and thrust back in in a relaxed fashion, wanting Harry to feel every inch of him as he was filled over and over again. Harry moaned wantonly beneath the blonde, head tipped back and fingers digging into his shoulders as Lucius drew out before thrusting back in.

They weren't in a hurry; they had days, weeks, years to be with each other physically. And though they both loved hard sex and rough sex, sex where they teased and bullied each other, or acted out certain roles and hissed filthy words in the bedroom, the gentle, warm, loving sex was by far the best; the days and nights when they took their time, appreciated each other's bodies, and just expressed their love in the most physical way possible.

Harry and Lucius both lost themselves to the pleasure of it; the gentle moans or hisses that escaped swollen lips, the slick wet sound of Lucius sliding in and filling Harry completely, the encouraging words and skin against skin and the pleasure that cascaded over them, filled them, burst through them as their eyes locked together, their bodies connected, and their souls rejoiced in the fact that they were there, in that moment, having sex.

Eventually Lucius picked up his pace, hips moving steadily and firmly as he penetrated his
husband, the bed rocking gently beneath them. Their bodies glistened with sweat and Harry moaned as his prostate was stimulated, muscles tightening around Lucius and making the blonde slowly lose his self-control.

'Lucius!' Harry gasped loudly, smouldering eyes locked onto Lucius' equally lust-filled ones. 'Fuck, fuck, fuck! That feels so fucking good!'

Lucius groaned in response and his pace quickened even more, Harry bouncing on the mattress as Lucius pounded into him.

'Oh gods, harder, please!' Harry said, almost shouting now. 'Lucius, fuck, oh gods, Lucius!'

Harry continued to ramble and Lucius bent over him, snapping his hips to bury himself up to the hilt over and over again. He crashed his mouth against Harry's, the Gryffindor moaning against him as the two exchanged wet, sloppy kisses.

Harry whimpered and mewed, trying to push his right hand between their bodies and grab his cock. Lucius gave Harry a few more pushes before grabbing the Gryffindor's cock himself, pulling quickly and trying to match his now erratic thrusts.

Harry didn't seem to care; he just latched onto Lucius' shoulders, nails digging into his soft skin, and moaned, shouted, and cussed as another orgasm crashed towards him. Lucius felt Harry's muscles get tighter and tighter until he was sure he wouldn't be able to move.

And then Harry screamed his husband's name, thick ropes of come spilling between their connected stomachs as he climaxed. His muscles clamped down immediately and that, along with Harry's pleasure-contorted face and groaned words, tugged Lucius right over the edge.

He moaned Harry's name as he shot his seed deep into the Gryffindor's body, Harry's muscles milking the climax from him and making his hips jolt once, twice, three times before going still. They both panted heavily as they slowly came down, bodies relaxing as pleasure continued to buzz through them.

When Lucius could move again he gently pulled out, leaving a sticky trail of come and lube against Harry's thighs but not having the energy to clean up just yet. He crawled up Harry's body and kissed the teenager languidly, Harry grinning against his lips, tongue lazily stroking Lucius' own.

They broke apart and Lucius collapsed onto the mattress, entire body just wanting a nice long nap.

'Mm,' Harry hummed, 'that was nice.'

'Only nice?' Lucius questioned.

Harry chuckled, turning his head to look at his partner. 'Sorry, sorry,' Harry smiled. 'How about... oh, Lucius, you totally rocked my world!' He'd said it in a high-pitched voice and Lucius snorted, burying his face in the pillows to stiffen his giggling. 'Well?' Harry asked when Lucius had stopped laughing.

Lucius leaned over and kissed him gently, smiling when he pulled back. 'Much better,' he said. Harry chuckled.

{oOo}
Harry lazily stroked the mess on his swollen stomach, Lucius watching with sated eyes. 'You know,' Harry said, 'I can't really remember a time when I wasn't pregnant.'

He glanced at Lucius, who had an eyebrow raised in question.

'I just feel like I've been pregnant forever,' Harry continued. 'Like I've been this giant, swollen blimp for years and years.'

Lucius chuckled. 'Harry, you're not a swollen... what's a blimp?'

Harry snorted and said, 'An old Muggle machine... kind of like an aeroplane. It's a giant balloon full of gas.'

'Right...' Lucius mused. 'Well, you're not giant, nor swollen, nor a blimp, my love. You're glowing with good health, currently nurturing the lives we created together, and you've never been sexier.'

Harry smiled. 'If you had it your way I'd be pregnant forever.'

'No,' Lucius tisked. 'I'll admit that I find you incredibly sexy while you're pregnant because of my veela really likes that, by the way-' Harry snorted, '- but I do love your body when it's all slim and fit,' Lucius continued, eyes raking over Harry carefully. 'I miss bending you over the bed or sofa and fucking you from behind.'

Harry's heart skipped a beat and his cock twitched in interest. 'G-Go on,' he stuttered.

Lucius smiled sinfully. 'I miss bending you in half and fucking you so hard you can't sit right for weeks.'

Harry groaned.

'I miss holding you against the wall, your fingers digging into my back, while I pound into you from below.'

'F-Fuck,' Harry grunted, hand moving to stroke his quickly lengthening cock.

'I miss fucking you into the mattress while you're on all fours, gasps of pain and pleasure escaping your swollen, red lips,' Lucius growled.

Harry was whimpering now, hand gripping his shaft tightly and stroking from root to tip. Lucius propped himself up on one elbow and watched with darkening eyes, tongue darting out to lick his lips.

'I miss,' Lucius said in a soft growl, 'throwing you onto any available surface and sticking my cock in your arse, you feeling the burn as you're slammed into hard wood.'

Harry thrust into his fist and suddenly Lucius was between his legs, shoving a pillow under Harry's hips and pulling them apart. 'Yes, Lucius, yes!' Harry shouted as his mate grabbed his own cock, sliding between Harry's cheeks.

He thrust into Harry's still loose hole, both men moaning as the blonde was quickly swallowed up to the root. Lucius wasted no time; he pulled back before slamming into the teenager, balls slapping against Harry's arse as his cock stretched Harry's hole.

His pace was erratic and quick, the headboard slamming into the wall, the mattress squeaking
loudly. They'd made love earlier; this was fucking.

'Lucius!' Harry shouted as the Slytherin repeatedly hit his prostate, not wanting to draw this out. Lucius groaned in response and leaned over Harry's swollen stomach, mashing their mouths together and kissing Harry. His teeth tugged at the Gryffindor's lips, making them ache and bruise deliciously.

Harry gasped into his mouth, breath hot against Lucius' lips as he rolled his lower half, taking Lucius in over and over again. Lucius grunted out his own filthy curses, each word heightening Harry's pleasure and making the teenager clench around his husband's cock.

Neither were going to last long and soon Lucius was gripping Harry's steadily-leaking shaft, tugging roughly and making Harry gasp in pain and pleasure. He slammed in violently, balls stinging as they slapped against Harry's cheeks, the bed rocking back and forth and Harry's head pressing back into the pillows.

'L-Lucius... oh gods... so close...' Harry moaned. 'FUCK!' he shouted when Lucius struck his prostate.

'You're so fucking tight,' Lucius grunted, sweat dripping down his face as he kept up his relentless pace. 'Fuck, Harry!'

'Yes, yes, just there...' Harry whimpered breathlessly. 'Fuck... c-close...'

Lucius' free hand fisted in the sheets and Harry's legs wrapped loosely around the blonde's thighs, arms winding around his neck and dragging him down for a rough kiss.

'Harry,' Lucius grunted against the Gryffindor's lips. 'I can't k-keep- ah- going.'

'Fuck!' was Harry's response.

'Almost... just... HARRY!' Lucius came first, exploding inside his husband and trembling, hips jolting as his cock throbbed and emptied. Harry's muscles squeezed around him, milking the last shudders from Lucius and making him moan.

'Keep going, please,' Harry whimpered, feeling Lucius slick his insides. 'I'm almost there, please, just a l-little... h-harder...'

Lucius' still hard cock slid in and out of Harry in short, jerky movements, the blonde shivering as his over-sensitive flesh was stimulated. Harry tried to arch off the bed but, as usual, his stomach was in the way, and he clawed at Lucius' back in pleasure and frustration.

Lucius kissed Harry and used his last remaining strength to fuck the teenager hard, hand sliding up and down Harry's leaking cock. Harry moaned into his ear when Lucius pulled away, the blonde's forehead pressing against Harry's own.

Harry's darkened eyes locked onto Lucius' sated ones, and Lucius slammed in one last time before Harry was finally coming, jolting beneath his husband as he spurted, white and hot, against their connected stomachs.

'Oh yes, fuck yes, yes, yes, YES!' Harry continued to ramble incoherently as he was overcome with pleasure, Lucius watching the emotions wash over his little one.

When Harry finally stopped moaning and shaking, Lucius pulled out gently, the teenager hissing as his abused hole was stretched one last time. Lucius waved a hand before dropping beside his mate,
another silent spell pulling the duvet halfway up their sweat-slicked bodies.

'Hnn...' Harry mumbled.

'Sex twice in an hour,' Lucius mused.

'We've had more sex before,' Harry said.

Lucius chuckled. 'True, but you are pregnant.'

'And what's that supposed to mean?'

'Not a bloody thing,' Lucius said quickly.

Harry smiled and nudged Lucius with his foot, the Slytherin getting the idea and closing the gap between them to plant a warm kiss on his husband's lips.

'Mm, thank you,' Harry said. 'Now I think I need a bath.'

'A bath?' Lucius questioned.

Harry nodded. 'I feel... sticky and hot and in need of a relaxing soak.'

Lucius yawned and sat up, stretching his lean body and making Harry's eyes wander. He turned to look at the younger wizard and said, 'Your wish is my command.'

'Aww, I'm so lucky to have such a good husband,' Harry grinned, 'and one who's pretty too.'

Lucius chuckled.

'I like my husbands pretty,' Harry continued as he was helped up, the two shuffling into the bathroom.

'I really hope you don't have other husbands,' Lucius said.

Harry smiled slyly. 'Maybe I do,' he said as Lucius crouched down to turn the taps on. 'Maybe I've got manors all over the world with various pretty men just waiting for me.'

Lucius growled and stood up quickly, pulling Harry in for a fierce and possessive kiss as water thundered into the in-ground tub beside them. Harry groaned as his already bruised lips were nipped and sucked before Lucius' tongue thrust in and plundered his mouth.

When they broke apart Lucius pecked him quickly and said, 'What were you saying?'

'Well, I have plenty of husbands all over the place-' Harry began, but Lucius kissed him again and he lost his train of thought. 'Um... I can't remember,' Harry said when they broke apart.

'Exactly,' Lucius smirked, facing the bath and turning the taps off. He pulled Harry in after him, both groaning as the hot water licked at their skin.

Harry found that the bathtub was almost big enough to swim in, and floated on his back as Lucius made his way to the corner where their soaps and shampoos were sitting.

'Little one, stop swimming and come over here,' Lucius said.

'Why?' Harry asked.
'So I can wash you.'

'Why?' Harry repeated.

'Because it's nice.'

'Why?'

'Because you're sexy,' Lucius said.

'Why?'

Lucius turned to face his mate, who was still swimming around. 'Harry, what are you doing?'

Harry grinned and sat up slightly to look at his husband. 'Pardon?'

'What are you doing?' Lucius repeated. 'Why are you repeating why?'

'Cause it annoys you.'

'So you're deliberately annoying me?' Lucius questioned. Harry nodded. 'Why?'

'Cause it's fun.'

'Why?'

Harry pouted. 'No, stop it!'

'Why?' Lucius grinned.

'Lucius!'

'Why?'

Harry flapped his arms about, sending water all over the place and making Lucius snicker. The teenager swam through the bath and wrapped his arms around the blonde, Lucius smiling as Harry pouted at him.

'Stop it.'

'You started it,' Lucius pointed out.

Harry blinked before saying, 'That's not the point!'

'What is the point?'

'Um...' Harry mumbled, 'I love you?'

Lucius chuckled and kissed him softly. 'That's what I thought.' He pecked Harry on the lips before drawing back. 'Now, turn around like a good little veela and let me wash you.'

'Yes, Mr Malfoy.'

'Remember that you're Mr Malfoy now too,' Lucius reminded his mate.

Harry grinned as he turned around, plopping himself onto Lucius' lap. 'Wow, that's just... wow.'
'Isn't it?' Lucius smiled, grabbing Harry's strawberry-scented gel (a favourite of the teen's since his fruit-cravings) and squirting the liquid onto his hands. He put the bottle aside before turning to Harry, quickly lathering the younger wizard up.

Harry melted against Lucius' chest, head lolling back as his skin was stroked and entire body massaged by his mate's skillful fingers. Lucius smiled as he felt Harry relax, the teenager's eyes sliding shut.

They lapsed into silence, both enjoying the bath immensely. Harry lost himself in Lucius' hands and the blonde hummed softly as he washed his mate's body.

'Harry?' Lucius said as he started rinsing his husband.

'Mm?' Harry murmured.

'I hope you know that I'll give you a proper honeymoon one day.'

Harry blinked and tipped his head back, resting against Lucius' shoulder so he could look up at him. 'What?'

'I want to give you a proper honeymoon, one where we travel and see new places,' Lucius said. 'I want to take you to France or Australia, maybe the United States or somewhere else. I want to introduce you to new food and romantic locations; we could take a gondala through Venice, we could see Niagra Falls in America, we could visit my family's winery or yours in Australia and Greece-

Harry pressed his index finger to Lucius' lips, cutting the Slytherin off. He pulled away to stroke his husband's cheek, smiling as he did. 'Lucius, all of that sounds fantastic,' Harry said, 'but know that I am happy right here with you. You don't need to portkey me across the globe just to prove how much you love me. All that matters is us, being together, the scenery doesn't.'

'I know that,' Lucius said, 'but I still want to give you a proper honeymoon after a big, lavish wedding.'

'This is a proper honeymoon,' Harry said. 'It doesn't matter that it's at Potter Manor and that we're eating normal British food, or that it happened after a very small wedding and I'm six months pregnant. It's a proper honeymoon because you're here, with me, and we're spending time together having sex and reading and just... you know, being together. I love it, Lucius.'

Lucius smiled slightly. 'Really?'

'Really,' Harry affirmed with a nod. 'But if you want to have another wedding, a big one, and whisk me off to Italy or Greece or wherever, that's fine. As long as I'm marrying you again, and spending time with you, I don't care.'

Lucius' smile broadened and he leaned down to kiss the green-eyed teen softly, Harry humming against his lips. 'How about we travel after the babies are born?' Lucius asked when they broke apart.

'Sounds nice.'

'Anywhere you want to go?' Lucius asked.

'Hmm...' Harry hummed, leaning back against his mate's chest. 'I like the sound of Venice, or Rome. Greece too sounds good... and Australia... well, everywhere you suggested, really. I've
never been out of Britain; the most travelling I've done was going to Hogwarts and searching for horcruxes.'

Lucius wrapped his arms around Harry, stroking his belly softly. 'We could go to Australia,' he said, 'during Winter, it's too hot in Summer. We could go skiing.'

Harry smiled.

'We can visit the winery you have there, and I have a flat in Sydney, right on the harbour. We could visit the Opera House, climb the Harbour Bridge, walk around the city.'

'Sounds good.'

'Then there's America,' Lucius continued. 'I have an flat in Manhatten, we can take the subway to visit all the sights.'

'Like the Statue of Liberty?' Harry asked.

Lucius nodded. 'We can go anywhere you want, Harry.'

'Ooh, can we eat lots of food?' Harry asked. 'Like big burgers and hotdogs and stuff?'

'I thought you didn't like meat,' Lucius said.

Harry nodded and said, 'I don't at the moment, but I'm assuming that after the twins are born I will.'

'Mm, most likely,' Lucius agreed. 'Narcissa hated fish when she was pregnant with Draco, which was unfortunate as it's her favourite dish. After he was born she went right back to eating it.'

'Good, I miss meat,' Harry said. 'Steak and meatballs and hamburgers and...' He trailed off to groan, hands flying to his stomach. 'Okay, the twins really don't like meat.'

Lucius chuckled and made Harry turn so they could kiss, hoping the teenager would forget about his nausea. It worked perfectly and Harry was smiling when they broke apart.

'We'll have a big wedding and invite everyone we like,' Harry said. 'And afterwards we'll travel the globe.'

'What about the babies?' Lucius asked.

'Draco can babysit, and the others,' Harry said before frowning slightly. 'Well, maybe we'll space our trips out, I don't wanna leave the twins for long.'

Lucius nodded in agreement and they kissed softly again before Lucius reached for the shampoo.

{oOo}

Once they'd dried off, the couple wandered downstairs chatting softly. Lucius suggested they relax beside the pool, the blonde not having gone swimming properly since Yule. Since developing his elemental powers, Lucius had fallen in love with water; he loved swimming in it, lazing about in it, and generally just being in it. His showers and baths always took twice as long as Harry's, which was saying something since Harry was pregnant and it took him ages to do normal actions.
They walked hand-in-hand into the pool room, the water glistening before them. Lucius kissed Harry's hand and drew his wand, changing himself into swimming trunks and Harry into long cotton trousers.

The teenager sat on one of the pool chairs, a book in his hands, and watched as Lucius dove straight into the pool.

Lucius swam laps and generally enjoyed himself while Harry ordered a late lunch for them both. He sat back with a plate of sandwiches sitting on his swollen stomach, alternating between eating, watching Lucius, and reading.

Suddenly Lucius climbed from the pool and Harry looked over the salad he was munching on, eyes roaming over his husband's glistening wet skin.

'You know what I've never done?' Lucius said.

Harry swallowed his lettuce before saying, 'What?'

'I've never been skinny dipping,' Lucius said.

'Skinny dipping?' Harry questioned.

Lucius nodded and his fingers tugged at the waistband of his black swim trunks. 'You know, swimming naked...'

He trailed off and Harry's breath caught in his throat as his mate suddenly slid from his trunks, the wet material pooling on the tiles beneath his feet. Lucius stepped from them and stretched, brushing his darkened blonde hair over his shoulders.

Lucius' muscles were taut under glistening pale skin and Harry gulped thickly as his husband picked up his swimmers and threw them across a spare chair. Water clung delicately to every inch of skin, beads dripping down his chiseled abs and thick, heavily hanging cock. Lucius turned and stretched again, perfect white arse drawing Harry's attention completely.

The teenager groaned when Lucius dove into the water, his form visible through the clear blue water as he swam to the other side of the pool. He did a few laps before popping back up, smiling and wiping water from his eyes.

'Mm, beautiful,' he said.

'Mm-hmm,' Harry muttered, craning his neck to try and see more of Lucius' body.

The blonde blinked before smirking sinfully. He draped himself over the edge of the pool, chin pressed to his arms, and said, 'Something the matter, little one?'

'Hnn?'

Lucius chuckled. 'Harry!'

Harry jolted, almost knocking his forgotten salad to the floor. He grabbed it and blinked at Lucius, clearing his throat before saying, 'What?'

'Are you leering at me?'

Harry's cheeks were suddenly dusted pink and he said a shy, 'Maybe.'
Lucius chuckled again. 'Harry, you can look at me, you know. We're married.'

'Um... I know,' Harry said. 'I can't help getting embarrassed when you catch me checking you out.'

'I quite like you checking me out,' Lucius smiled. 'You know, you could always join me.'

Harry's mouth dropped open. 'What?'

'You could join me,' Lucius repeated. 'Come on, Harry; strip and jump into the pool.'

'N-No!' Harry spluttered, face turning even redder than before. 'I can't, no!'

'Why not?' Lucius asked. 'And don't say what if someone sees me? It's just you, me, Dobby and Griffy.'

'Well sorry for not wanting the house elves to see me in my birthday suit.'

Lucius smiled. 'Come on, Harry.' He pouted slightly and said, 'Pleeeease?'

'Nope, absolutely not,' Harry shook his head. 'Besides, I just ate.'

'You're no fun,' Lucius groaned and flung himself back into the water.

Harry smiled as his mate swam more laps.

{oOo}

When Lucius finally climbed out of the pool, the two ate lunch together before going for a walk around the house. They found a few bedrooms, as well as an old one that looked like it had belonged to James or another Potter heir.

The walls were red and gold, of course, and had old yellowing posters of The Risky Ravens Quidditch team and the Gryffindor crest. The bed was king-sized and covered in simple black sheets and pillows.

Lucius looked around at the empty photo frames as Harry inspected the wardrobe in the corner. He opened it to find two broken brooms, a few dented and cracked Quaffles, and a black case. Harry dragged it out and Lucius tisked, quickly taking it from his mate.

'It wasn't heavy,' Harry said.

'Mm-hmm,' Lucius hummed, setting the case on the bed. He blew dust from the black plastic before flipping the silver clasps.

He opened the case to reveal a perfectly-polished violin, complete with a bow.

'This looks like it still works,' Lucius said, pulling the instrument from the case. Harry watched as he plucked the strings, twisting the silver knobs at the top of the neck to tune it.

'You play?' Harry asked. When Lucius nodded, Harry stared, wondering how he hadn't known that about his mate.
'I took lessons when I was a child but stopped playing when I turned seventeen,' Lucius said. 'There's not much time to play when your father's arranging a marriage to someone who isn't your mate and expects you to take the Dark Mark.'

Harry squeezed Lucius' arm and the blonde smiled at him.

'I think that just about does it,' Lucius said. He placed the violin against his neck, chin resting slightly on the plush chin-rest, and picked up the bow before placing his fingers on the strings. He drew the bow across the instrument slowly and both he and Harry winced when a distorted, ugly sound issued around the room. 'Hmm, maybe not,' Lucius muttered, glancing at the bow. 'This needs new unicorn hairs... and the strings need to be changed.'

'We could do that,' Harry said. 'Maybe you should learn to play again.'

Lucius smiled at him as he put the violin back into the case. 'I tried to get Draco to learn but he wasn't too good; music isn't really his thing.'

'I've never tried to play an instrument,' Harry said, Lucius closing the violin case. 'Dudley got an electric guitar when he was ten but broke it within a few hours.'

Lucius tisked and stood straight. 'One should always handle musical instruments with the gentleness and care they deserve.'

Harry smiled and stood on his toes to press a soft kiss to his husband's lips. 'You're adorable, do you know that?'

'I do, but it's always nice to hear,' Lucius grinned.

Harry rolled his eyes and threaded their fingers together before dragging Lucius from the room. 'Come on, let's explore some more.'

'Yes, dear,' Lucius chuckled.

{oOo}

Lucius said he had a surprise for Harry and that night they walked into the family sitting room together, Harry grinning when he looked around. There was a fire burning brightly in the hearth (though it was summer, the Manor was so big and airy it got really cold at night) and there were pillows and blankets bunched up on the sofa. Big squishy footrests had been placed before the sofa and Lucius sat Harry down, making sure he was comfortable before standing.

He clicked his fingers and Dobby and Griffy popped in with a big pot of spicy chicken curry, bowls of rice and salad, three goblets, and a big pitcher of a Muggle soda Harry was fond of.

Harry grinned as Lucius spooned rice into two bowls and topped them with the rich orange curry. The bowls went on a silver tray Dobby had put down, and Lucius made up two side salads and poured drinks

He placed a single sunflower in the spare goblet and said, 'Now, what would Mounsieur Malfoy like to watch?'
'Watch?' Harry echoed in confusion.

Lucius smiled and drew his wand, pointing it at the wooden cabinet directly before them. The wooden panels slid aside to reveal a large TV as well as a video and DVD player, video cassettes and DVDs stacked either side.

'Oh, Lucius,' Harry grinned, 'when did you have time to do this?'

'I have many talents, my love,' Lucius smiled. 'Now, what would you like to watch?'

They settled on a romantic comedy. Fred, George and Draco always made fun of them when they watched them, but Harry and Lucius liked to snuggle on the sofa together and exchange languid kisses when the mood took them (not that Lucius would ever admit that he enjoyed sappy romance stories).

Lucius placed the DVD in the tray and grabbed the remote before sitting next to Harry. He drew the blankets up and grabbed the food, setting it across his lap. The movie started and they ate their curry, commenting on the movie every few seconds and kissing when the people on screen did.

Dinner was followed by a simple dessert; peppermint ice-cream with nuts, and afterwards Harry curled up against his husband, head resting on Lucius' shoulder, and eyes drooping as another movie started.

{oOo}

That night, after laying together as husbands yet again, Harry kissed Lucius softly and said, 'So far this honeymoon has been pretty good.'

'Only pretty good?' Lucius queried.

'Fantastic, brilliant, amazing, stunning, fun, a dream come true, magical-

Lucius cut Harry off with a soft kiss, chuckling against the teenager's lips.

'I love you, Lucius,' Harry said when they broke apart, emerald green eyes shining brightly.

Lucius grinned back at his husband. 'I love you too, Harry.'

And then they kissed again and all conversation stopped.
Harry and Lucius had another week of total bliss before Granbrook arrived, the goblin congratulating them on their marriage. He went over the paperwork from the Ministry, the Veela Nation, as well as the forms Albus, Harry, Lucius, and their witnesses had signed to show that there had been a wedding and bonding.

Afterwards he toured the Manor and marvelled at the renovations. He once again suggested that Harry make a trip to his other homes to make sure everything was up to scratch and he and Lucius discussed Harry's holdings and donations/investments etc, while Harry munched on a plate of fat-free cookies.

After Granbrook had left, taking the paperwork to name Harry's and Lucius' first born the Potter heir, Harry and Lucius sat down to a late lunch, having missed breakfast because of Granbrook's early arrival.

There was a pile of mail waiting and Lucius divided the letters into junk mail, stuff addressed to Lucius, and stuff addressed to Harry. Most of Harry's was fan mail and the teenager clapped when Lucius set it on fire, the blonde chuckling over his coffee.

Harry busied himself with his pancakes and the Muggle novel he'd found in the library, while Lucius quickly went through the paper before starting on his mail.

One had the St Mungo's crest in the corner and Lucius quickly tore it open, sipping his coffee as he read.

{oOo}

'But I hate balls,' Harry groaned.

'It's for a good cause,' Lucius said.

Harry pouted. Lucius had received an invitation to the Charity Ball that was being held to raise money for St Mungo's. Lucius and Narcissa had both been benefactors for years, there was even a wing in the Maternity Ward named Malfoy. The ball would start at seven, run until midnight, and serve dinner as well as have live music. Mostly it was a big party to intice people as rich as Lucius
to donate money.

It was a good chance for Lucius to try and snag business deals for the Malfoy Empire, as well as getting back into the public's good graces by donating to the hospital. Of course Lucius no longer cared what the public thought of him; he just liked donating money to St Mungo's.

It was the only reason Harry was considering going. He hated big parties with a passion, his own wedding excluded, and really didn't want to be bombarded with questions about his pregnancy, his relationship with Lucius, and his life in general. No doubt reporters would hound him all night, the guests too, and it made Harry's head ache just thinking about it.

But Lucius wanted to go, and if Harry's money could help...

'Fine,' Harry sighed.

Lucius beamed and leaned across the patio table to kiss him, the two having headed outside after lunch.

'I'm only going because of you,' Harry said.

'And I love you for it,' Lucius smiled. 'It'll be fine, Harry. You'll be slightly bored but Draco's going, so Fred and George might be there too. You can hide in the corner and make sure our future son-in-laws don't set anything on fire.'

'Well maybe I'll let them,' Harry grumbled.

Lucius chuckled before quickly sobering. 'Harry, if you really don't want to go-'

'No, I will,' Harry said. 'It's a good cause, right?' Lucius nodded. 'And you want to go, right?'

Lucius nodded again and said, 'But-

'No buts,' Harry shook his head. 'You want to go, Lucius, so we'll go.'

'Are you sure?'

Harry nodded. 'I'm sure.'

Lucius smiled and thanked him with a soft kiss before drawing back. 'You know, I can think of two things that'll make you feel better.'

'Noo, my arse still hurts,' Harry groaned.

Lucius snorted. 'No, Harry, not sex.'

'Oh,' the Gryffindor blinked. 'So... what?'

'Well, Hermione sent our wedding photos.'

'Wedding photos?'

Lucius nodded. 'She and the other guests took turns taking photos, and a few elves took some too.' He smiled and closed the gap between them to kiss Harry softly. 'Did you really think I wouldn't take photos of our special day?'

'Um... I hadn't really thought about it, to be honest,' Harry said. 'So there are photos?'
'And presents.'

'Presents?' Harry jolted.

Lucius chuckled. 'Well, it's a custom to give someone a gift on their wedding day.'

'I know, but-'

'What, you thought our friends didn't love us?' Lucius cut in. 'You're very easy to love, little one.'

Harry blushed and tapped at the table. 'So... we got presents?'

'Mm-hmm.'

'Why haven't I heard about this yet?' Harry demanded.

Lucius smirked. 'Well, you've been a little occupied with my cock in your arse-'

'Lucius!' Harry burned bright red and Lucius snickered. 'Stop being filthy.'

'I didn't do anything, my dear.'

'I already told you my arse hurts,' Harry said. 'So stop getting yourself all worked up.'

Lucius tilted his head. 'Well, you don't have to use-'

'LUCIUS!'

Lucius smiled and kissed his mate again before saying, 'How about those photos and presents, hmm?'

'Yes please,' Harry grinned.

{oOo}

Lucius led Harry into the family sitting room and made him sit before snapping his fingers. Griffy appeared with a bow and Lucius requested that the wedding presents be brought in. When Dobby and Griffy had delivered them, Lucius sat beside Harry and pulled the closest one forward.

There were seven in total; a few large boxes, some smaller ones, and an envelope.

Lucius set the white-wrapped box before Harry and the teenager wasted no time in ripping it open, Lucius smiling indulgently at him. Harry lifted the lid off and Lucius grabbed the card that had fallen from the top.

'It's from Remus,' he said.

'Ooh, it's massage products,' Harry said.

Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'Products?'

Harry nodded and reached in, pulling out a plastic case filled with little massage oils, loofahs, spounges, and bath salts. There was also a book on how to help someone relax and Harry smiled.
'Ah, well the card makes sense now,' Lucius said and showed it to Harry;

To Harry and Lucius,

May you love each other forever, and comfort each other when times are tough.

Love,

Remus

'That's sweet,' Harry smiled. There were more oils and other assortments of products inside the box, which Harry realised must have had an extendable charm cast on it. He set the box aside and pulled the next one forward, letting Lucius open it as he read the card;

To Harry and Lucius,

You can never have too much sweetness in your life.

Love and best wishes,

Albus

Harry frowned in confusion until Lucius snorted and showed him what was in the box. There were massive amounts of sweets; Bertie Botts Every Flavour Beans, Chocolate Frogs, Mars Bars, Snickers, Kit Kats, jelly beans and jelly babies, and a whole lot of stuff Harry had never seen before. There were also colourful bowls and boxes, and tins that made noises when they were opened.

Harry chuckled and said, 'That's sweet of him.'

'Mm, just don't complain to me when you feel sick after eating this lot,' Lucius said, putting the box aside.

The next was a simple envelope from Severus that had a card in it;

Lucius and Harry,

I agree to make thirty potions of your choosing without asking questions (though I will complain) and without payment. I hope your marriage is filled with happiness and joy.

Severus

'Well,' Lucius said, looking a little stunned. 'Severus has never offered to make so many potions for free before.'
'Aww, he *lurves* you,' Harry giggled.

Lucius smiled and kissed his cheek as they unwrapped the next gift.

'Oh my gods,' Harry said, eyes widening. It was a box with a big colourful picture of a yellow swingset on the front. There were two swings and two little kids being pushed by their parents, and Harry recognised it as a Muggle swingset, because the magical ones were all painted bright purple with stars and dragons on the metal.

Lucius opened the letter and read it out loud. 'To Harry and Lucius. You've both had hard lives, and I want this gift to remind you that it's okay to stuff around every now and then. Enjoy it with each other, and with the family you're soon to have. Love, Sirius.'

Harry was already tearing up and broke down completely when Lucius had stopped talking. The blonde pulled his mate in for a hug and shushed him as Harry stuttered, 'So thoughtful... amazing... love that mutt!' When Harry had calmed down (though he was hiccuping a fair bit), Lucius grabbed another present and helped Harry open it. It was from Ron and Hermione and they read the card together;

*Harry and Lucius,*

*We wish you a lifetime of happiness and joy, and can't wait to see the family and lives you will create together.*

*Love,*

*Hermione & Ron*

*P.S. Hermione picked out the gift, Harry, so blame her if you don't like it*--

The ink ran at the end, like Ron had been slapped as he wrote it, and Harry giggled and sniffed as he and Lucius pulled the wrapping paper from the box.

There were three other boxes inside it and Lucius pulled them out one by one. 'China sets,' he said, looking down at the first one.

The pictures on the box looked really fancy; the plates, bowls, goblets, and mugs were all made of fine white china with silver patterns. The second set was slightly informal; everything was in bold Gryffindor colours, and Hermione had clearly made them herself because everything was packed in a plain white box. The next set was the same, only in Slytherin colours and with snakes.

'I actually quite like these,' Lucius admitted, pulling a Slytherin bowl from the box.

'Ooh, I'm so eating my cereal and oatmeal out of them!' Harry shouted, bouncing up and down. 'Can I, Lucius?'

'Out of the Gryffindor and Slytherin ones, yes,' Lucius nodded, 'but the other set is for special occasions.'

Harry was so excited- which made Lucius laugh- that he had Dobby fill one of the Gryffindor bowls with cereal and sat munching his Froot Loops (a cereal Lucius had to have imported for his
little one) as Lucius opened the big green box.

It was filled with cook books; how to make large meals, small ones, Yule foods and birthday cakes and all sorts of stuff. Harry started flipping through one, already imagining all the meals he could cook Lucius and their little ones, when the blonde snorted.

'What?' Harry said, looking up.

Lucius held up the book he'd plucked from the box; *How To Keep Your Sex Life Interesting: Tips For The Gay Married Couple*.

Harry burned red and said, 'Forge.'

Lucius smiled and grabbed the large card, flipping it open. 'Yes, Forge,' he said, passing Harry the card as he stacked the books on the coffee table.

The card was written in two distinct scripts; George's writing was looping and flowing, where Fred's was scratchy and small;

Larry!

Hucius!

Mummy-In-Law!

Papa-In-Law!

Or whatever you're calling each other...

Happy wedding! Or is it merry wedding?

Congratulations, anyway.

Well, Fred and I hope you like your gifts. We know how much you like to take care of your family, Harry, so we thought the cook books would be appreciated.

And we KNOW the sex books will be. Just because you're married, doesn't mean your sex life has to suffer. So boink each other-

- shag each other-

- or whatever you crazy kids are calling it these days.

And just love each other; that's what's most important. We're so happy for you guys-

- and we wish you a lifetime of happiness and joy as husbands.

Love,

Fred
'They're so odd,' Harry said as he read the card.

'But we love our little son-in-laws,' Lucius smiled.

'Too true,' Harry grinned. 'And who knows, maybe the sex books will be interesting.'

'Oh I know they will be,' Lucius said and winked.

Harry chuckled as he put Fred and George's card down.

Lucius picked up the black box next and plucked the card from the top. 'Congratulations on your bonding- Annigail Laveen, The Veela Nation,' Lucius read.

'Oh, that's nice of them,' Harry hummed, opening the box. Inside was a polished wooden box with golden clasps and Harry opened it to reveal two identical bracelets made of dark-brown leather. Each had a silver medallion as decoration, with a coat of arms Harry had never seen before.

'The insignia of the Veela Nation,' Lucius told him. 'These bracelets are bestowed on mates who's marriage has been recognised by the Veela Nation. If we ever go to a function hosted by them we have to wear them as a sign of respect.'

Harry nodded and closed the box, setting aside so they could continue opening their presents.

There was only one gift left and it had to be from Draco; the box was wrapped perfectly in white paper and had gold and silver string wrapped around it that curled on top. Harry smiled as he pulled the card from under the string, he and Lucius reading it together;

_Dear Father and Harry,_

_I can't express just how happy I am that you two are married. I wish you a lifetime of happiness and joy, and am excited to see you two start your lives together as husbands. I feel so lucky to be a part of such a wonderful thing, and I love you both with all my heart._

_Have a nice honeymoon, and try not to break your bed._

_Love,_

_Draco_
Harry nudged him but was smiling as he pulled the string around Draco's present loose, Lucius helping him tear at the paper.

Inside was a large book bound in white velvet that had _Lucius & Harry_ written across the front in flowing gold script. Harry flipped it open to see blank pages done in a parchment-yellow type paper, and slots for photos.

'It's the wedding album,' Lucius said to Harry's confused look. 'Draco bought it for us and everyone wrote things in it during the wedding. We can also put our photos in it.'

Harry flipped to the first few pages to find that everyone had written in it. Most were congratulations and words of wisdom (from Severus, Remus, Hermione and Albus) and others were crude and jokey (Fred, George, and Ron). Draco managed to write both wonderful and disgusting things, and Harry giggled as he read over them, though his face was flushed at the more dirty things his kit had written.

Lucius was still pulling stuff out of the box and Harry realised Draco had gotten them more than one thing; there were small and large photo frames, some plain and others clearly for wedding photos, as well as a slip of paper for an appointment to see a painter. According to the note Draco had left, Lucius and Harry had to get a proper portrait done after the babies were born.

Harry was a little teary-eyed as he and Lucius went through everything again, though laughed when Lucius started reading extracts from the sex books the twins had got them. Soon they settled back on the sofa to look over their wedding photos while eating cereal and sweets from their new Gryffindor and Slytherin bowls.

Most of the photos were beautiful; ones of Lucius waiting for Harry, the teenager walking down the aisle, various moments during the ceremony, and later the reception. There were photos of Hermione and Ron caught snogging, and Sirius trying to kiss Severus, as well as Fred and George doing various ridiculous things. There were a few of Albus wandering around and staring into space that made Harry smile.

But the best ones where of Harry and Lucius together. In most they were completely lost in each other, not noticing the camera flashes going off or the kissing faces Fred and George were making at them.

They spent most of the afternoon sliding them into their wedding album and writing stuff in, while also discussing where to put the swingset Sirius had got them (Harry really wanted to try it out), and Lucius made his husband burn red with filthy suggestions on what he was going to use Remus' products for.

Really, it was the perfect way to spend the day.

{oOo}

'Lucius?' Harry said as he buttoned up his shirt. He and Lucius were getting ready for the charity ball. Harry had cut it close by watching an episode of _Charmed_ Hermione had taped for him (Harry was really starting to get into the show and Lucius teased him about having a crush on Leo, which wasn't in any way true as Harry only had eyes for Lucius) and hadn't started getting ready until six-thirty.
'Mm?' Lucius hummed, standing before the full-length mirror, making sure his emerald green cravat as sitting right.

'I was thinking...' Harry said, turning to face his mate, 'would you mind living here in the future?'

Lucius turned slowly, one blonde eyebrow going up. 'Pardon?'

'Well, I was thinking that we could raise the twins here when they get a bit older,' Harry said. 'Draco, Fred and George will get married eventually and have their own kids, and Draco will become Lord Malfoy. They'll want their privacy, and it'd be good to have our privacy too. We could live here, and you can still be Lord Malfoy of the Potter family. I'd like our kids to grow up here, especially since our firstborn will be Lord or Lady Potter one day.'

Lucius tilted his head and Harry fiddled with his tie some more.

'Of course, if you don't want to,' Harry said quickly when Lucius failed to say anything, 'we can just, you know, stay at Malfoy Manor. We don't have to live here, it was just a suggestion, of course we can.'

He was cut off when Lucius pressed their lips together in a chaste kiss.

'Harry, I didn't say no, nor did I say it was a bad idea,' Lucius said when they broke apart. 'I was just thinking.'

'Oh,' Harry blinked.

Lucius smiled slightly. 'I've never really thought about moving out of Malfoy Manor... I've lived their my whole life,' he said. 'But you bring up some good points; our children will be Potter heirs, our firstborn is the future of the Potter family... it would make sense for him or her to grow up here.'

'It doesn't really matter,' Harry said, 'I was just... you know, thinking.'

'Of course, that's fine,' Lucius said. 'And you're right, Draco and the twins could use the privacy, and we could too...' He trailed off and cocked his head to one side, grey eyes on Harry. 'Can I think about it?'

'Yeah, 'course you can,' Harry nodded. 'I just thought I'd mention it, you know. If you don't want to leave Malfoy Manor you shouldn't, and it's not like I was suggesting we move here right now, just maybe in the future.'

Harry was once again cut off by his mate's soft, delicious lips, and mewled slightly as Lucius' tongue licked at his bottom lip. Lucius pulled back and stroked Harry's cheek before smiling and saying, 'You're very cute when you ramble, did you know that?'

Harry blinked stupidly, a dazed expression on his face, and just blushed as Lucius helped him finish getting ready.

'I promise to think about it,' Lucius said, pecking Harry on the lips.

'M'kay, but honestly,' Harry said, looking down as Lucius did his robes up, 'take all the time you need.'

Lucius smiled and pulled his hair back into a low ponytail before grabbing his serpent-headed cane and leading Harry from the room.
Lucius had requested a portkey when he'd sent back his RSVP and it came in the form of a glass goblet. Harry kept his arms firmly around Lucius and squeezed his eyes shut as he and his husband were tugged from the foyer of Potter Manor.

They landed with a thump and Lucius managed to keep them both on their feet. Harry groaned and rubbed his stomach as he blinked back the nausea, Lucius kissing him to distract him. It worked and soon they were being greeted by men and women in black dress robes who directed them to the corner to deposit their cloaks.

Harry and Lucius had both decided that they wouldn't use glamours to cover up the Gryffindor's pregnancy. They still hadn't officially announced that Harry was pregnant, though most people knew since the article that was published just before Harry sat his N.E.W.T.s.

Instead Lucius said they'd announce when the twins were born, named, and had godparents, as was traditional in the Malfoy family. Harry didn't care if the public knew or not, and was quite happy to walk arm-in-arm with Lucius, showing that he was pregnant with the man's babies.

So they handed their cloaks over, Lucius pocketing the tickets, and walked over to the Chief of Medicine, Chief Healer Marco Velez. He was a Spanish wizard who'd been chief for two decades and greeted Lucius with a friendly hand-shake before turning to Harry.

'And Mr Harry Potter, a pleasure,' the man bowed slightly. He glanced at Harry's stomach and one eyebrow went up.

Harry blushed and said, 'Erm... nice to meet you.'

'We're expecting,' Lucius announced, everyone looking at him. 'Obviously,' he added.

Velez chuckled. 'My congratulations to you both.'

'Thank you,' Harry mumbled shyly.

Lucius took his black cheque book from his inner robe pocket and said, 'I've bound this cheque so that the hospital receives everything, Marco. I don't want the Ministry trying to tax it again, this money should go straight to whatever you see fit.'

'Ah, you're a good man, Lucius,' Healer Velez smiled. 'St Mungo's would be lost without you.'

Lucius just smiled and handed over the cheque as Harry searched through his pockets. 'Erm, I have one too,' the Gryffindor mumbled, digging through his robes. 'It's just... hang on... found it!'

He brought out the black book with a grin and flourish, Lucius smiling indulgently and Velez and the other officials around him cocking their heads at his behaviour.

'Here you are,' Harry said, tearing the cheque free. 'It's bound like Lucius'.

'Thank you, Mr Potter,' Velez bowed again, taking the cheque and handing it to the women behind him.

'Actually, it's Mr Malfoy,' Lucius said.
Velez jumped and Harry blushed as the man's eyes darted between his left hand and Lucius' own. Lucius was wearing gloves (something to do with sweaty hands, Harry didn't understand) but the teenager's celtic wedding ring was shining brightly on his wedding finger.

'My, my,' Velez mused. 'My apologies, Mr Malfoy,' he said to Harry.

'Not a problem,' Harry smiled shyly.

'As delightful as this is, I need a drink,' Lucius said. 'Marco, always a pleasure.'

He and Harry shook hands with the Chief of Medicine again before the couple made their way into the ballroom. It was decorated in navy blues and silver, banners and drapes hanging around the walls, with what looked like coloured bubbles floating about the wooden-beamed ceiling. The floor was polished wood with blue rugs trimmed in silver lining the bottom of the walls. There were about thirty tables, all circular with seating for a dozen, with either cobalt blue table cloths or silver ones.

Lucius led Harry straight to the bar, the man behind it jumping to attention.

'Harry?' Lucius queried.

'Oh,' Harry said, tearing his eyes away from the small groups of people already taking their seats. 'Um... orange juice, please.'

Lucius nodded and turned to order their drinks. 'A chilled orange juice and a scotch, no ice.'

The bartender nodded and hastened to get the drinks. Lucius turned to look at Harry, who's attention had once again wandered.

'Are you alright, love?'

Harry blinked and smiled slightly. 'Um... sorry, this place is just... I've never really been to a ball like this before.'

'You haven't?''

Harry shook his head. 'I went to the Yule Ball in fourth year, you know when the Triwizard Tournament was on?' Lucius nodded and the younger wizard continued. 'Well that was the only one. Besides that I've been to two weddings; ours and Bill and Fleur's.

'I got hundreds of invitations to attend all sorts of things after the war,' Harry said. 'Celebration dinners, charity events, private parties by fans...' he wrinkled his nose and Lucius chuckled, 'I always made up excuses, or got Albus and Severus to help me. Ron and Hermione went in my place a few times because they don't mind the big parties.

'I hate them,' Harry shrugged. 'And I wasn't feeling well, 'cause I hadn't found you yet.' He smiled up at Lucius as the blonde collected their drinks, handing across a few silver sickles. 'Eventually Kingsley stopped inviting me... or Albus intercepts the invites, I dunno.' Harry took his goblet from Lucius and sipped his juice. 'Anyway, this is my first big party, so I was just kinda staring.' He blushed slightly. 'Sorry.'

Lucius chuckled and bent down to kiss him. 'Nonsense, Harry. You can look all you want.' He gently tugged on Harry's arm and the teenager threaded them together before allowing Lucius to lead him around the ballroom.
'Usually it's an hour of mingling and waiting for everyone to arrive,' Lucius explained. 'After that there will be appetisers for about half-an-hour, another hour of mingling, dinner, and four or five hours of talking with dessert. 'There will be music, business talk, etcetera,' Lucius finished.

'Wait,' Harry muttered, stopping suddenly and making Lucius stop too. 'Are you telling me it'll be two and a half hours until dinner?'

Lucius pulled his pocketwatch from inside his expensive black waistcoat, clicking the silver open and glancing down. 'It's five past seven now,' he said, 'so yes, dinner will most likely start at nine-thirty or ten.' Harry groaned as the Slytherin put his pocketwatch away. 'What's the matter?'

'I can't wait three hours for dinner, appetisers or no appetisers!' Harry said. He looked around before whispering, 'Do you reckon I could sneak into the kitchens?'

Lucius chuckled. 'Harry, I'm sure the house elves working tonight would be delighted to sneak you food.'

'Excellent,' Harry beamed. 'Well don't mind me, carry on,' he said, making shooing motions with his hands. Lucius couldn't contain his snort of amusement and Harry grinned in response.

They walked around the room looking for their table while Lucius pointed out various people he'd done business with or heard about. There were reporters and cameramen dotted about the place, but they didn't seem to have seen Harry and Lucius yet.

Harry realised they'd probably expected him and his mate to arrive via apparition or car, what with those two forms of transport being more popular than portkey or floo. There was also the fact of Harry being very heavily pregnant; it probably hadn't clicked in the reporters' minds to look for anything other than a skinny, short teenager.

It was common knowledge that Lucius donated to St Mungo's on a regular basis, so all the gossip rags, as well as *The Daily Prophet*, were hoping the couple would appear. Harry and Lucius had both been very private with their relationship, and despite the one interview with *The Quibbler*, and the few articles about their relationship, bond, and engagement, neither had really been seen in public.

So, as it was, everyone wanted to know each and every detail about their lives together.

Luckily Lucius was a sneaky Slytherin and managed to hide both him and his mate from the journalists as more guests trickled in. Lucius introduced Harry to a few associates, always saying, 'This is Harry, my husband,' so that no doubt by tomorrow the entire population of Wizarding Britain would know that they were married.

Harry had to admit he was having an alright time. His orange juice tasted nice and fresh, Lucius looked ravishing in his robes, and the few people he'd met were nice enough. The only downside was his feet started to ache early on, and the twins were kicking up a fuss and forcing Harry to excuse himself so he could hiss at his swollen belly. Oh, and he now understood why Lucius was wearing gloves; more than one person Harry had shaken hands with had hot, sweaty skin, that made the teenager want to throw up his orange juice.

'I told you,' Lucius whispered as Harry yet again rubbed his hand viciously on his robes.

'Shut up,' Harry grumbled.
It was just after eight when Harry was finally allowed to sit. He groaned as he fell into his seat, drawing the attention of everyone else at the table.

'Harry!'

Harry and Lucius both looked up at the familiar voice. 'Kingsley,' Harry smiled. 'Erm, I mean, Minister Shacklebolt!' He blushed when the others seated at their table all stared at him, and Lucius tucked the teenager's chair in before taking his own seat.

'Harry, Lucius, it's good to see you both,' Kingsley smiled.

'You too,' Harry said. Lucius remained silent and Harry knew the blonde didn't like Kingsley, especially after the incident with the three boys from Gryffindor. 'How are you?' Harry asked, trying to ignore the way Lucius was glaring at the Minister of Magic.

'I'm good, just working hard,' Kingsley smiled. 'You know politics.' Harry wrinkled his nose and Kingsley chuckled. 'Of course, that's why you made the smart move and stayed out of them,' the older wizard continued. He suddenly glanced at the man sitting next to him, who had been looking between him, Harry and Lucius. 'Sorry, where are my manners?' Kingsley said. 'This is my husband, Ashton Talora. Ashton, this is Harry Potter and his mate, Lucius Malfoy.'

Ashton was about Harry's height, with wavy black hair and grey-blue eyes. He was a little pale, though his cheeks were dusted pink, and he was wearing dark blue robes trimmed in silver.

He smiled warmly at Harry as the teenager said, 'It's nice to meet you, Mr Talora.' He glanced at Kingsley. 'I didn't know you were married.'

'We've been engaged for two years, but the war interrupted our wedding plans,' Ashton explained. 'We got married as soon as the war was over.'

'Oh,' Harry nodded, 'that's good; congratulations.'

'Thank you, Mr Potter,' Ashton smiled.

'Malfoy,' Lucius interrupted. All eyes turned to him and Lucius wrapped an arm around Harry's shoulders. 'His name is Harry Malfoy.'

Everyone stared in confusion and Kingsley said, 'Pardon?'

'Um...' Harry blushed, looking between an annoyed Lucius and confused Kingsley, 'we kinda got married about a week ago.' He showed Kingsley his wedding ring, Lucius' arm tightening around him when the Minister leaned closer.

'Merlin, Harry,' Kingsley said before chuckling loudly. 'Of course you went and got married without anybody knowing; only Harry Potter.' Lucius' growl was audible and Kingsley quickly amended, 'Harry Malfoy, my apologies.'

'It's okay,' Harry said and nudged Lucius in the ribs. The blonde scowled but relaxed his hold on his husband.

'I see you're also expecting,' Kingsley said, smiling at Harry's stomach.
Lucius grinned amugly and Harry smiled. 'Yeah, Lucius and I are having twins.'

'Twins?' Ashton said. Lucius nodded, aware they had the entire table's attention, but not caring in the slightest. 'Well, congratulations all around,' Ashton said, toasting Harry and Lucius with his goblet of champagne.

'Yes, we should have a toast,' Kingsley said. Harry turned crimson in a matter of seconds as everyone sitting at their table raised their glass. 'To Harry and Lucius Malfoy. May their marriage be filled with love, and their twins be safe and happy.'

A chorus of, 'To Harry and Lucius,' went around the table and Harry buried his face in Lucius' neck. The blonde smiled warmly and kissed Harry's forehead, the action not lost on anyone.

'You can't hide all night, love.'

'Can,' Harry mumbled.

Lucius chuckled and tilted Harry's head up, catching his husband's soft lips in a gentle kiss. Harry melted against him and when they broke apart he couldn't remember what he'd been so embarrassed about.

'Feel better?' Lucius asked.

Suddenly the appetisers- lamb pieces and vegetables drizzled with mint yogurt- appeared and Harry's face fell.

'I'll take that as a no,' Lucius said and quickly pushed the plates away. 'Do you want me to find something else?'

Harry shook his head and re-buried his face in Lucius' chest, the blonde rubbing his back soothingly.

'Is something the matter?' Kingsley asked, looking worried.

'Meat makes him feel sick,' Lucius explained. 'A symptom of his pregnancy.'

'Ah,' Kingsley nodded in understanding before going back to his food. Lucius sat back and spoke to Harry softly, taking the teenager's mind off the food sitting around him.

{oOo}

After the appetisers had been cleaned away- much to Harry's joy- Lucius pulled his mate up and started socialising with the various guests. Harry was polite the entire time, smiling and shaking hands, answering the same pleasentries over and over again. But really he was tuning everything out. Lucius started using his charm to make business deals, both for himself and Harry, and Harry sipped orange juice at his side.

Harry knew his husband was charming; Lucius knew how to get someone to do what he wanted, but Harry never really seen the man in action before. Lucius used a number of things to manipulate the people he was talking to, and all of it was so subtle, so well carried out, that Harry now knew how Lucius had avoided a stint in Azkaban after the First Wizarding War.
First there was Lucius' body language; the odd touch to an arm, the relaxed or tensed muscles, dipping his head to listen or standing tall to enforce his point. He also used his voice; soft and pleasant to begin with, slightly harder and excited when explaining something or trying to cut a deal, and congratulatory and happy when he forced the person to agree with him. His eyes, his body, everything used to subtly manipulate the opposition...

... and it made Harry chuckle and smile stupidly. Because it was so obvious to him what Lucius was doing; Harry could read Lucius like a book. It was also funny because Lucius did the exact same things with Harry.

Take sex, for example. When Lucius wanted sex he'd act like Harry had already said yes; his entire body was tall and puffed out, eyes filled with lust and delight and lips pulled into a smirk. When that failed he moved onto acting coy and sexy, imposing his full body on Harry and licking his lips, Harry's lips, touching and feeling and generally being a sensuous bastard. When all else failed he begged and pleaded and whined and kissed Harry until the teenager gave in.

And, on the rare occasions Harry held out and said no, Lucius pouted like a little boy.

Harry continued to stare at Lucius, and felt a warm ball of... something, explode in his chest. He just could not believe that this man- this stunning, amazing, beautiful man- was his; he was Harry's mate, his partner, his best friend and his husband.

How the hell had Harry got so lucky?

Suddenly Harry knew what that feeling in his chest was; it was joy, and happiness, it was content and pleasure and every single good feeling that Lucius made Harry feel.

Harry felt wave upon wave of sheer happiness and joy roll over him, making his heart thud painfully in his chest, his mind swim and his entire body tingle. Memories of him and Lucius washed over him; sitting on the sofa laughing; holding hands as they walked through the grounds of Hogwarts together; kissing softly and gently, Lucius' tongue sliding against Harry's own and sending shivers of pleasure through him; intimate touching, sex, Harry feeling so full and stretched and just goddamn good; swimming together and showering together and eating together and just being together. All of that, each and every second, was better than anything Harry had ever done before.

He didn't know why he was feeling this right now. This feeling swelling through Harry was so much more powerful than when Lucius had taken his virginity, more powerful than finding out he was pregnant with Lucius' child, and even bigger than marrying Lucius. It was like all those things combined, like every moment and feeling hitting Harry all at once.

Harry leaned against the table heavily and the goblet he was holding cracked. It was enough to get Lucius' attention, the blonde looking at him sharply before making excuses to the man he was speaking with and walking over.

He plucked the goblet from Harry's fingers and set it on the table before drawing the teenager into his arms. 'Are you okay, love?'

'I'm sorry,' Harry said

'Sorry?'

Harry nodded. 'I've been such a prat tonight, I'm sorry.' Well, he'd been a bit of a prat; mostly ignoring people who annoyed him, remaining quiet through long conversations, and letting his
mind wander when people were talking to him.

'Harry, may I remind you that you're pregnant?' Lucius said. 'And you hate parties like this, of course you're going to be annoyed. I also think your blood sugar is low, you should have something to eat. Or something to drink, please?'

Harry blinked up at his husband before giggling and burying his face in Lucius' chest, feeling love and sheer pleasure stampede through him yet again.

'Harry?' Lucius questioned, his Harry Band throbbing around his heart.

'I love you, you know that?'

'Of course I do,' Lucius said.

Harry shook his head and drew back. 'No, I mean... I love everything, Lucius, I love you so much,' Harry said. 'I love kissing you and holding your hand, I love watching TV with you and playing Quidditch, I love eating with you and swimming with you and sex-'

'Yes, Harry, I get it,' Lucius said, glancing around to make sure no one had heard him. 'Are you drunk?'

Harry smiled up at his husband. 'You're just so bloody perfect, Lucius,' he continued. 'I've been acting like a bit of a nut job tonight, and these past six months, and you just brush it all aside... I mean, you were so understanding that you didn't care if we did or didn't have sex on our wedding night.'

'Harry, I told you,' Lucius said, rubbing Harry's back softly. 'We were together, that was all that mattered.'

'That too,' Harry grinned. 'You're just so bloody cute, Lucius.'

'Okay...'

'I dunno why I'm acting like this, sorry,' Harry said, blushing slightly. 'I just... I really love you. Thank you for being so calm and understanding through my N.E.W.T.s, my graduation, the wedding, and through the pregnancy. I dunno what I'd do without you.'

Lucius smiled and closed the gap between them, kissing Harry softly and gently. Harry grinned against his lips and stroked Lucius' chest, making the blonde shiver and break away. 'We should stop now before I get carried away,' Lucius said, voice slightly husky.

Harry chuckled but nodded. 'Thank you.'

'You never have to thank me for anything, little one.'

'I know but...' Harry shrugged, '... I like to.'

'I love you, Harry,' Lucius said and kissed him again.

'I love you too,' Harry replied.

Lucius smiled before threading his arm through Harry's. 'Now, how about we sneak into the kitchens and get you a snack, hmm?'

Harry grinned and followed his mate through the ballroom.
Harry and Lucius had managed to avoid the journalists, all of whom had been stalking everyone who had even an ounce of celebrity. Harry had talked to Draco, Fred and George, who had been busy doing some chatting of their own; Fred and George had seven new investors and Draco was talking to the man who owned the apothecary in Diagon Alley.

Harry didn't want to get in the way so let the three wander off to do their own thing while he stuck near Lucius.

Unfortunately the various reporters skulking around finally cornered Harry just after the main meal. Lucius was a few feet away talking to one of his business associates and Harry had wandered from his side to grab another glass of orange juice from a waiter.

Suddenly there were people in his face, and even more standing behind him. He blinked as flashes went off, smoke curling above his head from the cameras. And then the questions started.

'Mr Potter, is it true you're pregnant with twins?'

'Mr Potter, have you set a date for your wedding?'

'Are you already married, Mr Potter?'

'Is that baby really Lucius Malfoy's?'

'Did you pass your N.E.W.T.s?'

'Why are you hiding from the public, Mr Potter?'

Harry covered his face to try and get away from the flashes of light, which of course drew focus to his wedding ring.

'IS THAT A WEDDING RING?!' someone shouted.

'WHERE?!

'THERE, ON HIS FINGER!'

Harry took a step back and thumped into someone. Unfamiliar hands steadied him and it sent a jolt of fear down his spine, which made Harry stumble away and started panicking.

'LUCIUS!'

The blonde, who was halfway across the ballroom, turned at Harry's shout and his face changed from pleasantly polite to furiously dangerous in a split second. He dropped his glass tumbler and pushed through the crowd while Kingsley, who had heard Harry too, immediately called for security, not wanting more veela-related murders on his hands.

'L-Lucius,' Harry stuttered as more questions flew at him, the journalists having no respect for his personal space.

Only one, a young man in his early twenties, seemed to see that Harry was getting upset, and
started pushing his fellow reporters back. 'You're freaking the man out, step back!' he ordered.

Harry whimpered and wrapped his arms around himself, flashes still going off, questions still demanding answers, and he closed his eyes as his heart rate picked up-

'Get out of my way!' Lucius snarled.

Harry's eyes popped open just as the reporters parted around an enraged Lucius Malfoy. Lucius' arms wrapped around Harry and the teenager melted against him, sniffing and mumbling under his breath about stupid reporters with no sense of personal space.

'Myself and my husband will not be giving any interviews now, or anywhere in the near future,' he practically snarled. 'Yes, we're married. Yes, we're expecting. Get over it and mind your own business!'

He pulled Harry with him as he walked away, guests hurrying aside as they approached. Harry clung to Lucius desperately and the Slytherin rubbed his back as he led Harry from the ballroom.

'Mr Malfoy,' Kingsley called, catching up to them as Lucius collected their cloaks. 'I'm sorry about that.'

'It's not your fault,' Lucius said gruffly. He draped his and Harry's cloaks over his arm and said, 'I'm taking my husband home.'

Kingsley nodded and shook Lucius' hand, Harry muttering an apology to the Minister. Lucius was led to a floo and he and Harry stepped through, quickly disappearing in the bright green flames.

{oOo}

Harry seemed to come back to himself only when he'd been put into pyjamas and placed in bed. He looked around to see Lucius sitting on the edge of the mattress still dressed, worry all over his handsome face.

'I'm sorry, Lucius,' Harry whispered.

'No, I should be the one apologising,' Lucius said. He sighed when Harry frowned in confusion. 'I shouldn't have taken you to such a public party, Harry. I know how much you hate reporters as it is, but you're pregnant-

'It's not your fault,' Harry interrupted. 'I was actually having an alright time.'

'Really?'

Harry nodded before smiling shyly. 'I kinda wanted to dance with my husband.'

Lucius smiled and stood, removing his robe and cravat. He unbuttoned his waistcoat and left it hanging open as he rounded the bed. He stopped beside Harry, the Gryffindor looking up at him, and held out a hand.

'May I have this dance, Mr Potter?'

'There's no-' Harry was interrupted by Dobby popping into the room, the little elf grinning and
carrying a record player. He set it down and turned it on, placing the needle on the record before disappearing with a crack. A soft song wafted across the room, something classical, and Harry finished with a lame, '... no music.'

Lucius smirked and Harry rolled his eyes, but took Lucius' hand anyway. He was lifted from the bed and placed his right hand in Lucius' own, his left going to Lucius' shoulder. The blonde placed his left hand on Harry's hip and started leading.

They danced sloppily, Harry still not being quite good at it, but Lucius smiled down at him every time Harry stuffed up. The teenager began giggling as he was twirled and dipped, Lucius sneaking kisses and licks that made Harry blush.

When the song ended Lucius wrapped both arms around Harry's waist and rested his head on the teenager's shoulder. Harry hummed and rubbed his back, breathing in deeply and filling his senses with Lucius' scent.

'I'm sorry I freaked out,' Harry murmured. 'It was a nice night until those reporters got me.'

'It's not your fault, Harry,' Lucius said. 'Are you okay now?'

'Yeah, I'm fine,' Harry said. 'They just need to learn about personal space.'

Lucius chuckled and drew back, smiling at Harry before kissing him. Harry kissed back enthusiastically.

When they broke apart Lucius said, 'A perfect end to a somewhat nice evening.'

Harry giggled and kissed his husband again.
Harry was feeling a lot better about the whole "Charity Ball Incident" (Lucius chuckled whenever his husband referred to it by that name) until he glanced at the front page of *The Daily Prophet* the next day at breakfast.

'Gah, I *hate* reporters!' Harry seethed.

'What's the matter?' Lucius asked as he went through the mail.

Harry scowled at the paper and Lucius leaned over to read the headline;

**OUR SAVIOUR IS NOW HARRY MALFOY!**

*By Jillian Cross*

'Well, it seems they heard me last night through all their incessant questioning,' Lucius mused.

Harry groaned and spread the newspaper across the table so he and Lucius could both read the article;

*Veela-mates Harry Potter and Lucius Malfoy made a surprise appearance at last night's charity ball, an event held to raise money for the new wing at St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries. It is unknown exactly when the couple arrived a they weren't spotted until after eleven.*

*Mr Potter was sporting a heavily pregnant stomach and looked stunning in emerald-green robes trimmed in silver, while his partner was wearing the usual sleek black robes he's always been partial to.*

*The two were acting very cosy all evening, barely leaving each other's sides, and seen interacting with a number of people including Minister of Magic Kingsley Shacklebolt, Lord Malfoy's son Draco Malfoy, and the Malfoy heir's mates Frederick and Georgeson Weasley (more details on Draco Malfoy's mates on page 12).*

*However, it's what Misters Potter and Malfoy were wearing on their fingers that has the wizarding world reeling. In the photo's taken of Harry Potter, a silver wedding ring can clearly be seen on his left hand! A similar ring was spotted on Mr Malfoy's left hand when he removed his gloves later in the evening.*

*When reporters cornered Mr Potter to demand details, the pregnant young wizard had what appeared to be a panic attack. Lucius Malfoy was quick to intervene, snapping at the gathered crowd as he comforted his trembling mate.*

*Mr Malfoy stated, "Myself and my husband will not be giving any interviews now, or anywhere in the near future [...] Yes, we're married. Yes, we're expecting. Get over it and mind your own business!"
Misters Malfoy quickly made their escape and Minister Shacklebolt was forced to bring calm back upon the ballroom.

The famous couple became engaged in early March and stated that they hadn't planned a specific time for their wedding. This was before the younger Mr Malfoy's pregnancy was made public knowledge.

Now the wizarding world is reeling over this shock news; not only did our Saviour marry his veela mate, but he did so without letting his legions of supporters know!

Myself, and countless others, are in shock over Mr Potter's (now Mr Malfoy) handling of this situation. This is Jillian Cross reporting for The Daily Prophet!

[For pictures of Harry Potter and Lucius Malfoy, see pages 4, 5, 6, & 7]

'Of all the fucking nerve!' Harry seethed. 'My "legions of supporters"... honestly, of all the stupid fucking things-'

'Harry, calm down,' Lucius cut in.

'This is complete bullshit!' Harry snapped at his husband. 'So what if I didn't tell the entire fucking world that we got married? I don't owe them anything, in fact they owe me! I sacrificed so much for my legions of fucking supporters, and this stupid arsed journalist thinks she can print this crap about me?'

'Don't let it get to you, love,' Lucius said. 'Soon enough everyone will grow bored with our lives and go back to their own.'

'Not bloody likely,' Harry growled. 'The wizarding world won't stop stalking me.'

'It's because you're so lovable,' Lucius teased.

Lucius was trying to reign Harry in and the teenager smiled at his attempts. He finally sighed and folded the paper, pointedly ignoring the colour photos The Daily Prophet had printed of him and Lucius. Lucius, of course, loved attention, and pulled the paper towards himself to look at him and Harry. He wet his lips as he looked the photos over, Harry playing with his oatmeal.

'We look delicious together,' Lucius commented.

'How can we look delicious?' Harry asked.

'We just can; don't question me, Mr Malfoy.'

Harry chuckled and Lucius smirked at him. 'You're a weirdo.'

'And...?'

'And yet I still love you; strange, right?' Harry teased.

Lucius held a hand over his heart, acting wounded even while he smiled. He folded the paper up and tossed it aside before leaning over to kiss Harry. 'Don't let it bother you, little one,' he repeated.

'It doesn't, it's just annoying,' Harry shrugged. 'I've got better things to focus on than The Daily Prophet and general wizarding world snooping into my private life.'
He smiled sinfully at Lucius, causing the blonde to raise one eyebrow delicately and say, 'Like...?'

'Like have you fuck me into a sex coma,' Harry said.

Lucius smiled and quickly finished his coffee. 'I love you, have I said that this morning?'

'Yeah, but it's good to remind me,' Harry said. 'Makes me more willing to spread my legs.'

Lucius chuckled before standing and helping Harry up, the Gryffindor kissing him quickly. Lucius didn't want to waste time and easily lifted his pregnant mate into his arms, Harry groaning.

'What have I said?' Harry demanded.

'Carry you everywhere?'

'No, don't carry me, I can bloody well walk!' Harry growled.

'I do believe we have this argument everytime I pick you up,' Lucius mused.

'So stop picking me up,' Harry said.

'Stop yelling at me when I do pick you up and we won't argue,' Lucius countered.

'I hate you.'

'Do not.'

'That's it, no sex!' Harry said as he was carried up the stairs.

Lucius just chuckled and Harry pouted.

{oOo}

When Harry and Lucius finally left the bedroom, both feeling a little doped out, it was to find Fred's owl, Fineas, flying about the sitting room and hooting like mad. Lucius managed to flag the bird down and tear open the letter that was addressed to both him and Harry.

It was written in three distinct scripts; Draco's neat little block letters, George's loopy writing, and Fred's scratchy-lettering. It was also written in three different inks and it took Harry's and Lucius' combined efforts to read the entire thing;

DEAR FATHER AND HARRY,

Father-In-Laws,

Mummy, Papa!

Of all the bloody nerve! We can NOT believe that The Daily Prophet printed that rubbish!
Of course we can, George, don't be a git; The Daily Prophet is a stupid, poor excuse for a fucking newspaper--

SORRY, FRED AND GEORGE KEEP FIGHTING ME FOR THE PARCHMENT. HARRY, I HOPE YOU'RE OKAY; FATHER, DON'T GO KILLING ANYONE--

Kill them all, I say! Kingsley told us that you had a panic attack, Harry, and Fred and I wanna go veela on their arses and make sure those fucking reporters never bother you again!

Bloody hell, you'd think they'd give the Saviour of the FUCKING Wizarding World a little space to breathe and live his fucking life--

STOP SWEARING, THE PAIR OF YOU! ANYWAY, DAD, HARRY, DON'T LISTEN TO THE CRAP THE DAILY PROPHET, OR OTHER NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES, WRITE ABOUT YOU. I'M GOING TO HAVE A CHAT WITH THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY PROPHET AND MAKE IT CLEAR THAT WE MALFOYS WON'T TAKE THIS KIND OF WRITTEN ABUSE FROM ANYONE.

Freddie and I have your back, Harry!

Damn right we do, Georgie!

If anyone gives you any shit, Mummy-In-Law--

-- we'll show 'em why us Weasley twins were--

-- the best bloody prankers--

-- in Hogwarts!!!

IGNORE MY MATES, THEY'RE IDIOTS. DAD, HARRY, WE HOPE YOU'RE OKAY.

LOVE,

DRACO

Lots of love,

Fred & George

P.S. George and I are planning an attack on The Daily Prophet!

Damn right we are!

MY MATES ARE GITS!

'What an odd letter,' Lucius said.

Harry was grinning at it. 'Makes me feel better, though.'

'Mm... though from what I gather, other magazines have printed similar stories to The Prophet,'
Lucius said. He tapped at a large paragraph in Draco's handwriting. 'I fear we'll be appearing on the covers of all the gossiping magazines in England.'

Harry sighed and ruffled Fineas' feathers, the owl having landed on his shoulder after Lucius took the letter. 'Not much we can do.'

'Draco's right, I'll be having a word with the editor of The Prophet,' Lucius said, looking up at Harry. 'I won't have them upsetting you, or saying these things about you.'

Harry smiled and kissed Lucius quickly. 'My knight in shining armour.'

'Dear gods, no,' Lucius groaned. 'You Potters like knights far too much.'

'Hey, I'm not a Potter anymore,' Harry grinned. 'So us Malfoys love knights too.'

Lucius groaned again and Harry giggled.

{oOo}

The next day at lunch, an owl the size of a hamster came speeding over the house. It made a beeline straight for them before slamming into Lucius' head and dropping onto the patio table.

Harry cracked up laughing as Lucius winced, rubbing the quickly redding bruise on his forehead. He scowled at his mate as the little owl popped to its feet, hooting manically and hopping about.

'Th-That's P-P-Pig,' Harry choked out through his laughter.

'Pig?' Lucius questioned, the owl hooting at him.

'Pigwidgeon, Ron's owl,' Harry giggled. He reached across and grabbed the small brown owl, the little creature wiggling in his hands and nuzzling Harry's thumb.

Harry tore off the letter that was attached to Pig's leg and it re-sized in his hand. Harry let the owl go and he flew straight for Lucius' coffee cup, perching himself on the rim and dunking his beak into the cooling liquid.

'Oi!' Lucius said and tried to push the owl away. Pig hooted and flapped onto his plate, nibbling on his bacon and making Harry laugh.

'Sorry,' Harry said when Lucius glared at him, though he didn't look sorry in the slightest. He tore open the letter and looked down to read it;

Harry,

*That Jillian Cross is AWFUL. Ron and I couldn't believe that she wrote that horrible stuff about you, it's like Rita Skeeter all over again. I can only imagine what Lucius is planning to do to her.*

*Sorry it took us so long to write, but we were getting our flat together. Fred and George are giving Ron and I time to find jobs before we start paying rent- they're really amazing. Ron went for an interview at the Quidditch shop in Diagon Alley. I'm pretty sure he'll get the job; he knows everything about Quidditch and he's, as the papers put it, 'One third of the Golden Trio.' I got a job*
at Flourish and Blotts to help pay for food and rent, though my parents are insisting on paying for my courses.

Oh, I forgot; Ron and I have moved in together!

My dad wasn't too thrilled about me moving in with Ron so soon but Mum talked to him. She knows I can be trusted not to go crazy and start shagging Ron all over the place (seriously, that's what my dad said; embarrassing, let me assure you). I didn't tell them that you were married and expecting, that'd probably make Dad re-think my relationship with Ron.

Anyway, enough of my prattling. Are you okay? I hope the babies aren't causing you too much trouble. Ron and I really miss you, Harry, but we've all got responsibilities now. Growing up is hard, isn't it?

I hope you and Lucius are well. Say hi to the babies for me.

Love,

Hermione and Ron

Harry smiled as he read over Hermione's familiar writing, his heart clenching painfully. He hadn't given Hermione and Ron much thought lately. All his energy was going into getting ready for the babies and being a good husband to Lucius.

It saddened him to realise that he hadn't spoken to Hermione and Ron since the wedding, and even then he was preoccupied with snogging Lucius whenever he could.

'Are you okay, little one?' Lucius asked, feeling Harry's emotions through his Harry Band.

'Yeah,' Harry nodded. 'I just miss Ron and Hermione.'

'Oh,' Lucius nodded. 'Yes, it must be strange to have seen them every day and now you don't.'

'Yeah,' Harry repeated, re-folding the letter and putting it down. He slouched back in his seat and started playing with his blueberry pancakes.

'Are you sure you're okay?' Lucius asked with concern.

'Fine,' Harry shrugged.

Lucius wasn't convinced.

{oOo}

Lucius decided to let Harry sleep in. The twins had been keeping him up again; between the back pains, swollen ankles, and never-ending bathroom visits, Lucius was surprised Harry hadn't lost his mind. He respected Harry a whole lot more than he did before; anyone who could carry a baby for six or nine months, and then give birth to it, deserved a medal in Lucius' opinion.

He eased himself from bed, pulling the covers back over his snoring mate, and left with a change of
clothes. He showered in the main bathroom on the ground floor; if Harry knew Lucius was up he'd get up too, and Lucius wanted Harry to rest.

It was odd sitting down to breakfast alone. The sun was shining brightly, the leaves on the trees all around blowing in an invisible breeze. Lucius breathed in deeply as he ordered breakfast from Griffy. He asked Dobby to keep an eye on Harry and the little elf nodded vigorously before disappearing with a crack.

Lucius was used to eating breakfast with Harry. He could count on one hand the amount of times he'd eaten breakfast alone since getting together with his mate. It was an experience Lucius didn't want to go through too often; he liked watching Harry slurp his orange juice and attack a mountain of pancakes or waffles. And when he ate oatmeal- something Lucius didn't particularly like- his young husband would poke his tongue out and lick his spoon and generally do everything in his power to make Lucius feel sick and turned on at the same time.

Lucius missed his husband already.

When did I become so needy? he mused as he tapped at the table, closing his eyes and enjoying the morning sun warming his body.

Who are you kidding? a small voice whispered. You love being needy.

Lucius smiled to himself as Griffy popped to his side bearing a plate laddled with bacon, sausages, toast, and mushrooms. Lucius thanked the elf, who put a pot of coffee on the table along with a mug, and tucked in.

As he ate, Lucius thought about Harry (as he was prone to do at any given time of the day). Harry had been in a bit of a mood since Hermione's letter. Lucius knew that his mate missed his best friends; Harry, Ron, and Hermione had been through so much together, and they'd spent every day of their school lives together. To suddenly go from that to the rare letter must have been hard.

Lucius hadn't had any real friends at Hogwarts. Everyone had feared and respected him, or hated him for his Dark Arts loving father or suspected Death Eater activity. Only Severus had ever actually liked him and they'd been six years apart at Hogwarts, so they hadn't shared any classes together.

Lucius ate his breakfast slowly, reading The Daily Prophet and finding a double-page spread about Harry. It listed his achievements from first year to eighth, as well as his friendship with Hermione and Ron, and finished with his marriage and pregnancy to Lucius.

Soon a plan had formed and when Lucius finished his food he stood and went hunting for his owl. He found Cola flapping about Harry's owl in the study. He and Coca didn't seem to like the owlery on the top floor and Griffy spent half his time cleaning up after the owls.

Cola spotted Lucius and hooted as he flew down from the tallest bookcase. He settled on the back of Lucius' chair as the blonde pulled out a fresh piece of parchment and a quill and ink.

{oOo}

Ron groaned as he finally finished stacking all the new dishes in the cupboards. Well... they weren't new so much as stuff they'd been given by Bill, Fleur, Fred, George, and Arthur. Bill and
Fleur had decided to move back into the Burrow since Molly's death so Arthur wasn't so lonely. They'd kept Shell Cottage as a holiday house and Fleur was teaching both Bill and Arthur how to cook and clean. Now that she was eight months pregnant, Fleur couldn't exactly run around after the Weasley men (not that she did that too often, anyway).

The three had given Ron and Hermione all the house-hold stuff they didn't need, so most of Ron's and Hermione's stuff didn't match. The plates were all vibrant colours; blue, green, red, orange, and even pink. None of the mugs matched, most were chipped, and the silverwear was all cheap stuff they'd been given by Hermione's parents.

Not that Ron and Hermione cared. They were living alone above Fred and George's jokeshop in Diagon Alley, but it was great. They had privacy, they felt grown-up. Hermione had a job, Ron was waiting to hear from Quality Quidditch Supplies, and both were looking into courses they could do.

Hermione still wanted to do the Early Education Degree and Ron was looking at Quidditch-related courses. He found that he could teach flying as long as he proved he was actually skilled enough, but if he wanted to take over from Madam Hooch (who'd expressed an interest in taking Ron on after he'd owled her) he'd have to do an apprenticeship. It was only a one-year course and Madam Hooch had already said he could learn under her, so Ron was seriously considering doing it.

Hermione found that she could take a course via owl, so she could stay at home and study as well as work to help pay for bills and groceries. It was a two-year course, one year if she went in person, and the Business Degree she had looked into would be three years. But the guy she'd spoken to had said if she could find someone to shadow at a proper business, the degree would be cut in half.

'Maybe ask Mr Malfoy?' Ron suggested as Hermione buttered toast. They'd both stayed up late trying to get the flat respectable, and were exhausted. But Hermione had to go to Flourish and Blotts at ten to be inducted and Ron was going to go to Hogwarts to talk to Madam Hooch in person.

'I don't know,' Hermione said as she placed the toast on a plate in the middle of their small wooden table. 'He'll be busy with the babies when they're born. He hasn't been into the Malfoy head office in months.'

'It couldn't hurt to ask,' Ron shrugged. 'Besides, you won't be doing the business degree for at least another two or three years. Harry's twins will be older by then and Mr Malfoy might be back at work. If not he could probably find someone who wouldn't mind you shadowing them.'

Hermione smiled and leaned over to kiss her boyfriend, Ron blushing as he sat. 'That's a brilliant idea, Ronald.'

Ron grinned and laddled eggs onto his plate, moaning that Hermione was an excellent cook between mouthfuls. Hermione beamed as she read The Daily Prophet, though tutted at the latest articles about Harry.

She was about to comment on them when a tapping drew her's and Ron's attention. There was a large owl sitting on the windowsill just outside the sitting room window, and Ron put his fork down to go and let it in.

The owl flapped about before settling on the back of Hermione's chair, the witch reaching out and taking the letter.
'Who's it from?' Ron asked.

'I think it's from Mr Malfoy,' Hermione said, glancing at the elegant script on the front. It was addressed to both her and Ron so she shrugged and tore it open;

**Dear Ms Granger and Mr Weasley,**

*First let me thank you for worrying about Harry. He's perfectly fine, though the reporters at the ball, and later Jillian Cross from The Daily Prophet, greatly upset him. He's calmed since then and Draco and I are both going to have words with the editor to stop such nonsense about my husband being written.*

*Now that that's out of the way, I'll get to the reason for my letter. Harry was so happy to receive a letter from the both of you, though it reminded him that the three of you haven't spoken since the wedding. Harry's a little emotional at the moment and he misses you both greatly. I was hoping that the two of you would be able to find time to visit Harry at Potter Manor.*

*I know it would do Harry a world of good to see you again and perhaps take his mind off his pregnancy symptoms. I want my mate to be happy and you're his best friends. You're always welcome in my home, and Harry's too, so please let me know if you can visit.*

*Also, I need to visit some investors and I don't want to leave Harry alone, so it would work out if you could both spend the entire day with him; perhaps you could arrive after breakfast and stay for dinner? Please let me know, my owl is awaiting your reply.*

*I hope you're both well.*

*Regards,*

*Lucius A Malfoy*

'Poor Harry,' Hermione said. 'I wish those reporters would leave him alone.'

'Mm,' Ron nodded, still reading the letter. When he was done he said, 'You don't start until Saturday, yeah?'

Hermione nodded. 'I'm free until then, I think we can take a day to visit Harry.'

'I'll go see Madam Hooch today after lunch, and we can go visit Harry tomorrow?'

'I'll owl Mr Malfoy,' Hermione said and disappeared to get a quill and parchment.

{oOo}

**Dear Lucius,**

*How many times have I ask you to call me Hermione, hmm? Ron and I would be delighted to visit Harry, the two of you are still staying at Potter Manor, yes? Just send me a time so Ron and I can*
Lucius beamed as he read Hermione's letter. The witch had replied quickly and Cola had come back with a full stomach. He was currently napping atop his favourite bookcase, so Lucius had to use Coca to reply to the Muggle-born.

After he'd sent Harry's owl on her way, he checked his pocketwatch to find that it was closing in on midday. He stood and exited the study, quickly walking through the Manor and to his and Harry's bedroom.

Harry was still asleep, sprawled across the bed with his head buried in the mountain of pillows. He was snoring softly, lips parted and a thin string of drool sliding down the right side of his mouth. Lucius chuckled; Harry was still adorable, even when he looked a mess.

He walked into the bedroom and sat on the side of the bed. Reaching over, Lucius pushed the blankets aside and shook Harry gently. 'Harry, love?'

He received a snort.

'Harry,' Lucius tried again, brushing Harry's hair from his forehead. 'It's time to get up, little one.'

Harry groaned and rubbed his face against the pillows.

Lucius smiled and leaned over to kiss him softly, Harry's lips at first still and then slowly coming to life. Harry kissed back gently and when they broke apart the teenager's eyes opened slowly.

'L-Lucius?' he mumbled.

'Good afternoon,' Lucius smiled.

Harry blinked in confusion, eyes hazy with sleep. 'Afternoon?'

Lucius nodded and helped Harry sit up, the Gryffindor yawning and rubbing his eyes. 'It's about midday,' he said.

'What?' Harry gasped in surprise. 'Midday?'

'I let you sleep in,' Lucius admitted. 'You needed the rest.'

'Hnn,' Harry yawned, stretching and scratched at his head. 'Mm, nice sleep,' he grinned goofily.

Lucius smiled and kissed him again. 'Do you want something to eat or a shower first?'

'Um... bath?' Harry said.

Lucius nodded and helped his mate up before half-carrying Harry to the en-suite bathroom, the teenager stumbling and yawning thickly. Lucius turned all the taps on and checked the temperature before helping Harry from his pyjama bottoms. The younger wizard was still half-asleep and Lucius got into the bath with him, not wanting Harry to fall asleep and drown himself.
Harry fell asleep anyway as Lucius washed him. The blonde just smiled and kneaded Harry's shoulders and back, knowing the babies were putting a strain on his lower back. When he was done he washed Harry's hair, the jet black strands reaching the bottom of Harry's neck when wet.

Lucius wondered why his mate's hair grew so quickly as he rinsed the green-eyed teen and himself. He let Harry have a few more minutes before gently shaking him awake, Harry apologising when he realised he'd fallen asleep.

'It doesn't matter, love,' Lucius said as he dried his mate with his elemental powers. 'You need all the rest you can get.'

'Mm, but I'm hungry,' Harry yawned. 'Can I have food now?'

'Whatever you want,' Lucius smiled.

Harry didn't want to get dressed but Lucius talked him into putting on a fresh pair of pyjama bottoms and one of Lucius' own baggy cotton t-shirts. Harry loved wearing Lucius' clothes and was smiling stupidly when they entered the family sitting room.

Lucius placed Harry in an armchair and dragged it over to one of the floor-to-ceiling windows, Harry wanting to sit in the sun. The teenager relaxed back into the leather and Lucius stood before him.

'What does my love want for lunch?' Lucius asked.

'Um...' Harry murmured, tilting his head to think. 'Ooh, I want spicey chicken with salad, lots of salad,' he said. 'Like, heaps of lettuce, carrots, capsicum, pickles, olives, onion, tomato, mushrooms... um, I think that's it- oh, and dressing, lots of dressing.'

'What kind of dressing?' Lucius asked as he snapped his fingers. Griffy immediately appeared as Harry continued.

'Erm... a dressing that has, like, chilli flakes and garlic and vinegar... and stuff,' Harry said.

'Griffy gets you your food, Lord Harry,' the elf beamed.

Lucius recounted Harry's order and added two chicken and pickle sandwiches for himself. Griffy bowed and disappeared with a pop as Lucius dragged another armchair over to Harry's.

'Do you want a book or anything?' Lucius asked.

'Can we play chess?' Harry asked. 'I dunno why, I just feel like playing.'

'Of course we can,' Lucius said. He went to the closest cabinet and pulled out the marble chess set Harry had bought him months ago. He set it down on the coffee table and dragged that over to his mate too. He had to help Harry sit up but the teenager still couldn't reach the board.

Before Lucius could think of a solution, one of the white pawns moved by itself. Harry blinked and Lucius said, 'Harry, was that you or the babies?'

'Not me,' Harry shook his head.

'Oh no, are my unborn twins going to beat me in chess?' Lucius groaned.

Harry giggled. 'Dunno, let's wait and see.'
Their food arrived halfway through the game (it was about even) and Griffy set Harry's bowl atop his stomach, the teenager licking his lips. Griffy had also brought a pitcher of lemonade and glasses filled with ice.

Lucius poured himself and Harry a glass and watched as Harry's levitated off the tray and over to the Gryffindor.

'I love my babies,' Harry grinned as he slurped down a mouthful.

'They already like you more,' Lucius grumbled.

'How could they not? I'm their house,' Harry giggled.

Lucius chuckled and moved another one of his pieces. Harry tilted his head at the board before his remaining knight moved.

'I invited Ms Granger and Mr Weasley over,' Lucius said suddenly, breaking the silence that had descended.

Harry swallowed his mouthful of chicken and salad and said, 'Oh?'

Lucius nodded as he sipped his lemonade. 'I know you miss them, little one, so I thought I'd invite them to the Manor for the day. I have some business to attend to and I didn't want to leave you alone.'

Harry blinked at his mate before tears filled his eyes. Lucius was out of his seat in a second, putting Harry's bowl aside and pulling him in for a hug.

'I'm sorry, Harry, did I do the wrong thing?' Lucius asked.

Harry shook his head as he buried his face in Lucius' chest. 'N-No,' he cried. 'You're just s-so sweet and-and p-perfect, Lucius. Th-Thank you.'

Lucius smiled and rubbed Harry's back. He jolted when one of the black pieces on the chess board started moving and Harry looked up.

'What?' the teenager gaped.

'I think the twins are playing each other,' Lucius mused.

They sat in silence as the pieces continued to move and smiled when the black side won. There was a kick in Harry's stomach, followed by another one, and the Gryffindor moaned as the twins kicked up a storm.

'I think they're fighting,' Harry groaned.

'Stop it, you two!' Lucius ordered sternly.

The kicking stopped and Harry grinned. 'Thank you, love,' he said, leaning up to peck Lucius on the lips.

'Not a problem,' Lucius smiled. 'Another game?'

'Yes please.'
Hermione and Ron were coming over at ten. Harry slept in until nine-thirty, and spent the half-hour
he was supposed to be eating waddling about and making sure everything was clean. Of course the
entire Manor was clean; Dobby and Gruffy did an excellent job of taking care of Harry and Lucius.
Not that that mattered to Harry. He was so excited about Hermione and Ron coming that Lucius let
his mate freak out a bit.

He followed Harry around trying to get him to eat, but Harry glared at him and Lucius soon gave
up, though made a note to tell Hermione to get Harry to eat.

When it hit ten Harry stood fidgeting before the hearth in the foyer, and Lucius smiled at his
husband. When the fire turned green Harry bounced on his feet (and Lucius had to steady him).
The two watched as first Ron and then Hermione stepped through, the two brushing soot from their
clothing.

'Hermione, Ron!' Harry shouted.

Lucius let him go and Harry waddled across the room to pull his two best friends into a hug.
Lucius managed to keep his jealousy down, but only because the three teenagers looked so happy
to see each other.

When they broke apart Hermione and Ron looked down at Harry's stomach.

'Blimey, Harry, you look amazing,' Ron said (he was smart enough to not call Harry fat, which
Lucius was grateful for).

'Really?' Harry blushed.

'Of course, you look stunning,' Hermione beamed. 'The twins aren't too much of a handful, are
they?'

'Besides making my food fly around and playing chess with each other?' Harry chuckled. 'Nah,
they're fine.'

'They play chess with each other?' Ron blinked.

Harry nodded and Lucius quickly explained the story before saying, 'Ms Granger, Mr Weasley,
thank you for coming.'

'We missed Harry,' Hermione beamed. 'And it's Hermione, remember?'

Lucius smiled and nodded before turning to Harry. 'I have to go now, love. Will you be okay?'

'Yeah, Ron and 'Mione will take care of me,' Harry said. Lucius ducked down to kiss him softly,
Ron and Hermione both smiling at the happy couple. 'Remember to eat,' Harry said.

'I'm not the one who skipped breakfast,' Lucius reminded him.

'Oh, right,' Harry blushed slightly. 'I promise to eat.'

'I'll make sure he does,' Hermione said and Ron nodded.

'Be careful,' Harry said as he walked with Lucius to the fire. 'Don't talk to strangers, eat lunch, and
if you cross the road make sure to hold someone's hand.' Lucius snorted. 'No, wait,' Harry said, watching Lucius grab the floo pot. 'Don't hold anyone's hand, do you hear me? No holding, or touching, or... or anything!' '

Harry wagged a threatening finger at his husband and Lucius chuckled as he stooped to peck Harry on the lips. 'I promise, Harry. You know yours is the only hand I want to hold.'

Harry giggled and kissed Lucius again before saying, 'I'll miss you.'

'I'll miss you too,' Lucius smiled. 'But I'll be back by dinner, about six, okay?'

Harry nodded and kissed Lucius one last time before the blonde disappeared into the fire. Harry stood staring at the hearth, suddenly feeling cold without his mate by his side. He jumped when an arm snaked around his shoulders and turned to see Hermione smiling at him.

'Don't worry, Harry,' the witch smiled. 'We'll keep you occupied.'

'We'd better get you some breakfast first,' Ron said. 'Otherwise Lucius will kill us.'

Harry smiled and allowed his best friends to lead him from the foyer.

{oOo}

Harry got Griffy to make him some toasted sandwiches and he, Hermione and Ron sat outside on that patio furniture. They caught up as Harry ate, Harry telling them more in-depth about his pregnancy and married life, Hermione and Ron discussing moving out and getting jobs.

'Merlin, working at Flourish and Blotts,' Harry mused as he licked chilli sauce from his finger. 'You'll spend your paycheck on books.'

Ron snickered and Hermione rolled her eyes. 'That's exactly what Fred, George, and Ron said. Honestly, I can save money, you know.'

'Not where books are concerned,' Harry grinned.

'You should see our flat,' Ron said, gesturing with his mug of tea. 'It's two bedroom and Hermione's turned the second one into a library. It's floor to ceiling books and a rickety old desk that her dad gave us.'

'I've had that desk since I was eleven,' Hermione pouted.

Ron smiled and said, 'It's a great desk,' Mione.'

Hermione perked up and Harry snickered at Ron's words; it was exactly what Lucius did when he upset Harry.

'So married life is good?' Ron asked, grabbing another chocolate digestive.

'It's amazing,' Harry said honestly. 'Lucius is such a great husband. He gets me out of bed, he makes sure I eat and get to do what I want, he's just... amazing.'

'That's good, Harry,' Hermione beamed.
'Yeah, mate,' Ron agreed. 'It's about time you were happy.'

'I am,' Harry nodded, smiling at his friends. 'I never thought my life would end up like this but it's just so great. I love Lucius so much and I can't wait 'til our twins are born.'

'Are you staying here or going back to Malfoy Manor?' Hermione asked.

'Um... we haven't really talked about it,' Harry said as he munched on a third toastie. 'We came here to get married 'cause of the whole Potter heir thing,' he said, Hermione and Ron nodding along, 'and we've just kinda... stayed here. I suppose I should bring it up when he gets back- remind me to do that?'

"Course, mate,' Ron said.

Harry finished off his toastie and yawned.

'You wanna have a nap or something?' Hermione asked. She remembered when her cousin was pregnant; she was tired all the time, and that was just with one baby.

'Nah, I'll have a nap later,' Harry said. 'Lucius always puts me to bed at three or so and then wakes me for dinner. Being pregnant is tiring.'

'I don't envy you, mate,' Ron grimaced. 'Can't even imagine doing that.'

'Well if you and Hermione ever have kids Lucius can help you deal with her,' Harry grinned. 'I'm a grade-A lunatic.'

Ron chuckled and Harry suggested they move to the pool room. Ron's eyes lit up and he bounded ahead, Hermione helping Harry stand and leading him to the pool. When they got there Hermione and Ron changed into swimmers, Ron's mouth dropping open as he stared at his girlfriend's blue and white striped bikini. Harry chuckled as Hermione wrapped a shall around herself, Ron shaking his head and diving into the pool to cool off.

Hermione grabbed some books, cards, and a chess set, sitting beside Harry who didn't like swimming without Lucius by his side.

Harry and Hermione played poker, go-fish, and snap (the Muggle kind) while Ron swam laps and stuffed around in the pool. Suddenly Hermione put her cards down and sipped her lemonade, Harry looking up at her.

"Mione?"

'You... were a virgin before Lucius, right?' she asked suddenly.

Harry blinked before saying, 'Yeah, why?'

'I was just wondering,' Hermione said, 'how did you know you were ready to go all the way with him?'

Harry put his own cards down and leaned back. 'Are you thinking about sleeping with Ron?'

Hermione nodded shortly and glanced at the pool to make sure Ron couldn't hear them. 'He's ready- though he's a guy, of course he's ready.' Harry snorted but didn't interrupt. 'He's not pushing me or anything, he said when I feel ready he'll make sure to take care of me. I trust him, I'm just wondering if it's time or if I should would wait.'
'Well...' Harry said, '... there's no time limit; I mean, some people are ready before others, you know?' Hermione nodded. 'I guess if it feels right you should go for it. But if you still don't quite feel comfortable doing it then don't. You shouldn't rush, 'Mione.'

'I know,' Hermione said. 'Ron and I aren't in any hurry but I'm curious, I really want to experience that with Ron. I love him.'

'Really?' Harry said, eyes widening. 'You love each other?'

'Yeah, Ron said it about a month ago,' Hermione blushed. 'And I said it back. He cooked dinner from me- apparently he went to Bill for help- and we watched a romantic comedy on the sofa. He carried me to bed and said he loved me just before we both fell asleep.'

'Aww, that's so sweet,' Harry grinned. 'I didn't know Ron could be that romantic.'

'He's a barrel of surprise, that boy,' Hermione nodded. 'He's grown up so much since school, I can't believe it. I mean, he's still the same old Ron; loves Quidditch and chess, sleeps in, talks with his mouth open.' Harry chuckled. 'But he's grown up; he's looking at his future, he does the dishes and cleans up after himself, it's amazing.'

'I'm glad, Hermione,' Harry said. 'Honestly, that's great.'

'Thanks, Harry,' Hermione beamed.

Harry smiled back at her. 'Look, back to earlier; your first time won't be absolutely perfect. I don't know about women, but being on the bottom hurts a bit,' he admitted. 'But if Ron takes care of you, if you both take your time and talk to each other, it'll be fine. The next time will be heaps better; practice makes perfect.'

Hermione giggled and slapped Harry on the arm, the wizard grinning.

'Anyway,' he said, 'just take your time, let it happen. You don't have to plan it. Just make sure you're both ready and prepared, that's my advice.'

'Thanks, Harry,' Hermione smiled. 'You're like my best gal-pal.'

'Is it 'cause I'm gay?' Harry demanded.

'No,' Hermione tutted. 'It's because you're like a girl in a guy's body.'

Harry swatted at her but Hermione ducked away giggling. Harry poked his tongue out and grabbed the deck of cards to shuffle them and start a new game.

Eventually Hermione joined Ron in the pool when Harry nodded off just before lunch, the couple deciding to let him have a short nap. When they woke Harry he apologised and they both helped him up and headed for the sitting room.

They ordered lunch- roast chicken sandwich, salad, chips and coke, and lazed about eating and watching a DVD. Harry began to fidget around three, him and Ron playing chess while Hermione read.

'What's up?' Ron asked as one of Harry's pieces moved by itself- he was still amazed that the babies could do that.

'I miss Lucius,' Harry admitted.
'He's only been gone a few hours,' Ron said, capturing one of Harry's castles.

'I know, I feel like an idiot,' Harry mumbled. 'But I can't help it; even after an hour I really miss him.'

'I think it's sweet,' Hermione said from the sofa.

She glared at Ron, who said, 'Oh, yeah; totally sweet, mate.' He grinned at Harry, who snorted in laughter and sipped his coke.

'Thanks, Ron,' he said, Ron smiling back at him.

{oOo}

They wasted away most of the afternoon playing cards, chess, reading, and discussing Quidditch. The Chudley Cannons were doing well and actually had a chance at making it to the finals. Harry had never had a Quidditch team. Ron had been trying for years to make him a Cannons supporter, and Draco, Fred and George all went for The Wandering Wolves. Sirius and Remus supported Puddlemore United (Remus only because Sirius did) and Lucius liked The Sonic Serpents.

Harry decided he wanted a team of his own and Ron quickly flooed home to grab his latest copy on Britain's Quidditch teams. Hermione busied herself with a thick book as Harry and Ron read up on all the teams.

After a lot of arguing, slapping, and munching on crisps, Harry had decided to support The Sonic Serpents. Ron said he'd chosen them just because they were Lucius' team. Harry denied it (rather poorly) and eventually threw the book at Ron and spent an hour pouting.

At ten to six Harry waddled into the foyer and paced nervously waiting for Lucius. He'd spent the last hour and a bit talking about his mate and looking on the verge of tears. Hermione and Ron tried to comfort him while Dobby and Griffy made dinner, but nothing worked; Harry needed his husband.

Six came and went and Harry started sniffing. His brain threw up all kinds of insane ideas on what had happened to Lucius and no amount of shushing and hugs from Hermione and Ron could calm him down. So when the hearth turned green and Lucius stepped out, they pushed Harry towards his husband and stepped back.

Harry moved fast for a man six months pregnant and fell into Lucius' arms. Lucius pulled Harry into a strong hug and the teenager buried his face in the blonde's chest.

'I missed you, I missed you, I missed you!' Harry shouted.

Lucius smiled warmly and stroked Harry's back. 'I missed you too, little one.'

Harry pulled back, Lucius' lips immediately descending on his own, and Hermione and Ron both looked away as the married couple snogged heavily. When they finally broke apart Lucius hugged Harry again.

'Have you eaten?'
'Hermione and Ron made me have toasties after you left, and we had sandwiches for lunch,' Harry told him. 'And Dobby and Griffy are making potato bake for dinner.'

'Good,' Lucius smiled, kissing him again. He wound an arm around Harry's waist and looked at Hermione and Ron. 'Thank you for taking care of my husband.'

'Not a problem,' Ron smiled. 'Despite his bad taste in Quidditch teams, it's been fun.'

Lucius raised an eyebrow and Harry pouted. 'Just 'cause I don't wanna go for the Cannons doesn't mean I have bad taste.'

'I think you're all crazy,' Hermione commented.

Lucius smiled. 'What team did you pick?' he asked.

'The Sonic Serpents,' Harry grinned.

Lucius kissed him again. 'A marvellous team.'

Ron poked his tongue out and Hermione swatted his arm before they all trooped into the dining room.

'How was work?' Harry asked.

'Boring,' Lucius said. 'You weren't there.' Harry grinned stupidly as Lucius tuckd him into the table. He sat beside his mate and continued, 'I had to speak to a number of people and there are a few more problems I have to sort out, but those can all be done by owl. I should probably go in more often to avoid all the shit building up.'

'Potty mouth,' Harry said, kissing his husband softly.

Lucius just smiled.

{oOo}

'Merlin, that was beautiful,' Ron said, leaning back and patting his stomach. Dobby and Griffy had made two large trays of potato bake with mushrooms and chicken bits instead of bacon or ham, and there had been hints of garlic, chilli, and oregano throughout it. There had also been a side salad, wedges with various sauces, and drinks.

Ron had gorged himself like usual and Hermione smiled indulgently at her boyfriend.

'I haven't eaten food that delicious since we finished Hogwarts,' Ron admitted.

'Feel free to take the leftovers,' Lucius said, swirling his goblet of wine. 'We won't eat it- Harry's cravings change every hour.'

'Seriously?' Ron said, eyeing the still full second tray.

Lucius nodded and Harry said, 'Go ahead, we have plenty of food.'
Ron licked his lips, no doubt thinking about the next time he'd eat, and Hermione chuckled. 'Thank you Lucius, Harry,' she smiled.

They retired to the sitting room for dessert- chocolate cake and ice-cream- before it got late and Ron and Hermione had to leave. Harry hugged them both tightly and Lucius thanked them for watching Harry.

'You have to visit more often,' Harry said, 'and I'll come visit you at your place.'

'We'll make it a regular thing,' Hermione agreed. 'Oh, Harry; remember to talk to Lucius about the two Manors.'

'Oh, right,' Harry said. 'Thanks, 'Mione, I completely forgot.'

'The Manors?' Lucius queried.

'I'll tell you later, remind me before bed,' Harry said.

Hermione chuckled. 'Can't you remember anything?'

'Nope,' Harry grinned.

There were last minute goodbyes before Hermione and Ron- the read-head saddled down with food- disappeared through the floo.

{oOo}

Harry was exhausted and Lucius made him shower before tucking him into bed. Harry snuggled into Lucius and yawned widely, rubbing his tired eyes.

'Hermione and Ronald took care of you?' the blonde asked.

'Mm,' Harry nodded. 'It was good seeing them again.'

'I'm glad,' Lucius said, kissing him softly. 'Now, what about the two Manors?'

'Oh, right,' Harry said, shuffling back to look at his mate. 'Hermione asked when we were going back to Malfoy Manor and I realised we hadn't reallly discussed it.'

'You want to go back?' Lucius asked. 'I thought you wanted to live here.'

'I do, in the future,' Harry nodded, 'but I thought we'd wait until Draco and the twins were married and expecting before moving here; that's if you want to.'

'I'm still thinking about,' Lucius said, 'sorry, I know you want to-'

'No,' Harry cut him off, shaking his head, 'we'll decide together, Luce, you don't have to rush.'

Lucius smiled and gave him a kiss.

'What I was wondering was when are we heading back to Malfoy Manor. We came here to get married and that was almost two weeks ago, was there any specific time you wanted to head
'Hmm,' Lucius mused, 'how about we give it another few days? There's no hurry, the babies aren't due until mid July.'

'So... we'll head back on the 7th?' Harry asked. Lucius nodded and Harry leaned up to kiss him. 'M'kay, I was just wondering.'

Lucius smiled as they settled down, Harry quickly falling asleep in his husband's arms.
In True Malfoy Style

Chapter Notes

Author's Note: I've decided to update with two more chapters, because I always get so many amazing comments, and everyone's been so supportive of this story- my first Harry/Lucius story, remember, so I was really nervous about posting it.

Anywho, the next two chapters are the babies being born, so you'll finally find out what they are and get to meet them :)

Enjoy!

Lucius had a lot of work to do over the following days, so Harry mostly busied himself reading, watching TV, or sleeping. Sometimes he'd set himself on the sofa in the study, reading and munching on healthy snacks as Lucius wrote endless amounts of letters. Cola and Coca hooted in the corners and would sometimes swoop down to nibble on Harry's crusts, the teenager smiling and patting them.

Harry was sleeping a lot so Lucius got all his work done. Healer Marks had popped in to check on him and said if Harry was pregnant for the full seven months he should be due on the 27th of July. That meant that Harry would be cooped up in his and Lucius' room with the twins on his birthday, something that Harry didn't care about but that annoyed Lucius to no end. It was Harry's first birthday since getting together with Lucius and the blonde wanted to celebrate properly.

Sadly, there was nothing they could do unless the twins arrived early. And, as they were Malfoys, there was a good chance of that happening.

Lucius hadn't told Harry but Draco had been a full month early, which was common with pure-blood births (Lucius himself had been eight weeks pre-mature). Because of the inbreeding in pure-blood families, there were all kinds of complications with pregnancies and births. The Malfoys though had made a habit of marrying half-bloods; Lucius grandmother on his father's side had been a half-blood with a Muggle mother, and his great-grandparents had both had Muggle blood in them. Harry's mother had been a Muggle-born though so Lucius had known there wouldn't be any complications with his little mate's pregnancy.

When pregnant with Draco, Narcissa had had to take all kinds of potions and had been put on bedrest five months in. The Blacks were notorious for marrying within their immediate family; Sirius' parents had been first cousins and so had Narcissa's parents. Their grandparents had been half-siblings, so it wasn't surprising that the last generation of Blacks had been a little insane.

Lucius and Narcissa were third cousins or something, and the Potters hadn't married immediate family in generations, so the blood Harry and Lucius shared was so vague it didn't matter. Both were more related to the Weasleys than each other.

Lucius was brought out of his thoughts when Dobby appeared with a crack. The elf had been watching Harry, who had woken up for breakfast before promptly falling asleep again in the study.

'Lord Harry being awake, Lord Lucius,' Dobby said. 'And he said he's having back pain, but Dobby
isn't supposed to tell Lord Lucius that.'

Lucius chuckled and put away his work before standing and stretching. 'Thank you, Dobby. Did Harry say what he wanted for lunch?' Dobby shook his head and Lucius said, 'He was craving pasta at breakfast, how about some type of chicken pasta and garlic bread?'

Dobby nodded and popped away to get started on lunch while Lucius went to collect Harry. He found his little mate sitting against the headboard groaning and trying to rub his lower back. He stopped as soon as Lucius stepped into the room and smiled.

'Hello there,' Lucius said, crossing the room. He bent to kiss Harry softly. 'What's this I hear about back pain?'

'Bloody Dobby,' Harry grumbled.

Lucius chuckled. 'Don't blame Dobby, love. He's just worried about you.'

'I'm fine.' Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'Seriously, I'm fine,' Harry insisted.

'Oh, so you're back doesn't hurt?' Lucius asked. Harry bit his lip and the blonde said, 'Exactly.' He looked around before saying, 'Strip.'

'S'cuse me?' Harry blinked.

'You heard me,' Lucius said. 'Come on, strip.'

'Why?'

'Just get naked, Harry.'

'But my back hurts,' Harry groaned as Lucius helped him out of bed. 'I don't wanna have sex.'

Lucius smiled and said, 'Not sex, love.'

'Oh,' Harry blinked as he removed his shirt and kicked his boxers off. 'Then what?'

Lucius just smiled and disappeared into the bathroom. When he came back he dropped a plastic case of products onto the bedside table and grabbed his wand. Harry stood naked in the middle of their room wondering just what the hell his husband was doing while Lucius pointed his wand at the bed and began muttering spells that Harry didn't recognise. After a few minutes he placed his wand beside the plastic case and turned to Harry.

'Lay down on your stomach.'

'What?' Harry said. 'Um... Luce, I can't exactly do that.' He gestured at his swollen stomach and Lucius smiled.

'Do you trust me, little one?'

'Of course I do,' Harry said.

'Well then lay down on your stomach.'

'Lucius-'

'Stomach,' Lucius interrupted, pointing at the bed.
Harry groaned but did as asked. He waddled across to the bed and Lucius helped him sit. Again he needed Lucius' help and with some grunting and swearing, Harry found himself lying on his stomach. There seemed to be a hole in the mattress where his pregnant belly was and Harry realised he was quite comfortable. He wriggled a bit before resting on his forearms.

'How'd you do this?' Harry asked.

'A few simple charms,' Lucius said from his left.

'Hmm,' Harry hummed, 'and why exactly do I have to be lying on my stomach?'

'Because I said so.' Harry heard Lucius open the plastic case before the bed dipped. Lucius straddled his thighs and leaned back. 'I'm not hurting you?'

'Nope,' Harry said.

Lucius smiled and rummaged through the plastic case. He pulled out a few glass vials of massage oil Remus had given them for their wedding and placed them on the bedside table. He opened one and sniffed it before grimacing and putting it back. He opened a few before finding a nice lavender-scented one.

'Are you okay with lavender?' Lucius asked.

'For what?'

The blonde chuckled and said, 'You really don't realise what I'm doing?'

'Um... no,' Harry admitted. 'I'm still a bit sleepy, my brain isn't working.'

'Does it ever?'

'I'd hit you if I could move,' Harry grumbled.

'Sorry,' Lucius smiled. 'Well, my love, I'm giving you a full body massage.'

Harry blinked in surprise. 'You are?'

'Yes,' Lucius nodded, pouring a good amount of oil onto his hands. He warmed the bottle before dripping some onto the teenager's back, Harry wriggling beneath him. 'Your back hurts and I'm here to take the pain away and help you relax,' Lucius said. He put the bottle down and rubbed the oil between both palms before leaning down.

He started on Harry's shoulders, the teenager flinching before relaxing beneath his touch. Lucius heard a low moan as he squeezed Harry's shoulders, digging his thumbs and fingers into the soft flesh. He smiled and hummed softly as he worked, Harry moaning and groaning beneath him in pain and pleasure.

Lucius made sure to pay attention to the spots that were annoying Harry the most; his right shoulder, just below his left shoulder-blade, halfway down his spine and his lower back. His lower back seemed to be troubling him the most and Harry hissed loudly, biting his bottom lip as Lucius' fingers dug in to work out the knots.

'Fuck, that's nice,' Harry groaned, feeling pain lance up his spine. But it was a good kind of pain; it made his body relax even further and his mind began to shut down. Hell, even the babies were being quiet. 'Oh gods, Lucius, you're amazing.'
'I know,' Lucius smirked. Harry giggled but didn't say anything else, instead letting his eyes drift shut as his husband worked his magic.

After spending at least twenty minutes on Harry's lower back, Lucius moved back up. He kneyed Harry's biceps and forearms, even moving down to prod and rub each hand and finger. Harry groaned as each and every finger was squeezed, relieving tension he didn't even know he had.

Lucius worked back up and down, rubbing Harry's sides and hips. He shuffled further down the Gryffindor's legs and began squeezing his arse, Harry groaning louder than before. Lucius smirked and said, 'Enjoying yourself?'

'Nngh,' was Harry's moaned response, his hips shifting slightly as Lucius' fingers rubbed both cheeks.

Lucius moved to Harry's thighs next, paying attention to each one and massaging the muscles. He squeezed and stroked down to Harry's calves, bending his knees so he could massage each foot. Harry giggled a little when Lucius stroked the arches of his feet, Lucius smiling and squeezing each toe.

When he was done he wiped his hands clean and lifted himself off Harry, the younger wizard moaning.

'Where you goin'?' he grumbled.

'Nowhere,' Lucius chuckled. He knelt beside his husband and ran his fingers through Harry's hair, the green-eyed teen groaning and butting up into the touch. Lucius scratched his scalp thoroughly, Harry shivering and melting beneth his skilled fingers, before Lucius moved again. 'Time to roll over, love.'

'Nooo,' Harry moaned loudly. 'Stay here... forver.'

'I'm afraid you can't, little one,' Lucius said. 'I can move you myself if you want.'

'Mm, you do that,' Harry nodded.

Lucius smiled and grabbed his wand, being careful to roll Harry onto his back. He pointed his wand at the bed to get the mattress back to normal before making Harry shift to the middle of the bed. Harry yawned widely and blinked sleepily as Lucius climbed onto his lap.

'You said no sex,' he mumbled.

'This isn't sex,' Lucius tutted. 'Is everything about sex with you?'

'Maybe,' Harry said coyly.

They hadn't had sex in over a week; Harry had been too tired and Lucius had respected his husband's wishes, though he had touched himself maybe once or twice in the shower... okay, so most nights after Harry fell asleep Lucius had brought himself off. But it was better than tiring Harry out anymore than he already was.

Lucius leaned down to kiss him, Harry humming against his lips. 'This isn't about sex unless you want it to be,' Lucius said.

'Well maybe I want it to be,' Harry said.
'Let me finish massaging you and then you can decide, hmm?'

Harry nodded and settled back as Lucius poured more oil onto his hands. He rubbed them together before massaging Harry's chest, paying attention to his nipples and smirking when Harry moaned. He moved down and rubbed the teenager's pregnant stomach softly, Harry smiling up at him as Lucius' eyes raked over his belly. Harry might never believe it but Lucius still thought he was gorgeous.

When he moved down to re-do Harry's hips and thighs, he noticed the one part of his husband that wasn't relaxing. He smirked as Harry's cock twitched to life, the organ stiffening every time Lucius' fingers got closer.

Soon he was massaging Harry's testicles, the Gryffindor grinning at him, and Lucius couldn't help himself. He'd never meant for this to turn into sex- he'd just wanted his mate to relax and be pain free- but when life gives you lemons, you fuck your husband until he's in a sex coma.

'I asked you to relax, Mr Malfoy.'

'I am relaxed,' Harry mumbled.

'I beg to differ,' Lucius said. When Harry opened his eyes Lucius pointed at his hardening cock and the teenager raised an eyebrow. 'You're hard.'

'Well I can't see that, now can I?' Harry said, gesturing at his swollen stomach.

'Trust me, you're hard,' Lucius said. He leaned down and licked Harry from root to tip, the Gryffindor gasping.

'Okay, I believe you,' Harry said, wiggling his hips. 'What are you going to do about it?'

Lucius smiled and moved until he was sitting between Harry's legs. He grabbed a pillow and pushed it under his mate's lower back, lifting Harry's arse into the air and giving Lucius room to work. His fingers were already covered in oil so Lucius pushed one between his husband's cheeks, Harry moaning as the digit circled his entrance.

'I thought you were in too much pain for sex,' Lucius said.

'Things change,' Harry mumbled. 'Sex me up, Lucius.'

Lucius snorted. 'Your wish is my command, little one.'

'I command you to stick your finger in- oohh,' Harry cut himself off with a moan when Lucius' index finger breached him, the digit quickly swallowed by Harry's arse. Lucius quickly pulled out before going back in, biting back a groan when Harry's tight muscles pulled at his finger. 'Ah- y-yes, that's nice,' Harry nodded.

'Do you want another one?' Lucius asked.

'Gods, yes,' Harry groaned.

Lucius smiled and pushed his middle finger in too, scissoring his digits to work Harry open. He went slowly, not wanting to rush; he wanted Harry to be as relaxed as he could possibly be and quick, rough sex wasn't the way to do that.

So instead he took his time working his mate open, which wasn't helped by Harry begging to be
fucked and fucked hard.

Soon Lucius couldn't hold back his own need and hopped off the bed to get undressed. Harry grinned at him and the blonde said, 'Minx,' as he climbed between his mate's legs.

'Call me whatever you want,' Harry said, Lucius grabbing his legs, 'just fuck me.'

'You're lucky I'm always ready to go,' Lucius said. He grabbed his cock with one oil-slicked hand, Harry's hip with the other, and pushed in before his husband could respond.

Harry groaned as he was slowly filled and Lucius rolled his hips so the teenager could feel each and every inch of him. Harry smiled up at the blonde, face flushed red as his body tried to get used to the intrusion.

'Alright there, love?' Lucius asked.

'Mm,' Harry hummed. 'Just gonna miss this after the babies are born.'

Lucius groaned. 'Don't remind me,' he muttered. 'An entire month is far too long.'

'Well,' Harry grinned, 'we'll just have to shag as much as we can before July 27th.'

'With your sleeping schedule we'll shag maybe once every few days.'

Harry snickered. 'Well shag me in my sleep, just don't wake me up.'

Lucius tutted and leaned over Harry's pregnant belly to kiss his husband softly. Harry's lips were gentle against his own, his tongue licking broad strokes against Lucius' and making fresh arousal wash through the older wizard.

He pulled back and Harry shoved a pillow under his head, wriggling to get a bit more comfortable. 'M'kay, sex me up.'

'You're getting weirder and weirder,' Lucius said.

'Maybe it's the babies affecting my brain,' Harry said, pushing up a little. 'Come on, Lucius, fuck me already!'

'Such a filthy mouth,' Lucius said, drawing out until only the head of his cock was inside Harry. 'I think I can fix that.'

He thrust back in, Harry's muscles pulling deliciously at his cock, and the couple groaned together. Lucius fluffed the pillow beneath Harry's back before setting up a steady rhythm, Harry biting his bottom lip as he was filled over and over again.

Lucius leaned over Harry, resting on his fists, as he rocked his hips back and forth. Harry never lasted long these days and Lucius could see copious amounts of pre-come leaking from the Gryffindor's slit. He took pity on his mate and wrapped a hand around his cock, Harry gasping in surprise as his shaft was stroked from root to tip.

'O-Oh fuck, Lucius,' Harry moaned. 'I'm g-gonna... gonna... fuck!' He came before he could get the sentence out, thick jets of white liquid shooting across his rounded stomach and dripping down Lucius' fist.

His muscles immediately clamped down and Lucius gasped in surprise as an orgasm was torn from him, his cock shuddering inside husband and slicking his insides. They shook together, Lucius'
eyes squeezed shut and Harry blinking blearily at him. When Lucius pulled out and sat back, Harry stared at him.

'Heheh,' Harry giggled, 'I made you come.'

'Shit up,' Lucius scowled.

'There's nothing wrong with coming so soon,' Harry smiled. 'We haven't had sex in like a week so... you know...' he trailed off and shrugged, Lucius continuing to glare. 'Lucius, come on-

'We're having sex tonight, do you hear me?' Lucius cut in. 'We're gonna go and go and go until you come four times!'

Harry groaned. 'But I'm tired,' he whined.

'No buts, we're having hot, passionate, insane sex, got it?'

Harry snickered as Lucius jumped to his feet and quickly cleaned them up. 'You're insane.'

Lucius turned to face him. 'And yet you married me.'

'Mm, I'm insane too,' Harry smiled. Lucius helped him sit up and Harry kissed him quickly.

'Lucius, that felt really good, and clearly you thought so too.' Lucius blushed. 'It doesn't matter that you came so quickly, honestly.'

'It doesn't?'

Harry shook his head. 'I'm pregnant, I can't last long. We haven't had sex in a week, of course you weren't going to last as long as you normally do. Tonight you can fuck me as long and hard as you want to prove that you're my dominant.' He kissed his mate again and Lucius smiled.

{oOo}

Eventually Harry calmed Lucius down and they crawled into bed together to properly enjoy their post-coital glow (Lucius called it that and Harry giggled).

'Remember we're leaving before dinner,' Lucius said. Harry hummed. 'Have you got everything packed?' Harry hummed again. Lucius nudged him and the teenager swatted at his chest.

'No, go away.'

'Have you got everything packed, love?'

'Hnn...'

'That isn't an answer, Harry.'

Harry peeled one eye open. 'Why are you ruining the happy feelings?'

Lucius chuckled and asked, 'Happy feelings?'

'Mm, happy feelings,' Harry nodded.
'Did you know how odd you are after sex?'

'Well you ruin me,' Harry mumbled, burrowing into Lucius' neck. 'Now shut up, sleepy time.'

'You need to eat, Harry.'

'Shh, sleepy time,' Harry grumbled.

'Harry-

'Lucius,' Harry said, 'I'll eat later. Right now it's sleepy time, m'kay?'

Lucius realised his mate wasn't going to budge and sighed. 'Fine, I'll wake you at three, okay?'

'Hnn...'

Lucius chuckled.

{oOo}

True to his word, Lucius woke Harry. And, true to Harry's personality, the teenager grumbled and cursed as he waddled about the ground floor. He was looking for one of his veela books and he was sure he'd left it in the family sitting room but it wasn't there. Lucius had decided to shower after their massage/sex romp and left Harry to search for his book alone.

He finally found it in the study, Lucius having been using it as a paper weight.

'Bloody blonde bastard,' Harry grumbled. Of course it wasn't Lucius' fault, but Harry was inclined to blame him. 'Thinks he can take my book... makes me look for it... though he did sex me up.'

Harry smiled at the memory as he reached the main staircase-

- and stumbled as gut-wrenching pain sliced through his abdomen.

He gasped and dropped his book, hands clutched to his swollen stomach. More pain gravitated down to his groin and he groaned, shaking as sweat broke out on his forehead.

There was another jolt, a burning, stinging sensation working through his crotch, before it stopped.

Harry breathed heavily, blinking rapidly and shaking. He felt something warm and wet pass over his skin and when he reached down to touch his crotch, he found that his baggy trousers were completely soaked through.

'Oh gods,' he said. 'N-Not now.'

He felt around, touching himself with hard fingers, and found-

'Oh gods,' he choked again. His manhood was gone, replaced by a smooth area that was so foreign to Harry it made him want to cry. 'Oh gods, oh god- ah!' 

It was like someone had grabbed Harry's stomach and squeezed, like a really bad cramp when you have to go to the bathroom but about fifty times worse. Harry realised it was a contraction and
stood leaning against the wall heavily as the pain shot through him, making his stomach squeeze and his legs shake.

'L-Lucius!' he shouted when the pain had stopped, voice a choked sob. There was no answer and he tried again, 'Lucius! L... LUCIUS!

Still no answer and Harry felt tears prickle in his eyes. He couldn't do this alone, he needed his mate!

Before Harry could call again, twin cracks rang out in the foyer. Harry blinked to see Dobby and Griffy, the two elves grabbing an arm each.

'Dob-

Harry was cut off when the elves apparated him, the three landing on Harry's and Lucius' bed. Griffy jumped down and ran while Dobby waved his hand, changing the sheets and Harry's clothes in the process; his baggy trousers disappeared and his shirt turned into a long cotton gown.

Harry was breathing heavily, trying to remember what Marks and the books had told him as Dobby arranged pillows behind his back. 

'I n-need L-Lucius,' Harry choked out through the pain.

'Griffy goes to get Healer Marks, Lord Harry. Dobby get Lord Lucius,' Dobby said before disappearing with a crack.

Harry groaned as fresh pain lanced through him, making him lean forward and clutch his stomach. He tried to keep his breathing even; through the nose, out the mouth, through the nose, out the-

'OWE!' he shouted.

Lucius ran into the room wearing a pair of boxers and nothing else, hair dripping wet and skin glistening. The water dripped away to leave him dry as he reached Harry.

'Dobby said you've gone into labour,' Lucius said.

'No, I'm just sitting here screaming in pain for no goddamn reason!' Harry shouted. He winced and clutched his stomach as Lucius sat on the bed beside him. Strong hands rubbed his back and Harry felt warmth spread through him from his mate's touch.

'Breathe, Harry, just breathe,' Lucius said softly.

Harry groaned but managed to breathe through the pain. He smiled weakly as the contraction passed, leaving him gasping and shaking slightly. 'I'm sorry.'

'Whatever for?' Lucius asked.

'I didn't mean to yell at you, it's not your fault,' Harry said. 'It just hurts and I was so scared-

'Harry, it's fine, I'm here now,' Lucius said. He brushed Harry's fringe back and kissed his cheek. 'You'll be fine, okay?'

'Promise?' Harry said weakly.

'I promise,' Lucius said, kissing his sweaty cheek again. 'Just think about the two little babies we'll have when this is all over, okay?'
Harry smiled as Lucius rubbed his stomach.

The door opened and Healer Marks walked in with Madam Pomfrey. Dobby and Griffy stood side-by-side staring at Harry with nervous excitement.

'Well, seems the little Malfoys want to arrive early,' Marks said.

'Of course they bloody do,' Harry grunted, 'they're freakin' Malfoys! They can't do anything by anyone else's standards, oh no! They have to arrive twenty days bloody early 'cause that's the Malfoy fucking style!'

Lucius couldn't help but smile as Marks set potions and equipment aside. Madam Pomfrey got busy setting up a table covered in blankets and other things Harry would need to clean the twins. Marks waved his hand and the bed shrank so he could stand between Harry's legs.

'Okay, let's see what we have,' Marks said.

Lucius growled at Poppy, who backed into the corner to avoid getting her head ripped off. Marks made Harry sit with his legs spread and a quick flick of his wand had the teenager stuck in place. Harry leaned heavily against the pillows as Marks hiked his cotton gown up and looked.

Lucius was sitting beside his mate, a possessive arm around his shoulders, eyes glaring at Marks.

'S'okay, Luce,' Harry said.

Lucius just grunted and watched as Marks prodded and poked his husband.

'Okay, Harry, it looks like you're in for a long labour,' Marks announced.

'What?' Harry gaped.

'Your body is taking it's time getting prepared, which happens a lot with first-time babies,' Marks said. 'You should give birth to both around one, two in the morning.'

'Oh gods,' Harry groaned. 'What's the time?'

'Just after three,' Lucius answered.

'Fucking- ah!' Another contraction had hit and he gripped Lucius' hand tightly. Lucius whimpered, his Harry Band jumping back and forth. He could feel only a small part of the pain Harry was in, the teenager's veela blocking the rest of it out.

'Why is he in so much pain?' Lucius demanded, Harry squeezing his fingers. 'Narcissa said her contractions got worse the closer she got to giving birth.'

'Harry's a man, his body isn't naturally built for childbirth,' Marks explained. 'His magic is being used to create the womb, the channel, and the contractions, so of course it hurts more; magic is doing all the work in place of a woman's natural body. Women experience similar pains when they menstruate, so their body is equipped for contractions. Harry is a man, his body isn't prepared for what's happening to him.'

'Oh,' Lucius blinked.

'ARGH!' Harry shouted.

'Lucius, you have to leave before your veela comes out,' Marks said.
'No,' Lucius said.

'Lucius,' Marks sighed, 'we need to get Harry through this and we can't do that safely if you're in the room trying to kill us. So please, leave.'

Lucius growled but Harry cut him off with a sloppy kiss. 'Lucius, think about our kit,' he said.

'But I want to be here for you,' Lucius said.

'I know,' Harry smiled. 'I want you here too but you can't be.'

A whine erupted from Lucius' throat and he buried his face in Harry's neck, breathing in deeply. He could smell the change; Harry's scent was being overridden by two new ones, but Lucius couldn't pinpoint what they smelt like exactly.

All he knew was that Harry's smell was changing and it filled him with both dread and joy; his veela could sense the change, knew that his mate was about to give birth, and it wanted to be there to both protect and see the new lives.

'Lucius, you have to go,' Marks said sternly as Harry groaned.

Lucius was torn until Harry nodded at him and said, 'Go.'

Lucius kissed his mate passionately, illiciting a soft moan of pleasure from Harry until they broke apart. Lucius rubbed his fingers through Harry's hair before standing and leaving, backing out of the room, his last image of Harry sitting on the bed between Acton Marks and Poppy Pomfrey.

{oOo}

The door slammed shut behind him and Lucius felt the magical wards go up, keeping him and him only away from his mate.

Lucius whimpered and rubbed his face, his Harry Band pulsing and tugging in his chest. It made him feel anxious and nervous, excited and scared. He wanted nothing more than to be by Harry's side but knew he couldn't until his first twin was about to be born.

Lucius was pulled from his thoughts by a crack and he turned to see Dobby and Griffy. Dobby handed Lucius a packet of cigarettes and a lighter, Lucius smiling at him thankfully.

'I have a job for you both,' Lucius said as he lit a cigarette.

Dobby and Griffy nodded vigorously but remained silent, waiting to hear Lucius' orders.

'Gruffy, go inform Draco, Fred and George that Harry's in labour,' Lucius said. 'Dobby, I want you to tell Sirius Black, Remus Lupin and Severus Snape; they should be somewhere at Hogwarts or Grimmauld Place.'

The two elves nodded and disapparated together, leaving Lucius in the empty corridor. The blonde sighed and trekked back to the main bathroom where he'd left his wand and clothes, knowing he'd need to be dressed when the others arrived.
Draco yawned and reclined on the sofa. He was in the smaller sitting room at Malfoy Manor watching a DVD. He'd stayed up late looking into what potions ingredients he could stock if he opened his own apothecary, as well as where to buy them, how long he could keep them on shelves, etc.

Fred and George had been working hard making sure the Hogsmeade branch of their shop was working well, and Sirius Black had been helping out a lot between taking care of Teddy and working at Hogwarts with Remus.

Thankfully the school year was over and all the students had been sent home; some of the professors were doing last minute things in their classrooms or something, Draco really hadn't paid attention when Severus had told him.

He'd just got comfortable after changing the DVD when there was a loud crack and he suddenly found himself with a lapful of house elf.

'What the hell?' he shouted as Griffy jumped up and down on him. 'What are you doing?'

'Informings you that Lord Harry be in labours, Master Draco,' the elf squeaked.

Draco jolted off the sofa and Griffy almost went flying, but the Malfoy heir caught his wrist and gently lowered him to the floor. 'What do you mean, Harry's gone into labour?'

Griffy blinked up at him with large amber eyes. 'Erm... I be meanings that Lord Harry be in labours. Lord Lucius tellings me to tells you and Masters Weasley that Lord Harry be in labours.'

'Oh... oh wow, Harry's having the babies?' Draco spluttered, Griffy nodding. 'Okay, okay... okay,' Draco said, 'Erm... you go back to my dad and I'll tell Fred and George, alright?'

'But I bes ordered to-

'My dad needs you,' Draco said, wondering just how much his father was panicking at this moment. 'I'll tell Fred and George, okay?'

Griffy wrang his little hands before nodding and disappearing with a crack. Draco quickly flicked the DVD and TV off before racing through the house, pulling on his shoes, hunting for a jacket, and generally trying to remember how to function.

'Merlin, I'm gonna be a brother!' Draco shouted to the empty house before flooing to Wheezes'.

'I got rid of that portrait on the fourth floor,' Remus said, reading off a list of parchment he had, 'and I finally managed to unstick all the posters those sixth-year Ravenclaws put up in the Charms room.'

'Oh thank Merlin,' Professor Flitwick breathed. 'I was getting tired of those Muggle women staring at me every day.'
The other teachers chuckled before Dumbledore stood. 'Okay, so that seems to be everything,' the headmaster smiled. 'Good job, everyone. I hope you have a happy holidays and I'll see you all August 28.'

His sentence was drowned out by a loud crack and Remus yelped as a house elf latched onto his back. He spun trying to see who it was, but the elf wasn't budging.

'Dobby?' Dumbledore blinked in confusion.

'Professor Dumbledore, sir,' Dobby beamed.

'Dobby?' Remus said. 'What are you doing, please get off me!'

Dobby hopped off him and onto the table, pulling at his black silk pillowcase and shuffling about in his odd socks.

'What are you doing here?' Dumbledore asked, the other professors all staring at the elf.

'Lord Lucius orders Dobby to tell you, Remus Lupin,' Dobby said, green eyes wide. 'Lord Harry be going into labour!'

'Harry's having the babies?' Remus said. When Dobby nodded, Remus immediately grabbed his robe and said, 'I've gotta go find Sirius.'

'Dobby has to tell him and Mr Severus Snape too, sir!' Dobby squeaked.

'Um... Severus is in Diagon Alley, at the apothecary,' Remus told him. 'I'll get Sirius, he's at home with Teddy.'

'Thank you, Mr Lupin, sir,' Dobby beamed. 'Dobby better be getting to Mr Snape.'

He bowed quickly before disapparating with a crack, leaving all the professors to stare at Remus.

'Well go!' Minerva said, pointing at the door.

'Right,' Remus said and hurried from the room.

{oOo}

Fred was re-stocking the shelves and George talking to customers when the fireplace in their office flared. They both turned to see Draco stumbling through the store, cursing as his jacket caught on a rack and overturned a display of love potions. The assistant manager, Dela, quickly pointed her wand and saved Draco from being hit with over a dozen potions while the blonde continued to stumble.

'Draco, what's wrong?' George asked.

'Babies,' Draco panted. 'Harry... Griffy... labour... BABIES!'

George raised an eyebrow and Fred said, 'Erm... is Harry having the babies?'

'YES!' Draco shouted as he leaned against the counter panting.
'Oh,' George said before freezing. 'Harry's gone into labour?'

'We have to go!' Fred shouted.

'Move, move, move!' George started ranting, him and his twin grabbing their cloaks and rushing through the store.

'Dela, can you watch the store?' Fred asked as he grabbed Draco.

The witch nodded and wished them luck as the three disappeared into the back room and fought over the floo pot.

{oOo}

'Dobby needs Mr Snape!'

Severus turned at the shrill voice, head cocked as he tried to figure out why it was familiar. He was standing in the back of the apothecary looking for wormwood; Sirius had knocked over his last batch and made it worthless.

If I didn't like sex so much I'd hold out, Severus mused for the fifteenth time as he pushed jars of various ingredients aside.

'DOBBY IS NEEDING MR SNAPE, SIR!'

Severus turned again and a deeper voice said, 'I don't care who you be needing, elf!'

The elf started shouting back and Severus quickly made his way through the store, exiting the aisle to see Dobby the house elf bouncing around on the counter and avoiding an enraged shop-keep who was trying to whack him.

'Dobby?' Severus said as he approached. The elf immediately stopped and turned to him, green eyes full of relief.

'Mr Snape, sir, Dobby be looking for you.'

'So I heard,' Severus drawled. He glared at the shop-keep, who wilted under his stare. 'What's wrong, Dobby?'

'Lord Harry be in labour, sir,' Dobby announced.

'Harry Potter?' the cashier demanded.

'Harry Potter's in labour?' someone behind Severus gasped.

Dobby scowled at them and Severus glared too. He grabbed Dobby and hauled him from the store, not letting go until they were a few feet away.

'Don't go shouting that in public places!' the potions masters hissed.

'Dobby apologises, Mr Snape,' Dobby said, ears flapping as he started bouncing up and down again. 'But Lord Lucius be telling Dobby to tell you and Remus Lupin and Sirius Black and-'
'I get it,' Severus cut in. 'Are they still at Potter Manor?' Dobby nodded and Severus said, 'I'll be there as soon as possible.'

'Thank you, Mr Snape,' Dobby beamed before disappearing with a crack.

{oOo}

'SIRIUS!'

Sirius turned as he heard his boyfriend's voice bellow through the house, closely followed by the front door slamming shut.

'I'm glad I got that painting taken down,' Sirius told Teddy.

'Painting!' Teddy shouted and reached for another piece of chocolate.

'No, that's chocolate,' Sirius said.

'Chocwat!' Teddy giggled at the same time Remus screamed, 'SIRIUS!'

'In here!' Sirius called. Remus came tearing into the kitchen and Sirius said, 'What's wrong?'

'Harry's gone into labour,' Remus gasped out.

'What?'

'Dobby just told me,' Remus said.

'Fuck!'

'Language!' Remus chastised as he crossed to the table.

He kissed Teddy on the forehead, who gurgled, 'Dada, Dada!'

Remus kissed Sirius on the lips, the Black patriarch staring at him. 'Are you serious?' he asked.

'Very,' Remus nodded. 'Come on, we gotta go.'

'O-Okay... ern, what about Teddy?'

'Teddy!' Teddy mumbled through a mouthful of chocolate.

'I'll take him to Andy's,' Remus said. 'I can stop by Ron and Hermione's and tell them, Harry will want them there after the babies are born.'

'Okay, okay... okay...' Sirius said.

'Okay!' Teddy giggled, large amber eyes flicking between his dad and Uncle Padfoot.

Remus smiled and pulled Sirius up before throwing his cloak at him. 'You floo to Potter Manor while I firecall Andy, okay?'

'Okay,' Teddy mumbled again, nodding very seriously.
'Right,' Sirius nodded and stumbled towards the fireplace. 'Bloody hell, I'm gonna be a grandpa!' Remus grinned and Teddy shouted, 'Gwandpa!'
The Malfoy Twins

Chapter Notes

Author's Note: I know nothing about childbirth, other than what I researched via the internet for this chapter. Please note I'm taking liberties as Harry is a man and a veela, so anything that's unbelievable can be explained by those two points.

Anyway, enjoy!

{Dreamer}

Draco, Fred, George, Sirius and Severus all arrived at the same time.

'Woah,' Fred exclaimed when he saw the foyer. 'I still can't believe that Harry owns this place.'

'It's amazing,' George agreed, looking around. 'You reckon Harry would mind if we did some exploring?'

'Go sight-seeing later,' Severus said as Dobby and Griffy appeared. 'Where's Lucius?' he asked the elves.

'Upstairs, I shows you,' Griffy said.

Dobby popped ahead and the others all followed Griffy up the staircase, looking at the black wood, the plush rugs, the priceless paintings that hung from the walls.

'Merlin, this place is...' Draco trailed off as they reached the landing. They hadn't really looked properly when they'd been at Potter Manor for Harry's and Lucius' wedding; they'd mostly stayed on the first floor.

Griffy turned right and they walked quickly, passing sturdy-looking wooden doors and yet more paintings. Finally they took a left and spotted Lucius.

He was standing before a deep green sofa made of the finest material, cigarette smoke curling above his head, an open packet and lighter bulging from his trouser pocket. He was talking with Dobby but looked up when he heard the others.

'Make sure we have everything,' Lucius finished and Dobby nodded.

Griffy joined him and the two disappeared with twins cracks.

'Father, how's Harry?' Draco asked.

Lucius sighed and rubbed his eyes. 'No idea,' he said. 'He was in pain when I was kicked out.'

'I'm sure he's fine,' Severus said.

'He'd better be,' Sirius growled.

Lucius dropped his burnt-out cigarette in the glass ashtray sitting on the sofa arm. His long fingers
took a fresh cigarette and he used the lighter, a flame flickering briefly and the tip of the stick glowing red.

'Father, how many have you had?' Draco asked.

Lucius shrugged and drew back on the cigarette, inhaling deeply before blowing smoke above his head.

'You'll make yourself sick,' Severus said and sat down, stretching his long legs before him.

'I don't care,' Lucius grumbled, staring at the closed door. Not a sound could be heard and Lucius had no idea what was going on.

'How about we go get some snacks?' Sirius said to Draco.

Draco nodded and Fred said, 'We'll get some books, maybe a chess board.'

They all knew that Lucius wouldn't be moving from his spot; he'd stand there for days if he had to, just waiting for Harry to call him. They couldn't leave him alone like that.

'I'll go wait for Remus and the others,' George said.

'Oh goodie, leave me with the veela,' Severus sighed.

The others smirked and headed off to search the house, hoping they didn't get lost. Lucius leaned against the wall beside the sofa and smoked, staring at the door, while Severus watched him.

'He'll be fine,' the potions master said.

Lucius just grunted.

{oOo}

By the time Remus, Hermione, and Ron arrived, Lucius was pacing nervously. It had been three hours and there was no word from Harry. Granted, Marks had said he probably wouldn't actually give birth until one or two am, but still Lucius panicked.

Hermione tried to soothe him and soon gave up when Lucius growled at her. Fred and George were playing exploding snap, Severus and Remus chess, and Sirius had gone hunting for a bathroom. Draco was sitting nervously drinking copious amounts of tea, the blonde already on his fifth cup.

Lucius reached for another cigarette and found he'd smoke a good portion of the packet. He snapped for Dobby, who appeared with a carton as well as food. Lucius grabbed the cigarettes and left the sandwiches and crisps to be eaten by his guests.

{oOo}

Harry was having a much harder time. He hated Lucius, he hated what the man had done to him,
and he was never having sex again.

The pain was unbelievable but somehow Harry lived through it. Each time a contraction stopped he slumped against the pillows, body heaving and sweat trickling down his forehead.

Poppy was soothing him with cold face clothes and pain-reducing potions, but Harry wasn't allowed too many. Wizards and veela alike both believed in natural childbirth as a part of nature and the bonding experience between mother and child.

Harry wanted to murder whoever had come up with that stupid rule.

Marks flittered between checking on the twins, Harry's heart-rate and temperature, and talking the teenager through the pain. He used his fingers to check how many centimetres Harry was dilated, the Gryffindor jumping and fidgeting every time he did.

By midnight Harry was showing progress and Marks said, 'Shouldn't be long now, Harry.'

Harry groaned.

{oOo}

'WHERE THE FUCK IS LUCIUS?' Harry screamed as fresh pain sliced through him.

'He can't be in here, you know that,' Marks said for the twentieth time. Harry had finally dilated enough to allow the babies to pass through and Marks was getting him ready to push.

'I'LL KILL HIM!' the teenager roared. 'FUCKING ARSEHOLE, IF HE EVER COMES NEAR ME NAKED AGA- OWE!'

Harry whimpered and moaned as another contraction hit, making his already tired body ache.

{oOo}

The shouting had started an hour ago and Lucius cursed. He pulled at his hair as he paced up and down the corridor, listening to Harry's shouts of pain. His Harry Band was tugging back and forth, the occasional burst of agony slipping through, but mostly the teenager's veela was keeping it away.

'I should be in there,' Lucius growled, lighting another cigarette.

'You can't be,' Severus said for the fiftieth time.

'You have to stay out here until the right moment,' Draco added.

Lucius glared at them and went back to pacing and smoking. He winced when Harry screamed, 'I'M GONNA CUT HIS COCK OFF!'

Severus chuckled as the blonde puffed on his cigarette. 'Maybe next time you'll think before
'Shut up,' Lucius grunted.

{oOo}

'Where's Lucius? I need him,' Harry cried.

'Harry, you need to push,' Marks said.

'I can't, I need Lucius,' the teenager whimpered. 'Please, I need him, I can't do this alone.'

'You're not alone,' Marks said, staying between Harry's legs. 'We're here, Lucius will be here soon, you just have to push.'

'I want-'

'Push, Harry,' Marks said sternly.

Harry whimpered and held himself up on his elbows as he pushed again. His body was definitely splitting in two and the pain was unbelievable. The Cruciatus had nothing on childbirth and Harry was going to kill whoever had talked him into having sex with Lucius.

What felt like months later Marks said the baby was crowning and Harry had to push again. When he opened his eyes it was to see Marks and Madam Pomfrey hurrying to the door.

'Where are you going?!' he shouted.

Marks waved his wand and the door burst open, Lucius snarling as he came bounding in. He ran right to Harry and the door slammed shut as Lucius reached his mate.

'L-Lucius,' Harry whimpered, reaching for his husband.

Lucius took his hand before standing between Harry's legs. 'Push, love.'

'I c-can't.'

'You have to, our little ones want to be born,' Lucius said, squeezing Harry's hand. 'Come on, love, you can do this. You're strong.'

Harry moaned but did as asked, pushing and screaming. He felt something pass through his legs and the agonising pressure was gone, replaced with a hollow feeling that made his legs shake. Lucius' hand was gone and Harry clawed at the bed, head tipped back, sweat trickling down his face.

When Lucius re-appeared he had a baby in his arms and Harry's eyes widened as their first child was placed on the cloth-covered table to his left.

'W-What is it?' Harry asked.

Lucius turned to him with a giant grin on his face. 'We have a little girl.'
Harry's heart skipped a beat and he swallowed thickly. 'A... A girl?'

Lucius nodded and before Harry could speak again, he was hit with another wave of pain.

'You have to push again,' Lucius said.

'No,' Harry moaned, 'I already did!'

'Harry-

'It hurts,' the Gryffindor whimpered, breathing heavily as his body trembled.

'I know, love,' Lucius said, stroking the teenager's legs soothingly. 'But our second little one needs to meet his or her sister.'

Harry groaned and leaned heavily on his elbows, the pillows behind him shifting. He started to push again when Lucius coaxed him to, panting and cussing, gripping the sheets tightly. It was worse then before because he was already tired and his body was a giant lump of hurt. Harry could feel his veela sweeping through him, making his instincts kick in.

And when their daughter cried out, little fingers curled into fists, Harry gave an almighty push and their second baby was born.

The baby slid right into Lucius' arms and veela magic crackled through the air. Everything that the healers usually did was taken care of by veela magic and soon Lucius had placed the second baby on the table.

Harry was sore and tired and in desperate need of a shower, maybe some food and sleep, and he'd definitely be checking into getting a new body. He laid back on the bed groaning, but tilted his head to look at Lucius.

They'd both been told that Lucius or Harry would have to check to make sure the babies were breathing okay on their own, and they'd decided that Lucius would be the one to check. Harry would go into protective-veela mode as soon as he touched his kit, so for now Lucius was safe to examine them. They'd need more thorough exams when Marks came in.

So Harry sat trying to get his breathing under control and blink through the pain he'd gone through, as well as the various potions Marks and Poppy had let him drink.

After about ten minutes, Lucius put his wand down and said, 'They're okay, Harry.'

Harry struggled to sit up and Lucius was at his side in an instant, keeping an eye on the twins even while he pushed Harry down.

'What?' Harry said.

'I need to clean up first,' Lucius said, looking pointedly between Harry's legs, which were still magiced apart.

Harry smiled as his mate grabbed his wand and started muttering strong cleansing spells, as well as transfiguring the bed back to its original size. Harry just watched their twins.

'Sorry,' Harry said as Lucius pulled him to his feet.

'It's okay, Harry,' Lucius smiled.
He helped Harry shuffle over to the table and immediately stepped back, eyes darting between Harry and the twins, as the younger wizard leaned against the table.

The babies were red, and covered in goo, and really looked like little wrinkly things, but to Harry they were the most beautiful little creatures in the world. He reached out to touch them and the goo and blood was magiced away, twin blankets wrapping around them.

They cried together and a grin tugged across Harry's tired face. He placed his left hand on their eldest twin, his right on the youngest, and smiled when the green blankets changed colour; pink for the girl, and-

'A boy?' Harry whispered.

Lucius nodded behind him. 'A girl and a boy.'

'We have both,' Harry breathed. The twins didn't look much like either of them at the moment and Harry's eyes widened in surprise when he saw that both had dark hair the colour of rust.

Harry struggled to pick them both up and Lucius tried to help, only for Harry to snarl at him. Lucius whimpered but moved back, arms folded as he watched his mate handle their young.

Harry got them both into his arms and shuffled to the bed, Lucius following quickly. Harry stood staring at their twins as Lucius stripped the bed and magiced the mattress clean. He laid down fresh sheets and pillows, the duvet bunched at the end of the bed.

Somehow Harry managed to climb onto the bed and let Lucius draw the blankets up. Harry settled back with their twins and grinned down at them as they shuffled about, opening their mouths to cry, beating their little fists against their blankets.

They opened their eyes at the same time and Harry frowned slightly. Their eyes were a light blue colour, something neither Harry nor Lucius had.

'Remember their eye colour can change,' Lucius whispered softly, standing back.

'Oh,' Harry mumbled. How had had forgotten that? A lot of babies were born with blue eyes and often the colour changed anywhere between a few hours and five years.

'Draco was born with blue eyes,' Lucius said, 'but they changed to grey within a few hours of his birth.'

Harry decided it didn't matter what eye-colour they had, as long as they were happy and healthy. He'd just wait and see.

'Hi there,' he whispered when the twins both looked at him. Harry's voice was tired and hoarse from screaming but he managed to say, 'I'm your mummy.'

The twins gurgled and blinked up at him, Harry biting his lip.

'Lucius, they're beautiful,' he whispered.

Lucius smiled and the teenager glanced at him before looking back at the twins.

'Wanna meet your papa? He loves you so much.'

'Can I?' Lucius asked.
Harry nodded and Lucius carefully made his way over, pausing every few steps to make sure Harry wasn't going to snarl at him again. Lucius eased himself onto the bed and Harry beamed at him as the man leaned over to look down at their children.

'Harry, they're gorgeous,' Lucius said, a silly grin spreading across his face. 'But can I ask why they have red hair?'

Their hair was darker than the Weasleys' flaming red, more like black or dark brown with a red tinge, and Harry snorted. 'It's more of an auburn colour... do you think I cheated on you?'

Lucius frowned. 'No... but as I have blonde hair and you have black, I fail to see why our twins-'

'My mother was a red-head, remember?' Harry butted in.

'Oh,' Lucius said.

Harry giggled. 'Forget that, did you?'

'Maybe.'

Harry smiled and looked down at their twins. 'It's kind of like a mix between my mum's hair and mine.'

Lucius wrapped an arm around Harry and the Gryffindor leaned into him heavily, yawning and trying to blink his exhaustion back.

'You need to rest,' Lucius said.

'Mm, later,' Harry said, not taking his eyes of their kit. 'I wanna just... I've waited so long to meet them. Just a little longer?'

'If that's what you want,' Lucius said, pressing a kiss to his sweaty cheek. Harry turned to kiss his lips, but pulled back almost immediately, nose wrinkling. 'What?' Lucius asked.

'How many cigarettes did you have?'

Lucius blushed and said, 'Um... I didn't really keep count.'

Harry shook his head and looked back at the twins. 'Your papa's silly.'

Lucius chuckled and brushed Harry's hair back. They both got comfortable, eyes never leaving their new babies.

{oOo}

About twenty or thirty minutes after Harry gave birth, both twins began to open and close their mouths a little. 'I think they're hungry,' Harry murmured.

'I'll call Dobby, he has everything prepared,' Lucius said.

Harry nodded and Lucius clicked his fingers. Suddenly Dobby was standing on the end of the bed, two little bottles filled with formula in his hands.
'Master Harry,' Dobby grinned, looking at the babies. 'Dobby is glad the little ones are here now.'

'Yeah, I am too,' Harry said as Lucius took the bottles. Harry shifted against the headboard and frowned when he realised he couldn't feed them both at once. 'Um...' he mumbled.

'Harry, I won't hurt them, you can trust me,' Lucius said.

Of course Harry knew he could trust Lucius; he was their father, after all. But his veela was having a hard time letting go and it was a few more minutes before Harry forced himself to hand their son over.

Lucius took the baby in his arms and sat as close to Harry as he could while Dobby watched from the end of the bed.

'Are you needing anything else, Masters?' Dobby asked.

'Could you bring up the two plastic tubs we brought filled with warm water?' Lucius asked. 'They need a proper bath. Also, put something dry aside for Harry to eat.'

Dobby nodded and disappeared, again silently, and Harry took the pink-topped bottle from where Lucius had placed it on the bed. He held their daughter like Lucius had taught him and brought the bottle to her little lips, Lucius doing the same with their youngest.

She immediately latched onto the teat and started sucking back, the formula sloshing about as Harry got comfortable. Harry knew that the formula had all kinds of things in it to make his babies strong, as well as various ingredients to stop accidental magic.

Apparently babies born to veela mates had access to their veela magic before their normal magic, meaning that his kids could be magicing things around the room a few days after their birth (there was a good chance they would, what with them magicing stuff around when they were still in Harry's womb). The formula helped keep that under control, and Harry and Lucius would have to keep an eye on the twins to make sure they didn't hurt themselves.

Their little girl was having no problems eating, but their son was another matter. He was pulling away from the bottle before opening his mouth to try and drink, and seemed to be getting frustrated at his lack of formula. Lucius was patient, having been through all of this with Draco, and just sat waiting for their youngest twin to get the hang of feeding.

Soon their eldest had pulled away and Harry put the bottle down, looking at Lucius as he did. Their son finally latched onto the teat and started drinking like his sister, Harry smiling and Lucius grinning foolishly too.

'Merlin, they're so adorable,' Harry said. 'How can anything be as cute as they are?'

'All parents say that,' Lucius hummed.

'Well it's true,' Harry said, Lucius chuckling.

When their son stopped feeding Lucius put the bottle aside and rocked him gently, the baby staring up at him with large eyes.

'They are beautiful,' he commented, Harry smiling at him as he looked at their daughter.
Dobby brought a big wooden table with him and set it up, covering it with a white cloth, as Griffy placed the two plastic tubs, one green, the other grey, on it.

Harry and Lucius stood with a twin each and carried them to the table.

'Now, we have to wash up first,' Lucius said, gently placing their son on the table and casting a charm to keep him in place. Harry did the same as Lucius continued, 'Wash your hands thoroughly and I'll have Dobby change the water.'

Harry copied Lucius and the older wizard had Dobby change the water in the two tubs as he and Harry dried their hands.

'Do you feel confident doing this on your own?' Lucius asked. 'Or do you want to watch me, or have me help?'

'Um...' Harry mumbled. 'How about you wash our boy first and then you can help me?'

Lucius nodded and Harry put their daughter in her bassinet, pulling it close, as Lucius turned back to the plastic tub before him. He put his hand in the water to warm it up to a safe temperature before grabbing the supplies he'd need; a soft washcloth, two clean towels, a clean nappy and a fresh onesie for their son to wear.

Lucius undressed the baby confidently until he was just wearing his nappy. He then wrapped him in the small towel, keeping his head and chest exposed. Lucius lifted the baby gently and placed him in the bath, not seeming to care when water began to soak through the towel.

He dipped the washcloth into the water and Harry watched as he gently wiped at their son's ears, face, neck, and his eyes, taking care to clean every inch of skin gently and thoroughly. When he was done he lowered the baby a little closer to the water and washed his messy mop of auburn hair, the little one wriggling about at the odd sensations.

When Lucius was done he gently pulled the baby from the tub and laid him back down, pulling the towel clear. Harry glanced at the little stump where the umbilical chord had been.

Lucius noticed and said, 'It's okay to get wet, water won't affect how fast it heals.'

'It falls off after about four days, right?' Harry asked.

'Between four and seven days,' Lucius said, 'afterwards it'll take between seven and ten to heal completely.' Harry nodded. 'Now,' Lucius continued, 'you want to check and see if there's a mess in the nappy. If there isn't just wash the baby in the tub, if there is you have to clean the area before putting them in the tub, okay?'

'Yeah,' Harry nodded, listening carefully.

'You have to be very gentle,' Lucius said as he pulled down the baby's nappy. 'See, he's dry, so we can put him in the tub.' He picked their son up and gently placed him in the water, making sure he had a firm hold of the baby's head. 'Make sure the water covers their shoulders, babies get cold very easily,' Lucius explained. 'There are potions you can add to the water if they have dry skin, but I'll teach you how to make those when we come to it, they're easy.'
'Now, you use a mild moisturising soap,' Lucius said, picking up the small bottle and squirting a tiny amount onto the wet washcloth he'd been using. 'Gently wash the baby from front to back, especially with girls,' Lucius said. 'Baby poo has a lot of bacteria that can cause infections if you don't wash them properly.'

Harry remembered the books saying that but Lucius reminding him was helping. He watched as the blonde gently and slowly washed their son, who seemed to be wondering just what the hell was going on. Harry smiled at the confused look their son was sporting as Lucius finished washing him.

'Then you just thoroughly rinse them,' Lucius said, doing just that. After he was done he placed his left hand under the baby's neck, the other under his bottom, and gently pulled him from the bath. He set the baby down on the clean towel and patted him dry before putting a clean nappy on and wrapping the little boy back up in his blanket. 'Now you cuddle them for a few minutes to warm them back up,' Lucius said, pulling his son against his chest, 're-dress them, and you're done.'

Harry smiled as he watched Lucius cuddle their son, the baby gurgling against his chest. Harry knew Lucius' chest was comfy and it seemed their son felt the same. After about eight minutes the little boy nodded off and Lucius quickly changed him before placing him back in his bassinet, kissing the baby's forehead before standing.

'And now our daughter,' Lucius said while he warmed up the water in the other tub.

She proved to be slightly more troublesome than her little brother. Harry did everything Lucius did but their daughter seemed to have a genuine fear of the water and started crying her little eyes out. Lucius immediately had Harry pull her from the water and she calmed down, blinking at her parents with teary-eyes.

'What did I do?' Harry said, starting to panic.

'Nothing, love,' Lucius insisted. 'Remember that she's never had a bath before. She spent seven months in your stomach and suddenly she's surrounded by air. Not all babies like water, it'll take her some time to get used to it.'

'But our son-

'The twins are two different babies,' Lucius cut in. 'Just because they're twins doesn't mean they'll develop or act the same way, all babies are different. Some like baths, some don't. Our daughter will be fine, trust me.'

Harry sniffed and rubbed at his eyes before stepping back.

'Harry, no, don't hate yourself,' Lucius said, drawing Harry back. 'You can still bath her, just don't put her in the tub.'

After a bit more coaxing Harry finally let his husband teach him how to bathe their daughter without putting her in the water. He used a soft washcloth to wipe at her face and upper body like Lucius had done with the youngest twin, only he did it too with her lower half. Lucius showed him just how to clean her genitals and soon their little girl was back in her clothes and sleeping peacefully.

'See? She's fine,' Lucius said.

'I'm sorry,' Harry mumbled. 'Thank you for teaching me.'

'You'll get used to it, Harry, you're a first time parent,' Lucius said. 'It'll all become second-nature
Harry smiled and kissed his husband's cheek before looking back at their daughter to make sure she was alright.

Lucius smiled and said, 'I think she'll be the problematic child.'

'What?' Harry said, confused.

'Our little man was completely docile,' Lucius said, indicating the youngest twin. 'He was just drinking the world in, letting what happens happen, whereas our daughter was kicking up a bit of a fuss.'

'Well I guess she takes after you,' Harry grinned.

'I can bathe without starting a water fight,' Lucius grumbled.

Harry just snickered.

{oOo}

Lucius was right about their eye colour. The couple sat with their twin kit for hours, feeding them every 2-3 hours when the babies were hungry. The occasional knock at the door made Harry glare and snarl; it was clear he'd need some time with his babies.

Over the course of nine hours, the twins' eye colour slowly began to grow paler, the blue leaking out to be replaced with the pale grey Harry had come to love in both Lucius and Draco. The new parents could easily tell them apart; where their son had Harry's messy head of hair, their daughter's was straighter, though both were still a dark auburn colour.

Harry smiled warmly and shifted them in his arms as the twins looked from him to Lucius, eyes now pale grey and so intelligent.

'I was hoping they'd have your eyes,' Lucius admitted.

'Your eyes are beautiful too,' Harry said. 'And I think the grey goes well with their hair. Besides, I think they look like you; so they're beautiful.'

Lucius smiled and kissed his cheek. 'I think our son looks like you.'

'Mm?'

Lucius nodded, saying, 'I can tell, he'll be as gorgeous as you.'

Harry chuckled. 'And our daughter will be as beautiful as you?' he questioned.

'Oh, no,' Lucius said, shaking his head. 'She'll be even prettier.'

'Heh, you called yourself pretty,' Harry snorted.

Lucius didn't have the energy to berate his partner. Though Harry had actually given birth, something Lucius himself knew he could never handle, the blonde had been up as many hours as
Harry, had been worried sick about his mate and kit. Both were exhausted but Harry refused to sleep and Lucius wouldn't leave him up alone.

{oOo}

Lucius watched with a raised eyebrow as his mate continued to squirm. They were both sitting on the sofa in the corner, their twins in the bassinets Harry had ordered a few weeks ago. Harry was touching both wooden beds and just watching the twins sleep, where Lucius was alternating between watching his gorgeous little mate squirm and his kit.

Harry kept crossing his legs and touching his magically deflated stomach, though he was still slightly rounded around the middle. He would huff and bite his lip before going still, only to start the entire process again a few seconds later.

'Little one, what's wrong?' Lucius asked.

Harry jumped, as though he'd forgotten Lucius was there. Lucius raised an eyebrow and Harry blushed before saying, 'Erm... I have to go to the bathroom.'

'So go to the bathroom.'

Harry scowled. 'I can't just leave them!' he said and pointed at the twins.

Lucius chuckled and kissed Harry's cheek. 'Love, the bathroom is right through there,' he said, pointing at the door opposite them, 'they'll be perfectly fine without you for two minutes.'

'But-

'Harry, I'll be here,' Lucius cut in. 'Surely you trust the twins with their father, hmm?'

He watched as guilt flashed across Harry's face, followed by annoyance, and finally acceptance.

'Damn you and your logical words,' Harry said as he stood. He bent down to kiss each twin, neither waking. 'Mummy will be right back, I promise.'

When Harry failed to move, Lucius stood and grabbed his mate by the hips, propelling Harry towards the bathroom.

'Just five more minutes!' Harry whined.

'Bathroom.'

'But-

'Bathroom.'

'Lucius-

'Bathroom,' Lucius inisted and shoved Harry into the tiled room. The teenager huffed and Lucius turned his back, going back to their twins and leaning over them.

He heard Harry in the bathroom as the teenager went to the toilet. 'Guh, I have lady parts!' Lucius
chuckled. 'Well, I think I do,' Harry continued. 'I have no idea what naked women look like, I'm just guessing here.'

The toilet flushed, followed by Harry washing his hands.

'Lucius?'

'Mm?' the blonde murmured as he sat back down. Harry came back into the bedroom looking worried. 'What is it?'

'What if I never get my... you know, back?'

Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'Pardon?'

'Don't play dumb and don't make me say C-O-C-K in front of the children!'

'Oh,' Lucius said. 'Harry, I'm sure your... you know, will come back soon, just give it time.'

'But it's just my luck for some super rare disorder to hit me,' Harry grumbled as he sat again. Lucius tutted and pulled his husband onto his lap. 'What would I do if it didn't come back?' Harry demanded.

'I'll still love you,' Lucius said.

Harry wiggled to get comfortable while also turning to face Lucius. 'Yeah?'

'Absolutely.'

'So even if I don't have a... thingy, you'll still love me?'

'Of course,' Lucius said before pausing. 'Well, I wouldn't want to touch you-

'Lucius!'

Lucius chuckled and kissed Harry gently. 'I love you no matter what, little one, manhood or no manhood.'

Harry grumbled under his breath.

'I do,' Lucius said, hugging Harry warmly.

'Promise?' Harry asked.

'Promise,' Lucius nodded.

They exchanged warm, languid kisses before Lucius settled back on the sofa, Harry snuggled into him. They sat and watched their babies sleep, content in each other's arms.

{oOo}

It had been twelve hours since Harry had given birth when there was another knock on the door. Lucius glanced at Harry, who was sitting back on the bed with a baby in each arm. He nodded at Lucius, who asked silently, "Are you sure?"
"As long as no one touches them, I'm fine," Harry answered.

Lucius crossed to the door and took down the locking charms Harry had put up. He pulled the door open to find Healer Marks and Madam Pomfrey, with their family and friends standing behind them.

'Well?' Sirius demanded.

'Harry's fine, as are the twins,' Lucius said.

'I'll be the judge of that,' Marks smiled. 'May I come in?'

'Harry said as long as you don't touch the twins he won't hurt you,' Lucius said, stepping back to let the two healers in.

'Of course,' Marks said. He walked in with Poppy and Lucius threw an apologetic look at the others before shutting the door. Lucius quickly went to his husband's side, Harry watching Marks and Poppy carefully. 'How are you, Harry?'

'Sore,' the teenager said. 'And tired but... happy, really happy.' He smiled down at the twins. 'I've waited so long to meet them and now they're here.'

Marks smiled and pulled out his wand, Harry tensing. 'I won't harm your kit, Harry,' the veela said.

'He's going to make sure they're healthy,' Lucius added.

Harry just grunted and kept hold of the twins as Marks ran some tests, talking softly with Poppy every third or fourth spell.

Finally he put his wand away and said, 'Congratulations, you have two healthy babies.'

Harry beamed and cooed down at the babies while Lucius asked, 'And Harry?'

'He's perfectly healthy,' Marks said. 'He just needs to rest and eat. I suggest he only gets out of bed to bath and go to the bathroom for the next two days. His genitals should come back soon and his body will begin to shed the excess baby weight.

'I'll come back to check up on them in a few days,' Marks said as he put all his stuff away. 'Firecall me if anything happens, okay?'

Lucius nodded and thanked him and Poppy before seeing them out. He was assaulted with questions as soon as the two healers left and held up his hands.

'Harry isn't ready to see anyone just yet,' the blonde said. Everyone groaned. 'But I can tell you,' Lucius smiled, 'that we have a little girl and a little boy.'

Draco whooped loudly and started jumping up and down, shouting, 'I have a sister and brother, a sister and brother!'

Fred grinned and wrapped his arms around Draco while George smiled stupidly. Severus, Sirius and Remus all congratuled Lucius while Ron mouthed, 'Blimey, two babies.'

'Tell Harry we love him,' Hermione said.

'I will,' Lucius said. 'Feel free to stay here for as long as you want, all of you. I'll let you know when you can meet the twins.'
The others nodded and started flittering off while Lucius closed and locked the door. He went back to Harry, who was staring at the babies.

'Erm, Lucius?'

'Mm?'

'I'm tired,'

'Okay,' Lucius said.

Harry looked down. 'I don't want to leave them, even to sleep,' he admitted. 'But I don't want to fall asleep holding them, I could hurt them.'

Lucius smiled and kicked his shoes off. He changed into some pyjamas and changed Harry too before climbing into bed. 'How about I hold them?' he suggested. 'That way you can continue to watch them and if you fall asleep they'll be okay.'

Harry chewed on his bottom lip before nodding and letting Lucius hold the twins. They settled back in the middle of the bed, Harry curled around Lucius closer than he had been in months; his stomach had shrunk considerably though still felt squishy, and Harry winced slightly as he tried to get comfortable.

'Okay there?' Lucius asked.

'Yeah,' Harry nodded. He finally settled down with his head on Lucius' shoulder, green eyes drooping slightly. 'I love you, Lucius,' he suddenly whispered.

'I love you too, little one,' Lucius said, kissing his forehead. 'Thank you so much for giving me two healthy little babies.'

Harry smiled and snuggled closer to his husband. 'You're welcome,' he mumbled before falling asleep.

Lucius smiled at his sleeping mate before settling back with the twins. Their kit seemed to have the same idea as Harry and their eyes were slowly closing, Lucius watching them carefully. Lucius was tired too, he'd spent the better part of the last 24 hours running about the Manor like a lunatic and helping Harry, but he wanted to make sure his family was asleep before he too took a nap.

So he settled back surrounded by sleeping veela, a broad smile on his face the entire time.
Names and Introductions

Author's Note: Thank you to everyone for the amazing comments, I'm glad you all enjoyed the chapters. Now, onto this one, where you'll find out the names of Harry's and Lucius' twins :)

Enjoy!

Harry awoke to the babies crying and groaned as he sat up. His lower half ached a bit, but it was bearable after giving birth. And having two healthy babies more than made up for that pain.

Harry tried not to wake Lucius but his husband sat up when one of the twins cried out again. The blonde rubbed his eyes and pushed hair from his face as he got up, rounding the bed and joining Harry beside the two bassinets.

They'd changed colour while Harry and Lucius had been asleep. Their daughter's was now made of dark green wood with black blankets, and their son's was silver with white blankets. Harry sighed and said, 'Kids, you really shouldn't change the colour of everything while Mummy and Daddy are sleeping.'

The twins continued to cry and Harry picked up their daughter while Lucius took their son. They walked to the sofa beneath the windows across the room, pulling the bassinets after them, and sat.

Griffy popped in with the bottles and the twins immediately started feeding, Harry blinking tiredly at them.

'Did the twins call you?' Lucius asked Griffy.

The elf nodded and said, 'They also be tellings me that Mummy beings hungry.'

'What?' Harry said. 'How can they tell you that I'm hungry?'

'Wells... its more a feeling, Master Harrys,' Griffy said. 'Their magics be telling me that you is hungry.'

Harry's stomach growled and the teenager sighed, looking at their little girl. 'What are we going to do with you two?'

She just kept on feeding and Lucius said, 'We should eat, Harry, especially you.'

'I'm fine,' Harry said. 'Wizards have given birth before, Lucius, I'm not a fragile little kid, you know.'

'I know that, love, but-'

'I know, I know,' Harry cut in. 'You're just worried about me.' He smiled and turned to Griffy. 'Um, can you please make me some sandwhiches?'
"What would you like on them, Lord Harrys?" Griffy questioned.

"Um..." Harry mused, "oh, meatballs, with like pasta sauce- you know that sauce you put on spaghetti?" Griffy nodded and Harry continued, "Yeah, so three toasted sandwiches with cheese and meatballs. Oh, and a glass of coke, please, Griffy."

Griffy bowed and turned to Lucius. "Tunabake with two buttered rolls and a glass of water, thank you, Griffy." Griffy bowed again and disappeared with a pop, leaving Harry and Lucius feeding their children. "I see you're over your aversion to meat," Lucius commented.

"Mm," Harry licked his lips. "The thought of meatballs right now is just heaven."

Lucius chuckled. "Two days ago you would have thrown up at the very mention of toasted meatball sandwiches."

"I'm a weirdo," Harry grinned.

Lucius smiled and looked back down at their son.

{oOo}

After eating Lucius talked Harry into having a shower. The twins were sleeping a lot so they'd be fine without him for twenty minutes. Harry finally disappeared into the bathroom, commenting once again on his "lady parts" and how much he missed his "thingy".

When he came back out of the bathroom, wearing comfy cotton trousers and one of Lucius' shirts, he gasped and stumbled. Grabbing onto one of the bed posts for support, Harry groaned as pain radiated throughout his lower half.

"Harry?" Lucius said, quickly putting their daughter in her bassinet and racing over. "What's wrong, are you okay? Do you want me to call Healer Marks?"

Harry stood up slowly, his face pink, and blinked before grabbing the waistband of his trousers and pulling it away from his body.

"I'm a boy!" Harry shouted.

Lucius stared at him. "Yes, I know that."

"No, look, I'm a boy again!" Harry said, gesturing at his crotch.

Lucius leaned over and looked down to see that Harry was right; his manhood had come back, and though it looked a little red and tender, it was completely whole.

"Hello there," Harry grinned, giving his crotch a little wave.

"See, I told you not to worry," Lucius chuckled.

"I missed you," Harry said, still talking to his little Harry. "I promise to never, ever take you for granted again."

"I know I never do," Lucius commented.
Harry grinned and quickly pecked Lucius on the lips. 'And we thank you for it,' he said.

{oOo}

The twins weren't much of a handful that first day. They mostly slept, ate, and pooped, occasionally crying and staring at Harry and Lucius like they were the most fascinating things in the world. Harry had read that the babies would be memorising their parents' features, scents, and touches during the first few days of their lives so they could better bond with their mother and father.

Harry grinned at them too, and Lucius found no better pastime then to watch his gorgeous husband smile at their adorable little kit.

Eventually Harry fell asleep again, body still healing from giving birth, and Lucius took over feeding both twins and making sure they were okay. He knew that soon enough they'd be screaming bloody murder and keeping both their parents up all day and night; he wanted to enjoy the rest-period while he could.

{oOo}

They were sitting on the sofa after another round of feeding when Lucius brought up names.

'Oh, right,' Harry said. 'I suppose I can't call them Gorgeous and Adorable for the rest of their lives.'

'No, they might get teased for that,' Lucius chuckled.

'How did you come up with Draco's name?' Harry asked.

'Well, he was always going to have my name as his middle name,' Lucius said. 'And Narcissa wanted to follow Black family tradition and name him after a constellation, so we eventually settled on Draco. He was named before he was born, Malfoys always are.'

'But not these two,' Harry said, holding up their son.

'No, these two take after their mummy,' Lucius smirked.

Harry rolled his eyes but was smiling as he looked between their twins. 'I was thinking of using my dad's name, either as a first or middle name,' Harry said, looking down at their boy.

'I like that,' Lucius nodded.

'What were your parents' names again?' Harry asked.

'Abraxas Brutus and Phoenix Luciana,' Lucius said. 'I was named for both of them.'

'And you gave Draco your name as his middle name?'

Lucius nodded. 'Family tradition, like with yours.'
'Well Abraxas and Brutus are definitely out,' Harry said. 'I like Luciana…'

Lucius looked down at their daughter. 'I don’t think it suits her,' he admitted. 'Luci?'

'Hmm…' Harry hummed, glancing at the eldest twin. 'How about Ciana?'

Lucius looked at their daughter, with her auburn hair and grey eyes. 'Ciana Malfoy…'

'A beautiful name for a beautiful witch,' Harry said.

'How about Ciana Phoenix?' Lucius suggested.

Harry grinned and leaned over to kiss their daughter on the forehead. 'I think Ciana Phoenix Malfoy is a beautiful name.'

Lucius smiled and kissed his mate before Harry moved to sit again.

'Merlin, I'm glad,' Lucius said. 'No Malfoy has gone this long without a name.'

Harry chuckled. 'Now we just need one for this little guy.'

Lucius leaned back while rocking Ciana to sleep, he and Harry both looking at their son.

'I like Dante,' Harry said suddenly.

'Dante?'

The teenager nodded. 'It's the name of one of the characters in a Muggle novel I've read.'

'Dante Malfoy,' Lucius mused.

'It's kind of a normal name but not very popular,' Harry said. 'So it's unique.'

Lucius nodded along. He liked his children not having too familiar names. 'Dante James works,' he said.

Harry grinned. 'So Ciana Phoenix and Dante James Malfoy?' he said.

Lucius leaned over and kissed him softly. 'Our children have names,' he said.

'Finally,' Harry commented and Lucius chuckled. They leaned against each other with their twins, watching as the two finally drifted off to sleep.

{oOo}

Ciana and Dante had their first bout of crying nonstop a day later. They'd already woken both Harry and Lucius at midnight, three am, and five am, both men groaning as they climbed out of bed each time. Neither babies were hungry, they just seemed really intent on sending their parents deaf.

Harry took Dante while Lucius held Ciana, and they bounced and shushed both babies but to no avail. Harry worried that there was something wrong but Lucius insisted they were just testing out their vocal chords; and test they did.
When they finally dropped off to sleep Harry had a piercing headache and went and had a soak. Of course as soon as he climbed into the bath Dante woke crying, which prompted Ciana to cry too, and Harry to race through the bedroom naked while his husband stared.

Harry held Ciana against his chest and shushed her, humming in her ear and walking around the room stroking her back. Lucius tried that with Dante, and the baby ignored him completely. Soon Lucius was putting Dante in his bassinet and rocking it gently back and forth.

Dante seemed to like that and stopped crying, sucking on his little fingers and staring up at Lucius.

'I swear he's laughing at me,' Lucius yawned.

'Probably,' Harry nodded. 'He is a Malfoy... oh, maybe he's smirking?'

Lucius groaned and leaned heavily against the bassinet. 'Please don't smirk at Papa, Dante.' There was a few seconds of silence before Lucius said, 'He's still doing it.'

Harry chuckled.

It was then that Harry noticed Ciana's scent. He bent down and pressed his face into Ciana's little cheek, breathing in deeply. His and Lucius' daughter smelled like pine needles, and there was a hint of chilli like with Lucius. Harry could also smell that Ciana was his kit; he didn't know how to explain it, but it was there.

He blinked and walked across the room to sniff Dante, Lucius watching with amusement. Like with Ciana, their son smelled like kit; innocent and fresh and adorable. He also smelled like burning wood, and there was a hint of dark chocolate.

'What do you smell?' Lucius asked.

Harry looked at him and smiled as he said, 'Ciana smells like pine needles, and chilli- a bit like you.' Lucius smiled. 'And Dante's burning wood and chocolate. They also smell like Draco- like our kit.'

'Mm, it's lovely,' Lucius said and leaned over to kiss Harry. 'Their scents are a bit like how you smelled when you were pregnant.'

'Yeah?'

Lucius nodded. 'It's stronger now because they're here, and your scent isn't overriding theirs.'

Harry smiled and sat on the edge of the bed as he soothed their daughter, Lucius still rocking Dante gently.

{oOo}

After three days cooped up in the bedroom, Harry decided it was time to show the twins to their family. They dressed them in the giraffe onesies Harry had picked out months ago, and watched as Ciana changed her's to emerald green, while Dante's stayed a creamy-yellow colour.

'You're right,' Harry said as he tucked Ciana into his arms, Lucius placing a pink hat- that changed to green immediately- on her head. 'Ciana will definitely be the problem child.'
Lucius smiled as he put Dante's hat on and picked the baby up. 'The formula will kick in soon, Harry, I promise. It's specially made for veela kit and it'll help reign in their magic.' He glanced at Ciana's new green outfit. 'Though I don't think it'll stop her changing the colour of everything she owns.'

'Oh well,' Harry said, following Lucius to the door, 'at least some of the toys we bought are green.'

They walked through the quiet house and met Dobby and Griffy on the way, the two elves popping into existence before them and bowing.

'Good morning, Masters, little ones,' Dobby said.

'Can we gets you breakfast, Masters?' Griffy asked.

'Some pancakes and fruit would be nice,' Harry said.

'I'll have coffee and toast,' Lucius said before asking, 'Are our guests still here?'

'They be's breakfasting in the gardens, Lord Malfoy,' Griffy informed him.

Lucius thanked the elves before he and Harry walked towards the backroom. They spied Sirius, Severus, Draco and George sitting at the white patio furniture. They all looked up when the backdoors opened and Harry smiled as Draco leapt to his feet and rushed to them.

'Are these my little brother and sister?' he asked, bouncing up and down.

'No, Draco, they're two children Lucius and Harry happened upon,' Severus drawled.

Draco ignored his godfather and looked between his new siblings, a brilliant smile lighting up his face. He followed Harry and Lucius to the table and Lucius said, 'Would you like to hold your little brother?'

'R-Really?' Draco said.

Lucius nodded and Harry said, 'Of course you can, Kit.'

Draco swallowed nervously before holding his arms out. Lucius gently placed Dante in Draco's arms and the teenager grinned stupidly as pale grey eyes blinked up at him.

'He looks so much like you, Harry,' Draco said.

'Does he?' Harry asked as Lucius helped him sit, the Gryffindor wincing slightly before getting comfortable.

Lucius sat beside him with Draco on his left, while George, Severus and Sirius all leaned forward to look at them.

'He definitely does,' George agreed, waggling his finger at Dante. Dante's little hands grabbed at him and he curled his fingers around George's index finger, tugging lightly and drooling. 'Oh gods that is so cute!' the red-head gushed.

Harry and Lucius smiled brightly as Sirius turned to Harry. 'How you doing, Cub?'

'Um... a little sore,' Harry admitted.

Severus snorted. 'I'd be sore too if I pushed two babies out.'
'Yeah, well it's worth it,' Harry insisted, looking back down at his daughter.

'She's gorgeous,' Sirius said.

Harry smiled and Lucius looked around. 'Where are the others?'

'Remus took Teddy for a check-up but then he was going to tell Andromeda how you are,' Sirius explained.

'Fred had to head back to the Hogsmeade shop,' George said, 'and Hermione had work at Flourish and Blotts, though she said she'll be finished at five and come straight back.'

'I think Ronald said something about a meeting with Madam Hooch to discuss apprenticing with her,' Severus offered.

Dobby and Griffy appeared with Harry's and Lucius' breakfast and Harry tried to shift Ciana in his arms so he could eat.

'May I?' Sirius asked.

'Oh, yeah,' Harry nodded and handed Ciana over, though he and Lucius both kept a close eye on the Animagus.

'Hello, cutie,' Sirius grinned down at the baby, who stared up at him. 'I'm your grandpa, but you can call me Sirius.'

'Call him Pops!' George ordered.

'Or Mutt,' Severus smirked.

'No, I really think Grandpa Mutt will work,' Draco said seriously.

Sirius scowled at them while Harry giggled over his pancakes.

'Do they have names yet?' Draco asked as he rocked Dante in his arms.

'Ciana Phoenix and Dante James,' Lucius told them.

'After grandmother?' Draco asked, Lucius nodding. The Malfoy heir had never known his grandmother, what with her disappearing two decades before he was born, but his father had told him many stories about the beautiful veela and Draco knew she was very important to Lucius.

'I like Dante James, it has a nice ring to it,' Sirius commented as he looked down at Ciana. 'So this little one is the oldest?'

'Yes, she came about five minutes before Dante,' Lucius said.

'Fred's older than me by thirteen minutes,' George told them. 'Mum was in labour for ages with Fred, the longest of any of us kids, and I needed a bit of coaxing to get in the proper position.'

'Let me tell you, labour is murder,' Harry said. 'The Cruciatix has nothing on childbirth, though the contractions hurt a lot more than the actual pushing.'

'Really?' Severus asked.

Harry nodded. 'I mean, it hurt pushing both out, but that was so quick compared to the buildup. I
barely felt them passing all the way through, the crowning was the hardest. Though Dante definitely came a lot easier than his big sister.'

'I'm sorry I couldn't help, little one,' Lucius said.

Harry smiled as Severus said, 'He was an absolute lunatic when he was locked outside.'

'Really?' Harry asked.

Everyone nodded vigorously as Lucius nibbled on his toast. 'He smoked about two packets of cigarettes,' Draco said.

'And would have walked twenty miles just pacing back and forth,' George said.

'And he kept scowling, whimpering, growling, all kinds of odd noises, really,' Sirius added.

'Well what was I supposed to do?' Lucius huffed.

Harry chuckled and leaned across to kiss his husband. 'I love you, Lucius.'

Lucius beamed, the others laughing. Soon Draco had passed Dante to George, and Severus had a turn at holding Ciana. Draco stood behind his godfather and made faces at Ciana, who stared at him like he was a lunatic.

'I'm your big brother, Draco,' he informed his little sister. 'And I'll be here to teach you how to cast spells, and ride a broom and a horse, and lie about blowing stuff up-'

'No you won't,' Harry cut in.

'But-' Draco tried.

'Nope,' Harry shook his head.

'Muumm,' Draco whined.

Lucius snickered as Harry said, 'If they blow something up you will tell me, Draco Lucius Malfoy, or there will be hell to pay!'

Draco pouted and sat beside Severus so he could continue talking to Ciana. Sirius ruffled Harry's hair and said, 'I'm so proud of you, Cub. I can't even imagine carrying two kids and then giving birth to them.'

'It's worth it, believe me,' Harry said. 'All the cravings and nausea and the actual pain... I mean, it definitely sucked, but it's so worth it to see them here, alive and healthy.'

'Oh no,' Lucius said suddenly, glancing at the paper Severus had put aside.

'What?' Harry asked.

Lucius sighed. 'We made the paper again.'

Harry looked over to see the headline;

*Magical Birth or Crazy Rumours?*
'Oh bloody hell,' Harry sighed. 'Can't they leave me in peace?'

Everyone just snorted as Lucius grabbed the newspaper, smoothing down the front so he and Harry could read;

*Rumours are fast spreading that Harry Malfoy- formerly Harry Potter- The-Boy-Who-Lived and Saviour of the Wizarding World, has given birth to his twins.*

*On the afternoon of July 7th, a house elf belonging to Lord Potter and his mate, Lucius Malfoy, was seen in Mr. Mulpepper's Apothecary in Diagon Alley, demanding to see Severus Snape, who is a long-term friend of Lord Malfoy's.*

*When Mr Snape appeared, the elf proceeded to announce that Harry Malfoy had gone into labour, and was expecting his twins.*

*Added to this is the scene in Weasleys Wizarding Wheezes', Hogsmeade Branch, where Malfoy Heir Draco Malfoy appeared in a hurry claiming that his step-father had gone into labour. Master Malfoy's mates, Fred and George Weasley, quickly disappeared.*

*No word has been received yet, so it is unknown if Lord Potter has indeed given birth, or if something else has happened. All attempts to contact the Saviour have been met with deaf ears, and when Fred Weasley was cornered in his shop early yesterday morning, he refused to comment and proceeded to lock this reporter outside.*

*All we can do, faithful readers, is keep our ears to the ground and wait to see if the Wizarding World really has welcomed the most anticipated births in decades, or if it's some crazy plan that has been set in motions by people unknown.*

*This is Jillian Cross, reporting for The Daily Prophet!*

'Poor Fred,' Harry said.

'Did they really corner him in the shop?' Lucius asked.

George nodded. 'He went back in to check up on everything after we heard that Harry and the twins were okay, and there were reporters everywhere.'

'I hear they're also camping outside Hogwarts, hoping myself or Albus will tell them something,' Severus said with a snort.

'Remy and I had to use charms to change our appearances just to get into Grimmauld Place,' Sirius said. 'There were a few reporters hanging around looking for a story.'

Harry groaned and rolled his neck before slouching in his seat. Lucius moved closer and wrapped an arm around him, planting a kiss atop his messy black head.
'I'll release a statement saying you and the twins are fine, and that we've named them,' Lucius said. 'It's Malfoy tradition and it'll keep the gossip rags going long enough to give us some peace and quiet.'

'Really?' Harry said.

'Oh, yeah,' Sirius nodded, drawing everyone's attention. 'They'll be busy trying to work out what your babies look like, as well as why you named them what they did, if Lucius is the real father, blah, blah, blah...'

Harry scowled. 'They'll really think I cheated on Lucius? Lucius Malfoy, my husband and my mate?'

'Anything for a story, Harry,' Severus told the teenager as he rocked Ciana gently in his arms.

'They'd better not, I already sent a letter to the editor of *The Prophet,*' Lucius growled. 'If they so much as hint at you sleeping with anyone but me I'll kill the lot of them.'

George and Draco both grinned and nodded, looking eager to see Lucius go full-out veela on someone. Severus rolled his eyes and Sirius smirked, no doubt thinking about the amount of pranks and curses he could place on some reporters.

Suddenly Dante started crying, which set off Ciana, and Severus immediately handed the little girl over to her mother. Lucius took Dante and Harry and Lucius held out their hands, the twins' bottles appearing. They both leaned back and started feeding them, Ciana (as usual) feeding immediately and Dante kicking up a stink before settling down. The extended family all watched with smiles as Harry and Lucius sat with their twins.

{oOo}

The couple had just put the twins down for a nap when Remus got back, carrying Teddy Lupin in his arms. The fifteen-month-old immediately squealed when he saw Harry and Lucius cast silencing charms around the babies so they wouldn't wake.

Teddy's hair flashed black, his eyes emerald green, as Remus put him on the floor. He ran to Harry on wobbly legs (he could walk fine but still found running a bit of a challenge) and Harry bent to pull his godson into his arms.

'Hey, Teddy-bear,' Harry smiled, kissing Teddy's cheek.

'Hawwy, Hawwy, I miss you!' Teddy babbled.

'I missed you too,' Harry smiled. 'Were you a good boy for the healer?'

Teddy pouted and Remus chuckled as he reached them. 'He cried a bit, but he took his potions like a good big boy.'

'Teddy a big boy!' Teddy announced with a grin, making Harry smile.

'Course you are, little man,' the teenager nodded.
He put Teddy back on the floor and the little boy frowned as he stared at Harry's stomach. He reached up and pushed, fingers squeezing the soft flesh around Harry's middle and making the Gryffindor giggle.

'Teddy, that's rude,' Remus chastised.

'Belly gone,' Teddy said, looking up at Harry. 'Where belly go?'

Harry crouched to look Teddy in the eyes. 'Do you remember how I was carrying two little babies?' he asked.

Teddy screwed up his face in concentration before saying, 'Babies in your belly, make your belly big.'

'Yes, they made my belly big,' Harry nodded. 'Well they're not in here anymore,' he said, rubbing his stomach.

'Where are they?' Teddy demanded.

Harry smiled and scooped Teddy up again before going to the bassinets Lucius was standing beside. He pointed at the sleeping babies and watched Teddy's eyes go wide, while his hair flashed auburn so he looked like the twins. 'Those are mine and Uncle Lucius' babies,' he explained. 'I'm their mummy and Uncle Lucius is their daddy.

'Babies!' Teddy shouted, making grabbing motions at them.

'Shh, they're sleeping,' Harry said and put a finger against his lips. Teddy clapped his hands over his mouth and Harry smiled. 'You can say hello to them when they're awake but you have to be careful, okay? You can't play with them yet.'

'Why?' Teddy pouted.

'They're very small,' Harry said as Remus peered at them. 'They're not big enough to play, they're not big kids yet.'

'Oh,' Teddy said, nodding and looking very serious. 'Gots ta... wait for dem to be big boys like me.'

'One of them will be a big boy like you,' Harry said, 'and that's Dante.' He pointed at his son. 'The other one is a girl, her name is Ciana.'

'Dan... Dan...,' Teddy screwed up his little face before saying, 'Tay-Tay?'

'Sure, Tay-Tay,' Harry nodded, Lucius chuckling.

'And Cee,' Teddy said, pointing at Ciana.

'Yes, that's Cee, and that's her little brother Tay.'

'Okay,' Teddy said in his little baby-voice. 'When they gets big I play with them?'

'You can play all day long,' Harry agreed.

Teddy beamed and Harry let him down, the little boy immediately grabbing at his dad. Remus pulled a crate of toys from his back pocket and re-sized it before setting it down. Teddy grabbed his trainset and sat on the carpet, babbling to himself as he played.
'How are you, Cub?' Remus asked as soon as Teddy was occupied.

'Fine,' Harry smiled. 'Still a bit sore but I'm good.'

'So I take it this is Ciana and Dante?' Remus asked, pointing at the twins.

'Or Cee and Tay-Tay,' Lucius chuckled, sitting beside the bassinets and sipping his lemonade.

'I like them,' Harry said. 'Good nicknames.'

Lucius didn't comment and Harry turned back to Remus. 'Anyway, yeah; Ciana Phoenix and Dante James.'

Remus smiled warmly and pulled him in for a hug. 'I'm so happy for you, Harry. Congratulations.'

'Thanks, Remy.'

Fred, Hermione and Ron all arrived just in time for dinner. They were eating in the sitting room because Harry didn't want to move the twins. Extra tables had been put out and the plates of pasta dished up when suddenly there were two pops from the foyer.

Harry looked up to see Fred, Hermione and Ron all walk in, the three smiling broadly when they saw Harry.

'Hey guys,' Harry said.

'Harry-kins,' Fred exclaimed, walking across the room and pulling Harry in for a hug. Lucius scowled at him but let Hermione and Ron hug Harry too before pulling his husband back to the sofa. 'So where are my little sibling-in-laws?' Fred demanded.

Harry stood and the three looked to where Ciana and Dante were sleeping, having tired themselves out by screaming their lungs out half-an-hour earlier.

'This is Ciana Phoenix,' Harry said, pointing at his daughter, 'and Dante James.'

'Merlin, Harry, they're gorgeous,' Hermione breathed.

'Definitely little cuties,' Ron nodded in agreement before wrinkling his nose. 'Erm.. Harry?' he said, turning to his best friend. 'I think we've got a situation here.'

'What?' Harry asked.

'Argh, that's nasty,' Fred said, waving a hand before his face and stepping back.

Hermione giggled and said, 'It's not that bad.' She turned to Harry. 'I think one of your babies needs to be changed.'

'Oh,' Harry said and moved to pick up Ciana. 'Lucius?'

'Coming,' Lucius said, setting his dinner aside and getting up. 'We can change them over there,' he
said and pointed to the far corner.

Harry nodded and he and Lucius carried their twins over to the coffee table, both getting to their knees. Dobby popped in with a soft blanket and everything they’d need, setting it down so Harry and Lucius could change the twins’ nappies.

They were using disposable nappies because they helped with nappy rash and were easier to use. Harry grabbed two from the packet before he and Lucius cleaned their hands with disposable wipes. Lucius pulled open Dante's onesie as the little boy stared at him, having woken up when Lucius picked him up.

'Dante, just what have you been eating?' Lucius demanded as he looked at the mess his son had made.

Harry smiled as he worked on Ciana, seeing that she needed changing too. He'd stuffed up his first few attempts; he found that reading books on caring for newborns was all well and good, but it was drastically different when doing it in person. Luckily Lucius had done it all before, and though it had taken him a little while to remember everything, he was soon teaching Harry how to feed, clean, wash, and change the twins.

Practice made perfect and now Harry could change both twins fairly well.

Harry folded the nappy under her and held her bottom up by her ankles, grabbing a baby wipe to clean her up. It was made more difficult by Ciana kicking her little legs at her mum, gurgling as she did.

Harry *swore* she was grinning—she did this every time he or Lucius changed her. 'Cee, stop it,' Harry tried, dropping the babywipe and grabbing his daughter gently by both legs. 'Ciana,' he warned.

Ciana continued to kick and wriggle while Lucius quickly got Dante clean and in a new nappy. 'Here, you put Dante's onesie back on, I'll try Ciana,' he said.

Harry nodded and he and his husband swapped positions, Harry pulling Dante's clothes back up, the baby watching. Lucius had more luck with Ciana, the little girl still kicking a bit but not as much.

'Why does she listen to you?' Harry demanded.

'Just be thankful she *does* listen to me,' Lucius said as he changed her. 'Imagine how difficult this would be if she didn't?'

'True,' Harry mused as he stood, picking his son up.

When Lucius was done with Ciana he passed her to Harry and threw the soiled nappies away while handing all the stuff back to Dobby. They put the twins in their bassinets before going to quickly wash up, Draco watching over the babies while they did.

{oOo}

They managed to get through dinner and dessert before Ciana started crying. Dante just blinked at
Harry as Lucius fed Ciana, who- as usual- latched onto the bottle and sucked the formula down. When she was done she stared at Lucius for a few seconds before promptly vomiting all over his shirt.

Lucius sighed while Fred and George, who were sitting closest, shuffled away quickly. Lucius put Ciana in one arm and waved his free hand, cleaning up the bile.

'Is she okay?' Harry asked, not having seen Ciana throw up before.

'Perfectly fine,' Lucius said.

'Babies throw up all the time,' Remus told the teenager. 'They're just getting used to eating and sometimes they swallow a lot of air; vomiting is their body's way of getting rid of the air.'

'Usually it's only a few drips,' Lucius said, gently rubbing away the spitup that had trickled down Ciana's chin. 'They just need plenty of fluids- formula and water- to keep them hydrated.'

'So it's nothing to worry about?' Harry asked, still looking concerned.

'Perfectly normal unless she continuously does it,' Lucius said, rubbing Ciana's back as she sucked on her fingers. 'Don't worry if she or Dante cry afterwards, it can upset them.'

'Dante's been a little angel so far,' Harry said, smiling at his son. 'I'm waiting for that to change.'

Lucius chuckled. 'Oh, Harry,' he smiled, 'you have no idea.'

{oOo}

Harry and Lucius decided to call it a night when both twins nodded off at eight. The couple knew they'd be back up and no doubt crying in two or three hours and needed all the sleep they could get.

Before they did, though, Harry turned to Hermione and Ron. 'Um, Lucius and I were wondering if you'd like to be the twins' godparents?'

They'd discussed it earlier and Lucius had agreed that Hermione and Ron were good choices. Ron's mouth fell open and Hermione squealed, hugging Harry with one arm so she didn't hurt Dante.

'Oh, Harry, I'd be honoured,' she gushed.

'Really, Harry? Me?' Ron asked.

'You and Hermione are my best friends,' Harry said.

'And you've always been there for Harry, through the good times and bad,' Lucius added. 'We know you'll help our kit grow.'

Ron was speechless but managed a nod and Hermione bounced up and down while rambling about what a great godmother she'd try and be.

After a round of hugging and congratulations, Harry and Lucius trooped back to their bedroom and put the twins down for a nap.
Harry brushed his teeth before falling into bed while Lucius made sure the twins were settled.

'I'm tired,' the teenager groaned.

Lucius smiled. 'Get all the rest you can, love, they'll be up soon.'

Harry groaned again and burrowed under the blankets, Lucius going to the bathroom to brush his own teeth. When he got back Harry was dead to the world, laying sprawled across the mattress snoring.

Lucius chuckled and pushed Harry over to his side, the Gryffindor not waking once, and climbed into bed alongside his husband. The twins were sleeping peacefully in their bassinets on Harry's side, the couple having decided to keep them in the main bedroom for the first few months before moving them to the nursery when they were older.

Lucius yawned and settled down, eyes sliding shut quickly and sleep claiming him.
Chapter Notes

Author's Note: I am SO sorry this took so long to update. I went and gave you three chapters in one day and then make you wait a week for another chapter. Really, REALLY sorry, my bad. I've been caught up in another story of mine and... sorry :)

Anywho, it's up now, so enjoy!

{Dreamer}

The New Potter Heirs

By Edwin McNab

On July 8th, at 1:43 and 1:48 am, Harry and Lucius Malfoy welcomed twins Ciana Phoenix and Dante James to the world. The couples' first children together (with Lucius Malfoy having heir Draco Malfoy to ex-wife Narcissa Black) were born almost twenty days early while the veela were honeymooning at Potter Manor, a large estate that has been owned by the Potters for over 100 years.

The twins are reported as being healthy and happy babies, and are expected to make a public appearance late July, most likely just before mother Harry Malfoy's nineteenth birthday.

In a statement released to The Quibbler, Lord Malfoy stated that, "Our twins are happy, healthy, and resting comfortably. Harry too is perfectly fine and we ask that you let us be during this period. My husband needs all the rest he can get and we want to bond with our twins."

Lord Malfoy went on to state that the twins were named after his own mother, Phoenix Luciana, and the late James Potter, who died protecting his son from He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Though both twins are Malfoys by name, the eldest has been named the Potter heir and future Lady of the family by mother Harry Malfoy (who holds the title Lord Potter).

Hermione Granger and Ronald Weasley, two thirds of the Golden Trio, have been named as godparents to the Malfoy twins. The two are reportedly very honoured and excited by this and have vowed to protect and educate their godchildren in any way they can.

Lord Malfoy refused to comment on his secret wedding with his mate, and we at The Quibbler respect his and his new husband's privacy during this time.

Congratulations go out to the Malfoy family and all their friends and we hope that their children are very happy and healthy.
Lucius had released a statement via *The Quibbler* to announce the births of Ciana and Dante. Not that Harry cared. No, Harry and Lucius were busy trying to function on blocks of four-hours sleep.

Ciana and Dante slept a lot, but it was never for more than three hours, five if Harry and his husband were very lucky. And when one twin started crying the other would too, even if he or she was perfectly fine.

Harry soon learned that his twins, while they looked similar, were very different babies.

Dante only really cried when he wanted to be fed. Most of the time he was quite happy to suck on his fingers, his toes, *Lucius'* finger, as long as he had a belly full of formula. He loved bathtime and would splash about while his parents washed him, and he enjoyed trying to pee all over them when they changed his nappy. Harry swore that their son purposely held it in until he was half naked just to become a water fountain.

Ciana cried all the time. She cried when she was hungry, she cried when she was tired, she cried when they tried to bath her and she *really* cried when she wanted attention. Lucius had taken over her bath times and after a few attempts he could put her in the tub without her freaking out, but she still didn't seem to like water much. She spitup more than Dante and her parents were constantly stumbling around with vomit soaked into their shirts.

Ciana also loved attention. She loved being wrapped up in her little blanket- which would always change colour, though she seemed to prefer green- and would only stop crying if Harry or Lucius held her and sat with her while she was being put down. Dante liked attention too but he could fall asleep without his mum or dad sitting beside him, and Harry thanked their son for it.

Harry and Lucius knew that when they got older they'd sleep more through the night, but in the first few months Ciana and Dante would go by their own schedule, and unfortunately that meant a lot of interrupted nights for their parents.

Harry liked to grumble and curse and found that sleeping on the sofa after a 3am feeding really wasn't that bad. Lucius had taken to falling asleep in whatever clothes he'd thrown on and didn't care how he looked anymore- as long as he got a few minutes sleep, it didn't matter what he looked like.

Meals and showers and general living took a backseat to taking care of the twins. Everything revolved around Ciana and Dante, and while Harry and Lucius complained a fair bit to each other, neither would change it for the world. It helped having Draco, Fred, and George close by.

The others had all headed back home but usually checked in every two days to make sure Harry and Lucius hadn't dropped from lack of sleep. Draco had walked into the sitting room one afternoon to find his dad and Harry dead to the world on the sofa while Ciana and Dante gurgled and pooped in their bassinets. Lucius had shown his son, and Fred and George, how to change the babies' nappies and feed them, which gave the new parents a few extra hours sleep every few days.

They wouldn't change anything, though. Harry knew that the early stages were important to developing a bond with their twins and often smiled at the oddest moments- washing a screaming Ciana, burping a foul-smelling Dante, and trying to get them both to settle down at 6am.

When they finally got to climb into bed, Harry and Lucius would exchange kisses, hug each other,
and promptly drop off to sleep.

{oOo}

Harry and Lucius were getting a lot of mail, mostly people congratulating them on the birth of their twins. If Harry or Lucius didn't recognise the handwriting they'd get Draco or the Weasley twins to open it. If it was nice mail they put it aside to keep.

Harry was sitting on their bed yawning and sticking new photos into the baby books Lucius had bought all those months ago. He, Lucius and the others had gone camera crazy and had stacks upon stacks of baby photos and Hermione had invested in a Muggle camera so the new parents could film later events like crawling and walking.

Harry had just finished putting in the latest photo when Draco walked in. 'You've got mail from Dumbledore- I recognised the writing.'

'Thanks, Draco,' Harry said, setting the books aside and taking the envelope. He noticed the other one Draco was carrying. 'What's that?'

'It's from my mother,' Draco said, 'for Father.'

Harry tried not to feel jealous; he knew Lucius loved him, but still... Narcissa had seen him naked, had carried Lucius' child, had been married to him for twenty years and had had sex with him. Harry would always hate her a little bit... or a whole lot.

'I'm sure she's just congratulating you and Dad,' Draco said, seeing the anger cross Harry's face. 'Um, where is he?'

'In the nursery,' Harry grumbled. He tore open the envelope Draco had given him while the blonde left the room;

Dear Harry and Lucius,

Congratulations on the birth of Ciana and Dante. We can't express how happy we are for you. May your children live long, healthy lives rich with love, happiness, and joy.

Regards,

Albus Dumbledore, Minerva McGonagall and Rubeus Hagrid

Harry smiled as he read the letter before tucking it into one of the baby books, reminding himself to show Lucius later. He was just about to get up and search for his husband and kit when Lucius walked in carrying the twins.

They were both asleep and Harry helped Lucius put them in their bassinets before kissing his mate. He noticed Narcissa's letter sticking out of his shirt pocket and scowled.

Lucius chuckled and kissed his husband again. 'Relax, Harry.'
'Why is she writing you?' Harry demanded.

'She wanted to congratulate us,' Lucius said. When Harry continued to scowl he added, 'Would you like to read it?'

Harry quickly grabbed the letter and nearly tore it as he unfolded it, Lucius watching in amusement:

*Dear Lucius and Harry,*

*Congratulations on the birth of your twins, I'm sure they'll just be the first of many. I wish you a lifetime of happiness with your new children.*

*Harry, if you have any questions feel free to write me, we can talk mother-to-mother.*

*Lucius, congratulations on having more children, I know how much you've always wanted a big family. Tell Draco I love him and I'll be seeing him next week sometime.*

*Regards,*

*Narcissa Black*

Harry smiled at the 'we can talk mother-to-mother' part and Lucius chuckled. 'See?' the blonde said as Harry looked up. 'She was just congratulating us.'

'I'm sorry,' Harry mumbled. 'I can't help but get really jealous of her. She got to see you naked before I did and -'

'I know, little one,' Lucius cut him off. He bent to kiss Harry softly before whispering, 'But remember that you're my mate, my husband, and my little one. Narcissa can't compete with that.'

Harry beamed brightly and kissed Lucius back.

{oOo}

Harry woke at about three or four to Dante crying. He stumbled from bed, Lucius dead to the world beside him, and yawned as he walked across to his twins. Somehow Ciana was sleeping through Dante's crying- usually when one cried it'd wake the other- but Harry wasn't about to question it.

Harry picked Dante up and realised his son needed changing. Still yawning and feeling like absolute crap, Harry moved on auto-pilot; he crossed to the changing table in the corner and set Dante down, waving his hand to make sure the baby didn't accidentally roll off the table.

'Harry... Harry... Harry!'  

Harry jumped as Lucius' voice shot through his head, making him turn away from the changing table while keeping a firm hand on Dante. He blinked when he saw Lucius standing beside him,
one blonde eyebrow up.

'What?' Harry said.

'You were about to put a dirty nappy back on Dante,' Lucius said, pointing down.

Harry looked down to see that Lucius was right; he had Dante's used nappy in his hand and had been about to place it back under his son. The clean one was still sitting on the table beside Dante, who had fallen asleep.

'Oh gods,' Harry gushed, quickly wrapping the soiled nappy up and placing it in the bin beside him. 'I didn't even realise!'

'Harry, it's fine,' Lucius said, cleaning their son before opening the new nappy and sliding it under Dante. He did it up and pulled Dante's onesie back down, the baby still asleep.

'But... but...' Harry burst into tears and Lucius pulled Dante into his arms. He quickly put him in his bassinet and came back to Harry, crouching beside his mate (who'd dropped to the floor and was hugging his knees).

'Harry, shh, it's okay,' Lucius said.

'I-I d-didn't even kn-know,' Harry cried. 'W-What's wrong with m-me?'

'You've slept maybe eight hours in the past three days, little one, there's nothing wrong with you,' Lucius said. 'You're also still a little hormonal, your body isn't back to normal yet.' Harry continued to cry and Lucius pulled him in for a hug, shushing his mate and rubbing his back soothingly.

Eventually Harry stopped crying, the occasional sniff escaping him where he'd burrowed into Lucius' chest.

'Harry, every parent makes mistakes, you didn't hurt Dante,' Lucius said.

'D-Did you m-make mistakes?' Harry asked softly.

Lucius smiled. 'I did,' he nodded. 'Once I was so tired that I tried to bathe Draco when he still had his clothes on. Narcissa had to re-bath him because I fell asleep on the sofa with a wet and crying baby. I didn't wake up until she kicked me.'

Harry giggled.

'I'd cast a warming charm over him so he was fine,' Lucius said. 'But Narcissa and I were both worried that I'd hurt him or that he'd get sick because he was wet. The healer said he was perfectly fine.'

He looked down at Harry, who's green eyes were peeking up at him.

'Every parent makes mistakes, and you'll make plenty more,' Lucius said. 'It happens when you get as little sleep as we do, and when your body is still not a hundred percent. In a few weeks the twins will start sleeping in larger blocks and we'll get to as well. If you ever need more sleep, love, just tell me and I'll take care of them.'

'But that's so unfair,' Harry sniffed.

'Harry, I didn't give birth to them,' Lucius said. 'You did, and I think me losing a few hours sleep is small in comparison to that. Just tell me if you need a few extra hours.'
'M'kay,' Harry yawned. 'Can I have those few extra hours now?'

Lucius smiled and kissed him softly before helping him up, Harry stumbling and yawning as they made their way back to bed.

{oOo}

It was one of those rare mornings when the twins had slept from 2am to 7am, meaning Harry and Lucius were slightly well-rested and eating breakfast in the sitting room. Draco, Fred and George had basically moved into Potter Manor to help out with the twins when they could, though Harry and Lucius were looking at moving back to Malfoy Manor just after Harry's birthday, which would be in a week.

Fred and George had gone in for an early stock-take at their Hogsmeade store, so Draco was eating breakfast with Harry and Lucius, Ciana and Dante having been fed two hours earlier. The twins were resting comfortably, Harry leaning over Ciana and waggling a large black and white teddy bear over her. It used to be red but Ciana hadn't liked and had changed it within seconds of setting eyes on it.

Harry had attached a little bell to its nose and Ciana would bat her hands at it as she stared. Dante was much quieter but usually when Ciana got settled, Harry would grab the rattle his son liked and dangle it over him. He alternated between doing that and eating his toast, Dante sucking on his little fist as he wriggled about in the bassinet.

Lucius was eating bacon and sausages when Coca and Cola flew in. Draco's own owl followed behind them and the teenager pulled an envelope from its leg while Lucius got his and Harry's mail.

Harry was busy grinning at the little gestures Ciana was making and didn't realise Lucius was talking to him until he felt a warm hand on his shoulder.

'A letter came for you,' Lucius said when Harry turned.

'Oh, just put it there,' Harry said, nodding at the table.

Lucius smiled and said, 'How about I keep Ciana busy while you read it?'

Harry nodded and handed over the bear, swapping seats with Lucius and watching as the blonde leaned over their daughter. It was a few seconds before Harry realised the square envelope was a lot larger than what he was used to. A few seconds more and Harry noted the Department of Education's seal pressed in wax on the back.

'Must be your N.E.W.T results,' Lucius said. 'Draco got the same envelope.'

Harry looked up to see Draco shakily opening an envelope identical to his own. 'Right... r-right...'

Lucius turned to his husband and said, 'Harry, love, last I checked you can't see through paper.'

'Yeah,' Harry said and took a deep breath. He swiped his nail through the wax and pulled the envelope open before sliding the piece of parchment out;
NASTILY EXHAUSTING WIZARDING TEST RESULTS

Pass Grades: Outstanding (O)
Exceeds Expectations (E)
Acceptable (A)
Fail Grades: Poor (P)
Dreadful (D)
Troll (T)

HARRY JAMES POTTER HAS ACHIEVED:

Charms: O
Defence Against the Dark Arts: O
Herbology: E
Potions: O
Transfiguration: E

Harry blinked at the results before looking at the name again... no, it definitely said Harry James Potter. But... seriously, he'd passed everything that well?

'Harry?' Lucius questioned.

Harry continued to stare at the results.

'Harry?' Lucius repeated, sounding worried.

'Erm... well...' Harry said and showed Lucius the parchment.

The blonde glanced down at it before a broad grin spread across his face. 'Harry, you got five N.E.W.T.s, that's amazing,' he said. He leaned over and kissed the teenager softly. 'I'm very proud of you.'

'But... seriously, an O in Potions?' Harry said.

Lucius chuckled. 'You forget that you had Draco and me helping you. And once Severus stopped looking for a reason to fail you, you blossomed.'

'Um...' Harry mumbled.

'You did very well, like I knew you would,' Lucius said. He threaded his free hand through Harry's
'I did, didn't I?' Harry grinned. 'All O's and E's.' Lucius smiled and Harry looked at Draco. 'How'd you go, Kit?'

Draco jumped and blushed. 'Erm... f-fine.' He cleared his throat before handing his father his own parchment. Lucius took it and he and Harry looked down to read;

**DRACO LUCIUS MALFOY HAS ACHIEVED:**

*Ancient Runes: O*

*Charms: E*

*Defence Against the Dark Arts: E*

*Potions: O*

*Transfiguration: O*

'That's brilliant, Draco,' Harry grinned and jumped to his feet. He rounded the table and pulled Draco in for a hug, ruffling his hair. 'I'm so proud of you.'

'Me too,' Lucius said and joined Harry in hugging their kit. 'Good job, Draco.'

Draco grinned broadly. Soon Fred and George had re-appeared, slumping over the dining room table yawning and complaining about fireworks and pigmy puffs.

It took the Weasley twins a few minutes to realise that Draco was smiling proudly. When they read his N.E.W.T results they showered him in hugs and kisses, Draco blushing madly. They congratulated Harry on his results before wisking Draco off to celebrate.

'So don't wanna know,' Harry commented as he munched on his toast.

Lucius chuckled. 'Pretend they're going to play chess.'

'No one plays chess naked, and I'm *positive* they're naked,' Harry said.

Lucius paused before saying, 'Naked chess, now *there's* an idea.'

Harry snorted and went back to his breakfast. Before having the babies, Harry had been a little annoyed that it would be an entire month before he could have sex with Lucius again. Now, with two kids to feed, bathe, change, and generally take care of, he was too tired for sex.

Of course he loved Lucius, and he *loved* having sex with Lucius, but he was just way too exhausted. Lucius hadn't brought it up and Harry figured his husband was just as tired as he was. When they got into bed together it was to go to sleep; sex was really the last thing on their minds.

A shout from the foyer had Harry looking up, and then he heard his name.
'I think it's Hermione,' Harry said and stood. Lucius stayed with the twins as Harry walked from the dining room and into the foyer, finding Hermione's head in the hearth.

'Thank Merlin, thought I'd be shouting for hours,' Hermione said.

'Hi, 'Mione,' Harry smiled. 'What's up?'

'Did you get your results?' Hermione asked. 'Please tell me you passed, Harry!' Harry chuckled. 'Yeah, I passed. Why don't you come over for breakfast and we can talk?'

Hermione squealed in delight and disappeared. Harry smiled as the fire flared green and Hermione and Ron stumbled out, the latter yawning widely.

'Ron,' Harry said.

'M-M-Morning, Hawwy,' Ron yawned thickly

'Hermione wake you up?' Harry asked.

Ron nodded as he and his girlfriend followed Harry back to the dining room. 'Started screamin' 'bout N.E.W.T.s and toast.' Ron choked out through another yawn.

'Lucky you,' Harry said. 'Dante woke me up by throwing up all over me.'

Ron winced and Harry smiled as he sat down, Lucius saying a quick good morning to the two Gryffindors.

'How are they?' Hermione asked, looking between Ciana and Dante.

'Just fine, besides the one am wake up calls,' Harry said.

'And the throwing up, Ciana really seems to like that,' Lucius said.

At that moment Ciana gave a her little "I'm hungry-cry" and Lucius put the teddy bear aside to pick her up. Seeing that his sister was getting attention, Dante cried out too, and Harry quickly lifted the baby into his arms. Lucius was already feeding Ciana and Harry summoned Dante's bottle to see if their son was hungry.

'Anyway, how'd you go in your N.E.W.T.s?' Harry asked, seeing that Hermione was dying to know.

'Oh, good, you know,' Hermione said.

Harry put the bottle down- Dante didn't seem interested- and held out his hand. 'Pass 'em over.' She blushed and pulled a piece of parchment from her jeans pocket, handing it across the table.

'Mine are there,' Harry said and gestured at the parchment on the table. Hermione scooped it up as Harry and Lucius read her results;

HERMIONE JEAN GRANGER HAS ACHIEVED:

Ancient Runes: O
'That's brilliant, Hermione,' Harry said. 'Well done.'

'Yes, very commendable,' Lucius nodded.

Hermione blushed brightly as she put Harry's results down. 'Thank you. You did well too, Harry.'

'Thanks,' the dark-haired wizard smiled.

'Wha' di' oo 'et?' Ron asked through a mouthful of toast and sausage, though he managed to only barely open his mouth.

'Ronald, honestly,' Hermione tutted.

'I did good,' Harry said and Hermione showed Ron Harry's results.

'Blimey, three O's and two E's,' Ron commented, swallowing thickly. He smiled brightly at Harry, not a hint of jealousy on his face. 'Well done, Harry.'

Harry blushed as Hermione dug Ron's results out of her pocket and passed them over;

**RONALD BILIUS WEASLEY HAS ACHIEVED:**

*Charms: E*

*Defence Against the Dark Arts: E*

*Herbology: A*

*Muggle Studies: A*

*Transfiguration: A*

'Two E's for me,' Ron grinned proudly. 'Seems the war did *some* good.'

Harry chuckled. 'Well, how could you travel Britain for a year fighting Death Eaters and *not* learn how to cast spells and defend yourself?'

Dante gave a little cry and Harry tried to feed him again; this time the baby latched onto the teat and sucked back, Harry smiling down at him.
'You did brilliantly, Ron,' Hermione said.

Ron rolled his eyes but was beaming under his girlfriend's praise.

Lucius smiled and Harry said, 'You did well, a pass is a pass.'

Ron nodded as Hermione said, 'He passed Muggle Studies!'

'I thought it'd be an easy pass,' Ron admitted, 'but I actually had to study a bit. Thankfully I've got 'Mione.'

Hermione smiled and pressed a kiss to Ron's cheek, the red-head blushing brightly.

'How did Draco do?' Hermione asked.

'O's and E's,' Harry said, smiling. 'I'm very proud of my kit.'

'Our kit,' Lucius corrected, patting Ciana's back. She spit up a little as she burped, and Lucius said, 'Who's a good girl?'

Dante was being stubborn and drooling all over Harry's neck, making the teenager giggle. 'Tay, come on,' Harry said. 'Pretty please?'

Dante pressed his face into Harry's neck and drooled more then before.

'You little sod,' Harry chuckled.

'Pass him here,' Lucius said.

'I can hold her,' Hermione said when Lucius went to place Ciana in her bassinet. Lucius smiled and handed Hermione his daughter, though kept an eye on her to make sure she was holding Ciana properly before walking back to Harry.

Harry stood and gave his husband their son, wiping at his neck with a napkin. 'Drool factory,' he commented.

'You just have to get him at the right angle,' Lucius said and placed Dante against his shoulder. He patted the baby's back softly and bounced him lightly. 'Come on, Dante, make Papa proud.'

A few minutes later Dante burped and Lucius smirked in triumph.

'You're a bastard,' Harry said.

'And you are jealous,' Lucius said and sat beside his mate, kissing him on the cheek.

Harry huffed but patted Dante's head. 'Good job, Dante.' He reached up and patted Lucius. 'Good job, Lucius, who's a good boy?'

Before Lucis could comment a large amount of forumla was thrown up all over his shirt. Harry grinned and Lucius sighed as he waved his hand. 'You couldn't let me win, could you?' Lucius asked Dante.

Ron and Hermione chuckled as Harry said, 'I win!'
'Harry, maybe we should talk about your future now that you've got your N.E.W.T.s,' Lucius said as he changed (Dante had thrown up on him again).

Harry had just put the twins down for their nap and turned to face his husband. 'My future?' he questioned. 'All I can see is babies crying all day and night and still managing to make me love them.'

Lucius chuckled and wrapped his arms around Harry's waist, paying no mind to the state of Harry's clothing. 'Do you still want to open a school to teach pre-Hogwarts students?'

'Yeah,' Harry nodded. 'But I don't have time to do that degree, Lucius.'

'No, I know,' Lucius said. 'When the twins get a bit older they'll start sleeping regularly and won't be eating as much, you'll have some free time back. I don't mind looking after them when you study.'

Harry turned but Lucius kept his arms around him so they were effectively hugging as Harry spoke. 'Really?' he asked. 'You'd do that for me?'

'This is your future we're talking about, Harry,' Lucius said. 'I really don't mind watching the babies for a few hours if you have to do something.'

Harry chewed on his bottom lip as he thought and Lucius watched patiently. 'Well... I do want to do that degree,' Harry said, 'but I suppose I can't until the twins sleep more... and that might be months.'

'True,' Lucius nodded. 'We don't have to plan anything definitively, little one. I just wanted you to know that I won't hold you back or stop you doing anything. I don't expect you to stay at home with the twins all day if that's not what you want.'

Harry chuckled and leaned up to kiss his husband. 'I know, Lucius,' he said when they broke apart. 'Honestly, all I can think about right now is taking care of Ciana and Dante- thank you for being so good with them, by the way.'

Lucius smiled.

'Anyway, at the moment it's all about my kids,' Harry continued. 'When they start sleeping more and we can get a pattern going I'll look at doing my degree. There's no rush; Hermione's starting hers in September and after that she's doing a business degree that goes for a year and a half or three years. I have plenty of time to get my degree, we won't be opening the school for at least three or four years.'

'Hermione's starting hers already?' Lucius asked.

'Well, she's applied, but of course she'll get in,' Harry smiled. 'She's 'Mione.'

Lucius chuckled and kissed Harry again.

'There's no rush, Lucius, I'm happy with my life at the moment,' Harry said. 'Though I'd love to sleep through an entire night.' Lucius smiled warmly at him. 'The point is, I know I have options,' Harry said. 'Thank you, though; you're such a wonderful husband.'
'Well we know *that*,' Lucius smirked.

Harry chuckled and leaned against his mate, eyes flickering shut as he breathed in deeply, senses filled with Lucius' scent. 'I love you, Luce.'

'I love you too, little one,' Lucius said without hesitation.
Happy Birthday, Harry!

Chapter Notes

Note: I'm SO sorry this took so long, I'm really just an evil, evil writer.

Also, a note on the chapter; the London Eye didn't open for public use until March 9th 2000, and this chapter is set July 31st 1999 when the wheel wasn't yet complete, but it worked well in the story so forgive me for this small inconsistency.

Anywho, enjoy!

{Dreamer}

Harry had no idea Lucius had anything planned for his birthday until he got up on July 31st. He woke up feeling refreshed- which was odd because usually Ciana or Dante had woken him halfway through the night- and yawned as the drapes were pulled aside to reveal a pristine room that had been cleaned of all the baby things that had come to litter to the place over the past month.

The windows were open and a fresh summer breeze wafted through, the sun shining and birds chirping in the background. Harry yawned and sat up, rubbing his eyes as he reached for his glasses.

There were vases of sunflowers all over the place, making the room seem brighter than usual. Yellow confetti fell from the ceiling to cover the bed, furniture, and floor, and Harry was staring around, mouth gaping open, as the bedroom door swished open to reveal Lucius.

He walked across the room, a silver tray in his hands, and sat beside Harry. He put the tray on the bedside table before leaning across to capture Harry's lips in a passionate, fiery kiss that made Harry moan loudly.

When they broke apart Harry was grinning goofily and Lucius chuckled. 'Happy birthday, little one.'

'Mm... this birthday's already better than all my other ones,' Harry said and threaded one hand through Lucius' hair before tugging him forward for another kiss. They stayed locked at the lips, tongues dancing together, teeth nibbling, and soft moans of enjoyment escaping each man, until Lucius pulled back and pecked Harry quickly on the lips.

'Breakfast,' he said softly and pulled the top off the tray. There were pancakes and waffles, toast and chilled fruits and yogurt and cereal. Goblets filled with milk, coffee, orange juice, and water lined the outside and Harry smiled as he plucked a strawberry from the bowl of fruit.

'Mm,' he hummed as he chewed, making Lucius chuckle softly. 'Where are the twins?' Harry asked after he'd swallowed his mouthful.

'Being taken care of by Draco, Fred and George,' Lucius said. 'I asked them to babysit today and they agreed. You deserve a day off, Harry, and what better day to relax than your birthday?'

'But the babies-'
'Will be perfectly fine without us for a few hours,' Lucius interrupted. 'I've planned the entire day, Harry. We'll have breakfast in bed and relax, followed by a lunch out with our family, then Draco, Fred and George will watch the twins while I take you to a secret location.'

Harry stared at him. 'But-

'Harry, I know you'll miss them,' Lucius once again cut in. 'But Ciana and Dante will be fine without us, okay?'

Harry didn't like the thought of leaving the twins without him or Lucius- they weren't even four weeks old!- but Lucius had gone to so much trouble to give him a nice birthday. And it would be nice to get out of Potter Manor and spend some alone time with his husband.

So he sighed and grabbed another strawberry. 'Fine, fine, we'll do it your way.'

'It's your birthday, Harry,' Lucius reminded him.

'Oh, is it?' Harry feigned shock. 'With the way you were ordering me around I thought it must have been your birth-

Lucius jammed the strawberry into Harry's mouth and the teenager grinned around it. 'Cheeky wizard,' Lucius muttered while he kissed Harry's cheek. 'Shut up and eat breakfast.'

Harry swallowed his strawberry and said, 'Yes, Mr Malfoy, sir.'

Lucius chuckled.

{oOo}

Harry's veela wouldn't let the teenager enjoy his birthday until he'd at least checked on the twins. So Lucius let him out of the bedroom after breakfast and they headed downstairs to hunt for their children.

They found them in the family sitting room. Ciana and Dante were sleeping peacefully while Draco read and Fred and George did paperwork for their Diagon Alley store.

'Hey, Harry,' Draco grinned, getting up and hugging Harry tightly. 'Happy birthday.'

'Thanks, Kit,' Harry smiled.

'Harry, you're so old!' George exclaimed.

'So very old!' Fred nodded as he and his brother stood to stare at Harry.

'Look at you, we can see the lines!' George said.

'They're everywhere-

' Shut up,' Harry said and turned to look at his twins, who were wrapped up tight in their bassinets.

'Sorry,' Fred apologised.

'What we were actually saying-' George began.
'Is happy birthday,' Fred and George finished together.

Harry smiled and hugged them both while Lucius stood between Ciana and Dante.

'They're fine,' Draco said. 'Ciana let me feed her and Dante ate a bit after that.'

'And Ciana dribbled vomit all over Draco's neck,' Fred snickered.

Draco scowled at his submissive mate, who just grinned boyishly and winked. 'Anyway,' Draco said. 'What are you doing out of bed? You're supposed to be relaxing.'

'He had to check the babies,' Lucius said.

'My veela won't stop worrying,' Harry grumbled. He leaned over each twin to make sure they were okay before kissing them on their little forheads. 'M'kay, I'm fine now.'

'Good,' Lucius said and dragged Harry from the room.

Harry grinned and waved at Draco and the Weasleys before he and Lucius disappeared.

{OoO}

They laid on their bed together, just doing... nothing. It was nice, though. While Harry loved his kids, they were a bit of a handful, and even one minute without one screaming was heaven to the teenager.

He was snuggled into his husband's chest, Lucius stroking his arm softly as they snoozed. His fingers trailed lower and Harry wriggled as familiar fingers traced the sliver of skin between the waistband of his jeans and shirt.

Harry had lost most of the baby weight by now, magic and healthy-eating bringing back his flat stomach. He wasn't as thin as he'd been before and his abs had disappeared, leaving a soft bit of skin behind. Harry knew that if he exercised regularly he'd get back to his former glory- not that Lucius seemed to be complaining.

Each brush of Lucius' fingers was like a shot of magic through Harry's body. He and Lucius hadn't had sex since the day the twins had been born, which had been just under four weeks ago. Harry groaned softly and tried to rub his hardening shaft against Lucius' leg without the blonde realising, which was pretty useless seeing as how Lucius was already staring at him.

'What are you doing, little one?'

Harry froze before sighing and saying, 'You know I'm hard, don't you?'

'Oh yes,' Lucius chuckled.

'It hasn't been a month, Lucius,' Harry said. 'We're supposed to wait a month.'

'Noo,' Lucius said, shuffling a bit so he could look down at Harry better, 'the books suggested that we wait a month to have sex. If you feel ready we can have sex, Harry, it's up to you.'

Harry wet his lips as he looked up at his husband. He was hard and they did have a few hours to
themselves. Plus the thought of Lucius fucking him into the mattress made the Gryffindor moan out loud.

Before Harry could say anything Lucius was kissing him and the younger man melted, shifting on the mattress to better meld his lips to Lucis' own. Harry tugged on Lucius' long blonde hair as their lips crushed together, teeth nipping and tongues stroking against each other slowly.

After a few minutes of passionate kissing, Lucius pulled back. Harry was panting and flushed, eyes dark with arousal and cock straining in his pyjamas.

'If you don't fell ready,' Lucius said as he stroked Harry's cheek, 'of course we can wait. We don't have to have penetrative sex, we an just touch each other.' He paused to kiss Harry softly, lips gentle and warm. 'If you just want to spend time cuddling and kissing,' he continued, 'that's fine. I don't want to rush you, Harry.'

Harry bit his slightly swollen lip. 'I... well... c-can we wait on, erm, penetration?' he asked. 'I just still feel a bit... weird.'

'Of course we can,' Lucius said. 'Is there anything you want to do?'

'Um...' Harry mumbled, blushing slightly. 'Can we just kiss and... and rub against each other? Like we used to before we bonded completely?'

'Sounds fantastic,' Lucius said quickly and kissed him again. Harry groaned, arching his body off the bed. Lucius pulled back once again and asked in a husky voice, 'Do you want to be on top or on the bottom?'

'Bottom,' Harry answered.

Lucius quickly rolled onto all fours and Harry's legs fell apart, Lucius slotting himself between them. Harry wound his legs around Lucius' waist and tugged him down for more mind-blowing kisses. It was better now; Lucius was a very warm, hard presence above him, and Harry could feel Lucius' arms either side of him.

Slowly Lucius lowered himself, his hips moving to grind their trapped erections together. Harry gasped before groaning loudly, the small act lighting a fire in his stomach. Harry whimpered against Lucius' lips and the Slytherin pushed down harder, Harry pushing up at the same time. They established a quick rhythm. Though the couple wanted to draw this out, they'd gone too long without enjoying each other's bodies. The longest they'd ever gone without sex before the twins were born was a week.

So they growled and nipped at each other, Harry sucking Lucius' tongue into his mouth as he scratched at the older wizard's scalp. Lucius grabbed Harry's hips with both hands and pulled him into each downwards thrust, Harry gasping in surprise and latching onto his husband's shoulders.

Harry could move better now that he didn't have a giant stomach in the way and wasted no time in hauling Lucius down to push them chest to chest. Lucius licked and nipped at Harry's jaw, his neck, the teenager moaning as his husband's devillish tongue hit every erogenous zone he had.

Lucius pulled away suddenly and Harry blinked in surprise before his baggy shirt was torn off, his glasses falling to the mattress as his shirt was thrown aside. Lucius was immediately back at his neck, teeth digging in and tongue laving over the marks he left. Harry shuddered as Lucius circled closer and closer to his Mark even while his hips crashed into the Gryffindor's, their trapped cocks rutting together and leaking into their underwear.
Lucius was just about to bite into Harry's Mark when he heard the bedroom door open, followed by a shouted, 'Oh gods!'

Tensing, Lucius breathed in quickly, searching for the scent that was unique to each individual person. His body relaxed somewhat when he realised it was Draco.

If it had been Fred or George Lucius would have snarled and tried to attack. As it was, he just sighed and turned to face his eldest son as Harry panted beneath him.

'Sorry, I should have knocked,' Draco said.

'What is it, Draco?' Lucius asked.

Draco had a hand covering his eyes and his nose was wrinkled. 'Ciana won't stop crying- we tried feeding her, changing her, nothing's working. And now Dante's crying because she is.'

Lucius groaned and buried his face in Harry's neck, the Gryffindor giggling slightly. 'We'll be right there, Dray,' he said as he tried to push his husband up.

Draco quickly backed out of the room and Lucius sighed loudly. 'Why now?' he demanded.

Harry smiled and pecked Lucius on the lips before reaching for his glasses. 'I know it sucks but our kids come first,' he said.

'I know, I know,' Lucius grumbled, pulling himself off his mate. 'That doesn't mean I have to like it.'

He helped Harry up and the two rearranged their clothing before heading out.

{oOo}

Ciana just wanted to be cuddled- Dante too after his sister upset him- so Harry hugged his daughter and stroked her back while Lucius hummed to Dante. They immediately quietened down and Fred said, 'Oh thank Godric.'

'Seriously, they wouldn't stop crying,' George groaned.

'How'd you do that?' Draco queried, looking between his dads.

'Dante only ever cries when he's hungry or wants attention,' Harry told the three. 'So if he won't drink his formula just pick him up and give him a cuddle, he'll quieten down after a few minutes.'

'Ciana, on the other hand,' Lucius explained, 'cries for everything. So you have to try feeding her, changing her, or paying attention to her. If she's just eaten and starts crying she's usually got bad wind so just pat her back and wait for her to settle. Dante drinks slowly so he's usually okay in that area. With Ciana it can take anything up to an hour for her to get the air back up, so don't get annoyed if she keeps screaming after thirty minutes.'

'This is exactly why I prefer men,' George said.

Harry rolled his eyes as Fred said, 'Mm-hmm. The universe knew we were horrible with women so gave us a sexy blonde man.' He winked at Drago, who blushed vividly.
'Ciana's just picky,' Lucius said.

'Like her papa,' Harry snickered.

Lucius just smiled and continued to rub his son's back. Dante was already calm, Ciana sniffling in Harry's arms. The twins had effectively ruined the mood so Lucius handed Dante to Draco and went to fetch the prams.

They'd bought three; two individual ones with three rubber wheels each, and a double one so if Harry or Lucius were alone with the babies they'd be easier to push around. The individual ones had covers over the top where the baby's head went and were made of a sturdy plastic as well as soft fabric. They had trays beneath them to carry extra stuff, something they knew they'd need. The double-pram was longer, with two carrycots back-to-back, and was made of a metallic blue plastic with white and blue fabric.

There had been a heap of fancy ones Harry had wanted to get but Lucius had talked him out of it. The nicer made ones had almost no support and the wheels were fragile. With the heavy-duty rubber ones the twins would have a smoother ride. And Harry really didn't want to give his son and daughter any more reason to cry in the middle of a packed street.

Lucius returned with the individual prams and Harry handed Ciana to Fred, who cooed and bounced her slightly in his arms. 'Where are we going?' Harry asked as he bent to assemble one of the prams.

'I was thinking Diagon Alley,' Lucius said as he expertly put together the green pram he was working on (Harry was having slightly more trouble). 'If it's too crowded we can go to Narrow Alley, or even Hogsmeade.'

'And it's safe to apparate the twins?' Harry questioned.

'They're almost a month old, it's perfectly safe,' Lucius nodded. 'It's recommended that you don't floo with a newborn or apparate over long distances - you have to wait until they're at least one. But the twins are almost four weeks old and we're not going far, they'll be fine.' He stood beside the assembled pram and Harry stared down at his own. 'I can apparate them both if you wish, little one.'

'Mm, you do that,' Harry nodded, tongue between his teeth as he tried to put the pram together. Finally George took pity and stepped forward. He quickly clicked the entire thing together and Harry demanded, 'How'd you bloody do that?'

'I have a little brother and sister, Harry,' George smiled. 'I was constantly watching Mum and Dad put prams together.'

'You'll get the hang of it, love,' Lucius said, kissing Harry's cheek as he checked his pocketwatch. 'It's almost eleven, how about we get dressed, get the twins' stuff together, and pick out a destination?'

Harry nodded and Forge and Draco offered to once again watch Ciana and Dante since they were already dressed. Harry changed into a pair of black jeans that he had to transfigure to fit him as well as an emerald green shirt with the top few buttons undone. Lucius wore his usual well-fitted trousers and white cotton shirt, a sleeveless black robe going over the top.

They collected everything they'd need for the twins; nappies, baby powder and wipes, bottles, toys, spare blankets and clothes and about a dozen other things. Lucius headed into the kitchen to make
the formula while Harry lugged the two large baby bags downstairs.

'Merlin, Harry, got enough stuff there?' Fred asked.

'Hey, babies need a lot,' Harry said, slinging a bag over each pram.

When Lucius got back he put the bottles in the bags and said, 'Ready?'

Ciana and Dante spent a good few minutes wriggling about in their new prams and wondering just what the bloody hell was going on. Ciana changed her red one to green so it was now identical to the one Dante was in. Fred, George and Draco all gaped at the newly-coloured pram and Harry and Lucius just smiled.

Harry wrapped the twins up and Lucius placed charms over them to keep their body temperature at a safe level. It was the middle of summer and would no doubt be hot outside, so the charms would keep the twins safe.

The family lost another half hour making sure they had everything. The twins were still wriggling about, Fred and George were cooing at them, and Draco was making sure they all had enough money.

Dobby and Griffy popped in just before they left and Lucius said, 'We're going out until about one or two, though we may be back earlier if the twins get upset. If anyone comes looking for us tell them we'll be back then.'

'Yes, Lords Malfoy,' Griffy bowed.

'Will Dobby and Griffy have food waiting, Masters?' Dobby asked.

'No, we're eating out,' Harry smiled. 'Now you two don't go partying while we're gone,' he teased, waggling a finger at the elves.

Lucius snorted as Dobby grinned, Griffy looking downright insulted. Harry apologised quickly to the elf before they all headed outside.

Draco, Fred and George couldn't apparate or disapparate inside the Manor or grounds (Luis now could because he was married to Harry), so they had to walk all the way to the main gates. Harry pushed Dante while Lucius had Ciana, and both babies gurgled as they looked around at their new surroundings.

'They're so cute in their little prams,' Draco said, bouncing ahead and turning to look at both his siblings.

'You're such a sucker for babies,' Fred grinned.

'Well they are his little sister and brother,' George pointed out.

'True, true,' Fred nodded. 'Hey, Draco, will you be like this over our kids?'

Draco blushed as Harry and Lucius looked at him. 'You're already thinking about kids?' Harry growled.

'Calm down, love,' Lucius chuckled.

'Well, we don't want kids right now,' Draco said, 'but its been discussed in passing.'
'How many do you want?' Lucius asked.

'Well Draco wants, like, four,' George said. 'And while having a large family can be fun, it's a lot of stress on the parents.'

'We'd know,' Fred nodded.

'Though this is different because we all have money,' George continued, 'and there's three of us. Fred and I want more than one because Draco's talked about being an only child and we don't want that for our kit.'

'Of course he's not an only child now,' Fred said! looking at Ciana and Dante.

'So we decided on two or three,' Draco smiled. 'Though that might change if we have twins.'

'Yeah, twins obviously run in the our family,' Fred said, 'what with me and George and our late uncles Fabian and Gideon.'

'And now we have Ciana and Dante,' Draco smiled. 'So there's a good chance we'll have twins because it runs in both our families.'

'But three would be good,' George said.

'I like the sound of three,' Lucius nodded.

'Though I'm way too young to be a grandfather,' Harry said, glaring from Fred to George. 'So don't you go making me one any time soon.'

'Easy,' Fred grinned, holding up his hands.

'We always remember the contraceptive charm,' George added, looking pointedly at Lucius.

Lucius sighed. 'No one will ever let me forget that.'

Harry smiled as Fred, George and Draco all snickered.

{oOo}

They apparated to Diagon Alley, Lucius with a firm hold of the twins' prams. Both squealed at the surprising squeeze they'd just experienced and Harry and Lucius quickly crouched over them, talking softly and stroking their cheeks. Eventually they both quietened and the family set off for one of the better cafe's at the end of the Alley.

It didn't take long for people to recognise them. Even with Harry's fringe covering his scar, the glasses were a dead giveaway, as well as the tall blonde walking at his side.

Soon they were surrounded, the twins crying out as they were assaulted by noise. Lucius could see that the situation was fast slipping out of control, even with the Weasley twins and Draco pushing people back.

Questions were shouted at them, all to do with the twins, their secret wedding, as well as demands about certain rumours that had been floating around the gossip rags. Lucius looked at Harry, who's
eyes had darkened, and the air crackled with veela magic as Harry slid into mother-veela mode.

Lucius quickly cast silencing charms over their twins as Harry started shouting.

'ALL OF YOU GET THE FUCK BACK, MY BABIES AREN'T SOME FUCKING SHOW YOU CAN GAWK AT!'

'Harry, calm down,' Lucius said.

Harry snarled until every single person had backed away quickly. Fred and George took control of both prams while Draco made sure everyone had moved back. Lucius crossed to his husband and pulled him in for a hug.

'Stop,' he ordered. Harry's body immediately went limp but he continued to glare at everyone. Lucius kissed his cheek and said, 'Feel better?'

'As soon as these fucking arseholes get lost,' Harry growled.

'We'll go to Hogsmeade, it's less packed,' Fred said.

Lucius nodded and said, 'Draco, apparate with Harry.'

Draco immediately grabbed Harry and disapparated with a pop. Lucius walked back to Fred and George and grabbed each pram before disapparating.

Fred and George looked around at the crowd and the younger twin said, 'Well, I hope you're happy.'

'You've ruined Harry's birthday,' Fred scowled.

'How about respecting his and his husband's privacy?' George demanded.

Before anyone could utter a word, the Weasley twins disapparated.

{oOo}

They appeared in the apparition point in Hogsmeade and Lucius immediately took the silencing charm down. Ciana and Dante were screaming their little heads off from a combination of the noise and apparating again so quickly.

Harry wriggled from Draco's arms and quickly picked Ciana up, shushing his daughter and pulling her close. Lucius did the same with Dante and within ten minutes the two had calmed down.

Fred and George had already appeared and glanced around as Harry and Lucius put their babies back in the prams.

'Looks a bit empty,' Fred said.

'We'll walk ahead and warn people,' George grinned. 'Lunch at The Hog's Head?'

'Yes, it's less populated than The Three Broomsticks,' Lucius nodded.
Fred, George and Draco went ahead as Harry stared down at the twins. Lucius touched his shoulder and Harry flinched before sighing.

'I'm sorry, Lucius, I didn't mean to yell.'

'Harry, it's not your fault,' Lucius said. 'There were too many people around your kit, of course you were going to get upset.'

'I just felt so mad,' Harry grumbled. 'What gives them the right to stare at my babies? What, just because I'm their mum the public has every right to stare at them?'

'Harry, of course it's not fair,' Lucius said. 'But there's not a lot we can do. How about we stick to the Muggle world for a little while? Though once news spreads of your outburst no one will come within a four foot radius of our twins.'

Harry smiled shyly and Lucius kissed his cheek.

'You had every right to protect them, little one,' Lucius said. 'Let's not let your more annoying fans ruin your birthday, okay? Abeforth will make sure we're left alone at The Hog's Head, and no doubt Fred and George have started rumours about you ripping people's heads off.'

Harry giggled and kissed Lucius chastely before taking Ciana's pram and leading the way towards The Hog's Head, Lucius following close behind.

{oOo}

The bar had brightened considerably since the war. Seamus Finnegan had been working behind the counter since graduation while Dean had gone into business with Abeforth. It was a sort of apprenticeship; Dean would be paid slightly less than your average wizard while he gained knowledge of how to operate and own a bar. He and Seamus were looking at opening their own in Diagon Alley; there wasn't a good bar there beside The Leaky Cauldron.

Seamus grinned when he saw the Malfoys and Weasleys enter and immediately leaned over the counter.

'Happy birthday, Harry!'

'Thanks, Seamus,' Harry smiled.

'You're the fourth person I know who's been in today,' Seamus said. When Harry looked at him in question, Seamus pointed to the end of the bar.

Neville Longbottom was sitting on a stool between Hannah Abbott and Luna Lovegood. Luna was wearing a white summer dress that ended above her knees (and had real flowers stuck to it) with bright blue boots and an orange beanie. Hannah and Neville were dressed for the weather in jeans and short-sleeved shirts, and all three turned when Seamus banged his fist on the bar and pointed.

'Hey, Harry, happy birthday,' Neville said as he stood and shook Harry's hand.

'Happy birthday yourself,' Harry smiled. 'Yours was yesterday, yeah?'

Neville nodded. 'Gran threw a big party and there were heaps of Ministry people, as well as all our
"Hogwarts professors.' He groaned at that part and Harry chuckled. 'Gran was gonna invite you but I thought you'd be busy with your babies- congratulations, by the way.'

'Thanks,' Harry beamed. 'Wanna meet them?'

Neville and Hannah both nodded and Harry turned to see Luna already staring at the twins.

'They're beautiful, Harry,' the Ravenclaw said in her soft voice.

'Thanks, Luna,' Harry said. 'This is Ciana,' he pointed at his daughter, 'and Dante,' he gestured to the younger.

'Nice names,' Hannah smiled.

'They won't be the last twins in your family,' Luna said off-handedly, making everyone stare at her.

'What do you mean by that, Miss Lovegood?' Lucius asked.

'Exactly what I said,' Luna replied dreamily before flittering off to the bar.

'I like her, she's so odd,' Hannah smiled happily.

'Oh, Lucius, you remember Hannah Abbott?' Harry said to his husband.

'Of course, from Defence Against the Dark Arts,' Lucius smiled warmly at the Hufflepuff. 'Good afternoon, Miss Abbott.'

'Please, call me Hannah,' Hannah said before adding, 'we don't want to interrupt your lunch.'

'Yeah,' Neville added. 'We were just out spending some time together when we ran into Luna and decided to get lunch. We can leave-

'Nah, it's fine,' Harry interrupted.

'Are you sure?' Neville asked, glancing at Lucius.

'It's my birthday and I want you here,' Harry said. 'But if you're busy...'

'No, we were going to go shopping later,' Hannah said before smiling. 'How about I order for us and you lot find a big enough table?'

Soon everyone- mainly Fred and George- were shouting their orders at the young witch, and Hannah disappeared to the bar to order. Luna was sitting on a stool chatting to Abeforth, who looked slightly confused at the blonde witch in front of him.

Harry pushed Ciana ahead of him and eventually settled for a table in the corner. It was one of the bigger booths and Fred, George, Draco and Neville all filed in with Harry and Lucius sitting on the outside so they could watch the twins.

When Hannah and Luna rejoined them, Harry stood to let the witches in. Hannah sat beside Neville and the Gryffindor wrapped an arm around her, making Hannah blush brightly. Luna sat beside the Hufflepuff and looked dreamily around the table.

'So, what's everyone been up to?' Harry asked as they waited for their food and drinks.

'I've been working with Daddy at The Quibbler,' Luna said. 'I'm heading off in September to start a
magic zoo-ology course in Australia.'

'Really, Australia?' Harry asked.

Luna nodded, still smiling. 'It's a three year course but I might not finish it, I just really want to learn about new magical creatures, and maybe find some of my own.'

'You definitely will, Luna,' Fred nodded.

'You'll find all kinds of weird stuff we've never seen before,' George agreed.

'Thank you, Gred,' Luna smiled.

'And you, Mr Longbottom?' Lucius enquired as he kept an eye on Dante.

'Oh, I'm going to be the new Herbology professor,' Neville beamed. 'Madam Sprout's letting me apprentice to her while I study to get my Masters. I should be the new Herbology professor by 2002.'

'That's awesome, Neville,' Harry beamed brightly. 'Well done.'

Neville blushed and Hannah kissed his cheek, making Fred and George whistle loudly and Draco roll his eyes. There was a lull in the conversation as Seamus delivered their drinks and waggled his fingers at Ciana and Dante.

When the Irish wizard had disappeared back to work, Hannah asked Harry what he was doing.

'Oh, being a mum,' Harry said. 'These two aren't even four weeks old so I'll be home a lot with them for a while yet.'

'But he's looking at doing an early education degree in a year or so,' Lucius added.

'You want to work with children?' Hannah asked.

'Hermione and I have a plan,' Harry said before quickly explaining the pre-Hogwarts school and orphanages he and Hermione wanted to set up. By the time he was finished their food had arrived and Harry plucked a chip from his plate.

'That sounds amazing, Harry,' Hannah said. 'I never even imagined how hard it must be for Muggle-borns to suddenly be thrown into the magic world. Or half-bloods like yourself that grow up Muggle.'

'You'll be great with children, Harry,' Luna said as she slurped down her strawberry smoothie.

Harry grinned at his Ravenclaw friend as Hannah turned to Draco. 'And what about you, Mr Malfoy?'

Draco blinked at being called Mr Malfoy and Lucius had to cover a snort by slipping a forkful of pasta into his mouth. 'Er, you can call me Draco,' the Slytherin said.

'Draco, you must call me Hannah,' Hannah said.

Draco smiled awkwardly before saying, 'I want to open my own apothecary so I've been doing a lot of research and getting contacts from all over the world, hopefully I'll have a shop by the end of the year and be open by next year.'
'He'll also be running Malfoy Empire when he becomes Lord of the family,' Fred added.

'And be a stay at home mum when we have little ones,' George grinned.

'Oh yes, Mummy Draco,' Fred nodded enthusiastically.

Harry and Lucius both snickered as Draco whacked his mates over the heads. Fred and George pouted before shoving salad into their mouths and giving Draco twin glares.

'What about you, Hannah?' Harry asked as he munched on his steak burger. 'What are you doing now that Hogwarts is over?'

'I want to be a healer,' Hannah said, nibbling on a piece of calamari. 'I'm interested in taking over for Madam Pomfrey, she mentioned to me that she's looking at retiring soon and moving back home to work in her sister's little practice. I'll be interning with her and at St Mungo's if I get into my degree.'

'But you didn't do N.E.W.T-level Potions,' Draco said. 'Don't you need an Exceeds Expectations in it to be a Healer?'

'I did Potions in our seventh year,' Hannah explained. 'And while I didn't actually sit the N.E.W.T, Madam Sprout said it counted as a N.E.W.T because of the war. She even confirmed it with Minister Shacklebolt.'

'Good ol' Kingsley,' Fred grinned.

'He's the man!' George practically shouted, earning another whack from Draco.

Lucius scowled at the very mention of the name and Harry rubbed his leg under the table, making the blonde shiver and glare at his now smirking mate.

{oOo}

Lunch went smoothly until the very end when Dante woke up crying, quickly followed by Ciana doing the same. Harry lifted his daughter from her pram, Lucius picking up Dante, and Lucius stood so Draco could scramble from the booth to grab the twins' bottles.

They re-took their seats and Ciana immediately started feeding while Dante mouthed at the teat for a few minutes.

'They're so adorable,' Hannah cooed as Dante finally latched on and started feeding.

'Yeah, they're my little angels,' Harry smiled.

'Except when they wake you up at four am,' Lucius grinned.

Harry rolled his eyes. 'You complain too.'

'I never said I didn't.'

'They were a gift from the Fates,' Luna said suddenly, making everyone look at her. She tilted her head and said, 'Dante will be like you, Harry.'
'Er... he will?' Harry questioned.

Luna nodded but said nothing more on the matter, and Harry knew better than to try and decipher his friend's words. No doubt it'd all make sense one day.

After lunch Hannah and Neville said their goodbyes; the two were heading to Muggle London to watch a movie. Luna soon flitted off to look for Moon Bugs (no one bothered to ask her what they were, just wished her good luck).

Abeforth came over to get the cheque and congratulated Harry on his twins as Lucius and George both paid.

'I hope they don't get into as much trouble at Hogwarts as you did, Harry,' Abeforth said, blue eyes filled with mirth. 'My brother and Hagrid have both mentioned what you got up to.'

Harry blushed and Fred and George immediately launched into stories about what they'd done while at Hogwarts, so that by the time they left Abeforth thought they were lunatics and Harry had been a perfect student.

They spent the rest of the afternoon wandering around Hogsmeade- Fred and George checking in on the shop- and Draco bouncing into Honeydukes. Harry too bought a bag-full of chocolate and other sweets and munched on them as they walked.

The occasional person stopped by to congratulate Harry and Lucius but most kept their distance. It seemed Lucius was right; word of Harry's explosion had travelled very fast.

When it hit three they decided to head back to Potter Manor. Draco, Fred and George apparated first, followed by Lucius with the twins, and Harry bringing up the rear. Harry had been an okay apparitioner due to constantly travelling during the war, but after not apparating for six months he was a little rusty.

So he immediately stumbled and was caught by two sets of strong hands. He blinked and looked around as, 'Happy birthday, Harry!' was shouted by Sirius Black and Remus Lupin.

'Siri, Rem,' Harry smiled, hugging his godfathers. 'What are you doing here?'

'We came to visit you, Cub,' Sirius beamed.

'It's your birthday,' Remus added.

Harry grinned as he and the others trooped up the long drive. When they reached the front of the house Lucius cast a subtle silencing charm around the twins and said, 'Harry, how about we have tea in the gardens?'

'Yeah, sounds nice,' Harry said and led the way around the building, the others all grinning behind him.

As soon as Harry turned the corner the assembled group shouted, 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HARRY!' Harry staggered and was once again held up by Sirius and Remus. The back gardens were filled with his closest friends; Severus stood with Teddy and Andromeda by the back doors, Teddy shouting, 'Hawwy!' as soon as he saw his godfather; Ron, Hermione, Arthur, Bill and Fleur were all standing around a table heavy with presents, Fleur almost nine months pregnant; Neville, Hannah, Seamus, Dean and Luna all sat grinning at the patio tables; and Hagrid and Albus both stood beneath a large banner that had "Happy Nineteenth Birthday, Harry Malfoy!" written across it
in flashing gold and red script.

Harry staggered again and Sirius chuckled as he clapped his godson on the shoulder. 'Didn't expect this, eh?'

'N-No,' Harry said before rounding on Lucius. 'You set this up, didn't you?'

Lucius grinned. 'With help from Forge and Draco, yes. Sirius and Remus sent out the invitations and got everyone assembled.'

'I can't believe this,' Harry said, eyes already watering. Lucius quickly pulled him in for a hug and Harry stuttered out his thanks to the chuckling group. 'You're amazing,' Harry whispered to Lucius.

His husband just smiled.

{oOo}

Ciana and Dante slept peacefully thanks to their father's silencing charms. Harry did the rounds and thanked everyone for coming, getting hugs and hand shakes from everyone (Lucius scowled in the corner). Fred and George got music playing and soon people were dancing beneath the tall palm trees with plates of party food and drinks.

Harry grabbed some food and went back to Lucius, who was sitting on the table furthest from the party with the twins beside him.

'What is that?' Lucius asked, pointing at the plates.

'A bit of everything,' Harry smiled. 'Sausage rolls, little frankfurts, pies, veggie pasties, popcorn, crisps-

'Just stop there,' Lucius interrupted.

Harry grinned and Lucius tugged him onto his lap, Harry wriggling until he got comfortable. He sat the plate of food on his own lap and leaned against Lucius as he ate. Every so often Lucius would pinch something; a crisp, a veggie pastie, or a piece of popcorn.

When Harry wriggled again Lucius groaned and buried his face in his husband's neck.

'Sorry,' Harry smiled.

Lucius grunted. 'I really wish Draco hadn't interrupted us earlier.'

'Well, technically Ciana and Dante-

'I'm more inclined to blame my adult son,' Lucius mumbled.

Harry chuckled and kissed Lucius softly. 'There will be other times, Lucius.'

'Not likely,' Lucius scowled.

'We'll try again tonight, m'kay?'
Lucius brightened considerably and Harry grinned.

{oOo}

Harry had thought the party was all he was getting until it hit five o'clock. Suddenly Lucius was pulling him up and passing him a jacket that had been stowed behind the table.

'Lucius?'

'We're going out,' the Slytherin told him.

Harry frowned. 'We are?'

'Yes,' Lucius smiled. 'Say thank you to all your guests while I talk to Draco, Dobby and Gruffy about watching the twins.'

'No, Lucius, we can't leave the babies!' Harry said.

'We can and we are,' Lucius said. 'Dobby or Gruffy will come get us if anything goes wrong. Draco, Fred and George know how to take care of them and we'll be back no later than ten. They'll be fine without us.'

'But-'

'Please, Harry?' Lucius said. 'I really want to give you a nice night.'

Harry bit his lip and glanced at Ciana and Dante, who were both napping again. Finally he glanced at the hopeful look his mate was sporting and sighed. 'Fine, fine, we'll go.'

'Excellent,' Lucius beamed and kissed him.

'If anything goes wrong...' Harry warned before walking off to thank his guests.

It took Lucius twenty minutes to pull Harry away from Ciana and Dante and the Gryffindor still grumbled as Lucius side-apparated him. He blinked repeatedly when they landed and stared up at the sight before him.

'Oh, Lucius,' he grinned. 'You brought me to a theme park.'

'And we'll do it right this time,' Lucius smiled, leaning down to kiss him quickly. 'Happy birthday, little one.'

Harry grinned as Lucius threaded their fingers together and tugged him forward.

{oOo}

'Ooh, Lucius, can I have candy floss?' Harry asked, bouncing up and down as they walked past various booths.
Lucius chuckled and nodded as his husband tore towards the small stand selling candy floss on sticks, in bags, and in tubs. Harry opted for the one in the bag- a bright blue ball of sugar- and a lemonade. Lucius handed over the Muggle money as Harry tore into the bag, eyes wide with delight.

'Mm,' Harry licked his lips and shove a heap into his mouth. He rolled his tongue around, eyes closed as he enjoyed his treat, before swallowing and beaming at Lucius. 'Want some?'

'I honestly have no idea what it is,' Lucius admitted.

'It's just flavoured sugar,' Harry said, ripping off a small chunk and handing it to Lucius.

It was sticky and melted in Lucius' mouth, and the sugar rush was definitely not something Lucius enjoyed. He quickly swallowed and took a long drink of Harry's lemonade.

'No?' Harry said.

'Not my thing,' Lucius admitted.

'Well there's other stuff,' Harry said, looking around as he munched on his packet. 'Um... we can get popcorn, or toffee apples, or- ooh, hotdogs!'

Harry practically bounced away, stuffing his face with candy floss as he did, and Lucius sighed as he followed after him. If Harry ate much more sugar he'd be flying soon enough.

{oOo}

'Lucius, do you remember where we first met?' Harry asked as he alternated between eating his hotdog and candy floss- something that made Lucius feel distinctly ill.

He shook his head to clear his thoughts before saying, 'We met at Flourish and Blotts.'

Harry smiled and said, 'Actually, I kind of met you in Borgin and Burkes in Knockturn Alley.'

Frowning, Lucius turned to look at his mate as they walked. 'What?'

'We officially met in Flourish and Blotts,' Harry nodded. 'But... well, before then, you were in Borgin and Burkes, remember?' When Lucius nodded, Harry continued. 'I had just used the floo for the first time and I went a stop too far and ended up in Knockturn Alley, in Borgin's. I was about to leave when I saw Draco and ducked into a cabinet; I didn't want him teasing me about being lost, or starting any rumours about me being Dark 'cause I was in Knockturn Alley.

'Anyway, you were there to get rid of some... stuff.' He eyed his husband, who cleared his throat and looked down. 'Draco almost caught me but you dragged him away. I got out and Hagrid found me, took me to Diagon Alley. There I met up with the Weasleys, was manhandled by Lockhart-' Lucius growled, ' - and then you started a fight with Mr Weasley.'

'No, he started the fight,' Lucius corrected. 'He jumped me.'

'You didn't help by being a jammy bastard,' Harry pointed out.

'True,' Lucius smiled. 'So you saw me in Borgin's but we met in Flourish and Blotts?'
'Yup,' Harry nodded, leaning over to slurp from the lemonade Lucius was still carrying.

Lucius smiled before saying, 'Why did you bring up our first meeting?'

Harry shrugged. 'Just curious.'

Lucius raised an eyebrow and said, 'Really?' Harry nodded and Lucius narrowed his eyes. 'Are you sure?' he said.

'I'm sure, I just wondered if you remembered,' Harry smiled, licking his fingers.

'You're up to something,' Lucius said.

'Maybe, maybe not,' Harry said.

Lucius snorted and turned to look around. 'You've been spending too much time with me.'

Harry grinned as he ate his candy floss.

{oOo}

They went on a few rides and Harry found that the fast ones weren't for Lucius. Though the man had no problem zipping about on a broom, he came off the fast rides looking green and clutching his stomach.

So they stuck to the smaller rides and went on the ferris wheel. Harry practically hung over the edge pointing at everything he could see and Lucius held onto his hips tightly while grumbling under his breath.

Afterwards Harry commented that he'd never been on the new London Eye- the biggest ferris wheel in the world (according to Hermione)- and Lucius promised to take him there as soon as they left the theme park.

After the ride Harry ate yet more food and demanded to play every single small game on offer. Lucius won him a few soft toys and trinkets that Harry was going to divide between Ciana, Dante, and Teddy.

Soon they'd seen everything and Lucius apparated them to Muggle London, appearing in a dark park behind some trees. Harry groaned and clutched his stomach but managed not to throw up.

'You shouldn't eat so much,' Lucius chastised.

Harry glared at him but didn't say anything; Lucius was right, after all.

The giant wheel was lit up brightly and Harry tilted his head back as he looked up. The thing was massive and Harry couldn't wait to see the view. They waited in line and eventually were allowed to walk into one of the capsules.

The place was amazing- all silver and round- and Harry immediately ran over to the furthest end. A few other people joined them but Harry and Lucius paid them no attention. Harry was busy peering out the windows while Lucius watched his mate in amusement.
The wheel took its time, and though the view wasn't that great while the capsule was close to the
ground, Harry still jiggled up and down, eyes darting through the glass as he gripped the railing.
The inside of the capsule was softly lit with blue and white lights and there was a dark wooden
bench in the middle, which a few people had already sat on.

Lucius pressed against his mate's back and Harry immediately stopped moving. 'Calm down, little
one.'

'Sorry,' Harry blushed. 'I'm just excited.'

'You realise you can fly as high as this machine, don't you? All you need is a broom.'

Harry rolled his eyes. 'Silly Lucius, it's different.'

'How so?'

'It... it just is, okay?'

Lucius chuckled and kissed his mate's cheek as the capsule continued to slowly move.

Eventually the capsule moved higher up and Harry began to bounce again. Lucius pointed out
things that Harry had never seen before - Big Ben, Waterloo Station, and even the Palace - all of the
places lit up beautifully. All around them other people were doing the same thing and Harry
grinned as Lucius whispered in his ear.

'One day we should go see all of that up close,' Harry said, eyes wide as he took everything in.

'If that's what you want,' Lucius smiled, pressing a kiss to Harry's cheek. Suddenly he had an idea
and pressed his lips to Harry's ear. 'Imagine if we were all alone up here...'

'Why?' Harry questioned.

'I'd take you up against these windows,' Lucius growled and nipped Harry's lobe.

'Lucius!' Harry practically shrieked, making everyone stare at them. Harry burned red as Lucius
apologised for his partner's behaviour. 'You prat,' Harry grumbled.

Lucius grinned.

{oOo}

Harry wanted to go again so he and Lucius rode the capsule all the way back around before the
teenager finally got off, talking about everything he'd seen with Lucius. Lucius smiled as they got
coffees at The Gaslight, the cafe they'd visited on their first date and where Lucius had proposed.

After drinking their beverages Lucius apparated them back to Potter Manor and the two walked
hand in hand down the drive. For the second time that day Harry found himself being tugged
around the side of the house and his eyebrows went up as he wondered what Lucius had done this
time.

'Oh my gods,' Harry gasped. The jumping castle Lucius had got all those months ago was sitting in
the gardens of Potter Manor. Harry squealed and wrapped his arms around Lucius, kissing him
quickly before taking off.

Lucius smiled and followed at a normal pace as Harry ripped his shoes off and dove into the castle. He laughed loudly as he rolled back to his feet and started bouncing around.

'Lucius, come on, it's heaps fun!' Harry shouted.

'No, I think I'll stay out here,' Lucius said, remembering the troubles he'd had standing the last time.

'You'll be fine, come on,' Harry groaned.

'I really don't think- Harry!

Harry had jumped right out of the castle and grabbed Lucius by both hands. The blonde groaned as he was pulled onto the castle and immediately stumbled on the unstable floor. He fell on his arse and Harry giggled stupidly as the Slytherin huffed.

'This isn't funny!'

'Yeah it is,' Harry grinned and started bouncing around.

Lucius removed his shoes but decided to stay sitting. Harry jumped all around him like a lunatic, giggling and ruffling Lucius' hair as he passed. After about twenty minutes Lucius tackled his mate and they both hit the castle, Harry letting out a breath of air as Lucius settled atop him.

'Hello there,' the Gryffindor grinned.

'Having fun?' Lucius asked.

Harry nodded. 'I can honestly say this is the best birthday ever,' he admitted. He leaned up and kissed Lucius softly. 'Thank you, Lucius, this whole day has been amazing.'

'Anything for you, little one.'

They kissed again before both settling down on their backs, Harry snuggled into Lucius' side. There was no top on the jumping castle so they fell into silence just staring at the night sky. Occasionally Lucius would point out constellations and stars that Harry hadn't learnt in Astronomy—or had just forgotten about—and kissed softly as they enjoyed the warm night.

{oOo}

Eventually they headed back inside to find Sirius, Remus and Severus all passed out in the family sitting room. Fred and George were doing paperwork and Draco was watching TV. Ciana and Dante were both asleep and Harry kissed his twins before he and Lucius picked them up.

Harry thanked his family again for such a wonderful birthday and they all said goodnight, Harry and Lucius heading upstairs to put the twins down.

Ciana stirred a little but a back rub from Lucius had her out like a light. Harry and Lucius put their twins in their bassinet and kissed them before getting ready for bed.

Lucius really wanted to try having sex again but neither he or his mate felt comfortable doing so
with their kit in the room. Harry didn't want to ask Draco to babysit again so he and his husband curled up after showering and brushing their teeth, Harry snuggled into Lucius' chest and the blonde stroking his arm.

'Thank you again, Lucius,' Harry said, kissing his mate's chest. 'You're an amazing husband.'

'I love you, Harry,' Lucius replied. 'Happy birthday.'

Harry fell asleep with a big grin on his face. It really had been the best birthday ever. And when he was woken up three hours later by Ciana and Dante, he still had no complaints.
Author's Note: It's been a fun ride but this part of Harry's and Lucius' lives has to come to a close. Enjoy!

Harry and Lucius were both feeling exhausted the next morning. Not only had the twins woken them up repeatedly through the night, but they'd spent most of the previous day walking and talking to people. Harry was feeling a lot older than his nineteen years as he and Lucius headed down to breakfast, carrying a twin each.

Fred, George and Draco were up and the blonde smiled at Harry. 'Have a nice night?'

'Hnn,' Harry grunted, sitting heavily and pouring himself a cup of coffee with one hand. Lucius was doing the same and he yawned widely as he stirred a lump of sugar into his cup.

'I'd take that as a yes,' Fred smiled.

'We had fun,' Harry yawned, 'I'm just tired, is all.'

'Lucius wear you out?' George asked, grinning slyly, and Harry burned red as Draco tutted.

'No, Draco interrupted us,' Lucius said, scowling at his heir.

Draco just shrugged as the two red-heads whistled.

'Poor Harry,' Fred grinned.

'Not getting any,' George fake-pouted.

'Well, if it makes you feel any better-' Fred began.

'Fred and I are totally getting some,' George snickered.

'But, you know-' Fred said.

'we're loveable,' George finished.

Harry scowled at his future son-in-laws, both Weasleys just grinning widely. Lucius rolled his eyes and took a bite of toast while he rocked Dante gently in his arms, the little boy blinking up at him.

'Leave him alone,' Draco said as he read the paper.

'Yes, it's probably best not to antagonise one of your future father-in-laws while he's operating on five hours sleep,' Lucius added.

Fred and George seemed to realise exactly what they were doing and glanced at Harry, who was still glaring.
Erm,’ Fred mumbled.

'We're just gonna get some more coffee,’ George said. He and his brother jumped to their feet and took off, Draco and Lucius both snickering.

'Bastards,’ Harry muttered. He summoned Ciana's bottle when his daughter started whimpering and soon she was feeding away while Harry sat yawning at the table.

Dante didn't seem to be hungry so Lucius ate while chatting softly to Draco about what was printed in the newspaper today. When Harry heard Sirius' name he looked up.

'- so I just said they could stay here the night, I didn't think Harry would mind,' Draco was saying. 'When are you moving back to Malfoy Manor?'

'I'm not sure,’ Lucius said. 'It's up to Harry, he's their mother.’

Harry interrupted. 'Sorry, what?'

Lucius and Draco turned, the elder blonde smiling at his mate. 'Draco was just saying that Sirius, Remus and Severus stayed the night.’

'They did?'

Lucius nodded as Draco said, 'They got majorly drunk at your birthday party, Harry, it was hilarious.'

'Aww, I missed drunk-Severus?’ Harry pouted.

Lucius chuckled. 'I'm sure there will be plenty of future parties where Severus will throw caution to the wind and let two Gryffindors get him drunk.’

'I can see Sirius doing it, yeah, but I can't imagine Remus talking Severus into getting drunk,’ Harry said.

'Never underestimate a Gryffindor,’ Lucius said, 'especially one as smart as Remus.’

Harry smiled as Ciana finished feeding and pulled away, formula dribbling down her chin.

There was a shout from the kitchen followed by Fred and George cackling. Draco sighed and stood. 'I'd better go stop my mates from blowing up the kitchen.’

He headed out and Harry turned to Lucius. 'Should we get Sirius and the others up?’

'They're probably hungover,’ Lucius said, watching Harry try to burp Ciana. 'Do you want me to burp her?’

'Yeah, you have better luck than me,’ Harry said. Lucius summoned Dante's bassinet and placed him in it before taking Ciana from Harry. Harry grabbed a piece of toast and took another sip of coffee before saying, 'I'll go get them up anyway, we've got hangover cure in the kitchen.’

Lucius nodded and rubbed his daughter's back as she gurgled against his ear. He'd just got her to bring up the air she'd swallowed when Draco, Fred and George re-entered the dining room.

'Where's Harry?’ Draco asked.

'He went to wake up Severus, Remus and Sirius,’ Lucius murmured as he placed Ciana in her own
'WHAT?!' Fred and George shouted.

Lucius glared at them as Ciana and Dante whimpered.

'He went to wake them up?' Draco demanded.

'Yes, what's the problem?' Lucius asked.

A loud scream echoed throughout the house and Lucius immediately jumped to his feet.

'That was Harry,' he said before handing Ciana to Draco quickly and running.

Draco summoned his sister's bassinet called Griffy to watch the babies as he, Fred and George took off after the elder Slytherin.

{oOo}

Three Minutes Earlier...

Harry yawned and scrubbed his eyes as he walked through the house. He was assuming Sirius and Remus had stayed in the same room they'd used during Harry's and Lucius' wedding (the teenager now thought of it as their room) and Severus had been in the one beside them.

'So down this corridor, take a right,' Harry murmured to himself as he munched on his toast, 'down another corridor, another right, and...'

He trailed off as he came to the large mahogany door of Sirius' and Remus' bedroom. A piece of parchment had been taped to the wood that read "Doggy Playhouse; Knock Before Entering".

Snorting at his godfather's dirty mind, Harry pushed the door open-

- and promptly froze.

Okay, so Harry had never given much thought to what it would be like to have sex with two people at once. Lucius was more than enough to satisfy him and really the thought of sharing the blonde with anyone made Harry want to kill someone.

He also didn't think too much about Draco being mated to Fred and George.

Well, now he had firsthand knowledge on what it looked like; Sirius was on all fours, with Severus behind him and Remus ahead of him. They were all sweaty and moaning and... and naked.

Harry's mouth dropped open and his toast fell to the floor.

And then he screamed.

{oOo}
Severus' head whipped around and Remus' eyes snapped open. Sirius pulled away from the werewolf and tried to turn to see who had screamed.

His eyes bulged when he saw his godson standing in the doorway, equal mixtures of horror and surprise on his face.

'Fuck,' Severus grunted and pulled out, making Harry groan and cover his eyes.

Remus hid behind Sirius, who shuffled about and grabbed the duvet to cover himself while Severus grabbed one of the pillows. Harry still hadn't moved and he was whimpering now, nose wrinkled and free hand shaking. Sirius opened his mouth to try and explain when suddenly Lucius appeared in the doorway closely followed by Draco, Fred and George.

'Harry, what- oh,' Lucius' mouth fell open before he smirked. 'Well, well, well; Severus, you old dog.'

'Fuck off, Lucius!' the potions master snarled.

Lucius raised an eyebrow. 'I knew there was something going on with you three but I never guessed...'

'Sorry,' Draco mumbled.

'We tried to stop Lucius,' Fred added.

Harry turned on them and all three drew back quickly. 'You knew?' he demanded.

'Um,' Fred murmured.

'We kinda...' George grumbled.

'We caught them shagging ages ago!' Draco blurted.

'Dragon!' George scowled.

'You would have made a horrible Marauder,' Fred muttered.

'HOW THE FUCK COULD YOU NOT TELL ME?!' Harry shouted before glaring at Lucius. 'Did you know?'

'I honestly didn't,' Lucius said quickly. 'I suspected that something was going on, but I honestly never imagined the three of them together.'

Harry turned to scowl at his godfathers.

'Harry-,' Sirius tried.

'How long has this been going on?' Harry demanded.

Sirius, Remus and Severus all glanced at each other before the werewolf answered.

'Five months,' he said and watched hurt fill Harry's eyes. 'We got together five months ago... erm, t-today.'
'Five months,' Harry said, '... five months and you didn't bother telling me?'

'We wanted to, Harry, but Severus wanted to wait,' Sirius said. 'And then you got married and had Ciana and Dante and it was your birthday-

'There's just never been a good time to tell you,' Remus cut in. 'But we were going to, Harry.'

'Why should I believe you?' Harry demanded. 'You obviously don't trust me!'

'Cub-' Sirius began.

'You don't!' Harry shouted. 'I told both of you when I found out Lucius was my mate, you knew before Ron! And now I fucking learn that you've been shagging Severus for five fucking months?'

'Harry-' Remus tried, but once again the teenager cut in.

'Do you love him?'

'What?' Sirius blinked.

'Don't fuck with me,' Harry snarled, 'do you love him?'

Sirius and Remus glanced at each other, everyone else silent, and then looked at Severus. The Slytherin was staring pointedly at the bed, half his body covered with the large pillow he'd grabbed.

'Yes,' Remus finally nodded.

'We do,' Sirius added.

Harry's hands shook and veela magic crackled around him. 'So you love him and didn't bother telling me,' he snorted, shaking his head. 'It's nice to know how you really feel about me.'

Before anyone could stop him Harry disapparated with a loud crack, leaving everyone stumbling from the veela magic he'd used.

Lucius rubbed his eyes and looked at the three men. 'Great, now I have to go comfort my pissed off mate.' He scowled at Severus before he too disapparated.

'We told you you had to tell Harry,' Fred said.

'But noo, you thought it was too soon,' George added.

'Shit up,' Sirius sighed.

'We know we're idiots,' Remus groaned, rubbing his eyes.

Draco folded his arms. 'Just give Harry time,' he told the group. 'Dad will calm him down and then you can talk to him. Now...' he grabbed Fred and George, the twins wincing as they were dragged from the room. 'Get dressed,' Draco told the three adults and slammed the bedroom door shut.

{oOo}
Harry was sitting on top of the Manor. He hadn't had a specific place in mind when he'd apparated and his veela magic had taken him to the roof. Harry had done it before so he wasn't too surprised.

He couldn't believe that Sirius and Remus were shagging Severus... together... all three of them. Harry had nothing against triad relationships- obviously, seeing as how his eldest kit was mated to a set of twins- but it was the lying that Harry couldn't stand.

Remus and Sirius had been dating each other since Yule and had been dating Severus since... what, March? So when Molly had kidnapped Harry, they'd been together. When he'd married Lucius, they'd been together. When Harry had given birth, Remus, Sirius and Severus had been together.

And they hadn't bothered telling him.

Harry wouldn't have been as upset if it had just been a part-time thing, or a drunken one-night stand. But Sirius and Remus both loved Severus, they'd said it themselves, and still Harry hadn't been told. Draco knew, Fred knew, and George knew, but not Harry.

'I'm always the last fucking one,' Harry seethed as he hugged his legs.

He sat in silence replaying the conversation with his godfathers over and over again until a soft pop announced that he wasn't alone. He tensed before Lucius' scent hit him and he instantly relaxed.

'An interesting location choice,' Lucius mused, looking around. The very top of that part of the Manor was flat, whereas the rest of the roof was triangular due to the attic that spanned most of the house. Harry was sitting beside one of the many brick chimneys, his knees drawn to his chest, arms wrapped around his legs.

Lucius crossed to his mate and sat carefully. There was a few more seconds of silence before Lucius said, 'Do you want me to go?'

'No,' Harry said, sniffing lightly. 'S'lonely up here.'

Lucius smiled.

'How'd you find me?' Harry asked.

'Well, I looked everywhere and couldn't find you, so I started to panic,' Lucius admitted. 'Then Griffy and Dobby looked for you and told me you were here. Apparently you've done this before?'

Harry nodded. 'I was eight or nine and Dudley's gang were chasing me around the school to beat me up. I hid behind the bins and when I opened my eyes I was on the roof. I didn't realise at the time that I'd accidently apparated.'

'Apparating at such a young age is a very amazing thing, Harry,' Lucius said. 'No wonder you beat the Dark Lord.' Harry smiled weakly and Lucius wrapped an arm around him. 'They didn't mean to hurt you, love,' he said softly. 'There was a lot going on in your life.'

'They should have told me,' Harry said. 'I'm practically their son.'

'I know, little one,' Lucius said, rubbing his husband's back. 'But they didn't keep it from you to hurt you, or because they don't trust you. You have to think about Severus' feelings in this matter too.'

Harry was silent, letting his mate speak.
'You and Severus have only just started getting along,' Lucius continued. 'And suddenly he's dating both your godfathers. He hasn't let himself love anyone since your mother, Harry, so you can see how he might be a bit nervous about telling you.'

Harry hadn't thought about that. He wondered if everyone in his life was connected in some way or another as he turned his head to look at Lucius, cheek resting on his knees.

'Obviously they wanted to make sure the three of them would last together before telling you,' Lucius said. 'And when they fell in love and you got married, had two babies... you've been very busy, love, there's been no time for them to tell you.'

Harry sighed and looked away again, chin between his knees, green eyes staring across the Manor grounds. He could see all of it from up here and the view was amazing.

'I shouldn't have yelled,' Harry finally said. 'I was just so angry. I hate people lying to me and keeping secrets, family shouldn't keep secrets.'

'Like you not telling me that you were pregnant?' Lucius asked. Harry squirmed. 'Or keeping back pains from me, running from me when you're scared rather than just talking to me?'

'It's not the same,' Harry grumbled.

'It is and you know it,' Lucius said. 'I get that you were scared to tell me you were pregnant, Harry, but can't you see that maybe Sirius, Remus and Severus were scared too? Maybe they didn't want to upset you? If you're against their relationship Remus and Sirius will choose you over Severus, they're like your fathers.'

'I'm not against it,' Harry said quickly.

'Aren't you?' his mate asked.

The Gryffindor shook his head. 'It's a bit... icky,' he admitted, Lucius chuckling. 'But I could say the same thing about Draco and Forge,' Harry continued. 'I mean, I just don't want to think about my dads having... erm... you know.' Lucius smiled. 'If they're happy, if Severus makes them happy, then... well, who am I to get in the way?'

'That's very mature of you, love,' Lucius said, squeezing Harry's shoulder.

'I let my temper take over, again,' Harry sighed. 'Maybe I should get that checked into.'

'You didn't hurt anyone, Harry, and screaming is better than bottling it up,' Lucius said. 'But please don't leave me, I hate not knowing where you are.'

'I'm sorry,' Harry said. 'For future reference if I disappear I'm on the roof.'

'Good to know,' Lucius smiled, kissing Harry softly. 'Are you ready to talk to your godfathers?'

'Can't you do it?' Harry groaned.

'Harry~'

'I know, I know,' the teenager grumbled.

'I'll talk to them before you do if you want,' Lucius offered. 'But you can't ignore them forever.'

'I won't,' Harry said. 'Just make sure they're not mad, okay?' Lucius nodded and stood, Harry
remaining sitting. 'How are Ciana and Dante?' Harry asked, looking worried.

'They're perfectly fine,' Lucius said. 'Had some formula, got their nappies changed- Dante peed all over Fred, by the way-' Harry chuckled, '- and are currently napping while Draco watches them.'

'M'kay, I'll check on them in a few minutes,' Harry said. 'Meet you in the sitting room?'

Lucius nodded, bent to kiss his mate, and disapparated with a pop.

{oOo}

Lucius apparated into the sitting room. Draco was holding Ciana, who was crying, and Fred had a bawling Dante. Lucius sighed and rubbed his eyes before sitting on the sofa beside Draco. 'Pass them both here.'

Draco and Fred immediately handed both twins over and Lucius rocked them gently in his arms, trying to shush both at the same time. George was sitting on the arm rest beside Draco, rubbing his temples and groaning softly.

'Don't they ever stop crying?' Severus demanded.

Lucius looked up to see him, Remus and Sirius sitting on the sofa opposite. 'They miss Harry,' he told them. 'They know when their mummy's upset and they get upset too. Did you know they hexed me because they thought I was angry at Harry when they were still in his womb?'

'Seriously?' Draco grinned as Ciana and Dante both began to quieten a little, though they were still crying softly.

Lucius nodded. 'The used a stinging hex on me because they thought I was upsetting Harry. So now they're upset because they know Harry's angry.'

'Merlin, those are two powerful little babies,' Fred commented.

Sirius drank quickly from his glass tumbler before putting it on the coffee table. 'How mad is he?' he asked Lucius.

Lucius sighed as he looked up at the Animagus. 'I've seen him angrier, but he's very upset. He thinks that you don't trust him and he absolutely hates when people lie to him and keep things from him. I think it reminds him of his childhood.'

'His Muggle relatives kept things from him,' Remus murmured. 'And so did Dumbledore... and me too, I guess.'

'So did you, Severus,' Lucius pointed out.

'I think the only people who have never lied to Harry,' Draco said, 'is Dad, Fred, and George.'

'We never lie to Harry,' Fred said, shaking his head.

'We know how upset it makes him,' George agreed.

'I never lie to my mate,' Lucius added.
Sirius sighed and rubbed his eyes. 'I knew this would happen,' he groaned. 'We wanted to tell him, Lucius, honestly we did.'

'But he was so busy, he had so much going on,' Remus said. 'We didn't want to spring this on him at his wedding, or later when he had two babies to worry about.'

'And his birthday wasn't right either,' Sirius murmured.

Severus looked up at his best friend. 'I was worried about how he'd react,' he admitted. 'Remus and Sirius wanted to tell him right away but I... I wanted to wait.'

'I've talked to him,' Lucius said, 'I managed to explain all that to him and he calmed down when I left. He said he'll be down soon.'

Sirius, Remus and Severus waited nervously while Lucius tried to calm Ciana and Dante. Soon Fred, George and Draco couldn't handle the crying and hastily made their escapes. Lucius was just about to go get Harry when the teenager appeared with a pop.

Ciana and Dante both cried out and Harry hurried to them, sitting beside his husband and leaning across to look at them. Ciana made grabbing motions at him and Harry picked her up, slotting her into one arm while Lucius helped him with Dante.

A few minutes in their mum's arms was all it took for the twins to stop crying. The sniffled and blinked up at him, Harry smiling and kissing them both on the forehead.

'Sorry, Mummy was just on the roof,' Harry said.

'The roof?' Remus questioned.

Harry wet his lips and looked up at his pseudo-godfather. 'I... I accidentaly apparated up there.'

Remus nodded slowly and an awkward silence descended. Remus and Sirius were staring at Harry, Harry looking at his kids, and Severus swirling his drink. Lucius glanced between them all before clearing his throat and nudging his husband.

Harry scowled at the blonde before looking at his godfathers. 'Um... I'm sorry I didn't knock.'

Sirius blinked before snorting. 'That's what you're focusing on? The fact that you didn't knock?'

Harry blushed. 'Well... I really, really want to get rid of the image of you three having sex.' The other three men shifted on the sofa and Harry quickly said, 'I'm not against it or anything, I just... it's like seeing my parents have sex or something, I just really don't want to think about it.'

'You're... not against it?' Remus asked softly.

Harry shook his head. 'It's weird,' he admitted, 'I mean, I never even imagined you three... you know...' He trailed off and Lucius wrapped an arm around him, giving his shoulder a squeeze. 'Well... you're all adults,' the younger Gryffindor continued, 'and you can... you know, with whoever you want. I can't stand in the way of that.'

'But we love you, Harry,' Sirius said. 'If this upsets you we'll stop, nothing means more to us than you.'

'But you love Severus too, right?' Harry asked. Remus and Sirius both nodded.

'We do, Cub,' Sirius said.
'We can't help it,' Remus added.

'And you?' Harry asked Severus. 'Do you love Sirius and Remus?'

'Yes, I do,' Severus said, looking into Harry's green eyes. 'I promised myself I'd never love anyone after Lily died, but suddenly I had feelings for Remus and... one thing led to another.'

'How did this happen?' Lucius queried.

Severus sighed and rubbed his eyes, leaving Sirius and Remus to tell the story. When they were done Harry nodded and said, 'So... you're really happy together? All of you?'

The other three men nodded.

'It'll take some getting used to,' Harry continued. 'And I'm really annoyed that you didn't just tell me, but Lucius made me understand why you didn't so... don't let me stand in your way.'

'You're really okay with this?' Remus asked.

Harry shrugged. 'What can I say?' Suddenly he turned and grinned at Lucius. 'Slytherins are just damn sexy; I can see how you got suckered in.'

Sirius snorted as Lucius leaned over to kiss his husband and take Dante, leaving Harry more room to move. The teenager leaned against his mate as the other three men breathed sighs of relief.

'Thank you, Harry,' Severus said, making everyone look at him. 'Your support means a lot.'

'No worries, Sev,' Harry said. 'As long as I get to see you drunk at some point in the future, I'm absolutely fine.'

Severus groaned and the others snickered.

{oOo}

Harry couldn't take his eyes off Severus, Remus and Sirius when the three were together. He was noticing everything he'd missed before; the soft smiles, the little teases, the touches when they thought no one was looking. When Severus read on the sofa, Sirius would drape his arm over the back and the Slytherin would lean into it. When Remus leaned across to whisper in Severus' ear, the black-haired man would snicker stupidly and blush when Remus beamed at him.

Harry didn't know how he'd missed it before. Then again he'd never been that good at spotting couples. He'd only known about Ron and Hermione because they'd been in love with each other for seven years, and he'd noticed Neville and Hannah acting weird around each other because he'd spent months blushing and stuttering around Lucius.

But no, he hadn't noticed anything out of the ordinary. He asked Lucius if he had and the blonde had mentioned Severus seeming happier over the past few months, as well as the odd looks between the three men.

Sirius, Remus and Severus were acting very careful around each other and Harry was thankful. He might have been okay with the relationship but he didn't want to see the three making out anytime soon. Catching them in the middle of sex was enough for the rest of his life, thank you very much.
Lucius just chuckled when Harry said that and the Gryffindor pouted.

{oOo}

To lift Harry's mood, Sirius suggested that he open the birthday presents he'd got the day before. Harry had completely forgotten about them and jumped up and down as Draco, Sirius and Remus brought them in.

Lucius watched indulgently as Harry grabbed the large blue-wrapped one, wripping off the card.

'Thanks, Severus,' the teenager smiled.

Severus inclined his head as Harry tore it open, finding a wooden box inside that was made for holding potions; the lining was dark red velvet and there were wooden racks for large and small glass or crystal vials, as well as a booklet on common poisons and what could be used for healing.

There was already a line of potions and they had little labels written in Severus' tiny script. He picked up the first one- a large crystal vial with a wide base and skinny neck- that was filled with a red liquid, and turned it around to read the label.

'Contraceptive potion...' Harry trailed off and blushed, everyone else chuckling.

'I figured I'd help,' Severus drawled. 'I didn't think you'd want to be a mother again so soon after the twins.'

'For your information-' Lucius began, but Harry cut him off.

'Thank you, Severus!' he practically shouted, blushing fiercely and glaring at his mate.

Lucius grumbled, 'I can remember a bloody spell.'

'Well apparently you can't,' Severus said, pointing at Ciana and Dante, who were sitting in their bassinets. Lucius scowled at his best friend as Severus continued. 'You add about a teaspoon to your coffee or tea in the morning,' he told Harry, 'as long as you take it every day you'll be safe, but it doesn't start working until a week after you've started taking it. I've made more, I'll leave it with your house elves.'

Harry blushed again and mumbled a thank you as he put the box aside and reached for his next gift. It was from Fred and George; a box of fireworks, two Gryffindor onesies for the twins, and yet another book on gay sex.

'How many sex books are you going to get me?' Harry demanded.

'You can never have enough sex books,' Fred tisked.

'Honestly, Harry, they're amazing,' George grinned.

Draco was nodding in agreement and Sirius smirked at him. 'Use a lot of books, do you?' he teased the Malfoy heir, who blushed crimson.

'Thanks Fred, George,' Harry smiled, putting the present aside.
He unwrapped the black one from Draco and found six pairs of jeans in various colours (white, emerald green, blood-red, cobalt blue, jet black, and a dark purple), a book on the Quidditch team he now went for (*The Sonic Serpents*) as well as his own Quidditch kit. There was a proper sized Quaffle, two bludgers, and a golden snitch that buzzed around Harry's head as soon as he let it go.

'Thanks, Kit,' Harry grinned, getting up and pulling his eldest in for a hug.

Draco smiled and hugged Harry back, both teenagers grinning when they broke apart.

'I like the jeans,' Lucius mused, picking up the white pair.

'Fred and George noticed something about Father,' Draco told Harry, who looked at him as he sat back down. 'Wear the white jeans and he won't be able to keep his hands off you.'

Lucius raised an eyebrow.

'Trust me,' Draco said, smirking when Harry shrugged and went back to his presents.

The next one was from Remus; a large frame with a photo of Draco holding both Ciana and Dante. Draco was smiling at the camera and Dante was asleep, while Ciana was wriggling about in her older brother's arms.

Harry sniffed and rubbed his eyes, Lucius leaning down to kiss him. 'Th-Thank you, Moony.'

'Not a problem, Cub,' Remus smiled.

Harry put the frame aside and Lucius suggested they put it up in their bedroom, Harry nodding with a smile. He opened Sirius' present next and his eyes widened when a Firebolt Two resized in his hands.

'I figured you and Draco would be playing Quidditch a lot when the twins are older,' Sirius said. 'I bought your last broom so it's kind of a tradition.'

'THANK YOU!' Harry shouted and leapt into the Animagus' arms, Sirius chuckling and Lucius scowling. He gave them a few seconds together before hauling Harry back and glaring at Sirius.

'We so have to play Quidditch,' Draco said, bouncing up and down.

'We wanna play,' Fred and George said together.

'Me too, I haven't played since school,' Sirius joined in.

'But then the teams won't be even,' Harry said before turning to look at Lucius. He was sitting on the blonde's lap and Lucius raised an eyebrow as Harry started playing with his hair.

'Yes, love?'

'Well... Siri wants to play,' Harry said slowly, 'and if Draco has Fred and George on his team, and I have Sirius, well... we need one more person...'

'And...?'

Harry pouted. 'Please, Lucius?'

'Please what?' the blonde feigned ignorance.
'Lucius, come on,' Harry groaned, bouncing up and down and making Lucius stiffle a groan. Harry grinned and leaned closer, kissing Lucius' chin. 'Pretty-' kiss, '- please-', another kiss, '- my husband?' Harry moved up to Lucius' lips and kissed him softly before quickly drawing back and giving his mate the full Harry-pout. 'Will you please play Quidditch with me at some point in the near future?'

Lucius groaned and buried his face in Harry's neck. 'I hate you,' he grunted.

'Do not,' Harry grinned. Lucius re-surfaced to kiss him passionately, Harry groaning and blinking stupidly when they broke apart. 'Is that a yes?' the Gryffindor asked.

Lucius sighed. 'Fine.'

'Yay!' Harry bounced again and Lucius scowled at him, Harry apologising and turning to open his last few presents, everyone else snickering at his behaviour.

Hermione and Ron had got him some books on raising magical toddlers, as well as some Quidditch stuff, and there was cake and sweets from Albus and Hagrid. The best present by far was from Lucius.

There were two baby mobiles, one pink, the other blue. They had brooms, dragons, thestrals, lions, and snakes attached to them, as well as little golden snitches and lightning bolts.

Harry rubbed his teary eyes and said, 'Lucius, these are beautiful.'

'I made them myself,' Lucius told him. 'There aren't any really good ones out there. The toys also come off so you can attach others.'

Harry burst into tears and buried himself in Lucius' arms, muttering about perfect husbands and gorgeous veela and what he was going to do to Lucius when they had some time alone (everyone tuned out the last part).

When Harry had got himself together Lucius helped him attach the mobiles to Ciana and Dante's bassinets. Ciana blinked up at hers suspiciously before Lucius waved his hand, making the thestrals and dragons flap and the golden snitches buzz around. Ciana made grabbing motions for them and suddenly her mobile changed to green, making her parents chuckle.

Dante was just blinking at his and gurgling as he sucked on his hand, and Harry kissed his forehead and once again thanked Merlin that his son wasn't as much of a terror as his sister.

With presents out of the way, Dobby and Griffy brought out a cake in the shape of a snitch and Harry cried again. His body still wasn't completely back to normal and Lucius shushed him as the others sung happy birthday, Harry later blowing out the candles.

When Sirius asked what he'd wished for, Harry looked from Lucius, to their twins, to the rest of his family, and said, 'My wishes have already come true.'

It made Lucius kiss him passionately, and Harry blush when everyone laughed at the rather loud moan he'd given.
At dinner that night, Sirius turned to Harry and said, 'Isn't it your anniversary tomorrow?'

Harry nodded and gulped his lemonade before saying, 'Our one year anniversary, yeah.'

'Merlin, it seems longer,' Remus said. 'I can't believe it's only been a year since you rescued Lucius from Azkaban.'

'Mm, now look at you,' Severus said, glancing at the blonde. 'Married with two babies.'

Lucius smiled and leaned over to kiss his husband. 'I wouldn't have it any other way,' he said, making Harry blush.

Sirius chuckled before asking, 'Do you have anything planned, Lucius?'

'Actually, I don't,' Lucius admitted, looking at Harry. 'Someone has been acting very odd lately and telling me not to plan anything.'

Harry just beamed and Remus smiled. 'You doing something special then, Harry?'

'Maybe,' Harry smiled coyly, making Lucius groan.

'Please tell me, love,' he begged.

'Noope.'

'Harry~'

'Nah-ah.'

'Why not?' Lucius demanded.

'It's a secret,' Harry winked, snickering when Lucius pouted at him. Ciana started crying and Harry pulled her into his arms, summoning her bottle and leaning back to feed her.

'You annoy me, little one,' Lucius grumbled as he checked on Dante.

'I know,' Harry beamed.

Fred, George and Draco all snickered, while the other triad smirked at the pout on Lucius' face.

{oOo}

'Do you really have something planned, little one?' Lucius asked as they got ready for bed that night.

Dante and Ciana had fallen asleep a few minutes earlier and their parents were tip-toeing around trying not to wake them.

'It's a secret, I already said that,' Harry whispered, stripping to his boxers before climbing into bed.

'Harry, don't be mean,' Lucius said softly as he put the photo of Draco, Cian and Dante on the wall beside the bathroom. 'Just tell me.'

'No,' Harry said. 'It's our one year anniversary and I'm...' He trailed off and smirked, Lucius
sighing.

'Why do you do this to me?'

'You always take me on secret dates, I've done it, like, twice,' Harry said. 'So don't you go complaining to me.'

Lucius huffed; Harry was right, after all.

'You'll find out tomorrow, Lucius,' Harry smiled. 'Patience.'

Lucius scowled at him as he climbed into bed.

{oOo}

Lucius woke to someone kissing him softly and groaned as a warm, wet tongue licked into his mouth, stroking lazily against his own and making his body stir. Lucius peeled his eyes open when the lips left his and saw that Harry was laying atop him.

'Morning, gorgeous,' Harry grinned, kissing Lucius again. 'Happy anniversary.'

'HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, MY DELICIOUS LITTLE ONE,' Lucius said, Harry giggling. 'WHAT ARE YOU DOING LAYING ON ME, HMM?'

'The real question is...' Harry said, trailing a finger over Lucius' toned chest, 'WHAT ARE YOU DOING BENEATH ME?'

Lucius smiled and tugged Harry down for another tongue-wrestle, the Gryffindor groaning and cupping Lucius' cheek with one hand, the other threading through his hair. When they broke apart for air both were grinning stupidly.

'I can't believe it's only been a year,' Lucius said.

'Mmm, seems longer,' Harry nodded. 'I mean, we're married and we have two little kit. A year ago I broke into Azkaban and saved you.'

Lucius nodded along before blinking rapidly. 'I'm sorry, what?'

'What?'

'You... broke into Azkaban?'

Harry smiled shyly; he'd never told Lucius this. 'Well, when I realised you were my mate, I kinda freaked out a little. And then Hermione found out that you were being given the Dementor's Kiss at nine am, which was about three hours after she told me.

'SO WE APPARATED TO THE CLOSEST WHARF AND FLEW OUR BROOMS TO AZKABAN. I GOT PAST THE DEMENTORS AND WE STORMED THE PLACE. IT TURNS OUT AZKABAN ISN'T THAT HARD TO BREAK INTO,' Harry smiled. 'SO YEAH, I DEMANDED TO KNOW WHERE YOU WERE AND THE AURORS LET ME IN. I BURST INTO THE ROOM AND YOU WERE THERE...'

He trailed off to growl and Lucius rubbed his fingers through the Gryffindor's hair. Harry shook his
head to clear the bad thoughts.

'So... I saw the Dementor hovering over you,' Harry said softly, 'and I just cast a Patronus and... well, you know the rest.'

Lucius pulled Harry in for another kiss, this one soft and gentle. 'I love you, Harry,' Lucius said when they broke apart. 'Thank you so much, this past year has been the best of my life.'

Harry smiled. 'I love you too, Lucius. You've given me a loving husband and three beautiful children.'

Lucius smiled back and drew Harry in, their lips meshing together. And then Dante started crying, followed by Ciana a few seconds later. Lucius groaned and Harry chuckled, pecking Lucius quickly on the lips.

'Come on, Papa,' Harry said, rolling across the bed and to his feet.

'Sometimes I wish they were already Draco's age,' Lucius sighed as he pulled himself up.

{oOo}

'So you have a plan for today?' Lucius asked as they fed and changed the twins.

'Well, more like tonight,' Harry said. 'I wanted to plan the entire day but we have two kids to look after.' He bent down to kiss Ciana on the forehead. 'It's not just us anymore, you know?' he continued. 'We can't just run off to where we want, we have to think about the babies.'

'Mm,' Lucius nodded, sliding a clean nappy under Dante. 'Thank Merlin we have so many people willing to babysit.'

'Well just wait until Draco starts working, we won't have him around as much,' Harry said. 'And Hermione will be doing her course, Ron starts apprenticing for Madam Hooch in September, and Sirius, Remus, and Severus will go back to Hogwarts.'

'All our babysitters are leaving at the same time,' Lucius smiled. 'Well, at least we have Dobby and Griffy.'

'I swear we'd be lost without them,' Harry commented, getting Ciana's clothes back on. 'Who's a big girl?' he cooed, pulling her into his arms. He rubbed her back as he turned to Lucius. 'Remus, Sirius and Severus said they'd babysit tonight- we're leaving at about five. I think they're trying to make it up to me.'

'Then I'm glad you found out the way you did.'

Harry chuckled and kissed his husband as he headed out, Lucius picking up Dante and trailing behind him.

{oOo}
The couple mostly spent the day taking care of Ciana and Dante, snuggling on the sofa and kissing when the twins were asleep. Draco, Fred and George had cleared out to give them some privacy together, and Sirius, Remus and Severus would be coming over at four.

After another long snogging session, Lucius pulled back and pecked his mate quickly on his swollen lips. Harry hummed and burrowed into Lucius' chest, closing his eyes and breathing in deeply.

'When did you want to move back to Malfoy Manor?' Lucius asked suddenly.

'Hmm...' Harry mused. 'Well we can apparate the twins right in, they're Malfoys, so it won't hurt them, right?' Lucius nodded and Harry continued. 'How about next weekend? That gives us time to get everything together.'

'Sounds perfect,' Lucius said, kissing the top of Harry's head. 'We can come back for holidays, and when the twins are older we can go look at your other properties.'

'Oh, right,' Harry said, 'I forgot about those.'

Lucius chucked and tickled his husband, who yelped and slapped his chest.

'Stop that.'

'Stop what?'

'You're a bastard, did you know that?'

'Oh, I definitely know that,' Lucius said and lunged, pulling his little one in for another round of snogging.

{oOo}

Finally four rolled around (it took far too long, Lucius said, and Harry just chuckled). Remus had brought Teddy and the little boy bounced in Sirius' arms as he peered at a sleeping Ciana and Dante. He demanded to know if they were old enough to play with yet and Harry calmly told his godson that it'd be a long time until they were big enough.

Teddy pouted and Sirius sat down on the floor to play trains with him, Teddy rushing about on all fours while he bashed his trains into pillows and toys.

Harry decided to wear the white jeans Draco had got him and added a black silk button-up shirt and thin white jacket. He put on a pair of black chucks, checked himself in the mirror, and decided he looked good.

Harry also put on the leather bracelet that Lucius had got him on valentines day, as well as a few leather necklaces with green emeralds hanging on the end. He patted his hair down- in vain- before leaving to look for Lucius.

When he entered the bedroom Lucius' jaw dropped. The blonde was dressed in dark denim jeans, black dragon-hide boots, a navy blue sweater, and a thin leather jacket, his blonde hair tied back. He also had the green rose Harry had given him months ago, the stem shortened so it could sit
comfortably in his top coat button.

Lucius’ eyes roamed up and down Harry as the teenager twirled. ’What do you think?’ he asked. Lucius’ eyes had now moved to his arse and he groaned. ’Luce?’ Harry questioned.

’How did Fred and George know I’d love you in white?’ Lucius demanded. ’I didn’t even know!’

’Um... so you like it?’ Harry asked nervously.

Lucius jumped across the room and pushed Harry into the wall, the Gryffindor gasping as his lips were pried apart, Lucius' skilful tongue darting in to plunder and explore his mouth. Both his hands trailed up Harry's thighs lightly before grabbing his arse and squeezing, Harry moaning and pushing forward.

When they finally broke apart Lucius was panting heavily, eyes dark with lust. ’Please don't wear white too often, love,’ he mumured. 'I'll be fucking you every time you turn around.'

Harry giggled shyly and Lucius kissed him again, swallowing each and every moan Harry gave him. Finally the younger wizard pushed him back and panted out, 'We have to go.'

’Can't we stay here?’ Lucius whined, squeezing Harry's arse again. 'Please, Harry, I need to see your arse- right now.'

’You'll have to wait,' Harry smiled. 'But I promise you'll get to fuck me tonight.'

Lucius blinked, one eyebrow going up. 'You mean...?'

’I think we've waited long enough,' Harry nodded, 'I want you to fuck me and fuck me hard.'

Lucius groaned again and buried his face in Harry's neck, his fingers digging into the green-eyed wizard's arse tightly.

’Lucius, you're gonna bruise my arse if you keep doing that,’ Harry said, though he secretly enjoyed it. Lucius just grunted and Harry smiled. ’Come on, love, my arse is all yours after dinner.’

’You hate me,’ Lucius moaned but pulled away. Harry quickly pecked him on the lips and smoothed his clothes down before linking their fingers and dragging his husband from the room.

{oOo}

Sirius whistled when Harry and Lucius walked in. 'Looking good, Cub,’ he smiled.

Remus and Severus both nodded in agreement, while Fred, George and Draco (who'd arrived while the couple were getting dressed), snickered at Lucius.

Lucius’ eyes hadn't moved from Harry's arse since they'd left the bedroom. He honestly couldn't remember his husband's arse looking that fucking gorgeous in any other pair of trousers. His arse and legs and... and everything just looked so fucking sexy in white.

’Father?’ Draco questioned. Lucius was oblivious, eyes still on his little one's gorgeous rear.
’Father... DAD!' Draco shouted.
Huh?’ Lucius grunted, blinking when he realised everyone was staring at him. He cleared his throat and said, ‘What?’

‘So you like Harry's jeans?’ Draco asked.

‘Oh... oh, yes, definitely,’ Lucius nodded, eyes sliding right back to Harry's lower half. ‘Yes, they're very... erm...’

‘Lucius!’ Harry snapped, slapping his mate's arm.

Lucius jolted and said, ‘What?’

Harry rolled his eyes as the others chuckled. ‘Stop staring at my arse.’

‘I can't help it,’ Lucius whined, watching as Harry went to check on the twins. He bent over each bassinet and Lucius groaned audibly. ‘Sorry,’ he blushed when Harry turned to stare at him.

‘Seriously, what's the big deal?’ Harry asked.

‘It's just... you look... gods, Harry, I don't think I'll be able to control myself,’ Lucius admitted.

‘They're just jeans, Dad,’ Draco tisked. ‘Honestly, no need to lose control of yourself over them.’

‘But that's why we told you to get them for Harry,’ Fred said.

‘Yes, how did you know I'd like Harry in white?’ Lucius asked without looking away from the wizard in question.

‘We've noticed you stare a lot more at his arse when he wears white boxers, or white pyjama bottoms,’ Fred said.

‘And we remember how good Harry looked in his old Quidditch uniform, you know when they had the white trousers?’ George asked. Lucius nodded. ‘Well they changed those in our fifth year to the black ones—’

‘- and Georgie and I reckon that Harry looks a lot better in the white ones,’ Fred said.

‘So, Harry, make sure you find your white Quidditch trousers and wear them when we play,’ Fred grinned.

‘That way we'll win,’ George said.

‘Because Lucius will be too busy staring at your arse to stop the Quaffle,’ Fred finished.

The Weasley twins snickered to each other while Lucius blushed, eyes sliding back to Harry.

Harry sighed and put both hands on his hips. ‘Lucius... Lucius!’ It took three more tries to get the blonde's attention and he smiled when he looked at Harry. ‘If I promise to wear these more often, can we go?’

‘Absolutely,’ Lucius nodded. He managed to tear his eyes away from Harry's rear to say goodbye to Ciana and Dante. Harry made the other men promise to send Dobby or Griffy if anything went wrong and kissed his kit again before apparating himself and Lucius out.
'Lucius, get your hands off my arse,' Harry said as soon as they landed.

Lucius grinned and said, 'Sorry,' though he didn't look it in the slightest.

He looked around and realised Harry had apparated them to Diagon Alley. He raised an eyebrow as his mate threaded their fingers together and tugged him along.

'Diagon Alley?'

'There's something I want to show you before we get to our first stop,' Harry said.

'And that would be...?'

'It's a secret.'

Harry snickered when Lucius groaned.

They walked down the alley with only a few people stopping to tell Harry how much they loved him. Most kept their distance- what with the murderous look Lucius was sporting- and soon they were stepping into Knockturn Alley.

The place had cleaned up a lot since the war. There weren't as many pickpocketers as there had been, and all the men and women selling their bodies had moved onto another alley further North. The place had more lamps and was brighter in the afternoon sun as Harry led Lucius along.

'Harry, where are we going?'

'Almost there,' Harry said, peering at shop after shop. They walked for another five minutes before Harry said, 'Ah, here we go.'

Lucius looked up as they stopped and raised both eyebrows in surprise. 'Borgin and Burke's?' he asked.

Harry nodded and tugged Lucius into the store, which was completely empty. The counter was covered in a thick grey cloth and the walls were bare.

'Harry?' Lucius questioned.

'Borgin died in the war,' Harry said, 'and I purchased the shop.'

'Why?'

'Draco wants to start a small apothecary that deals in more ingredients then the apothecary everyone uses down in Diagon Alley.' Lucius nodded along. 'Knockturn is still a little dank but Kingsley's doing his best to clean it up; it's safer then it has been,' Harry continued. 'So anyway, Draco has always wanted to own his own business so I bought the shop for him.'

'That was very nice of you,' Lucius commented.

Harry inclined his head. 'Draco needs to learn how to run a business if he wants to take over Malfoy Empire; what better way then to learn firsthand? Severus can help him, the twins too, and I'll fund it until he has his own money. He refuses to use too much of his trust fund, he wants to do
this on his own and pay me back.'

'That's very grown up of him,' Lucius commented, looking proud. 'Well, good on him,' he continued. 'Of course it needs a bit of a clean up but... this could do very well.'

'That's what I said,' Harry smiled and squeezed Lucius' fingers. 'You're probably wondering why I brought you here.'

'A little bit, I must admit,' Lucius said.

Harry smiled and turned around, pulling Lucius' arms around his waist. Lucius held him tightly and rested his chin on Harry's shoulder.

'See that corner?' Harry said, pointing across from them.

'Mm,' Lucius nodded.

'There was a cabinet there,' Harry said. 'I hid in it and could see you at the counter.'

'So that's where you first set eyes on me?' Lucius asked. Harry nodded and the blonde said, 'And you thought; what a glorious, powerful, deeply intelligent man.'

Harry snorted and leaned back to look up at his mate. 'No, I thought; a bigger version of Draco, snobby, proud, arrogant-'

'You wound me,' Lucius cut in and kissed Harry's cheek.

Harry smiled. 'What did you first think of me?'

'Hmm... small, scrawny, brilliant eyes, messy head of hair-' Harry giggled, '- mysterious, powerful, brave... I liked you but I didn't want to admit it,' Lucius said. 'You annoyed me a bit.'

Harry smiled. 'You annoyed me too.'

'Ah, what the Fates do,' Lucius said and kissed him again. 'Enough of our hate for each other.'

Harry smiled. 'Come on, there's more to this night then standing in a dank shop.'

'Oh, but this is so romantic,' Lucius said.

Harry tisked and dragged him from the store. 'Don't push it, Blondie.'

Lucius grinned and followed him down the alley.

{oOo}

They re-entered Diagon Alley and walked in silence, hands together, ignoring the few people who were staring at them. They approached the bookstore and Lucius didn't realise that was their destination until they walked inside.

'Oh, Harry,' Lucius breathed. The entire bookstore had been done up. The floorboards were polished, the stands pushed to the sides, and a lot of bookcases and windows had been covered
with heavy dark green drapes. A circular table had been placed in the middle of the room and had a single green candle burning brightly. Either side were silver plates and utensils, a white mug beside each plate, and two comfy looking chair.

There were lights strung around the ceiling like when Lucius had proposed, the red, yellow, green, purple and silvers flashing and bathing the room in multiple colours.

'Happy anniversary, love,' Harry said and kissed his cheek. 'I told you I had something special planned.'

Lucius grinned as he was led to the table.

'How many anniversaries do we have?' Harry asked as Lucius held his chair out for him.

'Two,' Lucius said. The teenager sat and Lucius tucked him in, continuing to talk after he'd seated himself. 'The day we got together, August 2nd, and the day we got married, June 23rd.'

Harry smiled.

'Well,' Lucius said suddenly, 'I guess we could have three; the day we got together, they day we first got married, and the day of our second wedding.'

Harry groaned. 'Can't we just have our second wedding on June 23rd?'

'But we could celebrate three times,' Lucius said.

'But it'll be harder to remember.'

'I won't forget.'

Harry smirked. 'Sure you won't.'

'I won't,' Lucius insisted.

'Mm-hmm.'

Lucius swatted him over the back of the head and Harry chuckled. He reached for the wine and twisted the cork free, pouring the red liquid into first Lucius' mug then his own.

'Why are we using mugs?' Lucius questioned as Harry put the wine back in the chiller.

'You don't remember?' Harry asked. When Lucius shook his head, Harry said, 'I stole these on our first date.'

Lucius glanced down at the mugs before saying, 'Oh, I didn't realise these were those mugs.'

Harry smiled. 'And I recall you using them when you proposed.'

'Mm, that I did,' Lucius said. 'So you using them now isn't an original idea; you stole it from me.'

Harry snorted.

'You little thief,' Lucius teased.

Harry rolled his eyes. 'Why do I bother?'

'No idea.'
'You should have seen Draco's face when I pulled those out of the china cabinet,' Harry said, Lucius smiling at him. 'He thought I'd gone mad, keeping mugs in there.'

'He doesn't understand romantic gestures or inside-jokes,' Lucius said, shaking his head. 'Where did I go wrong with that boy?' he grinned.

Harry kicked him under the table. 'Don't talk about our kit like that.'

'It was a joke,' Lucius winced, rubbing his leg. Harry poked his tongue out. 'Thank you for this, Harry, it's amazing,' Lucius said when his leg had stopped aching. 'Kicking aside.'

'It was a pleasure,' Harry chuckled, toasting his husband. 'Our night isn't over; we're only having appetisers here.'

'Are we?' Lucius asked.

Harry smiled. 'Oh, dear one; I have a very long night planned.'

Lucius chuckled and sipped his wine.

They ate salmon and salad, both drizzled in lemon and vinegar, and chatted softly about everything and nothing. Griffy had made the salmon and Lucius loved it; he'd definitely be having the elf make it in the future. Harry didn't mind it, but then again he wasn't a big seafood fan.

After eating they toasted each other and sat back, Lucius looking around. 'I still can't believe you did this,' he said. 'It's perfect, little one.'

'There's more,' Harry smiled.

'What did I do to deserve you?' Lucius questioned.

Harry just chuckled.

{oOo}

After they'd rested a bit Harry stood and took Lucius' hand, the blonde smiling and shaking his head as he was led from the bookstore. They started walking in the direction of Hogwarts, and Lucius wondered if that was their next destination.

When they reached the long dirt road that led to the castle, Lucius spotted a large wooden carriage with emerald green seats pulled by two thestrals. Lucius had been able to see them since he'd started Hogwarts; his father had killed more than one elf during Lucius' childhood.

Lucius helped Harry climb up and the blonde joined him, the thestrals moving as soon as they were seated in the back. It was a warm night but the couple still cuddled together as they rocked back and forth, the animals ahead of them snorting and whinnying every few seconds.

'I take it we're going to Hogwarts?' Lucius questioned.

'Don't ruin the surprise!' Harry chastised lightly.

Lucius snorted. 'The castle we both went to school in isn't a surprise, Harry.'
'What we're doing there is a surprise... sort of,' Harry mumbled. 'Well, you'll see.'

They lapsed into silence, just looking around and enjoying the scenery. Soon Lucius was chatting about his Hogwarts days, bringing up the time a fellow Slytherin, Atticus Wood, had pushed him straight from the carriage.

'He did what?' Harry shouted.

'EASY, little one,' Lucius smiled. 'I didn't hurt myself, but I had to walk all the way to the castle.'

'Bloody bastard,' Harry grunted. 'I'll hunt him down, Lucius, I swear I will!'

'He died in the First War, love,' Lucius told him.

Harry blinked. 'Oh...'

'But it's the thought that counts,' Lucius smiled, kissing him softly.

{oOo}

Soon they'd reached the castle and Hagrid was waiting, the gameskeeper smiling as Lucius helped Harry down from the carriage.

'Arty, Lucius, 'appy anniversary,' the half-giant said as he took the thestrals' reigns.

'Hey, Hagrid,' Harry beamed while Lucius said hello. 'Thanks for organising this.'

'Not a problem, 'Arty,' Hagrid smiled. 'Anythin' for you.'

Harry thanked him again as the two walked through the main gates, the iron turning to smoke around them. 'Albus helped me too,' Harry said as they walked up the dirt path.

'Well aren't you a sneaky little planner,' Lucius said. 'When did you have time to do all this?'

'I'm super-mum,' Harry said very matter-of-factly. 'I can do everything.'

'I know that,' Lucius said and kissed him, Harry grinning against his lips.

They walked up to the castle hand-in-hand and the front doors were opened by two Hogwarts elves, who bowed deeply.

'Masters Malfoy,' the one on the right, a female, said. 'I be Pita and I be helping youse this evening.'

'Fowl also be helping, Masters,' the male elf said.

'Thank you Pita, Fowl,' Harry said as the doors were shut behind them.

The Main Hall was lit lightly and there were green roses- Lucius' favourite- leading the way to the double doors that would take them to the Great Hall. Harry squeezed Lucius' fingers as Pita and Fowl pushed the doors open, and grinned when his mate gasped.

Large vases of green roses lined the entire hall, and green candles floated above them. The ceiling, as usual, showed a beautifully clear evening, the sun setting in the distance and the moon coming
up to take it's place. There was a large green rug in the centre of the room, a small table with a record player and a pile of records to the right. The windows were all covered with green drapes and the entire place smelled like strawberries.

'Harry, this is amazing,' Lucius breathed.

'Thank you,' Harry smiled before turning to the elves beside him. 'Fowl, could you please start the music? Pita, we'll be upstairs for dinner in about an hour or two.'

Both elves bowed and Pita disappeared with a crack while Fowl hurried over to the record player. Harry pulled Lucius across the room and onto the green rug, turning to face his mate. A soft classical song began and Harry bowed to his husband.

'May I have this dance?'
Lucius chuckled and pulled Harry into the correct stance before starting. Harry grinned as Lucius led, the two spinning and stepping around each other, Harry stumbling a bit before he got the hang of it. Lucius was patient the entire time, just smiling and repositioning Harry when the Gryffindor screwed up.

Soon they were moving as one and Harry laughed as he was dipped and spun, Lucius chuckling with him. When the song changed to something slower and more romantic, Harry wrapped his arms around Lucius' neck and leaned against him, Lucius' own arms going around his waist.

'I can't believe how perfect you are, Harry,' Lucius said as they swayed slowly.

'You're pretty perfect yourself, mister,' Harry replied.

Lucius chuckled. 'Not like you, little one,' he said softly. He drew Harry's face up, fingers warm and soft on his chin. 'I love you so much, Harry.'

'I love you too,' Harry said before closing the gap and sealing their lips together.

{oOo}

They danced for another two hours, the ceiling above them changing from a light orange-pink to the dark night sky, stars twinkling in the billions. When the third record stopped Harry instructed Fowl to turn it off and thanked the little elf before taking Lucius' hand.

'And now phase six.'

'I remember your phases from valentines day,' Lucius said as they left the Great Hall. 'And that day ended rather pleasantly.'

'It'll end pleasantly tonight, too,' Harry smiled.

They talked some more about their schooling days as they walked until they reached the portrait that hid their old quarters.

Harry smiled at his mate and said the password, the portrait swinging open and letting him in. Like the Great Hall, their old quarters was covered in green roses, but here there were bright flashing lights like at Flourish and Blotts. All the furniture was the same, only covered in plastic, and the
dining room table was one that Lucius recognised from Albus' office.

There were green candles lit everywhere and Lucius smiled as he tucked Harry into the small table. 'You're amazing,' he said for what felt like the twentieth time that night.

'I know,' Harry chuckled.

'Who's quarters are these now?' Lucius questioned as he sat.

'I think Albus is giving it to Remus and Sirius when they come back to Hogwarts in September,' Harry said. 'Though Sev will probably move in now too.'

Lucius smiled as Pita and Fowl popped into view with their dinner. Harry and Lucius thanked the elves before Harry once again poured them both wine, using the mugs he'd stolen on their first date. Lucius loved that they had their own thing. Every other date they'd use goblets, but their one year anniversary, and every special occasion, was their mugs.

They toasted each other before Pita and Fowl removed the lids covering their plates. The main course was a large lamb shank each with mashed potatoes, steamed vegetables, roasted potatoes with butter, salad drizzled with balsamic vinegar, a bowl of hot chips to share, and a basket of rolls.

Harry licked his lips as he and Lucius tucked in, once again slipping into easy conversation. Halfway through dinner Lucius started stroking Harry's leg under the table, and the Gryffindor blushed madly and sipped his wine while telling his husband to stop it.

'Stop what?' Lucius feigned innocence, which really didn't work when his foot was in Harry's lap.

'You're incorrigible,' Harry muttered.

'A month, Harry,' Lucius reminded his husband.

They both hurried after that.

When they'd eaten all they could, both snuggled on the plastic-covered sofa to let their food settle. Harry sipped his wine while Lucius rubbed a hand through his hair, a bright fire burning in the hearth opposite them.

'This has been amazing, Harry, thank you.'

'You don't have to thank me after every single thing, Lucius,' Harry smiled.

'I want to,' Lucius said, leaning down to kiss his mate. 'I love you.'

'Love you too,' Harry grinned.

{oOo}

An hour after eating Harry could no longer ignore Lucius' roaming hands. He put his mug down and plucked Lucius' from his fingers before tugging the blonde up. They both thanked Pita and Fowl, who smiled knowingly at them before disapparating to clean up.

Harry led Lucius to the bedroom, arousal building through both their bodies with each step. Harry
pushed the bedroom door open and Lucius walked in to find yet more green candles and roses. The bed spread was also green silk, the drapes and rugs and everything emerald green, and Lucius chuckled as Harry shut the door.

'You like green, so I just figured-

'I love it, Harry,' Lucius cut him off, drawing the teenager closer. 'Now...' he said slowly, trailing a hand up Harry's side and making the Gryffindor shiver. 'Can I please squeeze your arse?'

'Fuck yes,' Harry said and tugged him down.

Their lips crashed together and both moaned, tongues immediately coming out to slide against each other and dance, each lick and stroke taking their breath away. Lucius waved his hand, erecting silencing and locking charms, before tossing his cane aside in favour of touching Harry's arse.

And what an arse. It was firm and round and so deliciously squeezable. Harry groaned as his husband shamelessly groped him, kneading each cheek through the thin white denim Harry was wearing.

Suddenly Harry was backing them to the bed and Lucius went willingly. He'd let Harry do anything as long as he could keep touching his arse. In the blink of an eye Lucius found himself sprawled across the bed, Harry smiling as he crawled up his body.

'And what do you think you're doing, little one?' Lucius questioned.

'Giving you a blow job,' Harry said, already fiddling with Lucius' belt.

'No!' Lucius shouted, trying to rangle himself free. 'No, Harry, we're supposed to have sex!'

'We will, just let me-

'No, I don't want to wait,' Lucius whined, still fighting his husband.

Harry huffed in frustration and drew back. 'You know, any normal guy would be jumping at the chance for a blow job.'

'I think we've established that I'm not normal,' Lucius said.

Harry scowled. 'Lucius, our foreplay usually takes twenty minutes; you'll be hard again by the time you get around to fucking me.'

Lucius tilted his head. Well that was true...

'So,' Harry said, finally undoing Lucius' belt buckle, 'let me suck your bloody cock.'

Lucius quickly gave in when Harry's hands tore his jeans open, quickly fiddling to get his already throbbing cock through the slit in his underwear. Lucius groaned as his shaft was finally freed, Harry licking his lips and giving Lucius a slow tug.

'H-Harry,' he moaned.

'Ah, so you want a blow job?' Harry grinned.

'Please,' Lucius begged, nodding quickly.

Harry smirked and shifted on the bed, straddling Lucius' legs to better reach his cock. He leaned
down slowly and, eyes on his mate, licked Lucius from root to tip.

Lucius groaned and his head fell back, fingers digging into the sheets beneath them as Harry sucked back on the head of his cock.

Knowing it’d drive Lucius insane, and quite missing Lucius fucking his mouth, Harry hissed in Parseltongue, *Does it feel good, Lucius?*

'FUCK!' Lucius shouted, the snake-language going straight to his cock. It throbbed against Harry's tongue and the teenager grinned.

*Come on, Lucius,* he hissed. *Fuck my mouth.*

Lucius was panting heavily now, eyes squeezed shut and entire body thrumming as Harry's extremely skilled tongue bent and shifted around his cock.

*Lucius...* Harry hissed, *come on, fuck my mouth, you know you-*

Harry was cut off when one of Lucius' hands grabbed at his head, fingers twisting through his hair and giving a sharp and painful tug. Harry gasped and his lips dropped open, eyes locking onto Lucius' just as the Slytherin thrust in hard.

He immediately buried himself up to the hilt, the crown of his cock sliding into Harry's throat. He held his position for a few seconds before drawing out and slamming back in.

Lucius' pace was relentless, and Harry continued to hiss in Parseltongue, Lucius grunting and bucking wildly. He was muttering repeatedly under his breath and though Harry badly wanted to look at him, he kept his eyes focused on Lucius' lower body so he knew how hard his mate was going to thrust.

Harry shifted back on Lucius' legs to give the man more room to move and Lucius' other hand immediately dug into his scalp, holding him in place so the Slytherin could fuck his face. Harry grunted, moaned, and hissed, saliva dripping down his swollen lips and pre-come leaking down the back of his throat.

'H-H-Harry,' Lucius grunted, sweat beading on his forehead. 'I c-can't... can't... HARRY!'

He came explosively, roaring out his release as Harry continued to hiss around his cock. The teenager moaned as he drank his husband down, the familiar salty taste making his cock ache even more than it already was.

When the last shudders of his orgasm had diminished, Lucius fell to the bed heavily. His cock slid from Harry's mouth wetly, leaving a trail of spit and come in its wake. Harry liked his lips clean and rubbed them, knowing they'd be puffy and red for a few hours.

Lucius groaned and panted, eyes shut as he tried to breath through the post-coital bliss that had descended. Harry grinned smugly and leaned back, wincing when his erection strained against his jeans. Lucius peeled one eye open and smiled stupidly.

'You alright?' Harry asked, voice slightly hoarse. Lucius nodded weakly. 'Maybe I shouldn't have spoken in Parseltongue,' Harry said. 'I mean, we haven't had sex in a almost a month-'

'No, love,' Lucius cut in. 'That was... amazing.'

'Ahh, but you've said that about *everything,*' Harry smiled.
Lucius chuckled. 'Well it's... it's true.'

Harry smiled and crawled up Lucius' body, leaning down to kiss him softly. When they broke apart Harry smiled and said, 'So you enjoyed yourself?'

'Oh, yes,' Lucius nodded before he smirked. 'Now it's your turn.'

Harry gasped as he was suddenly rolled, finding himself on his back with Lucius between his legs. He leaned down to quickly nip and suck on Harry's neck, the Gryffindor moaning. He felt Lucius pop the button of his jeans, the zip quickly following, and suddenly a warm hand was pulling his cock through his boxers.

'Oh fuck, Lucius,' Harry moaned, arching into the contact. Lucius chuckled and dropped Harry's cock in favour of grabbing his arse. 'What are you doing?' Harry demanded.

'This,' Lucius hissed before biting Harry's neck and pulling him up. His fingers dug hard into Harry's denim-clad arse, while his own softened cock pressed against Harry's raging erection. Harry gasped as his body was overloaded; biting, licking, kissing and rubbing and squeezing and...

'Uuh,' Harry moaned loudly, head tipped to the side to give Lucius more room. 'Oh fuck, yes, that's... yes.'

Lucius continued to lift his lower half off the bed, fingers squeezing his arse tightly as he crashed their hips together.

'Fuck, Harry, your arse,' Lucius moaned.

'Uh... uh-huh,' Harry grunted. Usually he'd need a lot more to come, even the first time, but four weeks is a long time and his entire body was like a string ready to snap.

Lucius' lips moved slowly up to Harry's own, teeth nipping and tongue laving at the marks he left as he continued to thrust against his husband. Harry was getting closer and closer to his peak, and hit it when Lucius simutaniously wrapped one hand around his leaking cock and kissed him hard.

Harry cried out against Lucius' lips, body shuddering as rope after rope of thick come shot from his cock, splattering against his shirt and dripping down Lucius' fist. Lucius held him as he shook and shuddered through his climax, kissing the green-eyed teen softly and warmly.

When Harry had stopped coming Lucius drew back, the Gryffindor blinking bleary-eyed at him. Lucius smiled as he moved down Harry's body, and his younger husband gasped as Lucius' tongue flicked out to lick every drop of come from his shirt.

Lucius cleaned Harry methodically and licked his lips when he was done. 'Mm, I've missed your taste, little one.' Harry blushed and Lucius chuckled. 'No need to get embarrassed, Harry,' Lucius said. 'You taste delicious.'

Harry continued to blush as Lucius got to his knees.

'Now, how about we get rid of these clothes?' the older wizard suggested.

Harry nodded eagerly and immediately sat up, pushing Lucius' jacket from his broad frame. He kissed his mate as he started on the man's buttons, Lucius chuckling at the eagerness his love was showing.
'Easy, Harry, we have all night.'

'Don't care,' Harry said as he tore Lucius' shirt down, four buttons going flying. 'Need you... now... naked...'

Lucius growled and ripped Harry's own shirt free, the two gasping as they tore their shirts aside and wrapped their arms around each other. Harry's lips connected with Lucius' and they sucked and licked each other's mouths, Lucius' hands trailing down Harry's slim back, past his hips, and once again coming to a rest on his arse.

Harry giggled as Lucius squeezed his cheeks, the blonde pulling away. 'What?'

'You're such a sucker for my arse,' Harry grinned.

'I've never denied it,' Lucius said, sucking and licking at Harry's jaw. He moved up to the Gryffindor's ear, taking the lobe between his teeth and drawing back.

Harry shuddered and moaned, his hands stilling on Lucius' broad shoulders. Suddenly Lucius' hands dived down the back of his jeans, which was a struggle considering how tight they were, and Harry groaned when his husband's long fingers slid between his cheeks.

'Lucius,' he breathed, wiggling his hips. 'Please, more.'

'You have to take the jeans off for more,' Lucius said. 'And I quite like them.'

'Can't fuck me with jeans on,' Harry said.

'Oh really?' Lucius pulled his hands from Harry's jeans and muttered a spell. Harry gasped as his jeans tore right down the back, followed quickly by his underwear, and a silent lubricant charm from Lucius had a long, wet finger breaching his hole.

'Oh fuck,' Harry gasped.

'You were saying?' Lucius smirked.

'You t-tore my... jeans...' Harry got out as Lucius drew his finger back.

'They can be repaired,' Lucius said. He kissed Harry softly and pushed him back, the two shuffling until Harry was on his back, Lucius between his legs. Two of Lucius' fingers pushed back in and the teenager groaned as his muscles were stretched, Lucius quickly buried up to the knuckle.

'Merlin, Harry, you're so tight,' Lucius groaned. 'Even tighter than usual...'

'F-Four... weeks,' Harry moaned. Lucius prepared Harry quickly, the green-eyed teen writhing and moaning beneath him. When Lucius had four fingers buried in him Harry said, 'Lucius, I'm so close.'

'Again?' Lucius asked, fingers sliding in wetly.

Harry nodded. 'Uh-huh. Just... yes, just there!'

Lucius repeatedly stabbed at his husband's prostate and watched as Harry raced towards another orgasm, his muscles getting tighter and tighter around Lucius' fingers. Lucius shuffled further down the bed and Harry looked down just in time to see the older man swallow his cock to the root.
It was warm and wet and Lucius' tongue licked up and down his salty skin, Harry moaning and thrusting up into his mouth. Lucius hummed as he sucked on his husband, having missed the salty taste, the warm flesh, and the little noises Harry made.

When Harry started swearing and whimpering, Lucius knew he was close. He deep-throated his husband, swallowing and sucking back, and twisted his fingers to stab at Harry's prostate—

Harry arched up as he came again, shouting out and clawing at the sheets beneath him as he forced his cock deep down Lucius' throat.

Lucius swallowed and licked his husband clean, fresh arousal shooting through him and making his cock twitch in interest.

When Harry had stopped shaking he groaned, 'Lucius, please, I can't wait. I need your cock- in me—now, please.'

Lucius withdrew his fingers and let Harry's cock fall from his mouth with a pop. He climbed off the bed to kick the rest of his clothing off, the material soon puddled over his shoes. Harry kicked his own shoes off and tore his socks free, but left his ripped jeans and underwear on.

He smiled at Lucius, who climbed back between his legs and lifted them up. He took his cock in one hand and shuffled forward, the crown of his shaft soon pressed to Harry's dilated entrance.

Lucius was just about to push in when Harry said, 'Wait!'

'What?' Lucius growled.

'Aren't you forgetting something?' Harry asked, smirking slightly.

Lucius raised an eyebrow and Harry rolled his eyes.

'Contraceptive charm, Lucius!' he said. 'I just had two kids, I don't feel like having another quite so soon, okay? And the contraceptive potion Severus gave me doesn't kick in for a week.'

Lucius blushed slightly and said, 'Oh... yes, I remembered, I was just about to cast it.'

'Were not,' Harry snickered.

Lucius ignored him and pressed his palm to Harry's flat stomach, thinking the words that would protect his husband from falling pregnant again. Harry's abdomen glowed red and Lucius smiled. 'There; all protected.'

'Good,' Harry said and dragged Lucius back down. 'I have no intentions of falling pregnant again, thank you very much.' When Lucius froze, Harry pulled back. 'What?'

'You... don't want more children?' Lucius asked softly.

Harry blinked before saying, 'Oh... oh, no, I do; definitely.' He smiled at his husband. 'I do, Lucius, I want... I dunno, four or five.'

Lucius perked up instantly. 'Really?'

'Yeah,' Harry nodded. 'I mean, I know we have Draco, and we just had twins, but... yeah, I definitely want more kids.'

'Good,' Lucius said, breathing a sigh of relief. 'I want more too.'
'Really?'

Lucius nodded. 'Four or five, my little one... that sounds perfect.'

'Good,' Harry smiled. 'I just, you know, don't want them right now. I figured we'd wait until Ciana and Dante were about a year old before trying for more.'

'Really?' Lucius asked, Harry nodding. 'A year apart sounds good,' he continued. 'I always hated that Draco didn't have any brothers or sisters growing up, but Narcissa didn't want any more, and truth be told...'

When he trailed off, Harry sat up slightly. 'What?'

'Well... I didn't want to have more children with someone who wasn't my mate,' Lucius admitted. 'Don't get me wrong, I love Draco with all my heart,' he said, 'but I didn't want to one day find my mate and already have three or four children... I wanted to wait.'

Harry smiled and kissed Lucius softly. 'I'd still love you, even if you already had a heap of kids,' he said. 'Draco's like my son, any others would have been too.'

'Really?'

Harry nodded. 'But I'd still want at least three of my own, so you would have ended up with about ten kids.'

Lucius chuckled and kissed Harry before forcing him to lay back again. 'Hmm, imagine ten little Lucius Malfoys running around?'

Harry giggled stupidly as Lucius kissed his neck. 'Merlin help the world,' he smiled. 'But I think six little Lucius Malfoys is pretty good.'

'Six?' Lucius asked.

'Five of our own, and Draco,' Harry said. 'So we'd better start practicing to get those other three,' he grinned.

Lucius smiled against his husband's skin and muttered the lubricant charm, stroking his cock to make sure it was wet enough. 'Of course, we wouldn't want to get rusty, would we, Mr Malfoy?'

Harry's retort was cut off when Lucius sank in, pushing hard to penetrate past Harry's tight ring of muscles. Both gasped loudly and shook as Lucius was slowly swallowed to the hilt, a breathless moan escaping his swollen lips.

'Fuck, Harry, it's been too long,' Lucius grunted.

'Uh... uh-huh,' Harry nodded.

Lucius smirked before drawing out slowly and thrusting back in. They fell into a smooth rhythm, both lost for words as they finally had sex after four very long weeks. Harry's demin-clad legs wrapped loosely around Lucius' waist and he tugged the blonde down for a wet, sloppy kiss, tongue licking into Lucius' mouth and tangling with his own.

Lucius grunted with each thrust, Harry's muscles pulling gorgeously at him, the heat almost too much for him to take. But this was going to last longer, and Lucius was going to make Harry come multiple times. Two just wouldn't cut it.
So he wrapped a hand around Harry's cock, knowing the Gryffindor would come soon with the extra stimulation. Harry immediately gasped and his muscles tightened, making Lucius' hips falter before getting back on track. He stroked Harry in time with his thrusts and the younger wizard moaned beneath him, lips suddenly hard and grip on Lucius' hair painful.

'Lucius, oh fuck, I'm gonna come again,' Harry groaned.

'So come,' Lucius whispered against his lips, his balls slapping into Harry's demin-covered arse. 'I want you to come so hard you can barely move, Harry. I want to fuck you into this mattress over and over again as you explode all over yourself.'

Harry whimpered, Lucius' words going straight to his cock.

'Come on, little one,' Lucius hissed, tugging quickly on his prick. 'Come with my hand around you and my cock up your arse.'

Harry pulled Lucius against him, entire body wrapped around the blonde's, and was pushed into the mattress over and over again as he was fucked.

'Yes, just... oh gods, I'm coming,' Harry shouted. 'I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm-

He cut himself off with a cry as he once again leaked all over his stomach, Lucius continuing to fuck him and draw the orgasm out as long as he could. Harry whimpered and clawed at Lucius' back, body shaking violently as it was assaulted by pleasure.

Lucius paused, still buried inside his mate, as Harry gasped and tried to control his breathing.

'You okay?' Lucius asked softly.

'Ngh,' Harry grunted.

Lucius chuckled. 'Can you keep going?'

'F-Fuck... y-yes,' Harry groaned.

Lucius smiled and kissed his cheek before drawing out, Harry moaning against him. Lucius climbed off his mate and grabbed Harry's jeans and underwear, pulling them down his legs in one go and throwing them aside.

'I promise I'll fix them later,' Lucius said, grabbing Harry's hips. 'But right now there's someone I need to pay attention to.'

Harry suddenly found himself flipped, body pressed into the mattress as Lucius climbed atop his legs. He shivered when two warm hands rubbed up and down his cheeks, Lucius' eyes fixed on the mounds.

'Fuck, Harry, I really have a problem,' Lucius murmured.

Harry frowned. 'What?'

'I'm so obsessed with your arse it isn't funny,' Lucius admitted. 'I absolutely love it.'

Harry giggled as Lucius' fingers continued to trace over his soft skin. 'Yeah, well, my arse loves you so... have at it.'

Lucius chuckled and leaned down, pressing a gentle kiss to Harry's right cheek. 'Thank Salazar for
that, hmm?'

He bent down and kissed Harry again, lips soft and gentle on the teenager' firm behind. Harry smiled and rested his head on his forearms, enjoying Lucius' gentle caresses and warm breath blowing across his skin. It was actually a good thing that Lucius was so absorbed with appreciating his arse; it gave Harry a few minutes to cool down.

Of course, it's a bit hard to cool down when your husband pulls your cheeks apart and sticks his tongue in your arse.

Harry gasped and jolted, hips thrusting back so Lucius' tongue was buried as far as it could possibly go. 'Oh yes, that's nice,' Harry moaned.

Lucius chuckled. Though the lubricant tasted awful, it was quickly overriden by the bitter taste of Harry, as well as the hint of Lucius' own pre-ejaculate. He squeezed Harry's arse tightly, fingers digging in and kneading the soft flesh, as he thrust his tongue in and out of Harry's dilated hole.

The teenager writhed and moaned before him, back arching slightly as he pushed his arse back against Lucius' face. Lucius would push Harry down and the Gryffindor would immediately thrust back, basically fucking Lucius' tongue. Lucius flicked, rolled, and licked as best he could, fresh arousal shooting through him and making his cock ache against the sheets.

'Oh yes; yes, yes, yes,' Harry hissed. When he started muttering he was close, so Lucius tugged Harry back while getting up himself.

Soon Harry was on all fours, thrusting back against Lucius' tongue, while the blonde sucked and licked his hole. His right hand snaked between Harry's legs and the teenager bucked wildly as his freshly-hard cock was grabbed, Lucius stroking as best he could in their position.

'Oh yes, Lucius, yes, make me come again,' Harry moaned. 'Fuck, your tongue, it's so good- yes, fuck, m-more... yes, yes, yes!'

Harry's ramblings were getting longer and less-intelligent, soon becoming nothing more than swears and whimpers. Lucius smiled and thrust his tongue in harder, hand moving quickly along Harry's engorged cock.

Suddenly Harry tensed, entire body thrust back onto Lucius' tongue, and the Slytherin felt warm come dribble down his hand as Harry climaxed, the teenager's eyes wide and head tossed back as he shuddered through another orgasm.

Lucius stroked and licked slowly until Harry collapsed, breathing heavily and moaning against the mattress. Lucius licked his lips and said, 'Enjoy that, did you?'

Harry moaned in response.

Lucius chuckled and bent down, kissing Harry's right cheek. 'I'll never get enough of your arse, you know,' he said conversationally. 'It's an addiction I'll never give up.'

Harry just continued to moan as Lucius kissed and licked each cheek, humming as he stroked Harry's thighs, his lower back, and his cheeks. Suddenly he nipped at one and sucked back, Harry half-giggling, half-moaning, as Lucius left a bright hickey against his skin.

'Mm, now just one more...' Lucius hummed. He sucked back on Harry's other cheek, tongue, teeth and lips all being used to leave a similar hickey. He pulled back and rubbed both thumbs over the love-bites. 'Perfect.'
'You're so odd,' Harry mumbled.

'Oh, yes,' Lucius agreed. He rolled Harry back over and tugged him up, the teenager smiling stupidly at him. He moaned as he was pulled off the bed, Lucius smiling and kissing him quickly before moving.

Harry stumbled behind Lucius as the Slytherin walked over to the plastic covered armchair. He tore the covering free and sat, sliding forward slightly so his lap was on the edge. 'Now, I want you to ride me, facing the door,' Lucius ordered.

'How do I do that?' Harry asked.

Lucius smiled and pulled him forward, using gentle hands to make Harry turn. The teenager straddled his lap, back to Lucius, and Lucius drew him back, Harry lifting his arse and groping for his husband's cock.

'Let me,' Lucius said, holding Harry's hip with one hand, his shaft with the other.

Lucius sat back as Harry slowly lowered himself back onto his mate's cock, both groaning at the feeling. Harry didn't stop until his arse was pressed against Lucius' lap and wriggled a bit before leaning forward, both feet planted on the floor, hands gripping Lucius' knees tightly.

'Like this?' Harry asked.

'Oh, yes,' Lucius breathed behind him, looking down at Harry's arse. He pulled the teenager's cheeks apart to see his muscles stretched around his cock. 'I definitely like this position.'

Harry chuckled. 'Okay, so I'll only wear white trousers when we're alone, okay?'

'Mm,' Lucius hummed before slapping Harry's arse, the teenager jolting. 'Don't just sit there all night,' Lucius growled. 'Fuck yourself on my cock.'

'I'd hit you if this wasn't such a turn on,' Harry said before slowly drawing himself up. Lucius watched his cock re-appear, Harry's muscles dragging along his skin deliciously.

Lucius kept his hands on Harry's arse as his husband slowly slid back down, Harry groaning as he was filled again. He had to steady himself on Lucius' legs as he pulled himself up and down, his toes pressing hard against the floor. He knew he couldn't keep up this position for long so started moving quicker, Lucius' cock sliding against his prostate with each downward thrust.

'Ah, Lucius,' Harry moaned, head tipping forward as he fucked himself on the blonde's shaft. 'Gods, that feels so fucking good.'

Lucius was getting right off watching Harry's arse swallow his cock over and over again, and slapped the teenager until his right cheek was pink. He got a nice muscle-squeeze in response and moaned. 'Fuck, Harry, you're such a greedy slut.'

Harry groaned.

'You love my cock, don't you?'

'Uh-huh,' Harry nodded. 'I missed it s-so... m-much.'

Lucius thrust up as Harry moved down and the teenager almost went flying, crying out as Lucius grabbed him and the Slytherin's prick stabbed at his prostate.
'Oh fuck, Lucius, fucking hell, fuck, fuck, fuck...'

Harry continued to rant as Lucius held him in place with one arm, the other hand braced against the armchair as he thrust up into Harry's tight hole. The chair was protesting loudly and rocking against the wall, a dull thud-thud-thud breaking through their ragged panting.

'Lucius, I can't...' Harry groaned. 'I'm gonna...'

'Come,' Lucius ordered, Harry gasping before him. He looked down at Harry's arse again and fresh arousal washed through him. 'Come, Harry, I know you want to,' Lucius continued. 'You want to come again with my cock shoved in your tight little hole, don't you?' Harry whimpered, nodding jerkily as he continued to move. 'Come on, Harry,' Lucius grunted, reaching around to grab Harry's cock. He stroked once, twice-

Harry cried out as he came, exploding all over Lucius' legs and fist. Lucius stroked him through his orgasm, Harry moving up and down his cock slowly as he shuddered. It took all of Lucius' willpower not to climax right then and there. He gritted his teeth and closed his eyes as Harry's muscles wrapped around him in a vice-like grip, the teenager panting loudly as he slowly came back to himself.

Lucius pushed him up and Harry groaned, feeling boneless as he was once again led back to the bed. Lucius laid him down gently and kissed Harry softly as they slid up the mattress, Lucius once more between his husband's legs. He pulled them around his own thighs and kissed Harry as he pushed back in, Lucius moaning at his husband's still-tight hole.

'Lucius,' Harry breathed as the blonde set up a steady rhythm.

'You're so incredible, Harry,' Lucius said. 'I can't believe how lucky I am.'

'I'm... pretty lucky... too,' Harry grinned.

'I love your hair,' Lucius said, running his fingers through it as he wetly slid into his mate's arse. 'I love your beautiful green eyes, your incredible body-

'My arse,' Harry interjected, squeezing his muscles and making Lucius' hips falter. 'Sorry,' he said and Lucius chuckled.

'That's quite alright, love. Now, where was I?'

'I'm amazing, stunning, beautiful...,' Harry said.

Lucius laughed again. 'Well you are,' he said. 'I love everything about you, my little one,' he continued. 'Including your temper, your raging teenage hormones- those are actually quite fun for me-,' Harry snickered, '-' and yes, your rather glorious arse. I never want to be apart from it.'

'You have an unhealthy obsession,' Harry commented.

'Well you have an amazing rear, how's that my fault?' Lucius retorted, thrusting hard to make his point.

Harry's giggles trailed off into a moan he pulled Lucius down for more passionate kissing, Lucius drawing back after a few minutes. He pulled Harry's legs apart and bent them, drawing one up and over his shoulder, leaning on the other one heavily. It let him watch as Harry's arse greedily swallowed his cock, and gave him more leverage to thrust in hard.
Harry cried out as his prostate was repeatedly stimulated, building on the fire already burning in his belly. He rolled his hips to meet each of Lucius' thrust, emerald green eyes dark as they looked over his husband's deliciously muscled body.

He didn't know how he'd got this lucky, and Harry couldn't believe he'd once freaked out about being bonded to Lucius Malfoy. The man was absolutely perfect for him. Yes, they'd had their fights, their problems, but nobody had ever loved Harry as much or as unconditionally as Lucius did. The man had given him a home, three beautiful kids, and so much happiness and pleasure. A year ago Harry had been alone and confused. Now he was ridiculously happy and married.

When Lucius stopped thrusting Harry shook his head and looked up into the worried grey eyes of his husband. 'Are you okay, little one?'

'Sorry,' Harry apologised. 'Just thinking about how lucky I am.'

Lucius scowled. 'You can think about that anytime. While we're making love I'd like you to think about how fantastic I am in bed.'

Harry giggled and reached up to stroke Lucius' face. 'Sorry, love. I was thinking about you, does that help?'

'No,' Lucius growled and dropped, crushing their bodies and lips together. He started thrusting again, this time hard, and Harry gasped as he was fucked into the mattress.

'Oh yes, Lucius! Yes, yes, yes!' Harry chanted.

'Thinking about me now?' Lucius snarled, biting hard on Harry's neck and leaving teeth marks. Harry hissed in pain and Lucius slammed into his prostate again. 'Ah- yes, I'm thinking about you!'

'About what, exactly?' Lucius growled.

'A-About your... your huge c-cock,' Harry choked out, Lucius nipping along his jaw. 'And your gorgeous and f-fit body... your- ah- your dominating p-presence...'

That seemed to make Lucius happy, though his hips never once faltered in their punishing pace. Harry knew he couldn't last much longer and guessed Lucius must be close, so he wrapped his legs tightly around his husband and squeezed his muscles, the blonde gasping above him.

'Fuck, Harry.'

'Uh.'

'You- fuck! You're so... g-good,' Lucius grunted between thrusts.

'I'm so close, Lucius,' Harry moaned. 'I need you to fuck me harder, please, make me come!'

Lucius groaned.

'F-Fill me, Lucius,' Harry panted. 'Only you, it's o-only ever b-been... you...'

They both trailed off into pants and cusses, Lucius' hips becoming erratic as he lost control and pounded into the body beneath him. He suddenly reached for Harry's cock and the teenager arched into the contact, pre-come streaming steadily down his engorged shaft.

'I l-love you,' Lucius gasped out, hand moving quickly up and down Harry's shaft. He could feel
the teenager tightening around him, and Harry's green eyes were wavering as they looked at him.

'I... love...' Harry grunted between thrust,'... love... you... you... TOO!' Harry climaxed with a scream, fresh come shooting between their sweat-slicked bodies. His arse immediately clamped down and Lucius came with a shout, cock throbbing and slicking Harry's insides with his seed.

They shook and shuddered together, absolute pleasure washing over both of them as they panted and groaned. Lucius drew out slowly and Harry whimpered at the loss. He immediately rolled over to wrap his heated body around Lucius, one of the Slytherin's arms draping tiredly around his shoulders.

Harry hummed and pressed small kisses to Lucius' chest, the blonde smiling down at him. 'That was amazing,' Harry said.

'Mm,' Lucius nodded.

'I don't wanna wait four weeks again for sex that good,' Harry said, nudging Lucius lightly. 'So pick up your game, mister.'

'What?' Lucius shouted in indignation.

Harry giggled as Lucius rolled over to shower him in kisses.

{oOo}

When they could finally move- Harry was pretty sure he'd never sit right again- they both cleaned themselves up and got dressed, Lucius fixing Harry's ripped jeans and underwear. He also spelled the room clean (it reeked strongly of sex) and the two headed out of the bedroom hand-in-hand.

The place had been cleaned up and Harry and Lucius looked it over one last time before leaving. They walked through the castle slowly, mostly because they were completely shagged-out. Harry's backside ached almost as worse as his first time, and though Lucius had a stupid grin on his face his stride was slower than usual.

The various portraits they passed said hello and demanded to know if the rumours about them getting married and having twins was true. Harry chuckled as he told them all and Lucius smiled.

Suddenly Harry stopped and Lucius turned to him. 'Harry?'

'We should run around the castle in our Animagus forms!' Harry suddenly exclaimed, turning bright green eyes on his husband. 'I haven't transformed since I found out I was pregnant!'

'Okay...'

'Come on, Lucius,' Harry begged. 'Can we, can we, can we?'

Harry was bouncing up and down and tugging on Lucius' hand; he looked so excited that Lucius didn't have the heart to say no. So he sighed and nodded, Harry grinning and jumping again.

He stepped back from Lucius and concentrated, and soon a large black wolf was peering up at the blonde, bright green eyes wide. Harry's tongue lolled out the side of his mouth and he yelped and yipped, continuing to bounce around and sniff.
Lucius smiled indulgently at his mate before transforming, his snow-white wolf form much larger than Harry's. As usual Lucius growled and Harry dropped onto his stomach, ears back and tail between his legs. He whined at Lucius and shuffled forward on his stomach, stopping and glancing up every few seconds. Lucius stayed still until Harry had reached him. Tentatively the younger wolf leaned up and licked Lucius' snout.

Lucius snorted before nudging Harry with his head, and the smaller wolf immediately bounced back onto his paws and butted his head against Lucius' broad chest. Lucius licked Harry's eyes and the top of his head, growling and making soft noises in the back of his throat.

Harry gave him a wolfish smile before bounding off down the dark corridor, Lucius running to catch up. They yapped and nipped at each other as they tore down corridors and around corners, occasionally bashing into each other and going flying.

Every now and then Harry would get bold and try to dominate Lucius by jumping on him or growling. Lucius always showed him who was in charge by grabbing the thick fur at the back of his neck and pushing him down. Harry would immediately drop and give Lucius an apology-lick.

Eventually they bounded through the open doors and out into the cool summer night. They chased each other around as well as the odd owl, until they both went tumbling down towards the large oak tree.

Lucius jumped up and shook his head, trying to get his bearings, only for Harry's dark body to fly into him and send him sprawling. When Lucius felt soft human flesh against his body he changed back and found himself with an arm-full of teenage Gryffindor.

Harry grinned and propped himself up on his husband's body before ducking to press a warm, slightly-breathless kiss to his lips. Lucius kissed back softly and their tongues lazily stroked against each other, the quiet night around them filled with soft sucking noises.

When they broke apart Harry rolled onto the grass and Lucius wrapped an arm around him, the two staring up at the brilliant night sky as they caught their breath.

'That was fun,' Harry suddenly said.

Lucius chuckled. 'Despite you tackling me at every given opportunity, yes, it was fun.'

Harry grinned. 'Well I gotta try and fight your dominance whenever I can, silly veela.' Lucius laughed again and rolled atop his husband, Harry's legs wrapping around his waist. 'Hello there,' he said.

'You may challenge me,' Lucius said, tracing Harry's jaw, 'but let's remember who's in charge.'

'I am,' Harry grinned.

'Exactly,' Lucius smiled and bent down to press their lips back together.

{oOo}

They spent about half-an-hour lying on the grass and kissing before Harry tugged Lucius up. The couple walked side-by-side, Harry whistling and swinging their joined hands, Lucius smiling down
So,’ Harry said suddenly, making the Slytherin look at him, ‘pretty good night, huh?’

Lucius chuckled and pulled Harry in for a hug, making the teenager giggle as his neck was thoroughly kissed.

‘Mm,’ Lucius nodded when they drew apart, ‘definitely one of the better nights of my life.’

‘Oh?’ Harry said. ‘What’s the first?’

‘The twins and Draco being born, both those nights are equal first,’ Lucius admitted.

Harry nodded: giving birth to Ciana and Dante, though bloody painful, was definitely the best night of his life.

‘Then bonding with you,’ Lucius smiled.

Harry snorted. ‘Of course finally getting me into bed is on your list.’

Lucius tisked and said, ‘Harry, that night was when we started to complete our bond. We shared our bodies with each other for the first time.’

‘Oh,’ Harry said. ‘Yeah, that was pretty good.’

‘And the sex was fantastic,’ Lucius said, Harry giggling and slapping him lightly. ‘I mean, honestly, after walking around with a hard-on for five fucking months I finally got to shag you.’

‘You took a nice moment and made it pervy,’ Harry chuckled.

‘I can’t help who I am,’ Lucius grinned.

‘Third night?’ Harry asked as they approached the main gates.

‘Marrying you, though that was during the day,’ Lucius said. ‘After that finding out you were pregnant, then you saying you’d marry me, and finally meeting you. I admit it would have been better if our first meeting had had me hugging you and taking you away from those awful Muggles,’ Lucius said, ‘but seeing your brilliant green eyes for the first time is definitely one of my favourite moments.’

Harry grinned stupidly and leaned up to peck Lucius on the lips, the blonde smiling back.

‘What about you, love?’ Lucius asked. ‘Best moments?’

‘Oh, well Ciana and Dante being born, of course,’ Harry said. ‘Um… marrying you, you proposing, having sex for the first time—’ he blushed when Lucius snickered, ‘—you agreeing to be my mate, and finally finding out I was a wizard—oh, and defeating Voldemort. Though an absolutely horrible war, I was fucking glad when it was over.’

Lucius sighed and drew Harry in for another hug.

‘S’not your fault, Lucius,’ Harry said softly.

‘I know,’ Lucius said. ‘But I’m still sorry.’

Harry smiled and kissed his mate softly before tugging him through the gates so they could
They appeared in Muggle London and Lucius smiled as they headed towards a familiar café. *The Gaslight* had a few people dotted around, but Lucius and Harry ignored them as they sat. Harry got an apple pie and a hot chocolate, while Lucius ordered a capuccino. They sipped their hot beverages and just sat enjoying the time together.

'You know,' Harry said as he licked crumbs from his lips, 'though it's been nice to go an hour without a baby crying, I really miss Ciana and Dante.'

'Yes, children are odd like that,' Lucius said, Harry chuckling. 'They cry and poop all over you but you still love them.'

'I now get why my mum died for me,' Harry admitted. Lucius looked over the table at him. 'I mean, I get that she loved me, and wanted me to survive,' Harry said. 'But I didn't quite get the absolute selflessness that was running through her mind when she stood between me and Voldemort. Now I know. If anyone tried to harm Ciana, Dante, or Draco, my own safety wouldn't matter.'

'Don't talk like that, Harry,' Lucius said sternly. 'Nothing will happen to our kit.'

'I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said anything.'

'No, no,' Lucius sighed, 'I don't ever want you holding back; if you have something to say, say it. I just... I don't like you talking about putting yourself in danger, or our kit. I won't ever let anything happen to any of you, you have my word.'

Harry reached across the table and linked his fingers with his husband's. 'I know, Lucius,' he smiled. 'I love you.'

'I love you too,' Lucius said, pressing a kiss to Harry's knuckles. 'Now shut up and eat your apple pie.'

Harry chuckled. 'Yes, sir.'

After finishing their beverages, Harry wrapped his arms around Lucius' waist and they walked slowly towards the Thames. They kept walking until they reached the spot where Harry had made Lucius' Harry Ring on their first date.

The two stood against the railing, looking out at the inky black water, seeing the city lit up before them. Boats chugged past, slicing through the water, and the odd person could be heard cheering from some party somewhere.

A nice summer breeze blew across them and Harry sighed as he snuggled into his husband's arms.
'You okay?' Lucius asked.

'Mm,' Harry nodded. 'Just happy.'

'I love you, Harry,' Lucius said, Harry drawing back to look up at him. 'Happy anniversary.'

Harry grinned and kissed his cheek. 'I love you too, Lucius.'

He made to pull away but Lucius tugged him back. 'Ah, ah, you're not getting away without a proper kiss.'

Harry smiled shyly. 'Well, what are you gonna do about it?'

Lucius chuckled and pulled him closer. 'This,' he said and pressed their lips together.

Harry sighed into the gesture and wound his arms around Lucius' neck, while Lucius' own wrapped around his waist.

And in that moment, nothing else mattered, nothing but each other; their lips and breath, their tongues and teeth, the way Harry stood on his toes to reach Lucius better and the way Lucius stooped to kiss Harry properly.

When they broke apart they grinned stupidly at each other, green eyes on grey, and Harry rested his head against Lucius' chest, Lucius' arms wrapped around him tightly.

Harry sighed in content, a smile still on his face as he stood against his husband, his mate. It was an absolutely perfect moment...

'I remember you promising to go skinny-dipping,' Lucius said suddenly, breaking Harry from his rather sappy thoughts.

The teenager blinked up at him. 'Huh?'

'Skinny-dipping,' Lucius said. 'You promised on our first date you'd get your clothes off and go swimming... well, now's the perfect chance.'

'No,' Harry shook his head, 'I said I might go skinny-dipping, I didn't say I would.'

'Ah,' Lucius smirked, 'well I ignored the might go part and just heard skinny-dipping, so off you go.'

Harry snorted. 'I'm not going skinny-dipping in the Thames.'

'Why not?' Lucius whined.

Harry chuckled and wrapped his arms firmly around Lucius' neck, smiling stupidly into the man's chest. This was what he loved about Lucius (you know, apart from the thousand other things he loved); the ability the man had to make Harry laugh, even during romantic or trying times.

Lucius hugged Harry firmly, chin resting atop his messy-black hair. 'Sorry, I ruined a nice night, didn't I?'

'No,' Harry said. 'You were just being pervy- nothing out of the ordinary there.'

Lucius chuckled softly. 'Why do you put up with me?' he asked.
Harry tisked and drew back. 'Silly veela,' he said, looking into Lucius' warm grey eyes. He smiled widely. 'We were made for each other.'

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TO BE CONTINUED

IN

'HARRY POTTER: INVINCIBLE'

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Chapter End Notes

Author's Note: So that's the end of THIS story, but there will be a sequel that I've already started working on. However, I want to finish my other Harry/Lucius story, as well as my Sirius/Lucius story before I start posting it. I'll be posting it here so those of you from FFN, just email me to let me know if you want to be emailed when I post the first chapter and subsequent chapters of the sequel.

Anywho, wow, 77 chapters. That's... strange, as I didn't think it'd be more than 20 chapters. But it ended up over 300,000 words so there you go :) This story has come a long way, from a small idea I had and posted on FFN, to a massive story that was deleted and moved over here.

Thank you so much to everyone who's followed it from the beginning, and also to the people who just discovered it. Thank you to everyone who reviewed on FFN or commented on AO3, I love all you guys, you make me write harder.

Cheers and thanks again.

I live to entertain.

And, most importantly,

{IBegToDreamAndDiffer}

Works inspired by this one

Harry Potter: Made For Each Other Cover [FAN ART] by Levinson

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!